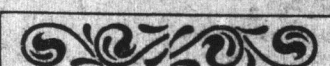




AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR



SOME PRIMARY SUGGESTIONS

Most people speak of the Bible as though it were written at the same time and by one individual. They know that this is not the case, but they read it and criticize it as though it were. No one knows with anything like certainty when or by whom most of the books were written, or if the writers of any of them were familiar with all the others. Some of it was composed under the influence of Babylonian and Egyptian thought; some of it is distinctly the product of Jewish culture; some of it bears the impress of Greek and Roman influence; some of it takes its peculiar quality from the fact that it was written by men who were in personal contact with Jesus of Nazareth. A part of it dates from an antiquity at which we can only guess, and much of it was written at a time of which we have abundant historical information. It deals with the greatest and littiest of all problems, from the creation of a Universe and the salvation of a soul to the petty details of daily life. It looks backward into an unfathomable past; it projects itself forward into an illimitable future. Therefore it is the most wonderful of all books, a veritable mine of fact and thought wherein we may find riches incomprehensible. Familiarity with the book has bred indifference to it, but if we had never had it in its present form, and some one had discovered its various books, hidden away in some ancient ruin, and had put them together, civilization would almost stand still while the learning of the world endeavored to comprehend the writings in their full significance. The value of the Bible has to some extent been lessened by the mediaeval construction put upon many of its passages, and the later misconstructions of presumptuous ignorance.

Bearing these considerations in mind and recognizing the facility with which any one may draw erroneous deductions and form wrong impressions, we shall endeavor to present a few suggestions, which may be of some assistance to those who find difficulty in reconciling some of the things taught in Scriptural books, with their own judgment, and who think it unreasonable that they should be asked to accept on faith statements for which there is apparently no demonstration possible. We note that two of the books of the Bible begin with the same words, namely, Genesis and the Gospel according to St. John. The words are "In the beginning." The writer of the first chapter of Genesis tells us that "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and St. John tells us that "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God." Now if the Old and New Testaments were written at one time and by the same writer or under the same general supervision these two statements would be interesting enough, but when we consider the time and probable authorship of both of them, they take on a new importance. We do not know who wrote the first chapter of Genesis. As it seems quite certain that the first five books of the Old Testament, to say nothing of any of the others, were put in their present form after the Babylonian captivity, and as an account of creation substantially similar to that contained in the chapter referred to has been found in the records of Babylon, there is no difficulty in assuming either that Ezra, or some contemporary writer, accepted the Jewish tradition of creation were variants of the same original and possibly far more ancient account. Mention may be made of the fact that the word translated "God" in the first chapter of Genesis is a plural noun, which seems to indicate that the original conception of the Deity was at least dual. In the fourth verse of the second chapter of the same book we have the monotheistic idea brought prominently forward, the word translated "Lord God" being Jehovah, whom the Jews recognized as their tribal deity. One might therefore be justified in thinking that the Jewish scribes accepted a very ancient account of the creation and assigned it to their own particular deity, rejecting wholly the conception of the dual nature of the Creator. Thousands of years later we find what is claimed to be John, the Divine, account of the career of his Master. Some doubt has been cast upon the claim that John the writer of the Gospel which bears his name, but this is not very material. He may or may not have written it, but it is very clearly the work of some one familiar with the personality of Jesus, and it was written at a time when His sayings must have been fresh in the minds of His followers. The Gospel according to St. John opens with a return to the dual conception of the Deity. We quote: "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." Here is a presentation of a dual nature, something self-existent, immutable and unchangeable, and at the same time energizing, creative and omnipotent. If we turn to the Epistle to the Hebrews, the authorship of which is usually attributed to St. Paul, we find it opening with these words: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these latter days spoken unto us by His Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds." These words of the writer of the Epistle cast a contemporary light upon the meaning of the language employed by the writer of the Gospel. We venture to suggest that this method of approaching the investigation of this question may help to make some rough places smooth for those who find Scripture study very difficult and as requiring too much exercise of blind, unreasoning faith. The primal conception of the Deity of the Scriptures is one which is at least dual in its character. This was lost at a very early day so far as the Jews were concerned, in their intense belief that Jehovah, whom they worshipped, was an individual, but after Jesus had come the restricted monotheism of the Jews was supplanted, so far as the Christians were concerned, by the restoration of the ancient dual conception with the addition of a third aspect of the Deity, which we describe nowadays as the Holy Ghost.

Let us return for a moment or two to the consideration of the first chapter of John's Gospel. He speaks of John the Baptist, who he says, went out to bear witness of the Light, and he declares that this Light "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It has never been disputed that the word "Light" here refers to Jesus, and that it is the individualization of the power of the Godhead described in the first verse as "the Word." Later in the same chapter the writer of the Gospel tells us that "the world was made by Him," which makes the identity complete. But we note also that in a previous verse he said, referring to the Word, "In him was life, and the life was the Light of men." Putting all these matters together, it seems very evident that the teaching of the Scriptures on this point is that some of the qualities of the Deity, which were exemplified in their highest degree in Jesus Christ, are the possession of all men, that we are made in "the image" of God and we begin to form an understandable idea of what the Apostle meant when he said that we are "heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ." It seems to us that, if we make the necessary allowance for the weakness of our vocabulary, and remember that we have to express the greatest of all mysteries and relationships by the words used for the trivial affairs of our daily life, we may take up the study of the nature of the Deity, of Jesus Christ and of ourselves and of the relations existing between these

three entities in exactly the same spirit as we bring to bear upon the study of any other subject of investigation, and that we will end our examination with belief founded upon the conviction of our reason, instead of beginning it with faith founded upon dogmatism.

Let us endeavor to present the same idea, as is above indicated, in the language of a modern school of thought. Let us say that in the beginning there was an original cause of everything; that this cause, operating through agencies, produced the visible creation; that these agencies are represented in what we call the laws of Nature, but also find their best expression in humanity, which possesses something of the power of origination as well as of execution which characterized the original cause, and that in the one Perfect Man these qualities were manifested in their completest degree. We do not believe that any man of science, no matter how Agnostic he might be, would find any difficulty in admitting that this might be possible, and that it is not very different from the things which material science in very recent years has demonstrated. We are coining new words to express our discoveries, but the new discoveries bear a remarkable resemblance to the old teachings that have come down to us from past ages. Religion and science have been too long divorced. Each must be founded on truth, and it must be the same truth. There cannot be two sets of eternal truths. The progress of Christianity in its influence upon the minds, hearts and lives of men has been retarded because ignorance and intolerance have put asunder those things which in the very nature of things must be joined together.

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE

Lady Mary Wortley Montague was eldest daughter of the Earl, afterwards Duke of Kingston. She was born about 1690, and is probably entitled to be considered as the first conspicuous literary Englishwoman. Her father was kindly and affectionate, but devoted chiefly to pleasure, and her education was a matter of haphazard, being chiefly carried out on such lines and in such a manner as pleased her own fancy. She is said to have been an excellent classical scholar, although quite self-taught. Mary was evidently a very precocious child, for when, at eight years of age, her father introduced her to the Kit-Kat club, she was promptly made a member of that, the most notable assembly of the day. As she grew up she developed into a beauty, although her portraits suggest pliancy rather than prettiness. But combined with her personal attractiveness was a wit and brilliancy of rare quality, and she became a great favorite. She appears to have not always been regarded with favor, for when she fell in love with E. Wortley Montague, a member of Parliament, whose brother was Lord Halifax, his family objected to her quite as strenuously as hers did to him. But opposition was fruitless, and the young couple eloped, the being at that time twenty-two years of age. The marriage seems to have been a happy one, at least the couple lived together without scandal or discord for a quarter of a century, when she left him for reasons that have never been explained. After the accession of George I she became one of the brightest ornaments of the court, and won the hearty esteem and friendship of the intellectual leaders of the day. Among these were Addison, Swift, and Pope, and the latter appears to have presumed too much upon her friendship, his conduct being resented by a severe blow, which the poet found it very difficult to forgive, and doubtless added to the fierceness with which in later years he attacked her, although in the meantime they had returned to terms of friendship. Lady Montague does not appear to have done anything in a literary way until after the appointment of her husband as ambassador at Constantinople. She accompanied him, and while in the East she wrote the letters upon which her fame rests, although they were not the only ones which she wrote. On her return to England she took her old place in society, but after a time political differences arose between her on the one hand and Swift and Pope on the other, which led to a controversy that attracted great notice at the time, and in which the last named writer descended to depths of coarse invective which his greatest admirers have never been able to excuse. After her separation from her husband in 1737, Lady Mary lived in Italy until after his death, which happened in 1761. While abroad she wrote many letters to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, and her sister, the Countess of Mar. She only lived a few months after her return to England, dying in 1762 at the age of about 72 years. Perhaps the most remarkable act of her life was her introduction into England of the practice of inoculation for smallpox, which she saw employed in Turkey, and caused to be tried with success upon her own son. In a letter written from Adrianople in 1717 to a lady, whose individuality is concealed by the initials "S. C.," she describes the system of inoculation, or "in-grafting," as she says the Turks called it, and she tells of the parties that were formed to have the smallpox together. She quotes the French ambassador as saying: "People here have the smallpox by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries." In the same letter she says: "I am a patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention to England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable part of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps if I live to return I may, however, have courage to war with them." This courage she had, and she emphasized her faith in it by having her daughter publicly inoculated after her return to England. Six condemned criminals were also inoculated at the same time, and in each case with such good results that two children of the Princess of Wales were treated in the same way, which made the practice fashionable. While Lady Mary was not at all disappointed in her anticipations of hostility from the medical profession, she encountered even more bitter opposition from the clergy, who declared inoculation to be a device of the devil.

As a writer Lady Mary Wortley Montague was graceful, graphic and witty, although at times careless as to the construction of her sentences and occasionally weak as to grammar. But she was an unsurpassed observer of people and things. She has been described as "the eighteenth century masquerading as a woman." Her satire was keen. One of her critics says that she exhibited lack of strong natural feeling, and indifference to the primal truths of existence, and a tendency to sacrifice the Ten Commandments to an epigram." It is not to be inferred from this that she was in any sense of the word immoral, for as a matter of fact, her personal reputation was unblemished. One of her biographers says of her: "She returned to her native land sick, homely and old, but with power still to turn her poor tenement into a court. The last picture of her is of a decrepit old woman in an abominable wig and greasy petticoat, and an old greatcoat with tarnished brass buttons, receiving the homage of English wit and English culture, drawn to her by an irresistible fascination."

The following extracts from one of her letters to the Countess of Mar will give some idea of her descriptive powers. She had visited the Kiyasse's wife. She first tells of the palace: "I entered a large room, or rather pavilion, built around with gilded shawls,

which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave them an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. Jessamines and honeysuckles twisted round their trunks, shedding a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water on the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The ceiling was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kiyasse's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered, and at her feet sat two young girls, the eldest about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima. (For that is her name) so much her beauty effaced everything. I have seen all that has been called lovely in England or Germany, and I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. . . . I was so much struck with admiration that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! That charming result of the whole! That exact perfection of body! That lovely bloom of complexion! That perfect art! That unutterable enchantment of her countenance! But her eyes—large and black, with all the languishing of a blue, every turn of her face discovering some new charm." In these brief graphic sentences her description flows on. Her style is worth study for its simplicity and completeness. She suggests rather than describes. In her letters descriptive of her Italian home she draws pictures in a few words that come out as distinctly as if portrayed by the brush of an artist. She treats of subjects in which we live nearly two centuries later cannot possibly have any interest, in such a manner as to enchain the attention of the reader so that he finds himself absorbed to a degree which few writers could inspire in any topic of present concern. Lady Mary Wortley Montague holds a place in literature which is both unique and secure. Young writers cannot do better than familiarize themselves with her style.

THE MAGNET

Every one is acquainted with the magnet. We do not say that every one is familiar with it, for magnetism is very exclusive. It allows its influence to be felt, but keeps itself in the background. There is no known reason why a piece of magnetized steel, if free to move in any direction, will take up a position so that one end will point north and another nearly south, and that the same end will always point in the same direction. Take the needle of the mariner's compass and move the end which is pointing north to such a position that it will point south, release it, and the needle will resume its original position. Every magnet has what are called poles, a north pole and a south pole. In England and Germany the pole of the magnet which points to the north is called the north pole, in France it is called the south pole, which seems to be more scientifically accurate, because the opposing poles of magnets attract each other. Therefore if the earth is a huge magnet, one of the poles of which is in the north, it would seem to follow logically that it is the south pole of the compass which points north. This is, of course, a very old material, for magnetism is something much more ancient than names.

Most people know that the magnetic poles do not correspond with the north and south poles of the earth's rotation. The north pole of the earth is that spot upon its surface over which the North Star, hence called Polaris, is vertical. This is not an exact definition, but it is close enough for popular use. If you do not know the North Star when you see it, do not delay learning how to find it. There are not many simple things better worth knowing. Find the group of stars generally spoken of as the Dipper. The two stars on the side furthest from the handle are called The Pointers. If you imagine a line joining these stars and projecting above the line the Dipper the first bright star which it will approach is Polaris. Familiarize yourself with the appearance of Polaris and the stars immediately surrounding it, and you will soon become able to recognize it, even if The Pointers are obscured. This knowledge will enable you to fix the points of the compass, and every one must have felt the desirability of being able to do this. Just in passing it may be mentioned that Polaris is coinciding more from year to year with the absolute North Pole, and this approach will continue for about two centuries, when the two will separate and continue to get further apart. Two thousand years ago they were twelve degrees apart. The North Magnetic Pole is considerably south of the North Pole of the earth. It is situated in Northern Canada, on one of the islands lying north of the Continent. Its position is not permanent, but swings pendulum-like from east to west and back again, so that for the purposes of careful surveying it is important to know in what year boundary lines have been run. The location of the South Magnetic Pole is not definitely known, and one of the objects of Antarctic explorations is to determine it. Why the compass should point to the Magnetic Poles is one of the secrets of Nature which she absolutely refuses to disclose; neither will she tell us why they should be so, nor any variation of the compass. Before passing on to another branch of the subject it may be mentioned that the discoverer of this wonderful property of magnetized steel is unknown, and the age in which he lived is unknown. The Chinese are known to have used the compass thirty-five centuries ago and attributed its invention to Hwang-ti, the greatest of the emperors, but as some say Homer was not a poet, but an era in Greek literature, so there is reason to believe that Hwang-ti was not an emperor, but an era in Chinese civilization. The compass may have been of vastly more ancient origin. One writer claims to have found proof that it was known to Noah.

The most common form in which we have the magnet is the horseshoe-shaped piece of iron, which can be bought in small sizes for a few cents. This little bit of metal is a very extraordinary thing. If two of them be taken it will be found that, while one end of each will adhere to an end of the other, it will only do so if the north and south ends are brought together. Every one who knows that a magnet is rubbed upon a knife blade, the latter will become magnetized, but the rubbing ought always to be done in the same direction, not backwards and forwards. When a knife blade has been magnetized it will always remain magnetic to a certain extent. Just as a sponge will take up so much water and no more, and retain it, so a piece of steel will take up so much magnetism and no more, and retain it. You can soak a piece of steel in a solution of iron filings, and it will run out, but at a certain point, this running out will cease and the sponge will become dry only by evaporation. So you may charge a knife blade with a great deal of magnetism, but if it is overcharged the surplus will pass off until only as much is left as the steel will naturally retain. This amount is what is called the point of magnetic saturation, and just as some sponges will hold more water than others, so some pieces of steel will hold more magnetism than others. But the saturated sponge weighs more than the dry sponge, while the saturated piece of steel weighs just the same as it did before it was magnetized. Something passed from the magnet to the knife blade, but it had no weight, though it possessed much power and absolute permanency.

THE STORY TELLER

When Doctor Edward Everett Hale was asked for his ideas on birthdays in connection with the approaching celebration of his eighty-fifth, he replied with this story.

"In my ideas about birthdays I am like a certain schoolboy. 'Which do you like best?' I asked this boy, 'day school or Sunday school?' 'Sunday school,' he answered promptly. 'Why?' 'Because it only comes once a week.'"

An American and a Scotman were discussing the cold experienced in winter in the north of Scotland, says a Glasgow paper.

"Why, it's nothing at all compared to the cold we have in the States," said the American. "I can recollect one winter when a sheep, jumping from a hillock into a field, became suddenly frozen on the way, and stuck in the air like a mass of ice."

"But, man," exclaimed the Scotman, "the law of gravity wouldn't allow that."

"We don't do things by halves at home," replied the tale-pitcher. "The law of gravity was frozen, too!"

"Henry James," said a publisher, "lives at Rye, one of England's cinq ports, but recently left Rye for a time and took a house in the country near the estate of a millionaire jam manufacturer, retired."

This man, having married an earl's daughter, was ashamed of the trade whereby he had piled up his fortune.

The jam manufacturer one day wrote Mr. James an impudent letter, saying that it was outrageous the way the James servants were trespassing on his grounds. Mr. James wrote back:

"Dear Sir: I am very sorry to hear that my servants have been poaching on your preserves."

"P.S.—Excuse my mentioning your preserves."

The widow of a German officer presented herself at the office in Berlin for the purpose of drawing the pension due her. She handed in the necessary certificate from the mayor of the village in which she lived to the effect that she was still alive.

"This certificate is not correct," said the officer in charge.

"What is the matter with it?" asked the lady.

"It bears the date of September 21," was the stern reply, "and your pension was due on September 15."

"What kind of a certificate do you wish?" asked the disappointed applicant.

"We must have a certificate stating that you were alive on September 15," said the officer with great firmness.

It was a New York Symphony Orchestra concert conducted by Walter Damrosch. The audience was anticipating an exquisite and exquisite selection from some famous composers, conspicuous among whom was Richard Wagner, the opening number in this instance being one of his compositions.

As was usual with the leading performers of the orchestra, as they appeared upon the platform, were met with enthusiastic applause, the climax being reached with the appearance of Mr. Damrosch himself.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided and the concert was about to begin a well dressed woman, seated quite near the front, turned to the woman beside her and said in an audible voice: "Pardon me, but would you kindly tell me which one is Wagner?"

"A one-armed man sat down to his noon-day luncheon in a little restaurant the other day, and seated on the right of him was a big sympathetic individual from the rural district. The big fellow noticed his neighbor's left sleeve and kept eyeing him in a sort of how-did-it-happen way. The one-armed man failed to break the ice, but continued to keep busy with his one hand supplying the inner man. At last the inquisitive one on the right could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat, and said:

"I see, sir, you have lost an arm."

"Whereupon the unfortunate man picked up the empty tumbler with his right hand, peered into it, looked up with a surprised expression, and said: "By George, sir, you're right."

During a political campaign in Mississippi a certain Colonel Robinson was running for congress on the Republican ticket. On the morning of election day one of the friends of the Republican candidate chanced to meet an old negro, known locally as Moss Thompson, whom he asked:

"You are going to vote for Colonel Robinson, are you not?"

"No, sah, I ain't 'goin' to vote for the colonel."

"What 'not vote for the man who is for giving you real live due opportunity, the man who led them in a splendid charge?"

"No, sah," replied Moss. "I ain't 'goin' to vote for the colonel. 's goulmen be 'hon'le an' chiv'rous an' vote for the goulmen that give me five dollars."

A Lancashire lad went into a large post office and asked for a penny stamp.

"Next counter," said the clerk briskly; "can't you read? Look at the labels."

The lad did not answer. He went to the counter indicated, on which was the label "postage stamps," and bought one. Then he affixed it to the letter and went back to the clerk he had at first addressed.

That individual was checking postal orders. When he had reached the end of the bundle he looked up.

"Well," he asked.

"If I post this letter tonight," inquired the lad, "will it get to Bolton tomorrow morning?"

"Certainly will," replied the clerk.

"Well, then," replied the lad, "thou's a liar, it won't, for it's going to Sheffield."

And he withdrew, leaving the clerk looking after him in speechless amazement.

When the first fire company, in response to an alarm, reached the long row of tenements, the fire captain at once jumped from his engine and endeavored to locate the fire. When he had ineffectually hunted through three or four structures for it, he descended an old woman sticking her head out of a window of the topmost floor of an eight storey tenement, a little farther up the street.

"Any fire up there?" he yelled, when he had reached the pavement beneath this building. In answer, the old woman motioned for him to come up. Accordingly, the captain, with his men lugging their heavy hose behind them, laboriously ascended the eight flights and burst into the room where the old woman was.

"Where's the fire?" demanded the captain, when no fire or smoke became visible.

"Oh, there ain't none here," replied the old woman, flashing an ear-trumpet. "I asked y' up 'cause I couldn't hear a word you said 'way down there."

A country manager had two costly lightning rods placed on his new opera house. Only a week or so later there came a violent thunder storm, the theatre was struck, and in a few hours all that remained was a heap of charred black refuse. Next day the manager sought the lightning rod agent.

"Fine lightning rods you sold me!" he shouted.

"Here my opera house struck and burned to ashes."

"What!" said the agent, "struck by lightning?"

"Yes, sir, struck by lightning."

"In the daytime?"

"No, at night—last night."

The agent's puzzled frown relaxed a little. "Ah," he said. "It was a dark night, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was," said the manager. "It was pitch dark."

"What lanterns burning?"

"The agent looked amazed, then incredulous.

"Why," he said, "you don't mean to tell me that you don't run the lanterns on the rods on dark nights?"

"Never heard of such a thing," shouted the manager.

"Run lanterns up! Why?"

"Well," said the agent, "if you don't know enough to keep your lightning rods showing you can't blame me."

WITH THE POETS

Turning the New Leaf

With reverent heart we turn anew
An untouched page of time,
'Tis ours to fill with noble deeds
Or stain with sin and crime;
Then ere we make its surface pure—
Ere we begin anew,
'Tis well that o'er our last year's work
We take a short review.

Alas! we scan through tears the page
We meant should be so fair—
The blotted page where records live
Of hope and toil and care;
The page that ends the finished year
Of loss and gain and strife,
Of love and home's sweet happiness,
And peace that blesses life.

So much there is of pleasantness
Our record has to tell—
And so much done unworthily
We might have done so well!
Though mental retrospection shows
That shame exceeds the shade;
Too late we would erase the blots
Of past mistakes we made.

Then turn the new leaf. Look not back
To grieve o'er loss and pain.
But view the future's spotless page
Where we begin again,
And here resolve, by God's own grace,
That we will do our best
To keep life's record clean and pure
And trust Him for the rest.

—Margaret Scott Hall.

Hymn to Adversity

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing scour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience manna a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Sacred to thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light thy disperse, and with them go
The sumpter Friend, the flattering Foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to heaven's seat,
And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophy to heaven's seat,
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

—T. Gray (1716-1771).

The Scot in London

Oh! let me dream, and stand once more
By your beloved northern shore;
Oh, let me stand in that clean town
When Autumn wears her froat gown,
When north by west cloud fleet sails
Before the wet October gales.

When that rude huntress, the Southeast,
Of her bleak sisters not the least,
Nigh lifts the good folk off their feet
In boisterous sallies through the street;

Then turns, and whistles from the trees
Their sudden leaves, and shepherds' flocks
In whorls, as in a forest ride,
Adown the leading causeway side.

Thus doth she wend her wild-cat way
Till to the white and wintry day
(Moodless, austere, ungarlanded
By coronal of western red)

A wintry evening ushers in
A night of havoc, rout and din.
So have I watched the olden nights
Riot, until the city lights

Would blink and flare, till each would show
A little pharos—shut—aglow.
(So beats my heart, now low, now high,
Before the guns of memory)

Thus have I learned her shrewish ways
Since I in past October days
The Water o' Leith's dull aspect have seen
Below the windy bridge of Dean.

Shrew though she be, no other wind
Brings the Steep City back to mind—
No other wind brings back to me
In her unouthy sky errantry

The sights and friends of that clean town
When Autumn wears her froat gown.
—Westminster Gazette.

The Vision

Long had she knelt at Madonna's shrine
Within the empty chapel, cold and gray;
Telling her beads, while grief with marring line
And bitter tear stole all her youth away.

Outcast was she from what Life holdeth dear,
Banished from joy that other souls might win;
And from the dark beyond she turned with fear,
Being so branded by the mark of sin.

Yet when at last she raised her troubled face,
Haunted by sorrow, whitened by alarm,
Mary leaped down from out the pictured space,
And laid the little Christ within her arms.

Rosy and warm she held Him to her heart,
She—she abandoned one—the thing apart.
—Vivian Sheard, in the Canadian Magazine.

The White Gifts

Beloved, what shall the Christmas bring to you
The year is old. Now burn the rich desire
Within the heart and joy's warm, quickening fires.
What matters it though skies be grey or blue,
Life throbs exultant, glad; the clear frost-dew
Rises to heavy'ning like pure soul that aspires

To dreams of peace and winds minstrel with lyres
While thoughts bring all the white gifts to thy-view,
Shall Christmas stir thy soul with selfish grays?
No, no. For these the winter hours shall bring
Strong love—love that shall sorrows quench and fears;

Hope for the After; for the Here the gleams
Of joyous faces, sturdy friends—the ring
Of cheery words adown the blossoming years.
—Dr. William J. Fischer.

Lines:

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Portations of

We find the

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designs and

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