

This made the little maiden feel so very,
very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her
little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang
was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the
bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the
sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and
hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a
handbox on it
Had hidden safe from critic's eye, her
foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each
of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of
your mind;
And that the little head that's filled with
silly little airs
Will never get a blessing from sermons or
from prayers.

Belief in Self

HONORABLE aspiration has much to
do in ennobling character and in
securing for the individual the coveted
mastery. Young people, especially, ought
to believe in themselves and in their use-
ful and honorable destinies.

There is too much fatalism in the world.
Too many believe that the world is con-
trolled by inexorable fate, and that in-
dividual destiny is fixed by some unseen,
mysterious hand. This cannot be true.
Freedom of will is a God-given heritage.
Man must work out his salvation, both
temporal and spiritual; God gives this
salvation, but the individual must work
it out, must, by wise and faithful effort,
appropriate it for himself.

No one can deny that circumstances
affect destiny; yet all must admit that
circumstances need not control it. Cir-
cumstances may be overruled; they may
be captured and turned to one's own ad-
vantage. Those who believe in them-
selves, and honestly and persistently as-
pire to a life of useful mastery, have al-
ready realized the difficulties opposing,
and it remains only to meet these diffi-
culties to conquer and annihilate them.

It is not certain that ambition is al-
ways wrong, but this of which we now
write is not ambition; it is aspiration.
Between ambition and aspiration there is
a wide difference. Ambition wishes to
have what aspiration desires to deserve.
Ambition wishes to seem what aspiration
yearns to be. Ambition seeks wealth
and fame for selfish ends; aspiration
seeks them for the glory of God and the
good they enable one to do for his fellow
men.

Thoughts From Miss Marie Corelli's New Book.

If you saw a man reeling under the
effects of laudanum or cyanide of po-
tassium or any other such deadly drug,
you would be sorry for him—you would
try to apply such remedies as might most
quickly restore him to health and sane
consciousness. Yet our "drunken" work-
ing men are just in the same condition,
and instead of trying to cure them, we
reproach them for getting poisoned, while
we let the poisoners go scot free!

We read in history of Cæsar Borgia,
who, whenever he had a grudge against

anyone, invited that person to a friendly
banquet and mixed a few drops of swift
poison in the loving-cup of wine—now,
in my opinion, many a brewer and spirit
distiller is nothing but a commercial
Cæsar Borgia, whose poisoning tricks are
carried on, not for vengeance, but for
gain,—and who is, therefore, more sordid
in his wickedness than even the mediæval
murderer!

As a matter of right and justice, the
brewer who poisons beer, the distiller
who poisons spirit, should be heavily
punished, not only by a "fine," which is
a mere farce, but by several months' im-
prisonment, without any option of getting
"bought off"—and in that case Govern-
ment would have to imprison several
members of its own House! But nothing
will be done—nothing, that is to say, of
any real service—and drunkards will in-
crease and multiply, and replenish the
earth and subdue it.

It is time for you, the people, to think
for yourselves—not to accept the thoughts
proffered to you by conflicting creeds—
not to obey the morbid suggestions pro-
pounded by a sensational Press—but to
think for the country's good, with thoughts
that are high and proud and pure. Other-
wise, if you remain content to let things



Stoney Broke

drift as they are drifting, if you allow the
brains of this and future generations to
become obscured by drink and devilment,
if you give way to the inroads of vice,
and join with the latter-day degenerate
in his or her coarse derision of virtue, you
invite terrific disaster upon yourselves,
and upon this great Empire.—Holy
Orders.

The Unsmashed Violin

A YOUNG man left a remote frontier
for the cities and the violin. His
loved ones expostulated. He well knew
the cost to master his instrument, but
went faithfully forward. However, after
considerable progress, he flinched at the
homelessness and vagabond touch which
would long beset him in his new career,
and grieving sorely at the tribulations
of high aspirations and the misconsti-
tution of society, he wrote home, "Well,

then, I'll go back to be a humdrum farmer
—and smash my violin." After weeks
of renunciation and anguish, he wrote
again, "I'm coming, but I'll not smash my
violin. What's the use of pouting be-
cause the universe won't dance when you
whistle?"

The higher education can be had at
college, but this is how the highest is got.
To attempt something difficult—with
success or failure—amid the tremendous
realities, brings revelations. The out-
look to which our friend had attained in
his second letter will man him all his life.
He underwent cosmic adjustment, rising
to the Psalmist's "large place," where, in
the light of reconciliation, careers and
details seem as flickering shadows that
pass when the sun sets. To see that his
former attitude was pouting, and that it
was the universe and its Author he had
been pouting at, put the seed of a new
character into his being. Back to the
plow he went with a stalwart grace, ready
to face any fact in God's economy. And
now, never a glimpse of his violin makes
him cynical for a moment; having yielded
himself to "the perfect whole," he has
the health of the firmament in his mood.
In the silent summer twilights he plays
tunes—"to the auspicious trend of things"
as he puts it, and even his weary horses
sometimes plod up to hear. The trail
leading to his virgin homestead is well
beaten, for always when a man, in his
own way, learns to love God, his neigh-
bors makes easy excuses for his contact.

What a sovereign cure were such an
experience for people who smash their
reverence! Not meaning downright in-
iquitous fellows, but rather refined persons
who half-consciously nurse a puffing
lethargy because their earlier hopes have
withered in the weather of the twenties.

If we look long and reverently at things
as they are, not as we would have them
be, it will clear the mirage out of our eye,
and we shall begin to notice that, deep
down and high up, things are as we would
have them be; so that, largely, we shall
like the way life behaves itself.—EPHRAIM
WEBER.

The Maternal Instinct

IT IS a mistake to suppose that the
maternal instinct is universal on the
one hand, or that it is developed only by
personal experience on the other. Even
women who are mothers may be found
wholly destitute of, with not a ray of
natural feeling for their offspring; and
some who are neither wives nor mothers,
in fact, are all the latter in feeling. These
are the women who are the chosen friends
of both sexes and all ages. To them
flock all who have troubles, sure of a pa-
tient hearing and that sweet sympathy
which of itself heals the wounds laid bare
to its touch.

The child who has learnt to obey has
obtained half its education.

Seeking and blundering are so far good,
that it is by seeking and blundering that
we learn.—GOETHE.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema tells the
following amusing story. A day or two
after he had been to Windsor to receive
his knighthood, he gave a big reception
at his beautiful house at St John's Wood.
Most of the callers had something ap-
propriate to say, but one of them, a well-
meaning old lady, managed to go astray.
"Oh, dear, Sir Lawrence," she said, "I
was awfully glad to hear the news. I
suppose that now you will give up paint-
ing and live like a gentleman!"