

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

A well-known student of natural science, residing in this city, suggests that the consideration of physical geography might be resumed today, so that attention may be concentrated upon it, for as he rightly says, it is a topic of extreme interest, and one which ought to play a larger part than it does in our common school curriculum. It is a good thing to get in the habit of looking at the world in a large way. As the years pass, and the ends of the earth are being tied together by a community of interests, it is important that we should know more about the globe as a whole than was necessary, or, for that matter, possible, when our affairs were relatively speaking, parochial. In complying with the suggestion, it is a little difficult to know where to begin, and in what follows the effort has been to state a few elementary facts only.

From our present state of knowledge, it seems safe to conclude that the area around the North Pole consists of water surrounded by land, and that around the South Pole, of land surrounded by water. So far as we know, the water in the one case and the land in the other are covered by ice. Now with this fact before us, let us turn to a map of the world. Just here it may be mentioned that maps of the world are of two kinds, namely, those drawn on a spherical projection, and the others on what is called Mercator's projection. The latter show the earth as a square. The principle upon which Mercator's projection is drawn may be thus illustrated. We will suppose that a map of the globe has been drawn upon an orange and that the peel is cut into sections by lines drawn from the poles to the equator. If it is then laid out flat, it will be seen that the points which were the poles extend across a distance as long as the equator. If you enlarge your map proportionately, so as to fill up the spaces between the sections of peel, you will have a map of the world drawn on Mercator's projection. But if either kind of map is taken, it will be noted how nearly continuous is the land line around the Arctic Ocean. There are only three breaks in it. One is the narrow channel of Behring Strait between Asia and America, another is made up of a series of narrow channels between the Northern Canadian Islands and Greenland, and the third the wider open, by which the Atlantic and the Arctic Oceans are connected. The 60th parallel of North latitude passes for by far the greater part of its length across land; the 60th parallel of South latitude passes for its whole length across water.

Now with your map before you, note the shape of the Continental land bodies. North America is broad at the North and tapers to almost a point at the South. If you take Florida, Cuba and Honduras as forming part of what was once a continuous land area, you will see how nearly North America is to being a triangle. South America is broad at the North and tapers almost to a point at the South. Turn now to the Eastern Hemisphere. Here we see Africa broad at the North and tapering to the South; and if we take the great chain of islands lying between Australia and Asia as forming structurally one area, we have a partly submerged tract, broad at the North and narrowing to the South in Tasmania, and between this body and Africa, India projects as a great land area tapering to the South. If we take Greenland into consideration, and we ought to do so, because it is a large independent land area, we find it also is broad at the North and tapers to the South.

Note another interesting fact. Nearly all the peninsulas in the world project in a Southerly direction. On the West coast of America there are two: the Alaskan peninsula, which extends West of South, and Lower California, which extends East of South. On the East coast of America we have Nova Scotia, extending South, and Florida in the same direction. Honduras forms an exception. In Europe, we have Scandinavia, Spain, Italy, Greece and the Crimea, all extending South; Denmark furnishes an exception and extends North. In Asia we have Arabia, Hindustan, Farther India, Korea and Kamtschatka, all extending South.

The facts hereinbefore mentioned are exceedingly interesting, and perhaps more significant than appears upon the face of them. They seem to show that there is a great heaping up of water towards the South, and it has been claimed by some writers that this is demonstrable, some of them even going so far as to say that the earth is not anything like as spherical as is commonly supposed, but expands towards the South, somewhat after the shape of a pear. There are some curious facts which it is impossible to go into here, which bear out this theory. It will be admitted that the shape of the continents and the peninsulas is such as it would be if such a heaping up of the waters had taken place.

THE BIBLE

A city clergyman said recently that the mother of Timothy said that he read his Bible daily. This illustrates a careless habit of speech into which so many ministers fall, and because of which much of what they say produces no impression whatever upon their hearers. The gentleman referred to knows as well as any one else that there was no such book as the Bible in the days of Timothy, that the chances of copies of the ancient Hebrew writings, which constitute the Old Testament, being found in the household of which Timothy was a member are exceedingly remote, and that by far the greater part of the instruction imparted in those days was oral. But the fact that he spoke as he did indicates that it may be popularly supposed that the Bible, as we have it now, is a work of extreme antiquity or at least was available to the Apostles. A few moments' consideration will teach us that this cannot be true of the New Testament, which appears on its face to have been written at different times during the life of the Apostles and by different men, and there is absolutely no reason whatever to suppose that the Four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles and the Book of Revelations were collated into one volume at that time or for a long time afterwards, and even if they had been, the absence of any means for reproducing copies at a cost within the reach of any except a very few persons, who would probably not want them, makes it absolutely improbable that the New Testament could have been a household possession in the families of the Jews. And the same observation holds good of the Old Testament. In certain quarters there is a great fear about telling the truth concerning these matters, lest the authority of the church might be impaired, but that authority, whatever it may amount to—and this is not under discussion in this article, is useful to mankind and is doing the work of the Divine only so far as it is founded upon the truth, and this does not mean spiritual truth, but historical truth. It is true that Jesus said, "Search the Scriptures," but this must not be understood as equivalent to "Read the Bible," but as referring to the whole body of Jewish law and prophecy, and perhaps also Jewish history, for the three things are so interwoven that it is difficult to separate them.

The origin of the books of the Old Testament is lost in obscurity. After the Babylonian captivity, Ezra directed the attention of the Jewish people to the laws of Moses and his work was supplemented by Nehemiah, who we are told in the Book of Macabees collected a library of "books about the kings and prophets and the writings of David." This was about 450 years before Christ, but there is intrinsic evidence in the Old Testament books that some of them were written subsequently to the time of Nehemiah. However there is very little doubt that by B.C. 150 the Old Testament Scriptures were extant in very much the same general form as they are today, although probably not collected into one volume, as would, indeed, have been impossible with the appliances then available. But it is not to be understood that the books were divided into chapters and verses as they are today. This is a matter of modern editing, and it may be added that in some cases the present division of books was not recognized. It is also true that some of the books now regarded as canonical were looked upon as of doubtful authority until after the Christian era, and that other books were included in the collection, which are not now considered as authentic and possibly some others which have been lost. But speaking generally, it may be said that the expression, "Search the Scripture" referred to the present books of the Old Testament as a part of the whole body of Jewish historical and ecclesiastical literature.

The date when the books of the New Testament were written is not by any means certain, and there is some doubt as to their authorship. The oldest of them is thought to be the Epistle general of James, the authenticity of which is established as well as anything of the kind can be. The Epistle to the Hebrews, although attributed to Paul in the authorized version, is thought to have been written by some one else, and the names of Barnabas and Apollos have been suggested in that connection. Other books might be specified, about the authorship of which some question may be raised, but on the whole it may be assumed that the New Testament was written by or under the supervision of the persons whose names are connected with them, and hence that they were produced within a comparatively short time after the Crucifixion. The reference in the New Testament to statements made in the older Canon of the two books together, with a bond that cannot be broken. Taking all the canonical books, they are unquestionably what they profess to be—a collection of prehistoric traditions, reaching back to the earliest ages, a history of the Jewish race, some of the finest specimens of Jewish poetry and philosophy, a collection of Jewish prophecies, a biography of Jesus the Christ, an account of the doings of the Apostles and a series of letters written by them. To these is added the Book of Revelations, which it is hard to classify. These books are the most remarkable collection of writings that the world has ever seen. How many authors contributed to them we have no means of ascertaining, but the number was great. There is no evidence of collusion between the different writers, no reason to suppose, for example, that Paul when he wrote his epistle to the Corinthians was endeavoring to produce something which critics would be able to square with what Ezra wrote five hundred years before. And yet the books do square with each other. There may be places where the matching is not as complete as it might be, but an allowance must be made for chances of error in transcribing and translating. If one should go into a great workshop and pick up bits of metal of various shapes and sizes and made by different people, and having put them together should find that they made a perfect machine, he could not be convinced that they were not all made under the direction of one guiding mind. Look at the Bible from this standpoint, and see what conclusion you will have to come to.

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL REFORMERS

Ignatius Loyola and the Jesuits in Canada.
(N. de Bertrand Lugin).

When the Reformation was making its influence felt all over Europe and the Pope knew his power to be weakening and saw his throne in danger, there was instituted a religious order, consisting at first of but nine persons, whose earnestness and zeal were to prove an effective power, not only in restoring to a great extent the prestige of the Roman Church, but which, working in heathen lands, was to establish educational and religious reforms, beneficial to the whole of mankind.

By Canadians the name of Ignatius Loyola should ever be remembered. Whatever may be said of the faults of the system he established, as far as its early existence in Canada is concerned it worked only for the great good of both Indians and white men. Brave tales have come down to us from those early days of the courage, the unselfishness, the heroism of the Brethren of the Society of Jesus, who counted their own lives as little worth in comparison with the saving of the souls of those whom they had undertaken to teach.

Ignatius Loyola had been a soldier, a courtier, a gallant, well-versed in the ways of women and war. He had given no serious thought to worldly things. He was wounded while fighting against the French, and was forced to seek solitude, where he would be free from all disturbing elements. "His story is a familiar one," writes Parkman, "how in the sick-room while he read the lives of the Saints a change came over him, upheaving, like an earthquake, all the forces of his nature; how, in the cave of Mirreza, the mysteries of Heaven were revealed to him; how he passed from agonies to transports, from transports to the calm of a determined purpose. The soldier gave

himself up to a new warfare. In the forge of his great intellect, heated, but not disturbed, by the intense fires of his zeal, was wrought the prodigious engine, whose power has been felt to the utmost confines of the world."

The rules of the order founded by Loyola were very strict, and some of them appear to do violence to the noblest instincts in man's nature. The novitiate was long and the system of surveillance, whereby everyone of the Brotherhood was bound to report upon all acts of his companions, was a very hard one. A member was bound to cut himself loose from all family ties, and obedience was the first law of the institution; every man was subject to his superior and no matter what task was set him to do, he was bound to undertake it unquestioningly, though he knew it might cost him his life.

The object of the institution was primarily to teach—to teach every one from the king upon his throne to the humblest citizen and the lowliest savage in heathen lands. No man, woman or child, in whatever walk in life, was considered as unworthy of mental and moral enlightenment. As the Society grew the field of its operations naturally extended. The Brethren of the Order were not cut one and all upon the same pattern; their duties were many and various, requiring men of originality and versatility. They did not wear the cowl and cassock. In their manners and outward appearance there was little to distinguish them from the others with whom they mingled. In many cases their work was done secretly, insidiously, the Jesuit disguising himself and his mission, impressing his doctrines almost by stealth, upon those whom he wished to influence. The end was always kept in view, the winning of souls to the Roman Church, and almost any means were considered justifiable to gain that end.

It is the history of the Jesuits' labors in Canada that holds the most interest for us. "Unmixed praise has been poured upon its Canadian members," writes Parkman. Undoubtedly their work did much to advance the country, and their courageous steadfastness and brave unselfishness were shining examples for others to follow if they could and dared.

In 1634, during the time when our immortal Champlain was governor, and three score years after the death of Ignatius Loyola, six Jesuits came to Canada to undertake the conversion of the continent. Their small quarters on the St. Charles River were hastily built and consisted of four rooms, one of which was the chapel which had as its sole ornament a sheet upon which were pasted two rough engravings. The house leaked everywhere, was bitterly cold in winter and unbearably hot in the summer, yet it had for its dignified name the "Residence de Notre Dame des Anges" and was in reality the cradle of the great mission of New France.

Father Le Jeune was the Superior, a man of unparelled courage and zeal. As soon as he had mastered Algonquin, and the winter season drawing near, he left with thirty or forty Indians to spend the hunting season with them, in the hope of winning their regard through close intimacy. It is impossible to describe adequately the hardships and privations he endured, and the loathsomeness of the winter quarters which he was forced to share with the filthy natives. But he made no complaint; he was glad to see them at their worst, perhaps, to understand the better the work he had undertaken. After this initiation Le Jeune remained at Quebec, where he worked zealously, and where, within a few years, many members of the Order flocked from France, fired by the eloquence of the letters he had sent home. Here, under his direction were built colleges and seminaries for the instruction of the Indian children. Here also were established hospitals. Le Jeune showed zeal not only in seeking the spiritual welfare of his flock, but their physical and moral well-being also. So pious did the colony become under the influence of the Jesuits that one of the members in describing Quebec wrote: "In the off-mate of New France one learns to perfectly seek only God, to have no desire but God, no purpose but for God. To live in New France is to live in the bosom of God."

It was Father Vimont, the successor of Le Jeune, who became the spiritual protector at the new settlement of Villemarie, while Maisonneuve was commandant. Maisonneuve! What brave tales the name brings to our memories! One of the most romantic stories in history is that of the founding of Montreal. It is too long to tell here and it is beside the purpose of the article. Parkman has given a most beautiful and graphic description of the journey of the colonists and the landing at the island. As one reads, one can see the flotilla of boats, deep-laden with men, arms and stores moving slowly up the river. It is the springtime and the earth is fair with unfolding grass and flower, and fragrant with the smell of the sap in the budding trees. While the boats drew near the wooded island, those on board sang hymns of praise, and as they land Father Vimont in his robes of office comes to meet them. Once more we quote from Parkman:

"Maisonneuve sprang ashore and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example; and all joined their voices in songs of thanksgiving. Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here was Vimont. Here were the two ladies with their servants; Montmagny, no very willing spectator; and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him—soldiers, sailors, artisans and laborers—all alike soldiers at need. They knelt in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft; and when the rite was over, the priest turned and addressed them:

"You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you and your children shall fill the land."

"The afternoon waned; the sun sank behind the western forest and twilight came on. Firesides were twinkling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents,

lighted their bivouac fires, stationed their guards and lay down to rest. Such was the birth-night of Montreal."

Brebeuf, Lallemont, Jogues, Garnier, Chabanel, the names are almost countless, names to quicken the pulse of every Canadian. In all the annals of history none have lived more unselfishly nor died more courageously than these men. The history of the days of early Canada is a history of the Jesuits who worked here, and who, in most cases died here, the death of martyrs to their faith, and to their zeal for saving the souls of the savages who persecuted them.

THE STORY TELLER

Newspaper men were to be excluded from a famous trial. "That's good," one of them remarked. "I hate to be hampered by facts in writing up a case of this kind."

Henry J. Byron, one of the wittiest of English playwrights of a score of years ago, remarked on one occasion: "A play is like a cigar. It's good, everybody wants a box. If it's bad, all the puffing in the world won't make it go."

Buttermilk—"Which is the cow that gives the buttermilk?" innocently asked the young lady from the city, who was inspecting the herd with a critical eye.

"Don't make yourself ridiculous," said the young lady who had been in the country before and knew a thing or two. "Goats give buttermilk—Springfield Journal."

Assistance Needed—"John," she whispered, there's a burglar in the parlor. He has just knocked against the piano and hit several keys at once."

"I'll go down," said he. "Oh, John, don't do anything rash!" "Rash! Why I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove that piano from the house without assistance."—The Throne.

On to Her Calling—Our Landlady—It's the strangest thing in the world! Do you know, our dear old pet cat disappeared very suddenly yesterday. Excuse me, Mr. Rudolph, will you have another piece of rabbit pie?"

Mr. Rudolph (promptly)—No, thank you! Our Landlady (an hour later)—That is three more pies saved. This season will be a profitable one indeed.—London Tit-Bits.

John Lawrence Toole, the most popular low comedian of his day, once gave a supper to eighty of his friends and wrote a note to each of them privately beforehand, asking him whether he would be so good as to say grace, as no clergyman would be present. It is said that the faces of those eighty men as they sat at the table when Toole tapped on the table, as a signal for grace, was a sight which will never be forgotten.

Simply Exquisite.—Edwin Markham was one of the guests of honor at a reception given by a wealthy New York woman. During a conversation she said:

"My dear Mr. Markham, I've wanted for years to meet you and tell you how I just love that adorable picture of yours—the one with the man looking, you know, and he taking off his cap, and that poor wife of his—at least I suppose it's his wife—bowing her head, and they both look so tired, poor things. I have a copy of it in my den, and the children have another in their playroom, and it's—it's simply exquisite."—The Catholic News.

Nearing the End.—Joe Lincoln, whose Cape Cod folks are well known characters, recently attended a lecture. When asked how he liked it, he related this little story:

"A stranger entered a church in the middle of the sermon and seated himself in the back row. After awhile he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white-haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

"How long has he been preaching?" "Thirty or forty years, I think," the old man answered. "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly done."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Demonstrator's Car.—This story may not be true. The downtown motor-car dealer on whom it is laid denies it—but a certain poignancy still remains.

The dealer got out of his car at Eighth and Main streets Friday morning to buy a toy motor-car from a hawk who has a stand under the viaduct. "I'll take that car," said the dealer, pointing at a toy which was spinning around on the table. The hawk reached in his sack and drew out another.

"That one ain't for sale," he said, grinning. "It's my demonstrator's car." It is said that after that the hawk and the motor-car dealer cordially shook hands—but no sale was made.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Misunderstanding.—A Manila mother-in-law had stayed so often with her daughter as to cause a quarrel with the husband, and one day, when she again came to stay, she found her daughter in tears on the doorstep.

"I suppose George has left you?" she sniffed. "Yes"—sob. "Then there's a woman in the case?" she asked, her eyes lighting up expectantly.

"Yes"—sob. "Who is it?" she demanded. "You"—sob. "Gracious!" exclaimed the mother-in-law. "I am sure I never gave him any encouragement!"—The Philippines Gossip.

Recently a story has been going the rounds concerning King Edward and a Dutch violinist, and it reminds a correspondent of another and less congenial encounter between Marie Frausich, who lived in the time of Frederick the Great, and the officers of that Emperor's household. Whenever anything or anybody displeased the haughty Frausich, she, after the manner of prima donnas in general, would suddenly become too hoarse to sing.

One evening there was to be sung an opera in her repertoire, and it was expected that the King would attend. At the appointed hour the manager came forward and announced that, owing to a sore throat, Frausich was unable to appear. The people were preparing to leave the house; but his Majesty rose and commanded them to keep their seats. A few moments afterward an officer and four dragons entered the capricious singer's room.

"Frausich," said the officer, "the King inquires after your health." "The King is very good," said Frausich, with a pout; "but I have a sore throat." "His Majesty is aware of the fact, and has charged me to take you to the military hospital to be cured." Frausich, turning very pale, suggested that they were jesting, but was told that Prussian officers never indulged in persiflage. Soon she found herself in a coach with four men.

"I am a little better now," Frausich faltered, "and I will try to sing." "Back to the theatre!" said the officer to the coachman.

The Frausich began to think she had yielded too easily. "I shall not be able to sing my best," she interposed.

"Pardon, Frausich," responded the officer, "but I think you will."

"And why?"

"Because four dragons in attendance behind the scenes have orders to carry you off to the military hospital at the least cough."

Frausich never sang better than she did that night.

WITH THE POETS

A POET'S WISTFUL QUEST

An impassioned musing on the meaning of our life runs through the small volume which contains the poem "Spring in London," a Poem on the Nature of Things," by "E. A." (Smith, Elder, 2s. net.) With wistful heart the poet cries:

The Poet's Humility and Yearning
"Oh, how shall I, ungraced, with lips profane
Approach more nearly to the blessed train
Of those who, pure in heart, in patience wait
The heavenly vision, when the opening gate
Of passage from this life rolls back and brings
Before their sight the promise of the things
God hath prepared for those whom love has brought
Into His harmony in will and thought?
How may I dare to teach, who have not known
The way of knowledge, nor yet made my own
The lesson of that life which on the earth
Even as those words were uttered, had its birth?
Enough if late, and with unworthy hand,
I bring my offering weak, and hope to stand
Somewhat afar, and point to men the way
Their steps, like mine, may follow to a day
Of clearer knowledge, running golden through
All art and nature to the one and true."

The poet's heart goes out to those great souls who have had the vision and heard the call. He cries:

Men Who Have Heard and Seen
"Yes, there have been who, in this world of ours
Moving as strangers, felt within them powers
To circumstance ill timed, and in their ears
Heard words of warning, gathering through the years
In weight imperious, to renounce the ways
Of human fellowship—such as in days
Of old were prophets, or who labouring brought
Through forms of art, the visions which they sought
Into the hither verge; and less today
Perchance the call for such, when as the way
Of life runs broader, and from door to door
The word more swiftly travels than before.
No prophet speaks and every vision falls." **
So, as of old, men cry; but what avail
That one be great, while others in the mire
Are sunk of ignorance and low desire?
What need of prophets, when the light they saw
Before the rest is risen, and the law,
For the hard journey given, has yielded place
To the diviner liberty of grace?"

Peace for the Poet
So through the book the everlasting questions are put by the mind of man. But Spring is in the air, even in the air of London—and the evening shadows in their beauty begin to fall, and peace steals into the poet's heart, and so he closes thus:

"The shadows fall, and on the quiet air
Earth breathes her fragrance, like a soul in prayer,
Here where the city's heart still keeps a place
For flowers and verdure and the waving grace
Of trees, now motionless against the blue,
Dim, darkening heavens. And now a redolent hue
O'erspreads the west, and on the skirts of night
Glows and is gone. Then opens on our sight
The deep and moving wonder, whose amazement
At times appeals our vision as we gaze.
And find no answer, but where, freed from sin,
The soul in innocence responds within,
And knows no doubt or fear, but in the hand
Of Love and Wisdom feels its being stand."

* A poem of Lucretius, probably written about 55 B.C.
** Cf. Ezekiel XII. 32.

THE LOGS

In thronged procession gliding slow—
The great logs sullenly seaward go.
A blind and blundering multitude,
They jostle on the swollen flood.
Nor guess the inevitable fate
To greet them at the river gate.
When noiseless hours have lured them down
To the wide booms, the busy town,
The mills, the chains, the screaming jaws
Of the eviscerating saws.
Here in the murmur of the stream
Slow journeying, perchance they dream,
And hear once more their branches sigh
Far up the solitary sky.
Once more the rain-wind softly moan
Where sways the high green top alone.
Once more the inland eagle call
From the white crag that broods o'er all.
But if, beside some meadowy brink
Where flowering willows lean to drink,
Some open beach at the river bend
Where shallows in the sun extend,
They for a little would delay,
The huge tide hurries them away.
—Charles G. D. Roberts.

AT THE COMEDY

Last night, in snowy gown and glove,
I saw you watch the play
Where each mock hero won his love
In the old unlife-like way.
("And, oh, were life their little scene
Where love so smoothly ran,
How different, Dear, this world had been
Since this old world began!")
For you, who saw them gayly win
Both hand and heart away,
Knew well where dwelt the mockery in
That foolish little play.
("If love were all—if love were all,"
The viols sobbed and cried,
"Then love were best what'er befall!"
Low, low the flutes replied.)
And you, last night, did you forget,
So far from me, so near?
For watching there your eyes were wet
With just an idle tear!

(And down the great dark curtain fell
Upon their foolish play;
But you and I know—Oh, too well—
Life went another way!)

—Arthur Stringer, in "The Woman in the Rain."

AMELIE D'ORLEANS

(Feb. 1, 1908.)
Where some had crouched, she rose; where some
Had cowered, she stood;
She struck, and struck again; and Jeanne,
Over her dead defying death, she towered.
Child of old France and of the ancient line;
This is the noblest of created things,
This reaches to the shining gates above,
More regal than the majesty of Kings,
More beautiful than beauty—valiant love.
—Frank Taylor, in The Spectator.