

LITERATURE.

In reply to a request made by The Advertiser, Prof. Ballantyne, of Knox College, submits the following account of books that have been of great interest to him:

The book above all others that interested me in childhood was Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World." It created in me a love for good literature. I mention the fact here to say that some of the most interesting children's books are the highest products of human genius, upon which the learned write their commentaries. For some years past my studies have been mainly in scientific theology and the books such as would have little interest for the general reader. Of other books, I may mention one work of fiction, Reader's "Cloister and the Hearth." The hero and heroine are the father and mother of Erasmus, and the work gives, I believe, a true view of European society in pre-reformation days, with a charm of style and power of incident hardly to be surpassed. A series of reliable histories, possessing for me all the attraction of romance, was written by Parkman. Nothing better has been published of early attempts to possess our own land than his "Journals in North America" and "Pioneers of France in the New World." Two books of a devotional kind are my constant companions. These are Augustine's "Confessions" and "The Imitation of Christ" by the medieval saint, Thomas à Kempis. The "Confessions" are the greatest of all autobiographies, and the "Imitation," though written by a devout son of the Church of Rome in the middle ages, speaks the experience of all children of God, whether they be Romanists or Protestants.

LIBRARY EXTENSION.

A brochure has reached us, which advocates the educational interests of the more isolated classes of laborers, those who are not in a position to partake of the advantages offered our towns and cities for intellectual and moral improvement. Efforts have already been put forth, although the movement is as yet hardly beyond the experimental stage, to make camp life more homelike, to enable men to improve their spare moments rather than spend them in the less profitable, and, in some instances, demoralizing habit of gambling and frequenting saloons.

It is rather late to discuss the uses of libraries, which have now become recognized, not as luxuries, but as necessities of life. It is a truism that in the language of Bacon, "Reading maketh a full man."

It is estimated that there are at present over 500 lumber camps in Ontario, with an average of 70 men at work in each in mid-winter.

The average cost of equipping and running a reading room, without literature, would be at least \$150, or a total for 500 reading rooms of \$75,000. This sum may seem large, but a greater amount is spent yearly on a few hardened criminals. Would not a little prevention be a more profitable investment than spending so much money in protecting the public against those who have been, to a certain extent, victims of an evil environment? The movement under consideration, which is receiving the sanction and support of the honorable minister of education, should meet with no opposition. It is not a matter which concerns either party as such, but appeals to the philanthropic zeal of all advocates of "light and leading."

Success for March is as usual a bright, attractive magazine. Its numerous articles from distinguished pens leave an impression with the reader that after all there is not so much in luck as there is in perseverance. The magazine is at all times optimistic in tone, with a word of encouragement for those whose lot is cast in the less congenial walks of life. Here are four topics for debate which indicate in an indirect way Success ideals:

Resolved, That carelessness is a

greater hindrance to commercial success than laziness.

Resolved, That early marriage hinders a young man's success.

Resolved, That success is more dependent upon ability than opportunity.

Resolved, That the present system of teaching in our public schools is not such as to give the average pupil a knowledge of the real principles of successful living.

It is stated that no one can hope to do anything above the commonplace whose life has not been made a reservoir of power on which he can constantly draw. It is only the man who has converted his knowledge into power who will make his mark in the world.

Success! Is won by patient endeavor.

Energy's fire, and the flame-glow of will.

By grasping the chance with a "Now, now or never!"

Urging on, on! while the laggard stands still.

Success! It is facing life's trials, undaunted;

Fighting the present—forgetting the past;

By trusting to Fate, though for years she has taunted;

And bearing time's scars; facing front, to the last!

Success! Would you win it and wear its bright token?

Smile and step out to the drummer's light!

Fight on till the last inch of sword-blade is broken.

Then do not say die. Fight on with the hilt!

Engineering (London, England), a journal devoted to the presentation of subjects of social and economic, as well as mechanic nature, in a recent issue deals with the topic "Trades Unions vs. Socialism." At the convention of the American Federation of Labor it was decided "that Socialism is partisan politics, and has no place in a trade union, or in the American Federation convention."

The following resolution was carried in the convention assembled: "We assert that the trade union movement herein represented is the true and legitimate channel through which the toilers of our country should seek not only present amelioration but future emancipation. We hold that trade unions do not, nor will they declare against the discussion of any question of an economic or political nature, but they are committed against the introduction of race prejudices, religious differences, or partisan politics. We declare it to be the duty of all wage workers to discuss and study public questions which have reference to their industrial or political liberty, but we firmly declare that it is not within the power of the American Federation of Labor to legislate, resolve, or specify to which political party members of our unions should belong, or for which party they shall vote."

Engineering states that the above declaration will have considerable weight in Europe, as well as in America, especially in the Dominion of Canada. In Great Britain there has been a revolt against the Social Democratic Federation. The socialism of ten years ago is principally represented at the present time by a new body, the object of which is to promote labor legislation in Parliament.

Other subjects more local in their nature are discussed in this metropolitan journal.

In March Atlantic Monthly, Professor Woodrow Wilson discusses, under "Democracy and Efficiency," what he deems the prevailing world-wide reaction against democracy; whether it is after all the best government as to its staying powers for the world-wide competition of nations. Speaking of what he considers a false system, he says:

"We have found that even among ourselves our historic methods are not universally convenient or serviceable. They give us untrained officials, and an expert civil service is almost unknown amongst us. They give us petty officials, petty men of no ambition, without hope or fitness for advancement. They give us so many elective offices that even the most conscientious voters have neither the time nor the opportunity to inform themselves with regard to every candidate on their ballots, and must vote for a great many men of whom they know nothing. They give us, consequently, the local machine and the local boss; and where population crowds, interests compete, work moves strenuously and at haste, life is many-sided and without unity, and voters of every blood and environment and social derivation mix and stare at each other at the same voting places, government miscarries, is confused, irresponsible, unintelligent, wasteful and of sinister aspect. Methods of electoral choice and administrative organization which served us admirably well while the nation was homogeneous and rural, serve us oftentimes ill enough now that the nation is heterogeneous and crowded into cities."

W. P. Foster contributes the following poem:

IN THE CITIES OF THE WORLD.
The cities of the world, one after one,
Like camp fires of a night, in ashes gray
Crumble and fall; the wind blows them away.

Karnak and Naucratis and Babylon
Where now are their kings' palaces of stone?
As the card houses children build in play,
Tempest and flame and ruin and decay,
Have wasted them, and all their lights are gone.

Thus, even thus, Manhattan, London,
Like unsubstantial figments shall depart,
Their treasure hoards of wisdom and of art.

Which war and toll have won, a ruthless hand
Will scatter wide, as jewels the wild foam
Gathers and wastes and buries in the sand.

G. S. Hillman writes an entertaining account of animals in literature. Moralizing on Aesop's fable of the mouse and the lion, he speaks of the mouse and the lion as convenient forms essentially

human, which show animal characteristics only very secondarily when at all. The lessons, that the mighty shall be humbled, and that nothing is too insignificant to be of some service, are taught. In Indian tales, where animals figure as the chief characters, we find the same thing, namely, the humanizing of those characters with the object of deriving wholesome lessons that bear upon life. Perhaps in all literature there is no better example of the introduction of animals to teach ethical truth than is to be found in the Bible in the parable of the lost sheep.

Among the many interesting articles in the March number of Ainslie's Magazine is one on "Yellow Journalism." The consensus of opinion regarding the term "yellow journalism," is that it had its origin in the series of "yellow kid" pictures which were the work of Mr. Outcault, of the New York World. Near the close of the Spanish-American war, the term "yellow journalism" is said to have emerged from the colloquial mint, and the credit for its coinage is ascribed to Peter F. Dunne, who is perhaps better known as Mr. Dooley. Mr. W. T. Stead, of the Review of Reviews, likens the yellow journal to a "Magnificent cruiser, that has been built without regard to expense, that is provided with the latest and most effective armament, manned by the choicest of crew and marine experts, provisioned carefully for a year's cruise and in every way lacking nothing, excepting that when the captain gets to sea he suddenly discovers that the compass has been left behind."

Mr. Stead also adds that the trouble with the yellow journal proprietor is, that he has no soul. All hands are driven at a desperate pace. One reporter on the New York Journal is said to have recently worked 39 hours continuously without sleep. A word as to the circulation. The papers of Greater New York circulate every morning 1,000,000 copies, of which the World and the Journal each supplies 300,000, and the New York Herald 150,000. The evening circulation is about the same, but is subject to fluctuation, a famous tragedy or trial making a change of a hundred thousand.

Each of these yellow journals spends about \$1,000,000 a year in paper, the quantity consumed being 31,873 tons. To furnish this village of 2,000 souls is employed year in and year out, and every day ten acres of spruce trees are swept off to make paper.

In the World building 1,500 men are employed at salaries ranging from \$4 a week to \$15,000 a year. In twelve

months \$7,000,000 of money passes through the hands of the cashier. Of necessity to meet the exigencies of these papers the profits are large. Yellow journalism is a success from a financial point of view. The profits of the New York Herald last year amounted to nearly \$750,000 or about \$200,000 per day, while the profits accruing to the World for the same time amounted to \$500,000.

The mystery concerning the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," a review of which appeared in these columns a short time ago, is cleared up at last, inasmuch as it seems to be agreed in London, England, that the author is Lawrence Housman, an artist and literary man, 33 years old. He is said to have been an industrious, but very minor poet, with skill enough in drawing to illustrate his poems, and a minor artist with enough facility in writing to compose verses to go with his pictures. Among the many guesses that have been made as to the authorship of the letters, one of the most curious suggestions is the name of Oscar Wilde. Commenting on the alleged author, the Washington Star states that:

"Mr. Housman has enjoyed a splendid bit of free advertising from his mystery, though whether the notoriety of the book will be transmitted without shrinkage to its author is not so certain. An anonymous author does not pull off his mask and come in front of the curtain while the applause is still sounding. There is no oblivion so profound as that which enshrouds the author of a forgotten anonymous book. There is a certain question of ethics involved in his last performance. It is of at least doubtful propriety to put out a volume of fabricated letters as genuine, and although in this case few discerning readers were deceived, the precedent is bad."

A recent issue of Bookman gives the following list of recent books in fiction that are being most widely read:

"The Master Christian," by Marie Corelli.

"The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," by H. Harland.

"The Sky Pilot," by Ralph Connor.

"The Redemption of David Corson," by C. F. Goss.

"The Mantle of Elijah," by I. Zangwill.

"The Reign of Law," by James Lane Allen.

"David Harum," by E. N. Westcott.

"To Have and to Hold," by Mary Johnston.

"Janice Meredith," by P. L. Ford.

"Uncanonized," by Margaret H. Potter.

"Tommy and Grizel," by J. M. Barrie.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower," by E. Caskoden.

"Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill.

"Richard Yea-and-Nay," by Maurice Hewlett.

WITH THE POETS.

The true poet is all-knowing; he is an actual world in miniature.—Novalis.

Always On.

When the dumb hour, clothed in black,
I hear the drums about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me
And the sunlight that is gone,
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track,
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On and always on.—Alfred Tennyson.

Do Your Best.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
Though sun may shine, or clouds arise;
Though laughter turn to tears and sighs,
Oh, answer nobly to each test—
Whatever be it, still do your best.

With courage hold your steady pace;
Nearer falter in the earnest race;
Still nourish your undimmed breast
The flame of hope—and do your best.

The clouds will break, the sun will shine,
The bow of promise is divine,
In cloud or shine, whatever the test,
Press on, press on, and do your best!

Mason Lodge.

The Mason's ways are
A type of existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are
Of men in this world.

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still through,
Nought that abides in it
Painting us onward.

And solemn before us
Veiled the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent!

While earnest thou gazeest,
Comes bodding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Frenzies the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The World and the Ages:
"Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless."

"Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here in all fullness,
Ye brave to reward you;
Work and despair not."—Goethe.

* Carlyle spoke of this poem as a "little snatch of music by the greatest German man."

A Farewell.

[By Coventry Patmore, in the Oxford Anthology.]
With all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part,
My Very Dear,
Our solace lies, the sad road lies so clear,
It needs no art.

With faint, averted feet
And many a tear
In our opposed paths to persevere.
Go thou to east, I west,
There's no hope, it is so far away.
But, O my Best,
When the one darling of our widowhood,
The nursing grief,
Is dead,

And no dew buds our eyes
To see the peach-bloom come in evening
skies,
Perchance we may
Where now this night is day,
And even through faith of still averted feet,
Making full circle of our banishment,
And meet.

The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet
Seasoning the termless feast of our content
With tears of recognition never dry.

Looking Towards the Light.

I asked the roses, as they grew,
Rich and lovelier in their hue,
What made their tints so rare and bright.
They answered, "Looking toward the light."

Ah, secret dear, said heart of mine,
God means my life to be like thine,
Radiant with heavenly beauty bright,
By simply "Looking toward the light."

—Anonymous.

A Dirge.

Rough wind, that moanest loud,
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sudden cloud
Knells all the night long:
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Beat down, whose branches stain
Deep caves and dreary main—
Wait for the world's wrong!

—Shelley.

Solitude.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with wheat,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day;

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

—Pope.

A Sonnet.

How sweet to troubled heart and weary brain
The holy silence of the Sabbath morn!
How sweet the chiming that to the sacred fane
Summons once more lofty and lowliest born—

There brothers! Sweet the psalm that
Triumphant, bearing the rapt soul
Earth in its sorrows. Sweet his voice
Who tells
Anew the story of the Saviour's love.

Yet not by man's polluted lips alone,
Nestling echoes arches of elaborate stone,
God speaks to man—the heavens proclaim
His power.

His love is breathed by every wayward
prayer
And where a sinner kneels in heartfelt
prayer
The place is hallowed, and God's house
is there.

—Sir Noel Paton.

Thy Will Be Done.

[By Pearl Barker.]
Shadows gather round me—yet
Thy will be done.
Even me Thou'lt not forget—
Thy will be done.

Though dark billows round me roll,
I will strive to reach the goal,
Echoes still my troubled soul,
"Thy will be done."

Flery troubles must be passed—
Thy will be done.
Thou wilt keep me till the last—
Thy will be done.
Though the waves of sorrow's sea
Flerely dash and threaten me,
Still I say, "I trust in Thee—
Thy will be done!"

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