THE HEAVENS IN MAY

By Prof. Eric Doolittle, Astronomer University of Pennsylvania.

The May Constellations, Latest Telescopic Views of the Planet Mars, the Canals, etc., etc.

The beautiful planets, Venus and Jupiter, which for several months have been so conspicuous in the western heavens, are now no longer visible. Jupiter passes behind the sun on May 3, and will remain hidden in the glare of sunlight throughout the month. Venus, which passed between the earth and sun on April 27, will also be hidden in the overpowering brilliance of the sun's light for a few days, but its motion is so rapid that by the 5th or 6th of May it will again become visible. It will then be west of the sun, and may be seen, just before sunrise, slowly mounting up the eastern sky. Mercury, Saturn and Uranus have now become morning stars also, so that the only planet visible without a telescope in the early evening is the planet Mars. Yet this planet probably contains more features of interest to us than all of the others put together.

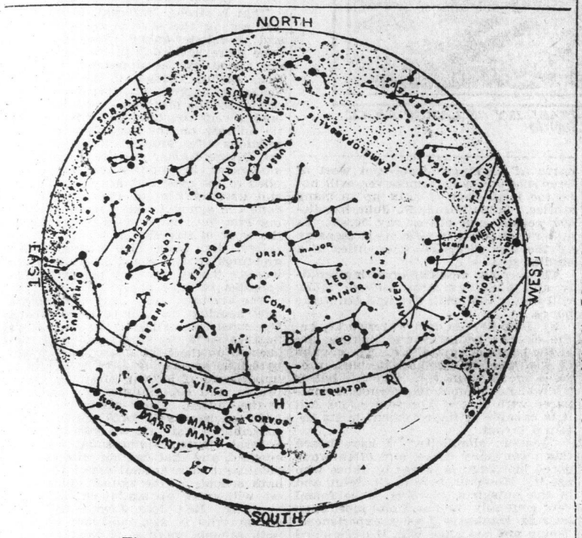


Figure 1—The Constellations at 9 p. m. May 1.

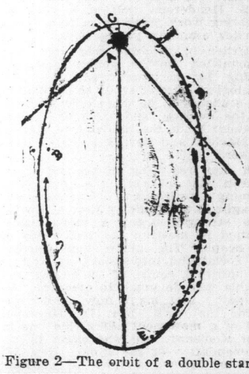


Figure 2—The orbit of a double star.

The May Constellations.

All that remains of the brilliant winter constellations is the one group Gemini, or the Twins, which is now low down in the west, though a last view of the upper portion of Arion and Taurus may still be had before they disappear for the summer. The observer should not fail to notice the curious position of the Milky Way, which now comes into view in the extreme southwest and passes right along the ground, all the way through the north point of the horizon to the southeast, where it again disappears. Two months ago the part which now lies along the ground in the northwest formed a beautiful arch passing directly overhead. As summer advances, this part of the Milky Way will disappear from view, and the part which is now low down in the east will mount up higher and higher in the sky, until by August it will pass from the south to the north, exactly through the zenith. But it is only in May that both branches of the Milky Way can be seen in the early evening.

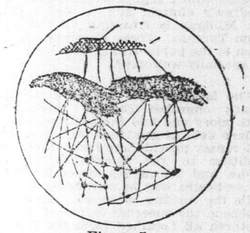


Figure 5.

The constellation Leo is now well up in the sky, a little to the west of south; to the east of this is Virgo, closely followed by the two bright stars which mark the position of Libra, or the Balances. East of Libra there is just beginning to appear the striking group known as the Scorpion; when this constellation is high up in the sky there is experienced the hottest weather of the year.

The constellation Virgo, which is the largest group of the Zodiac, closely follows Leo, or the Sickle, which marks the harvest mouth. From very early times the group has been represented by a maiden bearing a sheath of wheat in her hand, though sometimes she is figured as holding the balances. The most beautiful star of the group is the brilliant Spica, or Ear of Wheat, a bluish-white, slightly variable star, which is revolving about an invisible companion in an orbit six millions of miles across. Spica was known to the Arabians as the Defenceless One, because it is unattended by any near-by star. With the beautiful Arcturus, at A, and the stars marked B and C (Figure 1), it makes a Diamond-shaped figure known as the diamond of Virgo.

The star at H (Figure 1) is one of the most celebrated double stars known to astronomers. If viewed with a small telescope, it will be seen to be made up of two stars very close together, and these two stars are slowly revolving about one another. The path which the smaller star pursues around the larger one is shown in Figure 2, where A represents the larger star, and the small dots show the various measured positions of its companions. Thus, in 1820 the smaller star was at B, in 1836 at C, in 1842 at D, and in 1905 at E. The orbit is very unlike the orbits of the planets; it is so narrow that when the two stars were nearest together their distance apart was only one-nineteenth of their distance at present. This is the narrowest of all the double-star orbits.

The little corner at Virgo between the stars marked L, H and M (Figure 1) is more densely filled with nebulas than any other portion of the sky. More than 500 have been found in this little space. This little region was known to the Arabs as the Kennel of the Barking Dog.

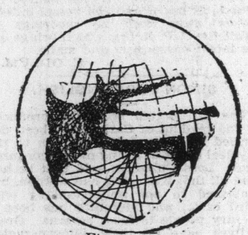


Figure 4.

The principal stars of Libra may easily be found, at F and H, to the east of Virgo. These were originally a part of the constellation Scorpio and marked the claws of that animal. The star F is a naked eye double, while near H, to the southeast, a pretty cluster will be seen with a pair of opera glasses.

Just below Virgo is the group known as Corvus, the Crow, while below this there stretches out the longest constellation of the entire sky. This is Hydra, the Water Snake, which extends all the way from Cancer to Scorpio. There is but a short time of the year when the whole of this very long figure is above the ground in the early evening. The month of May is the best time for observing it. The star K, which is on the head of the snake, is a remarkable triple star, while near the stars R and V, which are at the curve of the neck, there will be found a large number of beautiful doubles. This whole constellation was frequently taken by the Egyptians to represent the river Nile.

The Planet Mars.

This must always be the most interesting of the planets to us, because it more nearly resembles the earth than any of the others. It apparently has an atmosphere, and around the poles there is a white accumulation, supposed to be ice, which grows much less and even disappears entirely as the Martian summer advances. The planet's disc is on the whole of a reddish hue, but there are well-defined, dark, bluish green areas which cut the reddish areas into numerous archipelagoes, and which formerly were supposed to be seas.

The planet is but 4,200 miles in diameter, and only two-thirds as dense as our earth; consequently the weight of bodies on Mars is far less than with us. A man who weighs 175 pounds on the earth would weigh only 66 pounds on Mars. What is of more importance, however, is that its axis of rotation is inclined to the plane of its orbit by almost exactly the same amount as is that of the earth, so that spring, summer, autumn and winter succeed each other on Mars just as they do with us. The Martian year, however, contains 687 days, and therefore its various seasons are nearly twice as long as ours are.

To one who looks at the planet through a telescope of moderate size, the appearance during the present month will be much as shown in Figure 3. The north polar star will be turned toward the earth, and this will melt rapidly in the continuous sunshine. Bordering this and covering the planet in patches will be seen the greenish areas which, it is predicted, will be unusually clear this year and visible even in a small telescope, for Mars is in a better position for observation now than it was last year, or than it will be next. But exactly which of these markings the observer will see cannot be told, for the planet turns around on its axis once in every 24 hours and 37 minutes, and is therefore continually carrying all of the markings rapidly across the disc.

The Canals of Mars.

In 1887 there was announced the discovery of numerous straight, narrow bands extending in every direction over the surface of Mars, but always connecting at one extremity with the dark areas. These lines, which were called canals, are described as wonderfully straight, averaging about 1,500 miles in length, the greatest measuring the enormous distance of 3,800 miles and they are from 10 to 30 miles in width. At points where the so-called canals intersect there are frequently small dark areas which have been named oases. (Figures 4, 5 and 6 show different parts of this canal system.

It is the belief of many astronomers that the surface of Mars is to a great extent arid, and that the so-called canals are narrow strips of irrigated vegetation bordering the true canals, which latter are, of course, far too narrow to be visible to us. In support of this view, it is stated that the strips become more and more clearly defined when the polar snows are melting, and nearly invisible when the flow of water through the immense network ceases. Their remarkable straightness and the fact that so many of them meet at a single point is believed to indicate that the system is the result of intelligent design.

Figure 3.

It cannot be said, however, that all of this is yet by any means proved. Aside from the obvious criticism that the assumption of the existence of intelligent beings on another world is a most violent assumption, which could indeed be appealed to to explain anything, it must be said that many astronomers even doubt that the canals exist at all. This is partly because these objects remain invisible in the largest telescopes, even to the most keen-sighted and experienced observers, and also doubtless because the observers of the Martian canals have announced the discovery of similar markings on both Mercury and Venus. It is, therefore, thought that what appear as lines are not really so, but are the results of an optical illusion, of which several different explanations have been attempted.

In reply to this, the astronomers who have studied the canals assert that clearness and steadiness of the air are of far more importance than the size of the telescope, and they deny the possibility of an illusion.

The beliefs of those who are right in the matter will unquestionably be verified in time.

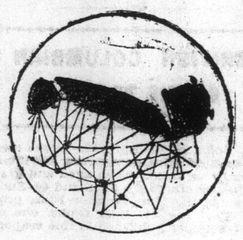


Figure 6.

STUDIES IN COLONIAL NATIONALISM.

London Daily News.

Mr. Jebb's book may be very strongly recommended to those to whom the future of the "British Empire," or rather the colonial portion of it, is a matter of serious concern. With direct knowledge, travel, and residence in the new nations, whose development he outlines and whose future he prophesies, Mr. Jebb is able to maintain his fundamental point of view. He is a whole-hearted admirer of Mr. Chamberlain, a defender of Chinese labor in South Africa, and entirely sympathetic to a policy of colonial preference and reciprocity. Despite this fact, in his general attitude towards colonial expansion and aspiration he is advocating the Liberal against the Imperial ideal; and brings out clearly the fundamental divergence between colonialism and nationalism, now fighting over the future of the Anglo-Saxon race.

A Nationalist.

Mr. Jebb is a Nationalist. Not only does he prophesy national developments, but he approves of them. Colonial federation, the making of one world state, he regards as an entirely impossible dream. There is not in the five nations any growing consciousness of a common nationality, but exactly the reverse. This is his main contention. In other words, the basis of imperial federation, instead of expanding and solidifying, is melting away. The watchword of the future is not federation, but alliance; free nations, each developing their own life and along quite diverse roads, agreeing to some kind of alliance of equals uniting with equals, pooling, as it were, their means of defence in a state for which the present time affords no exact parallel. He approves Mr. Kipling's "Song of the Native Born." He sees the old lament over home of the Canadian boat song—"Still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland, and we in dreams behold the Hebrides"—vanishing with the newer generations before the newer patriotism and devotion to the native land. "Give me," he cries, "the plain parochialist who says from his heart, 'Of no mean city am I, be it Winnipeg or Walzett,' provided he is genuine enough to defend with his life, if need be, the country he condescends to live in."

"In All Save Honor."

He has no comfortable words to preach to the little island at home. He quotes the fate described from beyond the seas, which seemed to await "the England of unchallenged Cobdenism" in the remarkable verses of Mr. Adams:

A grey old crone mumbled the name that once
Was Britain. Spent with mighty pasts her soil
And soddened with a hundred histories;
Her old frame enervated with the pangs
Of bearing progenies of giant men
Who shackled the careering centuries
To one small island's name.

In an eloquent peroration at the end he sees the Imperial city having lost her pride of place; and "in another seagirt isle, by the margin of the Pacific," in a "city named after the Empress-Queen," the great council assembled of the nations of the future. "In fulness of time the children shall surpass their great mother in all save honor."

The tracing of the development of this galaxy of independent nations weaves into the story most of the large world-questions of the present. It is the history of development not only of political change, but of the slow, gradual growth of self-consciousness and a local patriotism in the minds of whole peoples. So that while one chapter is devoted to the Alaska boundary question, and another to the South African war, equal space is given to an interpretation of the Sydney Bulletin, the national Australian newspaper, through which has become vocal all the growing demands of an Australia free and independent.

The Process of Change.

Mr. Jebb has a whole-hearted hatred and contempt for the civilization of the United States, and continually and bitterly protests against the method through which, in his opinion, the central government has sacrificed Canada's interest to this noisy and bolsterous democracy. He shows the particular difficulty of Canada's development into national life in the resistance of the French-Canadian population to anything like common interest and union with the remainder. He analyzes with a singular clearness and ability the meaning of the negotiations at the colonial conference, especially in the matter of imperial defence, showing the continual silent struggle between the ideal of national defence advocated by Canada and Australia, and the ideal of the one imperial unit and organization demanded by the home government, and backed by those nations which had not yet risen into self-conscious existence—New Zealand, Natal, Cape Colony.

The South African war momentous in many things, and in the minds of many disastrous, was momentous also in this—that it first made manifest this national spirit. At the commencement the new nations were offering contingents tentatively, anxiously, with some apologies, intensely concerned as to the behavior of their volunteers. And the home country, represented by the war office, was accepting these offers with some condescension and patronage. At the end the colonies were convinced that their contingents had really won the war; that their officers and men had really proved superior to their British brethren; and that England and the central government wanted a severe shaking up and an infection with colonial ideas. And a supercilious war office, by this time entirely discredited, was humbly condescending to "fawn on the younger nations for the men who could shoot and ride."

Then in the conference loyalty and patriotism are exhibited in a widening gulf.

For at this conference the nationalist leaders, knowing how the war had stimulated colonial patriotism, at length felt strong enough to make a firm stand against the repressive tendencies of that official imperialism which the loyalty of the younger colonies seemed ready to encourage and support. So, for the first time, a division appears in the ranks of the self-governing colonies. The nations are ranged against the colonies; the forces of patriotism against the forces of loyalty; and the Mother Country, at length realizing that the difference is vital, is being called upon to determine which side it is her best interest to support.

The whole thing is interpreted as a struggle between the Nationalists and the Colonialists, and Nationalism, in Mr. Jebb's interpretation, is certain to win at last. "The old order passes," he cries, "and in vain its chagrined prophets cry out against the new. Abandoning the shadow, let us reach after the substance, discarding supremacy to stake the future in alliance."

When Mr. Jebb leaves the region of present-day colonial aspiration to plunge into the economics of protection he is a less satisfactory guide. And when he informs us that "whereas all other countries levy toll upon the foreign seller for his use of the national market, England levies no such toll and increases the burden upon our own taxpayers by the amount so lost," he comes perilously near talking nonsense. But his discussion of the subject is moderate and sane, emphasizing the colonial aspect of the suggestions put forward by Mr. Chamberlain. These form, indeed, the only reputable aspect of the whole matter; though disguised in the great campaign as soon as their originator realized that what his followers desired was not empire unification, but knowledge of how their pockets were to be benefited by the tariff changes introduced.

WHEN YOUR CHILD SUFFERS

For lack of knowledge of the value of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for eczema, many a mother has been worn out in the effort to relieve her child of suffering. Eczema, scald head and other forms of itching skin disease are common to children, especially during the teething period. Though readily cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, eczema, if neglected, becames chronic and may last for years.

ANTI-JAPANESE LEGISLATION.

The Montreal Star talks about British Columbia "throwing the apple of discord into the vitally important Japo-British relations just at this critical time," and remarks that if it was done merely for partizan purposes, it was "one of the maddest examples of party folly which Canada has ever seen." What some of our Eastern contemporaries don't know about British Columbia affairs would make an extremely large volume. Nevertheless it does not prevent them writing most volubly on the subject at times. The legislation complained of, whether right or wrong, was not a party one, passing unanimously; but, assuming that the Provincial Parliament have been chucking "apples of discord" through the glass windows at Ottawa, as a political move out of deference to public opinion it is then only on a par with the position taken by the Montreal Daily Star on the separate school question because it is published in a community and a Province in which the great majority of the people are French and Catholics, or of the Dominion Parliament passing the educational clauses of the Autonomy Bill by a large majority for the same reason. Those who live in glass houses are no more entitled to throw stones at their neighbors than is the British Columbia Legislature to heave "apples of discord" at the Japanese.

DON'T LIKE OUR ANTI-JAPANESE SENTIMENTS.

Montreal Star.

The Dominion government has promptly disallowed the stupid anti-Japanese acts which were rushed through the British Columbia legislature just at the close of the late session. This was inevitable, and the British Columbians knew perfectly that it would happen. But that did not prevent them throwing an apple of discord into the vitally important Japo-British relations just at this critical time. If it was done merely for partizan purposes, it was one of the maddest examples of party folly which Canada has ever seen.

CANADA RECRUITS IN ENGLAND.

Montreal Gazette.

Canada has to recruit in England for the Halifax and Esquimalt garrisons, because, as an officer explained to an English newspaper correspondent, "the country is so prosperous we can never raise enough men in the Dominion." The London Standard objects to losing these recruits. If Britain has sufficient recruits to spare some for service in the Canadian army, there exists no reason why they cannot serve the empire as well at Halifax, drawing Canadian pay, as in a far corner of the globe in English line regiments.

HE HAD HIS KEYS.

Philadelphia Item.

It is told of Senator —— that he was in the pleasantest possible frame of mind as he stood at his front door fumbling for the keyhole, the while he held communion with himself in tones pitched high enough to reach his wife, who sat in a front bedroom overhead waiting for him to come back from a political dinner. She knew her liege lord's voice, and knew, too, that all was not well with him. So, leaning out of the window she had raised, she asked:

"Have you forgotten your keys, dear?"

"Got those all right, my love," came back the answer, after more fumbling, "but could you throw down a bunch of keyholes?"

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS AMONG THE PUNDITS.

Amrita Bazar Patrika.

The resolution appointing Pundit Bishun Narain Dar delegate of the United Provinces on the Congress Deputation to England was moved by the Honorable Pundit Madan Mohan Malviya, seconded by Munshi Sankatha Prasad and Mr. A. P. Sen of Lucknow and supported by Moulvi Nasiruddin Ahamed, Pundit Gekaranath Misra, Rai Seheb Murlidar of Ambala and Seyed Fazal Hussian.

IDENTIFYING DEAD SOLDIERS.

New York World.

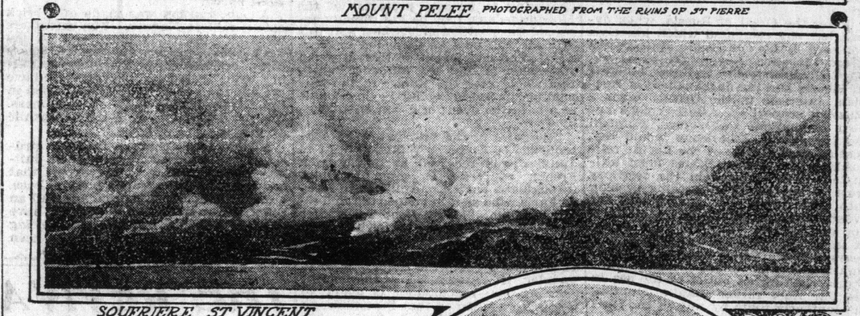
Russia identifies its soldiers killed in battle by means of little metal icons—sacred picture images—found on the bodies. On the back of each of these icons are stamped the wearer's name, regiment and commission. Every nation labels its soldiers in one way or another, with a view to just such happenings. English soldiers when on active service receive small oblong identification cards, which are supposed to be sewed inside the jackets.

IN WOMAN'S FAVOR.

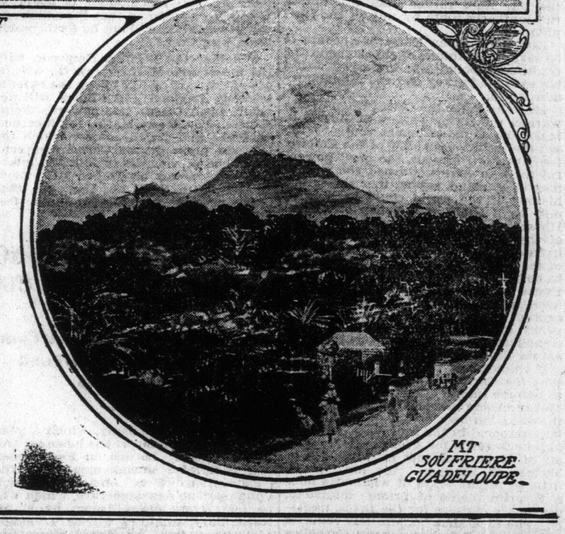
Few treatments stand so high in woman's favor as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This is not only because of the extraordinary control which this preparation has over diseases and weakness peculiar to women, but also because of its power as a tissue builder. By weighing yourself while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can prove that new flesh and weight is being added to the body.

MOUNT PELEE AND ITS WORK

MOUNT PELEE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE RUINS OF ST PIERRE



SOUFRIERE, ST VINCENT



MT SOUFRIERE GUADELOUPE

(By Professor Robert T. Hill, former member of the United States Geological Survey.)

From the quiverings of its crust, as testified by the numerous reports of earthquakes and renewed activity of volcanoes at Mount Pelee, St. Vincent, Vesuvius and elsewhere, it appears as if we are about to have another demonstration of the fact that this globe of ours is not a dead planet but a remarkable live and living world at work.

Never has there been such a demonstration of the fact that truth is arrived at in scientific research by zig zag courses as the manner in which we geologists have shifted our opinions and deductions on the question of earthquakes and volcanoes, and never in science has there been such a radical abandonmnt of preconceived theories as in the last three or four years, yet, considering that only a little over a century ago such a radical thinker as Voltaire explained the fossils in the rocks of the Alps as being shells dropped by the Crusaders on their return from the Holy Land. We certainly feel that great progress has been made.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

By Charles Wagner

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Part II.—The Good Eleventh Hour.

Now let us speak of the eleventh hour that is well employed. There are some of all kinds.

First, there is the eleventh hour of those who have not succeeded, but who, late in life, when they no longer expected it, see success and encouragement come to them. They have spent their days patiently, one by one, and without result. A man waking up in the night strikes one match after the other without result; at last only one remains, and that one he succeeds in lighting. Thus sometimes in the last period of a lifetime that has been unsuccessful and full of worry, one of those lives that make us say (but wrongfully, for we should never say that) that we have been unlucky, something is left in it, and what is left is blessed.

This fact, that sometimes toward the evening of life patience is rewarded with success, has so struck human imagination that tradition and old legends have perpetuated it in graceful pictures and poetical creations.

Do you remember that the whole of the sacred history rests upon Abraham, who was old and had no posterity? His son, Isaac, was born to him late in life, when he no longer hoped for any children.

In another line of thought, when Christopher Columbus set forth with his great belief in the roundness of the earth and that another route could be found to the Indies, do you remember that there was a terrible moment in his voyage of discovery? A compact was made between his companions, who had revolted against the adventurer, and Christopher Columbus, who still obstinately hoped on. Three days' grace was given him, and if was only on the third day, when all seemed lost, that the cry of "Land! Land!" was heard.

Thus one of the greatest events in history and one of the most wide importance, the discovery of the new continent, came as a surprise at the eleventh hour.

It was the same, also, with Bernard Palissy. After days and days of study and research he threw into the oven the last remaining sticks of his furniture, the last pieces of his flooring, and he found what he was seeking at the eleventh hour.

In a congregation like this there are certainly many people who have read Tolstoy. You know that his thoughts that have most stirred the world, that have most struck our hearts, are those that came to him after his fiftieth year.

What a difference with those men who come to a full stop in their intellectual as well as moral acquisitions toward their thirty-fifth year! There are even some who have learned nothing more since they came out of the big schools where their youth was spent in rapidly absorbing as much science as possible. They have acquired this science so hastily and with such badly arranged method that they have come to a full stop, tired out for the remainder of their days. Tolstoy began a new life at 50 years of age.

Fortunately, we also know many men whose beautiful old age is a renewed youth, a youth in another form. They no longer have in their heart the disturbing element of passions, the dust of life amid which they formerly strove has been laid, and with it all the things that sometimes, in the days of youth, prevent men from being entirely what they really are. They are at peace, they are tranquil. The eleventh hour has come with that clear luminance that reminds one of a September landscape. All things are bathed in light, the air is pure, distant views come nearer; it seems as though the earth was transformed and transfigured. In a word, there is in man's life, when it has been a long and active one, a time that can be compared to autumn; the fruit prepared by a long existence has reached maturity; the tillage of spring and the work of summer have produced the reward and harvest.

A man who respects himself, who has on one hand sufficient strength and health, and on the other sufficient power of mind and conscience, when he reaches a certain time of life toward the eleventh hour is so rich in memories and experience that he is as a king, crowned with white hair, reigning over a vast domain of things. If he bestows them with a generous hand without envy, if he gives them with pure kindness, what good can he not do at the eleventh hour? What useful work, what fruitful labor can he not condense in one clear-sighted counsel wherein is united, as in a golden ray, all the light that he has slowly and patiently gathered through the hesitations, the researches and the struggle of his days?

I know of nothing more useful to those in the first, in the third, in the sixth hour, that is to say, to infancy in his morning time, to youth in its beautiful flower and to life in its ripe maturity, than to have frequent intercourse with those in the eleventh hour who are still living. It is even in the respect that we show to our dear old ones, in the affection that they inspire in us, that we find the guarantee that the beautiful gold they have amassed in their heart will not be lost sight of in ths future. With pious hands the young standing on the threshold of life, gather the treasure to make of it a store of goodness.

Now we come to the eleventh hour of those who have wasted their life. They have not noticed that they were alive. They have groped about in moral darkness or rusted away in inaction. They have not understood that if man has a heart it is so that he may love his neighbor. Until then they have not been aware of the problem that is put before every one of us on this earth in this day that we live, treading those earthly paths in the midst of the great and sorrowful solidarity of the living. They have lived as in a dream. Neither the starry heavens nor human conscience has appealed to them in any way. And now they come out of their dream at the eleventh hour. They perceive with terror that their life has been wasted. Yet they are not cast down. They say, "If only a drop remains, let us utilize that drop." And they give it with such a whole heart and with such generous devotion that the drop becomes a river. It requires singular courage and that a man should pull himself together with all his energy to be able to thus quietly utilize the last hour.

I have sometimes envied the calmness and apparent serenity — at all events the strength of mind—of some wretched criminals struck down by human laws. Their last hour has come; they are about to be suppressed, more by an act of vengeance than of justice, from the living. Yet they are as tranquil as though they had been men of good life. If I pitied them for the evil they have done, I envied them for their peace of mind. I admired them when they quietly performed certain superficial actions and indulged, for instance, in one last enjoyment, for that was one way of using the eleventh hour.

Before taking leave of this world I would like to do some good deed as quietly as though I had centuries before me. And I would not be wrong, for we always have centuries in front of us when we are doing good in the infinite cohesion of the will of God. I would deem it a happiness greater than all others to be able to be at peace at the eleventh hour; to be able, with scrupulous care, like those who arrange everything neatly in their home at night, so that they should see no untidiness in the morning, to put all things in their place, repair an injustice, smile for the last time, be as kind as though one were still to be so for a long time more, and leave behind one a little light, according to the beautiful words of the Scripture: "The way of the just shines like light." Is not such an hour worth a whole life-time?

There is so much value in certain intentions and in certain deep actions that a definite satisfaction results from them. "Whoever has drunk of this water shall never thirst." When we have touched the bottom of things by a whole and perfect gift of ourselves we feel fully and wholly satisfied. We may say, as old Jacob said when he once more folded in his arms his son Joseph, whom he thought was lost: "I have known human joy to the uttermost fibres of my soul, now I can die, for I have seen my son."

That is the most beautiful of all eleventh hours.

It recalls the words of the prophet: "Toward evening came light." In that light were forgotten all the obscurities that had darkened the remainder of the day.

I would like to make all men, who are my brothers and companions on the changing road of existence, careful of things of high value, savers of time especially.

The valiant mothers of small households, who are careful and saving, do not allow anything to be wasted; they are careful of the pieces that fall from a piece of material; you see them make wonderful things out of what appeared to be old rags. Take example from them and respect the remnants of time. Perhaps you may have noticed the workman who all day long sees a number of chips of wood fall under his saw or bench. At the close of the day he bends down and picks up all these small shavings and lights a bright fire with them on his hearth.

These courageous mothers and these workmen who allow nothing to be wasted give us, in small things, a splendid lesson that we can apply to greater things.

Let us never lose a fragment of time; let us never pass over a particle of an hour, and especially when, at the close of life, we approach the eleventh hour let us not lose one moment of it. Like the workman who sits down to rest at the fall of night, and whose face is lit up by the light of his fire, let us make with the shavings of our days a treasure of tenderness, of justice, of kindness, of humanity, of eternity; with the shavings of our days let us make light.

My brethren, these are a few human remarks that I have wished to put before you. Every man who disposes of a particle of time will understand to what extent he can profit by these reflections on the eleventh hour.