

Citizen and Home Guard

SUPPLEMENT TO DAILY ADVERTISER--SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1895.

Motto for the Week:

Those who have suffered much are like those who know many languages; they have learned to understand and be understood by all.—[Madame Swetchine.]

Lady Henry Somerset.

I am fond of imagining the likeness of people and plants. The pansy face is not at all uncommon. There are some slender girls with an irresistible droop of the head who are lady lilies. Compare the French mignon, and mignonette. They mean much the same thing. When I think of Camuha—coffee, in its poetical aspect—of its vigorous, refreshing nature, its power to awaken lethargy, to stimulate action, and to defy poison, I am somewhat reminded of Lady Henry Somerset. If ever there was a human anti-lethargic, she is the one. She has all the caffeine revulsion against coma of mind and stupor of body. She may, without exaggerating, be called the most potent living antidote to all harmful intoxicants that Great Britain has sent to our shores. The sort of moral force which this extraordinary woman exerts, is prettily illustrated by this true story of her social life in England. Lady Henry is of French extraction on her mother's side, and is as much at home in that language as she is in her father's. She had accepted an invitation to a certain dinner. That member of the royal family of whom one speaks with reserve for the Queen, her Majesty's sake, was the guest of the occasion. As any Anglo-maniac can understand, under English etiquette a royal invitation is a command. Lady Henry went and, to her surprise, found herself in strange company. There were present entertainers of a sort to which she was not used. When a popular French actress began to sing songs that were impossible to a pure heart, our lady arose, and without a word of apology or explanation, quietly left the drawing-room.

"What do you mean by this prudery?" she was afterward indignantly asked by the royal lips. "Some of the ladies present did not understand French. You knew that I did," was the high-bred reply. It is said that not another lady in England would have had the courage to offer such a rebuke to such an offender.

We descendants of protesting Puritans appreciate this kind of moral force. That independence which defies wrong, whether existing in the castle or in the hut, is what gives Lady Henry her value in American hearts; and the union of aim and soul which exists between her and Frances Willard becomes of international importance in that the greatest nations of the world have each acquired a vivid and honest interpreter. If each of these ladies represents a half a million women or more in her own country, then their friendship, by the end of this century, may be worth "For God, for Home and Native Land," a score of diplomatic treaties.

I account for the fact that Lady Henry is par excellence a reformer, in two ways. She has a delicacy of heart as exquisite as a porcelain film and an instinctive repulsion to sin as true and unerring as a Maxim bullet. She is a moral compass that cannot be deflected from its true pole by any magnetic attraction which wealth and position are supposed to exert in the highest English society, as well as elsewhere.

Heredity is king. Revolt from his rule! Is it treason with penalty of death? Or patriotism and glory? Lady Henry has no need to conspire against her ancestry. She was a reformer generations before she was born. Horace Walpole wrote of her ancestor, John Lord Somers, Lord High Chancellor of England: "Lord Somers was one of those divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remain unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly. A man who dispensed blessings by his life, and planned them for his posterity." To him, another has said, England owes largely the Declaration of Rights. Think of the spiritual incentive, of the trenchant inspiration that such a life means to his descendants! That is the way to plan for posterity. Such is Lady Henry's inheritance.

Boston used to be laughed at, even while she was respected, for her reformers. We were apt to imagine the woman suffrage apostle, or the temperance advocate, as suffering from angularity of mind as well as of body, with ill-fitting clothes and abrupt manners; with fixed ideas bristling like spines from every pore, and with a tactless insistence that makes the too conscientious person impossible at home, and a terror to society. But the Boston reformer of today is an accomplished and gracious being—and of their noble number (since Boston for this one winter may claim her) Lady Henry is one of the loveliest.

A little while ago Lady Henry gave a talk at the house of Mrs. Ole Bull

in Cambridge. Her subject was "Child Life." Who does not love a woman better than a cause? And a cause better for the heart of the woman? Gracious in the derivative sense, tender in the maternal sense, delicate in the beautiful sense, and eloquent in the parliamentary sense, she swayed us at her will. The ladies yielded her the tribute of well-won tears, and the few men in the audience went out saying: "If there had been more mothers like her, there had been fewer failures like ourselves."

Natural, alert, beautiful in face, unconscious of self, eager only to give the subject the best of herself, with a sense of humor easily breaking the weight of her sweet seriousness; with no more sentimentality about her than a bee, and with a strong intellectuality by which to guide her great heart, Lady Henry is, I believe, the noblest grande dame that England has lent to us.

I cannot say enough about her generosity. I do not mean pecuniary generosity. Anyone can give away a metal. Hers includes the elemental. She responds to every call upon herself. She makes drafts upon her vitality, which it is a grave question whether she ought to honor. She gives herself, and in this highest sense she becomes a natural and chosen sister to Frances Willard.

It is the more remarkable that Lady Henry should keep the hold that she does upon the admiration and affection of Boston in view of the fact that she not only is one of the leading labor reformers of England, but has not hesitated to throw herself into our own seething social problems. Criticism she has received, of course. What radical reformer escapes it? Though Boston may not always agree with her, it honors her; for who can help it? [Chicago Interior.]

Unassuming Monarch.

King Victor Emmanuel was always approachable to his people, and sometimes he paid a penalty for his extreme good nature. One night he was alighting before a certain theater, where on the steps stood two shabbily-dressed women. One of them drew a large and solid bundle from under her cloak and threw it forward, striking the king in the face and knocking off his hat. He was furious, especially when the bundle was opened and found to consist of a hard cushion of Berlin wool, worked with beads. He entered the royal box, crimson with rage, and carrying the cushion in his hand. The manager stood at the door.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried the king, holding up the offending cushion. "Go and see at once what maniac has dared throw this at me!" In spite of his anger, there was a general laugh, in which he was too good natured not to join. The manager rushed out to pursue the offender, and found her still standing at the door of the theater, trembling with fear. Far from intending treason or offense, she had destined the sofa cushion as a present.

The manager returned to the king and assured him that she had meant no harm.

"Well, there!" said Victor, holding out the unlucky article at arm's length, "take it back, and tell her I do not use such luxuries."

Just then a note, fastened to one of the tassels, caught his eye.

"Ah," he continued, "what does this mean? Money! She prays me to accept this little offering from the mother of a family overwhelmed with debt!"

The affair passed off with a general laugh, but the king did not forget, and the next time he visited the theater he called the manager to him and asked: "What has become of the mother of the large family who throws cushions at my head?"

"She is dismissed, sire, and will never trouble you again."

"Ah, I am sorry! That was a mistake. I am not angry. Go to the manager of the theater where she was employed and beg him to forgive her. She meant no harm; only the cushion was hard and stuffed with bran! Take her this money, and tell her never to throw anything at a king again; at least, not without warning!"

So unassuming a king liked modesty and homeliness of demeanor in others. In 1859 a Signor Pletza, Governor of Alessandria, was commanded to receive the French Emperor, about to pass through his Province, and appealed to the king to be excused.

"I cannot suitably represent your Majesty," he said. "I know nothing of etiquette."

"Is it possible?"

"I deeply regret my deficiency, your Majesty, but so it is. I know absolutely nothing about it!"

"You tell me you know nothing of etiquette?" asked Victor Emmanuel a second time, a smile breaking over his face.

"Nothing, sire."

"Well, then, signor, give me your hand. You are the very person to represent me. I never in all my life understood etiquette!"

A New Pulpit

The Need for a New, Up-to-Date Style of Preaching Proclaimed—A Distinguished Englishman's Views—The Relation of the Preacher to Social, Political and Scientific Affairs.

Is there demand for a new and up-to-date style of preaching? If so, is that demand unsatisfied? Rev. H. K. Haweis, the well-known English champion of the "Broad Church," proclaims, through the North American Review, the need of a new pulpit, giving some terse and epigrammatic reasons therefor, a number of which are here presented:

"The early Christian pulpit of Clement, Polycarp and Ignatius was kept alive with personal recollections of Jesus Christ. 'I,' as Polycarp used to say, 'who have seen the apostles.'"

"The medieval pulpit lived on church ceremonials and the lives of the saints; the reformation pulpit lived on the Bible chiefly seen through the eyes of Luther. But what does the modern pulpit live upon?" Doctrinally, on the dried pippins of the past! It has nothing distinctive. Its methods are a mixture—"The mixture as before."

"Well, but," asks the anxious inquirer, "what can you want more—if you are a Christian—the life of Christ, the organization of worship, the records of saintly lives and the study of the Bible—is not that enough for the pulpit?"—which sounds very well until you ask one question—How does the modern pulpit deal with all this material? As Hamlet says: "the readiness is all!"

"It may be asked what I think about the new pulpit."

"A pulpit in touch with the life of the period. A pulpit up-to-date; interested in what is interesting; capable of refocusing religion; quick to note when a phrase is outworn; resolved to find why clever men won't listen to sermons; convinced that every pursuit, occupation, discovery and faculty of man should have a moral trust and prepared to give it. A pulpit of this kind has little to fear, but something to learn, from leading articles. The press can never be the preacher's master, but it may and should be his indicator; let him keep his finger upon its pulse if he would play upon the hearts of his people."

"Sermons will never be crowded out by the press as long as the people crowd in to the preacher. The old pulpit not only will, it has been superseded—it is stricken with dogmatic age, it is palsied with fear; it would persecute if it could, but it can't, for it has ceased to inspire convictions worth persecution. The new pulpit has nothing to fear except a certain timidity and distrust which eyes all novelty askance—as those who taste a new food turn away, yet soon after may be ready to fall on it ravenously."

"Between the old and the new pulpit stands the transition pulpit, just as between Moses and Christ stood the Talmud and between Mohammed and the new world stand the elaborate commentaries and traditions of Islamism. Were it not for the transition pulpit no one would ever listen to sermons. No one could sit through a Tillotson, a Barrow, or even a Simeon, or a Wesley now. A Latimer, a South, or a Sterne might get a partial hearing—not because of the doctrine, or the once much admired form, but on account of the wit."

"Because many doctrines, evolved by the church, and put forward as essential to Christianity, are not to be found in the direct teaching of Christ, it does not follow that they are not true, or that the dogma, which once enshrined but now obscures them, does not hold in suspension a certain amount of true teaching or 'Doctrine.' It is the business of the new pulpit steadily to deliver theology from the exploded watchwords, which, like 'the blessed word Mesopotamia,' lull the listener to sleep, in order that living doctrine may come out of dead dogma. We must never forget that what is now dead dogma was once living doctrine—it was the likeliest statement—what seemed most true at the time. It is not clear statement that we renounce—but riveting the form of statement suitable to one age upon all succeeding ages."

"For instance, the old pulpit said, 'The Bible is the word of God.'"

"The new pulpit says, 'The word of God is in the Bible.'"

"The old pulpit said, 'The Bible is an inspired history.'"

"The new pulpit says, 'The Bible is the history of an inspired people.'"

"The old pulpit said, 'The Bible is infallibly inspired.'"

"The new pulpit says, 'The Bible is inspired, but not infallible.'"

"The old pulpit said, 'I believe in the resurrection of the body.'"

"The new pulpit adds, 'I believe in the survival of the ego and the continuity of the individual in some suitable, though at present unknown, form,

under some suitable, though at present unknown, conditions, and so forth.'"

"A great deal of superannuated nonsense is talked about preaching the Gospel. There is no age which does not find fault with the past age; there is no sect which does not find fault with every other sect for not preaching the Gospel; and I never yet knew an able minister who could fill his church who was not denounced by the ass across the way whose church was empty, for not preaching the Gospel."

"There is only one way of preaching the Gospel as Christ preached it, and that is to make teaching close to, deal with, and control current life."

"The relations between a clever swindler and his employer, a woman plying her broom diligently, a clamorous widow worrying a police magistrate, the children in the street playing their vulgar little games and singing their vulgar little songs, the processes of digestion, the weather (that inexhaustible and invariably interesting topic), the occupations of Hodge, the secrets of fishing, the art of making bread or bottling wine—these were the topics of the Divine Preacher."

Mr. Haweis here discusses the relations of the pulpit to the various affairs of the social, the political, and the scientific world, arguing that each has a special and necessary function and that all are intimately correlated; that neither should ever be singled out as a class; for, says he, "the moment you have a church and a stage guild, each has something up its sleeve, and each knows it." In closing, Mr. Haweis writes:

"What a sphere there is open to the preacher of the coming day!"

"He may not be a politician, but he hunts politicians; nor an expert in dancing, but he knows when dancing is devilish; nor a playwright, but he can tell a good play from a bad; nor a novelist, but he judges the tendency of fiction; nor a man of science, but he estimates the importance of scientific discovery to moral order, and he thought to arrive at some conclusion about its relation to the occult, for it must be a matter of supreme interest to him and to everybody else, whether or not in these days a possibility, a hope, or even a faith in a life after death is ever to be converted into a scientific certainty."

Floral Hints and Helps.

Summer Flowering Bulbs.

(Special to the CITIZEN and HOME GUARD.) This is a class of plants that everyone loves who grows them. They are easily grown and so satisfactory as to be invaluable. They require no skill and very little attention to grow them to perfection. Planted in the garden in spring after severe freezing is past, they will soon be up and will flourish and bloom all the summer.

They may be described as bulbs that will not bear freezing, and require to be taken up in the fall after early frosts, thoroughly dried and put away in the cellar until spring. The leading varieties are Gladiolus, Dahlias, Tuberoses, Cannas, and the Amaryllis family. When we think of this class of bulbs, in our mind we see long and stately spikes of Gladiolus in all their wealth and fascination of varied color; great flaming Amaryllis of rare beauty; majestic Dahlias with their enormous knobs of loveliness; great spikes of wax-like Tuberoses of exquisite beauty and fragrance; gorgeous Cannas in all their exotic grandeur; spotted Gloxinias and graceful Lephyranthes. Let me describe in detail a few of them.

GLADIOLUS. The genius Gladiolus is said to comprise about 90 species, natives mostly of Central Europe and West Africa. The original species are of little value as ornamental plants, but the later improved varieties and hybrids make up the most popular class of plants in cultivation.

The bulbs are quite cheap and may be bought as low as 20 cents a dozen. They may be planted in the open ground from early in April until the end of June. For masses they should be planted six inches apart and three inches deep, in rows. They can stand as close as one inch apart.

Planted in succession at periods of ten to fourteen days from April to end of June, they will give a period of bloom lasting for three months.

They soon appear above ground and should be given the support of a stake to prevent them being blown down or injured by storms. As the flowers fade they should be cut off to prevent exhausting the plant by forming seed. After the first frost dig up the bulbs and cut off the tops; let them remain

to dry where they will not freeze and then store them in a cellar or other frost proof place until spring. The bulbs increase rapidly by natural division and a dozen will increase in a few years to many hundreds. They are easily grown from seed and some will bloom in this way the second year. This is an easy and inexpensive way of raising a stock. The range of colors embraces every shade and there is no better flower for cutting or decorative purposes. Let every reader try a few this year if they have not done so before.

TUBEROSE.

The original form was introduced from Mexico many years ago, and from it has sprung all the varieties now in cultivation. There are four distinct varieties—single flowered, tall double, pearl, and variegated. They require similar treatment to the Gladiolus, but should not be planted before the middle of May or the beginning of June. They are good for either pots or garden.

After a bulb has once bloomed it is of no more value except for the offsets or small bulblets which cluster round it. These may be planted again the next year, and will bloom the second or third year. No flower excels the Tuberoses for exquisite fragrance. One in a pot will scent a whole house, and a few in the garden will be a source of supreme delight.

CANNAS.

These are tuberous-rooted plants which are most useful for bedding purposes, their sub-tropical looking foliage and brilliant flowers making them striking objects in any garden.

They need similar treatment to the Dahlias. The roots should be divided into small portions before being planted in the spring. They should be lifted from the ground in the fall and stored away for the winter.

They are easily grown from seed, but the seeds are very hard and need soaking for 24 hours in hot water until the outside shell opens slightly, before planting.

The dwarf varieties make capital pot plants.

Begonias grown from bulbs require much the same treatment.

The treatment of Dahlias is too well known to need any special instruction. A good stock of this class of plants can soon be raised from a very small outlay at first, and no other plants give such great returns for so little cost.

NARCISSUS.

Ruskin tells us that only a great artist is fit to restore a picture. Most of us think differently. We are ready to rush in with our sandpaper and pumice stone, and we will try our hand at the finest picture in the National Gallery. The work of restoring a soul is far more delicate than that of restoring a picture, and it requires such delicate measures as only God can use."

Soldiers and Ice Cream.

A comical incident of the Civil War is related by General J. D. Imboden, an ex-Confederate commander, in a recent letter. In 1864, when General Imboden crossed the Potomac in an attempt to capture Hon. Simon Cameron and Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, a party of a hundred men belonging to a regiment of mountaineers under his command raided a large ice cream factory at the town of Hancock, and possessed themselves of a great number of ice cream bricks frozen for the Baltimore market.

General Imboden had given the most stringent command that no officer or man should enter a house at Hancock, where a halt had been ordered, and he was naturally indignant when he learned that his orders had been violated. He was in advance of the command, with the colonel of the regiment, and was about to have the men severely punished, when the colonel said to him: "General, ride back with me and see me punish the men."

The general consented. The mountaineers had never seen ice cream before, but had found it good, and had carried off as much of it as possible. As soon as they saw the officers coming, they stuffed the bricks into the crowns of their hats, into their pockets and into their knapsacks.

"Now, general," said the colonel, "when we are about the middle of the regiment we will get off our horses, sit on the fence, and see the fun."

The sun was broiling hot, and the ice cream began to melt rapidly. The men were in tortures. The cream flowed out of every crevice; it poured down out of the men's hats, over their faces and beards, over their clothes and down their necks.

They dared not remove their hats, but some made laughable efforts to get behind one another, under horses, or anywhere. The general and the colonel sat watching the agony of the evil-doers as long as the ice cream continued to thaw, and then left them. "I took no further notice of this violation of orders," says Gen. Imboden, "for the punishment was complete, and was educational besides—the men learned what ice cream was."

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What Brings the Sunset Near?

The setting sun full oft doth make
A molten path across the lake,
The radiant beams so bright and fair,
But serve to bring the Sunset near.

The brightest day fades into night,
And stars reveal their softer light,
The glowing twilight there and here,
All join to bring the Sunset near.

When to our sight the sun declines,
While still his fading glory shines
In cot, and glen, and bower so fair,
The shadows bring the Sunset near.

Out on the sea where billows lave,
The sunlight sinks beneath the wave,
Those golden rays fill earth and air;
The beauty brings the Sunset near.

The pines along the shore bend low,
The lingering shadows come and go;
In gold and green, or crystal clear
The water brings the Sunset near.

All down the west in purple fold,
Lay sunset clouds like gates of gold,
They hang like banners in the air,
And bring the Sunset very near.

SAMUEL TROTMAN.

Alden, Mich.

Sermon Points.

(From Dr. Hillis' sermon in Central Church, Chicago.)

If arts and industries are flowers and fruits, moralities are the roots that nourish them.

A good man ought to be ashamed to show his face in heaven before he is 80 years of age.

An ignorant man has been defined as one "whom God has packed up and men have not unfolded."

Whoever scourges himself to a task he hates serves a hard master and the slave will get but scant pay.

No picture ever painted, no statue ever carved, no cathedral ever builded is half so beautiful as the Christ-formed man.

The child of the tropics is out of the race. For centuries he has dozed under the banana tree, wakening only to kick the tree and shake down ripe fruit for his hunger, eating to sleep again.

Ignorance breeds misery, vice and crime. Mephistopheles was a cultured devil; but he is an exception. History knows no illiterate seer or sage or saint. No Dante or Shakespeare had to make "his X mark."

As the waste barrel in the alley is filled with refuse and filth, so the orphan waifs in our streets are made receptacles of all vicious thoughts and deeds. These children are not so much born as damned into the world.

Paupers plebeian supported by many citizens in the poorhouse; paupers patrician supported in palace by one citizen, generally father or ancestor; the two cases differing in that one is foam at the top of the glass and the other is dregs at the bottom.

Horace Mann thinks the forehead of the Irish peasantry was lowered an inch when the Government made it an offense punishable with fine, imprisonment and a traitor's death to be the teacher of children. A wicked government can make agony epidemic, brutalize a race, and reaching forward fetter generations yet unborn.

The Mississippi has power to bear up fleets for war or peace because the storms of a thousand summers and the snows of a thousand winters have lent depth and power. The measure of greatness in a man is determined by the intellectual streams and moral tides flowing down from the ancestral hills and emptying into the human soul.

Man's prodigality with his material treasures does but interpret his wastefulness of the greater riches of mind and heart. Life's chief destructions are in the city of man's soul. Many persons seem to be trying to solve this problem: "Given a soul stored with great treasure, and threescore and ten years for happiness and usefulness, how shall one kill the time and waste the treasure?"

"We speed our time fault-discovering, fault-repeating, fault-remembering, fault-magnifying. The wonder is that those we have to do with have any self-respect left in them. Let us thank God for the infinite vanity which was in human nature at the beginning, and which cannot be crushed out by hard judgments."