bloody juggernaut to secure the means to save alleged heathens.

"Juggernaut has been popularized by Christian missionaries, and yet a commission composed of eminent Englishmen has declared that the Christian idea of juggernaut is a myth, and that death and blood are repulsive to our people. This Chris ian story has been exploded. It has gone into oblivion."

And so the Orientalist went on, scoring his hearers and defending his own creed. He asked how many had read the life of Mohammed, the prophet of Arabia, and when four hands went up, he asked why they should denounce Mohammedanism when they knew nothing of it or its founder. With every sentence he carried the audience with him.

WRITING FAMOUS POEMS.

Gray's immortal "Elegy" occupied him seven years.

Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of a grand old forest—a fitting place for such a theme.

Cowper wrote one of the drollest and quaintest English ballads, "John Gilpin's Ride," when he was under one of those terrible fits of depression so common to him.

Gen. Lyle wrote his beautiful composition, "Antony and Cleopatra," which begins, "I am dying Egypt, dying," on the night before his death. He had premonition that he was going to die the next day.

The noted poem, "The Falls of Niagara," was written in fifteen minutes by J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut. He wrote it under a pressure, in a response to a call, "More copy."

"After the Ball," the little poem which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, was jotted down on the back of an old letter, with no idea of the popularity it was to achieve on the rage of a noted magazine.

Thomas Moore, while writing "Lalla Rookh," spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works that he became an accomplished oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot, instead of in a retired dwelling in Derbyshire.

Poe first thought of "The Bells," when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter's night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house (a stranger to him), walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself in, and the next day presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was first suggested to the author, Samuel Woodsworth, in a bar-room. A friend with whom he was drinking said that when they were boys the old oaken bucket that hung in his father's well was good enough for them to drink from. Woodsworth immediately went home and wrote the famous poem.

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I firmly believe in the divinity, but not in the diety of Jesus -- S. P. Zavitz.

