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THE VIRGIN OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

The bishops of the Episcopal Church in the United States have issued a pastoral letter in which is made a statement, taken from the creeds, from the language of the Prayer Book, and from the articles of religion, with reference to the virgin birth of our Lord. This language, when presented in a condensed form, is a powerful doctrinal belief, and it is what the Episcopal clergy are bound by their ordination vows to accept, but, like all statements where language is taken out of its connections, it is open to the construction of seeming to say more than it means in the connection where it is used, and when the bishops make a statement of this sort they are in great danger of lifting a fact into undue prominence. The Church of Rome has always laid special emphasis upon the virgin birth, and out of it has grown a system of Mariolatry which it was a special object of the Anglican Church to remove at the reformation. In England the worship of the Virgin Mary has never reached the excesses that it has in France and Spain and Italy, and Cardinal Newman frankly confessed that he could not enjoy nor enter into devotions of this kind. The English Church has stood by the terms of the Apostles' and Nicene creeds, but it has refused to emphasize the portions of them which deal with the virgin birth, and there are to-day two schools of thought in the Anglican communion. One emphasizes the virgin birth in the Roman sense, and places great stress upon the physical features of the birth of Christ; the other, while not denying that he was born of the Virgin Mary, and refusing to speculate upon it, or to deny that it was a miracle, holds that the incarnation was a gradual process that culminated in the resurrection. They do not deny the reality or the fulness of the incarnation, but they interpret it in a different way, and in the way which seems more reasonable to a large part of mankind. The one is the Roman view; the other is the Anglican view. Neither party wishes to reject the incarnation of Christ, but the one puts the stress upon a physical, and the other upon a spiritual manifestation.

It is not difficult to trace the prevalence of this belief in spiritual manifestation in the English Church, and though the language is the same which the bishops use in their pastoral letter, it has never been accepted in the Roman sense by a large part of the Anglican clergy and people. Not to go into an elaborate statement on this point, for which this is not the place, it may be said that the late Frederick Maurice never put the physical emphasis upon the story of the incarnation. Six years ago, in "Lux Mundi," three essayists, who are among the foremost churchmen in England, the famous Principal Gore and Rev. J. R. Illingworth, both since Bampton lecturers, and Rev. R. C. Moberly, writing on the subject of the incarnation, made no reference to the virgin birth as a necessary part of the Christian religion, but there is not a trace in their writings of the rejection of the incarnation as a divine reality, and in his Bampton lectures for 1893 Principal Gore expressly refers to the virgin birth, which he accepts as a fact, but does not press as a point in his argument. "Lux Mundi" was the most remarkable book that has appeared since "Essays and Reviews," and while it accepted the old faith, its writers, men of the highest standing, attempted to show that religious truth could be taken out of its ecclesiastical statements and reconciled with the facts of modern life. It did much to clear the atmosphere, and was all the more notable because it was the work of strong churchmen.

The pastoral letter is evidently aimed at this Anglican school of thought, which has developed itself in the last fifty years and which expresses itself in the honest and intelligent convictions of a great number of clergymen and laymen, who have no intention of being disloyal to the standards of the faith, but who are trying to show that Christianity, in its interpretation, can be vitally blended with what is best and most invigorating in modern thought. This document is against the temper of the times, and fails to rightly understand the position of many thoughtful men. There is a wide difference between the toleration which those need who are thinking out the solution of the religious problems of the hour in harmony with the old faith and the liberty which extremists take in pushing their crude opinions to the front, and much of the usefulness of the Episcopal Church has been in the understanding that its clergymen are both conservative and progressive, and that they stand for the reconstruction of many religious positions, without denying fundamental truth.

FEDERATION IN AUSTRALIA.

Loyal to federation ourselves in Canada, we regard with much interest the progress of a similar movement in Australia to that which we undertook 28 years ago. It is, therefore, with some sense of gratification that we are able to note that the proceedings at the conference recently held at Hobart Town, Tasmania, of delegates representing the various Australian colonies, indicated a nearer approach to a federated form of government than had previously been attained. Considered in a purely disinterested manner, there is not the least doubt that the condition of the people of the continent of Australia, as it may fairly be called, would be better served by a union of the interests of the various independent colonies than by continuing the now frequently discordant management of affairs. But the desire for, and love of, entire local independence is exceedingly strong—so strong as sometimes to obscure the many manifest advantages which a qualified and restricted union would make possible. It would seem, had been to quite a degree overcome, and that the delegates from the several colonies had realized the advantages to be derived not only in the development of their various localities, but also for defence in a federation. What now chiefly stand in the way are the tariff laws of the colony of Victoria. This has been the protection colony of the Australian group, just as New South Wales has been the free trade colony. The tariff which Victoria has drawn up has been levied quite as much against the products of adjoining colonies as against the products of distant lands, and it is somewhat hard to bring the Victorians to realize the necessity of making a wide departure from their past policy. The other colonies are nearer in accord with New South Wales, and rather than lose the advantages of federation would probably agree to important changes in their respective tariff laws. Doubtless a compromise will be reached, which will consist in having a federated tariff, partly protectionist in its character, to which both Victoria and New South Wales will be able to agree.

THE NEW PULPIT.

It is apparent from the tone of his article in the February number of The North American Review that the Rev. H. R. Haweis thinks the time is ripe for "a new pulpit," a pulpit that, as he puts it, will not live "doctrinally on the dried pippins of the past." In explaining more fully what he means, Mr. Haweis says: "A pulpit in touch with the life of the period; a pulpit up to date, interested in what is interesting, capable of refocusing religion, quick to note when a phrase is outworn, resolved to find why clever men won't listen to sermons, and convinced that every pursuit, occupation, discovery and faculty of man should have a moral thrust and be prepared to give it."

There is a great deal that is sound and sensible in these suggestions, but it is not amiss to remind the reverend writer that before a hare can be cooked it must be caught. A pulpit nowadays depends upon a congregation, and while it is not exactly true that the pew dominates the pulpit, it is undeniably a fact that men and women as a rule will not band together to support the teaching of doctrines that do not accord with their own. A prerequisite, therefore to the New Pulpit, such as the Rev. Mr. Haweis outlines, would seem to be a New Congregation. Complaint against this condition of things is idle, for it is one of the fruits of the spread of intelligence. The pew no longer looks upon the pulpit as the sole keeper of his conscience. If the Rev. Mr. Haweis desires further information on this point, no doubt Professor Briggs would cheerfully accommodate him.

In the opinion of the Rev. Mr. Haweis the "preacher of the coming day" will exclaim with the escaped captive in "Monte Cristo," "The world is mine!" Here is the "sphere" he maps out for that personage: "He may not be a politician, but he hunts politicians; nor an expert in dancing, but he knows when dancing is devilish; nor a playwright but he can tell a good play from a bad; nor a novelist, but he judges the tendency of fiction; nor a man of science, but he estimates the importance of scientific discovery to moral order, and he ought to arrive at some conclusion about its relation to the occult, for it must be a matter of supreme interest to him and everybody else whether or not in these days of possibility, a hope or even a faith in a life after death is ever to be converted into a scientific certainty."

A keen-witted son of Erin is credited with the remark, "For a clean, easy job give me a bishopric." The Rev. Mr. Haweis is evidently determined that no such shaft as this shall be hurled against the New Pulpit. It should be needless to point out the utter impracticability of one set of persons being such compendiums of universal knowledge and philosophy as to fit them to sit in judgment on every topic that chances to be uppermost in the public mind. The whole trend of intellectual as well as material progress is towards specialization, and as time goes on it is becoming more and more difficult for a single individual to grapple understandingly with phases of life and thought. If an attempt were made to put the Rev. Mr. Haweis' program into practice it would simply end in making the pulpit a "jack of all trades and master of none."

It is singular that in the course of his article the Rev. Mr. Haweis makes no reference to the "sphere" of usefulness which will be open to the New Pulpit in the way of benevolence and philanthropy. The man or woman is blind to the course of events who fails to perceive that this is the direction in which religious and clerical work is constantly tending. The Christian pulpit never speaks so eloquently and convincingly as when, personally and through others it is imitating the example of the Nazarene who "went about doing good." This is a "sphere" of activity which is ever calling for laborers, which as yet has been only scratched upon the surface which belongs peculiarly to the Christian church. It is eminently right for the pulpit to thunder against public evils, but it is absurd to insist that its final destiny is to be merely that of a universal mentor and censor, a general fault-finder and scold.

THE MAKING OF RECORDS.

A marked characteristic of the present-day is the tendency to make records. Of recent years the talk about the making and breaking of records has spread from the domain of pure sport over almost every department of human life and activity. It needs but a casual glance at the newspapers to find "records" in most unexpected quarters. At an entertainment given to poor children the other night, the youngsters before dispersing gave what the describer of the event is pleased to call "a record cheer."

But not only is the phrase being applied or misapplied in many new directions, but the thing itself, the making of a record, with its corollary, the breaking thereof, is invading fresh fields. A misguided individual not long ago established a record for prolonged hammering upon the keyboard of an unfortunate piano; but it is devoutly to be hoped that no one else has yet tried to break that record. This, indeed, is one of the many nuisances involved in making records. No sooner is one established than a host of competitors jostle one another in the attempt to break it. If a man were to appear at some place of popular resort next week, and hold his breath for five minutes, or stand upon his head for twelve hours, or continue to do some other foolish thing for a longer period than is in the power of the average human animal, it is quite certain that within a few days, or possibly, within a few hours the manager of that place of resort would be besieged by applicants who could endure a breathless existence for seven minutes, a perfectly indefinite period of time, or in other ways were confident of breaking the previous record. Nothing seems to be too foolish for the record-maker, nor any pre-eminence in absurdity too great to rob the title of "champion" of its charms.

It is alarming to think how many "champions" of all kinds and degrees—how many holders of records, of every conceivable variety, there must be in the world. Are there not records for the quickest shaving of a given number of beards, for the dressing of hair, for consumption of tobacco, for the quickest journey round the world, for fasting, over-eating, talking, keeping silence—and for a hundred other things? A man would need to touch life at an unprecedented number of points to keep himself abreast of the performances of all kinds which nowadays are quoted or solemnly registered as "records." The various forms of sport and legitimate rivalry—from the performances of Atlantic greyhounds, and record journeys from ALondon to Edinburgh, down to walking, jumping, or cycling in all their varieties and ramifications—would by themselves afford sufficient occupation for one tolerably energetic individual.

It is a curious thing which does not augur well for the success of the socialistic propaganda, that amidst all the babble about collectivism, and the declamation against competitive individualism, there should be this keen interest among men of all grades and classes, in the making and breaking of records, not only in connection with what may legitimately be called sport, but in every other department of life. For records can only be made, and, again, can only be broken by the practice of rivalry, by the continual fostering of a competitive individualism carried to its highest point of development.

The chronicling of records seems inclined to spread even to literature. To judge from the recent paragraphing concerning the earnings of popular novelists, there seems to be a disposition to establish a record in the incomes of men of letters—a record, by the way, that would have opened the eyes (and mouths) of the brethren of the quill of an earlier generation. Again, in the matter of circulation, the number of thousands reached by a very popular novel of last year's crop has been talked about as a record in the annals of book-sales. While the use of the phrase in this connection is not so offensive as it is in some other directions, it is to be hoped it will not extend, or by and by we shall be reading that such and such a work "holds the record" for rapidity of composition, having been written in some incredibly brief space of time. We shall have records for the longest book and the shortest book, the slimmest and the fattest, and so on. And if literature, why not in art? The piano has already been made the victim of feats of endurance, and a simultaneous performance by eighteen executants upon nine of these devoted instruments was recently a leading attraction at a well-known New York of entertainment, possessing abundance of happen in music—and such absurdities are doubtless only samples of many other atrocities to follow—why should painting escape? Is it quite impossible that one of these days some place of amusement, possessing abundance of wall-space, should advertise, as a novel attraction, its possession of a picture which for size of canvas shall "hold the record?" And when this does happen, we may safely prophecy that many weeks will not elapse before some rival show will advertise a still larger picture, and the miserable record will be broken. In the same way we shall have the exhibition of a wretched daub, whose only reason for existence is that it contains the greatest number of figures on record, or was painted by the smallest number of movements of the brush, or contains more different colors than any other painting, or was executed in the shortest time on record. But the prospect is too awful. Imagination recoils from the monstrosities which, under such a system, might degrade the sacred name of art.

Record making and record breaking may have their place in the world of sport when the endurance and skill that go to the registering and lowering of "highest possibles" and "heats on record" have a value of their own, not to be disregarded by any lover of his kind. But when record-making takes such abnormal developments as have been lately chronicled and threatens to invade even the seared precincts of literature and art, it is time to call a halt, and to demand that not only the phrase, but the thing itself, shall be rigidly restricted to that department of life in which both phrase and practice originated, and in which both have the virtues of appropriateness and naturalness.

James E. Nicholson.

CANCER ON THE LIP

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THE FRIEND OF THE QUEEN.

Her Majesty's Love For a Man Whom the Prince Consort Regarded as "This Satanic Jew."

The article on "The Queen and Lord Beaconsfield," which the Hon. Reginald Brett contributes to the new number of The Nineteenth Century, has a more than mere political interest. The personal relations of her Majesty to her ministers are always matters of lively concern to her subjects, while the career of Benjamin Disraeli, with its remarkable triumph over almost insurmountable difficulties, first in Parliament and the country and then at court, forms one of the romances of history. "If," as Mr. Brett says, "he began life amid the contemptuous jeers of the Tory House of Commons, he lived to receive the profound adulation and enjoy the absolute confidence of the Conservative party. If the first thirty years of his political existence were passed in the cold shade of disapprobation and dislike, he lived to become the darling of the court." Of the unique place he came to occupy in the regard of the Sovereign, the best is found in the inscription written by the Queen herself on the memorial tablet which was placed on the walls of Hughenden Church:

To the dear and honored memory of Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, this memorial is placed by his grateful and affectionate sovereign and friend, Victoria R.I. "Kings love him that speaketh right."—Prov. xvi., 13.

A memorial, coupled with expressions of gratitude and friendship thus erected by a sovereign to a subject is, Mr. Brett says, unique. And it is the more remarkable when we remember that Disraeli started upon his ministerial career with the strong prejudices of the court, and particularly the Prince Consort, against him. His bitter invectives against Peel had given the greatest possible offence; indeed, the whole nature of the Prince revolted against the Hebrew adventurer. "To his Teutonic eyes Peel was the noble, broad-minded English gentleman, slowly beaten down by the arts of this Satanic Jew." These feelings were fully shared by the Queen; indeed, so violent was her prejudice against him that her Majesty acquiesced in his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer mainly on the ground that the holder of that office was not brought into personal contact with the sovereign. But a few years later the Queen bestowed upon him that strong regard which had not been given to any Prime Minister since Lord Aberdeen. Lord Beaconsfield filled, indeed, the place long left vacant, and became the friend of the Queen, as well as the First Minister of the Crown.

"Chance is often the determining factor in likes and dislikes," and when, in 1874, Disraeli became Prime Minister for the second time, his personal magnetism had the advantage of the psychological moment at court:

"The Queen had been engaged for some time in the heart-stirring task of reconstructing for the perusal of her people the 'Life of the Prince Consort.' To contemplate old journals and letters, to permit the past to invade the present, to revive the memory of youth and friends long dead, is to open the heart and mind to new and kindling impressions. The Queen was enabled to realize afresh how much she had lost. Of the friends of her girlhood not one remained, and of those who had stood near the throne during her early married life Lord Russell alone was left—already in the half-shadow of death. Almost the last link with the past snapped by the death in May, 1874, of M. Van de Weyer, who had been the friend of her uncle, King Leopold, and had received a large and intimate share of the confidence of the Queen. For reasons, some obvious and some obscure, Mr. Gladstone followed rather in the steps of Palmerston and Derby than those of Aberdeen and Peel, whom in character he far more closely resembled. Certain it is that his relation to the Queen, though it may have been that of a trusted minister, was not that of a friend."

It was to this latter position that Disraeli succeeded in finding his way—"the old place occupied by Lord Melbourne, in the Queen's charming and helpless girlhood, before the days when she could look to her 'Permanent Minister' for guidance."

What were the arts by which Disraeli thus won the personal affection of his sovereign? Or were they artifices of flattery and subservience? Mr. Brett strongly repudiates this theory of Disraeli's enemies. As for the Imperial title which some have ascribed to the flexibility of the courtier rather than that I didn't think Father Bill had any jurisdiction over the wheelmen.

"I tout it was strange," was the reply.

* * *

Zimmerman—the finest cyclist any country has produced—frequently inclined to mount in races under a certain pair of shoes were forthcoming. He had worn these self-same shoes in America and England as an amateur, winning championships in both countries in them, and they had accompanied him to France and Italy when he embraced professionalism. They were full of wrinkles and cracks, but he used them and declined all others. John S. Johnson, the crack cyclist and skater, has a mascot in the shape of an alligator skin purse which he constantly wears when racing. Julian Rye Bliss of Chicago, one of America's speediest riders, has a pink suit of racing clothes, which is old and dingy, but he will not race in important events in any other clothing, averring that he feels more at home, and can go faster in the suit which has earned him the soubriquet of "Pinkey Bliss." The list could be multiplied indefinitely, and tends to show that though he would be loth to admit it, the average racing man is decidedly superstitious.

* * *

"In one of the most aristocratic quarters of the city, where the gilded dome of Napoleon's tomb and the twin towers of St. Francois Xavier are sentinels over historic association, lies the beautiful Boulevard des Invalides, a long, tree-shaded avenue, where sounds march in list slippers and the perfume of flowering shrubs envelopes the senses. One plump shoulder of this charming drive is made interesting by a little grouped commotion every Thursday afternoon. Through an imposing iron gateway, into the centre of the street, is rolled a curious looking machine of the velocipede order. It consists of nine largest size bicycles joined to itogether in a chain by means of nickel bars, the guide, the second, in front. In its wake follow eight young men of about 18, dressed in a uniform of dark blue, with gilt buttons, flat caps and heels, the pantaloons nearly caught around the ankle by clamps. Neat cuffs and collars and well-trimmed hair show careful attention to the person. The expression of the faces is cheerful, almost gay, the carriage straight and manly, but gentle and unforceful. This, with a certain timidity of bearing, makes one glance again to see—that the party is entirely blind! They have walked through the gateway, crossed the sward, and reached the queer machine without guide or direction, and commence at once that masonic trick of adjustment o fwheel and handle known to the bicycle fraternity. Chatting and smiling, each of the eight finds his special steed and stands beside it."—Outing for February.

As a blood purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla surpasses all other remedies. 267

A Cure For Headache.

Dear Sirs,—I have been troubled with Headache for a number of years. I started to take B.B.B. and now I am perfectly cured. It is an excellent remedy for Headache and Dizziness. Mrs. Matthew Martin, Becton, Ont. 246

THE TOLL OF THE SEA.

Vivid Description of a Not Uncommon Scene on the Wild Coasts of Scotland.

"Will she weather the point, captain?" asks the anxious, excited lad. The question is put to an old seafarer, whose face is furrowed by the briny beatings of a thousand storms. He holds to his left eye an old marine glass and gazes intently through the murk of the storm at a vessel visible only at intervals through the sheeted hurricane rains that hurtle wildly across the narrow space between clouds and waves. Long and fixedly he looks, steadying himself against the force of the blast with legs wide apart. The boy's question seems neglected or forgotten, but at last the glass is lowered and the old seaman says grimly: "No, my lad; that will she no."

The scene is a little fishing town on the southwest coast of Scotland. Yesternight the sun went down ominously red amid little tufts of gathering clouds, and he was scarce out of sight ere the wind began to rise. As the night wore on it grew to a gale that disturbed the soundest sleeper, and now in the first of the dawn it blows a fearful hurricane, dashing the rain along in sudden masses that strike like a solid thing. There are no sleepers in the little town; all the folk are down at the beach, and already the life-boat has been launched and is off down the coast, hanging on to a schooner, the first victim of the gale. And now dimly, at the distance of about a mile, is descried this other vessel laboring between the Alisa Crieg and the land in a desperate struggle to get her head round and to find free sea room in the channel. "No," says the old mariner again, "she canna do it; the sou'wester has the grips on her."

On the rocks stand a group of fishermen, romantic-looking figures clad in oilskins, who returned with their boats during the flight in the first of the storm. Keenly, critically, they watch the vessel with the seaman's appreciation of her movements. "She's makin' a brave fight," says one. "Ay," is the answer, "but it's no use; she canna do it." Some half dozen of women stand apart by themselves, tall and muscular, one with a child under her plaid. A long pier of rough stones juts out from the shore, but it marks a divisive line between. To the west stretch fearful impassible rocks; to the east a long reach of sandy bay. The point at issue is whether, if the good ship comes ashore, she will strike rocks or sand. It is a question of life or death, and the lives upper out there does not know it. "She's no managing, Geordie," calls out the old captain to a tall fisherman. "Na," answers Geordie, "an' if he tries muckle langer he'll strike the Deil's teeth." The "Deil's teeth" are a low range of saw-like sunken rocks that in a moment will rip up the stoutest vessel ever launched by man.

The daylight makes but little progress; over earth, sea and sky lies a pall of fateful grey, threshed by driving sheets of rain. We stand knee-deep in yeasty foam blown from the trotuous sea; a strange, green, crust-looking slime it is, that yields to the feet and blows up again in blinding flakes when trodden in. It stretches fifty yards over the beach into the fields and village streets. And the desperate struggle of ship and elements continues. To the land no man never seen the like before it seems deathly. It draws every faculty of emotion or imagination; it grips the very heart, for there are human lives at stake; the ship itself seems like a living thing. Fighting out for life so valiantly against wind and water. She is much nearer now; so near that even the unpractised eye can tell her little chance. By the group of sailors at the foot of the mast it is evident a last desperate effort is being made. There is a shaking in the sails, but suddenly a terrific blast tears the topsail from the ropes, and it flaps uselessly, ungainly, amid the rigging. Another squall bursts, wiping out heaven and earth, and when it has passed we can see the fight is over. On comes the ship broadside before the relentless wind like a broken-hearted warrior straight for the rocks. Had she not fought so long and so well she might have drifted ingloriously on to the eastern sands, but her ineffectual beatings westward have only served to doom her to the saw-toothed ridges that lie under the seething waves.

The fishermen now bestir themselves. They bring long ropes, a barrel and cork floats, which they take down to the shore. The old captain hands the boy his glass and goes to lend his little aid. How swift now it seems she comes, ever nearer, looming hugely as she rises on the top of a wave, the pitiful brave ship. It cannot be but she has a soul, this like a living thing of timber and sails. Surely no warrior ever went to his death wounded and at bay with more eloquence of unyielding courage. The sailors no deck are clinging to ropes and shrouds waiting for her to strike. There is a slight pause as her roll, and she heels round by the bow; some low rock has caught her. She bounds clear, dips right over, rises again, as if disdaining to die at the first wound, then there is a recoil and a hideous grating. The "Deil's teeth" are in her. Out of the turmoil of the sea shoots a huge timber from her bottom, and the fishermen on the beach rush out of its way as it crashes on shore. The good ship settles down, rocking back and forwards, fifty yards from the shore, nearer she will never get; she is dying.

And now for the human lives. The distance seems short; but how to bridge it? From the ship they throw out a barrel with a line attached. To us, who stand watching with mouth parched by excitement, it seems ages until that barrel comes ashore, bobbing and dashing among rocks. At last it is secured, and the fishermen bear the line on a slant where the way is clear of rocks that might dash a man's brains out. They bend on another rope so that it may be hauled in to the ship and a double line set up. But ere they can do so a man steps over the ship's side, and with a firm hand-over-hand grasp descends in the boiling surf. Tall and strong he seems, and comes first to give the others confidence. The waves toss him about like a cork; ten times it seems he is swept away, and when at last the fishermen, heedless of the breaking wave, rush into its hollow and grasp him, he is not able to stand, and has to be carried up the shore.

The fishermen sign and shout to wait for the second line, but the ship is rolling frightfully, and her broken timbers shoot from her as if propelled by an engine of war. Another seaman descends, and midway is shot clear into the air, losing grasp of the rope. A moan goes up from the shore, and the Herculean Geordie, mounting a rock, throws with unerring aim a rope and a cork float, which the sailor clutches with the grasp of despair, and is dragged to the beach bleeding. Another succeeds in reaching land in like manner, and then over the rail steps the cabin boy. "God have mercy on him," cry the pitiful women. The captain to encourage him ties a line round his waist and the little fellow manfully drops into the sea. Hand over hand he advances slowly, so slowly that it seems we must go away; the excitement is too oppressive. By keeping the guide line taut the captain aids him to retain his hold of the shore rope, but while yet the boy is ten yards from the beach the captain drops his line in the sea; it has come to an end. Seeing this, the tall fisherman ties a rope round his waist; the other fishermen hold on by the end, allowing him some slack, and following the huge hollow of a retreating wave, the giant leaps up through its crest outwards towards the boy. "Oh, Geordie," cries the woman with the baby under her plaid. For some moments nothing can be seen of boy or man; the fishermen on shore hold on desperately by the rope; a mighty wave crashes, and, when it recoils, out of its depths reels the brave man, and folded tightly in his arms is the little cabin boy. By and by the captain comes safely ashore in a cork belt sent out by the fishermen, and another chapter of the sea's eternal history is written. Would that they all ended so happily.

WHAT SOME THINGS MEAN.

The Curse of Scotland.

After the battle of Culloden Duke William wrote his sanguinary order for military executions on the back of a playing card, which happened to be the nine of diamonds, and this card has ever since been styled the "Curse of Scotland."

Origin of "Bumper."

At the time when the English folks were good Catholics it was customary to drink the health of the Pope out of a full glass, in French au bon pere, which has been transformed into the English bumper. In the Midland counties anything large is called a bumper; jolly sized girl, a bumping lass; an unpolished rustic, a bumpkin; and the transition is easy in naming a large glass, filled to the brim, a bumper.

A Doyley.

The word doyley so constantly used in speaking of bits of fine linen for table use was originally D'Oyley, the surname of one of the followers of William of Normandy. This Sir Robert D'Oyley was granted certain valuable lands by his king on the condition that each year, at the feast of St. Michael, he should present his king a linen table-cloth worth three shillings. Naturally, as these cloths were used at the royal banquets, the women of the D'Oyley family did all they could to make them worthy of their exalted use by enriching them with beautiful needlework, and the D'Oyley linens became famous.

The Soldier's Salute.

J. W. writes: "If my memory does not play me falsely, the ordinary salute of the soldier of to-day comes down to us from feudal times. It is a relic of the old knightly tournaments. When the various combatants entered the lists, and approached the gallery whereon sat the fair and noble ladies, each knight put his hand to his brow in order to protect his eyes from the dazzling beauty, with which, according to the medieval romancists, the gentle dames were inevitably blessed. As each knight appeared before the Queen of Love and Beauty, or before his own lady-love, he removed his helmet, remaining uncovered until he had passed. In this act we see the forerunner of the modern custom of removing the hat when meeting a lady friend.

"The custom of shaking the hands goes back, I believe, still further. It dates from the earliest times when men wore arms. As it was often a difficult matter to distinguish friends from foes, and no man could feel safe from attack, it was usual when two men met in friendly discourse—or shall I say in peaceful parley?—for each to seize the right hand of the other. The hands were kept grasped until the parley was ended, and by this means a treacherous attack was rendered, to a great extent, almost impossible."

Our Own Novelist.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, whose "Trail of the Sword" was published in book form in London and New York simultaneously last October, and who has a series of stories of "Pierre and His People" now running in three English magazines, is by birth a Canadian. He was born, says The London Literary World, in the famous old city of Quebec in 1862, the son of an officer in the Royal Artillery, and the descendant of army men for many generations. He himself was educated for the church, but becoming lecturer on English literature at Trinity College, Toronto, abandoned the idea. Ill-health took him to the South Sea Islands and Australia. He lectured in all the chief Australian cities, and the University of Sydney appointed him to deliver a course of lectures on English literature. He went through Ceylon and Java, all over Australia and through the South Sea Islands, Samoa, Tonga, Fiji and the Sandwich Islands. To the last he went as special commissioner of The Sydney Morning Herald, which showed its confidence in him by accepting his judgment on large political questions and framing its policy thereby.

Mr. Parker also had an English version of Faust and other plays produced by George Rignold in Sydney. He was altogether three years and a half in Australia, and then went to England, where he devoted himself to fiction. His success was instantaneous. His stories have appeared constantly in Macmillan's Magazine, The National Observer, The Illustrated London News, The English Illustrated Magazine, The Speaker and The Pall Mall Magazine. The same success has greeted his books, "Round the Compass in Australia," "The Chief Factor," "Miss Falchion," "The Trespasser," "The Trail of the Sword," and "The Translation of a Savage." The Illustrated American gave this very clever analysis of the secret of Mr. Parker's charm:

"Mr. Parker has made the romantic field of the Hudson's Bay Company and Canada and the Far North his own. He is the first man who has shown what the life and romance of the Hudson's Bay Company really are. As a romancist of the deepest dye, Mr. Parker gets to the heart of the comedies and tragedies of life, but deals with them in the spirit of hope and courage. In all of his work there is the joy of fighting, the spirit of conquest, and yet the deep, intimate sense of humanity and observant sympathy. Mr. Parker is new; he is strong, he is daring, he is of the open air life, not of 'the clubroom's green and gold.' A sweet, inspiring air blows through all his work. There has been no stronger revolt against the tragedy of the hairpin and the idea that men must write to please the ladies, 'with dandy pathos,' than that of Mr. Parker."

Mr. Parker has recently done a tour in Mexico, Cuba and Yucatan. He has chambers in St. James', London, and a cottage in Hertfordshire, where he may be found in the hunting field during the season. In person Mr. Parker is a tall, handsome man, with a well-trimmed beard and an expression full of alertness and ability.

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