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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

THE EMANUEL MOVEMENT

A few days ago, in the Note and Comment column of The Colonist, there was a paragraph referring to the Emanuel Movement, in which it was stated that this new cult was obtaining a wide acceptance. It is a very interesting development of thought and practice. The word Emanuel, which means God with us, is very appropriate, for the underlying principle of the movement is that mankind may derive assistance from the Omnipotent Source of all power. It originated in Boston, Massachusetts, but it is attracting adherents in other places. It must not be confounded with Faith Cure, as preached by Mrs. Eddy and her followers. The founders of the movement, while admitting the efficacy of faith, claim that it is not a substitute for human action. As one of them has said, "Doubtless God can work without human agencies, but so also can He work through human gencies." Therefore the professors of the Emanuel doctrine do not deny the efficacy of medicines, surgery or the other discoveries of science; but regard these simply as the means whereby the sufferings of hunanity can be alleviated, especially if employed in onnection with what, for want of a better term, may

The basal claim of the Emanuelists is that man has a dual existence. They adopt the definitions conscious Self and Sub-conscious Self. Most people on a little consideration understand what is meant these definitions. The Conscious Self is that aspect our being that thinks, hopes, fears, wishes and, enerally speaking, is the active, visible expression of our existence. The Sub-conscious Self is our real self. We all know that we are something more than a collection of flesh, bones, nerves, arteries, and so on, something in addition to our feelings, our desires, our fears, and the like. We speak of our hands and our passions. These things are not us; we are the Subconscious Self to which these things appertain. This may not be a very scientific definition, but it may serve to convey the idea. How often we say to another: Assert yourself! It is the Sub-conscious Self that can be "asserted." Every one who has read "Dombey and Son" remembers that poor Mrs. Dombey refused "to make an effort," and so died. All of us can recall instances where we have failed for the very lack of this assertiveness. All of us know some thing of its effect in sickness. The Emanuel movement seeks to utilize this little-used power that is innate in us all, but is kept too often in subjection to our appetites, our physical frailties and other mental and material influences. It claims to appeal to our real selves. It discards nothing in the accomplishment of its purposes, but proceeds on the assumption that all things can be made to work together for good. It opens an exceedingly interesting field of inquiry, and proposes an explanation of things for which there seems to be no other explanation. If its suggestions, we hardly think that they yet can be called teachings, are right, they will remove much suffering, both mental and physical, from those who act upon them, and will free them from many temptations. It does not claim to be a new religion, but only a recognition of the true meaning of what Jesus taught, a meaning which is not new, for it has been accepted in a perfunctory way by the Church always. It is little else than applied Christianity, a Christianity divested of the intricacles of doctrine and freed from the bondage of ecclesiasticism. Those who tare to pursue its investigation will find a book entitled "Religion and Medicine" very interesting. They may not accept everything the book says, but its perusal cannot fail to be instructive, and it will certainly open a very interesting avenue of thought. The authors are Elwood Worcester, D.D., Ph.D., Samuel McComb, M.A., D.D., and Isador Coriat, M.D.
The publishers are Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

THISTLES AND MATRIMONY

How doth the buzzing bumble bee Alight upon a thistie,
And from the honey in its depths
Proceed to wet his whistle!

This is probably not poetry, not even near-poetry: but it is the mention of an interesting and far-reaching fact. A writer, who is considered a real poet.

In the spring a young man's fancy Lightly turns to thoughts of love

It would have been just as true, although, perhaps, it would not have been poetry, if the poet had said:

> With cheap bread young men's fancy Lightly turns, etc.

For between matrimony and cheap breadstuffs, statistics tell us, there is a close connection. Why this should be so, we may inquire in vain. What subtle influence leads a youth to be more inclined to ask a girl to marry him when bread is cheap than when it is dear, is, as Lord Dundreary would have said, one of those things that no fellah can find out": but it is a fact, just the same. Therefore, O, young man! when you feel your heart yearning to ask Her to be yours, remember that, without your knowing it, the market quotations for wheat are influencing you, perhaps not to the same extent as Her beauty but to a sufficient extent to affect the average number of proposals in a twelvemonth. At least, this is what statistics tell us; and we all know that "figures cannot lie," although it is likewise true that some llars can figure. This line of thought need not be pursued further. But you may ask what all this has to do with bumble-bees and thistles. Let us see, Wheat is a crop which exhausts the land, and in many parts of the world, in a sufficient number of places to make their product affect the price of that commodity, the fertility of wheat fields is restored by ploughing in clover, that is red clover. Now red clover has a big, deep flower, and it is one of those flowers which need the intervention of the agency of insect life in order that it may fructify. This is another one of those strange things about nature. In sects need the honey of flowers in order to live, and flowers need to have insects buzzing in their sweet depths in order that they may produce seed whereby their species can be perpetuated. Almost the only insect which can perform this office for the red clover is the bumble-bee. There may be others that can do it in a small way, but the bumble-bee is the chief and, in most parts of the world, the only agency by which this highly important work can be carrie on. Now clover does not bloom all the year round. and after it has gone to seed, that is, after our friend the bumble-bee has done his duty, the busy fellow would have a poor chance of making a living, if it were not for the thistles. So if there were no thistles, the chances are that bumble-bees would die, and next year the clover would not yield its seed, and the following year the farmers could not sow their fields to clover to be ploughed in during the late summer the wheat crop would grow shorter and shorter, and the annual number of marriages would fall away especially in the more humble ranks of society. from which all grades draw their strength and

The above must not be taken too seriously, although what has been stated is true enough. The facts are interesting because they show how very closely related to each other things, apparently absolutely disconnected, really are. Possibly the inquiry could be pushed a great deal further, and we intensely black, and fringed with very heavy lashes.

might see that in hundreds of ways Nature's intricate machinery is geared up in surprising fashion. The thistle and bumble-bee and love's young dream would not appear at first blush to have the remotest association, but we see that they have. And just before we drop the subject, let us consider another phase of it. Mention has been made of the subtle effect of cheap bread upon the number of marriages. Such unconscious and uncontrollable effects are innumerable. We came across an interesting illustration of this a day or two ago, in the course of a little desultory reading. As every one knows, a trout which frequents dark, shady pools is dark in color, while one that lives in bright, running water is light in color. Put the pool trout in the running stream and he will grow lighter. Place the stream trout in the pool and he will grow darker. Now there are in certain caves blind fishes, and these have been placed in running water, to see what would be the effect upon their color, and no change occurred. Hence it is inferred that a trout un sciously assimilates himself to his surroundings so far as color is concerned. We all know that game birds do the same thing. Wherefore the inference seems to be that some influence operating through the eye causes a change of color in fish and bird. And this is quite as wonderful as the suggested connection between thistles and matrimony.

MAKERS OF HISTORY

XV. We have followed the records of the Old World from the earliest dawn of history until the time when the Roman Empire entered upon a process of disruption, and we have seen how great soldiers have engraved their names imperishably upon the memory mankind. Among the Makers of History, whose careers have been briefly sketched in this series of articles, only one, Abraham, owed his eminence to other qualities than those which make for military success. He may have been, as some of the legends say, a great general, but it is not as such that his name has come down to us. Every one, who is familiar at all with the history of this great man knows the Story of Ishma-el, one of the most pathetic of all tales. How great an element of truth there may be in the popular idea that this son of Abraham was the ancestor of the race, which afterwards dominated Arabia, is something which cannot be determined, but it is interesting to know that the subject of the present article, whose share in molding the destinies mankind during more than twelve centuries greater than that of any other individual, claimed to be able to establish his direct descent from the bondwoman, whom Sarah's jealousy drove into the wilderness with her infant son.

The early history of Arabia is shrouded in obscurity. Arabian records are by no means lacking in quantity nor in wealth of detail, but the accounts contained in them are hardly reconcilable with what is known from other sources. In the article on Abraham, reference was made to a tradition that he came from Southern Arabia, where a powerful kingdom existed from very ancient times. The Yemenite kings, who were overthrown by the Abyssinians in 529, claimed to represent a dynasty that had existed for twenty-five centuries, and there are etymological reasons for supposing that they came originally from Africa, invading Arabia nearly four thousand years ago and overthrowing the more ancient monarchy that had been in control of the country, and of which some fragmentary records have recently been discovered. The Yemenite kings claim to have been, at different times during the continuance of their dynasty, exceedingly powerful. It is alleged in their records that one of them extended his sway all over Central Asia, conquering even China. Of another it is asserted that he subdued all Northern Africa. We are, however, without anything in confirmation of these extraordinary claims, and they do not appear to harmonize with the known facts of history. Nevertheless, there is a histus in the records of Egypt, Persia and the other nations in the world, during which many remarkable things may have taken place. This period has already been rehave taken place. This period has already been referred to as corresponding in some respects to the Dark Ages in European history. The Abyssinian control of Arabia did not last very long, and was replaced by Persian domination, and this again gave place to what has been called the Saracenic period. This was in A.D. 634. The founder of the Saracenic power, better known as Islam, was that remarkable man, Mohammed, which means "The Praised." He was born in A.D. 670, at Mecca; he died in A.D. 632. In the first three years of his mission he made forty converts. Within the next century Islam had extended its sway from the borders of China to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. It is impossible in the space available in a single article to give even a brief outline of the progress of this remarkable organization, and as a general idea of it is necessary to the proper understanding of modern history, the treatment of it will be extended over two or more papers.

Christianity penetrated Arabia during the early centuries of our Era, its influence being felt all over the peninsula and across the Red Sea into Abyssinia. Judaism also became widespread, many colonies of Jews having taken refuge in Arabia after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. Many reformers arose, who sought to win the people away from their ancient paganism and to restore the worship of "the God of Abraham." There began a period of religious unrest, and the popular mind was prepared for a new departure, when Mohammed in his fortieth year an nounced that he had received a call from God to preach the true religion. His teaching was at first very simple, for he contented himself with exhorting his friends to abandon their ancient superstition and to believe in a just and merciful God, who eternal, invisible, almighty and omnipresent. He advised prayer, fasting and almsgiving. He was regarded as a well-meaning, but half-witted, enthusis His uncle openly called him a fool, and his adoptive father declined to take him seriously. His wife, Kadidja, however, stood by him, and by her encour agement prevented his mission from being abandoned. For twelve years his success was very slight, but he was fortunate in converting some residents of the town of Yathrib, who had come on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and when he found that he had beco oxious to the people of his native city, he fled to Yathrib, which afterwards became known as Medina, or the City of the Prophet. This was in A.D. 622, and the incident is known as the Hegira, from which Mohammedan chronology dates. This was the turning point in his career. In Medina he was recognized as a lawgiver, and he obtained the chieftainship of two powerful tribes. One of his first decrees sanctioned the waging of war for the propagation of the faith of Islam, and having been vic torious in a battle with the Meccans, although his troops were greatly outnumbered, adventurers from to overcome all who opposed him. Shortly before his death he lead 40,000 men on a pligrimage to Mecca, and was recognized as the greatest power in the peninsula. His death caused intense excitement, and dissensions at once arose among his followers that

Personally, Mohammed is described as of middle height, lean, broad-shouldered, with a well-set head covered with curly hair. His eyes were large and

He wore a long, black beard. In character he was amiable, gentle and very quick to forgive an injury; on the other hand, he frequently exhibited cunning, deness and cowardice, and was at all times much addicted to sensuality. He was superstitious, be-lieving in omens and charms and in the existence of genil. He was unquestionably sincere. What foundation there may have been to the accounts which he gave of his wonderful visions, must remain a mystery. Such as he was, his influence upon the human race has scarcely been equalled by any man before or since his day.

Social and Moral Reformers

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

JOHN RUSKIN

The history of the St. George's Society is a menument to Mr. Ruskin's patience and pertinacity. It was formed with the most laudable of objects, and yet from the very first seemed doomed to fail. Anyone who would agree to conform to the rules and to give a tithe of their incomes might became a membe of the society, the funds of which were to be used in obtaining land, upon which were to be place tenants, who were to work the soil for all the good there was in it. The tenants were to build their own houses, and from the crops produced on the farms were to derive their livelihood, paying a small proportion into the guild fund. Later on, as the scheme grew more ambitious, it was decided to form artizar classes, as smiths, carpenters, etc., so that the society might be self-supporting. The children were all to be educated according to Ruskinian rules, and the people encouraged by every means to make their nomes beautiful and their surroundings inspiring Mr. Ruskin was the first contributor to the fund He donated ten thousand pounds from his private fortune, and for many long months waited in vain for a "generous public" to assist him. At length, after nearly a year had elapsed, a stranger sent him the sum of thirty pounds, and in four years the list of subscriptions, exclusive of his own, amounted to only four hundred pounds. Some friends and sympathizers contributed land, but though Mr. Ruskin worked with all his mental, moral and physical strength for the furtherance of his scheme, the guild only found itself, after several years, saddled with few plots of land and the resignations of most of the 'communists," who had not the requisite knowledge,

ambition or capacity to work the land properly by their own labor. Mr. Hobson in his biography of Ruskin calls his St. George's scheme quite impracticable, and probably in those days it was, and that even yet the time is not ripe for the perfection of any such ideal state of society. The greatest changes in Nature take place slowly and almost imperceptibly, and so it is with the deepest and wisest schemes for the amelioration of social conditions. But all good work bears good results, though we who have striven may not live to results, though we who have striven may not live to see them. "Against the rightlest rock, the smallest wave may gain admission in a thousand years," and it may take generations to bring the results about Conscientious thought and labor are never without their reward. What we may term failure is only the postponement of a glorious fruition. This is the consolation of those who labor for the betterment of their fellowmen. "No good deed, however small, is lost." These words embody one of the eternal truths of God. So it has been with Ruskin; while his in the direction of political economy did not begin to receive due recognition while he lived, and comparatively few people believed in him sufficiently to follow his example, today his "Fors Clavigera" and his other books along the same lines are becoming more and more widely read. Just before his death, when he had almost given his St. George's Society up in despair, he quoted with Plato, "In Heaven there is laid up a pattern of such a city; and he who desires may behold it, and beholding it govern himbe such an one, is of no importance to him, for he will act according to the laws of that city and no But today, both in England and America model villages have been formed along the lines he laid down for the St. George's Guild; schools have ing to Ruskinian rules, while one of the most beautiful of his many memorials is the Ruskin museum which he founded at Walkley, near Sheffield, though since then the cottage he secured was found inade-quate for the ever-increasing store, and another and more commodious building was bought, and a permanent museum founded. Here may be found the richest and most perfect treasures of art, paintings, engravings and sculptures, rare editions of old MSS, and many works relating to the fine arts. There is a room devoted to stones and other specimens of natural history, one to minerals, another to literature; and about the museum, engraved or painted upon the walls, are familiar quotations from the works of the

great founder, making the visitor feel the association of his immediate personal influence, But not least among the many noble results of Mr. Ruskin's teaching are the revival of the ancient handicrafts. As an illustration may be given his experiment in the Isle of Man. Here the be old-time industry of spinning and weaving of cloth, an industry that had once been the Manxman's pride and boast, had quite fallen into decay. Mr. Ruskin, with the assistance of a few friends, built a water and were paid in yarn or in fihished cloth, as in the old days. A new market for the goods was soon warranted neither to shrink nor to change color, and to last forever," was appreciated by those who hought. The industry increased and is still growing, and the Manx spinners have won back their old and enviable reputation. Other manufacturers have adopted Mr. Ruskin's teaching in this respect, producing not only worthy goods, but carrying out his ideas in the running of their business, making possible direct participation in ownership of capital by the workers in the

All over England and in some parts of America classes have been organized, for the most part by the efforts of voluntary, unpaid teachers, to further Ruskin's scheme for the promotion of the old and be industries, and in every case a ready market is found for the productions, for example, the handwoven cloth of South Wales, and the beautiful Rus kin pottery, upon which are engaged only skilled artists and designers. Other handicrafts, as book binding, leather work, basket-making and embr are becoming more and more popular as people realize the honest beauty and durability of such work. A few of the Ruskin classes are associated with the South Kensington Art Schools; others with the County Councils, but most are independent, and their rapid growth may be realized from the statement that though in 1884 there were only 40 classes at work, in a few years time the number had grown to 500, until at present, so popular have the classes become, it would be impossible to estimate their number. Whether or not the fact has any significance in relation to Mr. Ruskin's teaching, it might be said in

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passing, that while twenty or thirty years ago, and since then almost to the present time, machine-made and machine-stitched household linen and clothing were used almost exclusively, within the last few years women are going back to the older customs of their grandmothers, filling their cedar presses with "hand-woven, sun-bleached and dew-bleached linen." upon which every stitch that is sewn is made by hand, put in under the careful direction of the eye that has always before it "the beautiful result of the whole," and not some miserable little part, as have the factory girls at their machines, who see only the fraction that they are engaged upon, and know nothing and care less about the perfection of the finished article. Nothing so degrades the humanity of a worker as the confining of him to the fraction of a task. Such a performance calls for no skill, no interest, no individuality; it serves only to impart a purely mechanical accuracy. "It is a sad account of a man to give of himself," wrote Ruskin, "that he has spent his life in opening a valve, and never made anything but the eighteenth part of a pin."

It will be seen from the foregoing that the force of Mr. Ruskin's teaching lies in his "Gospel of Work," to "do good work, whether we live or die," "to do as much as we can heartly and happily do each day in a well-determined direction, with a view to far-off results and proper enjoyment of one's work." Therefore, if Mr. Ruskin's views are correct, political economists must agree on the false economy of cheap labor. That old fallacy has been exploded, the fallacy affirming that by paying the lowest market wages we secure the greatest average of work from the employee, and therefore the fullest benefit to the community, and through the community to the employer himself. With beautiful logic, Mr. Ruskin has replied to this argument: "This reasoning would be true if the servant were an engine, of which the mopower were steam, magnetism, gravitation, or any other agent of calculable force. But he being, on the contrary, an engine whose motive power is a Soul, the force of this very peculiar agent, as an unknown quantity, enters into all the political economist's equations without his knowledge, and falsifies every one of their results. The largest quantity of work will not be done by this curious engine for pay or under pressure. It will be done only when the motive force, that is to say, the will or spirit of the creature, is brought up to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel, namely, the affections." Mr. Hobson, in his biography of Mr. Ruskin, sums

up the aim of the reformer in the following words: "To clarify the vision, to elevate the aim, to numanize and so to dignify the ends of conduct, are the persistent endeavors of John Ruskin's teaching. His hope and his appeal as a reformer of society is to those misdirected or ill-directed forces of character which have made us so successful as individuals and as nations in the grosser forms of activity, and which, well-economized for nobler purposes, might secure for us a 'greatness' measurable neither in miles of territory, millions of population, nor in volume of merce, but in 'the multiplication of human life at its highest standard."

THE STORY TELLER

The Indignant One—"The Idea of 'im a-telling me 'ow children ought to be fed! Why, I've buried ten o' my own!"—The Tatler.

A story is being told on James Low, clerk of the Randolph Hotel. The other morning at two o'clock he was disturbed from a pleasant little doze by the telephone bell. He replied and found it was the night clerk of the Quinte Hotel, Belleville, who was calling. "Is that you, Jim?" the Belleville clerk queried. "Yes, sir," was Mr. Low's reply. "What do you want bothering me at this hour for?"

"Well," said the Quinte clerk, "would you oblige us by stopping snoring. We can hear it all the way up here and our guests are complaining."

The Randolph Hotel man then made the wires spit blue.—Kingston Whig.

"We get some sad cases," said the attendant at the lunatic asylum to the visitor, and opened the door to the first cell.

Inside was a man sitting on a stool and gazing va-

inside was a man sitting on a stool and gazing va-cantly at the wall.

"Sad story," said the attendant; "he was in love with a girl, but she married another man, and he lost his reason in grief."

They stole out softly, closing the door behind them, and proceeded to the next inmate. This cell was thickly padded, and the man within was stark, staring

d.
"Who is this?" inquired the visitor.
"This," repeated the attendant, "this is the other n."—Tit-Bits.

No Need To Ask

Vice-President Fairbanks, at his recent annuel re-ception in Washington, said of a certain deplorable condition:

condition:

"We don't need new laws to correct this condition.

We simply need the old laws' proper enforcement.

"The old laws have been construed too mildly. It is like the state of things in the Benedictine monks' new convent in Tarragone.

"An Indianapolis friend of mine, wintering in Spain, lunched at the monastery of the Benedictines. After lunch he took out his digar case.

"I don't suppose you object to smoking here?" he said to the white-clad monk attendant.

"Yes, sir, we do,' the monk answered. "There is a law against smoking in the refectory.'

"Then where,' said my friend, 'do all the cigar and cigarette stubs come from that I see about me?"

"From gentlemen who didn't ask about the law.' the monk replied, mildly."—News Book.

Several Canadians were recently discussing the famous Venezuela message sent during the late Mr. Cleveland's second administration and its reception in Canada.

Cleveland's second administration and its reception in Canada.

"Til never forget," said a Toronto man, "when the excitement was at its height, the concert I attended in Massey Music Hall. It was given by Sousa's Band and the programme included a fantasia on American airs, meaning, of course, The Star-Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle. Mr. Suckling, who was then manager of Massey Hall, was sufficiently in touch with the Toronto public to realise that such airs would not be at the most soothing melodies on earth at that particular season. So, without notification to the audience, the number was changed to a British fantasia and before three bars of Rule Britannia had been played, that wise young guy of a manager had a big Union Jack fluttering down from somewhere near the roof. Well, I've seen a few crowds go crazy, but anything like the spasm which set those four thousand respectable citizens yelling, waving hats and handkerchiefs and giving cheers that were all tigers. I don't expect to see again—uniess Emperor Bill sends another cleveland sees fit to give an extra twirl to the Monroe Doctrine. We have our small, family scraps but when the German Empire and the United States seize the same moment to be nasty to the British Isles, we're likely to remember where our fathers came from. It was a great ten minutes," continued the Toronto citizen, "for we had been given a chance to pay our respects to several countries at once. The next day I was talking to one of the chief men in the band who said with a puzzled air:

"Talways thought it took an earthquake or a-

I was talking to one of the chief men in the band who said with a puzzled air:

"I always thought it took an earthquake or a blizzard to get Canadians excited but I never saw such a lot of wild men in my life as last night's audience. It takes music to get you going."

"Not exactly,' said a Scottish-Canadian quietly, "It takes God Save the Queen following a telegram from the Kaiser to Kruger and a tail-twister from Washington."

WITH THE POETS

Oh, all my pleasant, peaceful joys Are now replaced by woes, I cannot love the daffodil Since I have smelled the rose."

Where once perfection I beheld, Alas, defects I mark; I cannot love the bobolink. Since I have heard the lark.

I was contented all the day, But now I ever pine; I cannot love the draught of milk Since I have tasted wine.

No more I'd hide in Arcady, I weary of the scene; I cannot love the shepherdess Since I have seen the quee

A Song of Earth A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the westAnd woods and fields are sweet again
And warmth within the mountain's

So simple in the earth we tread, So quick with love and life her frame, Ten thousand years have dawned and fied, And still her magic is the same,

A little love, a little trust, A soft impulse, a sudden dream— And life as dry as desert dust Is fresher than a mountain stream

So simple is the heart of man So ready for new hope and joy; en thousand years since it began-Have left it younger than a boy.

The Wind That Shakes the Barley There's music in my heart all day, I hear it late and early, It comes from fields so far away, The wind that shakes the barley.

Above the uplands drenched with dew The sky hangs soft and pearly, An emerald world is listening to The wind that shakes the barley.

Above the bluest mountain crest
The lark is singing rarely,
It rocks the singer into rest,
The wind that shakes the barley.

Oh, still through summers and through springs
It calls me late and early.
Come home, come home, come home, it sings,
The wind that shakes the barley.

-Katherine Tynan Hinkson.

Off to the Sea We're off to the sea, the rolling sea,
We're off to the briny deep;
We're off to the sea, so wild and free.
Where the waters laugh and leap.

Our shoes and stockings we'll lay aside
In the rippling blue to wade.
Over rocks we'll scramble and slip and slide,
And, armed with pail and spade,
We'll dig in the shining yellow sand
And wondrous castles build;
We'll find strange shells on the gleaming strand
With the waves' sweet music filled.

The little scurrying crabs we'll find
And pretty starfish, too,
And seaweed bright of many a kind,
Of many a dainty hue.
We'll watch great ships go saiking by,
And vessels moored at rest,
And fishing boats that rocking die

Upon the ocean's breast,

We're off to the flowing tide,
We're off to a world of foam and spray
Where the snow-capped breakers ride,
—The Teachers' Times (English.)

Joel Chandler Harris (Died July 3rd, 1908) Not in the fearsome roar of deadly strife
Gun calling unto gun.
And flashing red against the snowy smoke
His living bays were won.
Not in the war of Trade, the fight for gold
Where weaklings sink and die
And conquerors march onward in disdain,
Nor heed the glazing eye.

Not thus he mounted to the hill of Fame
All glorious with light,
Not thus. His gentle soul was greater far,
He made the world more bright.
For, like the fairy Piper in the tale,
His music, sweet and mild,
Captured the glad allegiance full and free,
Of every little child.

He gathered boys and girls about his knee,
And told them tales so rare
Of all God's gladsome creatures of the field,
God's songsters of the air.
And thus, unpanoplied with sword or spear,
His heart stayed young and sweet,
And happy little children thronged to lay
Fresh laurels at his feet.

_J. E. M. in Toronto News.

Like figures in a dream they stand in dark, uneven ine.
With plumed and pointed spears that seem to guard
this world of mine.
And wondringly I watch them through the twilight's final gray.
Upon this slope a fading blur against the dying day.

Among them in the autumn-dark I hear the winds complain, When soft upon the window comes the tap of silver On whose gray wings a message is borne, that seem-Is like the slow responses of the Sabbath litany.

Toward the god of storms I watch them lift in dumb appeal
Their dusky arms as over earth the wintry shadows steal;
And wonder as I listen to the winds that come and go,
If they, in mute petiton, beg a covering of snew.

The mock-birds sing the world to sleep, close hidden in their breast;
Within their tent year after year, the robin builds her nest.
I hear them softly crooning to the nestlings hidden When the fragrant winds, wing-weary, whisper low their evening prayer.

Like figures in a dream they stand when day is nearly done,
And then in troops they seem to move toward the vanished sun;
I watch them from my window through the twilight's final gray, In blurred and broken ranks, outlined against the dy-

-Beth Slater Whitson, in The Bohemian.