

**Noted Women.**

**Lady Warwick.**

WHO FOUNDED AN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

Lady Warwick is generally regarded as the most brilliant woman writer on social and socialistic subjects in the English-speaking world. Since the early seventies when, as a child—and a marvellously beautiful child—she was taken by Benjamin Disraeli to see Romeo and Juliet, she has been constantly before the public. Emperors, kings and princes have been among her close friends but this friendship has heightened rather than lessened her belief in republican forms of government. She herself says that when she was eighteen her moods were distinctly pessimistic. But when she became older, knowledge brought her new views of life and because of what she learned and by putting her experiences and knowledge to the best uses, she soon understood how to enjoy to the full the days that were given her. A few years ago she was asked by an American interviewer what she considered the best time of life and she replied: "Always after the age of thirty. Better than that, after forty. The very best time is fifty—which is my age."

**Her Castle.**

Before her marriage Frances Evelyn Warwick was Miss Maynard, generally considered the most beautiful girl in England. Her grandfather was the last Viscount Maynard, her father dying before the viscount. She is a half-sister of the Duchess of Sutherland and the Earl of Roslyn. She married Lord Brooke in 1881, her husband succeeding to the Earldom of Warwick twelve years later. Lady Warwick herself has written the story of the famous castle in her book, "Warwick Castle and Its Earls" which makes fascinating reading. Warwick Castle stands high above the River Avon, a little less than a hundred miles from London. Within its massive walls are extensive lawns and gardens, the walls being flanked by towers measuring one hundred and seventeen feet in height. The view from the castle along the Avon, with its deeply wooded banks, is one of the most beautiful in England. The castle was the scene of a fire in 1871, but the Great Hall and the other apartments which suffered were restored. For many years the castle was involved in England's early wars. It was strengthened after the Norman Conquest, and much of the pile as it stands to-day is of more recent date than the Battle of Hastings. The first Castle of Warwick dates back to the time of Ethelfreda, daughter of King Alfred. Henry III made the castle his headquarters in the wars against the barons, while Edward IV was imprisoned there. Other sovereigns have been more hospitably entertained within its walls. Queen Elizabeth was one of these, magnificent pageants being arranged for her special edification.

**"The Radical Countess."**

In 1899 Lady Warwick became a socialist, and since then has well earned her title of "the radical Countess." In one of her campaigns she toured England in a motor car and delivered speeches in some forty-five parliamentary districts in which representatives of organized labor were offering themselves for election and at the same time she was speaking for the state education of children and adult suffrage—she is a tireless organizer and a brilliant speaker. Some years ago she founded an agricultural college for women, and the demand for its graduates has always been larger than the supply. She also helped to form the Anti-Dress League, members of which pledged themselves to have, besides one tea gown, only two dresses a season, one for day-wear and one for evening. Lady Warwick is still one of the most gifted and attractive women in England. Distinguished as a painter, a musician and an author, she was in her youth an intrepid rider to hounds, a four-in-hand whip and has always been a sparkling conversationalist. To-day, although she probably no longer rides to hounds or tools a coach, she is a dominating figure in the social life of Great Britain and a trenchant writer on all subjects which call for reform. *The Bookman.*

**Hope's Quiet Hour**

**The Quest of the Soul.**

Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?—S. Matt. 11:3.  
What is truth?—S. John 18:38.

"But I have always had one lode star,—now, As I look back, I see that I have halted Or hastened as I looked towards that star, A need, a trust, a yearning after God."



The Old-fashioned Garden—Foxgloves on the Right, Phlox on the Left.

We belong to a "Christian nation"—so-called—but that fact does not make anyone a Christian. In this matter each soul must stand alone, for the kingdom Christ desires is a spiritual kingdom. He could never be satisfied to reign, in outward seeming only, over a great kingdom—like the emperor of Russia, who fell so precipitately from his lofty position. The outward greatness of the Christian Church is not a vital thing. The church is rich and powerful to-day, as compared with the church of the early days of our era; but is the love of Christ the inspiring force of everyday life to-day? Is our business in life—from

Sunday morning to Saturday night—to do His will?

I firmly believe that St. Augustine's oft-quoted saying (about the soul of man being always restless until it rests on God) is a truism. Restlessness is a very common symptom of our generation, and it is the natural result of want of faith. But there are two kinds of doubters, two widely-different classes of questioners; as our two texts tell us. St. John the Baptist's question: "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" was a vital matter. On the answer depended all his hopes. He had proclaimed his Kinsman as the real Sacrifice, the Lamb God had provided

Jews to agree to the release of One whom he many times declared to be innocent. He was weakly "pleading", when—as he himself acknowledged—he had in his own hands the "power to release"—which he could not do. He wanted to do the thing which he plainly saw to be just and right, but he did not set the whole force of his will in that direction. If he could set this blameless prisoner free, without incurring danger or unpleasantness himself, he would gladly do so. But his heart was not set on righteousness as the first necessity of existence. He did not grasp the fact that to gain any worldly advantage, in exchange for his own soul, was to make a mad and desperate bargain.

How could he, how dared he wait for the answer to his question?—an answer he had not made up his mind to obey.

Many who read these words are in a state of restless uncertainty and perplexity. Though they live in a Christian country, though they—perhaps—"say their prayers" every day, though they go to church regularly and say nothing to anyone about their doubts, yet they are swayed this way and that by their own moods or by the people they happen to be with. One day they feel pretty sure that the Christian religion is true. Another day they wonder whether it is all a mistake. Some people even venture to declare that it is impossible to find out the truth with any degree of certainty. They think, in contemptuous pity, that anyone who is sure that he has found the Living Christ is simply self-deceived. But such people are bound to be very restless. "No one can be sure of God!" they say; and then they see some really happy person, who is sure of God, and they find that their confidence in their own scepticism is shaky. They don't know God,—is that any proof that God cannot be known?

What is the best way to deal with what is called "honest doubt" in one's own heart? Is it wise to crush it out of sight, to refuse to face it?

If you do that you are not honest. It is not honest to pretend a thing is not there when you know it is there. And it is not safe. The doubt which is not faced is not cured. It may grow until it has slowly choked the higher desires of the spirit.

If we don't treat doubt as the Great Fore-runner of Christ treated it, we may one day be like Pilate, who did not want a true answer to his easy question: "What is truth?"

When John the Baptist was rejoicing in his free open-air life, when crowds were eagerly listening to the message God had put into his mouth, he had no doubts. But look at him as he sends that appealing question to Jesus! The strong young man is crushed beneath a load of undesired misery. Instead of breathing the fragrant air of the hills, he is gasping in a stifling and horrible dungeon. He had fearlessly denounced the wickedness of Herod and now he is suffering for his courage. The Kinsman he had so loyally served, whose shoe he had felt unworthy to touch, was going on His way in apparent forgetfulness of the helpless prisoner. Others were healed and cheered by the Prophet from Nazareth, but His friend and cousin was left, in loneliness and sadness, to wonder whether his faith had been a mistake after all. What did he do? Did he try to think of other things, and forget his doubts? How could he do that, when the matter was vital? It was either Christ or despair. So he sent that trustful message which was gently and fully answered: "Art thou He that should come?" I say it was a "trustful" message, because he seemed so sure that it would be truthfully answered. When men had come to him with the same question, he had answered "No". If Jesus should answer "Yes", he would know all was well. Even His enemies knew that Jesus would not tell a lie to save His life.—S. Matt. 22:16.

The answer was reassuring, showing the perplexed prisoner that Jesus was exercising Divine power and love. If he still had to suffer, it was not because love and power were wanting but for some hidden reason. In the confidence of mighty faith he could wait until death should scatter the mists of earthly perplexity.

Now, how are you to deal with the doubts that sometimes trouble you? Take them straight to Christ, with the strong purpose of following the Truth



Lady Warwick and Her Son.

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