

and forced to go to Aix-la-Chapelle for six weeks, until he recovered.

After his illness, he wrote a funeral anthem, in five days, and so became popular once more. He then went to Ireland for nine months, and composed many grand oratorios, some of them being: "Sampson," "Isreal in Egypt," "Solomon," "Saul," and "Judas Maccabæus"; but the "Messiah," composed and written in the short space of twenty-four days, is considered to be his masterpiece.

On the seventeenth anniversary of his rendering of the popular "Messiah," as the hours were creeping on towards midnight, he died, and his remains were buried in Westminster Abbey, London.

Beethoven called him the greatest musician that ever lived, and he was, inasmuch as he surpassed all others in the perfecting of the dramatic oratorio, and as an instrumental composer was equalled by none but Bach.

He possessed an inexhaustible fund of melody, of the richest and noblest character; an almost unparalleled power of musical expression; an unlimited command of all the resources of contrapuntal and fugal science; a power of wielding huge masses of tone, with the most perfect ease and felicity; and his leading characteristic was the grandeur, majesty and sublimity of his conceptions.

E. V. C.

The New Superintendent of Education.

Teachers and High-school students all over Ontario will recognize the accompanying portrait as that of the popular High-school Inspector who has recently been appointed to the newly-created office of Superintendent of Education for the Province.

Dr. Seath was born at Auchtermuchty, Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1844, but is almost as much Irish as Scotch, since his family went to Maghan, Ireland, when he was but three years old, and it was there that his early schooldays were spent. It was at Glasgow University, however, that, at the age of but fourteen years, he matriculated. After that he returned to Ireland again, and attended Queen's College, Belfast, whence he graduated, in 1861, with a gold medal, and high honors in every subject. In the same year he came to Canada, where he was presently appointed as Head Master of Brampton High School. Subsequently he held the position of Head Master of Oshawa and Dundas High Schools, and of St. Catharines Collegiate Institute. In 1884 he was appointed Inspector of High Schools, a position which he has since filled with much credit. Last year the

degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by Queen's University.

Dr. Seath is succeeded as High-school Inspector by Mr. E. Wetherell, of Strathroy.

New York Ladies Brought to Time.

Just over the line, in the neighboring State of New York, legislation tending to prevent the destruction of wild birds for millinery purposes, has recently been enacted, and Commissioner Whipple, of the State Forest, Fish and Game Department,

this relic of barbarism. No restrictions, however, seem to be placed upon the use of the plumage of domestic fowl for millinery purposes, so it may be presumed that New York feather worshippers may still sally forth decked with hen wings or cock plumes ("coq" la mode spells it) if they choose.

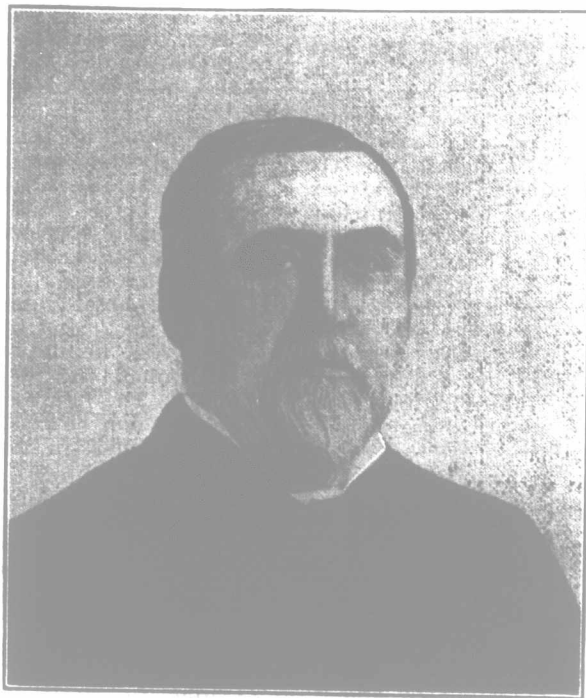
New York is the second State in the Union which has taken steps to prohibit the murder of birds within its borders, and it is scarcely a far cry to expect that so good an example may be followed, not only by the rest of the States, but by Canada also. Humanity should

bird and the English sparrow, for instance—no mercy is craved, but, unfortunately, cow-birds and English sparrows do not seem to be much in favor in millinery establishments.

It is rather an encouraging sign that, except by those who cater to the millinery trade, respect for bird-life seems to be somewhat on the increase. When, a few years ago, a flock of purple grosbeaks from the Arctic regions straggled down as far as the City of Ottawa, and went fluttering about the streets in their "tame," confiding way, it was complained that little boys were knocking them over with sticks. The other day we heard a teacher remark that she did not think a boy in this city would kill a bird. Perhaps the statement was rather too optimistic; but the very fact that it was uttered shows that the work of the teachers in Nature-study during the past few years has been rewarded by some manifestation of sentiment in regard to the feathered world.

It is to be hoped that this work will continue in our schools. Children are naturally much interested in birds, and may be led to find pleasure in loving and observing them, rather than in trying to kill them with stones and air-guns. One teacher whom we know, last year made a practice, during the warm weather, of taking her class—little tots of from six to eight years—out to the woods in the early morning, there teaching them to distinguish the different species and the different songs. One morning towards the close of summer, one of these little tots was wending her way towards the schoolhouse on the outskirts of the village, crying lustily over some injury received on the way. "What is the matter?" one asked, who met her. The child began to explain, shaking with sobs. Then suddenly the sobs ceased, and the little face brightened. "There goes a killdeer plover!" she exclaimed, pointing with a little finger over the neighboring field. Then, the next instant, when the bird had disappeared, the sobs returned, and the boo-hoo was set up again. From the incident, however, it was very evident that here, at least, was one teacher who had grasped the meaning of nature-study for the primary classes.

Of late we have been asked several times by our subscribers for articles on nature-study. We shall be pleased to comply with this request as far as lies in our power, and shall be much pleased to receive contributions in regard to anything in nature actually observed by our readers, especially in regard to birds. In this way "The Farmer's Advocate" may contribute its mite towards the good work of bird-preservation.



Dr. John Seath, M. A.

has served notices upon every milliner in the State, whether retail or wholesale, apprising them that this legislation will be rigidly enforced. The penalty, \$60 for each violation of the law, and "an additional \$25 for each bird or part thereof sold, offered for sale, or possessed," would seem to be quite heavy enough to send wings and heads and bird-corpses scurrying off hats and out of show-cases in short order. Yet, the pity of it would seem to be, that it is only when compelled, that the women who, as a rule, pride themselves upon their kind hearts and super-sensitiveness of feeling, give over

prevail as well in Canada as in the United States; Canadian woods and fields have quite as much need of the warble of songsters and the flash of bright wings as American ones. Our Dominion, with its continually increasing acreage of crops, has as vast a need as the great country over the border for the good offices of these little policemen, whose indefatigable labor in seeking out and disposing of myriads of insect pests, contributes so largely to the success of our fields and gardens. Let us, then, by all means, have legislation in Canada which will protect our songsters. For a few birds—the cow-

his life for My sake shall find it." We cannot be happy unless we are climbing up after higher and ever higher life.

"A greater light puts out the lesser light—"

So be it ever!—such is God's high law.

The self-same Sun that calls the flowers from earth

Withers them soon, to give the fruit free birth—

The nobler spirit to whom much is given

Must take still more, though in that more there lie

The risk of losing all: to gaze at Heaven.

We blind our earthly eyes:—To live we die!"

If life is not interesting to us—if we find in it more prose than poetry—let us try this plan of enthusiastic service. Then, unless the fountain of joy is choked or poisoned by some cherished sin, we, too, shall find life full of glad interest. The other day I was talking to a Jew who has been for fifteen years engaged in relief work among his own people. He is very enthusiastic in his plans for uplifting the poor, flinging himself into the work seven days in a week, utterly regardless of the strain on his own body, mind and spirit. I told

The Quiet Hour.

The Gladness of Enthusiastic Service.

I will very gladly spend and be spent for you; though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved.—2 Cor. xii.: 15.

"O the rare, sweet sense of living, when one's heart leaps to his labor, And the very joy of doing is life's richest, noblest dower!"

Let the poor—yea, poor in spirit—crave the purple of his neighbor. Give me just the strength for serving, and the golden present hour!"

There are plenty of people in the world to be pitied—among them many miscalled "rich" people who are finding God's great gift of Time a heavy burden on their hands—but don't let us waste pity where it is entirely uncalled for. Pity, if you please, one whose "soul" is starved and dressed in rags, "a beggar, with a million bits of gold," but never think anyone who is enthusiastically devoting his life to the service of God and man is to be pitied. St. Paul's gladness was not dependent on the gratitude of those to whom he so willingly devoted himself.

If he had been working for wages—even the wages of gratitude—he would not have poured out loving service so joyously when it was often met by coldness, indifference or active opposition. Our Master, who came to be the King of servants, must have found joy in stooping to wash His disciples' feet, the joy of willing service which He calls us to share.

No one can read the wonderful story of the gentle Francis of Assisi without feeling the childlike gladness which was the natural result of his crystal purity of soul and whole-hearted devotion to his fellows for Christ's sake. It is only a very shallow critic who will dare to call him a fanatic just because his methods are not exactly what we approve of in this century. Though we may not feel that it is our duty to fling away all worldly possessions, and walk the earth barefoot and homeless as he did, yet all Christians are called to copy him in his life of enthusiastic service. No story of romance could be more full of intense interest than his, and if it is interesting to read about his burning zeal, how much more interesting it must have been to live such a life of active love. No wonder he drew hearts after him by thousands, when he was continually drinking in the love of God, and pouring it out everywhere with reckless prodigality that reminds one of

the sun that shines alike on the evil and on the good. Each day was a true resurrection day—a day of joy and gladness—for it was crammed with opportunities of service. He saw Christ everywhere, not only recognizing Him in the persons of men, but even in birds and flowers; and to recognize Him was to spring instantly to serve Him in every possible way. His wonderful joy—a joy that rested not at all on external circumstances—has for hundreds of years been an object lesson to the world, a lesson that will never lose its effect. As the writer of "Adventure for God" boldly declares: "The Christian life is not a life of renunciation, but a life of consecration,—a life that means giving up only in so far as giving up is giving upward,—giving upward of the whole self, its gifts, its present and its future. It is the life of courageous freedom, the life of security in peril, the life of abundance in the midst of want, the life of peace in the midst of care, the life of large fellowship in the heart's loneliness. . . . Let none dare pity the missionary; for that man stands exultant, with the emblem of his vocation, and to his brow as a monarch wears a diadem." God is faithful, and the promise to those who take up the cross and follow the King is continually being fulfilled. "Whoever will save his life shall lose it, and whoever will lose