

In November days,
When vapors rolling down the valley make
A lonely scene more lonesome; among
woods
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer
nights,
When by the margin of the trembling
lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills I homeward went
In solitude;

and has the same sweet and fruitful fellow-
ship with nature and with his own
heart. In his "A Poet's Epitaph" he has
drawn his own portrait:

"He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noontide grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

"The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

"In commoner things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart—
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own
heart."

Wordsworth was solitary because of his profound seriousness, and because great thoughts or deep emotions always create a solitude of their own. What is communing with nature but communing with ourselves? Nature gives back our thoughts and feelings, as we see our faces reflected in a pool. Wordsworth found himself whenever he walked; all nature was Wordsworthian. Another man of equal profundity and sympathy finds nature stamped with his image.

Wordsworth felt akin to all solitary things. He is drawn by every recluse and wanderer; he loves to contemplate beggars, and dwellers or watchers in secluded dells, and to sing the praises of "The Solitary Reaper." A solitary flower, a solitary scene of almost any kind, never failed to move him. What a charm of seclusion in the poem beginning:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills."

Or in this other:
"I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood where pleasant
thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind."

Or, again, in this immortal song:
"She dwelt among the untrodden days,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Before Wordsworth, solitude had a lover and poet in Abraham Cowley. Through nearly all his essays there runs a desire to escape from the world, and to be alone with nature and with his own thoughts. And who has better expressed their desire and the satisfaction which its fulfillment brings? He longed for the country as an exile longs for home. He says to Evelyn that he had never had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness as the one he had always had, namely—to be master at last of a small house and a large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there to dedicate the remainder of his life only to the culture of them and to the study of nature.

He says: "As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world or the glories or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them." When he was a boy at school, he was wont to leave his play-fellows and walk alone into the fields. How charmingly he praises "Obscurity" and how pungently he sets forth the "Dangers of an honest man in much company!"

He knew well the virtues which solitude necessitated and implied.

"The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world is a fit man to be alone; nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding, so that solitude can be well fitted and set right but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to

see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passion, a man had better be in a fair than in a wood alone."

But, after all has been said about nature, that is the best solitude that comes clothed in a human form—your friend, your other self, who leaves you alone, yet cheers you; who peoples your house or your field and wood with tender remembrances; who stands between your yearning heart and the great outward void that you try in vain to warm and fill; who in his own person and spirit clothes for you and endows with tangible form all the attractions and subtle relations and meanings that draw you to the woods and fields. What the brooks and the trees and the birds said so faintly and vaguely he speaks with warmth and directness. Indeed, your friend compliments and completes your solitude, and your experience its charm without its desolation. I cannot, therefore, agree with Marvell that

"Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone."

I should want at least my friend to share it with me.

FROM "TEXTS FOR WOODCUTS."

[Tolstoi: Translated from the Russian by Nathan Hoskell Dale.]

There lived in old time a good master. He had plenty of everything, and many slaves served him, and the slaves used to praise their master. They said:

"There is not a better master under heaven than ours. He not only feeds us and clothes us well, and gives us work according to our strength, but he never insults any of us and never gets angry with us; he isn't like other masters, who treat their slaves worse than cattle, and never say a kind word to them. Our master, he wishes us well and treats us kindly, and says pleasant things to us. We couldn't have a better life than ours."

Thus the slaves praised their master. And here the Devil began to be vexed because the slaves lived in comfort and love with their master.

And the Devil got hold of one of the slaves of this master named Al'yeb. He got hold of him—commanded him to entice the other slaves.

And when all the slaves were taking their rest and were praising their master, Al'yeb raised his voice and said: "It is all nonsense, your praising our master's goodness. Try to humor the Devil, and the Devil will be good. We serve our master well—we humor him in all things. As soon as he thinks of anything, we do it; we divine his thoughts. How make him be not good to us? Just stop humoring him, and do bad work for him, and he will be like all the others, and he will return evil for evil worse than the crossiest of masters."

And the other slaves began to argue with Al'yeb and laid a wager. Al'yeb undertook to make their kind master angry. He undertook it on the condition that, if he does not make him angry, he shall give his Sunday clothes; but if he makes him angry, then they agree to give him, each one of them, their Sunday clothes; and, moreover, they agree to protect him from their master if he should be put in irons, or, if thrown in prison, to free him. They laid the wager, and Al'yeb promised to make their master angry the next morning.

Al'yeb served his master in the sheepcote—he had charge of the costly breeding rams.

And here in the morning the good master came with some guests to the sheepcote and began to show them his beloved costly rams. The Devil's accomplice winked to his comrades:

"Look! I'll soon get the master angry." All the slaves had gathered. They peeped in at the door and through the fence, and the Devil climbed into a tree and looked down into the dv'or to see how his accomplice will do his work.

The master came round the dv'or, showed his guests his sheep and lambs, and then was going to show his best ram.

"The other rams," says he, "are good, but this one with the twisted horns is priceless; he is dearer to me than my eyes."

The sheep and rams are jumping about the dv'or to avoid the people, and the guests are unable to examine the valuable ram. This ram scarcely comes to a stop when the devil's accomplice, as though accidentally, scares the sheep, and again they get mixed up.

Here the master became tired. He says:

"Al'yeb, my dear, just try to catch the best ram with the wrinkled horns, and hold him. Be careful."

And, as soon as the master said this, Al'yeb threw himself, like a lion, amid the rams, and caught the priceless ram by the wool. He caught him by the wool and instantly grabbed him with one hand by the left hind leg, lifted it up, and, right before the master's eyes, bent his leg, and it cracked like a dry stick. The ram bleated and fell on his fore-knees. Al'yeb grabbed him by the right leg, but the left turned inside out and hung down like a whip. The guests and all the slaves said "Akh!" and the Devil rejoiced when he saw how cleverly Al'yeb had done his job.

The khozain grew darker than night, frowned, hung his head, and said not a word. The guests and all the slaves were also silent. . . . They waited to see what would be.

The khozain kept silent a while; then he shook himself, as though trying to throw off something, and raised his head and turned his eyes heavenward. Not long he gazed before the wrinkles on his brow disappeared; he smiled and fixed his eyes on Al'yeb. He looked at Al'yeb, smiled again, and said: "O Al'yeb, Al'yeb! Thy master told thee to make me angry. But my master is stronger than thine, and thou hast not led me into anger; but I shall make thy master angry. Thou wert afraid that I would punish thee, and hast wished to be free, Al'yeb. Know, then, that thy punishment will not come from me; but as thou art anxious for thy freedom, here, in the presence of my guests, I give thee thy dismissal. Go wherever it may please thee, and take thy Sunday clothes."

And the kind master went back to the house with the guests. But the Devil gnashed his teeth, fell from the tree, and sank through the earth.

"Cry out to our people about a passer-by, 'There's a learned man!' and about another, 'There's a good man!' They will be all agog after the learned man and will not look at the good man. We are ready enough to ask, 'Does he know Greek or Latin?' but whether he has become wiser or better should be the first question."—MONTAIGNE.

"It is only by wisely training the physical, moral and intellectual together that the complete man can be found."—SAMUEL SMILES.

"Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without labor is perilous."—CONFUCIUS.

"It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity."—RUSKIN.

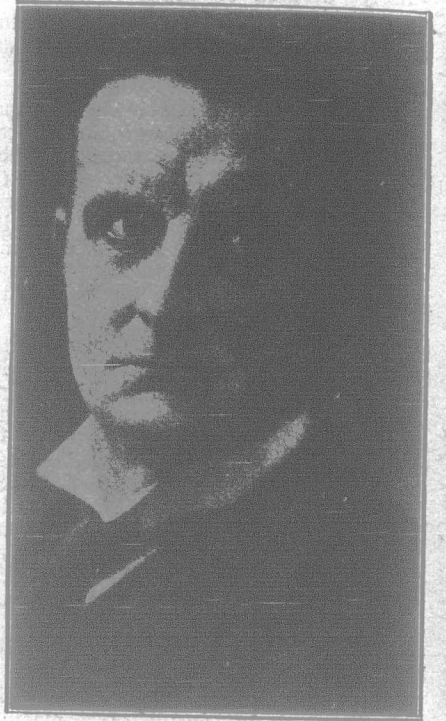
"For this is your duty: to act well the part that is given to you."—EPICETUS.

"Our grand business in life is to do what lies clearly at hand."—CARLYLE.

A Great British Diplomat.

To be designated the ablest diplomat of Europe by as discerning a journalist as Sydney Brooks, London correspondent of Harper's Weekly, is the distinction that publicists unite in according to Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Secretary in the Asquith Government. At the present time he is unquestionably the outstanding figure in European diplomacy, and to him, more than perhaps to any other, belongs the profoundly important achievement of evolving peace from the seething and titanic turmoil of South-eastern Europe. Great Britain occupying a detached position in relation to the other powers, Sir Edward proved himself possessed of such essential qualities of firmness, sagacity, breadth of mind, absolute honesty and transparency of character that, through the first trying diplomatic ordeals of the 20th century, he has emerged with fame and authority unassailably established. Only a little while ago he was to the world an unknown quantity. Compared with many other contemporary statesmen, he seldom talks, but always with a candor, knowledge, and wisdom that command attention and respect. Beginning with the Franco-German feud over Morocco, followed by the Anglo-Russian trouble in Persia, he has now uninterruptedly guided the vast and complicated affairs of Great Britain for over seven years, charged with many critical situations.

The triple entente which unites Britain, France and Russia, is largely his work. Though conciliatory, he is withal an ardent radical and a convinced supporter of woman's suffrage. He is a Northumberland man, a lover of out-door life, and devoted to active sport, like that of tennis. As an M. P., he has represented Berwick-on-Tweed since 1885; was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs 1892-95, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs since 1905. He was educated at Winchester, and Balliol College, Oxford.



Sir Edward Grey.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Our Duty as Neighbors.

Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven: Give, and it shall be given to you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.—S. Luke vi.: 37, 38.

It is very easy to preach about "our duty as neighbors," but not so easy to live out one's own sermons. We are so very apt to act as the children used to do when I was young—climb on a little heap, providing a temporary elevation, and say:

"I am the king of the castle,
And you're the dirty rascal."

The children did it in play, but we are more in earnest. When we say unkind things about one neighbor or another, finding fault with the way he does his work or the way she hangs out her washing, of course, we are taking it for granted that our own method is superior. When we pull the character of a neighbor to pieces, in common but dangerous gossip, we are—in effect—saying proudly: "I am holier than he." Let us try to remember our own faults, and then perhaps we shall not be so quick to criticize and blame our fellows. We stand side by side before the throne of God. Compared with His awful holiness, we are all much alike in our sinfulness. One may get cross and another may be insincere; one may be scorned as a "sinner" and another proudly stand apart, like the elder brother in the parable, and be much farther from the Father's heart.

One of our first duties as neighbors, then, is to be humbly conscious of our own faults. We are told that we should love our neighbors as ourselves. We go on loving ourselves, in spite of the sins which make us more or less unlovable. It is so easy to make excuses for ourselves. Adam began that in Paradise, but he forgot to make an excuse for Eve. He did not say that she had