

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

A MAN WITH A MISSION

On last Sunday we pointed out that the distinguishing feature of the career of the Apostle Paul was his presentation of the doctrine of the Messiahship of Jesus as not merely national in its scope, but universal. This is all the more notable because of the fact that Paul was a Jew. There would have been less significance in it, if he had been of some other race, and, impressed by the life, death and teachings of Jesus, had made the claim that all people alike would share in the benefit of them, and not only those who appreciated Him to so slight an extent that it was truly said He was "despised and rejected" by them. If some Roman, Greek or Egyptian student had taken the position that the mission of The Christ was to all mankind, or if some Eastern philosopher, holding the tenets advanced by Zoroaster or Buddha, had done so, there would have been less ground for surprise; but that a man trained in the narrow culture of the Jews, and dominated by their racial prejudices and haughty exclusiveness, should have done so, is well worthy of great consideration. "After the most ardent sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee," was his own definition of his religious position; up to the time that he recognized that Jesus was "The Christ, and began to preach His gospel. The name of Pharisee has come to be one of reproach, but this does great injustice to what one writer describes as a self-sacrificing, patriotic, pious, learned and national party of progress." The cardinal principle of Phariseism was that men should do good because they loved God, the Father. They were strict adherents to Mosaic law, and after the cruel fashion of those days, had little mercy for those who were opposed to them in religious matters. They constituted the popular branch of the community, the governing classes being for the most part Sadducees, whose materialism was their chief religious characteristic. We find, therefore, in Paul a man, who accepted the doctrine of immortality, who believed in the strictest observance of the laws prescribed by Moses and those which the Synagogue had superimposed upon them, who was jealous for the advancement of his own faith and the suppression of every movement calculated to overthrow it. In addition to this he was an educated man and possessed qualities of leadership. That such a man should have cast in his lot with the despised followers of the crucified Nazarene, is not to be explained on the ground that he was influenced by selfish motives, and his earnest and persistent devotion to his new work, notwithstanding all manner of persecutions, precludes the supposition that he was the victim of some hallucination, or that, as Festus suggested, when Paul was before him, much learning had made him mad. So much of the foundation of Christianity, as we have it today, is due to the influence of this extraordinary man, that every known fact concerning his life and teaching becomes of great importance. It is not necessary for us to assume that everything he said in a doctrinal way is to be accepted as indicating the true nature of the relation of man to the Creator. He himself admitted that he only saw through a glass darkly. Possibly in his efforts to make his conceptions of "the mystery of godliness" plain to the varied peoples with whom he came in contact, he employed forms of expression, which very inadequately conveyed his meaning. He was a man of great directness of speech, but he had to make himself intelligible to persons whose ideas on the subject of what we now recognize as Christianity were absolutely nil. Very often we hear ministers of the Gospel endeavor to impress upon their hearers that they should understand Paul as speaking directly to them, and many and curious are the perversions of his language, which they make so as to force it to fit conditions existing today. By such false constructions of his meaning much of the value of his teaching is lost. These considerations emphasize what has been said above, namely, that so important was the influence of Paul upon the development of Christianity that his life and character are worthy of the closest study. It is, of course, impossible in articles of this nature to undertake such a task with any approach to thoroughness. All we can do is to suggest the line of investigation, and we recommend to all readers the careful perusal of the Acts of the Apostles, especially for the purpose of familiarizing themselves with the character and dominating impulses of the man, who, perhaps more than any other, always excluding the Founder of our Faith, has influenced the progress and development of what we call Christian civilization.

The mission of Paul was specially to the Gentiles. The cell and cell chapters of the Acts tell a story of the most extraordinary dramatic interest. It is written with a brevity, which makes the reader wish it had been told in greater detail. It is of a man of learning and refinement, beaten by the populace, rescued by soldiers, chained and carried before the highest local authority. Then, obtaining permission, he stood upon the steps of the castle, and beckoning the Jews towards him, addressed them with courage, telling the story of his conversion, and closing with the declaration that the God of the people had commanded him to preach to the Gentiles the gospel, which the tradition of centuries had taught them to believe was for them alone. There is little wonder that, when he told them that the Nazarene whom they had slain was the long-expected Messiah, and that he had received a divine command to preach to the Gentiles that the Victim of Calvary was their Saviour, the Jews should cry out against him, that he was not fit to live, and exhibit uncontrollable frenzy. In this story we get a picture of the man, and it is one of a heroic mind and heart, whatever his physical presence may have been; it is one of a mission of universal salvation through Christ.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

There was a time, and it was not so very long ago, when to have been without a volume of the poems of Felicia Hemans would have stamped a household as lacking in culture and refinement. She was par excellence the poet of the English-speaking people. That she was not one of the greatest poets was due to the lack of some indefinable quality and possibly to some extent to the fact that she wrote too easily to make it necessary for her to devote to her work that degree of persistent care without which great literary achievements seem impossible. She was born at Liverpool in 1759, where her father, whose name was Browne, was temporarily residing. He removed very shortly after to Wales, where Felicia was brought up. She was a very beautiful child, and grew up to be a beautiful woman. Her poetic talents exhibited themselves when she was very young, her first volume of poems having been published when she was fourteen years of age, and it contains poems written when she was only ten. She was married when she was eighteen, to Captain

Hemans, of the 4th Infantry. Her choice was not particularly happy, for her husband's health had been broken by exposure in the campaign which terminated in the death of Sir John Moore at Corunna, and his temper seemed to have suffered accordingly. Five sons were born to them, but after six years of life together the couple separated. Captain Hemans going to Italy and his wife remaining at home with her children. They never met again.

Mrs. Hemans does not appear to have been in any financial difficulties. She made her home at Rhyllon, in Wales, where her sister writes, "an atmosphere of home gathered round the dwelling; roses were planted and honeysuckle trained, and the rustling of a solitary poplar was taken into her heart like the voice of a friend. The dingle became a favorite haunt, where she would pass many hours of dream-like enjoyment with her books and her own sweet fancies, her children playing around her." Here she spent eight happy years. Great work was hardly to be expected under such circumstances, and her poems reflect the domestic side of life, not so much in its actual pictures, indeed, as in the sentiments inspiring them. Reading them, one is led unconsciously to associate them with a writer who wrote neither under the stress of necessity nor of compelling passion. They are not the outpourings of a surcharged soul, nor the message of one who feels that she must deliver it, but the metrical stories of one who enjoys telling them and has a neat trick of relating them in verse. Her popularity was wonderfully everywhere seems to have loved her. Sir Walter Scott, who did not at all like her poetry, which he described as all flowers and no fruit, admired the beautiful young poet and frankly avowed himself as charmed with her personality. The critics vied in their praises, and publishers eagerly sought her works. One of her dearest friends was Wordsworth. After her death, which occurred in Dublin, at the home of her brother, when she was only forty-one years old, Wordsworth wrote:

"Mourn rather for that holy spirit,
Sweet as the spring as ocean deep;
For her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep."

While, as has been said above, she can hardly be called a great poet, and while her more serious efforts can hardly be said to possess any real merit, she was esteemed by the reading public of both England and America more highly, perhaps, than any other woman writer of verse. Her popularity on this side of the Atlantic was greater, if possible, than in her own country, and she declined a very flattering offer to become editor of a magazine in Boston. Doubtless her poem on "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" contributed much to her vogue in the United States. Every one knows this poem, which in some of its stanzas reaches a height of excellence not often surpassed. Take the third and fourth as examples. The third is as follows:

"Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame."

There is nothing in literature finer in its way than the last two lines. In expressing in words the sound of the drums and trumpets, it is quite equal to Homer's famous line about the reverberating sea. The fourth has a fine note of defiance in it:

"Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

It is a fine thing to have such things said about one's ancestors, and it is not surprising that the people of Massachusetts were ready to take the poetess to their hearts. In "Cassabianca," which is the true story of the thirteen-year-old lad who stood at his post of duty on the Orient until the ship was blown into atoms, she produced something which will endure as long as the English language lasts and the heart of youth responds to a tale of unflinching courage. Other products of her pen have gained a popularity enjoyed by the writings of very few. Among them are: "The Hour of Death," which begins with those oft-quoted lines:

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither with the north wind's breath."

"The Lost Pleiad," which is in its way almost beyond comparison for strength and beauty; "The Homes of England," perhaps the most delightful picture of rural British life that was ever penned, and "The Treasures of the Deep," which speaks of "the true and the brave" who have sunk beneath its waves as the most precious things the ocean holds, serve as illustrations. In these poems Mrs. Hemans gave the world some thoughts and turns of language, which have become a part of the common property of mankind. She is perhaps more frequently quoted than any other English writer except Shakespeare.

SOCIAL AND MORAL REFORMERS

N. de Bertrand Lugin.

John Wyclif.

In the great public libraries of England today there may be found some old manuscripts, their great worth consisting not so much in their contents, for the matter contained in them is available now to every one, but of value rather for what they represent, the beginning of religious independence in thought and action for a world hitherto completely under the domination of the papacy, the dawning of the reformation. These old manuscripts are Wyclif's version of the Bible, the first translation made of the sacred book into English.

John Wyclif was born in 1324 near Richmond, in Yorkshire, about a century after the establishment of the universities, the creation of the Mendicant Order of Friars, and the memorable usurpation of Innocent III. We find little or no account of his boyhood years, but we know that at the age of sixteen he was a student at Merton College, at Oxford. He became the most eminent man in the University and graduated with high honors. It was not, however, until 1360, when he was thirty-six years old, that his career as a reformer began.

It must be understood that at this time the Papacy was the life and support, the centre in fact, of all governments, more a universal government itself than the head of a religion. The popes exercised powers and prerogatives that were exceedingly distasteful to the secular heads of the government in England. They exacted heavy contributions from the people, impoverishing the nation. Unworthy favorites, sometimes mere boys, were given the most important posts and livings. Not only were the laity taxed, but the clergy as well, and contributions were also derived from the sale of benefices, from the transfer of sees, and from the bestowal of badges of episcopal authority. Innocent III. had founded the order of Mendicant Friars to strengthen the power of the Papacy, and this order began to

increase at a rapid rate. The grey-gowned beggars literally swarmed over England. They sold indulgences, and under the mask of poverty, accumulated wealth to enrich their monasteries and convents, and other religious houses belonging to the different orders of Benedictines, which grew enormously rich from the money extorted from the poor. In a population of not more than four million people there were twenty thousand monks, most of them leading lazy, dissolute lives, rather boastful, than otherwise, of their ignorance in spiritual matters. "It was in the thirteenth century," writes John Lord, "that the doctrine of transubstantiation was established, the withholding of the cup from the laity and the necessity of confession as a condition of receiving the communion, which corruptions increased amazingly the power of the clergy over the minds of superstitious people, and led to still more flagrant evils, like the sale of indulgences, and the perversion of the doctrine of penance, originally enforced to aid the soul to overcome the tyranny of the body, but finally accepted as the expiation of sin; so that the door of Heaven itself was opened by venal priests only to those whom they could control and rob."

John Wyclif, intensely interested in the spiritual welfare of the people, and perceiving what such criminality on the part of the clergy would mean if allowed to go on unchecked, began first to attack the Mendicant Friars, though, in spite of all his protestations, he did not succeed in removing this obnoxious order. He did succeed, however, in impressing the people with his wise judgment and fearlessness, and his keen insight into ecclesiastical matters. He was appointed to the rich rectory of Fellingham by Balliol College, and became one of the "dons" of the University. The whole nation honored him, the dignity conferred upon him by his position giving him the privilege of sitting at the table with the King, and of entering Parliament if he so desired.

Later he was appointed to the headship of the richest of all the Oxford colleges, Christ Church, and represented the schools when he attacked the abuses of the church. Langham, the new archbishop, pronounced this appointment void, and the Pope upheld the Archbishop. Wyclif was probably now in Parliament, at all events Parliament was his mouthpiece, and he began to oppose the right of the Pope to interfere with ecclesiastical livings in England. John of Gaunt, the most powerful man in England next to the King, became Wyclif's protector.

Then occurred the most dramatic event in this eminent scholar's career. He was summoned to appear in St. Paul's Cathedral to answer for his heresies. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were to sit in judgment upon him. When the prelates had all assembled, and the proceedings had begun, the Duke of Lancaster and the Earl Marshal forced themselves into the Lady's Chapel, behind the high altar, and, standing beside the great Oxford professor, literally defied the judgment of the bishops. Now came an order from the Pope himself that the University should deliver Wyclif into the hands of the bishops, who should keep the heretic in chains, until the Supreme Pontiff had passed judgment upon him. Disobedience of these commands was to be punished with excommunication. The prelates refused to oppose the Duke of Lancaster, allowed several months to elapse before executing the Pope's commission. In the meantime, Wyclif wrote a pamphlet showing the futility of unjust excommunication. Again Wyclif was summoned to appear before the Archbishop, and this time the proceedings were interrupted by the people of London, who broke into the chapel. A still more important aid came from the Queen Dowager, who sent a message forbidding any sentence against Wyclif.

Wyclif began now to attack the infallibility of the Pope, going so far as to proclaim that the church would be better without any pope at all. Shortly after this he commenced his translation of the Bible. It must be remembered that previously the Scriptures had been a sealed book to the people. In fact, it was the wish of the church that they should remain so, for in no other way could the eyes of the laity be kept blinded to the absurdities and inconsistencies in the then prevailing doctrines. It was Wyclif's translation that made him more obnoxious to the Pope than all his tirades against the evils of the church. However, he had the favor of the vast majority, and would have retained it, had he not attacked the Romish doctrine of the Eucharist, asserting that the consecrated bread and wine were merely symbols. Even Parliament demanded that the Archbishop make an end of such heresy. Wyclif was summoned by the Pope to Rome, where he would doubtless have suffered death, if illness had not prevented his making the journey. He retired from Oxford to his rectory at Lutterworth, where he spent the remainder of his life, "probably," writes Lord, "the most revered man of his day, in spite of ecclesiastical censure, as well as the ablest and most learned."

From Wyclif's translation of the Bible—Matthew VII.

"Nile ye deme, that ye be not demed; for in what doom ye deme ye schulen be demed; and in what mesuure ye mete, it schal be mete ayen to you. But what seest thou a litil more in the iye of thi brother, and seest not a beem in thi owne iye? Or how seist thou to thi brother, Brother, suffer I schal do a mote fro thi iye, and lo, a beem is in thi owne iye? Ipcrite, do thou out first the beem in thi iye, and thanne thou shalt se to do out the mote of the iye of thi brother. Nile ye gyve hooli thing to houndis, pethir caste ye youre margarite before swyne, lest perauentre thei defoulen hem with her feet, and the houndis be turned, and al totere you. Axe ye, and it schal be youn to you; seke ye and ye schulen fynde; knocke ye, and it schal be openyd to you."

MAN EVOLVED

(By Frederik J. Scott.)

That man has been evolved from the most primitive form of animal life, and that he is the highest type to which animal life has attained, in this world at least, is generally accepted to be a fact by present-day men of learning. Would it not be reasonable also to assume that there may be further evolution to a still nobler form? Has not evolution been steadily accomplishing its work since man as man appeared on this globe? Primitive man was little above the beasts of the field; his tools were fashioned from stone, and his abode was a cave in the earth. Contrast him with modern man, the man of today. There has been little or no change in his physical form, but what an evolution of mind!

What will the coming type be—Man evolved? A spirit breathed into a little child. The soul of true divinity. Some call this child the Son of God, some Man.

Who knows if He was God, or Man? Perchance, the messenger of Man Evolved; A nobler type! As we surpass In body form and conscious thought the beast, So He excels with perfect mind. And if we live the simple Law of Love, We're borne into another world with Him.

UNITED EMPIRE.

(After Paardeberg.)

"The Empire stands as a unit!" we cry,
But then is heard the lament,
"Aye, stands as a unit, firm and fast,
But the color of its cement!"

Both arbitration and legislation
Have vainly sought that power,
That a bullet's hiss, and a spurt of blood,
Can weld within an hour.

In vain has science sought to bind
With a girdle of peaceful steel;
They must rivet the links with a bayonet's point
And blood must their contract seal.

The ages come and the ages go,
The Druid's knife and the altar stone,
Seem but to have changed in name.

Not only the blood of the nation's best,
But the call for blood is the same,
And this the cement—do we struggle it then?
As an Empire we answer—NO!

—Lally, Bernard.

LITERARY NOTES

Cassell & Co., Ltd., 942 Adelaide street, Toronto, are doing much to supply the people of Canada of both sexes and all ages with high-class periodical literature. Their publications are Cassell's Magazine, Chimes, The Girl's Realm, The Story Teller, The Quiver, Little Folks, and Tiny Tots, which furnish a great variety of very interesting reading. Work and the Building World are publications of value to the Mechanical trades.

Marie Corelli's story "God's Good Man" has been issued by William Briggs, of Toronto. This novel is so very well known that extended notice of it is unnecessary. It is one of the best of the talented author's stories.

THE STORY TELLER

When Wilberforce lived at Marden Hall, in Surrey, he entertained freely, often having such statesmen as Eyre, Burke and Pitt as his guests. On one such occasion Pitt and Eyre had rather heated the next morning, while awaiting breakfast, the host took Eyre around his garden.

The early rising Pitt had been before them. In a flower bed they detected something which was not a flower.

"Is proved," said Wilberforce, "to be a portion of Eyre's old hat, which Pitt had planted in the soil near the geraniums."

Admiral Robley D. Evans tells this story against himself. He had a congressman for a guest, but had run out of his favorite brand of whiskey, and had stocked up with something he could not guarantee. He explained this, and added: "Here, however, is some brandy that I've kept untouched for a good deal more than twenty years."

"Just hand me over the whiskey decanter," was the reply.

"Why?" said the admiral; "what's the matter with the brandy?"

"That's just what I want to know, Bob," said the guest, "but if you have had it untouched in your possession for more than twenty years, there must be something pretty bad the matter with it!"

In his desire to use fine language the dark frequently allows his ideas to become a trifle confused, as well as confusing. A handbill announcing a "colored picnic" to be held in a grove near Mobile is being circulated. After various enticing announcements concerning the delights in store for the partakers in this entertainment the bill concludes with the following peremptory notice, printed in italics:

"Good behavior will be strictly and reservedly enjoined upon all present, and nothing will be left undone which will tend to mar the pleasure of the company."—New Orleans Picayune.

Guessed Right.

A little old woman with soft blue eyes, white ringlets around her ears, and a quaint purple gown got on a Ninth street car on a very hot day.

She looked rosy, but cool and comfortable, while the others on the crowded car were mopping their brows, fanning themselves and cursing inwardly.

As she got on the car she said to the conductor, "Hi! want to get off at Her street."

"All right," said the conductor, and the car went on. Nothing happened until L street was reached, when suddenly the old lady looked up and asked, "His this Her?"

"You bet it is," said a big, perspiring man, and soft, low cries of "Heal! heal!" mingled with the laughter that rippled through the car.—Washington Star.

The Brief Facts.

He was a new deputy sheriff, and had been out on his first trip through one of the most unproductive sections of Warren county, Kentucky. Among other persons given him was an execution against a man who lived on about the thinnest tract of land and most dilapidated outbuildings to be found even in this almost barren section of country.

When the new deputy came in from his trip, he asked one of the experienced men in the office how to make his returns on the various papers. He was told to write briefly the facts, as he found and understood them, on the back of each one.

On the execution referred to above he wrote as follows: "No property found to satisfy within execution, and none will be found so long as he stays where he now lives."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Conscientiously Asked.

Although Johnnie and Willie's mothers are warm friends, those boys are always fighting each other. After a recent battle the victorious Johnnie was urged by his mother to go and make friends with his fallen foe. She even offered to give him a party if he would go over and invite Willie to come to that festivity.

After much urging Johnnie promised to do as his mother wished. So the party came off at the appointed time and was violently enjoyed by all present. But Willie did not come.

"Now, Johnnie, you did invite him, didn't you?" asked Johnnie's mother.

"Yes, I did. Yes, another, I invited him," answered Johnnie. "I invited him," he added, reflectively, "and I dared him to come."—Harper's Magazine.

The question is often asked by travelers, "Where is the safest seat in the train?" The answer, says an exchange, is given by an engineer, who, after scientific calculation and protracted experience, asserts that the safest seat is in the middle of the last car but one.

WITH THE POETS

Temeraire.

And thou glidest into distance, dimly into distance
From the white cliffs, sullen-frowning,
Foe-ward sailed the Temeraire—
Stately, fair,

Rode she with the sunrise crowning
Every sail and spar of her,
And her decks were thronged and ringing
With the shouting and the singing

Of her men.
Stout young hearts their first-fruits bringing
To their England, land most dear;
At their flower and fragrance flinging
All their scarred feet, quently, fair,
Far and wide around her spread
Fleets whose number none might reckon;
Many a craft of Van der Decken,
Manned by England's mighty dead,
Drake and Blake and Nelson there;
And they seemed to guard and guide her,
As half-seen they sailed, beside her,
On to victory, Temeraire!

From the white cliffs, sullen-frowning,
Foe-ward sails the Temeraire,
Lurid glare

Of the blood-red sunset crowning
Every sail and spar of her,
But no sound of shout or singing
Sets thine echoing decks a-ringing,

Temeraire, Temeraire!
Here a curse and there a prayer,
All that man's thee, Temeraire;
And no ghostly sails beside thee,
Ghosts whose last sad shriek disowned thee—
Hark! it lingers on the air,
"Temeraire! Temeraire!"

And thou glidest into distance, dimly into distance,
Where

Sit Defeat and Death, gigantic,
On the night of the Atlantic,
Waiting for thee—Temeraire!

—T. H. T. Chase, in Songs and Poems.

The First Fugue.

Echoes of singing brooks o'er meadows cool,
Through rustling leaves the wind-harp's playful
theme,
Voices of summer nights by fen and pool—
What heard the master in his wondrous dream?

All happy sounds that usher in the morn,
The coo of nesting doves beneath the eaves,
The whispering message of the bended corn,
Laughter of children through the harvest sheaves.

The lark's sweet carol from the brooding sky,
The wave's ecstatic murmur on the shore,
The pine tree's moan, the zephyr's gentle sigh,
And, far away, the catarract's muffled roar.

He saw the witching play of light and shade
Following the cloud flight o'er the changing land;
The leap of wave to wave till, unafraid,
The imprisoned waters burst upon the strand.

Unawed he read the flaming letters traced
With lightning touch upon the darkened sky,
The appeal of star to star across the waste
Of twilight shadow and the glad reply.

All gentle thoughts, all reminiscences
Of happy days within the field and grove,
All nature's voices of her lands and seas
In one embracing harmony he wove.

The unity that speaks the world divine
When faithful spirits blend in toll or art,
The hope, the love, that build their gentle shrine
Within the portals of the human heart.

And o'er each cry of petty doubt and fear,
Above the clanging chords of hate and strife,
He voiced the anthem, rolling sweet and clear,
The soul's ecstatic cry—"Thank God for Life."

—Sarah Hobart.

Interfused.

We cannot live every morning and repent the life at
night;
We cannot blacken our souls all day and each day
wash them white;

Though the pardoning blood availeth to cleanse the
mortal stain,
For the sin that goes on sinning that blood was shed
in vain.

We must buy and sell in the market; we must earn
our daily bread;
But just in the doing these usual acts may the soul
be helped and fed.

It is not in keeping the day's work and the day's
prayer separate go,
But by making the prayer with the labor that the
soul is taught to grow.

For if sweeping a room by God's law is a service He
deigns to bless,
And mending a kettle worthily is working for him
no less

Than steering steady the ship of State or wielding
the sword in war,
Or lifting the soul of man by songs to the heights
where the angels are—

Then none may deem it wasted time who stands in
an humble spot
And digs and waters a little space which the hurry-
ing world needs not;

For the Lord of the harvest equally sends His blessed
sun and rain
On the large work and the little work, and none of
it is in vain.

—Susan Coolidge.

The Demand Perilous.

Give me of thy delight!
Thy wildest laughter bring;
Bring all thy wretched magic bright
Of smiles to bless and mock my sight;

Thy merriest music sing;
Thy gladness is my triumphing,
Thy joy my need for toil and fight—
Give me of thy delight!

Give me of thy despair!
Thy sorrows poisoned wine; I
My lip thy cup of wormwood dare,
For thy salt bread I make my prayer;

Tears are more deeply thine
Than laughter, and thy deeps are mine,
Though Shame and Pain inhabit there—
Give me of thy despair!

—Homer E. Woodbridge, in McClure's Magazine.

Plato in Egypt.

Plato in Egypt, so the legend goes;
And with the words the picture rises clear—
The scorching, boundless sands, the deep-browed
seer

Strayed from fair Greece in search of One who
knows.

Paused he not here, where Abou Simbel shows
In tranquil majesty, without a peer—
A strange stone smile, benignant, calm, austere,
Soulless and satisfied, past joys or woes?

Did he, the wide-souled, who could deeply pry
Into the Cause, could sift the False and True—
Did Plato ponder here the riddle why
Man frets and seeks? Had Abou found the clue?

Did Plato, too, depart hence with a sigh,
While still the stone lips smiled as if they knew?
—Boyle O'Reilly, in Putnam's Monthly.

Pretty Quick!

Robbins will be blithely singing
In a little while;
Made in hammocks will be swinging
In a little while;

Foolish fellows will be rocking
Overlaid boats;
Glib spellbinders will be flocking
Out to capture votes,

In a little while.
—Chicago Record-Herald.