AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

THE NAME OF DEITY.

There are some people who seem to believe that the actual name of the Deity is God. To illustrate: In Hindu religious literature the great word is Om. It can hardly be called a name, because in its higher levels of thought Brahmanistic teachings do not personify the Omniscient. It is a term, rather, intended to express the sublimest conception of existence and power, something the same as Christians mean when they refer to the Deity as "I Am." Now, there was once a Christian missionary in India, who wrote a series of letters to an English religious periodical, and signed them "Om." He would doubtless have been horrified at the blasphemy of a Hindu, who would write letters from England and sign them "I Am." The truth of the matter is that very many people in Christendom have not yet advanced beyond the old Jewish conception of Jehovah as a tribal deity, who was not the one and only God, but simply the most powerful out of a number. Hence when they read, if they ever do, the invocations in ancient Parsee or Vedic literature to the ineffable being, whose powers are all embracing and whose nature is incomprehensible, they think they are idolatrous. If we would get this notion out of our minds; if we would endeavor to realize that if two sets of religious teachers agree that there is above and beyond all things visible and invisible some transcendent Power, which is self-existent and from eternity to eternity, they must of necessity be referring to one and the same thing, a fruitful source of difficulty in the minds of earnest students of religion would be removed. One use of the word "Om" is as an invocation at the beginning and end of study of the mysteries of religion or the performance of religious ceremonies. On these occasions it is used in its secondary sense, much as a clergyman of a Christian Church says "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost" and closes his observations or services with a benediction. It is a prayer to the All-Wise for a right understanding of what is to be done or has been done, as the case may be. Wherein is the difference between the two invocations? Certainly not in essence, but only in name. Possibly it may be urged that the Christian recognizes the three-fold nature of the Deity, but without stopping to discuss whether the Brahman expression does not imply a similar idea, we may reply that, admitting the existence of this distinction, it only marks the difference between Christianity and Brahmanism, not any difference between the God of the Christian and the God of the Brahman. Again, without arguing the question, let us admit that the Christian has a higher conception of the nature of the Deity than the Brahman, by reason of his appreciation of His triune nature, this does not warrant the claim that the two religious schools worship different Gods. With the unaided eye we look upon the star Polaris and see only a single luminary, but with the aid of a telescope we learn that what looks like a small point of light is in reality a group of stars. So it is easy to believe that we, who regard the Deity through Christ, may see more than they who are able to behold Him from any other medium. But it is the same Deity in both cases.

One of the greatest difficulties that thinking men experience is considering the claims made by the church is to accept the idea that among the millions upon millions of mankind, who have during uncounted centuries lived upon the earth, the knowledge of God should have been restricted to the comparatively few people constituting the Jewish nation, and the more numerous, and yet relatively small number who have made up the population of what is called Christendom. Such people say very naturally that it is incomprehensible that during long ages vast numbers of men have been born, thought, accomplished great things and died and yet have never appreciated the fact that there is a God above the Universe. Also very naturally they say that, if every other conception of the Deity, except that which is founded upon the Jewish idea of Jehovah, is to be considered false, the claim makes too great demand upon human credulity, for they hold that it is incomprehensible that an all-wise and all-merciful Father would leave uncounted millions of His children, who must be as dear to Him as we are, utterly without any idea that He existed. It does not seem very clear how this proposition can be successfully refuted. The fact of the matter is that the conception of the Deity most ordinarily preached from Christian pulpits is a mediaeval one, formed in days when the views of the most learned men in Christendom were utterly narrow. In truth Christendom today is suffering from mediaeval Christianity, which laid more stress upon nomenclature and ecclesiastical jugglery than upon purity of heart and faith in Christ. There are many very excellent people who shrink from the word "broad" in connection with religious matters. Through some species of mental confusion they have confounded breadth of view with the breadth of the way, which we are told leads to spiritual death; whereas, in point of fact, there is not in all the teachings of mankind anything broader than the Sermon on the Mount. Let us shake ourselves free from misconceptions. God never yet left the world without a witness of Himself in the heart of humanity. He never locked Himself beyond the golden gates of heaven and denied Himself to the millions who sought Him, but in by-gone ages as today, in India as in England, to all who sought Him earnestly He made Himself manifest, For He is the same yesterday, today and forever.

REUBEN

This is not an Old Testament story. The Reuben referred to did not live a good many years ago, and in a land a long distance from here. In fact, we have grave doubts if he ever lived at all. He is the personage so dear to the comic papers, who is represented with a whisker on his chin, a frightful suit of clothes and a carpet bag, and who is called "Rube." He usually is accompanied by a woman, who is alleged to be his wife. To depict the doings of this mythical personage about one-half the time of the so-called "funny" artists of the New York press is occupied. He is a never-failing source of gaiety to the wise men of Gotham, or that part of them at least which patronize the comic papers. How did the evolution of this mythical personage come about? Perhaps it might be just as well to discuss this as it is to try and find out how the myth of some heathen divinity came to assume definite shape.

"Rube" is the New Yorker's conception of his own immense superiority over the rest of mankind, that is, it is what he thinks he might have been like, if he had lived anywhere else than between the North and East rivers. He has told himself so often that his city is the most wonderful thing that "ever happened," that he supposes every one else thinks so. As a matter of fact, the New Yorker himself is very much more impressed with the wonders of his town than "Rube" is. A building of as many storeys as you like appals the man who lives on Broadway nearly all his waking hours more than it does the man from Podunk Centre, or any other place you like. The New Yorker will tell you of "crushes" and "six o'clock rushes" and things of that kind. When Rube gets in them, all he is conscious of is that a lot of people are making a terrific amount of fuss to save a few minutes of unimportant time. It is the same, although not quite so bad in Chicago. Said a Chicago man to a Pacific coast man, as they stood in one of those miserable, noisy streets down in the business centre of that town: "What do you think of this?" The westerner said: "I think it is one of the dirtiest and most utterly unjustifiable places in all the world." Then he asked: "Why do you tolerate such abominations?" The Chicago man explained that it was because every minute of a Chicago man's waking hours is worth so much money that they must all get close together. Then the pair went to lunch with two other Chicago men, every minute of whose working waking hours was so valuable. They rushed through one short street and dashed into the entrance to a cafe with half a hundred other people, every minute of whose waking hours fairly jingled because of the money they are worth, and they sat down to a table, where they spent an hour and a half eating a lunch, which figured out $1.60 for the four. Some one has described a New Yorker as a man who is eternally on a rush to go somewhere to do nothing after he gets there. A very recent writer has said that the real business men of New York do not hurry, but only those who think they are business men.

The most provincial of all people are those who live in the metropolitan centres. This seems like a contradiction in terms, but it is a fact, just the same. Recently two Chicago men visited Victoria. One of them said to the Colonist: "Every day has some new surprise for us. When we left to come to the Pacific coast our friends told us that, while we might possibly stand Seattle, we could not endure the privations of British Columbia." It is really melancholy to meet a New Yorker in his native lair and learn the things he thinks wonderful. "Just look at this crowd" exclaimed one of them, and when his companion asked: "Where?" the New York man, after recovering from his amazement, said: "Why right here." As a matter of fact the street was not crowded any more than the east side of Government street is on a fine Saturday night. These people have got so into the way of thinking that everything they do is the most wonderful thing and the most wonderfully done thing that the world has ever seen that they stand in perpetual amazement at their own imaginary super-excellence.

Reuben of the comic papers does not exist. He is not only extinct, like the great auk, the dodo and the populist. He simply never was. He was a creation of the imagination for the purpose of giving the city man something with which to compare himself to the gratification of his own vanity. The only genuine "jays" live in the big cities. If you have any doubt upon the point, pick up almost any New York Sunday paper and read the advertisements of get-rich-quick schemes the notices of clairvoyants and such cattle, and the personals. Do not imagine for one moment that these fairy tales are devised to entrap the unwary resident of outside towns and rural districts. They are intended for the eyes of the residents of the Borough of Manhattan. Selling gold bricks is a fine art compared with some of the abject tommyrot with which these schemers are able to extract dollars from the pockets of the superlatively wise Gothamites, who think they were born with their eye teeth cut. If you want to know how big an ass a man can be, it is only necessary to read some of the advertisements referred to. A man who could be deceived by them would not know enough to let a red hot poker alone. Yet thousands of people are gulled by them, and if five hundred of the absurd schemes were shown to be the frauds they are, the five hundred and first would find just as many fools ready to take it up as ever. It is doubtless true, as the fake promoter says, that "there is a sucker born every minute," but seeing that men only drop their bait where they think the fish are, and that most of it is dangled before the eyes of New Yorkers, we are inclined to think that the city on the Hudson is the natural habitat of the creature known as Rube, only he does not wear chin whiskers there, or carry a bunched-up cotton umbrella.

MERRY QUEEN OF SCOTS

Mary Stuart, better known as Mary, Queen of Scots, was the daughter of James V of Scotland and Mary of Lorraine, a daughter of the Duke of Guise. She was born in 1542, and was executed in 1587. Her life was a strange round of misfortunes. It is said that when news of her birth was brought to her father, who was then on his death-bed, he exclaimed, "The devil go with it; it came wi' ane lass and it will pass wi' ane lass"; the reference being to the fact that the Scottish crown came to the Stuarts through a daughter of Bruce. A few days later he died, and Mary became Queen before she was a week old. Whehn she was eight months old she was crowned. Before she was two years old she was promised in marriage to Prince Edward of England, and when the Scots parliament refused to sanction this, war ensued, which terminated unfortunately for Scotland. When she was eight months old she betrothed to the Dauphin, who was six weeks her junior. When she was seventeen her husband came to the throne and she became queen of France as well as of Scotland. Before she was nineteen she was a widow. She returned to Scotland when she was nineteen, escaping with some difficulty the fleet which Queen Elizabeth sent out to capture her. Many plans were proposed for her marriage, and the list of names submitted included the kings of France, Denmark, Sweden and Spain, the Archduke of Austria, and the Dukes of Ferrara, Nemours, Anjou, Arran, and Leicester. Mary's choice was the king of Spain, but unexpected obstacles presented themselves. She married in her twenty-third year her cousin, James Stuart, Lord Darnley. He is described as arrogant, ambitious, foolish, debauched and cruel. His sole recommendation was his personal appearance, which was unusually attractive. Early in the following year, that is, in 1466, occurred the murder of Rizzio, Mary's chief minister, who was slain by Darnley's order, because the latter fancied that Rizzio stood in the way of his securing the succession of the crown to himself and his children, in default of Mary having any issue. This led to an estrangement between her and Darnley, upon whom she had conferred the title of king. She was imprisoned, but regained her liberty and overthrew the plans of the conspirator against her. In 1866 her son, afterwards James VI, was born. In the following year Darnley was stricken with smallpox. Mary visited him and slept for two nights in the same house. She left him one night at eleven to attend the marriage of a valet, and two hours later the house was blown up by gunpowder and Darnley was killed. The Earl of Bothwell was charged with this crime, but he was acquitted after a farcical trial. He then seized the queen and carried her to Dunbar. A few weeks later he was divorced from his young wife, and having been created Duke of Orkney by the Queen, married her, the wedding taking place within three months from the death of Darnley. The nobles at once rose in arms against her, and she was taken prisoner. The insults of the people and her grief at being separated from Bothwell threw her into a frenzy. She refused food and strode through her rooms nearly naked with her hair streaming about her, in which condition she would present herself at the windows and scream for aid. After signing her abdication in favor of her son she contrived to escape from her captors and raise an army, but was promptly defeated, after which she crossed into England and gave herself up to Elizabeth. This was in 1568, when this extraordinary woman was only 26 years of age. For the remaining twenty-one years of her life she was a prisoner, and her execution was for treason consisting of conspiring for the murder of Elizabeth.

Mary's character has been the subject of much controversy, and she has been described as everything, from a saint to a monster. The best opinion seems to be that her nature was passionate in the extreme, and that she was prepared to go to any length for the gratification of her desires. In other respects she was very much to be commended. She was bright, witty, a good student, a writer of more than average talent and a poet of some merit. Six poems, known to have been written by her, are extant. In person she was undoubtedly very beautiful, although it cannot be said that her portraits would convey that impression. One of her biographers, Joseph Richardson, says her features were long and sharp, but "animated by winning vivacity and high joyous spirits." Her eyes were very large and bright, and of that changeful grey which made Marie Antoinette's so attractive. In her youth her hair was golden, but in her short life it changed first to auburn, then to brown, then to black and finally to grey. Her figure was large and stately and her deportment graceful. She appeared to splendid advantage on horseback and still more so in dancing. Her hands were very shapely, and it is said that her fondness for the harp was inspired largely by a desire to display their beauty. She possessed personal magnetism in a surprising degree. It is told of Bishop Lesley that he once went to see her to reproach her for some indiscretions, and on coming into her presence he fell upon his knees and implored permission to kiss her fingers, and after a brief interview left her with his reproach unuttered. The Seigneur de Brantome was her contemporary and was acquainted with her personally. In his memoirs he gave a glowing description of this lovely girl, as she was when he knew her. He says: "As she grew into the flower of her age, one could see great beauty, great virtues develop in her in such a fashion that on arriving at fifteen her beauty began to display its lustre at full noon and efface the sun at his strongest, so fine was the beauty of her person." He tells us that at the age of fourteen she declaimed before the French court an oration in Latin, in which she maintained that women ought to study the liberal arts, and he adds that, as she devoted two hours a day to study, "there were hardly any human sciences that she could not discourse well upon." He says that "in the rude and barbaric garb of her native country she was a very goddess. . . . She had still further that perfection which most can set the world on fire, an exceedingly sweet and lovely voice; for she sang admirably, moderating her voice to the lute, which she touched very prettily with her beautiful white hand." Speaking of her marriage to the Dauphin, de Brantome mentions that she brought Scotland as her dower, but adds "even if she had neither sceptre nor crown, her person and divine beauty alone were worth a kingdom."

Ancient Teachers of Religion and Philosophy

By N. de Bertrand Lugrin.

BRAHMANISM

"The universe was enveloped in darkness impenetrable, indistinguishable, undiscoverable, unknowable, as it were sunk in a deep sleep. Then the irresistible, self-existent Lord, undiscerned, causing this universe with the five elements and all other things to become discernible, was manifested, dispelling the gloom. He who is beyond the cognizance of the senses, subtle, undiscernible, himself shone forth. He, desiring, seeking to produce various creatures from his own body, first created the waters and deposited in them a seed. This became a golden egg, resplendent as the sun in which he himself was born as Brahma, the progenitor of all the worlds. Being formed by that First Cause, undiscernible, eternal, which is both existent and non-existent, that male (perusha) is known to the world as Brahma. That lord having continued a year in the egg, divided it into two parts by his mere thought. With these two shells he formed the heaven and the earth; and in the middle he placed the sky, the eight regions and the eternal abode of the waters." This account of the creation is from the code of Manu.

Brahmanism is the religion of the greater part of the people of India. When we remember that the population of that country is more than two hundred and ninety millions, we can have some idea of the enormous number of Hindus who accept Brahmanism in one form or another as their faith. This religion dates back as far as twelve hundred years before Christ, and its sacred books are the oldest written documents known. They are almost limitless in number and it would be as impossible to give a history and description of Brahmanism in all its aspects and divisions as it would be for one individual to undertake the reading of this mass of Sanscrit manuscript. Originally Brahmanism was a philosophical religion mingled with the worship of the powers of nature, and it is quite easy to understand why the Hindus as well as our Aryan ancestors worshipped these forces and sacrificed to them. Climatic condition would naturally govern their lives to a large extent. Their lands and houses, flocks and herds and they themselves were more frequently at the mercy of wind, fire and water than the people of the west. These mighty agencies were therefore supposed to be the governing forces of the universe, and whichever element was peculiar to a locality was worshipped as the god of that locality. Agni, the god of fire was one of the principal objects of adoration. He was the divinity of the household, the sacrificial flame and the divine messenger, who licked up the sacrifice and carried it to the gods. Varuna was the god of the sea and invested with divine attributes, powerful to destroy but mighty to save. The wind and breezes were personified as Vayu and the Maruts. Vayu roared among the trees and tossed the sea into foamy billows, and the Maruts blew up the clouds for the showers. Indra was the firmament and was at one time worshipped as the king of the Vedic gods. But Surya, the sun god eventually took his place and is still prayed to daily by the devout Brahman, the most sacred of all Vedic texts being the prayer to the sun "Let us meditate on the excellent glory of the Divine Vivifier. May he enlighten our understanding." Beside the deities of the earth and air the Hindus had many other gods and goddesses, foremost among these being Ganesh, the god of luck, whose aid is still invoked before anything of importance is undertaken and to whom temples have been built throughout the length and breadth of India. The serpent, the bull and the cow are also objects of veration.

The genuine Pantheistic creed of India at the present time, however, seems to be that Brahma (neuter) is the only real eternal essence. Its manifestation, that is, universal existence, is called Brahma; its manifestation on earth is called Vishnu and when it again dissolves itself it is called Siva. Therefore, the universe and everything of which it is composed, the stars, the planets, the sun and the moon, the mountains, the wind and the sea, and all gods and goddesses and everything that lives and moves and has a being, are considered to be the comprehensible expression of the thought of the great Incomprehensible. The human soul has its origin in the Supreme Soul or Spirit "issuing from Brahma as innumerable sparks issue from a blazing fire," and all suffering and trouble come to us in proportion as we are ignorant of this fact. The student of Brahmanism is taught to hurt no living thing, to speak the truth, not to steal, to practice continence, to remain pure and content, to do penance and to cultivate indifference to all bodily pain. With wisdom and self-subjection will come a cleared understanding of our affinity to the all-wise cause; then will our souls attain their freedom from sin and limitation, for they are not born, neither do they die. Being of one substance with Brahma they are infinite, immortal, divine.

In spite of the fact that there are innumerable deities in the Hindu Pantheon and that the ignorant millions pray and sacrifice to them, it is probable that the intelligent, thinking Hindu perceives through the maze of mythology and superstition, the eternal self-existent Being, the source of all things and in whom are all things. The very fact that the Brahmans pray daily to the sun leads us to suppose that the more enlightened worshippers have adored, under the type of the visible sun, that divine light which alone can illumine their intellects. The following is an extract from one of the books of Manu:

"Him some adore as present in fire; others in Manu lord of creatures; some as more distinctly present in Indra, others in pure air, others as the most high, eternal Spirit. Thus the man who perceives in his own soul, the Supreme Soul, present in all creatures, acquires equanimity towards them all, and shall be absorbed at last in the highest essence."

THE STORY TELLER

"Roosevelt was the first statesman to rebel at the notion of president-making by photography," says R. L. Dunn in Appleton's for September. "It happened at the Philadelphia convention, just after he had been nominated for vice-president, and was starting for the platform, his address in his hand, to make his speech of acceptance. I, who had adjusted my camera on three chair tops, so as to command a view of the scene, shouted:

"'One moment, please- I want your picture.'

"Depew, Roosevelt, Leslie Ward and Odell halted. Roosevelt was highly incensed, and Platt, who was sitting near by, snickered aloud at his discomfiture.

"'Don't you do it!' bellowed the vice-president-to-be.

"But I had already snapped my shutter. There was a great commotion at once. My camera was upset, and fell toward a man who shoved it off so that it grazed Mr. Roosevelt.

"'Get that man out of here,' he commanded, pointing at me, 'or I won't speak.'

"I was unceremoniously ducked under a platform and kept there for over an hour, so that I never got a picture of him in the throes of his oratorical acceptance. I amused myself, however, by cutting a hole through one of the planks with my pocketknife and making through the aperture plate after plate of the convention assembled. Curiously enough, four years later the camera was adopted as a means of exploiting this same rebellious Mr. Roosevelt, who had long before forgiven the offending photographer of 1900 and had many times aided me in securing important and interesting pictures."

"Paddy Murphy of the New York police met his neighbor, Tim McCarty, whose face was as long as the White House road. 'Phat's the matter, Tim?' Paddy asked. 'Haven't ye her-rd the noos?' asked Tim. 'Phat noos?' 'Phy, his grace, Cardinal Soandso, is did.' 'Well,' said Paddy, 'he was a gude man.' 'He was that,' 'None better.' 'That's the whole trut, Paddy,' sobbed Tim. 'He was too gude for this wur-rld.' 'He was that, Paddy.' 'An' he has gone to his rewar-rd.' 'He has that, Paddy.' 'Well, then, phat the div'l are yes boohooing about?' 'Why, Paddy,' sobbed Tim, 'di-didn't yez hear th-that this man Rosefit wa-was goin' to app'int a Me-Me-Methodist in his place?'"

Universal Soldering Fluid

A soldering fluid which will not rust or corrode the soldered parts is made by dissolving as much zinc in muriatic acid as the acid will take up and then adding water, glycerine and alcohol. To one part glycerine add one part alcohol and one part water; then add two parts of acid with the zinc dissolved. This fluid has been used for all kinds of soldering, says the Street Railway Journal, and has been found especially desirable with greasy or dirty connections as well as for soldering to iron. It is claimed that the glycerine prevents all rust, which plays havoc with many soldering fluids which contain muriatic acid.

Held Up

"Stop" shouted the man on the country road, holding up a warning hand. Muttering something about rural cops, the automobilist obeyed.

"Turn around and come back to town with me," said the stranger. "You were going at least thirty-five miles an hour."

"You're a constable, I suppose," said the automobilist, with a covert sneer, when they had reached the village.

"Me?" replied the passenger. "No, I'm a farmer, and had to come in to town when all the teams were busy. Nice growing weather? Thanks. Good-by."

Ensuing comment is purposely omitted.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Served Him Right

A very absent-minded member of the French institute was reading the newspaper in the casino at Dieppe the other day. He was absorbed by his reading, and with his left hand he unconsciously pushed the files of newspapers on the table. Beyond the papers was an inkstand, which at last the moving papers pushed over the side of the table. It fell on the trousers of a Paris banker, who was furious at the accident.

The absent-minded man offered his best excuses without appeasing the banker's wrath, who shrieked that his new trousers were ruined.

"But, sir, I will cheerfully pay for them. Be good enough to give me your card, and I will send the money to your hotel."

"To my hotel, sir! I don't know you. I must instantly have the 30 francs these trousers cost."

The member of the Institute drew forth the 30 francs and handed them to the banker. Then he said:

"Now that you have been paid, I hope you have too much of the delicacy of a gentleman to remain in my trousers. You know they are mine, and I insist upon their immediate delivery to me. You have no confidence in me; I have none in you. My trousers!"

In vain the banker protested against such haste. The crowd that had gathered above the disputants said the member of the Institute was right, and the banker, after sending for another pair of nether garments, surrended the ink smeared ones amid the laughter of the bystanders.—Tit-Bits.

A Wonderful Country

A contractor in San Francisco sent to Ireland for his father to join him. The journey was a great event to the old man, who had lived in rural districts all his life, and he reached San Francisco much excited. After several days of sight-seeing his son resumed his business, and suggested that his father should visit the Presidio.

"The Presidio, father, is the government reservation for the soldiers—a fine bit of park; and you'll enjoy yourself."

At the end of a strenuous day the old man stood gazing at the big buildings. Seeing a soldier near, he tapped him on the shoulder.

"Me bye, phat's that string of houses forninst us?"

"Why, those are the officers' quarters."

"And that wan with the big smoke-tack?"

"That's the cook's shanty."

"Shanty, is it? Well; this is a great country! 'Tis palaces they're using."

The young man offered to show him the new gymnasium. On the way the sundown gun was discharged just as they passed. The old man, much startled, caught his companion's arm.

"Phat's that, now:"

"Sundown," replied his friend, smiling.

"Sundown, is it? Tink of that, now! Don't the sun go down with a terrible bump in this country!"—Lippincott's.

Why Birds Sing

Of late years there has been some tendency on the part of observers to discount Darwin's theory as to the attractiveness of the songs and posturing of male birds to their intended mates; and it must be admitted that direct experimental evidence as to the efficacy of these performances, vocal or otherwise, in winning the heart of the hen bird is not so abundant as it might be. It is noticed, for instance, that the song—or what answers to it in songless birds—is often of the nature of a challenge or defiance, as may well be observed in those most pugnacious individuals, Robin Redbreast and Chanticleer.

I remember once watching in Calcutta, two cocks which evidently felt that honor demanded a fight, but had also a prudent aversion to commencing hostilities. They defiantly slanted their shoulders and flapped their wings, then they picked up little stones and dropped them in contemptuous invitation to "come on," but finally the bolder spirit ventured on a crow, and then the battle began.

As for Cock Robin being gifted with a sweet voice, he breathes challenges to the robin next door which sound tenderly melodious to us, but when paying his addresses to his mate he is capable of nothing but a gurgling twitter.

The courting skylark, too, following his mate with hopping gait and raised crest and tail, and flipping at her with his wings, forgets the glorious melody which he pours out aloft.

In some cases, however, there is no doubt about the object and efficacy of the song or love-calls. The mating canary not only sings furiously at his rival, but passionately to his mate, and it is a well known fact that canaries in fanciers' bird rooms often form attachments by the voice, these being so strong that, if a different mating is desired by the owner, the birds concerned have to be moved out of hearing of the attractive note.

Rooks, said Gilbert White, in the breeding season sometimes attempt in the gaiety of their hearts to sing, and the weird gulps and gurgles of the courting raven afford another example of the attempts of the amorous corvine to "aggravate his voice."

"Are you fond of Wagnerian music?" "Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "I'm not exactly fond of it, but it doesn't disturb me as much as it used to."—Washington Star.

CURRENT VERSE

Mother Magic

In days of childhood, now long-lapsed and dim,
Often I sat within a holy place
Where mystic word and solemn-rolling hymn
Touched the tranced souls of men to thoughts of grace.

Too small to comprehend, yet happy there
I lingered, since beside me, close and dear,
Sat the sweet mother with her rippled hair,
Her smile of angels and her color clear.

And she would hold my hand, and so express,
In some deep way, the wonder of the hour,
Our spirits talked, by silent tenderness,
As easily as flower nods to flower.

And to this day, when so I creep alone
Into some sacred corner, list the choir,
Hear some great organ's most melodious moan
And watch the windows flush daylight with fire,

Over me once again those memories steal;
I sit as in a dream, and understand,
God's meaning; for, across the years, I feel
The meek, sure magic of that spirit-hand.

—Richard Burton, in the August Atlantic.

To Dewy Primroses.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modern morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas, you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind,
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warp'd as we,
Who think it strange to see,
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears, before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droon and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that Sweet-heart, to this?
—No, no, this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read.
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

—Robert Herrick.

The Green Inn

I sicken of men's company—
The crowded tavern's din.
Where all day long with oath and song
Sit they who entrance win:
So come I out from noise and rout
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse
Or ragged coat and poor.
But Silence waits within the gates,
And Peace beside the door:
The weary guest is welcomest,
The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and blue,
The floor is spread with pine:
On my four walls the sunlight falls
In golden decks and fines:
And swift and fleet, on noiseless feet
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store—
Great drinks mixed cunningly,
Wherein the scent of furze is blent
With odor of the sea.
As from a cup I drink it up
To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn
Unvexed by man or ghost.
Yet ever fed and comforted.
Companioned by mine host.
And watched at night by that white light
High-swung from coast to coast.

Oh, you who in the House of Strife
Quarrel and game and sin.
Come out and see what cheer may be
For starveling souls and thin.
Who come at last from drought and fast
To sit in God's Green Inn!

—Theodosia Garrison in Scribner's Magazine.

O Yuki San!

O Yuki San's breath was the golden flame
Lighting the road of Love
Her little body was the ball of fire fed
with my heart;
My heart is the wood born to join with her.
"I am one with thee, thou art mine," I said:
She gazed at me, trembling with dashing passion, and gazed,
And said: "Honto, ureshii wa'."
Didn't embrace her? Didn't kiss her?
Was she ever kissed in her life,
Since she was a Japanese girl of laughter and profound bow?
The night was dark, and we wished the far darker night:
We hated to be seen by the World and Men:
Oh, stars, come not to-night, we have to make our own world,
(We two alone, O Yuki San and I),
We walked away from the city and noise,
Into the valley of Love and silence,
Thickly covered with mists and dreams,
We walked slowly under the forests and darkness:
I saw clearly her burning heart under the light of Love,
She felt my beating breast with her tiny hand.
"Wasurecha, iyayo," she said.
I replied her with my thousand kisses heavy and red.
I felt the silvery dews on her face when our faces met:
Were they the stars fallen on her eyelashes?
Poor O Yuki San, she was sobbing:
She is the Japanese girl of tears and love,
I wiped her tears off, and sweetly whispered:
"We will cry together, O Yuki San, when we must!
But not just yet!"

—Translation from the Japanese of Yone Noguchi by Amelia Austin.

Nightfall

A misty gray has quenched the smoldering West
Like sprinkled ashes, and the deeper sky
Is yet unwarmed with stars. The clouds once high,
Have lowered to the tree-tops, where they rest.

A ghost-wind gasps and starts, as one oppressed
With guilty burden, one that may not die
And let the vexed world pass unnoted by,
But must live on by memory obsessed.

Now is the lonesome hour of all the day
When cheerful toil is over. From the street
That quick last sound of homeward hasting feet
Within some fire-lit hush has died away.
The lonesome hour—day past, the night to come—
God guide his steps that has no waiting home!

—Neeta Marquis, in Out West