

honesty and fair dealing. Those who know the story of Mark Twain's career know how bravely he faced hardships and misfortunes, how loyally he toiled for years to meet a debt of conscience, following the injunction of the New Testament to provide not only things honest, but things "honorable in the sight of men."

After Dr. Van Dyke's brief address, the Rev. Dr. Twitchell offered a simple prayer filled with faith in the hereafter, and referring to him who had just been translated to the glories of the hereafter. After this an opportunity was given to all to view the face of the dead humorist, and reverently the congregation moved under the direction of the sexton and his assistants and one by one filed past the coffin. Within reposed one who had sunk to rest in peace. No cloud of sorrow or of suffering seemed to have crossed his face. It was as if he had fallen asleep and was surrounded by those who stepped softly so as not to stir him from peaceful sleep. His coffin was of mahogany, fashioned in colonial style, and upon it was a silver plate bearing the inscription:

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS
Mark Twain.

1910.

About it were grouped flowers, but upon the lid there rested only one object, a wreath of laurel gathered from the hills of Stormfield, and fashioned by the hand of Mark Twain's friend and neighbor, Dan Beard. Following the services the body was taken to Elmira, N. Y., and laid by the side of his loved ones in Woodlawn cemetery. —Evangelist.

ULTIMA VERITAS.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt—
When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I'm steadily holding fast
To the things that cannot fail:

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
The lash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward shall find;

That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase;
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace—

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere beyond the stars
Is a love that is better than fate,
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see him, and I will wait.
—Washington Gladden.

IN QUEST OF A SOUL.

Heinrich Heine, that brilliant man of sarcasm and wit—a kind of a poetical critic of philosophy—tells, it appears at second hand, a story of an English mechanician who set to work to construct a man, and, in a way, succeeded. The automaton, in short, was, so far as outward appearance went, an accomplished gentleman, and nothing was wanting to render it completely human except an indwelling spirit. But the English mechanician had not the power to manufacture a soul, while yet the poor creature he had made, having become in some way conscious of its imperfection, tormented its creator day and night with supplication for a soul. This request, daily repeated with growing urgency, became at last so insupportable to the poor artist that he took flight in order to escape from his own masterpiece. But the automaton also took the mail coach, pursued him over a whole continent, traveled incessantly at his heels, frequently overtook him, and then gnashed and growled in his ears, "Give me a soul!"

This story certainly contains and enforces a striking moral. The want of a soul is the deepest, most dreadful want of any real or supposed being. But if a soulless body be a horrible conception it is also a dreadful thing, as Heinrich Heine reminds us, by way of comment on the above story, "when we have created a soul, to hear that soul demanding of us a body, and to behold it pursuing us with this demand. The thought to which we have given birth is such a soul, and it leaves us no rest until we have endowed it with a body, until we have given it sensible reality. Thought strives to become action, the word to become flesh, and, marvellous to relate, man, like God in the Bible, needs only to express his thought and the world takes form. . . . The world is the sign-manual of the word."

While discounting the extravagance of these rhetorical flourishes on the part of Heine, we note the deep implications of this automaton tale, and of Heine's comment on it. The quest of a soul for the body, and of a body for thought—these are primal demands of all being, so far as we can judge universal existence by our own experience. If the soul, meaning now by this the higher moral afflatus in man, die out, we are reduced to the pitiable and degraded status of hungry, restless, ghost-seeing automata; if, on the other hand, we have a thought, if we become possessed of an idea, thought presses out, and on to actualization—the theoretical idea suggests at once a spiritual ideal and demands an embodiment in social action. The world waits for the word, the word passes into the world; humanity is in quest of its higher soul and spiritual experience, when obtained, deserves to be transmuted into corporate form and into ministry for the everyday needs of mankind. It is doubtful whether in any world, unless it be in the instance of God Himself, pure spirit exists without embodiment in some "form" (it is said of resurrected spirits that God giveth them "a body as it pleases Him"), and it may be claimed, by analogy, that every spiritual gift or attainment requires a corresponding registry in some form in the social structure that surrounds the individual who expe-

riences it. In this sense every man will be at the same time an esoteric and an exoteric.

In quest of a soul! Despite the necience on this point of a materialistic or sensationalistic psychology, man has a soul—perhaps some would prefer to say, man is a soul. But there are souls and souls—souls undeveloped, childish, errant, decadent, the souls growing, broadening, virtuous and aspiring. The soul of which every man who aspires to be more than Heine's automaton will be in quest is that spiritualized and perfected kind of being which Paul had in view when he spoke of attaining a complete manhood, unto which we shall come "in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God." And, in turn, every perfected spirit will, by the very virtue of its perfection in Christ, and in distant imitation of its Divine Master, who was the Word that became flesh, seek to incarnate its highest life in unselfish ministry to the lowliest of mankind.—(The Rev. C. A. S. Dwight, in New York Observer.)

THE MEANING OF AFFECTION.

The more one knows of the most afflicted lives, the more often the conviction flashes across us that the affliction is not a wanton outrage, but a delicately adjusted treatment.

I remember that once to a friend of mine was sent a rare plant, which he set in a big flower pot close to a fountain basin. It never thrived; it lived, indeed, putting out in the spring a delicate, stunted foliage, though my friend, who was a careful gardener, could never divine what ailed it. He was away for a few weeks, and the day after he was gone the flower pot was broken by a careless garden boy, who wheeled a barrow roughly past it. The plant, earth and all, fell into the water; the boy removed the broken pieces of the pot, and, seeing that the plant had sunk to the bottom of the little pool, never troubled his head to fish it out.

When my friend returned, he noticed one day in the fountain a new and luxuriant growth of some unknown plant. He made careful inquiries, and found out what had happened. It then came out that the plant was in reality a water-plant, and that it had pined away in the stifling air for want of nourishment, perhaps dimly longing for the fresh bed of the pool.

Even so has it been times without number with some starving and thirsty soul that has gone on feebly trying to live a maimed life, shut up in itself, ailing, feeble. There has descended upon it what looks at first sight like a calamity, some affliction unaccountable, and then it proves that this was the one thing needed, that sorrow has brought on some latent unselfishness, or suffering energized some unused faculty of strength and patience.—(A. C. Benson.)

In the matter of regular church going the force of habit asserts itself as truly as in any other matter that concerns us. This habit is a gracious friendly influence in the lives of many of the best of our Lord's disciples.

No fountain is so small that heaven may not be imaged on its bosom.—(Selected).