

Home Journal

A DEPARTMENT FOR THE FAMILY

People and Things the World Over

Mrs. Smith, the wife of Dr. Goldwin Smith, died at their home in Toronto in her 85th year.

Miss Jessie Field of Page county, Iowa, has an arithmetic with no cube root or binomial theorem in it, and only such problems as girls will need in their lives, especially girls living on farms.

H. H. Gaetz, ex-mayor of Red Deer, Alta., has presented his town with five acres of land on the Red Deer river front to be used as a public park.

A painting by Rembrandt, "A Young Man Rising From a Chair," has been purchased by Mr. Charles Taft, brother of President Taft. It is said the price paid was £100,000.

In some parts of Portugal the shepherds, and sometimes men of other vocations, wear mantels made of straw, which envelop the entire body and keep out the heaviest rain.

Several pictures by old masters were accidentally discovered recently in the Church of San Guilianno, Venice, by one of the engineers employed in the restoration work in St. Mark's. The pictures, painted by Tintoretto, Palma, Andrea Vicentino and Fiammingo, had been missing since 1830, when alterations were made in the building.

It is sometimes amusing to read contemporary views of writers afterwards famous. Meredith said of Charles Dickens, when the latter's first books had appeared: "Not much of Dickens will live, because it has so little correspondence to life. He was the incarnation of cockneydom, a caricaturist who aped the moralist; he should have kept to short stories. If his novels are read at all in the future, people will wonder what we saw in them, save some possible element of fun, meaningless to them. The world will never let Mr. Pickwick, who to me is full of the lumber of imbecility, share honors with Don Quixote."

The administration of criminal law in the United States, President Taft told his Chicago audience, is a disgrace to civilization. The prevalence of crime and fraud, so much in excess of what obtains in Europe, is due, he considers, largely to the persistent failure of the courts to bring criminals to justice. On the civil side of the courts, he thinks, the redress to be secured depends chiefly on the amount of money a plaintiff has to spend. The time is more than ripe, he considers, for Congress to set to work to frame laws that shall bring swift justice to the criminal and in both criminal and civil cases give the poor man an equal chance with the rich.

Killing Never Kills

That killing never kills is a lesson hard to learn; it probably never will be learned. It has been tried since earliest history, and today the men who sway the world are those whose lives were shortened in the flesh by their neighbors. Socrates's philosophy is little read or understood, but Socrates drinking hemlock is the schoolboy's oration, in nations born a thousand years after his body returned to earth. Savonarola would have been of little weight in the reforms of the world had he not been killed to get rid of him; and John Calvin has no more vital foe today than Servetus, whom he thought to put entirely out of the way in the flames that consumed him. Such men live because they are made conspicuous by killing.

Beside there is in Nature a certain sort of compensation for a wicked taking off. A recent

book asks, "Why we love Lincoln?" With all the other reasons it does not give as supremest the fact that Lincoln died for the people. A good reader of history understands that it is not what Lincoln did that makes him dear to us, but what he suffered. Had he lived to press the reconstruction measures that he had conceived he would have lost a good deal of popular esteem. When he was killed, everyone to the end of time was forbidden to see his faults or recall his failures.

It is not probable that Jesus would have won the world by any other road than death. It is his cross that has become, among a hundred nations, a sign of human unity and the ever-longed-for "On earth peace; good will to men." The young Jew who, in life's prime, taught reform, belonged to Judea. He was a competitor of Hillel and Gamaliel; but when the Romans joined with the high priests to sacrifice him for his teachings, he began to draw the eyes of a hungry humanity, and wonderfully well has he been able to teach to the ends of the earth.

Life, after all, is not very well understood by us, while the value of death is totally misunderstood. Life without power to die would promptly run us

The Unconquered

Now, think you, Life, I am defeated quite?
More than a single battle shall be mine
Before I yield the sword and give the sign
And turn, a crownless outcast, to the night.
Wounded, and yet unconquered, in the fight,
I wait in silence till the day may shine
Once more upon my strength, and all the line
Of thy defences break before my might.

Mine be that warrior's blood who, stricken sore,
Lies in his quiet chamber till he hears
Afar the clash and clang of arms, and knows
The cause he lived for calls for him once more,
And straightway rises, whole and void of fears,
And arming, turns him singing to his foes.

—October Everybody's.

rapidly into hopeless degeneracy. To hug our years may sometimes be wisdom, and long life, if well lived, is certainly a blessing; but life merely as life has little value. We shall have to recur to our poet, and make sure that we live in deeds, not in years. Dr. Osler's deduction that life after forty is valueless should read that life before forty may become immortalized in the life of humanity, and that to live a tame century is hardly worth the while. —The Independent.

A Better Investment

The bank buildings are an outstanding feature of even very small towns in Western Canada. In the beginning they are very humble structures which are replaced by more pretentious ones as the town grows. This is as it should be, but there is, or ought to be, a limit to the magnificence and grandeur and to the money expended for the bank building while the employees' salaries fail to keep pace with the growth of the town and its accompanying increase in the cost of living. The bank clerk's position is not the cosy snap the outsider thinks it to be. The bank's hours may be from ten to three, but the bank clerk's day begins earlier and ends much later than that. His salary is small and yet he must keep up to a certain standard in dress from the time of his entrance into bank life. Promotion is not quite so slow in the West, but the good positions seem a long way off to the junior. A little less marble and mahogany and an increase in salaries would not entirely destroy public confidence in any institution, and it would help to weaken a very strong temptation that young men have to face when they handle huge sums of other people's money and have too little of their own.

The Lamp of Poor Souls

In some English churches before the reformation, a little lamp, called the Lamp of Poor Souls, was kept burning continually. It was to remind the faithful to pray for the souls of those dead whose kinsfolk were too poor to pay for special prayers and masses. Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, the gifted Canadian poet, has taken it for the subject of a poem in *Scribner's*:

"Above my head the shields are stained with rust,

The wind has taken his spoil, the moth his part.
Dust of dead men beneath my knees and dust,

Lord, in my heart.

"Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears,

The priest has prayed, the silver bell has rung,

But not for him, O unforgotten tears,

He was so young!

"Shine, little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim
Into what vast dread dreams, what lonely

lands.

Into what griefs hath death delivered him,

Far from my hands?

"Cradled is he, with half his prayers forgot.

I cannot learn the level way he goes.

He whom the harvest hath remembered not

Sleeps with the rose.

"Shine, little lamp, fed with sweet oil of prayers;

Shine, little lamp, as God's own eyes may shine,

When He treads softly down His starry stairs

And whispers 'Thou art mine.'

"Shine, little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam.

Sleep, little soul, by God's own hands set free

Cling to His arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream,

And dreaming, look for me."

Shot Dead—But It Wasn't Loaded

There isn't any punishment short of hanging too severe for the man who points a gun at another person. Even if he knows it isn't loaded it is the trick of a fool, and it is the gun that isn't loaded that kills. An exchange gives this advice to the person pointed at: "When a man points a gun at you, knock him down. Don't stop to look if it is loaded, but knock him down, and don't be at all particular what you do it with. If there is going to be a coroner's inquest, let it be over the other fellow; he won't be missed." Of course there is the contingency that he may shoot you dead before you can get to him with any sort of weapon. In the same class with idiots who do the pointing are the men who leave loaded guns around the house where irresponsible and ignorant people and little children can get at them. One day last week a five-year-old up in Saskatchewan was killed by a bullet from a rifle in the hands of his three-year-old brother. As usual it wasn't supposed to be loaded, but fancy leaving a gun where a pair of babies could reach it! The parents are overcome with grief, but grief will not restore a life, and the person who left the gun where the little lad found it should be punished by the law for criminal carelessness.

* * *

In an article contributed to the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), Prof. Y. Delage, of the University of Paris, calls attention to the fact that Lamarck, and not Darwin, organized the modern idea of organic evolution. Before Lamarck, it was believed that every species owned its origin to a special creative act. Lamarck proclaimed that species are derived from one another through the ordinary channels of inheritance being unceasingly moulded under the pressure of surrounding conditions. This was the theory which Darwin made definite, and in support of which he produced a formidable array of evidence. In the words of Prof. Delage, "Without him, the Lamarckian idea would doubtless have to-day only a small group of thinkers for its adherents. Thanks to him, all resistance has been overcome. There are no more objections."