

and every workman an artist. Machine work should be superseded, as far as advisable for the individual, by hand-work. Men's hands should ever be guided by their brains, and every article for clothing or household furnishing should be an expression of the personality of the man who made it. "Piece-work" he did not favor. It was, he thought, with Ruskin, a workman's right to see an article grow into completion under his own hands, and it should be his joy to recognize it, in some way, as an expression of himself. . . . Above all things, the workman should be honest. Veneered furniture, cheap, machine-made designs plastered in unadulterated ugliness upon plain surfaces, which might otherwise have possessed at least the virtue of dignity, were an especial abhorrence to Morris; but he hated these things, perhaps, more for their effect upon the men who made them than upon those who bought and used them. Aniline dyes, too, he would not tolerate in his mills. They were to him "dishonest," and ruinous to art, so he used, instead, soft vegetable colorings which could not look ugly, even when faded. Honesty, simplicity, repose, were the creeds that he preached, both by word and by example, in the things that left his workshops; yet he was by no means the exponent of such an absolute severity as has been popularly ascribed to him; indeed, some of his designs for wall-papers, etc., have been criticised for excessive intricacy, although for no lack of beauty.

Hearty manual labor, thus invested with individual interest, was to Morris, in short, the most interesting and most pleasant thing in the world. No such labor could be to him dull. He felt this and acted it, and to this attitude, no doubt, may be attributed much of the success of his manufacturing. Merely to be with him was an inspiration which brought out the best efforts of his employees. He believed, too, in giving workmen beautiful buildings to work in, pleasant homes, and working hours short enough to leave time and inclination for recreation and mental improvement, and proved that his belief was no mere sentiment by removing his mills, just as soon as the business came into his own hands, to a pleasant situation on the banks of the Wandle, where there was "water fit to dye with," a walled garden with flowers, and cottages where his employees might breathe good fresh air.

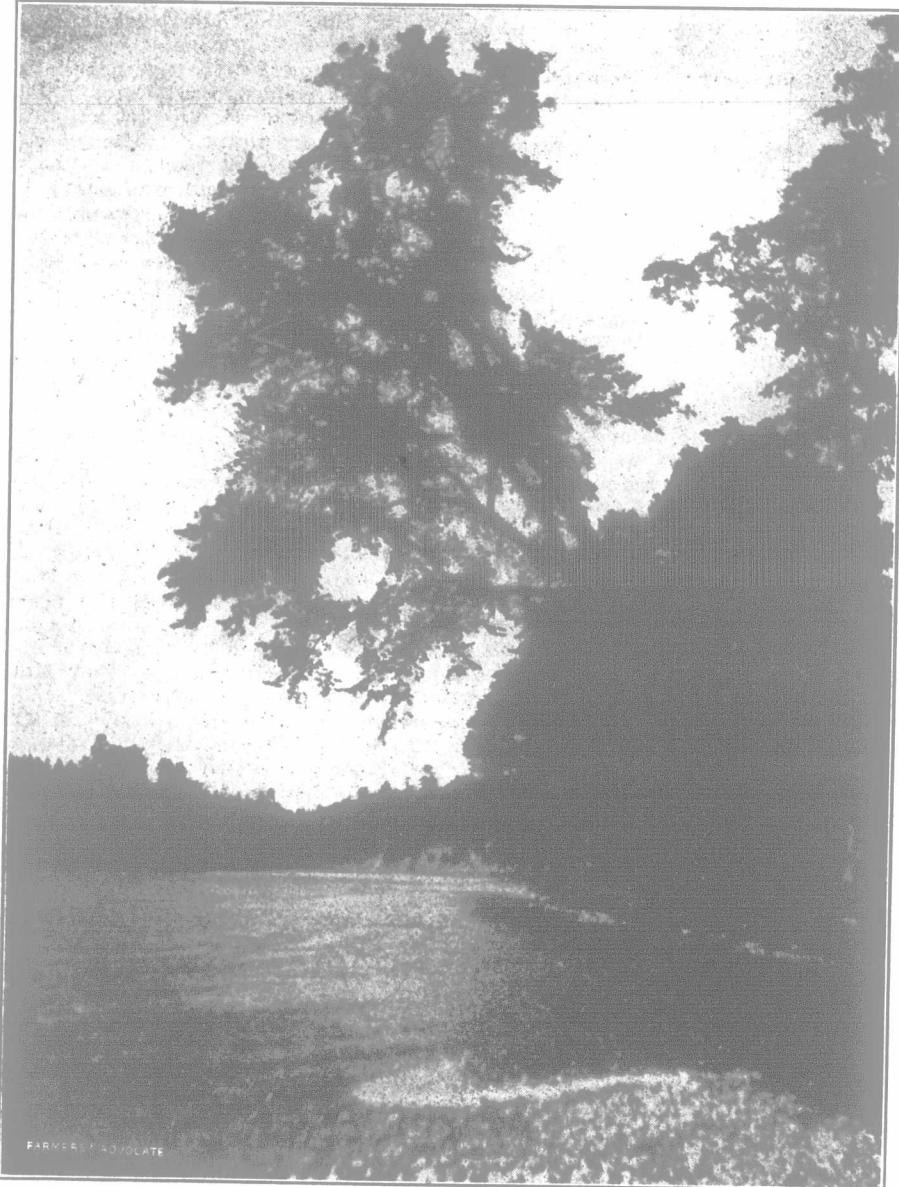
Toward the end of his life, Morris became involved somewhat in a Socialist movement that brought him little happiness. The non-productiveness of the upper classes he could not understand; as little could he understand the readiness with which so many of the laboring classes toil at work which is merely tolerated that a succeeding leisure may be enjoyed. The Socialist platform, always so reasonable in theory, so difficult to work out in practice, appealed to him. He felt that, under different social conditions, mankind, as a whole, should be happier, and that an age might come in which art might continually be associated with handicraft. Throwing himself with all the fervor of his nature into the movement, he lectured, and wrote pamphlets, and on "Bloody Sunday" was the leader of one of the contingents to Trafalgar Square. But he found himself preaching, as a rule, to those who could not understand his ideals—neither those above him in the social scale, nor yet those below—and so he was glad enough to go back once more to his quaintly-beautiful home at Kelmscott, to his mills and his writings, his poems and his translations from the Icelandic Sagas. During his later years he became much interested in beauty of type, and invented and used in his publishing house—for he had now become a publisher, also—many beautiful letterings, very similar to those now adopted by the Roycrofters, which have, indeed, been modelled upon them.

Morris died at his city home in October, 1896, and never, perhaps,

was there a more characteristic funeral. His body was taken to the little Kelmscott churchyard in a strong oak coffin, with iron handles wrought by his own workmen, and covered by a pall of rich Anatolian velvet from his own collection. From the station to the church, it was conveyed, as he had wished, in an open hay cart, with bright wheels of the cheery red which he loved, and draped with vines and alder and bulrushes. Along the way, the farmers of the neighborhood joined with the workmen from the mills to pay the last honors to their "dear good friend."

Morris had the satisfaction before he died of seeing his ideas establish themselves at least in England, and the hope of their ultimate extension through the Arts and Crafts societies which he was instrumental in establishing. To-day, were he alive, he might be glad to see the influence of the Arts and Crafts guilds penetrating almost every part of the civilized world.

But Morris exercised a still greater, if less evident, influence, which may not be so easily measured. His



Beauty Spots of Canada.
View on the River Maitland, Ontario.

philosophy of pleasure in work, his efforts to impress upon mankind that there may be happiness in work; that in all handiwork there may be, should be, beauty and honesty and dignity, have not died with him. The message still goes forth, impressing its sanity upon many who have hitherto blindly regarded work as a curse from Eden, a thing to be endured simply because unavoidable; and where it takes hold it instills a new interest and purpose in life. Perhaps, too, some day his conception of art as "the beauty produced by humble workers as an everyday occurrence and for every day's enjoyment," shall obtain. Then indeed may all men remember William Morris.

Be a man!
Bear thine own burden, never think to thrust
Thy fate upon another!
—Robert Browning.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

What is That to Thee?

"Lord, and what shall this man do?"
"What is that to thee? Follow thou Me."—(From S. John XXI.).

"I exult
That God, by God's own ways occult,
May—doth, I will believe—bring back
All wanderers to a single track.
Meantime, I can but testify
God's care for me—no more, can I—
It is but for myself I know.

So viewed,
No mere mote's breadth but teems immense
With witnessings of providence:
And woe to me if when I look
Upon that record, the sole book
Unsealed to me, I take no heed
Of any warning that I read!"

—Browning's "Christmas Eve."

St. Peter had been told something of God's plans for himself, had received from his Master the assurance that—in spite of his terrible fall—he should

If God's way of judging men were like that Heaven would not need to be very spacious; and there would be no need for three gates on the east, three on the north, three on the south and three on the west—gates which are flung wide open always.—Rev. XXI.: 25.

"Lord, and what shall this man do?" we ask, as we see a brother who does not think as we do, yet who claims to be a follower of our Master.

And the answer is decided: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

God is speaking to us daily, and our business is to follow in the path He has marked out. Is it probable, or possible, that He is forgetting to guide and warn that other person who is no less dear to His heart? When I hear a sermon that comes as a message from God to me, will He be satisfied if I say: "I hope Miss Z was listening, that sermon would do her good?"

In Browning's "Christmas Eve" is described a man who is trying to cling to the garment of Christ and at the same time hold tightly to the prejudices which separate him from his fellows. The rain drives him to take shelter in a little chapel where the congregation and the preacher are not to his taste. He prefers the rain to the company, and goes away in disgust. Then Christ is revealed standing on the pathway, and he understands that the "two or three gathered together in His Name" could not fail to have Him in the midst of them.

"Certainly He was there with them!" is his first joyful thought. Then comes the dismayed conviction:

"It cannot be
That Thou, indeed, art leaving me—
Me, that have despised Thy friends!"

Clinging to the hem of the Saviour's robe he is carried from one place of worship to another, and even into a lecture-room, where a professor declares that the story of the first Christmas is a myth, and yet tells his pupils to "go home and venerate the myth."

It is right to make our religion an intensely personal thing, to realize that everything that comes to us each day is providential—

So viewed,
No mere mote's breadth but teems immense
With witnessings of providence."

Yes, but God has His secret dealings with other souls, too. We must not interfere, but must stand aside reverently while He gives to that other friend of His a shining jewel, inscribed with a mysterious message which we are not able to read.—Rev. II.: 17.

Perhaps we look down on someone, with pity which is stained with contempt, because we feel that he is ignorant or degraded. Yet our Master sternly rebuked the self-satisfied Pharisee, while He tenderly instructed the ignorant and degraded Samaritan woman. Spiritual sins—such as pride, envy, covetousness or selfishness—may be more loathsome in His sight than sins of the flesh.

The prophet Elijah was disheartened and ready to give up the fight. Why? Simply because he thought that he only was faithful to God in the midst of a Godless people. He did not know of any other faithful servants of the Lord God of Hosts—but God knew personally each one of the seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which had never bowed unto Baal and every mouth which had not kissed him.

In all ages there are a few prophets who can be easily distinguished from the crowd. Like Elijah they are very jealous for God's honor, and like him they may become discouraged by fancying that they have to stand alone. But the Lord knoweth them that are His. He smiles down into eager eyes upturned to Him, in grand mansions and in commonplace houses. He touches the hand of a farmer who is busy with his chores, and makes the heart of a mill-girl throb with sudden gladness by the music of His still small voice in her heart.

Never speak or think as though you were the only person who cared about Christ. Your neighbor—who talks to you only about the crops or the weather—can speak to God about greater matters, and probably does speak to Him