

HOME JOURNAL

A Department for the Family

PEOPLE AND THINGS THE WORLD OVER

W. D. Howells, the American author, and his daughter have been in England visiting the scenes of Mr. Howell's honeymoon.

Another piece of Dickens' London is being demolished in Fulwood's Rents, Holborn, the shallow basement of which is said to have been the original Fagin's thieves' kitchen. It was also a resort of Jack Sheppard, but at an earlier date Francis Bacon lived in the building.

The Prince of Wales has presented to the people of Canada, through Earl Grey, a chair which belonged to General Wolfe and which he used in Canada. The chair came somehow into the possession of General Wemyss, equerry to Queen Victoria, and was given by him to Mr. Anson, keeper of the privy purse, in 1849. From Mr. Anson it went into the hands of Mr. C.E. Boothby, who placed it at the disposal of the Prince of Wales in March of this year. The chair will be kept in the archives building at Ottawa for the present.

One of the probation officers in New York city has interested a number of philanthropists in founding a home where women who have been set free from the police courts may get food and shelter. It is not a prison or a reformatory, but a refuge, as it often happens that a woman or girl released from jail has no place in which to pass the night, and is often led into further sin because of her helplessness. Mrs. Russell Sage, Andrew Carnegie, Smith College and others gave the money necessary to found a home.

It is not generally known that the Khedive of Egypt is a poet of no mean order—in Arabic, of course. Those who have read his verses speak of them with enthusiasm. Abbas Hilmi's poetry is melodious, lofty in theme and full of allegory, as are most Arabian poems. In the course of a former visit to England the Khedive sent the late Queen Victoria a magnificent bouquet with one of his poems. Here is a rough paraphrase of one of the verses: "I send you this bouquet as a testimony of the love of the Egyptian people. Each rose, each lily, each jasmine, represents the heart of an Egyptian, and its perfume is the incense of a prayer which mounts to heaven for thee, O powerful Queen, O Flower of Queens."

The first statue to Queen Alexandra has been erected at the London Hospital, of which she is president, and Lord Crewe unveiled it. The colossal bronze statue is the work of Mr. George E. Wade, and is the first statue of the Queen which has ever been erected. One of the bronze relief panels represents the opening of the Finsen Light Department by her Majesty.

IN PARTING WITH FRIENDS

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How can'st thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner
Of a street,
And days have grown to months, and months to
lagging years
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting at best is underlaid with tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time or distance, clasp with pressure firm
The hand of him who goeth forth,
Unseen, Fate goeth, too;
Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest
word
Between the idle talk,
Lost with thee henceforth, night and day.
Regrets should walk.

COVENTRY PATMORE

FRUIT AS FOOD

It may be positively asserted that even the modern housekeeper, intelligent above her predecessors though she may be, still fails to appreciate the value of fruits. Nothing among all the productions of our bountiful mother can compare in richness and beauty with their hues and flavors. Above all, they give tone to the digestive organs, antidote biliary derangements, and afford an innumerable variety of dishes at once delicate and nutritious. Who rightly values the worth of the apple, or the date, that fruit which for three-fourths of the year furnishes the staple food of an Oriental race?

Every breakfast table in the land ought each day to have a central dish of fruit, either cooked or in its native state. Oranges and melons, apples and grapes, figs and dates, currants, and the royal line of berries, cherries and gooseberries, plums and pears, apricots and peaches, bananas and grape fruits—all are rounded in outline, exquisite in coloring, and delicious to the taste.

In one respect all fruits are alike. They should be eaten only when perfectly ripe and as fresh as they can possibly be procured. The unfortunate denizens of large cities may be compelled to consume them after being hawked about the streets and plentifully sprinkled with dust, but that is the price they pay for other privileges.—*Fruit-Grower.*

'BITS OF POETRY FOR DOG DAYS

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
Gather, gather ye men in white;
The wind blows keenly, the moon is bright,
The sparkling snow lays firm and white;
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be over the hill to-night.

—ARTHUR WIER'S *Snowshoe Song.*

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

—WHITTIER'S *Snowbound.*

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the
blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers
weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in
sleep.

—TENNYSON'S *Lotos-Eaters.*

Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and streaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day;
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play.

—KINGSLEY'S *Ode to the North-East Wind.*

THE HOMESTEADER

Wind-swept and fire-swept and swept with bitter
rain—
This was the world I came to when I came across
the sea—
Sun-drenched and panting, a pregnant, waiting
plain
Calling out to humankind, calling out to me!

Leafy lanes and gentle skies and little fields all
green—
This was the world I came from when I fared across
the sea—
The mansion and the village and the farmhouse in
between,
Never any room for more, never room for me!

I've fought the wind and braved it. I cringe to it
no more!
I've fought the creeping fire back and cheered to
see it die.
I've shut the bitter rain outside, and safe within my
door
Laughed to think I feared a thing not as strong
as I!

I mind the long white road that ran between the
hedgerows neat,
In that little, strange old world I left behind me
long ago.
I mind the air so full of bells at evening, far and
sweet—
All and all for some one else—I had leave to go!

And this is what I came to when I came across
the sea,
Miles and miles of unused sky and miles of unturned
loam,
And miles of room for some one else and miles of
room for 'me'—
The cry of exile changing to the sweeter cry of
'Home!'
(ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY, IN THE *Youths' Companion.*)

The problem of keeping boys on the farm, the question that one sees discussed in the press about as frequently as any other, is at last to be finally solved. On September 8th, a great convention will assemble in New York and continue its deliberations and the four following days, primarily and directly for the discussion of this question. No hint has yet been given as to the remedy this assemblage is likely to advise. But the nation, and particularly the farm boys themselves will await the result with much interest.

Carlyle very appropriately, for his purpose, likened mankind to sheep. Sheep go in flocks with bell wethers here and there to guide them to where the juicy pastures lie. Few of the flock give any heed to time or place, simply follow the bell wether and eat and live. Occasionally if provender is scant, they may bleat and bunt. They only know the grass is sweet when it is between their teeth. With the human species it is very much the same. The gift of origination is almost as rare among them as in sheep. They follow readily when led. They are imitators rather than initiators, and if they do anything, would rather criticize than construct.

The gift of Nova Scotians to the Prince of Wales at the recent Tercentenary celebrations, consisted of a mink coat with buttons made of Nova Scotian gold. The coat was made in Halifax, and the fur is said to be the finest in the world. No fewer than 150 minks, whose skins average from 12 to 15 inches in length, have been used, and in each of these little skins 180 cuttings were necessary on the part of the furrier to give the length and striped effect. The length of the coat is 50 inches. The collar is finished with the heads of the minks, while the lining is of elaborate brocaded gold-colored satin. In the design of the buttons the crest of the Prince of Wales, with the motto "Ich Dien," plays a prominent part. In the center of the buttons are native pearls, the back of each button, together with the three feathers, being of fine yellow gold.