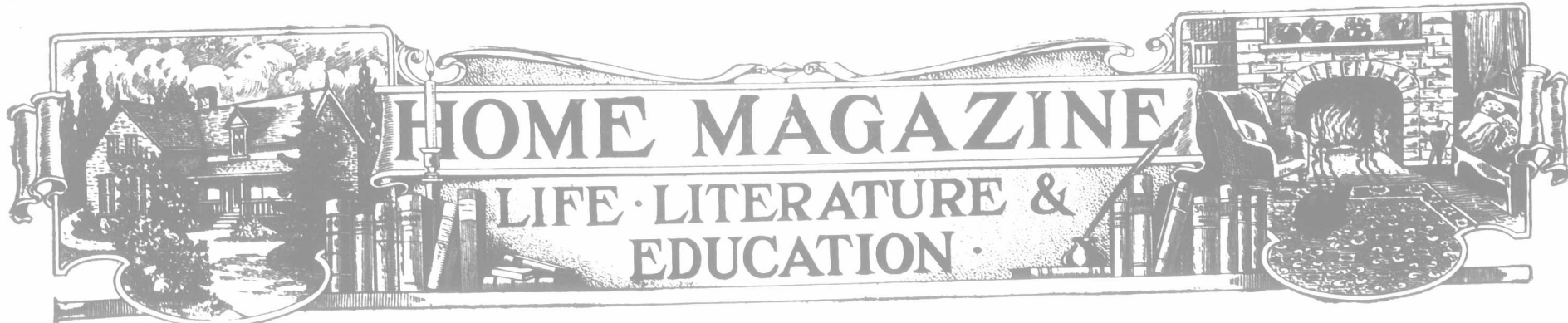




It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy Name, O most High.—Psalm 92, 1.

Gleanings from Great Writers.

FROM "THE GREAT STONE FACE."

(By Hawthorne.)

[This allegory was suggested by the Old Man of Profile Mountain, one of the White Mountains, a remarkable resemblance in the high cliff to a human face.]

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine. As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, sometime or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it."

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardour of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy; so, she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

[The story from this point goes

on to describe Mr. Gathergold and a great general and statesman for whom a resemblance to the Great Stone Face was claimed, and finally a poet in whom Ernest himself imagined a likeness. But the poet protested that he did not live the poems that he wrote. Ernest was, by this time, an old man.]

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation from the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kind-

reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world. At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft and shouted, "Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by-and-by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.



Lulworth Castle.

FROM "RESIGNATION."

[Written by Longfellow in 1848, after the death of a little daughter.]

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!

There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

There is no death! What seems so
Is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—

But gone into that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.
—Longfellow.

The Windrow.

The first full-blooded Kafir has been elected to Cape Colony Provincial Parliament. He is the Rev. W. Benson Rubusana, Ph. D.

Maurice Maeterlinck's fantasy, the "Bluebird," is being played in New York. It is an allegory with a "lesson."

A new book, by Archie P. McKishnie, entitled "The Love of the Wild," is now on the market. It is a story of the South-western portion of Ontario.

Sir Frederick Lugard is making an appeal to England for funds for the endowment and equipment of a university, to be situated in Hong Kong, and planned by the Chinese. It will be located upon British territory, and the instruction will be given in English.

The National Tuberculosis Societies calculate that one-twentieth now in school, nearly a million of children, will (without preventive measures) die of tuberculosis before the age of manhood and womanhood. This terrible sacrifice is evidently not necessary. Professor Irving Fisher estimates that it can be reduced 75 per cent. The number of deaths from tuberculosis has already decreased nearly 15 per cent. in five years. The battle is a fierce one, but we can come off victorious with persistence.—[Independent.]

Instead of finding Japan the gallant knight who will deliver her from the European dragon, Asia is discovering that Japan can be something of a dragon too, says a keen writer in India, whose words appear in The Contemporary Review, of London. Mr. Saint Nihal Singh, a Sikh journalist, who has travelled all over the world, recalls that when Japan fought Russia on Chinese soil, to save China from the clutches of the bear, it was thought that the little brown soldiers might next be fighting England to deliver India from alien rule. This is all changed now. As Japan learned the arts of Europe in order to vanquish Europeans, so the other Asiatic nations have been trying to learn the arts of Japan, says Mr. Singh, in order to maintain the integrity of their territory from Japanese invasion. The consequence is that Japan is becoming the school of the East. Foreign Asiatics through its places of education, its workshops, and its factories, in order "to learn how Japan is able to do all this" that she has done.—[Literary Digest.]

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives.
—Thomas Gibbons.