



## Life, Literature and Education.

### SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS.

From the "Masnavi" of Rumi.  
[Jelalu'd-Din, "the greatest mystical poet of any age," was born at Balkh, in 1207 A.D. He was of illustrious descent, but his parents, having incurred the jealousy of the Sultan, were obliged to leave their native province, and for many years roamed about through the East, finally settling at Konia (the Icomium of the Scriptures), the old Roman Province of Galatia. Hence came Jelalu's name of Rumi, or the "Roman." Here the poet received the earlier part of his education. Subsequently he studied at Aleppo and Damascus, and on his return to Konia was professor of four colleges, receiving the title of Sultan-ul-Ulema, or "Chief and Ruler of the Learned." Upon the death of two of his sons, who were slain during riots in Konia, he withdrew from the world, and founded the famous order of Dervishes, called the "Maulavis." Rumi died at Konia in 1273.]

Whosoever is bewildered by wavering will,  
In his ear hath God whispered His riddle  
That He may bind him on the horns of  
a dilemma;  
For he says, "Shall I do this or its  
reverse?"

Also from God comes the preference of  
one alternative;  
'Tis from God's compulsion that man  
chooses one of two.

If you desire sanity in this embarrass-  
ment,  
Stuff not the ear of your mind with  
cotton.

Take the cotton of evil suggestions from  
the mind's ear,  
That the heavenly voice from above may  
enter it.

That you may understand that riddle of  
His,  
That you may be cognizant of that open  
secret.

Then the mind's ear becomes the sen-  
sorium of inspiration;  
For what is this Divine voice but the  
inward voice?

The spirit's eye and ear possess this  
sense,  
The eye and ear of reason and sense  
lack it.

The word "compulsion" makes me im-  
patient for love's sake;  
'Tis he who loves not who is fettered by  
compulsion.

This is close communion with God, not  
compulsion,  
The shining of the sun, and not a dark  
cloud.

Or, if it be compulsion, 'tis not common  
compulsion,  
It is not the domination of wanton wil-  
fulness.

O son, they understand this compulsion  
For whom God opens the eyes of the  
inner man.

Behold, then, God's action and man's  
action;  
Know, action does belong to us; this  
is evident.

If no action proceeded from men,  
How could you say, "Why act ye thus?"  
The agency of God is the cause of our  
action.

Our actions are the signs of God's  
agency;  
Nevertheless our actions are freely willed  
by us.

Whence our recompense is hell or "The  
Friend."

### PEOPLE, BOOKS, AND DOINGS.

Five trained Belgian dogs have been  
added to the police force of New York  
City.

General Christian DeWet, of Boer-  
war fame, has been appointed Min-  
ister of Agriculture in the new  
Orange River Ministry.

Blind Trooper Mulloy, who lost  
both eyes in the South African war  
and has since graduated from Queen's  
University, is now taking a post-  
graduate course at Oxford.

By a system of public-school educa-  
tion recently established in China,  
only Mandarin speech is to be taught.  
The purpose of this innovation is to  
do away with the numerous dialects  
and patois in which the Empire  
abounds.

Even the epitaph on the stone  
which marks the grave of Robert  
Louis Stevenson, at Mount Vaca,  
written by him in view of his ap-  
proaching death, is thrilled through  
with the indomitable, cheerful cour-  
age which marked the life of this  
gifted writer through many years of  
weakness and suffering. It reads:

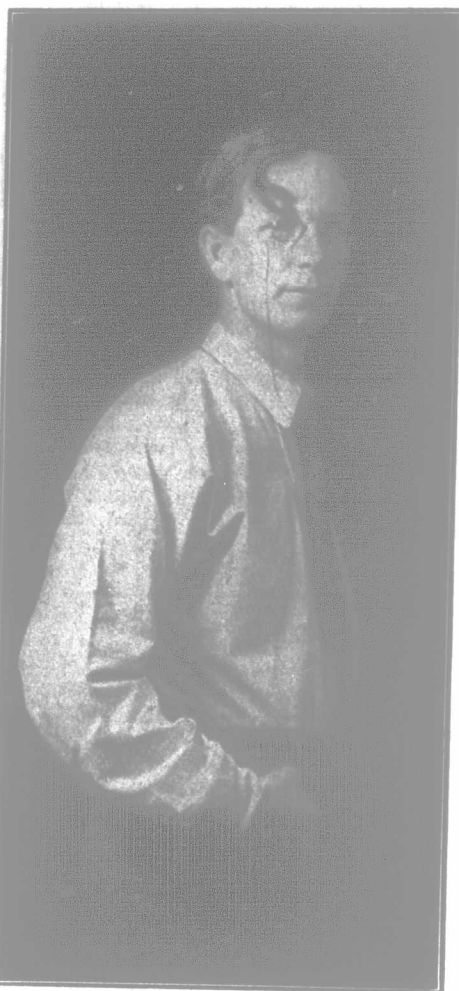
"Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie,  
Glad did I live, and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me,  
'Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill."

Lady Helen Grinston, daughter of  
the Earl of Verulam, recently ob-  
tained a certificate in dairying from  
the Essex County Council. She is  
devoted to farm life and work in the  
open air, and is said to have been  
the most enthusiastic student the  
Dairy School at Chelsford ever had.  
She intends taking charge of the  
dairy on her father's estate, and will  
herself make all the butter for the  
household.

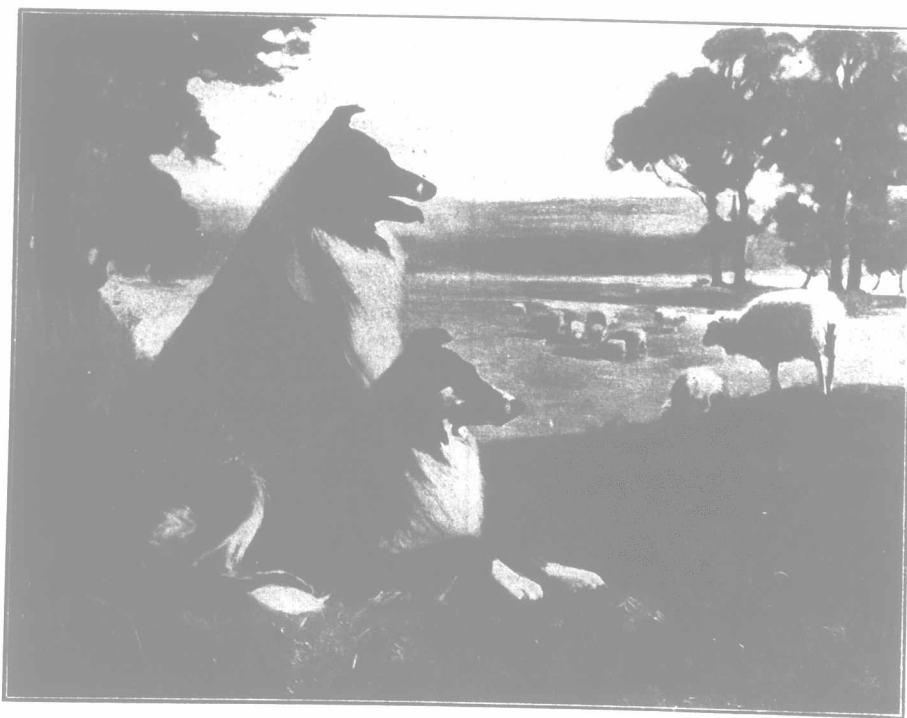
Hundreds of people, both Indian  
and White, met in the Mohawk

churchyard, near Brantford, Ont., on  
November 24, to do honor to the  
memory of Joseph Brant (Thayen-  
danegea), the famous Indian chief,  
who died November 24th, 1807. A



Mr. Fred S. Haines, O. S. A.

wreath was placed on the stone slab  
which marks his grave, and another  
on the Brant memorial in Victoria  
Park; and on the following day a  
ceremony of condolence, lasting six



The Shepherds.

From a painting by Fred S. Haines, Meadowvale, Ont. This picture has been  
bought by the Ontario Government for the Normal School Gallery,  
Toronto.

hours, was held in the Council  
House of the Grand River reserva-  
tion. The name of Joseph Brant  
is, perhaps, the most illustrious  
among those Indian names which  
have been handed down to history.  
He fought valiantly for the English  
during the Revolutionary War of  
1775-1783, and was at all times  
noted for his loyalty, courage and  
courtesy. His fame does not, how-  
ever, rest wholly on his connection  
with the English. The greater part  
of his lifetime was devoted to the  
enlightenment of his race, and upon  
two occasions, in the interests of his  
tribe, he made voyages to the Old  
Country, where, especially in Old  
London, he was very popular, and  
was feted and honored as few white  
men have been. He laid the founda-  
tion for the Indian settlement in  
the county which has been named for  
him, and it was largely owing to his  
influence that the Mohawk Indians  
came to the standing which they  
hold among the Indians of North  
America.

### THE MEADOWVALE ARTISTS.

To know really what it means to  
visit Meadowvale and the Meadow-  
vale artists, you must go under cer-  
tain conditions. In the first place  
you must be something of a Bohe-  
mian; enough, at least, to see poetry  
and freedom, and a great measure of  
common sense in the way these  
artists think and live. In the sec-  
ond, you must have a genuine love  
for the country, and an eye that sees  
beauty wherever grass grows, or a  
stream runs, or a tree tosses its  
greenery towards the sun. In the  
third, there must be something in  
yourself to which the finding of this  
little group of men working steadily  
towards a high ideal, thinking more  
of their art than of the Almighty  
Dollar, or what it can bring in mere  
material things, especially appeals.

Last of all, you must possess a  
genuine love of art, and a realization  
of what it may mean to have beau-  
tiful pictures about you always. You  
must know a little of the history of  
art, too; and if you are familiar with  
the story of that other little clique  
at Barbizon, who did so much to  
wrest it from a long imprisonment  
of convention and artificiality, all the  
better. Henceforth, when you think  
of Meadowvale you think also of  
Barbizon.

It was a fortunate circumstance —  
the thread of a former acquaintance  
with the wife of one of the artists —  
which gave me the opportunity of  
spending a very happy week-end at  
Meadowvale. I had not seen her  
husband, Mr. Haines, before, but had  
there been one hundred at the little  
station that sunny November morn-  
ing, I should have known him for the  
artist as he sauntered toward me  
with the quiet, refined air which  
is so much a part of his per-  
sonality. He is slight, and exceed-  
ingly youthful in appearance — he  
might pass for twenty-two — and there  
is something about his face which  
renders it different from the faces one  
meets every day. It is scarcely that  
of an idealist, and yet there is, at  
times, a dreaminess in the eyes which  
marks a man who thinks much out  
of the conventional, hard-beaten  
track of the more ordinary, more  
commercial life. Yet Mr. Haines is  
no mere dreamer. He is a man of