

Day by Day

I heard a voice at evening softly say,
 Bear not thy yesterday into to-morrow.
 Nor load this week with last week's load of sorrow,
 Lift all thy burdens as they come, nor try
 To weight the present with the by and by.
 One step and then another, take thy way—
 Live day by day.

Live day by day.
 Though autumn leaves are withering round thy way,
 Walk in the sunshine. It is all for thee.
 Push straight ahead, as long as thou mayst see,
 Dread not the winter whither thou mayst go.
 But, when it comes, be thankful for the snow.
 Onward and upward. Look and smile and pray—
 Live day by day.

Live day by day.
 The path before thee doth not lead astray.
 Do the next duty. It must surely be
 The Christ is in the one that's close to thee,
 Onward, still onward, with a sunny smile
 Till step by step shall end in mile by mile.
 "I'll do my best," unto my conscience say,
 Live day by day.

Live day by day.
 Why art thou bending toward the backward sky?
 One summit and another thou shalt mount,
 Why stop at every round the space to count?
 The past mistakes if thou must still remember,
 Watch not the ashes of the dying ember.
 Kindle thy hope. Put all thy fears away.
 Live day by day.

—Julia Harris May, in *The Atlantic*.

President Roosevelt as a Reader of Books

"READING makes a full man." Such is the common aphorism. Years ago we were astonished at the reading ability of Macaulay as recorded in one of his biographies. Should the reader come across the list of Macaulay and compare it with these books read by President Roosevelt in the course of two years, it will be seen that the American is scarcely behind the Englishman.

An unnamed contributor to the *Century Magazine*, "with the help of one of the President's personal acquaintances," gives "a pretty full, though far from complete, list of the President's reading for two years up to the first week in November, 1903." It is an astonishing list of books, both in number and in range, and it is of books alone, leaving aside magazines and papers, and "a number of ephemeral novels." It includes only books read or reread "purely for enjoyment," and its volume and scope are to be considered with reference to the fact that the President must have enough reading in the beaten path of business to occupy all the time and eyesight of an ordinary man, even a very able one. We may add that the minuteness with which the list is made up and its careful mention of parts of books dealt with justifies the inference not only that the information comes pretty directly from Mr. Roosevelt, but that he keeps a rather close record of his reading, which would be in harmony with his well-known methodical and efficient habits.

The list embraces eighty-three different authors, and approximately a couple of hundred of volumes read in whole or in part. Taking into account the magazines, of which he "reads all the leading ones regularly," the "ephemeral novels," and the papers, daily and weekly, of which he is "not neglectful," this would give the President at least a hundred volumes to read, or a matter of the year, say thirty-five thousand pages a year, or in other words, one hundred pages a day, more or less, read "purely for enjoyment." Even if we deduct one half of this amount for the parts of books not read, the achievement is, from the point of view of merely physical endurance, very remarkable. It is still more so when we look to the character of the books in the list. A little more than one half of the authors are historians and biographers. They include (in

translation) Greeks, like Herodotus, Thucydides, Polybius, Plutarch; such Englishmen as Morley, Macaulay, Gibbon, Mahaffey, Carlyle, Trevelyan; among Americans Mahan, Hay and Nicolay, and President Wheeler, the author of the *Life of Alexander the Great*. In French there are Maspero the Egyptologist, Marbot, and Froissart. Among the biographies are the lives of Turenne, Prince Eugene, and De Ruyter. This is a formidable array, and much of it is what would be called "tough reading" for one with little else to do.

Not more relaxing is the President's choice of dramatic literature, which starts with the great classics, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, includes five plays of Shakespeare; and "tops off" with Molière and Beaumarchais. In poetry, his taste, as indicated by this list, is decidedly severe, inclining to Shakespeare, Milton, the Nibelungenlied, the *Trasferno* of Dante (prose translation), Morris and Besant's translations from the Icelandic and other Norse poetry, Lady Gregory's Celtic verse, and the usual moderns, Browning, Tennyson, Poe, Longfellow, Kipling, Bliss Carman. There are hints of a healthy fondness for nonsense verse and for children's verses of the finer sort. In what may be called literature, for lack of a better term, the range is wide, from Joel Chandler Harris to Grimm and Hans Andersen, from Bacon to Tolstoi, from Scott and Dickens to Conan Doyle, from Harte to Thackeray, from Parson Wagner to Dr. Holmes, from Aristotle to Abraham Lincoln, though these latter may more properly come under the head of—shall we say—professional reading.

After reading this list, to some will occur the query, by no means captions, how Mr. Roosevelt, with this wholesome appetite for excellent reading, this wonderful capacity for reading, and a retentive memory, has formed a style of expression so nearly without literary distinction, so loose and unimpressive. To which comment there is one striking exception, his works on the hunting and the wild Western life in which he has taken part, of which he writes with marked simplicity, directness, force, and a strictly personal charm.

Should the Church Provide Recreation for Its Young People?

BY PERCY E. BURTT.

WE often hear the question discussed whether the Church should furnish recreation for its young people. Much might be said pro and con, and perhaps after all is said, the better policy for the Church is to steer a straight course between the two extremes. The following seems to the writer well-grounded reasons why the Church should look after the social natures of its young people. We shall not enter into the question of what sort of recreation the Church should furnish, or how, or when; the individual church can best decide that for itself; we shall merely consider the general question, namely, the Church should provide recreation for its young people.

First, to hold them. At first thought this seems a strange reason, and to the non-Christian a conclusive proof that Christianity is a failure, not sufficient in itself to hold its adherents. But let us look deeper. I know that there are those who say that when one is truly converted all desire for entertainments of any sort is taken away, and the converted soul is supremely content with religious meetings, with the study of God's Word, with prayer, etc. This is true, and it is not true. In the first place, his spiritual nature has, for the first time in his life, assumed its proper place, namely, that of control. The spiritual or soul faculties should always control the man. Jeremy Taylor expresses it thus: "If the soul of a man rules a not, it can not be a companion; either it must govern or be a slave." Heretofore in that person's life the sensual nature—*the flesh*—I do not use this term in its most radical sense—has been in control; now his spiritual nature has awakened, and is actively alive and rules. But what of the other—the sensual nature? It is still there; conversion did not remove that part of his being. It but reduced it to its normal state; before it was abnormal.

Now, it is true that the spiritual nature is satisfied with religious observances, prayer, etc., and finds sweet peace and consolation in serving the Lord, and to a certain extent im-