

for 300 years. King James I. writes of them in his book on "Demonology," and says that a house with a Brownie is "sonsier." In *L'Allegro*, Milton calls the Brownie a goblin, but describes him in unmistakable terms—his threshing the grain in one night, work that ten men could not have done, and then flying away at the approach of dawn, so that no mortal eye might see him at his tasks.

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CHARLES KINGSLEY, author of "Westward Ho!" "Water Babies" and other novels which sold in hundreds of thousands, always worked at very high pressure. As a young man he had no anxieties, but when he had left the university and become a curate and, more particularly, when he had married on his small curacy and there were children, his struggles began in good earnest. He had often to write against time simply to appease the demands of the troublesome tradesmen. He had the usual income of a country clergyman but in his position had to give his children every educational advantage and was expected to keep open house for his numerous friends and admirers. There was no display in his quiet rectory at Eversley, but even the simplest hospitality entails more expense than a small living can bear, and his friends and visitors ranged from the lowest to the highest—from poor workmen to English and foreign royalties. As long as he could yield his pen he could procure the necessary supplies, but his work was like that of an athlete who breaks down at the end of the day when his victory is won. He never showed signs of yielding to this great strain, but when towards the end of his life, a canonry was offered him, first at Chester then at Westminster, he felt truly grateful as, in his own words, "these stalls are good for old horses." Kingsley's religion was pure, practical and ethical. Work, rather than creed was his doctrine. His love of nature and his knowledge of botany and other natural sciences had produced in him a strong belief in the laws and uniformities of nature in which he saw the direct embodiment of divine will. On one occasion after long con-

tinued drought, when the bishop of his diocese ordered him to have a special prayer for rain, he simply declined. He would pray for the good gifts of heaven, offer thanks to God for all that He was pleased to send in His wisdom, but he would not put our small, human wisdom against the divine wisdom; he would not specify what he thought was good for us, for God knew best. He had no difficulty in persuading his farmers and laborers that if they had any trust in God and any reverence for the divine wisdom that rules the world, they would place all their troubles and cares before Him in prayer, but they would not beg for anything which in His wisdom He withheld from them. "Thy will be done," that was his prayer for rain. There was great commotion in ecclesiastical dove-cotes, most of all in episcopal places. All sorts of punishments were threatened, but Kingsley remained throughout most respectful yet most determined. He would not degrade his sacred office to that of a rain-maker or medicine-man, and he carried his point. "In America we manage these things better!" said an American friend of Kingsley's. "A clergyman in a village on the frontier between two states would pray for rain. The rain came and it soaked the ground to such an extent that the young lambs in the neighboring state caught cold and died. An action was brought against the clergyman for the mischief he had done, and he and his parishioners were condemned to pay damages to the sheep farmers. They never prayed for rain again after that."

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MRS. STANNARD, the author of "Bootles' Baby," was once introduced to Sir Morrell Mackenzie at a London entertainment by her writing name of "John Strange Winter." The doctor, who did not keep up with current fiction, looked somewhat dazed, and repeated the name wonderingly, whereupon the author remarked: "Oh, yes, I'm Bootles' Baby." Sir Morell retreated, marvelling still more, and drawing a friend aside, confided to him "that he had just met a poor demented lady, who was introduced as a man and thought herself a baby."