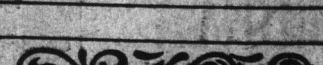


AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR



THE MASS AND THE INDIVIDUAL

That there is great need of reform in the world scarcely needs demonstration. The world is a good deal better than it was a couple of thousand years ago, but it is far from being as it might be. Old conditions have to a certain degree passed away, but new ones have arisen, and they are scarcely less difficult than those which they have supplanted. If the great cities of antiquity exhibited every grade of social existence and every grade of misery, so do the great cities of today. The difference seems to be that whereas in ancient days the relation of master and slave, while it gave the former unlimited power over the latter, carried with it certain responsibilities; whereas the relations between employers and employed today, while they lessen the control of the former, have also lessened their responsibility. We have greater freedom in this twentieth century than was enjoyed in the first, but it is doubtful if, on the whole, there is less misery. We are free from the awful exhibitions of cruelty, which was exhibited in the slaughter of thousands as a spectacular event—"butchered to make a Roman holiday"—the laying waste of provinces so that all the population would starve, the burning of cities and the indiscriminate killing of people of both sexes and all sizes. We have got rid of these awful things. Property rights are secure; the laws are, nominally at least, the same for all men. A great advance has been made in the appreciation by the masses of their rights, and their demands have proportionately increased; there has also been a degradation in certain walks of life, especially in the large cities, which is quite as destructive of the physical and moral character of the people as anything which existed in any age of the world.

The agencies at work for the betterment of conditions may be divided into two classes—those that seek to reform society and those that are attempting to revolutionize it. In the former class we have the Christian church (we are confining these observations to Christendom), the various charitable organizations, the associations for the promotion of temperance and the labor unions. In the other class are the socialists, the communists, the anarchists, the terrorists, and so on. We put all these agencies in the same general category, because we believe the most determined terrorist in Russia is just as convinced that he is working for the betterment of mankind as the highest ecclesiastical dignitary is of his mission in the same direction. There is one feature which all these agencies have in common—they work more for the improvement of the masses than for the elevation of the individual. Let us illustrate our meaning by selecting two of them, one from what may be called the conservative section and the other from the revolutionary, say the temperance and socialist movements. The promoters of these very largely ignore individuals. They aim to improve society en masse. They demand legislation. They seem to think that a sufficient number of measures can be put upon the statute-book, the effect of which will be assured upon pretty good authority, will become filled with charity. We think they are mistaken. The church also aims more at the mass than the individual. It seems to deal more with itself as an organization than with the vital principle for which it stands and by which the nature of men is altered. If the story of the early days of the Christian movement, as related in the Acts of the Apostles, teaches one thing more than another, it is that the first and principal effect of Christianity is upon the individual. It is a new force, or perhaps more correctly speaking, the new application of an eternal force. Christianity destroyed nothing that was true in what had gone before it, for truth is imperishable and eternal. Christianity exhibited the truth in a new light; and it was as something which worked for the salvation of mankind, not by means of elaborate ceremonial, but by the conversion of the individual. It dealt with facts, not theories; it gave its possessors a new controlling power. In the case of Paul, as his career was briefly sketched in recent issues of this paper, this fact was clearly brought out. He was a different man after his conversion to what he had previously been.

In proportion as it recognizes this aspect of Christianity, the church will become an efficient worker for the betterment of mankind. In a recent issue of the New York Herald there was a long article describing a movement in certain sections of the Anglican church as represented on both sides of the Atlantic and in the United States as well as in British countries, for a reunion of Christendom under the Pope. Whether or not this is a desirable thing is neither here nor there for the purposes now under consideration, but while the energy of the church is directed in such a direction, when we hear much of ecclesiastical authority and little of personal conversion, when we are told more of church history and church dogma than of the importance of permitting the force which the translators of the Bible called the Holy Ghost, a rather unfortunate selection of words, to operate upon and shape the minds and conduct of individuals, the progress towards the triumph of Christianity will necessarily be very slow. A prominent clergyman, who is quoted by the Herald, laments the weakness of the church and asks whether it is more unreasonable to turn to Rome than to Russia for guidance. Most of us would hardly think of turning to Russia for guidance in anything, least of all in religious matters. People outside of church organizations might be disposed to think that while the promise, "Lo, I am with you always," stands, it is not necessary to look either to Rome or Russia. There either is or there is not a power, which Jesus referred to as the Comforter. There either is or there is not a divine spirit, available for the guidance of humanity. There is or there is not an agency by which individuals can be changed in their natures. If there is, and there must be or else the whole history of mankind testifies to what is not true, does it not seem reasonable that those who labor for the betterment of mankind should address their principal efforts not to the perfecting of organizations, nor to the promulgation of creeds, nor to the passing of legislation, but to getting the individual members of the community under the influence of that agency?

We believe that the one thing which will bring salvation to the world from the consequences of the errors and crimes of the centuries is the practical application of the Gospel of Christ to the lives of individuals. This is not to say that organization, legislation and efforts to inculcate sound economic and social principles into the minds of the masses, using that term as indicative of society as a whole, are not desirable. One of the wisest observations made by Paul was that in which he described the law as "a schoolmaster." If things are declared

illegal, they are likely, if the law is enforced, to come to be regarded as immoral, and perhaps they are so, because that which tends to the degradation of society may be regarded as immoral. But the best of laws are useless unless behind them there is a sound public opinion, and this can only be created by getting individuals to take a right view of things. Therefore it seems as if the efforts of the church ought to be directed to the moral betterment of individuals, for in proportion as this is accomplished will we approach more nearly to what may be described as the Brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

Of late years greater attention has been paid in the schools to the teaching of physical geography than was formerly the case, but possibly it does not yet receive the consideration which is its due. Indeed, it is astonishing how very difficult many people find the acquisition of any systematic information regarding the earth's surface. They know that if you take a certain train it will take you to a certain place in a certain time, and that certain steamships ply between certain points; but here their knowledge ends. It is interesting to recall that a woman, Mary Somerville, who died in 1872, was the first person to popularize the study of the earth as a whole, and not simply as an area subdivided by political lines. Let us illustrate physical geography in a general way by a reference to Canada. The Dominion consists of three mountain ranges and a plain. One range is called the Laurentians. It is believed to be the oldest land on the Continent, that is, it is supposed to be the first in America that appeared above the waste of waters with which all the world was at one time covered. This remark, by the way, has no reference to the Deluge. Another range is the Rocky Mountains, including in that term all the mountains between the Plains and the Pacific Coast. A third range is an extension of the Alleghanies, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island and a part of Quebec lie upon the slopes of the Alleghany range, which, however, is nowhere very high. The remainder of Quebec, the whole of Ontario and Ungava lie upon the slopes of the Laurentians. The greater part of British Columbia and all the Yukon lie in the Rocky Mountain range. Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, the extreme north-eastern part of British Columbia, and the Territories of Keewatin and Mackenzie lie in the valley between the Laurentian and the Rockies, which is a great triangle. Such is in a very general way a description of Canada physically. If we take British Columbia, we find that, again speaking very generally, the province consists of four structural ranges and three structural valleys, all forming a part of what we have called the Rocky Mountain range. On the east we have the mountains known specifically as the Rockies. West of them is a great structural valley. It begins in Montana and extends north to the Arctic Ocean. In this valley the Columbia, the Fraser, the Peace and some of the tributaries of the Mackenzie take their rise. West of this great valley is another structural range, called by different names in different places. It is not so pronounced a physical feature as the Rockies. The Columbia, the Fraser and other rivers find their way through it into a second structural valley, which begins in Oregon, stretches across Washington and British Columbia, and terminates also at the Arctic. In this valley are the Columbia, the Fraser, the Skeena, the Naas, the Stikine and the Yukon. West of this comes a third structural range, and through it all the rivers named find their way to the sea. Then comes another structural valley, but this is lower than the others, so low indeed that the sea has filled it in most places. It is bounded on the west by a fourth structural range, most of which is submerged, but some of its peaks show above the sea to form, with their slopes, Vancouver Island and the Queen Charlotte group. Crossing these great structural ranges and valleys are great depressions. One of these forms the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the lower Fraser valley. Another forms Dixon's entrance and the valleys of the Skeena and Naas, and all the great lake-studded region through which the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is to run. Other features of a similar nature might be mentioned, but these are sufficient to show the general features of the plan upon which nature has built British Columbia. They play an exceedingly important part in the development of the province, and it will occur to most persons as somewhat surprising that such development as has already taken place has been across these great ranges and valleys instead of following the latter.

As a further suggestion to those who may be interested in this subject, reference may be made to the map of Canada. Let any reader examine this, and he can hardly fail to notice what is the most remarkable series of fresh water bodies in all the world. It begins at the mouth of the St. Lawrence river, on the eastern slope of the Laurentians, then in the shape of the Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan and Superior, it swings around the southwest extremity of that range, and then reaches away to the northwest, forming Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, Athabasca, Great Slave, Great Bear, and an innumerable number of others. The fresh water surface embraced in this wonderful series is probably greater than all other fresh water surfaces on the earth combined.

These observations are made only as suggestions to those who may take an interest in geographical matters, and especially to pupils attending school. They will serve as hints as to a direction in which they can direct their studies so as to give geography a new interest. If they follow out the lines indicated and apply them to other portions of the world, they will be surprised to find how great a part the mountains and valleys have played in the historical development of mankind and the determination of our existing civilization.

MORAL AND SOCIAL REFORMERS

Savonarola
N. de Bertrand Lugrin.
In the fifteenth century, Florence, under the rule of Lorenzo the Magnificent, had sunk to the depths of moral depravity. She boasted an intellectual brilliancy, but it was only the fair shell of an unsound, impure interior. Following the example of their ruler, the people made pleasure their one pursuit in life. Their carnivals were bacchanalian revels, that meant the beginning of depravity for all youths not yet demoralized by the dissolute pastimes that stood for Florentine enjoyment. Those holding religious office made no appeal to the better instincts of the people, they sought to impress them with their own knowledge of philosophy, and their discourses were polished and cynical. They took a pride in the

thiply-velled display of their non-belief in the tenets of Christianity. To this city of fair exterior and depraved morality came Savonarola from his native town Ferrara to enroll himself as a friar of the monastery of St. Marks.

This monastery was at that time one of the most beautiful in the world and justly famed. Its cloisters and chapels were decorated by the great artist Fra Beato Angelico. It contained a magnificent library, the first public library established in Italy. The austere monk was enraptured by the delightfulness of his new surroundings, the natural beauty of the country with her soft lines of hills and her sapphire sea, and the artistic loveliness of the monastery. He had worn himself almost to a shadow by long years of prayer and fasting. His zeal in study had been a constant source of wonder to even the most devout and earnest of the friars of St. Dominic. At St. Mark's, amid the eloquent silence and the harmonious loveliness of his environment, he felt that he must have come among congenial spirits, who would be as zealous in their labors as he was himself. He saw, during the first few days of his stay in Florence only the brilliant and beautiful exterior of that famous city. In time the very heart of her was laid bare to him and he realized not only the absence of faith and principle among the people, but the utter depravity of their moral nature. Savonarola was a man of commanding presence. His personal magnetism was remarkable. It is said that when he was most in earnest his eyes seemed literally to flash fire. His language was simple, yet forceful and eloquent. He was commissioned, after five years' stay in the monastery, to go to the different cities of Lombardy to preach to the people. It was during his sojourn here that he began to attract the attention of Italy. Himself a classical student and more familiar than most of the learned men with the philosophy of Aristotle, he preached only from the Bible, believing that the craze which existed at that time for ancient authors was one of the reasons of the moral deterioration of Italy. His favorite texts were taken from the Book of Revelation. When he preached his words were fervent and commanding. He spoke in a voice of thunder. A contemporary wrote of him that when engaged in prayer, he frequently fell into a trance, and that sometimes when in a transport of fervor a halo of light was seen to encircle his head.

Five years later we find him preaching in Florence to thousands of people. His influence had become very great in Italy. Not within the memory of that generation had any man dared to ascend the pulpit and point out to them the skepticism and the corruption of their cities. More than this, Savonarola attacked all religious potentates whose characters were not consistent with their calling, even the Pope himself was not exempt from his diatribes. The audacity of Savonarola seemed only to increase his fame. He was appointed Prior of St. Mark's and was visited by Lorenzo, the ruler of Florence whose corrupt practices had been the theme of some of the monk's discourses. Savonarola refused to meet the Prince, however, who tried to gain by various means to win the friendship of the Prior. He endeavored to gain his favor by rich gifts, which Savonarola turned over to the poor. He sent to the Prior the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Florence as emissaries to carry his messages, but Savonarola would listen to no word from him. "Bids the Prince do penance for his sins," commanded the monk, "and set his people the example of a virtuous life."

When Lorenzo was upon his deathbed, he sent for Savonarola and asked him for absolution. "Three things are necessary," said the Prior: "first, a great and living faith in God's mercy." "I have that," replied the Prince. "Second, you must restore all your ill-gotten gains." Lorenzo nodded a reluctant assent. Then the Prior stood up to his full height and, fixing his eyes upon the cowering Prince, spoke in a terrible voice. "You must restore freedom to the city of Florence," he said.

But this was too great a request for Lorenzo to grant; he turned his face to the wall and would not answer. The Prior departed without absolving him, and shortly after "The Magnificent" died.

Savonarola's influence continued to increase. The aspect of the city of Florence was completely changed. Women discarded their jewels, dressed in simple garbs and bore themselves modestly. Dissolute men and youths, under the spell of religious fervor, changed their mode of life and became sober, industrious citizens. The revels of the carnival gave place to religious marches and the singing of hymns. "Most wonderful of all," wrote Pasquale Villari, "bankers and tradesmen were impelled by scruples of conscience to restore ill-gotten gains, amounting to many thousand florins. . . . The number of brethren wearing the robe of St. Mark was incredibly multiplied."

But Savonarola had incurred the Pope's displeasure and enmity. At first the latter tried to silence the Prior's attacks against himself by bribes and the offer of a cardinal's hat. But his overtures were treated with contempt, and Savonarola continued to preach against the wickedness of those in authority. Not until Florence was threatened with an interdict was he compelled to hold his peace. The magistrates of Florence were forced to forbid his preaching, and on March 18, 1498, Savonarola mounted the pulpit and bade farewell to the people he had led so long and so wisely. He hoped that the Christian world would champion his cause. He had no quarrel with existing religious institutions, but only with the holders of office, on account of their immorality. His letters to the different kings and princes of Europe were intercepted and sent to the Pope, who bent all his energies now upon the destruction of the man who had dared to accuse him.

Savonarola was led to prison. The fickle people of Florence, fearing the consequence upon themselves, if they expressed sympathy for their one-time leader, one and all denounced him. He had with him during the last days of his life only two who were his friends, Fra Domenico da Pescia and Fra Silvestro Maruffi. The three were subjected to the most cruel torture for more than a month, but the inquisitors could find no flaw in their faith. Savonarola's death had been determined upon, however, and he was condemned to be hanged. He was murdered when in his forty-fifth year. He died a martyr to the cause of Christ, for having preached against sin.

His influence has not passed away. "For," writes John Lord, "it cannot be doubted that his views have been embraced by enlightened Catholics from his day to ours, and though he has been termed an unsuccessful reformer, yet he prepared the way for that great religious revival which afterwards took place in the Catholic Church itself."

TWO LITTLE TALES

Each With a Little Moral for Those Who Like Their Stories Seasoned Thus
By G. H. G.

It is a form of British law, as all who reside in British countries are well aware, to style all actions under criminal or common law as initiated by the Sovereign against the individual allegedly offending, Rex vs. John Doe being the stereotyped title of indictments. Everyone comprehends that this is mere technical phraseology—that is, everyone is presumed to. Once in a while an exception presents itself.

Thus, when Chief Caplano and his brother tribal rulers of this province paid their formal visit to the King a year or so ago, they had a card up the sleeve that was quite unexpected. It was played by Caplano himself during the interview granted the blanketed delegation at Buckingham Palace.

Chief Caplano had been eloquently presenting what his people regarded as grievances met for royal redress when, somewhat to the surprise of the interpreter, he produced a bulky notebook. The entries therein referred invariably to cases in the police courts of this province, wherein Indians had been fined for minor misdemeanors, such as drunkenness, possession of intoxicants, etc.

"Every little while," the chief explained to His Majesty, "some of our young men when they behave foolishly, are seized by the police and taken to the skookum-house. Then they are tried before a judge and it is ordered that they must pay \$50 for what they have done. We ask where all this money goes, and they tell us that it goes to the King."

"Now what I want to know, and what my people want to know," concluded the chief slowly and impressively, but with the hopeful horror of the muck-raker scenting a departmental scandal, "IS—DID YOU—GET—THAT—MONEY?"

Edward VII is not for nothing termed the first diplomat in Europe, and was not even to be surprised into a smile.

"You will tell your people," he answered with becoming gravity, "that it is all right. I got the money, and please tell them further for me that I am very much obliged!"

It was the good fortune of a travelling British Columbian some few months ago to spend the better part of a week in Lahore, the chief city of the Punjab. Lahore is famous in history as the ancient capital of Ranjeet Singh. Antiquarians and students of architecture know it best for the great Padshah mosque, the Shah-dura or mausoleum of the Emperor Jehangher, and the famous House of Joy of Shah Jehan, in the Shalimar Gardens, three miles north of the city wall. But to the average Anglo-Saxon of this twentieth century, all other of Lahore's claims upon celebrity are eclipsed by the fact that it was while working here, first as a reporter and afterwards as one of the sub-editors of the "Civil and Military Gazette," that Rudyard Kipling "found himself." Naturally one hears less of Kipling, and that less not always enthusiastically appreciative, here than in many other places.

The Gazette office is none the less an unofficial shrine at which the British and the American tourist do homage to the literary genius of the wider empire. The British Columbian rendered his tribute, of course, and as he could identify mission from nonpareil and differentiate between a gallery and an imposing stone, he was favored with more considerate attention than is usually accorded visitors in this particular newspaper office.

Of course the talk turned upon Kipling, and the Canadian waxed enthusiastic over those wonderful "Plain Tales From the Hills," which first appeared in the Gazette as Saturday special stories from the at-that-time Simla correspondent.

"Oh, yes," somewhat hesitantly assented Mr. Macdougall, the veteran Scot who has been business manager of the Gazette longer than the majority of Lahore folk can remember, "oh yes, Mr. Kipling did very good work while he was with us. But he wasn't an altogether satisfactory man for newspaper work. Take his tales from Simla. The people here had no difficulty in recognizing the characters, although he disguised the names, and they didn't like it. You've no idea how many Simla people cancelled their subscriptions on account of those same stories."

There is a moral in this, but it isn't supposed to be apparent to anyone who has not worked on a newspaper and taken either one side or the other in the everlasting feud between the editorial room and the business office.

THE STORY TELLER

Cheap—"That's a beautiful rug. May I ask how much it cost you?"
"Three hundred dollars' worth of furniture to match it."—The Hebrew Standard.

Pretty Near It—"Now," said the teacher, who had been giving an elementary talk upon architecture, "can any little boy tell me what a 'butress' is?"
"I know," shouted Tommy Smart. "A nanny goat."—The Herald and Presbyter.

Rather Tedious—Caller—"Do you think the doctor is going to help you, Mr. Jones?"
Jones—"He may, if I can only follow his orders. He told me to drink hot water thirty minutes before every meal, but it is hard work to drink hot water for thirty minutes."—Pittsburg Observer.

Nothing In It—"Now, Tommy," said Mrs. Bull, "I want you to be good while I'm out."
"I'll be good for a nickel," replied Tommy.
"Tommy," she said, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Smith, suddenly imbued with a spirit of neighborly interest in a lad who was just recovering from influenza, said to her little son:
"Willie, dear, just run across the street and ask how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."
Willie returned within five minutes looking crestfallen.
"Well, have you seen Mrs. Brown?" the mother asked.

"Yes," and she said I was to tell you that it's none of your business how old she is."

Some excellent stories are told in "The Parish Clerk," just published in London. For example: "At the church of Stratfieldsaye," writes the author, Mr. Ditchfield, "where the Duke of Wellington was a regular attendant, a stranger was preaching, and when he ended the vespers came up the pulpit stairs, opened the door a little way, and then slammed it to with a bang that echoed through the church. He then reopened it to allow the preacher to descend. 'What did you slam the pulpit door like that for?' asked the preacher in the vestry. 'To wake the doer, sir. We allus does that to wake him up at the end of the sermon!'"

WITH THE POETS

Dead.
Ah God! how strange the rattling in the street.
Come to me where I lie and the hours pass.
I watch a beetle crawling up the sheet.
That covers me, and curiously note
The green and yellow back like mouldy brass,
And can not even shudder at the thought
How soon the loathsome thing will reach my face.

And by such things alone I measure out
The slow drip of the minutes from Time's cava.
For if I think of when I lived, I doubt
It was but yesterday I brushed the flowers:
But when I think of what I am, I doubt
The weak mind dizzy in a waste of hours.
O God, how happy is the man that grieves!

Life? It was life to look upon her face,
And it was life to rage when she was gone;
But this new horror—in the market-place
A form, in all things like me as I moved
Of old, is marked or hailed or what an one
That takes it for his friend that lived and loved—
And I laugh voicelessly, a laugh of stone.

For here I lie and neither move nor feel,
And watch that Other pacing up and down
The room, or pausing at his potter's wheel
To turn out cunning vessels from the clay,
Vessels that he will hawk about the town,
And then return to work another day
Frowning; but I—no neither smile nor frown.

I see him take his coat down from the peg
And put it on, and open the white door
And brush some bit of cobweb from his leg,
And look about the room before he goes;
And then the clock goes ticking as before,
And I am with him and know all he does,
And I am here and tell each clock-tick o'er.

And men are praising him for subtle skill;
And women love him—God alone knows why!
He can have all the world holds at his will—
But this to be a living soul, and this
No man but I can give him; and I lie,
And make no sign, and care not what he is,
And hardly know if this indeed be I.

Ah, if she came and bent above me here,
Who lie with straight bands bound about my chin!
Ah, if she came and stood beside this bier
With aureoles as of old upon her hair
To light the darkness of this burial bin!
Should I not rise and again and breathe the air
And feel the veins warm that the blood beats in!

Or should I lie with sinews fixed and shrike
As dead men shriek and make no sound? Should I
See her gray eyes look love and hear her speak,
And be all impotent to burst my shroud?
Will the dead never rise from where they lie?
Or will they never cease to think so loud?
Or is to know and not to be, to die?

—Richard Hovey.

France—1872

Gallant and gay and young was he;
Sweet as the Queen's own lilies, she;
Prince and Princess of high degree.
These two met on the marble stair
That led to the Salle des Fêtes, and there
She sought a rose from her powdered hair.

Charles of courtiers' crowns and quips
Held it against her lovely lips
A moment's space, as the wild bee sips
A moment's space, and the crowd closed in.
Throb of flute and a dancer's pace
Blent with the merry dancers' din.

On the azure riband that crossed his breast,
Jewels gleamed and lace creased,
He set the flower her lips had pressed.
Life to them, was a garden spot,
A song, a tread in the grand gavotte,
Treasure and Time, to them, were not.

Dawn crept into the sullen sky;
Throb of flute and the viol's sigh
Died in a madder, fiercer cry:
Roar of rabble, and clang of bell,
Ribald jest and a mocking yell,
Sounds of music, and the sights of Hell.

The steps are steep to the guillotine;
The red blood oozes out between!
Who goes up with brow serene?
A Prince as proud as a Prince may be,
And a fair little Princess of high degree:
White as the Queen's own lilies, she.

Riband and lace have rent and stain!
Wall, O winds, in playing pain!
Weep, and clouds, but ye weep in vain!
Life was a laugh, a dancer's pace,
God in his goodness grant them grace!
—Meribah P. Abbott, in Appleton's Magazine.

Folded Hands

I tell no more—my day is done;
How much I wrought I may not know;
I watch the low descending sun
And see the night approaching, slow.
My day's work as it is must stand,
For labor's joy no more is mine;
The tools drop from my nerveless hand,
My dim eyes see no mark or line.

I little thought to leave it so—
Unfinished, to the plan untrue;
Another day I thought to know,
When I might change or start anew.
With weary hands I now must see
Another's skill my task complete;
The gift of use is gone from me—
The gift that makes all life seem sweet.

The pleasant labor of the day,
The following hours of welcome rest—
These from my life have passed away.
No longer has it aim or quest,
I sit and wait—and all the hours
The happy past before me stands;
With dimming eyes and failing powers
I live the life of folded hands.

—Ninette M. Lowater, in New York Sun

The Vision

Long had she knelt at the Madonna's shrine,
Within the empty chapel, cold and grey;
Telling her beads, while grief with marring line
And bitter tear stole all her youth away.

Outcast was she from what life holdeth dear,
Banished from joy that other souls might win;
And from the dark beyond she turned with fear,
Being so branded by the mark of sin.

Yet when at last she raised her troubled face
Haunted by sorrow, whitened by alarm,
Mary leaned down from out the pictured space
And laid the little Christ within her arms.

Rosy and warm she held Him to her heart,
She—the abandoned one—the thing apart.
—Verna Sheard, in The Canadian Magazine.

The Place I Call My Own

Knowing that in this hour thou thinkst of me,
I feel thee knocking at my spirit-door—
Though never mayst thou walk across this floor—
And never these four bounding walls shalt see.

The place I call my own is full of thee, . . .
The place I call my own? Oh, more and more—
On any walls, on any time-built shore,
Are mine to dwell within—to hold in fee!

But in the starry house that is my own,
Where I this moment, open the door to thee,
There shall not enter one sad murmur, blown
From down the Past—not from the dim To-be.
Shall any fear creep in, with rising moan,
So shall this place of mine be full of thee,
—Edith M. Thomas, in Success.

MAKERS
OF
FURNITURE
AND OFFICE
FITTINGS
That Are
Better