

NOVEMBER 24, 1910

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because," the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

The Windrow.

A statue of Edgar Allan Poe was recently set up in the United States Hall of Fame.

Prince Victor Napoleon Bonaparte, pretender to the throne of France, was last week married to Princess Clementine, daughter of the late King Leopold of Belgium.

An annual income of \$20,000 will be realized for the promotion of physical and military instruction in Canadian public schools from the gifts of Lord Strathcona for that purpose, recently increased to half a million dollars.

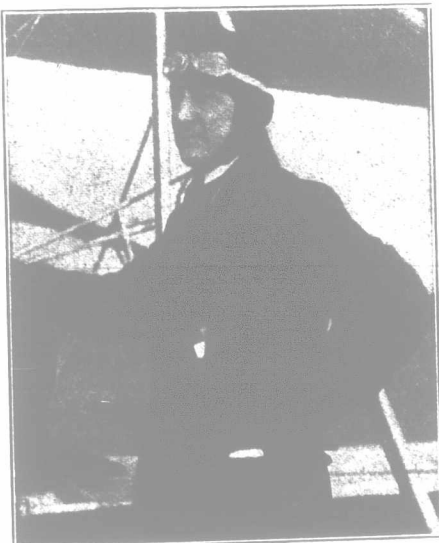
At time of going to press, the news has just come that Tolstoi, the great Russian writer, is dead. Ever the friend of the Russian people, he was excommunicated some years ago for his plain-speaking, but has been for many years a man too much feared in high places to be tampered with. He was the author of many works, among them "Toil," "Art," "My Religion," "What Can We Do?" and his great novel, "Anna Karenina."

One million "Dickens" stamps have been issued, to be sold to all owners of Dickens' books and pasted in them. The revenue is to go to the descendants of the novelist, not one of whom is receiving anything from the sales of the books, and it is hoped that the number sold will amount to at least 10,000,000. The scheme has been proposed by literary men in England as a centenary memorial to the memory of the great novelist.

The Comte de Lovenjoul has just presented by will to the French Academy a very valuable collection of letters written and signed by Balzac. The Comte de Lovenjoul became possessed of them in a peculiar way. One day he saw a cobbler lighting his pipe with a twisted letter. The ink on the letter was old, and the handwriting interested the Comte, who asked the cobbler to let him look at it. He recognized Balzac's handwriting and signature, and gave the man sixteen shillings for his letter. The cobbler told him he had got a lot of them. He had bought them in a heap of waste paper to wrap shoes in, and he sold them all to Comte de Lovenjoul, who, in his turn, has bequeathed them to the French Academy.

The war among the aviators, in consequence of misunderstandings, or worse, in connection with the Belmont Park aviation meet, has not yet been satisfactorily settled. The story is as follows: On October 30th, three contestants, Claude Grahame-White, representing England; John B. Moisant, the United States, and Count de Lesseps, France, flew in a race around the Statue of Liberty, a prize of \$10,000 being the reward to the one who made the circuit in the best time. The conditions were that each could make the flight more than once during the meet. Moisant came first on the 30th, but Grahame-White applied for permission to try on the following day, and was refused on the ground that the meet had officially closed on the 30th, the 31st being given over to exhibition flights. As a consequence, the aviators are divided into two

camps, the one party holding that the award was given correctly; the other that the rules were changed so often as to create misunderstanding. During the meet, a 40-mile wind was safely faced, and Ralph Johnstone reached an altitude of 9,714 feet.



Ralph Johnstone.

Who climbed with his Wright biplane to a height of 9,714 feet, establishing a new world's record at Belmont Park, and was killed at Denver, Col., Nov. 17th.

The Habit Builder.

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gather you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist,
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Must untwine, ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till that wall is overthrown.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone,
Ere content or love be won!
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!
—John Boyle O'Reilly.



John B. Moisant.

The young Chicago architect, who entered and won the race around the Goddess of Liberty at the eleventh hour. He won from Grahame-White by 42½ seconds. On his shoulder is the cat which flew across the British Channel with him.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Is Jesus Passing By?

They told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.—S. Luke xviii.: 37.
"What is the faith that burns within the heart of man?
Can it be summed and stated, spoke out quick
Upon demand, as this, and this, and this, as we
Might state arithmetic?
"Or is it some far deeper, sweet, diviner thing
That will not lend itself to words—a cry,
A broken sob, a hand-clasp in the dark,
A glimpse
Of Jesus passing by?"
This morning I was talking to a neigh-

bor about a time—years ago—when she had obeyed God's call to nurse some children who had diphtheria. If there was one disease she feared it was diphtheria, and yet when the call came she obeyed it, not expecting to come out of that germ-laden atmosphere alive. All the children were saved, and the faithful nurse did not catch the disease. I said to her: "How sorry you would feel now if you had refused God's call, and some of those children had died." She answered: "How wonderful it is to think that God cared about me at all."

That is the wonderful and inspiring thought to encourage each of us. God is watching us with unflinching interest, as a mother watches her only child. Let us refuse to be absorbed in outward things, and be on the lookout for His signal of guidance. When the blind beggar heard that Jesus was passing by, he was quick to seize the opportunity of speaking to Him. He is not really passing by us—He is always close to us, always watching our fight, with deepest, tenderest interest. When conscience accuses us, we may perhaps try to hide from our holy Lord—as Adam tried to hide among the trees of Eden—but we know how useless that is, for "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

The thought of God's Presence is not intended to fill us with terror, but rather to inspire joyful courage—"The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry." We can bear our burdens with a good heart when we know that God is testing our faith; that He wants to show us our weakness so that we may be on our guard, and wants us to grow strong by the patient bearing of the daily cross.

Once the disciples of Christ were fighting a desperate battle against sea and storm. They thought themselves alone, for their Master had sent them away from Him, with orders to go to the other side of the lake. He was on a mountain, high above them, and perhaps they imagined that He did not notice their hard battle with the head wind. Still they struggled manfully in the darkness and loneliness until, when it was nearly morning and they had given up all hope of His help, their Master suddenly appeared. What did it matter, though they were apparently out of His reach? He could, and did, walk on the sea when they needed him. Jesus was passing by, but their cry brought Him close beside them, and as soon as He was with them in the ship their hard fight was over, for, we are told, "immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."

What a beautiful object lesson this was, a lesson for us, too. How safe they would have felt if they had known all the time that "He saw them toiling in rowing." If they had felt sure that He had good reasons for keeping out of sight, but was ready to stand beside them the moment they needed Him. God does not give us our heart's desire—at once. How poor and weak our souls would grow if He did. He is using our eager longings to draw us on and up. If He gave all we wanted now we might sink down in slothful selfishness and receive lasting and terrible harm from that apparent kindness. As a friend quoted to me at a time when life seemed unusually difficult:

"I ask not that false calm which many feign
And call that peace which is a dearth of pain.
True calm doth quiver like the calmest star,
It is that white where all the colors are,
And for its very vestibule doth own
The tree of Jesus and the pyre of Joan."

I am repeating the quotation from memory, but I think that you will understand the meaning of the poet, even if I have made some mistake in the exact wording of his message.

Again, our Lord has gone up into a mountain, apart from His disciples, to pray—to pray for us that we may be victorious. And it is far nobler to be a victor than to hide in a safe shelter until all danger is over. Very often He shows no sign of interest when we are struggling against a head wind and a heavy sea of trouble and difficulty. Let us wake up to the fact that we are not

alone, that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. Let us cry out through the darkness, and change our dim vision of His figure to a clear certainty of His near and abiding Presence. He does not want to pass us by, any more than He wanted to pass by the blind beggar at Jericho.

It has been remarked that when the Gazette of Honor is issued after an earthly battle, many who deserve mention there may find themselves overlooked because they have chanced to "fight in the dark"—their gallant service has not been noticed. But no one who fights bravely and patiently for the Great Captain will find his name omitted when the last "Gazette of Honor" is issued. Men may think that they are fighting in the dark, alone and unnoticed, but He who leads the Great Army has eyes "like a flame of fire," and never overlooks the smallest service. He is not only watching the struggle, and giving help wherever it will be better for the soldier than letting him fight his own battles, but He also appoints each soldier his post. He says, as long ago to Joshua, "As Captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." Let us be ready to obey in soldierly fashion when we understand the orders for the day.

The multitude may say to an asking soul: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." But He has no intention of passing by anyone who really calls out to Him. When the blind beggar cried out, "Have mercy on me!" Jesus stopped the whole procession until his desires were satisfied. Then the man—no longer either a beggar or blind—followed Him, praising God. Are we willing to ask needed help, and then—when it is freely supplied—do we turn our backs on our Saviour and again become deeply absorbed in earthly business, forgetting to follow Him or to praise God?

Is Jesus passing by? Can we be satisfied to spend our lives in seeking pleasure or advantage for ourselves when the One who gave His life in perfect self-surrender for men is before us, and when we see following in His train the long line of those who dare to walk in His steps? We cannot number them, but the reader knows them all.

Did you ever hear of the investigations of yellow fever, carried on in Cuba ten years ago? Eleven volunteers were bitten by infected mosquitoes—calmly allowing themselves to be bitten. Two of these men—two doctors—caught the terrible disease and one died of it. Then a ghastly experiment was tried to find out whether the plague of yellow fever were contagious. A closely-shut building, with heavy wooden shutters, was built. The air was kept humid and unventilated. Into this house of death were carried three large boxes of clothing and bedding, which had been used by yellow-fever patients and had been shut up tightly for two weeks. Three young Americans shut themselves up with these boxes of soiled clothing, shook out the things and used them for their own beds. For twenty nights they slept in the close, hot room, shaking out the sheets, etc., each night to scatter the germs through the air. When these three volunteers came out unscathed from the terrible ordeal, two others took their places, sleeping every night in the very places that had been used by fever patients—the unwashed pyjama suits, sheets, pillows, etc. After twenty-one nights they went out in perfect health, and two other volunteers underwent a still more dangerous testing. Then the room was divided by a wire screen, and one man entered the screened part in the company of fifteen contaminated mosquitoes. Twice the first day and once the next day he allowed himself to be bitten. He took the disease, while two other men, behind the wire screen, escaped.

Was it worth while? Well, only God knows how many thousands or millions of lives have been saved through the discovery that malaria and yellow fever are disseminated by mosquitoes. Jesus—God the Saviour—has taught by word, by life and by death, that "he that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." He says also: "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me." Are we shirking His call to daily self-sacrifice?

DORA FARNCOMB.