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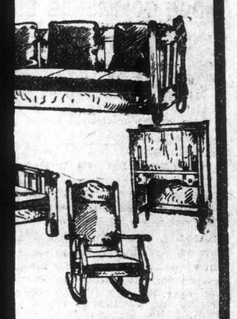

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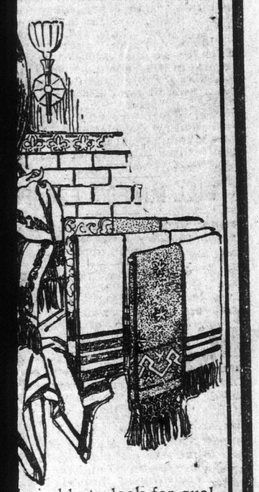

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# An Hour with the Editor

## WILLIAM PITT

William Pitt was second son of Earl Chatham, frequently referred to as the elder Pitt, who was one of the greatest of English statesmen, and, if contemporaries can be believed, the most eloquent man that ever was in the British Parliament, although not perhaps the best reasoner or most thorough exponent of a subject. The subject of this sketch was born in 1759. His precocity was astonishing. As a little lad he used to make speeches to himself standing before a looking-glass. He was very delicate, so much so that he was unable to attend school; but he did take a University course. He was called to the bar on reaching his majority, and the same year entered parliament. In the following year, then 22 years of age, he made his first speech in the House, and it was an unqualified success. Later in the year he made a speech of such brilliancy and power that thereafter his position as the greatest debater of his time was unquestioned. The ministry being defeated, Pitt was offered a place in the Rockingham administration but as it did not carry with it cabinet rank, he declined it. In the following year he made his first speech for the extension of the franchise, and later in the year became Chancellor of the Exchequer, being then 23 years old. In the following year he was tendered the premiership and refused, but later accepted the post. Between December 17, 1783 and March 8, 1784, his ministry was defeated on sixteen divisions, and bringing on an election, he swept the country. For the next seventeen years he was absolutely master of Parliament, and it has been said of him that the story of his life was the history of Britain and of the world. In 1793 war broke out with France. The reason of it has never been definitely established. One of his biographers says: "Pitt's military administration was eminently unsuccessful; but no disaster could daunt his spirit. With a new French victory, a rebellion in Ireland, a mutiny in the fleet and a panic in the city had spread dismay throughout the nation, Pitt from his place in the House poured forth the language of inextinguishable hope and inflexible resolution." With tremendous domestic problems pressing for his consideration and Continental questions ever growing in difficulty because of the increasing power of Napoleon, with a king to serve whose sanity was more than doubtful, the wonderful man remained unshaken at his post and with disaster all around him bade defiance to the world. He brought about the parliamentary union with Ireland, and sought to relieve the Roman Catholic laity from civil disabilities and assist their clergy from the public treasury. The king refusing his assent to this policy, Pitt resigned office, but three years later he returned to power, holding office until his death in 1806. His biographers attribute his death to the effect upon him of Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz. He was a man of very liberal views, the greatest advocate of free trade in his day, a strong opponent of slavery, a pronounced supporter of the extension of the parliamentary franchise, an enemy of all religious distinctions in politics, honest, courageous and resolute. His one great fault was of a kind not uncommon in those days, it was his prodigality in regard to money, of the value of which he seemed to have no adequate conception. Hence he died under a heavy load of debt, which a grateful parliament promptly paid. His personal honesty was absolute, not a breath of scandal attaching to him throughout his long administration. His one weakness was an inordinate fondness for port, a failing not as conspicuous in those days as it would now be. His most conspicuous virtue was his intense patriotism, and with this was coupled the conviction that Britain, no matter how harassed by foes abroad, would always in the end prove invincible. Hence he committed his country to inflexible opposition to the designs of Napoleon, a policy which in the end proved triumphant.

## FAITH THE FOUNDATION

To say that faith is the foundation of the Christian religion is to say nothing new; but it is true in a sense that is not often taken into consideration. What most people seem to have in mind, when they speak of the Christian faith, is the acceptance of what is called the Apostles' Creed, a belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and a reliance upon the Sacrifice of Calvary as a sufficient atonement for the sins of men, so that all who are willing to trust to that atonement may with confidence expect eternal life. This is not the faith which will be treated in this article, but a faith of a very different nature, and in order that the point may be understood, readers are once more invited to read the first four or five chapters of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. There they will learn that the movement, afterwards known as Christianity, had its origin in what is called a miracle. Peter and John caused a man, who had been lame from his birth, to walk, and this act caused a large number of people, some five thousand, to accept what these two Apostles said, and there followed certain other remarkable manifestations of occult power. As far as can be gathered from the account given by the writer of the Book, the Apostles in that connection said nothing about a future life, nothing about the forgiveness of sins, nothing about an atonement; but they did speak of Jesus Christ as having been crucified and having been raised from the dead, and they did assert that they had worked the miracle through faith in His name. The latter expression, "faith in his name," is only a form of expression for the power which the Apostles exercise. People have used it so much that they rarely stop to think that faith in a name must of necessity be only a form of words to express briefly something that it is difficult, if not impossible, to define in a phrase. It was, or rather the language which has come down to us in this form was used to express in some concrete way the influence, which the Apostles were able to exercise, and by which they were able to perform something that under ordinary physical conditions would have been impossible. Therefore this influence, whatever it may have been and whatever it is—for it doubtless exists in the world today and is as available to mankind as ever it was—formed the basis of Christianity. It is called faith, for it had to be called something. In one of his Epistles, St. Paul uses the same expression and cites numerous instances to show that faith always had been a vital force in the affairs of men. It is true he confined his illustrations to incidents connected with the history of the Jewish people, but that was very natural. A judicious teacher would, of necessity, select his examples from instances with which his hearers were familiar. Such then being the Apostolic idea of faith, it follows that it was a very different thing from what most people have in mind today when they talk of it. The faith that removes mountains, a characteristic Eastern simile, is not mere belief that a certain thing happened at a certain time, and that certain more or less competent ecclesiastics have spelled a correct creed and a correct system of dogma out of the sayings of Jesus and his Apostles. It is a real force, as real a force as the attraction of gravitation and not one iota more mysterious.

The substance of this is, that man, made in the image of his Creator, is capable of exercising to a certain extent powers, which may be called superhuman for want of a better term. Super-animal would probably be more correct. We have many things in common with the brute creation. Some of them we possess in a greater degree than they; others in a less degree. But this quality, which we call faith, differentiates us from the brute creation. Its greatest exemplification was in Christ, and as none of us can hope in all respects to be like Him, we may not hope to exhibit it as He exhibited it. But we may do so in a lesser degree. The Christian Church in all ages has exhibited it. There never has been a time since Calvary—perhaps there never was a time in the whole history of humanity—when this faith was without witnesses among men. Creeds, formulas, dogmas, all have their uses, but they do not take the place of faith, nor will humanity ever enter upon the fullness of its potentialities until it accepts this faith as a real force and employs it for the promotion of its happiness. That such a time may come is not impossible. Indeed there are some hopeful souls, who think they can already discern the first rose tints of the dawn of that Millennial Day.

## THERMOPYLAE

In telling the story of Marathon, mention was made of the fact that Darius, King of Persia, died while arranging an expedition against Greece, the preparations for which were delayed by a rebellion in Egypt. His son Xerxes inherited not only the throne, but his father's ambition for universal dominion and his lust for revenge upon the Athenians. He devoted his energies first to the restoration of tranquility in the Nile valley, and then set about the collection of what was probably the greatest army in point of numbers ever got together. He drew levies from Africa, India and the steppes of Central Asia, uniting them with the troops of Persia proper and of its allies, to form an army of 2,500,000 men, with which he set out on his great campaign, accompanied by 1,207 ships of war and 3,000 smaller vessels. He crossed the Hellespont by a bridge of boats and dug a canal around Mount Athos so as to avoid the dangers which had destroyed his father's fleet a few years before. The countries through which he marched his troops sent thousands of men to his assistance, and Herodotus estimates that, including camp-followers, his army numbered at least 6,000,000 men. During the four years in which this expedition was being prepared, vast stores of food and material of all kinds were collected along the line of march. It is hardly possible to appreciate the extraordinary executive ability displayed in preparations of this magnitude, and the resourcefulness of a country which could provide for the possible needs of such an enormous host. When this remarkable achievement is compared with the inefficient manner in which many modern campaigns have been handled, one feels as if it were necessary to revise one's opinions concerning the superiority of modern methods over those of twenty centuries and more ago.

More astonishing, in a sense, than the magnitude of the Persian expedition was the manner in which the Greeks met such a terrible menace. We are without any estimate of the number of people living in the several Grecian states, but it must have been considerably less, including men, women and children, than the fighting men in the army of Xerxes; but not for a single moment did they think of surrendering their liberties. Herodotus, indeed, suggests that not much confidence was felt in the loyalty of some of the states, and it is only too true that treachery was in evidence at a critical hour; nevertheless, the Grecian defence was, on the whole, heroic and in the end successful. The first clash occurred at Thermopylae. The northern states of Greece could make no resistance to the host of Xerxes, who advanced without opposition to the scene of the famous battle. The Pass of Thermopylae is not a pass in the sense in which we understand the term. It is a narrow strip of ground between a mountain and the sea. On the seaward side there is an impassable morass, and the hard ground is only wide enough for a single wagon track. This is the western "gate"; eastward of it is a somewhat wider space, and then a second "gate" similar to the other. Beyond this the country widens out. In the intervening space between the two "gates" are hot springs.

The command of the Grecian forces was given to Leonidas of Sparta. He had under him about 4,000 men, of whom 300 were Spartans. Later he was reinforced by about 1,000 Phocians. When Xerxes reached Thermopylae, he waited four days before delivering his attack, and on the fifth day he ordered the flower of his army to advance. The fighting continued for two days, and the Persians were unable to make any impression upon the defence. It is difficult to estimate how the struggle would have ended, if a Malian had not revealed to Xerxes the existence of a road over the mountains, whereby the Pass could be avoided. As soon as Leonidas realized that his defence was futile, he sent home all his forces except the 300 Spartans; but the Thespians and the Thebans refused to go. The number of men remaining with their leader was about 1,500. Leonidas, knowing that sooner or later he would be attacked both in the front and rear, determined to sell his life and those of his men as dearly as possible, and marching into the open plain, he assaulted the almost countless host before him. He drove the advance guard back, slaying them by the hundreds, but was himself an early victim of his own impetuosity. The fiercest part of the struggle was for the possession of his body, which his heroic comrades finally carried with them to a little hill within the Pass. They had no arms left but their swords, and even many of them had lost these. Overwhelmed with missiles, they fell dead by scores in their places, and when the Persians summoned up sufficient courage to charge the few survivors, it was a battle of unarmed men with their fists and teeth against fully-armed troops in overwhelming numbers. There was no wonder that not a man escaped. Early in the conflict the Thebans had retired so that the martyrs to Greece were only the 300 Spartans and 700 Thespians. One man alone of all the Spartan contingent returned home. He had been absent on leave with a sick comrade. When they heard that the battle was in progress, the sick man rejoined his command and was slain with the rest. The other, Aristodemus, returned home, only to be derided by every one and to be treated as an outcast, until, a year later, he retrieved his honor at the battle of Plataea. It will easily be understood that this fierce fight was full of incidents of unusual valor. The temper of the Greeks is shown by the answer they returned to the message of Xerxes, calling upon them to surrender. The messenger said that the army of his king was so great that their arrows would darken the sun. "Then," was the reply, "we will fight in the shade." Men who feared death as little as they did deserved the immortality which their deeds have won for them. The monument to their honor erected in Sparta long ago fell in ruins, but the story of their valor will live as long as men admire courage.

The battle of Thermopylae was of no immediate advantage to Greece. It hardly delayed the advance of the Persians any more than the natural obstacles of the country would have retarded it. The killed and wounded on the invaders' side produced no effect upon the efficiency of the army of Xerxes. The influence of Thermopylae was to inspire the Greeks with a heroic resolve to defend their country to the last, and its memory today remains in the minds of men throughout the whole civilized world as an incentive to noble daring. We shall see in the next paper what followed Thermopylae and how Greece was delivered from her terrible foe.

## The Birth of the Nations

V.

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

### THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF BURGUNDY

It seems only fitting before concluding the articles on the French nation to give a short account of the Burgundians who once formed a powerful kingdom in Gaul, retained their distinct nationality through many centuries, gave to the world a few noteworthy kings and an endless array of powerful dukes, some of whom ranked even higher than the French monarchs but finally lost its independence, became a vassal state of France, having little distinction and little glory save that which comes from the pathetic reflection of great but long-vanished memories.

It was in A.D. 412, after the fall of the Roman Empire and during the terrible years which followed when the whole world was the battlefield of the invading barbarians, that the Burgundians under their kings, Gundichaire and Gundioch came from Germany into Gaul and founded their kingdom in Lyonesse, from the southern point of Alsatia right into Provence along the two banks of the Saone and the left bank of the Rhone and also in Switzerland. They were one of the most powerful of the many German tribes and were among the earliest of the barbarians to adopt Christianity.

The first Frankish king, Clovis, espoused a Burgundian princess the famous Clothilde, who was the means of converting the French nation to Christianity through having first convinced her husband of the truth of the tenets of the Christian faith. It was during the reign of Clovis that Gondebaud, king of the Burgundians was forced to pay tribute to the Frankish king, having had his country invaded by him and himself made prisoner in one of his own castles. From that time for many years to follow Bergundy was the scene of fierce conflicts, though during the sixth century all the Frankish dominions were united under King Dagobert. Dismemberment took place again, however, and not until the famous and glorious reign of Charles Martel, were the possessions of the old kingdom of Burgundy reunited to France.

But it was when Burgundy became a duchy of France that she became all-powerful under the rule of her able dukes, the friendship of the latter being courted by all the monarchs of Europe. From 1410 to 1415, France was the scene of a civil war between the two rival duchies of Orleans and Burgundy. The latter's scene of action was usually at Paris and they had for their allies the corporation of butchers, who exercised almost complete mastery of the city. The carpenters took sides against the butchers. Finally after a series of unsatisfactory combats, disputes and arguments, the Duke of Burgundy, angry at the king's apparant mistrust and his open partiality for the Duke of Orleans, left Paris for his own estates, taking time only to gather his troops together and then to march back again upon Paris. So affrighted was the king that he was quite ready to enter negotiations with the Burgundian duke who thus triumphed for the time over his rival.

After the battle of Agincourt, Duke John, of Burgundy, having aided his sovereign against the English, felt free to carry out his own plans and set out with his army for Paris, with the avowed intention of chastening the English and aiding his own king, with his counsels and forces. By this time the Duke of Orleans had once more forestalled him in the king's favor and John returned to Burgundy and began operations hostile to Charles. The wife of the latter, Queen Isobel, had been banished on account of alleged infidelity and she was taken under the protection of the Duke of Burgundy and assumed the responsibility, on account of her husband's mental inability, to direct the affairs of her nation from the security of the Duke's castle. In the meantime the people of Paris, tired of the partiality shown the duke of Orleans, were beginning to sympathize more and more with Duke John and the queen whom they liked to consider as being wrongfully accused. When Duke John and his followers attacked Paris they were able after a few hours' struggle to enter and become its masters. A few days later in the absence of the duke a terrible massacre took place of all the followers of the Duke of Orleans. Some time later the Duke of Burgundy and the young dauphin having become reconciled, Duke John practically dictated the policy of France, until he was treacherously murdered by one Duchatel, who had always been his bitterest enemy.

The next Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, lost no time in avenging his father, being seconded by Queen Isobel. The English and the Burgundians, much to the dismay of the French, signed a treaty of peace and the English king was nominated for the French kingship with the alliance of the most powerful among the French lords. Thence ensued a long and weary war; for the national feeling was very strong and even among the Burgundians there were many who remained loyal to their king. When Henry V. fell ill and was about to die, he named as regent the Duke of Bedford, "unless our brother the duke of Burgundy have a mind to undertake it," which goes to show how all-powerful the Burgundian Philip had become.

Then occurred that memorable and terrible war made doubly famous by the part taken in it by Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans. "As a woman, Queen Isobel has brought destruction upon France," she is quoted as saying, "So shall a maid restore our country. It is given for me to accomplish this." The story of her prowess in battle, her sublime faith in her divine inspiration, her influence over the soldiers, her successes and finally her defeat and death is an old and well-known one, and it is not necessary that it be repeated here. She is said to have used all her influence with the Duke of Burgundy to persuade him to forswear his allegiance to the English, but quite in vain. It was only after her death when the war had progressed for many many years, that Philip the Good was induced to unite his forces with those of his sovereign, and jubilation reigned throughout France. Peace between the Frenchmen and the Burgundians was not broken as long as Charles the VII. and Duke Philip were living. When the latter died there was universal sorrow. "With him we lose," the French people said, "the best, the friendliest of princes, our peace and eke our joy. Amidst fearful storms he brought us into tranquility and good order and set justice in her seat and gave free course to commerce."

When Louis XI. came to the throne, however, affairs between the kingdom and the duchy assumed a different aspect. Philip the Good was succeeded by his son, Charles the Bold, whose fame as a soldier and a diplomat soon spread abroad and who soon attained greater eminence and power than the King of France himself. At one time, having him in his power, he had the audacity to imprison his monarch, for which act he was not punished in any way. In fact until the death of Charles at the siege of Nancy, "the history of these two princes was nothing but one constant alternative between ruptures and readjustments, hostilities and truces, wherein both were constantly changing their position, their language and their allies."

The career of Charles the Bold was distinguished by many brilliant successes until his final defeat at the battle of Morat, waged against him by the combined French and Swiss forces. After his death his only child Mary, was sought in marriage by the French King for his son, the dauphin. But the daughter of the Burgundian Duke had no taste for such an alliance. She married Maximilian, son of the Emperor, Frederick III., thereby, according to historians, paving the way for that determined rivalry between the houses of France and Austria, which was the source of so many woes to both states through more than three centuries and found its culmination in the French Revolution.

From the foregoing it may be seen how important a part Burgundy played in the affairs of France. Her greatness is past now. The names of her heroes are all but forgotten, but she lived to fulfil her destiny and to leave an impression upon the nations of the world which can never be effaced.

## WITH THE POETS

### A Song

When the earth was spun of gold,
Sea and sky thereof,—
Welt I many a bitter song
Of the griefs of love.

Now the sky and earth are gray,
And like lead the sea,—
Faith smites from my fear a song
Of love's ecstasy.

—Frances Bartlett.

### A Foe!

Count him a fool, who has the sun,
And moon, and stars above him,
For company, and who has friends
To walk with him, and love him;
Round whom Earth's beauty lingers with
A spell so sweet and gracious;
Who knows that goodness every hour
Fills all Earth's places spacious!

Count him a fool who, in his heart,
Knows that a wise God liveth;
Who, to His children everywhere,
Each hour rich blessings giveth!
Aye, count him such who will not own
These gifts that God is giving,—
Who, for some fancied wrong, declares
That life is not worth living!

—George Newell Lovejoy.

### A Lullaby

O wandering wind, I pray thee fold thy wings,
The whispering trees are calling thee to rest,
The sky grows dim, the noisy birds are still,
And softly sleeps my baby at my breast.

O restless sea, whose waters wan and cold,
Fret the brown rocks with angry moonwhite crest;
Hush them, I pray, to little lapping waves,
For softly sleeps my baby at my breast.

O guardian stars, half hid by fleecy cloudlets,
Your watch-fires now I pray make manifest,
No other light have we within the chamber,
Where softly sleeps my baby at my breast.

O Lord of earth, and sea, and stars, and heaven,
Come to our home tonight, and be our guest;
So in the darkness, which is as thy shadow,
Shall softly sleep my baby at my breast.

—Caris Brooke.

### The Angels of Man

The word of the Lord of the outer worlds
Went forth on the deeps of space,
That Michael, Gabriel, Rafael
Should stand before His face,
The seraphs of His threefold will
Each in his ordered place.

Brave Michael, the right hand of God,
Strong Gabriel His voice,
Fair Rafael, His holy breath
That makes the world rejoice—
Archangels of omnipotence,
Of knowledge, and of choice;

Michael, angel of loveliness
In all things that survive,
And Gabriel, whose part it is
To ponder and contrive,
And Rafael, who puts the heart
In everything alive.

Came Rafael, the enraptured soul,
Stainless as wind or fire,
The urge within the flux of things,
The life that must aspire,
With whom is the beginning,
The worth, and the desire;

And Gabriel, the all-seeing mind,
Bringer of truth and light,
Who lays the courses of the stars
In their stupendous flight,
And calls the migrant flocks of spring
Across the purple night.

And Michael, the artificer
Of beauty, shape and hue,
Lord of the forges of the sun,
The crucible of the dew,
And driver of the ploughing rain
When the flowers are born anew.

Then said the Lord: "Ye shall account
For the ministry ye hold.
Since ye have been My sons to keep
My purpose from of old.
How fare the realms within your sway
To perfections still untold?"

Answered each as he had the word.
And a great silence fell
On all the listening hosts of heaven
To hear their captains tell—
With the breath of the wind, the call of a bird,
And the cry of a mighty bell.

Then the Lord said: "The time is ripe
For finishing My plan,
And the accomplishment of that
For which all time began.
Therefore on you is laid the task
Of the fashioning of man.

"In your own likeness shall he be,
To triumph in the end.
I only give him Michael's strength
To guard him and defend.
With Gabriel to be his guide,
And Rafael his friend.

"Ye shall go forth upon the earth,
And make there Paradise,
And be the angels of that place
To make men glad and wise,
With loving kindness in their hearts,
And knowledge in their eyes.

"And ye shall be man's counselors
That neither rest nor sleep,
To cheer the lonely, lift the frail,
And solace them that weep.
And ever on his wandering trail
Your watch-fires ye shall keep.

"Till in the far years he shall find
The country of his quest,
The empire of the open truth,
The vision of the best,
Foreseen by every mother saint
With her new-born on her breast."

—Bliss Carman, in Collier's.

## THE STORY TELLER

### The Tactful Suitor

A youth in Trenton whose devotion to the young woman of his choice has encountered many obstacles during his long courtship, recently sought her out with this apparently encouraging statement:

"I think it's all right now, Alice. I managed to get access to your father the other day, and while he wouldn't exactly give his consent I rather imagine I've made some readway. He borrowed $40 of me. Surely he can't stand me off much longer after that!"

The young woman sighed. "Yes, I've heard about it," she said, "and I think you've made an awful mess of it. Father mentioned the $40 and remarked that I'd better give you up—you were too easy."—Harper's Weekly.

### Couldn't Stand the Test

"Porter."

Thus the passenger for London hailed a railway servant at a small Scottish station.

"Yessir?" The man instinctively held out his hand.

"Do you think this parcel well enough tied to trust going in the van?"

"Weel, I'll see," answered the porter, dropping the parcel with a bang. She'll get that here, an' she'll get that at the junction"—giving it another drop—"and she'll get THAT at Perth!"—banging it so lustily that all the contents scattered over the pavement. "Weel, sir, if she be goin' farther than Perth, she'll nae do whatever!"—Illustrated Mail.

### Sir Wilfrid's Retort

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whose twelve years of continuous power in Canada have now received a further extension, is generally considered, says Tit-Bits, to be the thinnest of prime ministers. And yet a big, burly Conservative M. P. was once maladroit enough to charge him with "fattening at the expense of the poor deluded people of this country."

Sir Wilfrid genially retorted: "I ask the House to look at the honorable gentleman opposite and then look at me and say which of us is most exposed to the charge of getting fat."

The contrast between the aldermanic proportions of the assailant and the slim figure of the assailed was too much for the gravity of the House, and there was a general and genial roar.

### A Frequent Mistake

"Bishop Potter was a wonderful effective preacher," said a Brooklyn clergyman. "His method was reserved and quiet. He always had himself well in hand.

"I once delivered a sermon before him. I was young and enthusiastic at the time. I let myself go in that sermon. My voice and my gestures shook the pulpit.

"At luncheon, afterward, I am ashamed to say that I fished for compliments, I leaned over the Bishop and asked him in a low voice to give me some advice on preaching.

"Dear knows what I expected him to reply—probably that I was beyond any advice from him. At any rate, what he did reply was this:

"'My dear young friend, never mistake in the pulpit perspiration for inspiration.'"

### Saw Him First

About the year 1707, says the Youth's Companion, William Penn became heavily involved in a lawsuit, and the author of a recent biography, entitled "Quaker and Courier," states that he was greatly in fear—under the laws of the day—of being arrested. Many noble personages were in the same plight, but no other, it is believed, resorted to Penn's expedient in meeting the situation.

In the door of his London house he had a peeping-hole made, through which he could see any person who came to him. A creditor one day sent in his name, and, having been made to wait more than a reasonable time, knocked for the servant and asked him:

"Will not your master see me?"

"Friend, he has seen thee," replied the servant, calmly, "and does not like the looks of thee."

### Careful Sandy

In Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," there are many tales illustrating the caution of the Caledonian. Certainly, says the author, this cautious spirit pervaded the opinions of the Scottish architect who was called upon to erect a building in England upon the long-lease system, so common with Anglican proprietors, but quite new to our friend. When he found the proposal was to build upon the tenure of 999 years, he quietly suggested: "Cud ye no' make it a thousand? Nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine years 'll be slippin' awa."

But of all the cautious and careful answers we ever heard was pre-eminently one given by a carpenter to an old lady in Glasgow for whom he was working. She had offered him a dram and asked him whether he would have it then or wait till his work was done.

"Indeed, mem," he said, "there's been sic a power o' sudden deaths lately that I'll just tak' it noo."

### An Absent-Minded Professor

There have been many absent-minded professors, but Toronto is said to have one who is a leader in this respect. When a young man, he was away playing cricket with the team from Lindsay, his native town, and when he went to buy a ticket to get back home, he was forced to ask the boys the name of the town in which he lived. When he became a bridegroom he took the ordinary honeymoon trip, but, the day after his return, he forgot the existence of his wife and new home and went to his mother's for luncheon, as usual.

One bright October morning he went over to visit his sister. On the way, he met a tin-can band of youngsters making an attempt to play the "Protestant Boys." When he arrived at his sister's, he found her playing the "British Grenadiers" on the piano. On his return home, with those tunes running in his musical head, his wife asked him to ring up the livery and get a cab to take them to the station. She was greatly surprised to hear him tell the liveryman to make sure that the cab came early.

"This being the Twelfth of July," he told the man; "you know the streets are sure to be crowded!"—Canadian Courier.

### Hurrying Him a Little

The steamer was moving very slowly up the broad, swift river. Several miles ahead, where there was a bend, a sharp point of land projected a considerable distance into the stream. It had been in sight nearly an hour. On the upper deck sat a young couple, engaged in earnest conversation.

"Lucinda," he was saying, "we've known each other a long time, haven't me?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Five or six years at least, isn't it?"

"I believe so."

"Don't you think a girl ought to know a fellow pretty well by that time?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"You've never heard anything bad about me, have you?"

"No."

"And in five or six years a young man ought to know a girl pretty well, oughtn't he?"

"I suppose so."

"We've been together a good deal, too, Lucinda—"

Then there was a long pause.

"And, of course, you must have suspected—"

Another protracted silence.

"Anybody would naturally suspect—though I've never been in a position until lately—and yet my mind has been made up all the time—and I can't tell you how much I—"

Then Lucinda spoke.

"Henry," she said, "do you know you remind me of this steamboat?"

"Er—how?"

"It takes you such a long time to get to the point."—Youth's Companion.