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> CHURCHES SCHOOLS STORES OFFICES

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PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

The attention at present given in all parts of the civilized world to what are called psychic phenomena is one the most remarkable developments of recent years. If a generation ago a minister of the gospel had ventured to suggest that a study of these things was desirable and might prove an incentive to religious life, his orthodoxy would have been ques-tioned if his sanity would not. The other day, in an eastern Canadian city, a Presbyterian clergyman took the position above indicated, and so favorably did he impress his hearers that he has been asked to repeat his lecture elsewhere in the same city. The hostility of the church organizations to anything pertaining to psychic phenomena is extraordinary in view of the fact that Christianity itself depends for its sanction upon a psychic phenomenon, namely, that of the resurrection, and is supported by a number of psychic phenomena of less importance. Indeed, the very basis of Christianity is psychic. It calls for a change in the nature of men, a change which is not physical.

Psychic phenomena, of which the most notable is

in the individual existence of the dead, are not matters of belief or opinion, but of facts. They either exist or they do not. If they do, their occurrence cannot be disposed of by disbelief; if they do, they cannot be established by belief. This is not to say that what is called faith may not play a part in the demonstration of them. No one knows just what faith is. It is something more than belief, something very different from hope. It seems to be a faculty of the soul, and as real, if as intangible, as the attraction of gravity. The most orthodox will hardly deny this. The New Testament is full of expositions of the power of faith. Indeed, if we should say that the chief purpose of the gospel is to awaken men to a full appreciation of this tremendous power, which all possess in some degree and can employ to some extent, it would hardly be open to serious question. This basic idea has been so encrusted with dogma, so beclouded by formalism and so discredited by materialism that it has been lost sight of to a very great extent. It yet lingers in some minds; it yet finds expression in some lives; but the Christianity of the modern churches consists chiefly in a formal acceptance of certain doctrines and an observance of certain cere-monies. Those who teach these doctrines and conduct these ceremonies are almost always good men, who devote their lives to the betterment of humanity. They are almost always men who conscientiously believe that the things they preach and practice are the fulfilment of the gospel; but when one reads, not as a religious study, but just as he reads any other historical work, the story of Jesus of Nazareth and His Apostles, he can hardly fail to be impressed with the fact that the Christian church, as founded by Jesus, possessed a power which the Christian church of the twentieth century may possess, perhaps, but certainly does not exercise. "Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father." So said the divine Master, who apparently, so far as we can grasp from the narrative of His life, accomplished everything that can be imagined. But we do not perform these "greater things." Apologists for the failure of the church in this respect have assured us that in the progress of Christianity we have these "greater things"; that the miracle of miracles is the spread of belief in the Crucified. But such a claim will not stand the test of history. Other religious teachings have gained converts by hundreds of millions. The names of other great religious teachers are held in reverence by an innumerable host and have been so held in reverence for many centuries. Other names have been an inspiration to deeds of heroic selfsacrifice. Other names have been a comfort to men in "the hour and article of death." The "greater works" are something far different from the teaching of a high code of ethics, from the establishment of impressive ceremonial, from the maintenance of religious organizations, from the practice of a broad charity. These things, or at least some of them, may be the necessary outcome of the influence by which these "greater things" may be accomplished. St. Paul has said that "faith without works is dead," and it may that in proportion as our faith is exercised and rightly directed the results first mentioned will be reached. Humanity needs some outward manifestation of psychic influences, and some stimulus to their exercise. Hence, within limits, doctrines and ceremonies play an exceedingly useful part, but they do not make up for the omission to employ the power of faith, which, it may be, is not a religious faculty at all but only a quality of our complex nature which makes us superior to every other manifestation of creation. It may be this quality which differentiates us from the brute creation. When we seek to draw the line between animals and men in point of reason, memory and the like, we reach a border land where we cannot find our way. But we have no reason to suppose that the lower animals possess the quality of faith, and if we are made in the image of the Creator may it not be that it is in faith that this like. ess consists? May it not be that we attain eternal life, not because the mind is inherently immortal, not ecause our personality cannot be destroyed any more than the matter of which our bodies are comp be annihilated, but because we have within us a spark of the divine life, of which faith is the manifestation? If this is so, if we are in possession of a psychic force which is akin to that which formed the earth and the heavens and all that in them is, may it not be justly claimed that the study of all phenoa nature which is apparently psychic or spiritual, will contribute greatly to the advancement of our appreciation of God and of the nature of our-

Human progress during the last twenty centuries has been chiefly along material lines. Comparatively little attention has been paid to those domains of research which lie outside the limits of the laboratory and the observatory. We have been analyzing, weighing and measuring things. The Renascence was an intellectual revival, not a spiritual one. It led to great triumphs in art, mechanics, chemistry, astronomy, navigation and other physical manifestations of energy. It led to independence in religious thought and the development of new systems of philosophy. It ignored the spiritual development of mankind. The great religious leaders, such as Luther, Calvin, Knox and others, were strong in expositions of doctrines and powerful in their logic. but it can hardly be claimed of them that they were the originators of a great spiritual movement. attention of the Christian world has not yet been concentrated upon the psychic. Faith and belief have been regarded too much as one and the same thing, whereas it may be that they are widely different. It was not by mere belief that Peter made the lame man to walk. He said: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee." What was it that Peter gave? It was not belief in anything. It was a psychic gift. Perhaps if the Apostle had been asked he could not have told what it was. He only knew that he could do what he had resolved to do, and so when he added: "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk," taking the lame man by the hand as he spoke, the object of his command forthwith arose, and as the narrative says, "im-mediately his feet and ankle bones received strength." Reflect on this incident a little. Here we have an ilustration of the work of faith. What authority can any one find in the New Testament for saying that

these things can no longer be done?

It may be within the scope of probability that those remarkable and inexplicable occurrences, which have been so common during the last quarter of a century and are becoming more common, if not more extra-ordinary, every day, may be the advent of a new dispensation, under which faith will be the dominating principle in the affairs of mankind. It is very true

that these manifestations of the occult have been for in the Deccap, and how nearly they succeeded in ac-the most part exceedingly trivial and that mixed up complishing their high ambition. the most part exceedingly trivial and that mixed up with them there has been much which is transparently fraudulent. And yet out of this rubush heap of trifles and deceptions, there seems to be growing a flower which bids fair at no distant day to bloom in full splendor. So let us watch with open minds. Let us try all things and hold fast that which is good. No man knows in what mysterious way the Spirit of God may be moving upon the chaos of human intelli-gence, or can predict the hour when a Voice will say: "Let there be light," and there will be light,

MAKERS OF HISTORY

XXXVI. The East India Company received its first charter from Queen Elizabeth in the year 1600. It is describ ed in that document as "The Governor and Company of London Merchants trading to the East Indies Vasce di Gama had shown the way to India around the Cape of Good Hope more than a century before, and the Portuguese and Dutch had followed his discovery by developing a commerce of considerable magnitude. The English held aloof until the spirit of adventure characteristic of the Elizabethan Age was fully aroused. The Charter was a comprehensive one so far as trading went, for it gave the company an exclusive right to carry on commerce with the people of all the lands from the Cape of Good Hope around the shores of the Pacific to Cape Horn. Thus at one time British Columbia came within the domain of the East India Company as far as the English sovereign could place it. The charter gave and pretended to give no territorial rights; it simply professed to confine the right of trading, so far as the English merchants and seamen were concerned, to the Company. It did not accomplish this purpose wholly, for there were many free traders, who ships to the East and carried on commerce; but such land. The company had to secure its trading place as best it could, and in every instance, except in the case of Bombay, the stations were leased from the Indian princes. Bombay, which is an island, had been taken by the Portuguese, and was given to Charles II. of England as a part of the dower of his bride, who

was a Portuguese princess. The first British stations of the Company were along the Coromandel Coast, that is on the eastern side of the Peninsula. A station was shortly after established near at what is now Calcutta. The station at Madras was that around which the greatest historical interest centers. A short distance away was the French trading post of Pondicherry, and between the English and French East India Companies there was a keen rivalry, which found expression in active hostilities. When the two home countries were at war the trading posts took part in the strife, and after the treaty of Aix la Chapelle they picked a quar-rel on their own account, although it was disguised by a diplomatic fiction as a conflict between two native princes. It was previous to the treaty that Robert Clive came to the front. Clive was born in Shropshire in 1725. He was educated for a mercantile career, at least that was the intention of his father, but the lad showed little aptitude for study, and only are inclination for inschief water was equalled by his undaunted courage under all circumstances. At the age of nineteen he was sent out to Madras to a junior clerkship, and for three years lived such a monotonous life that he himself believed he would die for want of some vent for his spirits. In 1747 Clive joined the force which the Company maintained to protect themselves against French attacks, and in the following year, as an ensign, accompanied the expedition sent out for the capture of Pondicherry. The attempt was unsuccessful in its main object, but it was fruitful of results, for it enabled Clive to show the stuff that was in him. His spirited defer the most advanced trench showed him to be a soldier best sense of the word. When three years later he laid before the Governor of Madras his plans for the capture of Arcot, they were adopted and he

was entrusted with the task.

To understand the nature of the issues dependent upon this effort, it is necessary to remember that the French were very aggressive in a political sense in Southern India. The French commander at Pondigreat administrative skill. Like Napoleon, he believed the future of France could be made more glorious by acquiring supremacy in the East than in any other way, and he himself boasted that he had a soul above by he sought to make France supreme in India; but it may be said in passing that he was very nearly successful, even though Clive interrupted his designs by his achievement at Arcot.

Through French intrigue and with French assistance Chunder Sahib had been declared Nawab of the Carnatic, that is of the region above referred to as omandel Coast, and he laid siege to Trincono poly, the chief city and recognized capital of the re-gion. The forces at Madras were small in numbers, and the Governor was at his wits' end, for the avowed intention of Dupleix was to drive the English out of the peninsula. It was then that the genius of Clive showed itself. An attempt was made to relieve Trinopoly and restore the rightful Nawab to the throne, but it failed because the white force was too small and the native troops, after the manner of the Indian races, held aloof until they could learn whether the English or the French displayed the greater prowess. Dupletx told the princes that the English were only a lot of traders, who cared for nothing but money-making. The Governor of Madras recalled a party of his little force from Trinconopely and to all appearances the star of France was in the ascendant over all India. Then Clive made his proposal. It was the pro-posal of a man, who would dare anything, and yet of one who measured aright the effect of a spectacular deed upon the impressionable minds of the Indians. He proposed the capture of Arcot, and thereby relieve Trinconopoly, by compelling Chunder Sahib, in order to retake it, to withdraw at least a part of his forces from before the besieged capital. The Governor of Madras objected that he had too few men to undertake to capture a city of 100,000 people garrisoned by 2,000 picked troops with plenty of cannon, and that even if the capture was effected, it would be impos-sible to hold the place against the troops that would be sent from Trinconopoly. Clive said he would make the attempt with whatever force could be raised, and so with 200 Englishmen, many of whom had never seen a shot fired in battle, and 300 Sepoys, he set out for Arcot. Arcot is 100 miles from Madras, and Clive esolutely set out on the long march. As he app ed Arcot a terrific storm of wind, rain and lightning occurred, but he did not halt for a moment. Whe word of this was carried to Arcot the commander of the garrison was amazed. What manner of men were these who were coming, against whom the elements at their worst could not avail, and who had no fees of a force nearly ten times their number? Panic ed him and when Clive arrived before the city he found the gates open and the garrison gone. As Clive found the gates open and the garrison gone. As Clive had foreseen a large part of the force that was be-seiging Trincohopoly was despatched to retake Aroot, but although its numbers were apparently overwhelming, Clive held the city and scattered the attacking army. Not long after Trincohopoly was relieved by Major Lawrence, Clive being second in command, and thus the power of France in the Peninsula, that is the southern part of India was broken. It is no part of this brief narrative to tell how Duplets and his lieutenant Bussy intrigued and fought for supremacy

Clive's next service was in the recapture of Fort William, at Calcutta, which had been taken by the Nawab of Bengal, on which occasion the awful tra-gedy of the Black Hole occurred. Clive was now recognized as the leading spirit among the English in India and he completely dominated the policy pur-sued towards the native princes. The keystone of this policy was the acknowledgement of the Great Moghul as a real power, although in point of fact he was a mere puppet emperor. A mere outline of the inci-dents of the next few years would fill several columns The determining event was the battle of Plassy, which settled the question of European supremacy in India. Shortly after this Clive returned to England, but he was recalled to India, where matters had got into an exceedingly confused condition. He restored order, strengthened the position of the East India Company, and generally speaking placed British prestige upon the highest plane. On his return to England he became the victim of a gross attack from those whose corrupt acts in India he had exposed. A parliamentary committee was appointed to investigate the charges, and though the verdict was one of acquittal, the fact that he had been the subject of such charges prayed upon his mind, and he ended his eventful life suicide in 1774. Thus in the forty-ninth year of his age, died Robert, Lord Clive, the greatest of Bri-tish Empire builders, and a man who did more for the people of India than any one whose name history records, for he made possible an orderly administration of that distracted country. Up to his time the story of India was one of perpetual warfare, intrigue, massacre and robbery. There were wars after his strong hand was removed, but by his overthrow of French influence and by the reputation for courage and honor which he won for the British name the foundation

There will be four more articles in this series on the "Makers of History." The characters dealt with will be George Washington, Napoleon, Nelson and Wellington. The last three pertain to the same period but as Waterloo may be regarded as the close of an epoch, it seems well to treat of the three greatest among the actors in the stirring events which culminated on the Belgian battlefield. The subject is too large to be dealt with in a single article. On the com-pletion of this series we shall be glad to deal with historical characters about whom Colonist readers may wish to read something, and as far as we are able will treat any names that may be suggested. We have already received a request for an article on

was laid for a new India.

Famous Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century XVIII.

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

THE LITERATEURS

Chategubriand

Romanticist, dreamer, idealist, poet, Francois Rene Auguste Chateaubriand combined the qualities of each in a character that was peculiarly attractive and lovable, noted so much on account of the power of its influence, which was subtle rather than overwhelmingly apparant, as for its delicate suggestive inspira-tion that did much toward uplifting the thoughts and the intellects of a people, whose minds had become clouded by the horrors of the Revolution, to a higher mental plane, and to open the half-blinded eyes of those whose senses had been dulled by a surfeit of suffering, to the vital ever-present good that exists

even in the midst of evil.

On his paternal side he was descended from a line of kings and was born at St. Malo, Brittany, in 1758. His history belongs properly to the eighteenth century and the early part of the century following. It had been intended to educate him for the church, his questioning nature, his love of freedom, his originality, would brook no restraint, and persistence only the further antagonized him against those who at-He became a pronounced skeptic, and at an early age entered the army. Upon the outbreak of the Revolution he quitted the service, and sailed for America in 1791. Young, ardent, romantic, the chaotic state of affairs in his own country, had confused his conception of things, had wounded his best instincts and threatened to destroy his fondest and highest ideals. He bade farewell to a civilization that disgusted him nd came to Canada. Here he plunged into the wilderness of the forests and made friends with the In-dians who loved him and reverenced him for his kindness, his bon cameradie and his fearlessness. experienced many and varied adventures, and, it is aid, formed a romantic attachment for a young Indian girl. This attachment inspired his first meritorious work, a quaint little story something after the of Paul and Virginia. It deals with the love

tale of two savages and is remarkable for its beauty of imagery and description and its lofty sentiment. Upon returning to France in 1792 he espoused the Royalist cause, and was wounded during an engage for the next seven or eight years he earned a scanty livelihood by teaching and translating. In 1798 he again returned to France and published a work which immediately brought him into prominence and won him an enviable reputation. It was entitled "The Genius of Christianity." There is no doubt but that aubriand's communion with nature during the long months he spent in the forests of Canada had much to do with the proper balancing of the young mind, thus restoring his faith in God and inspiring in him a love for all that was beautiful and lofty and pure. His book had an enormous influence good, and immediately revived the French interest in matters pertaining to religion. Napoleon recognized the ability of the young author and showed his appreciation of the great benefit conferred upon the French people by Chateaubriand's teaching appointsecretary to the embassy at Rome, and afterwards minister plenipotentiary to the Valais. When the Duke d'Enghien was assassinated and the whole of Europe held its breath at the scandalous crime, Chateaubriand was the only one among the French officials who had the courage to express his horrified disapproval, though the courts of Rome and Sweden put on mourning for the young duke, and Louis XVIII. sent back the collar of the Golden Fleece to the king of Spain, who remained the ally of Napoleon. Chabriand resigned his position on the dip service and contemptuously declined to serve in any capacity under a man who had been the instigator

Two years later, the spell of romance once more him, he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He visited Asia Minor, Egypt and Spain. For months he stopped among the picturesquely grand ruins of the Alhambra where he wrote the "Itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem." a book which has been deresident travels of modern times."

This was his last work of any great importance.

On the return of the Bourbons he entered the politi-cal arena again and was made in turn Embassador at Berlin, at the Court of St. James, delegate to the Congress of Verona and Minister of Foreign Affairs. In 1830 we again hear of him relinguishing diplomatic

his convictions and pledge himself to Louis Phillips. He retired to a life of comparative poverty whose last years were brightened, we are told, by the friendship and devotion of Madame Recamier. He died on July 4th, 1848,

From the Genius of Christianity

"It is necessary to prove that the Christian religion of all the religions that ever existed, is the most humane, the most favorable to liberty and the arts and sciences; that the modern world is indebted to it for every improvement from agriculture to the abstract sciences, from the hospitals for the reception of the unfortunate, to the temples reared by the Michael Angelos and embellished by the Raphaels. It is necessary to prove that nothing is more divine than its nothing more lovely and more sublime than its tenets, its doctrine, its worship; that it encourages genius, corrects the taste, develops the virtuous pas-sions, imparts chergy to the ideas, presents noble images to the writer, and perfect models to the artists; that there is no disgrace in being believers with Newton and Bossuet, with Pascal and Racine. In a word it is necessary to summon all the charms of the imagination and all the interests of the heart to the assistance of that religion against which they have been set in array. . . . . . But it may be asked, May there not be some danger in considering religion in a merely human point of view? Why so? Does our religion shrink from the light? Surely one great roof of its divine origin is, that it will bear the test of the fullest and severest scrutiny of reason. Would you have us always open to the reproach of enveloping our tenets in sacred obscurity. lest their falsehood should be detected? Will Christianity be the less true for appearing the more beautiful? Let us banish our weak apprehensions; let us not by an excess of reli gion, leave religion to perish. It is time to demonstrate that instead of debasing the ideas, it encourages the soul to take the most daring flights, and is capable of enchanting the imagination as divinely as the deities of Homer and Virgil. The Almighty does not forbid to tread the flowery paths if it serves to lead the wanderer once more to Him: nor is it always by the steep and rugged mountain that the lost sheep finds its way back to the fold."

THE STORY TELLER

Teacher—You have no certificate of vaccination, Johnny, and I can't find any scar. Where were you vaccinated?' New Boy (much frightened)—'In Missouri, ma'am.'—Chicago Tribune.

The Doctor—You are talking about useless noises. Give us a few true facts. What is a useless noise? The Professor—Well, in the phrase, "true facts," for instance, "true" is a useless noise.

"Who steals my wife's purse steals trash," muttered the head of the house as he fumbled through a bunch of hair pins, recipes, chamois rags, silk sam-ples, etc., to find a quarter.—Detroit Free Press.

An interview with the Kaiser had been suppressed. 'Good,' said the yellow correspondents, "Fine! Now we can put anything we want into that interview.' Immediately they all got busy.'—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Yes; we were disappointed in the peasantry." "As to how?"

"They always seemed to be working. We never found them dancing or singing in chorus."—Louisville

There is no doubt that Chumpleigh has the correct appreciation of what is expected of a city far-mer. 'What has he done now?' Why, he has just sunk a \$1,100 well on his place in order to supply water to his \$14 cow.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Doctor—Well, John, how are you today?
John—Verra bad, verra bad. I wish Providence
'ud 'ave mussy on me an' take me!
Wife—Ow can you expec' it to if you won't take
the doctor's physic?—The Christian Union Herald.

'You led your party to defeat!' exclaimed the political adviser. 'You wrong me,' answered the excandidate. 'An examination of the returns will show that I was not accompanied by a sufficient number of the members of my party to justify any such reproach.'—Washington Star.

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely. To develop the arms I grasp this rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."
"Well, well," exclaimed the father, "what won't science discover? If that rod had bristles at the other end you'd be sweeping."—Pick-Me-Ups

"We're going to have a swell funeral at our house on," said the small boy to a neighbor.
"Is somebody ill?" inquired the solicitous neigh-

bor, "Nope," replied the boy. "Not yet. But pa's going deer hunting."—Detroit Free Press.

"Miss Chatters always speaks of him as a 'good "Well, he can't talk at all. He merely sits and

attens—"Quite so! A talkative woman's idea of a good conversationalist is a man who is willing to absorb talk."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Francis Wilson, the comedian, apropos of certain curtos, whereon he believed he had been swindled, said with a laugh:

"The one drawback to knowledge is that it reveals so many dupes and swindles to us. One summer, for instance, I was 'doing' Switzerland. In the neighborhood of Geneva, where the Swiss talk French, I climbed a little peak one fine-morning, and on my arrival at the chalet at the top I heard the pretty handmaiden call in to the kitchen in excellent French:

"Quick, mother, quick! Here's a tourist. Put some milk on the fire. You know they always like it warm from the cow."

The editor of the Vermilion Signal, who was in Edmonton the day after election, tells a story of his trip (says The Saturday News, of Edmonton). The first station on the C.N.R., east of Edmonton, it should be remembered, is named after the Minister of the Interior.

"A brakeman stuck his head into the smoking compartment of the Bullyane and the trade of the state of partment of the Pullman, east-bound on Tuesday

"Any o' you fellers fer Univer: in over the crowd.

The moody man with his hat over his eyes in the corner raised his head and scowled at him. "Say, young fellow," he growled, "this is the 27th. The election's over."

Harry Furniss tells a good story which he heard from a friend, the Colonel of a Sikh regiment in India. The officers were much annoyed by some native hanging about their camp and "sniping" them with a rifle. The Colonel sent for his orderly, a native soldier, and said he wanted a squad to go over the mountain that night and catch the miscreant who was annoying them. The orderly saluted and begged to be allowed to act alone, assuring his Colonel that he would soon catch the culprit. The officer, admiring his pluck, agreed, and the next morning the soldier walked in with the head of the sniper. The officers were loud in their praise of the soldier's valor.

"Oh, sirs, I had no difficulty," hes said. You see, I knew his ways. He was my father."

## WITH THE POETS

**Outward Bound** Freighted with fancy, golden, frail, There by the marge of day, The new moon rears a slender sail, Filled with the breath of the evening gale, And over the bar of sunset pale, Into the dreamlight gray, Fearlessly steers for the mystic deep— Into the night away.

Let us be sailing, soul of mine, Far from the cares of day— Unfurl your sail so fragile and fine, Filled by the breath of the night divine, And over the senses swift decline, Out of the dream-light gray, Steer for the deep of the unplumbed sleep-Into the night away.

-Ethel Allen Murphy, in Appleton's. You

I wear the stars like lilies in my hair, I feel the breeze like God's breath on my face Whispering an unknown word—and everywhere I see the vision of a love-lit face.

So strange it seems! A little while ago I knew not any of these lovely things;
To all my dreams the demons answered no,
Darkening the daylight with their evil wings.

Tell me, Beloved, who are learned and wise, How do you hold all beauty in your hand, And all the host of heaven in your eyes, And in your hours the moons of fairyland?

You pass my threshold, and the narrow room
Is peopled with a million forms of air,
The barren boughs of faith are all abloom,
And I am mute with wonder and with prayer. -Elsa Barker in Smart Set.

Great Truths Greatly Won Great truths are dearly bought; the common truth, Such as men give and take from day to day, Comes in the common walks of early life, Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Great truths are greatly won, not formed by chance.

Not wafted on the breath of summer dream;

But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,

Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream;

Won in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light,

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed
field,

And the soul feels it has not wept in vain. -Blackwood's Magazine.

A Boxful of Mint

Some one has sent me a boxful of mint,
With the smell of the dew and the green of its glint,
The dream of a spring at the foot of a hill,
A willow-oak spreading its shade o'er a rill;
A boxful of mint from the valleys of dawn,
With the breath of the blossoms of Eden thereon!

Some one has sent me a boxful of green, with the spear-bloom all regal in purple-soft sheen;
An odor of gardens, old gardens of song,
Where roses recline and the daffodlis throng;
A boxful of mint from the shores of a stream
Where barefooted Summer sits down in her dream!

Some one has sent me a whiff of the shine
And the green of the vales that are sweethearts of
mine;
A glimpse of bright meadows, a gleam of sweet lane,
And a heart in the land of the lilles again;
A boxful of mint, full of dreams running over,
With lilac and rose and the honeysweet clover!

It sits on my desk, and I see o'er its brim
The spring by the hill with the green round its rim;
The trees in their glory, the flowers in their grace,
And love in the door with a smile on her face;
A boxful of mint—and good luck to the lass
As I bruise the green joy on the brink of my glass!

The cuckoo calls adown the green arcade
Where sunshafts fall aslant between the leaves;
He knows the haunted palace in the glade,
The white pavilion with the shadowy eaves.

There grows the orchard with the golden fruit, Whose old trees stand knee-deep in flowering grass, Where hands invisible play an unseen lute.
And the still most gleams gray as ancient glass. Sweet echoes, strayed from other days and lands,

Sigh through the chambers when the sun is low; White wood-doves—or a glimpse of waved white hands?— By the deep casements dimly glance and go.

The golden silence of the leafy glade
Now and again seems stirred by some faint air;
Where green leaves glimmer 'twixt the sun and shade
Pale glints of gold betray a dryad's hair. Haunt of sweet sounds and sweeter silences

Would that at last my wandering feet might win To your calm threshold bowered in forest trees, Pass the wide door once more and enter in

The cuckoo calls me down the green arcade
Still singing of the way I used to know,
The path that leads to the enchanted glade
Peopled with dreams that died long years ago. -Rosamund Marriott Watson, in Harper's Magazine.

"The Flesh It Is Nothing."

Thou gavest me life; I know not whence it came; Thou gavest me life, a thing beset with shame That taunts me hourly, saying, "Why thus lose The precious moments given for thee to use In doing good?" I look about and see In doing good?" I look about and see
Men, women, children steeped in misery,
And have no power to stay it; everywhere
Loudly is pulsing the deep, dread despair
Which shadows life, and when I look on these
And think of others set in peace and ease,
My spirit aches—and, God, I cry, look down
On these poor people marked as thine own;
And, God, I cry, and raise my arms o'er head,
Wilt thou not send to these their daily bread?
See! here are babes on breasts with naught to give.
See! here are mothers knowing not how to live;
And fathers fallen in the furious fight
That slays the weakest. Can this law be right?