

Contributions.

"Close Kin."

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

The gifted poet had read the human heart to good advantage when he wrote those immortal lines—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Lately, I have had this sweet truth more deeply and touchingly than ever before driven home to my soul. I confess that, sitting in my southern home and protected by the stars and stripes, yet writing for a far-away people of another land, who grow most patriotic at the mention of a different flag, I have felt as though the distance between us is very great. Despite the fact that our generous editor has penned some kindly, encouraging words to me, yet I oft have felt that you and I were strangers still, and sadly wished that I could span the distance that lay between us and feel that we were really kin. And to my eager longing an answer came—came in a way that I least expected. A few weeks ago as I opened my EVANGELIST I cried in surprise, "Why, what's the matter? Editor dead?" I glanced anxiously over the lonesome-looking four pages, but no black border proclaimed that the chief had left us for the better land. This in a measure relieved my anxiety, yet still did the four pages puzzle me. I knew that for such an effect there must be a cause, and my feminine brain was bursting with curiosity to know "the why and wherefore."

"Well," said I at last, "if the editor is not dead he is away at some convention or this may be a national holiday, and that is why we have only four pages this week." Proud of my penetrating sagacity—a stupid man would have kept on wondering and looking until he found in black and white some definite explanation—I lolled back comfortably in my chair to "read my piece" and every thing else which the EVANGELIST had prepared for my delectation.

Soon I came to the editorials. WHAT!!! I could not believe my senses. I was sure that I had suddenly gone mad or become imbecile. I read that explanation, but I trust Bro. Munro will not turn me off when I confess publicly that I did not believe one word of it. I was morally sure that, for some reason that I could not understand, he was cruelly and shamelessly slandering the Canadians.

Now it must be understood that my English mother's childhood, girlhood and early young womanhood were all passed in your midst, and woe betide one of her children if they dared to insinuate that a Canadian could act just like a common American.

Through all of my years—never mind how many, that is none of your concern—I have ever been impressed with the conviction that to be even remotely connected with a Canadian was greater than to be a king of any land save England. My baby fancy used to picture every Canadian as going about gold paved streets with wide spreading, beautiful pinions and a halo of glory about his head. As I grew older and more realistic, I felt that my childish imagination may have somewhat exaggerated his outward appearance, but I never have supposed that a Canadian heart or brain was fashioned just like those with which I had always been familiar.

But when I read why the paper was only four pages; when I found it was because there were so many unpaid subscriptions; when my sober judgment forced me to realize that the editor was not trying to blackmail a noble, innocent people; when all of this came to me, then did I feel glad indeed.

"Why," cried I, smiling through my tears of joy, "they are just like we are. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if sometimes they fell behind with their preacher's salary. I wouldn't be at all surprised if, now and then, there were little jealousies between rival cities, I would not be surprised if their candidates for office work for themselves instead of nobly striving to aid their opponents. I wouldn't be surprised if when they heard or imagined or made up some little thing against their opponents which might tend to injure them in the race, that they, instead of keeping it a profound secret, would tell it—just like we do."

"Why," cried I in rapture, "I never will feel afraid to write for those Canadians any more! We are kin, close kin, 'awful close kin,' as the children say. They subscribe for a paper just as we do, and then they forget to pay for it; strikingly like their American kin." Here we let our paper run on for two, three, four years—just as long as the patient editor will send it—and then get mad and order it stopped if a collector gently insists that we pay a small amount on past subscriptions. I do hope the Canadians do just this way. If I could feel fully assured of it, it would make me feel so much more comfortable and so genuinely at home with you all.

In the issue just received, I read, "Why is it not as important to pay for your religious paper as it is for your secular?" I fairly hugged myself in ecstasy. Why, dear me! I saw that we grew more and more alike, and, paraphrasing a dear, old hymn, I cried: "Each page but added proofs doth show; when will the likeness cease to grow?"

I can see from that brief editorial question that the Canadians paid promptly for their secular news, but went in debt for their religious. Why, bless you! If you were free, full born and independent Americans, you could not personate our character a whit better than you do.

In eager joy and tender sympathy I reach across the intervening space, past our proudly waving stars and stripes, to fondly clasp your hand and to proudly call you my brother or my sister. So wonderfully alike are we I really think our beautiful flag should wave from your spire and make us really one.

We act exactly as you do in respect to our secular papers. No debts there; nay verily, but a pure, unsullied record. On the first of every month an obliging collector calls and says: "Of course, you wish the morning paper continued through the coming month?" And we graciously reply, "Certainly," and as we hand him one dollar we thank him for the receipt which he is so generous as to give. Then we bow him out, feeling glad that our morning paper is secured to us for still another month.

I do wonder why we do this way. It would highly insult and outrage our pious souls for a worldlyling to hint that we placed a higher estimate upon our secular than our religious journals; still it might impress one that way. We talk wonderfully sweet about the pure, high toned quality of our religious papers, of its influence upon our lives, of how our spiritual natures grow by what it gives us, and of how we wouldn't be without it for the world. But then we leave it to starve.

We don't say so much about our morning and evening papers. Sometimes we even abuse them quite vigorously; but the \$1 which we drop every month into the coffers helps them to grow wonderfully sleek and fat. Of

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

course editors appreciate nice talk; but *talk* never yet paid printers, employed writers, paid office rent, bought paper, renewed worn out type, and the thousand of other things necessary to make a presentable paper. Of course, I do not even refer to the necessity of paying the editor. That is a small item not worthy of our consideration. Editors, we know, can't get hungry, and their clothes don't wear out and their families have no needs, and all nature unites in blessing and protecting the editor. He don't need money; but unless he can get enough on subscription to cover all these other expenses, just as soon as he has exhausted his own private resources, the paper must stop.

I think we, both Canadians as well as free and independent Americans, should change. Not for the world would I have you grow more unlike. I would that, if possible, we could become even closer kin. But I want us to turn over a new leaf. No need to quit our pleasant words about the paper, but to give these words due weight we should wrap them around a little hard cash. I believe that a Canadian editor could give as broad a smile as any American if he could look over his subscription list and read the magic word "paid" after every one of our names.

As I write, a new and terrible thought comes to me. I know that John Bull and his ancient, aristocratic family have ever felt immensely superior to jolly Uncle Sam's big western home and his young and untutored children. Who knows? I may have angered you, oh ye Canadians, by proving how like you are to us; and ere this page is a week old, the good editor of the EVANGELIST will be fairly flooded with indignant letters and shining dollars, as with one accord you all exclaim: "If my thoughtless carelessness has seemed to furnish any proof of my kinship to those semi-savage Yankees, when I, by the enclosed check, do hereby obliterate the likeness forever." Ah well, if you can have the vindictive cruelty to thus blight my glad young types, blot out all of my new found joy, force my happy now exulting spirit to feel that we are strangers still—I say if you can do all this, then do it; aye, do your worst. I will endure my grief as best I can, Not one shall know my deep humiliation, for, though my crushed and bleeding heart may break, yet will I die and make no sign.

Dallas, Texas.

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One small life in God's great plan, How futile it seems as the ages roll, Do what it may, or strive how it can, To alter the sweep of the infinite whole; A single stitch in an endless web, A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb, But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost, Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed. And each life that fails of its true intent Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

—SUSAN COOLRIDGE.

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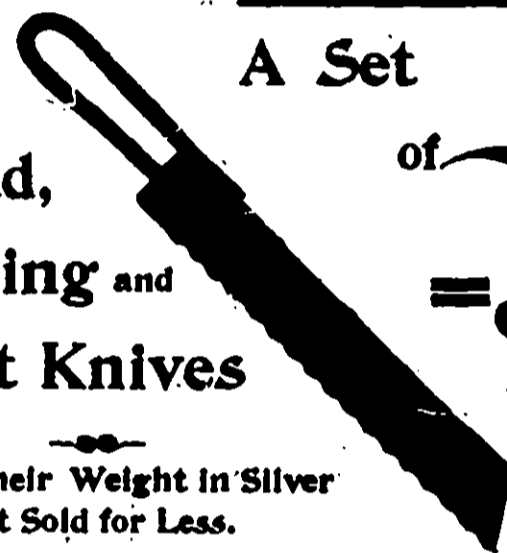
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