

Jonah's sense of justice is outraged. He is pained at the wrong done to the only attractive object on the scene. God speaks. "Is it right for you to be angry?" "Yes, it is. I like the plant. I feel it as a personal hurt to me." God replies: "Is it reasonable for you to feel outraged by the destruction of a shrub and to expect Me to be unconcerned at the wiping out of a city and a people? Don't you think it reasonable I should welcome a reprieve for a quarter million little innocent children and even the cattle?"

Jonah does not answer. The question is unanswerable and the writer of the story makes his silence eloquent in driving home to his Jonah-hearted contemporaries that their narrow, provincial, bigoted, spiteful, patriotism, is not a sign of health, is not the normal functioning of a healthy nation. He would have them learn a lesson from the unpleasant features of their countryman of other days; that there is a nobler sentiment than exclusiveness and hate. He would have them learn that a nation that will make no sacrifice to cultivate brotherhood and peace is not healthy tissue in the larger organism that is in the making; and like a malignant growth will be excised to save the whole.

AN OBJECT LESSON TO A MODERN WORLD

But Jonah, rebuked, silent, contemplative, is an object lesson to a modern world torn by strife and tragically nursing its legacy of hate and fear and exclusiveness. The book is worth a present day study, not to study the anatomy of fish but the anatomy of the spirit that can swallow war forever. The book in its own way presses on our attention the method of the Gallilean in a world where a Poincare can more easily set the fashion in dealing with national discord. Jonah sobered, reflective, would send Poincare and folk of his ilk, in whatever nation they are found, to learn the lesson of active goodwill, taking risks in turning the other cheek, as a method of slaying the spectre of fear behind national frontiers. Jonah, speaking by his silence, would plead with us all to reckon with the fact of God who is not interested in one nation alone, and as universal Father has all nations in the sphere of His interest and has so ordered things that forgiveness is a mightier factor than retaliation in breaking the vicious circle of international fratricide. It is the message of one who called Himself the Son of Man and Who in the Cross, with His own Blood, has written His signature to His confidence in His method. It is the message in its own way of him who wrote the book of Jonah. Let Christendom allow the whale to give up Jonah the second time and let the whale go its own way while we ask Jonah himself what he has to say to us in our passion for thinking nationally as opposed to what is international, instead of nationally as contributory to a healthy internationalism.

—A. D. M.

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A CORNER FOR JUNIOR READERS

Some of Denny's Out-of-School Doings

(By Annie Margaret Pike)

Chapter II.

CABBAGE STALKS.

The Donnellys lived on the Juniper Road West. The Juniper Road West was not so long or so fashionable a road as the Juniper Road itself. The two were parallel for a short distance, and then, as if it were lonely, the Juniper Road West took a sudden turn and ran to join its namesake instead of continuing on a straight and independent course down the Berry Road as one would expect.

If you passed along the Berry Road in daylight in those days, you might notice a very small and very neat brass plate on one of the doors.

It bore the inscription:—

"Miss Mc Entee, Teacher of Piano."

Denis and Kathleen Donnelly were two of her pupils.

She was small of stature, and Denis would have said she was very old indeed, if you had asked his opinion, but then Denis was no judge in such matters.

However, whether she were really very old or only middle-aged, she had spent many years of her life in New Zealand, and she could do many things besides playing a piano.

One day, her little maid-servant, coming suddenly into the room, stopped open-mouthed to see her pick up a glowing coal in her fingers and drop it carefully back into the open fire; and the girl's remark,

"Lor' Ma'am, ye're not a human crature, at all, at all!" was meant in all seriousness as a compliment to her skill.

Denis was not musical like his brother Robert. Poor Denny's fingers were all thumbs.

Miss Mc Entee was very patient with his clumsiness.

"Take your time. Take your time!" she would say kindly, and a crash of discords did not disturb her in the least.

Kathleen was anxious that Denny should learn the bass of a duet, so that they two could play one at the neighborhood parties in the Christmas holidays.

Miss Mc Entee, though doubtful of Denny's ability, gave way to Kathleen's pleadings and chose an arrangement of airs from Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl," for, she said, "It's well for Irish children to know something of the music of an Irish composer."

With careful practising at home, aided by much very agreeable, if not altogether well-deserved, praise from Bridget, and relying on Kathleen's steady encouragement, Denny did not play his part so badly after all when the time came. The duet was the first "piece" on the programme of the Donnelly's Christmas party.

Miss McEntee, by way of ensuring his "sang froid" on the great occasion, had told him repeatedly, and with evident success as the result showed, that he should think of the audience in the terms of a vegetable garden.

"Say to yourself that the people on these chairs are cabbage stalks!"

That was her injunction, given over and over again many times and you see Denny was wise enough to profit by it.

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