

LITERATURE SCIENCE EDUCATION DONALD G.F.



"Joyful Heatherby"

"Listen—T am He that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive forevermore and have the keys of heil and of death.""
"What does that mean to you, Joyful?"
"I think it means that while we can't understand, yet we can trust, for Christ has the keys, the keys that will liberate. I never think that anyone is to be forever in one place; everything moves and changes, and things are transformed—they die and come to life again. I believe even more in spirit than I do in body, Marie. You see what I mean; here is your beautiful body lying all crushed and torn, and you, oh, Marie! you have got to leave it here, and when you have left it, it must be laid away, but you, you, dear, that which shines now in your face, the cruel wheels could not touch it. The you that looks into my eyes, that is real, as real as God. You see God must be, or there would be no you to live, to love me, to go out of what lies here on this bed and leave it to its fate. Listen, Marie, Do you truly love me? Is your love real? Then, Marie, it can't be this crushed, hurt thing that lies here that loves out of your eyes into mine. Love can't exist without a source, and this you that is loving me so will go and find God. Just as your love draws my heart to you, so His love will draw yours to Him. No matter what you have done, He will know the love in you, and you will find God. Oh, I know. Marie; I am not afraid of God, I never have been."

"Adrift! Adrift in the drifting mist!

Adrift on the open sea.

With never a rudder, and never a sail

Where rudder and sail should be.

Nay, what avail are rudder and sail

Where wind nor tide may be? An unseen hand must guide to land, Or the ship is lost at sea."

By PAYNE ERSKINE.

Beneath the sunny blue of a May day sky, amid the lisp of leaves and ripple of bird songs, with never a human footfall or a human voice to interrupt the solitude of the wilderness, I read "Joyful Heatherby." This latest production from the pen of Payne Erskine, author of "The Mountain Girl," and "When the Gates Lift up Their Heads," tells the story of a young girl, pure and sweet and lovely, who spent the early years of her life amid just such idyllic remoteness from the world as this sylvan nook of mine, until circumstances forced her, alone and friendless, out into the city.

Now, in this Canada of ours—I know for I have proved it—a girl, alone, young and quite as inexperienced, may sojourn in one of our big cities and meet with nothing there to impair her ideals or shatter her faith in mankind. She may find unfailing kindness and uplifting companionships, and return with the conviction that "the world" is not so black after all as it is painted, Perhaps it is otherwise in New York.

with the conviction that "the world" is not so black after all as it is painted. Perhaps it is otherwise in New York.

A Simple Life.

In a little sheltered cove with the sea in front and the forest behind lived Joyful Heatherby. Her parents were dead, but she was treated with the utmost gentleness and love by her grandfather and grandmother. Mr. Heatherby had been a sailor, and still went out fishing sometimes in his old boat. His son had died on the sea. The only anxiety that ever came to the cove was when grand-daddy stayed out too long. Grandmother always had a "spell" at such times, a harmless little mind weakness of one whom the sea had deprived of many loved ones. Joyful had a few good friends, chiefly Elizabeth Drew, a beautiful and cultured girl whom she designated as "Lady Faire," and Nathanael and Jack Steddard. Nathanael, who had renounced his own ambitions in order that his gifted brother might go to college, now plodded and dreamed on his father's farm.

The girl happily performed her simple household tasks, and unconsidered the cover in the cover have been."

In your face, the cruel wheels could not touch it. The you that looks into my eyes, that is real, as real as God. You see God must be, or there would be no you to live, to love me, to go out of what lies here on this bed and leave it to its fate. Listen, Marie, it can't be this crushed, hurt thing that lies here that loves me; Is your love real? Then, Marie, it can't be this crushed, hurt thing that lies here that loves me; Is your love real? Then, Marie, it can't be this crushed, hurt thing that lies here that loves me; Is your love real? Then, Marie, it can't be this crushed, hurt thing that lies here that loves me; It is the you that looks out of your eyes into mine. Love can't exist without a source, and this you that looks out of your eyes in the you far your so Him No matter what you have done, He will draw yours to Him No matter what you have done, He will find God. Oh, I know. Marie; I am not afraid of God, I never have been."

One.

The Artist Enters.

"When a man, starting out in the enthusiasm of youth, has toiled and hoped on into the earnestness of manhood, patiently, perseveringly seeking to maintain his ideals in spite of all that the world offers in exchange therefor, and finds at last he has brought up against a blank wall of in-difference, what is he to do but take the antidote for his suffering that nature benignly gives—to lie awhile on her breast, bathe in her streams, listen to her bird songs and the voices of her woods, revivify himself with her pure breezes, and let his soul become once more enlightened by God's sun-light streaming over all? Mark Thorn, vaguely feeling this instinctive long-ing for the natural cure of his hurt, sought it out, even as a vine trails its length toward its natural support, or a flower seeks the sun."

Mark Thorn was an artist, and the the cold indifference which the public accorded his work, and even worse the lack of appreciation and sympathy in the beautiful girl he was to marry some day. Louise Parsons had as sayed to spur her lover on to success, but he understood perfectly that he must win the world's applause before he could win her love. He knew his work was good, but simply because it was American in theme the public, who demanded foreign art, would have

So Mark left the unseeing, unfeeling city behind and set out he knew not whither. Chance directed him to Woodbury Centre, where the thread of his life was to be so closely woven with other life-threads. Joyful's fresh beauty and simple innocence pleased his artistic nature, and in him the girl found a friend who could understand and appreciate her quaint, romantic views of life. Joyful believed that everyone, like the knights of old, had nsters to fight-trials and temptations to be overcome and wrongs to be set right—before he could amount to anything. Mark found in these

In Nathanael's life-thread Mark staunch friends. Mark discovered two humdrum sphere. On account of his younger brother's selfishness not so where but the painted trillium usually his wings. Mark inspired him with a faith in himself and emphatically ad-

It transpired by and by that Joyfui rarely. The cocksure wooing brought her fears and tears, and who, unlike her ideal knight, you have come upon a bed of that you have come upon a bed of that fragrant wild flower, but upon examining it you find bird-shaped, reddishing it you find bird-shaped, reddishing it you find bird-shaped.

THE DAY'S WORK

HAPPINESS OF HAVING A HOBBY.

of these artistic zine edifices, may be empty; but if you are equipped with a hobby horse you are a happy individual, for its possession will ensure you many glorious hours of recreation. Some people keep a whole stable full of hobby horses (for frequently one hobby is born of another), which which they ride in turn; but the person who has only one is likely to become better acquainted with it.

Hobbies are the lineal descendants of the renowned old steed Pegasus, and are bred in the wild, free places of the earth. They bear their owners far from sordid cares into a blessed region of rest and relaxation from whence the weary, jaded riders return refreshed, to pursue their ordinary vocations.

refreshed, to pursue their ordinary vocations.

He who rides the hobby horse never takes the bediam road; it is the man of one idea who goes mad.

Your hobby may be anything from stones to sters, art to agriculture, beetles to books; a bibliomaniae is greatly preferable to a dipsomaniae, and much less likely to become an inmate of a lunatic asylum. The greatest opstacles in the pursuit of hobbies are the clean or mean housekeepers who object strenuously to what they are pleased to call a "clutter" or to any outlay on articles, that to their narrow vision are apparently useless. One city man, whose harmless hobby was the collection of stuffed birde, was obliged to keep his interesting possessions at a taxidermist's on account of the violent opposition of his wife. Another, who had a great love for live birds was not permitted to keep any. He however got even with his better (?) half, for during her prolonged absence in Europe he turned the drawing room into an aviary. Let us hope she was wiser on her return. Do not discourage your children, oh, mothers, by throwing out what you term their rubbish! The hobbies of the little ones are often dearer to their hearts than the old rocking horse. The collector of pebbles may be an infant geologist.

"Whispering tongues can poison truth."
Joyful, becoming the victim of wellmeant but mistaken interference, her
simple, childlike trust shattered,
turned her back on her best friend and fought her way alone. For months Mark tried to trace her, but in valn. Meanwhile he worked steadily at his

Mark tried to trace her, but in vain. Meanwhile he worked steadily at his painting, winning in time both fame and fortune.

Other life-threads are introduced, and the shuttle weaves back and forth, back and forth without pause or rest in the hands of destiny. The threads, the dark and unlovely with bright and pure, cross and re-cross and intertwine. The pattern, puzzling and intricate, is complete at last, and we see that the design has a meaning—that that the design has a meaning—that 'monsters' exist for loyal hearts to writing that seems best adapted to Cultivate the mastery of the style of

fight and conquer, and that a "maiden knight" may say, with Sir Galahad of old, "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart in pure."—Mc-Clelland and Goodchild, publishers.—L. Writing that seems best adapted to your abilities.

Writing that seems best adapted to your abilities.

Writing that seems best adapted to your abilities.

The mind is always looking for a chance to leave the printed page.

—The Editor.

thorpe in Lancomsanre, on the chart coast of England. For several months the author worked in absolute seclusion in that out-of-the-way spot, which was then not yet overrun by excursionists, and on the wonderful sands stretching miles upon miles coastwise, and here and there as much as a mile out to sea, he tried to live over again the days of Montcalm and Wolfe. Appropriately enough the book was begun in a hotel at Mabelthorpe called "The Book in Hand." The name came from the fact that, in a far-off day, a ship was wrecked upon the coast there, and the only person saved was the captain, who came ashore with a Bible in his hands. There was much trouble in finding a title for the book. At last one day Mr. Grant Richards, the English publisher, who was at that time a journalist, went down from London to Mabelthorpe to interview the author. Gilbert Parker told him of his troubles, saying: "You see, it is the struggle of one simple girl against principalities and powers: it is the final conquest of the good over the great. In other words, the book will be an illustration of the text, "He has put down the mighty from their seats, and has exalted the humble and meek." "Then, like a flash, the title came—The Seats of the Mighty.

"The Correspondence of Goldwin Smith," edited by T. Arnold Haultain, is being published in Canada by McClelland and Goodchild, Toronto,

Interest is said to be reviving in Kipling's works in England. He has also turned playwright, and two of his one-act plays are proving very popular. These are dramatizations of "The Light That Failed," and "The Harbor Watch."

tained an interesting article by Bern-ard Muddiman of Ottawa, on "Some Aspects of Canadian Poetry." Into some dozen pages Mr. Muddiman has compressed an admirable history of poetry in Canada, "Just before the Act of Confederation in 1867 created Act of Confederation in the history of her scene of the disaster, he was taken there and carefully nursed back to their happily performed her simple household tasks, and unconsciously her nature absorbed the beauty and sweetness of the woodland flowers she loved, and of the met her "monstere"—frightful one; and had it not been for a true shewentful life slipped by until steed was seventeen, when her grandmother told her she was a woman now and nave and new to the first cannot carefully nursed back to their hearts than the old rocking horse. The collector of pebbles may be an in-fant geologist.

One child, who at the early age of four showed a marked predilection for gathering bugs and butterfiles when the remother's little classic library. The years of this uneventful life slipped by until she work and had it not been for a true she wentful life slipped by until she works reached a was seventeen, when her grandmother told her she was a woman now and nave to the finest collection of a federated British North America was enfour specified and at the real beginning of Canada's literative whose approbation is satisfactorities when a growth comes a wonderful year or two. For while the idea of four showed a marked predilection for gathering bugs and butterfiles when the remother's little classic library. The years of this uneventful life slipped by until she work and the collection of a federated British North America was enfour specified and at the real beginning of Canada's literative whose approbation is satisfactorities whose approbation is satisfactorities when a fact of Confederation in 1867 Created modern Canada, in the history of her fant geologist.

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The cultivation of a hobby prolongs youth by adding a fresh zest to life. The artist walks miles to paint the lovely bit of landscape; the bookworm is never tired of haunting the old book stalls, the antiquarian revels in past ages, the boy who collects his postage stamps or catches his specimens of natural history, has no desire to linger on the street corner.

If you have not a hobby go out and pray the gods to give you one, it cannot be bought, but the possession thereof will afford you many hours of innocent enjoyment.

Ratherine A. Clarke

SOME AXIOMS FOR WRITERS.

Good writing comes from clear thinking.

First master your material and then if you have the gift—write.

To master the eraftsmanship of writing requires a lot of good hard work. A complete mastery of the English.

The pride of place as the national poet is given to Roberts, whose commencement of Canadian literative. We do not know the year in which this letter was written, but Browning never made a fortune from his literative. The sonnet on "The Sower" is the epic of the Canadian wheatlands in a nutshell.

A brown, sand-colored hillside, where the soil, Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine, Loss here no hreek in the second. the most Shaksperean writer since the time of Shakspere, a loss which to some of us would seem very con-siderable indeed. And what is true of Browning is equally true of Shelley, and perhaps of Goethe. Matthew Arsaloft
Startled from feed in low-lying croft,
And here the sower, unwittingly divine,

And here the sower, unwittingly divine,

forathought of his Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride

Dumb in the yield soil; and the small joy

Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the blind

Thor." Henry James is another writer who has never amade a good living from his works, and still another was George Meredith. Doubtless the world in general would be greatly surprised to know how much of the finest literary work has been only a source of expense to the writers.

THE MESH OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

Innocent country lad—wrongfully convicted of murder—circumstantial evidence—convict and guard—escape, and the hunt—all told with a humanity and freshness which makes the story just worth reading. The author does not inflict upon the reader the usual harrowing details of fletion prison life, and his characters are not seriously overdrawn.

samples of his songs to bear out the statement. Coming to Archibald Lampman, the writer calls him the poet of the Canadian seasons. Here is a scrap from Mr. Lampman's picture of Ottawa under snow:

Icy fringes, violet shadows,
Every roof a creamy sheet;
Ridges of gray broken silver
Up and down the misty street.

One by one Mr. Muddiman brings the Canadian poets before us. Mention should be made of Robert Service, whose poems are well known in this country, where his "Songs of a Sour Dough" attracted much attention. Then, too, of course, Drummond with his "Habitant" poems is not forgotten. He roes are expected to rise from prison life, and his characters are not seriously overdrawn.

Heroes are expected to rise from poverty to affluence in a short time, and James Montgomery is not a bad sort of chap. Mike Tierney of the police is a good character, but the delineation is faulty in the closing chapters. The real Mike would not have displayed any soft spot. Also Bill Hawkins' conversion was rather too sudden and too permanent for Bill's class. However, there is no padding, while you would not want to real it again, still you could spend an interesting hour or so with "The Quarry" adjugates the bok down without any disagreeable taste in your mouth. "The Quarry," by John A. Moroso: McClelland and Goodchild, publishers.—M. B. T.

Jimson: "Oh. yes. I knew old Sim-

Jimson: "Oh, yes, I knew old Sim son. He was a good sort. He did a very kind action once for me when the ds were dark and threatening and the world locked so black."
Pimson: "What did he do?" Jimson: "He lent me an umbrella."

Some Facts About Divining Rods

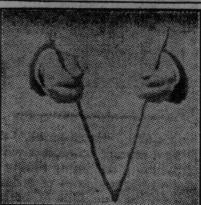
By Camille Plammarion. of it all there is something real which is worthy of being studied.

We cannot in fact ascribe to hazar is the elegant way in which embarrassing questions are sometimes solved. But this expeditious manner has nothing scientific about it. We must therefore resort to systematic analysis and many controversies will doubtless arise before everybody is in agreement on the subject of the mysterious power of the rhabdomancers.

Unexplained Facts.

Unexplained Facts.

It really seems very difficult to explain the facts which have been observed these last days; such, for example, as these: In the Bois de Vincennes, diviners guided by their rods were charged with discovering some dry subterranean cavities. They explore the ground and their helm of wood or metal wavers here and there. One of them, Mr. Pelatrat, announces



HOW TO HOLD DIVINING ROD.

The existence of a cavity at the depth of eighteen merce. The controllers of the

What the newspapers are now describing has been known to lovers of books for 220 years. Let not that hinder the search for the nature of the emanations!

I want to publish a short original poem each week. Canadian and time-ly topics preferred. Handsome book given for each contribution accepted. Handsome book given for each contribution accepted. Who, it is broken off, isn't?" person what you send Address: Literary of what you send Address: Literary Editor. Sunday World. Toronto.

The Departing Guest.

"Do, yes!" explained the young man, endifference what the distance of the sisted the curious one. "But it is broken off, isn't?" person what you send Becky to count the species of what my income was. Then our enterprise of the mature of the emanations!

It was the monthly meeting of the holding a footbridge over an adjacent brook was being hotly debated. "It the minimum and wormwood and rhubarb and Epsom aken of the was carefully examining each test the curious one. "Yes. Send Becky to count the species again."—Tit-Bits.

The Departing Guest.

"Yes. Send Becky to count the species of the mature of the emanations!

It was the monthly meeting of the said and a project for proposition and and put him up a little dose of quinine and wormwood and rhubarb and Epsom maker's yearly bill was and I told her what her dress-maker's yearly bill was and I told her what my income was. Then our enterprise of the enterpris

BULGARIA LOST FOUR PER CENT. OF MALE FORCE

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discussions which the academy of Total Casualty List of Eighty. Six Thousand in War to Drive Turk Out of Europe.

> shed the other day which give some lea of the terrible slaughter that has ken place on the battlefields in the

Balkans.

The figures are official. They refer to the Bulgarian losses alone, and to this terrible list one will have to add the losses of the Servians, Greek, Montenegrins and Turks. The returns show that there have been:

Killed—350 officers, 29.711 men.

Wounded—950 officers, 52.550 men.

Missing, 3.593 officers and men.

This makes a total casualty list of 86.734. When one considers that the total Bulgarian force cannot possibly have numbered more than 350,000 the total of the dead is apapiling, considering the fact that the war was so quickly over.

Bulgaria has a total male population of some 2.200,000 of all ages, so that one male in every twenty-five in the country is either dead, wounded or missing.

During the two years of the South African War the total British deaths in South Africa were: Officers, 1.072; men, 20.870.

The total British casualties during the war (including sick, wounded, and prisoners), were: Officers, 4,188; men. 93.289.

What Barristers Earn

By W. B. Thompson.

new judge? There is much interesting speculation in legal circles as to who will be the occupant of the new seat on the judges' bench in the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice The recommendation of the

ANGEL

* NATURE'S GARDEN *

8-MUSKOKA WILDFLOWERS

find in the shady nooks growing in the carpet of decayed leaves, moss and way, and divides attention with the thoughts a oneness with his own ideals, and often found himself almost un- but deeper in the woods one comes upbutter-yellow of the marsh marigold, consciously comparing Joyful and on the other varieties—the red trillium with its long, lance-like, dark red petals; the painted trillium with helped to unravel a tangle. Having set up a studio in the Stoddard barn, the artist and the farmer became painted" chinaware; the all pinkish painted" chinaware; the all pinkish staunch friends. Mark discovered two interesting things about Nathanaei: that he was a lover—not yea a successful ones—and that he had unusual ability and ambitions outside of his common white almost every—the common

called by Nathanael—and his father's unjust exactions, this ambitious youth had never been given a chance to try his wings. Mark inspired him with a faith in himself and emphatically advised him to break loose from his thraldom. Morover, he did not stop at mere words but in additional mere words and bears a single circle of sharply pointed leaves. From the ground and bears a single circle of sharply pointed leaves.

Mark was found in a wood, all but done to death in some strange assault which he refused to explain to any-

lower one has a lightist pink fringe, from which the flower gets its name the fringed polygala. The flowers grow at the top of the stem and just below them a few broad leaves upon

The saxifrage with its clump of ragged leaves clinging close to rock or soil, and its umbreila-like cluster of small white flowers is abundant everywhere. The club moss is lusciously green in appearance, and one cluster of it will be seen to bear hundreds of tiny clubs erect on slender handles, while a neighboring bunch has crowded thickly together the tiny green resetter that green rosettes that form part of its flowering apparatus. One may lift clumps of this moss bodily from the rock and find so little soil in or about it, that it seems surprising that it grows at all.

Solomon's seal, and its imitators and relatives are found plentifully, the purple twisted stalk being particularly graceful and dainty.

AMATEUR POETS!

I want to publish a short original mere words, but in addition practically opened up the way for his friend. The result was most happy.

It transpired by-and-by that Joyful had a lover, one whose masterful had a lover. No manuscripts returned; keep a copy A leaf much like the wintergreen of what you send Address: Literary

Save where a flock of pigeon stream

deep and fine, bare; no break in the remote

Pale grain from his dispensing palm

aside, This plodding churl grows great in his employ,
Godlike, he makes provision for
mankind.

Of Bliss Carman, Mr. Muddiman says that for absolute poetry he is the leading Canadian singer. And he gives samples of his songs to bear out the statement. Coming to Archibald Lampman, the writer calls him the

Drummond a wide reputation.

It is gratifying to see Canadian poets and their works meeting with so generous a recognition.—Canadian Mail.

Dissolved, Not Broken, "So you've broken off your engage-nent with Miss Stewart?" asked the