

"Literature is my Utopia. Here I am not disfranchised. No barrier of the senses shuts me out from the sweet, gracious discourse of my book friends. They talk to me without embarrassment or awkwardness. The things I have learned and the things I have been taught seem of ridiculously little importance compared with their 'large loves and heavenly charities.'"

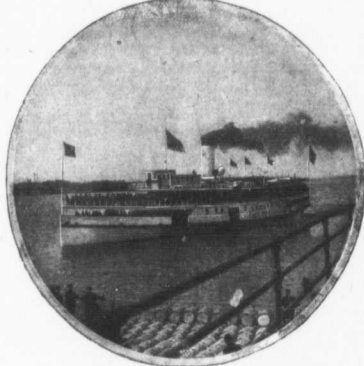
The literary style of her Autobiography is excellent, and her choice of words remarkably good. How such a command of language could have been acquired by one with such serious limitations is little short of marvellous. The book is divided into three parts. The first consists of Helen's own story of her life; the second comprises a number of her letters written to friends at various stages of her education; the third is Miss Sullivan's own account of her work, which supplies many details which in the nature of the case could not be told by Helen herself.

One of Helen Keller's most intimate friends was Bishop Phillips Brooks. As a child she used to sit on his knee and clasp his hand while her teacher spelled out his beautiful words about God and the spiritual world. Whenever the blind girl got into any difficulty over religious questions, she invariably applied to Phillips Brooks for help, and it was the great preacher's greatest delight to instruct her. One of the great things in her book is a copy of the letter she wrote to him when he was made Bishop. Here it is:

BOSTON, May 1st, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. BROOKS,

Helen sends you a loving greeting this bright May-day. My teacher has just told me that you have been made a Bishop, and that your



OFF FOR THE FLATS AND PORT HURON.

friends everywhere are rejoicing because one whom they love has been greatly honored. I do not understand very well what a Bishop's work is, but I am sure it must be good and helpful, and I am glad that my dear friend is brave, and wise, and loving enough to do it. It is very beautiful to think that you can tell so many people of the heavenly Father's tender love for all his children, even when they are not gentle and noble as He wishes them to be. I hope the glad news which you will tell them will make their hearts beat fast with joy and love. I hope too that Bishop Brooks' whole life will be as rich in happiness as the month of May is full of blossoms and singing birds.

From your loving little friend,

HELEN KELLER.

When this was written Helen was eleven years of age. She is now twenty-three, and is a thoroughly accomplished and educated young lady. She is the first to acknowledge her great indebtedness to Miss Sullivan, and in her life story pays her this tribute: "My teacher is so near to me that I scarcely think of myself apart from her. How much of my delight in all beautiful things is innate, and how much is due to her influence I can never tell. I feel that her being is inseparable from my own, and that the footsteps of my life are in hers. All the best of me belongs to her—there is not a talent, or an aspiration, or a joy in me that has not been awakened by her loving touch."

The book is profusely and beautifully illustrated. We have pleasure in presenting a couple of the illustrations, through the courtesy of the publishers.

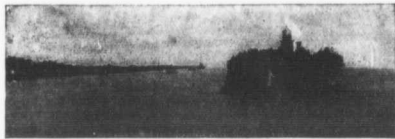
The Rhine of America.

BY REV. J. F. BERRY, D.D.

WOULD you like to take one of the most delightful fresh-water sails in all the world? Yes? Then come with me, and go northward from Detroit to Port Huron by the great White Star Line Steamer *Tashmoo*.

A great steamer, I said.

The adjective was not misplaced. The boat is 320 feet



THE MARINER'S FRIEND.

long, and seventy feet in width at her widest point. Triple decks extend from bow to stern. She is painted white—as white as the driven snow. Eight hundred electric lights are used for illuminating the spacious decks and cabins. The interiors are finished in quarter-sawed oak, mahogany, chestnut, and stained malachite. The windows are large, and of best plate glass, so that the view from the grand saloon, dining-room, and staterooms is perfect. The private parlors are provided with bay-windows, and are very luxuriously furnished—in fact the boat is a floating palace. The *Tashmoo* carries 3,000 people without crowding.

Swinging out into the swift, blue Detroit River at 8.30 a.m., we take seats near the pilot-house, where the views of the journey can be seen to the best advantage.

Just ahead is Belle Isle. It is an island of 800 acres, almost in the middle of the river. It was purchased by the city some twenty years ago for \$266,000. Since then \$3,000,000 have been expended in beautifying it. Artificial rivers have been cut in every direction. Little lakes have been filled with mimic islands covered with flowers and bending shrubbery.

Shaded avenues run hither and yonder. Along the walks are beds of flowers and foliage plants. There are rustic summer houses and drinking fountains, and playgrounds for the children and grown-up folk. Away to the north are patches of dense forest, with their shade and solitude. No wonder that on a summer's day Belle Isle Park has from 20,000 to 100,000 visitors. When it is sultry and uncomfortable in the city the breeze is cool and refreshing on the island.

Good views of the Detroit water front and of the island park, and of Windsor and Walkerville on the Canadian side, are obtained from our high perch, and almost before we are aware of the fact we plunge into the waters of Lake St. Clair. There is only one Lake St. Clair.

This surely must be a gala day, for the waters seemed to be covered with craft. Not so. That is the regular thing during all the summer months.

What a variety of boats! There steams a pleasure launch,



COTTAGES AT THE FLATS.

the outlines of which are the perfection of grace. A little further off the skiff of a lone fisherman. Almost across our bow a sailing vessel, whose white wings are propelling it rapidly toward the south. Coming directly toward us is a long line of freighters drawn by a steam barge of tremendous power. Barges with lumber, barges with ore, barges with