

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1996

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents <input type="checkbox"/> Only edition available / Seule édition disponible <input type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure. <input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées. <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages / Pages de couleur <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged / Pages endommagées <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached / Pages détachées <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough / Transparence <input type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression <input type="checkbox"/> Includes supplementary material / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire <input type="checkbox"/> Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image / Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible. <input type="checkbox"/> Opposing pages with varying colouration or discolourations are filmed twice to ensure the best possible image / Les pages s'opposant ayant des colorations variables ou des décolorations sont filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la meilleure image possible. |
|---|--|

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below / Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

	10x		14x		18x		22x		26x		30x	
						✓						
	12x		16x		20x		24x		28x		32x	

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

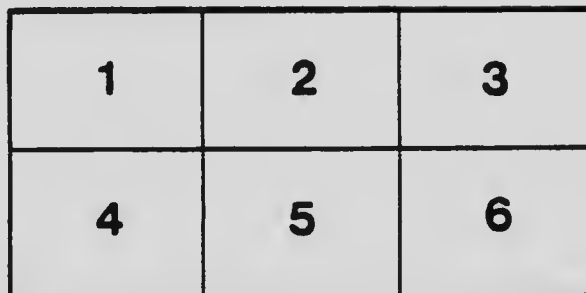
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shell contains the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

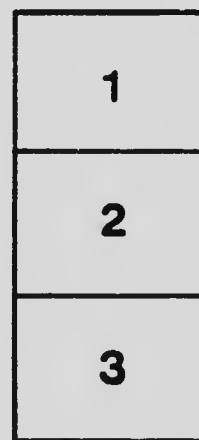
Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

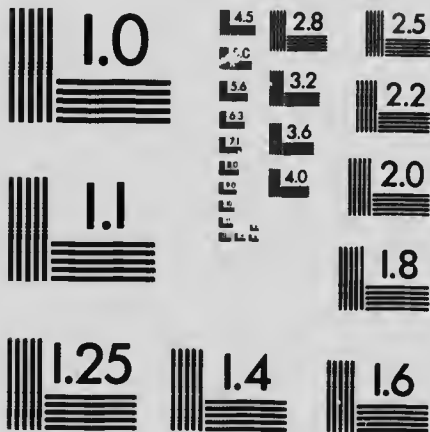
Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "À SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TFST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax





2nd Copy

Can. M. L. Co., ed. 1st

POEMS, LEGENDS
AND LETTERS

WRITTEN BY
ADELE PETERS McLEAN, D.M.D.C.T.N.

TORONTO
THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY, LIMITED

PS8525

L 425

P63

19002

CONTENTS

POEMS

	PAGE
THE LAST LIGHT OF THE YEAR	9
FAITH	12
MY DREAM	14
THE SOUL'S OLD YEAR	16
THE OLD YEAR	18
MISTAKES	19
THE CATARACT AND THE MOUNTAIN	21
ANGELUS	23
RETROSPECT	25
THE DYING LEAF	26
THE LIVING LEAF	29
THE REQUIEM OF SANTA CLAUS	31
EPITAPH	33
THE SPRING ROBIN	34
IDYLL BY A NEW IDYLLER	36

LEGENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

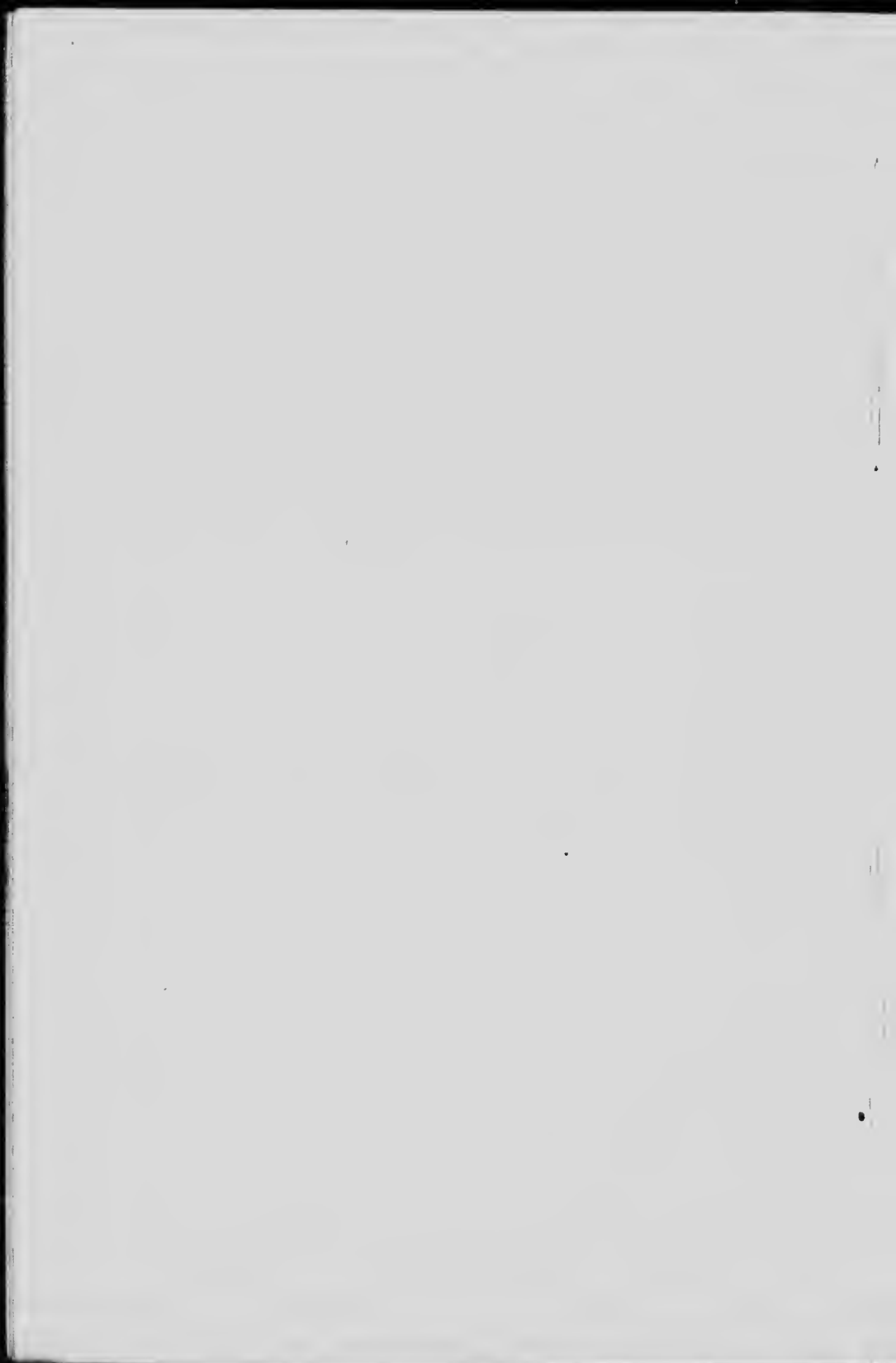
THE LEGEND OF THE WELLAND CANAL	41
THE LEGEND OF PADDY THE PIPER	46
THE LEGEND OF "THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER"	50
THE LEGEND OF STURGEON LAKE	56
THE COURT OF WANT AND THE PALACE OF PLENTY	59

	PAGE
DICKENS'S IDEA OF GHOSTS	63
A CRITICISM OF MARIE CORELLI'S BOOK CALLED "THE MASTER CHRISTIAN"	67
THE BEAUTY OF THE VOICE	72
THE JOY AND HEALTH OF AN EARLY MORNING WALK	76
THE CULTIVATION OF A BEAUTIFUL VOICE	79
VOCALISTS	84

LETTERS

A LETTER FOR "THE JOURNAL"	91
A LETTER WRITTEN FOR "THE EVENING TIMES"	94
A LETTER WRITTEN FOR "THE FREE PRESS"	98
A LOVE LETTER WRITTEN FOR "THE EVENING JOURNAL"	101
A LETTER FROM MRS. POWERS (ENGLAND, RUSSIA, JAPAN) TO MRS. LI OF CHINA	103
FAULT-FINDING	107
A LETTER TO A LADY, WHO HAS NEGLECTED WRITING TO HER FRIEND ALL SUMMER	109
A LETTER TO A PHILIPPINE LADY, FROM HER WOULD-BE COUSIN IN AMERICA	112
A LETTER FROM A LADY WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED AT A COUNTRY HOUSE, AND HAS PROMISED HER CITY FRIEND A DESCRIPTION OF HER SURROUNDINGS	116
LETTER FOR "THE EVENING JOURNAL"	118
FOR "THE EVENING JOURNAL"	120
INTRODUCTION TO "THE EVENING JOURNAL"	122
A LETTER FOR "THE EVENING POST"	125

POEMS



THE LAST LIGHT OF THE YEAR

From the painting by James Colby called "The Last Light
of the Year."

A LONG straight road of pearly white,
Ending in whiteness ever.
Over the road a fair, faint light,
All daylight seeming to sever.

The very last light of all the year,
Fluttering, fainting, dying,
Loathfully leaving the year-worn place,
Where it erstwhile wandered sighing.

Sighing o'er crime, pretence, and abuse,
Sighing and fading to numbness,
O'er old superstitions without an excuse,
A failure because of their dumbness.

The old farm-house snug nestled in snow,
Made fair in spite of its oldness.
Out from the frame came a glimmering glow,
Protesting against its odd boldness.

10 THE LAST LIGHT OF THE YEAR

But a man crept away in the glimmering grey,
Greedy to hold the shadows.
Could man's achievements and yearnings pay
For the lost light that fail'd o'er the meadows ?

What did he need of a glorified home ?
There was a wistfuller brightness.
All the pale light made a wandering dome,
Darkly flashing and fading to lightness.

The afflictions and sins of the year that was past
Proved that the light went unheeded.
Through physical forms for transmission to last,
The soul must admit what is needed.

What of the wrecks, which it could not glint through ?
What of the lives that swayed lowly ?
The light had been there, but it could not glint through,
The revealing of truth came too slowly.

Now the light glances and glimmers and wanes,
Faint with the shadow of yearning.
Over the lives that roved thoughtless dark lanes,
Superstitions ejected all learning.

Now the old house is born into the light,
Now it has died into shading,
Now it recedes and dawns into sight,
Glances, gleams, glimmers, parading.

THE LAST LIGHT OF THE YEAR II

The fences are rail, but their angles repress'd,
 Makes them a beauty entrancing.
The stumps are caress'd, the beauty express'd,
 The coy light is streaming and dancing.

The man is entranced alone in the road,
 Dreaming of beauties supernal.
What are the creeds, the shams, and the goads,
 To the glories which whisper eternal ?

Here is the real under Heaven's own seal.
 He is embraced with the beauty.
He feels his soul flutter and flow ! He could kneel,
 To nature's vast powers yield duty.

A steady great wonder quickened his sight,
 A purpose of love lightly springing,
From vast clouds of grey, all glinting with light,
 To the lone man sweet harmony bringing.

It dies slowly on. It has fail'd on its way,
 Loath from the lone man to sever.
It has waned, it has paled, it is ghostly in grey,
 It is one with the cloud land for ever.

FAITH

Published in *The Rochester Evening Times*. "A Journalistic Triumph."

"There appears in *The Rochester Evening Times* a poem written by Adele Peters McLean, entitled 'Faith.' The lines are very smooth and pretty. The poem is to us particularly interesting, in that it deals with the hypnotic power of anyone connected with newspapers. Faith is represented as a fair maiden by the wayside, overlooked by a curate, and spurned by a woman. . . . A painter and a dude were properly 'rned down."

THE Maiden Faith sat by the wayside, alone,
Singing of peace, in calm, thrilling tone.
Travellers stroll'd by at a sad, sodden pace,
Seeking for rest 'mongst the tired human race.

The brook hummed along, near the pure lovely saint,
With rippings and sparklings her beauty to paint.
The bright laughing waters reflected her graces,
And carried clear down to the ocean the traces.

The sun cast his beams, in a rosy cloud haze,
Too modest to look with too ardent a gaze
On the freshest of all the fair maidens of grace,
Who are doom'd to the scorn of the mad human race.

A curate came by, with a soft, flapping hat,
The daintiest curate Faith ever peep'd at.
He sway'd straight along in the old narrow way.
To exquisite Faith he had nothing to say.

A woman strode by, with a bold, blasé face.
She did not think much of the whole human race.
She just glanced at Faith as she hurried along.
What had she to do with such beauty and song ?

A painter came next, with a canvas and brush,
A dream of fair women, wrought still, to a hush.
He would paint her, he said, in the pride of his skill,
And the exquisite features would sell with a will.

A dude next came on, with his fresh, jaunty air,
And gazed in weak wonder at being so fair.
He woo'd her, and sued her to be his fair bride,
But Faith turned her face and her beauty aside.

A newsboy came swift, with a bright, daring face,
The happiest, raggedest limb of the race,
With winning, sweet smile, and a confident stare,
He gazed at coy Faith and forgot all his care,

Forgot all his hardships, his papers, and chums,
And ne'er once remembered he came from the slums.
Faith—so rejoiced at his instant surrender,
She gave him herself, and her beauty and splendour.

MY DREAM

Written by D'Arcy and Adele McLean, at the Palmer School of
Chiropractice. Published in *The Chiropractor*.

I DREAMT of a man who was holy and pure,
Who, according to Church law, of Heaven was sure.
He was ready to die, and to sleep, and to dream,
Till the trumpet blared loudly, and Heaven did seem

To break fresh on his vision, midst glad angels' shout,
And there were the floors and the gates opened out,
And he was swept in, with Hosanna's glad cry,
And never asked questions, the wherefore, or why.

He had headed his flock on this weary, sad earth,
And ne'er had gone wrong, from the day of his birth.
His flock, why, they worshipped him, sure of his
faith;

They'd pander and succour, and bow to his wraith.

This holy man died, his soul wandered far,
They wept, and they lauded him, "Crossing the
Bar."

His soul matched a body, and wavered in space,
And then swept him onward at no modern pace

MY DREAM

15

He reached a great city, a city of homes,
And mounted a pulpit surrounded with domes.
To tell his surprise was beyond all creation ;
He opened his Bible, searched long for damnation.

No hell could he find, no creed, no foundations.
Most wonderful still, he found some poor relations
Who belonged to a school where they love to " keep
 smiling,"
Th ough all the grey days were certainly riling.

He heard of the school, his knowledge kept growing,
Innate's use of serum was well worth the knowing.
They found impinged nerves, quite near the plumb
 line.
Be like the pure Christ, have a normal spine.

THE SOUL'S OLD YEAR

My heart turns so weary, my soul's near suppress'd,
What Heaven is grateful, save rest, only rest?
The turmoil of life is too cruel for the meek.
Evil things always the innocent seek.

The God-given talents are food for a jest.
What hope for the future, save rest, only rest?
The sun is all smiling and breathing for peace.
The peace will retard, till fierce passions shall cease.

In the land of the pure, the red evil shows.
If evil brings good, no weak mortal knows.
Should God be sweet mercy and truth, then, forsooth,
Social antics, mire all the truth.

I said to my soul, in the evening's calm rest,
What of the past year, has been for the best?
Wonderful phases have swept your worn face.
Where are the deeds garnered, after the race?

Six mortals in patience succumbed to my care,
Yielded their wills, and fought free from despair.

THE SOUL'S OLD YEAR

17

Their hearts had waxed weary, their lives were
distress'd.

They sighed and they wept, weakly panting for rest.

And you gave them rest, gave them all a long rest.
Was that of your wisdom, the thought that was blest ?
The weary, the troubl'd, the blind, and the lame
Were cured of their ills in the one Christmas name.

THE OLD YEAR

Published by "Flâneur" in *The Mail and Empire, St. Thomas' Times, The Uxbridge Journal.*

ALL outside are boundless driftings of snow !
All inside are bitterest wailings of woe !
The old year is moaning in deep'st distress,
Soon must he put on his long shrouding dress.
Lowly lying because of our failings,
Slowly dying in spite of our wailings,

Wailings for time and opportunities lost ;
Aye ! they are gone with the flying host
Of fail'd resolutions and chances derid'd,
Fate for one year is for ever decid'd.
You, who have seen us in sorrow and woe,
Oh ! is it true ! must you go ? must you go ?

Yes ! I must go, so your sorrow repress ;
Deeds of the past year need give no distress.
Longingly look at the face grown so thin,
Solemnly welcome the time to begin.
Do not rush forward to greet the New Year,
But give to your fail'd resolutions, a tear.

MISTAKES

Published by "Flâneur" in *The Mail and Empire*, Toronto. Adele Peters McLean, a resident of Toronto, and often a contributor to these columns, has written the following lines for the "Flâneur." Received while walking up and down the station platform of Phelps, New York.

It was snowing large fluffy flakes, and the waiting-room was filled with people waiting to say farewell to me after a recital I had given there. The station-house was crowded and hot, and the dark part of the platform was more inviting. I succumbed to the temptation of watching the flakes from under my umbrella and listening to what Innate had to say to me in the way of poems. It was a glorious night to be alone with the elements, and the following poem is the result.

Is it all a mistake—the past year a mistake ?
Oh God ! a mistake is so easy to make !
Have I grown away from the Lord and His grace ?
Have I so neglected to look on His face ?

Is my life a mistake, a wretched mistake ?
Oh God ! a mistake is too easy to make !
I am heart-weary ! my soul is oppress'd,
My thoughts are all numb with my longing for rest.

Was my love a mistake, a weary mistake ?
Dear God ! a mistake is too easy to make !
Were all my soul treasures laid bare to his gaze,
That he might walk by them in stupid amaze ?

MISTAKES

Is my brain a mistake, a queer, tangled mistake ?
Oh God ! is there any mistake that You make ?
Have all my pure thoughts and my fancies so fleet
Been mix'd with the filth in the horrible street ?

No ! there is no mistake, no taunting mistake.
Oh God ! no mistake, though so easy to make ?
'Tis only the old year in deep'st distress,
Being wrapp'd away closely in long shrouding dress,

That looks like mistake, like bitter mistake.
Oh God ! the mistake was so easy to make.
In that thro' the long year we've woven our fate
With sorrow and anger and burden of hate.

THE CATARACT AND THE MOUNTAIN

Cataract to the Mountain :

You are so mighty, so lofty and stout,
Own an old family, blue blood, I've no doubt.
What use is your life, so unsocial and grim,
With your dark sombre robes, so plain and so trim ?

Mountain :

My life is so grim and unsocial, you say.
I have seen more than you by many a day ;
You talk of your leaping, your laughter, and fun ?
What is your lesson when all things are done ?

Your laughing, and jumping, and trickling along,
Filling the valleys with echoes of song,
Hides your real object of reaching the sea ;
Then all your progress, looks downward to me.

Now I'm a model of silence and right :
I stand to be climbed from morning to night ;
My path leads right upward to honour and fame,
They climb me with patience, the halt and the lame.

22 THE CATARACT AND THE MOUNTAIN

Now which of the two is the better, I say,
You, frivolous, noisy, rippling, and gay,
Or I, who stand out, against weather and wrong,
Leading my lovers to realms of song ?

ANGELUS

Published by "Flâneur" of *The Mail and Empire*, Toronto.
"I congratulate you, and trust you will continue to forge ahead.
You have the right stuff in you."—"FLÂNEUR."

Published in *The Evening Times*, Rochester. Illustrated by
tableau at Phelps's, New York. Recited twenty times by Adele
Peters McLean in towns and cities of New York State.

The Angelus is ringing at evening to call priests, nuns, and novices
to prayer for the souls of the Catholic soldiers killed in the Transvaal.

HIGH on the cliff stands the Abbey's lone pile,
'Tis the time of the Angelus ringing.
Solemn chants breathe through the dim light'd isle,
Slow footsteps are matching the singing.

Faintly there floats through the incenseful air,
The deep tones of Angelus stealing,
Low-voic'd sweet chanters approaching the stair,
Such sad prayers for heroes are sealing.

Priests are lamenting the broken heart ties,
So listen to Angelus pealing.
While away at the wars the sacrifice lies,
Which recks not earth's noblest healing.

Maidens are there, who have lost their sweethearts :
They listen to Angelus reeling.
Away in the Transvaal, each lov'd one departs,
Deep wounds of agony dealing.

They are not sure that the spirits have flown
To shores where no Angelus reaches ;
So, for evil deeds done or for sins to atone,
The saintly protection beseeches.

They nobly breasted the death-dealing gun,
Hence this fateful Angelus call.
They strain'd up the hill midst the Boer bullets' hum,
For country and right gave their all.

So all the maidens in pure virgin white,
Each face fill'd with Angelus peace.
Believe that their pleadings have won them the right,
That the dear soldiers' soul-sorrows cease.

RETROSPECT

Published in *The Preston Progress*, April 16, 1897 and
The Uxbridge Journal.

IN a rose garden of fragrance rare,
Bloomed a white rosebud passing fair.
Bath'd by the dews of peace, zephyr fanned,
Bloom'd? Yes! and breathed out a nobler plan.

Joyous and happy this rosebud sway'd clear.
She did not envy those red buds near.
Gladly she blush'd on her shelter'd stalk,
Like a dove, fearing, not swooping hawk.

One bright, sad day a wave o' the air
Turned red that rosebud passing fair.
Had she forgotten her pride and duty?
Had she blush'd at her own sweet beauty?

Ah, that white rosebud, so passing fair,
She had pass'd swiftly beyond one's care.
Pluck'd early, soil'd, tramp'd and all undone,
Crush'd, she lay panting and dying alone.

THE DYING LEAF

Conceived while walking through Elgin Park, watching the leaves dropping slowly, gracefully, reluctantly from the trees, after the first frost, remembering the fact that the trees coax their heat from the sun inward, while man generates his own heat from within outward. Published in *Saturday Night* by E. E. Sheppard. In *Mail and Empire* by "Flâneur."

"The poem 'The Dying Leaf,' reminds me of the famous lines entitled 'La Feuillé,' which end thus:

"Je vais où va tout chose :
Où va la feuille de rose et
La feuille de laurier."—"FLÂNEUR."

You know the leaf got saucy, and wanted to find reasons for things, and objected to falling off the tree to the ground, just as though the ground was not a lovely place to skip on. "Do not you have to skip over logs, as I do?" so she grumbled to her mother, the tree, and this is what she said:

OH, mother, has this lovely summer flown !
And must my life be thus so early stol'n ?
Have you no power to hold me longer here,
Where I have been so useful half a year ?

You see the blush of colour in my cheek !
I daily grow more deeply flush'd and weak.
Faint first, as tints at early dawn of day,
But deeper, under winter's cruel sway.

THE DYING LEAF

27

Since you have lent me life, dear mother, speak !
Have you no bribe to stay the tyrant bleak ?
How can your heart be fresh and green and gay,
While I go surely, swiftly, to decay ?

Ah, me ! is dying time indeed so near,
And yet you keep your wonted youthful cheer ?
Last night I heard a whisper through the trees !
“ Leaves, leaves, you’ve drunk your pleasure to the
 lees ! ”

And will you look from lofty height with scorn
At me, laid low, who from thee are yearly born ?
So lowly lying, tramped by that same throng,
That I gave shelter all the summer long.

Dying ! yes, dead ! and speeding to decay.
Not one ’midst all the selfish mass to say,
“ Here lies a leaf that sheltered me from heat,
As I lay resting on that rustic seat.”

And you, dear mother, siding with the rest,
Are you prepar’d to say, ’tis for the best ?
Yes ! for the best that I should bleeding lie,
Torn from thy breast, left wither’d, crush’d, to die ?

Dear foolish sprite, ye must not grieve me so !
We love thee better in thy autumn glow !
Ye do not die ! ye only fade away,
To give the life that keeps me from decay !

I have no strength with which to answer thee !
So surely, quickly goes my life from me !
In my rich dress of green, red, brown, and gold,
I flutter far and my sad story's told !

Away, far down to cruel earth, I go,
And you were truly wise to treat me so !
Right gladly now, would I, to end the strife,
Give back to thee my beauty, strength, and life.

THE LIVING LEAF

Walking in the same park, watching the ever-increasing circulation of the tree, because of its fountain of heat being again supplied by the spring sun. The tree slowly, steadily approaches its development. Published by *The Evening Times*, Rochester, and *The Toronto Mail and Empire*.

DEAR mother, now again I see thy face !
Weak, erring, thoughtless child, in thy embrace
How could I deem our parting, loving care,
To save my life blood from the piercing air ?

And I lay dreading the ungrateful throng
Who'd tread on me the cruel winter long.
Anxious fears were buried, lying low,
For I was snugly wrapp'd in mantled snow.

I felt them gently tread upon my slumber,
Sorrowing truly, as the increasing number
Of fluttering, fading, dancing, dying leaves
Were gathered into winter's cruel sheathes.

They led us, by their thrilling looks, to know
We were loved better in our autumn glow.
Thus swooning, I entered a deeply peaceful sleep,
Nymphs of past summer leaves watching my
slumbers so deep.

And I bemoaned my red-brown mantled vest,
Torn, shivering, shuddering from thy loving breast.
I did not die, I only sank to peace,
Thy strength, spring life, and beauty, to increase.

I rested there, full conscious of the pleasure
Of life-inspiring, faith-renewing leisure.
I fain would hear the whisper through the trees,
"The sweetest rest is pleasure without lees."

The angry blasts were shrieking round thee so,
And I was living snugly wrapp'd in mantled snow,
Dreaming sweet dreams of life's returning flood,
And giving thee thy lifetime's cheerful blood.

And now, renewed in life, and faith, and health,
We're shedding out our hearts' green sheltering
wealth !
Assured, by trust in our great mother earth,
Life after death is all that is of worth.

THE REQUIEM OF SANTA CLAUS

Published in *The Mail and Empire*.

"I am always pleased to welcome new correspondents, but more pleased to shake hands with old ones. A lady, who both as Miss and Mrs. (now, *entre nous*), Madame Adele Peters McLean, has been a contributor to the 'Flâneur' for a considerable time. Thus chants her Requiem."—"FLÂNEUR."

TOLL the bell gently, for Santa's no more.
His exit shakes English life to the core.
He could not survive, where red evil shows:
His goodness and purity all the world knows.

Toll the bell softly, his spirit still soars
Around his crush'd hopes, where ingratitude roars.
The children, so greedy, are scorning his gifts.
The more dainties he gave them, the wider the rifts.

Toll the bell slowly, there's nothing but leaves
Spread o'er the place where his torn spirit grieves
For kind presents given, and gobbled with greed.
We miss him far more than we would an old creed.

Clang the bell wildly: your grief comes too late
To rest the tir'd spirit, his sorrow to sate.
He came to the rich and the poor just the same.
More shame to us all that we grudged him his fame.

32 THE REQUIEM OF SANTA CLAUS

Toll the bell sadly, there's no salve in tears,
He's been your griev'd friend for these many tried
years.

He's gone to the bourne where all innocence dwells,
Where for each little gift a child gratitude swells.

Ring the bells swiftly, he may come again,
And all the dear children his love may retain.
He'll come to the sweet, the pure, and the true,
So now all the children know just what to do.

EPITAPH

To a college friend, who professed to be a very severe man hater
but the lady is married now in spite of her prejudices.

ADELIA MARIA she's laid down to rest.
Of all the good girls I am sure she was best :
Generous, loving, pure, gentle, and good.
But alas ! oh ! alas, she preferred maidenhood.

She was slow in her speech, and quick on her feet,
In fact, I am sure she could not be beat ;
The young men all knew she was too good to wed.
This preyed on her mind, and muddled her head.

Now, young girls, all this sad warning she gave,
Get married, get married and be a meek slave.
You never can get through this Hecla of vice
Till you make up your mind to be not overnice.

THE SPRING ROBIN

Written by H. S. PETERS. Published in *The Evening Journal*.

Dot robin vat left us, to vinter away,
Comes back, mit his frou, to make a long sthay,
He fly round so gaily, den hop up and down,
Und talk like, he settle rite here in dis town.

Dot cock robin fadder, he steps pretty high,
He tries to look scarey, bud dond vas mooch shy.
He jumps on your house, und vhistle und sing,
Und look like de landlord, vhat owns de whole ding.

Vhen dot bird vas hungry, vas fun all the vwhile,
To vatch his black eye vhen he lites on de sile,
He runs und he shumps and mid two little toots,
He draws dot big vorm up rite out by de roots.

Cock robin dond care for dem statutes pervided,
Und "Meum and tuum," he reads them onesided,
His stomach vas law, he dond ask for no right :
He sees dot vorm wriggle, and draws him at sight.

I speak pretty low, bud I dond like one ding,
Vhen I vants to sleep, dot bird vants to sing,

THE SPRING ROBIN

35

Un he makes such a noise mit his wabbly old song,
I might as well sleep mid a Chinese gang.

When he packs up his trunk to go vay, in de fall,
I hope he'll remember I vants him to call,
For I vants to be there vhen he leaves mid de station,
To vish him some happy returns of dis 'casion.

IDYLL BY A NEW IDYLLER

(FATHER OF ADELE PETERS MCLEAN)

Written by H. S. PETERS. Published in *Toronto Saturday Night*, by E. E. Sheppard (Editor).

MY Muse shall tell of an idle wind,
Importuning Satan, some mischief to find,
While Satan, quite ready for anything ill,
Pointed down to the ocean, just under the hill.

The boisterous wind lashed the ocean to foam,
The mermaids were rattled, the sea birds sent home,
The little fish trembled, the whale tried to blow,
But the wind knocked him out, and he found it no go.

The sea rocked and eddied, and tossed in his might,
But the wind took his scalp, and still kept up the fight,
The sea got his back up and turned green and blue,
But the wind sat right on him, and said, "It won't
do."

The sea-dogs and lions and all the fish go
To hold a war council five fathoms below,
While old Neptune is hustled and cuff'd till he's sore
And finds half his innards are blown to the shore.

At this doleful juncture a parley was sounded,
For the whale sent up word he was very near
 drowned,
But the pesky old wind, on its final act bent,
Got down on his muscle, on mischief intent.

So the whale, for emergencies not unprepared,
And afraid that his babies at home might be scared,
Blubbered oil by the hogshead, and smoothed the
 sea, so
That the wind in disgust, found that he couldn't blow.

Then in pitiful plight was the wind you may see:
He staggered and lurched, like a tramp on the spree;
He tried to brace up and to get a fresh start,
But was forced in the end to pack up and depart.

One lesson to draw from the facts herein stated,
Is plain from the excellent way ev'ry're related.
It is that the Author herein is ,
And, by jingo, he takes care that he lets people
 know it.

*LEGENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS
PAPERS*

THE LEGEND OF THE WELLAND CANAL

The Lady in Red and her Strange Nocturnal Wanderings. The story of a crime of many years ago. Published in *The Buffalo Courier*, June 24, 1900.

It is an old stone house, awkwardly situated on the banks of the canal. To the left is the stone bridge, and to the right, other tumbledown houses and sheds. The old stone house is crumbling to decay, seemingly only held up by the picturesque masses of clasping ivy. In the autumn the brilliancy of the coloured and parti-coloured leaves clothes the old place in borrowed beauty, but in winter and early spring it stands gaunt, and grim, and forbidding, the wreck of everything hopeful. The strong vined ivy is the home of uncanny birds of every degree of quarrelsomeness. Even the bird voices which we intimately know are full of rasping and unearthly variations of tone when they come from beneath the heavy vines. The old place seems to have a fascination for the birds, though it affects their vocal organs so greatly. . . . None save quarrelsome birds frequent that gruesome place of mustiness. On all sides of this mouldering house are long windows, which the ivies almost cover, leaving only an eyrie

aperture in the centre, for the exit of birds and spirits. Within the house everything is dampness, and mildew, and furniture in all stages of dilapidation, while rats and all such vermin which prefer such a home, hold high carnival. The only piece of furniture which seems to resent the impudent touch of time is an old chest standing grim and forbidding opposite one of the southern windows. This is the haunted house of the canal.

When the moon rests in benediction on the quiet canal, and no sound of a human movement is heard, out from the topmost aperture left in the window issues a woman clad in crimson, with a look of immortal regret distorting her yet beautiful face. She has no share in the glorious moonlight, she moves cautiously, as though she felt darkness about her, with arms entwined about an imaginary burden, which she carefully carries, and soothes as though it were human. Softly she croons to it, as she floats down to the edge of the canal and lays her burden, most tenderly, in a small canoe. Seating herself swiftly and noiselessly, she plies the oars. The canoe sweeps under the bridge, and on for a mile or so up the canal, then rising, she lifts the burden high in air, and chanting a weird lullaby, lowers the unsightly burden to the water's edge. It floats away, and she waves her hands in farewell. Slowly and thoughtfully, and with an expression of extreme relief, she floats back to the old house. No fears seem to trouble her now: she is dreamy, patient, methodical.

Fastening the canoe, she floats out of it within

two or three feet of the ground, but never once does she touch it. Gradually she rises higher,

‘As a dove when up she springs,
To bear through heaven a tale of woe,
Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings.’

She makes as though she would fain go in a different direction, and leave her prison home; but an invisible power wafts her to the old window, her crimson garments wave like flames across the moonlit air, and with a last wave of her fluttering hands she subsides into the house. Seen through the aperture, her movements are very suggestive. Going to the old chest, she grasps a sponge, and with unutterable anguish in her wildly excited eyes and twitching lips, sinks on her knees, trying with determined but ineffectual efforts to wipe from the stained floor the marks of blood. Patiently she scrubs back and forth, with rhythmical precision, but even as the sponge is discoloured the marks spring fresh to the floor. At last, with weary sighs issuing from her pallid lips, she vanishes into the old chest, to remain there until her next visit to the canal, when she does the same act in the same way. This is the story attached to the old house on the canal.

A long time ago, the house was built by a wealthy man, who had a beautiful wife, whom he would not allow to visit his own people, because their lineage was not recorded in Burke's Peerage. He was a descendant of kings, but he had committed some

deed which prevented his living in his own land. He married the beautiful young wife, but could not endure the thought that Burke did not mention her, so he kept her far from the people who would know of his mésalliance. The poor wife pined for her distant friends. For a time she loved him, and forgave the imprisonments, then her love turned to contempt; loathing and hate followed, and the end came one dark, gloomy day, when they had been discussing the ever-sore subject. The man was determined to adhere to his first decision, and keep his wife from the notice of all his friends.

She hungered for friends and kindred, so the quarrel rose and continued until the frenzied, wronged wife snatched her jewelled knife from its sheath, and as he marched haughtily from her presence with the uncompromising air of an injured man, she sprang upon him, and the cruel, unjust husband was an inert mass at her feet, with his life-blood polluting the white floor. Then she awoke to her real self: the love which she had stifled for a time rushed warm to her heart, and she realised that, with her own hand, she had deprived herself of a protector, and was alone in this dreary stone house, with that awful, white, unchangeable face gazing stonily at her. . . .

All wrongs forgotten, she clasped him closely, and her pure white dress was stained with crimson. Frantically she called him by every beloved name, and pleaded pitifully for a last word, but only a meaningless stare answered her, and she went mad

in her anguish. Lifting him in her arms, she carried him to the canal and gave his body to the merciful waters, which never betrayed her secret. Then she returned to her kindred, and for a time roused herself to a happier life. Not one of her friends knew of her awful crime. They only knew that her husband was dead. She loved again and was beloved, and children called her blessed. For twenty years she led an apparently ideal life, only at intervals being haunted by remembrances of the past. Then she died suddenly of no disease. It seemed to be the expiation of her crime; but her spirit bore the burden, and winged its flight to the old house on the canal, and there it has remained ever since, performing the act of burying the body, until the spirit of vengeance cries enough, and her husband's soul shall declare its satisfaction with retribution.

THE LEGEND OF PADDY THE PIPER

Published by *The Evening Journal*.

IN Ireland at the time when the Hessian troops enforced the Curfew law with great rigour, there lived one, Paddy the Piper. Paddy was a sturdy frequenter of all the fairs, travelling day and night to attend them. He had many friends in the small towns through which he travelled, and never counted on paying for a meal or a night's lodging. Paddy was jovial, shrewd, blarney-full, a rale Irish laddie, and drove many a good bargain. He had no home of his own, liking far better to live on charity and see the sights.

No fair was considered a success without Paddy to pipe for the dances; and many a handful of pennies came his way, in compliment to his sweet playing. Well! Paddy was strolling along in the moonlight, striving to reach the hut of some of his devoted friends before the doors were shut for the night, when he was startled out of his easy-going mood by striking his head against some object dangling from a tree. Paddy immediately awoke to the hope of some gain, and stretched out his hand curiously to the object swinging in the moonlight. "Aha," he muttered. "Sure, the boys have been doing a

foine job here. One bloomin' gintleman less, but they must have been after bein' scared before they finished, lavin' such foine boots to wave in the gintle zephyrs. Bedad, I'll be the warmer for thim same articles, and I'm thinkin' me foine gintleman will not miss his foot coverin'. Or maybe he'd loike to exchange? Me own boots are a plinty good enough for a dead man to hang in. Since he won't be fur walkin' there'll no water come in.

"Now thin, mister, a fair exchange." Paddy pulled with all his might at the coveted boots. They would not come off: he tugged and tugged, and stili they stuck as though glued. At last Paddy got disgusted. "Look here, me foine corpse, ye'll not need legs hanging there, so, since ye'll not part company with your boots I'll take legs and all." And he cut the legs off, and with them under his arm went whistling along in the moonlight.

But the time wasted in getting the boots kept him late on the road, and he only reached his friends' house to find that the curfew had rung long since, and all was darkness. He rapped at the door, but the good people were all asleep, so he took the legs and banged them against the rickety door, nearly wrenching it from its hinges. This produced the desired effect, and Paddy heard a dialogue above.

"Bridget, don't ye hear that awful noise, like a shillalah at the dure? Do go down and see whose in it."

"Mike, me mon, it's a snakin' coward yees are, to send your wife when ye're afeard to go yourself."

“Well thin, Bridget, ye can go ahead, and I’ll come up with the rear. Niver fear, me honey, I’ll protect ye better from behind than from before. I’ll have the advantage of seein’ where to belaber the beggar while he’s attendin’ to ye.”

Paddy heard the procession coming to the window, and he called that it was “only Paddy the swate piper.”

“Well now, don’t it bate all, Paddy; ye’ve come, and we dare not open the dure to take in our ould friend; but Paddy dear, ye know the ould cow-stable? There’s only Daisy there, and she’s as gintle as a dove. Ye’ll foind a foine bed of swate straw there. We’ll hev ye to breakfast and welcome.”

So Paddy picked up the legs and started for the cow-shed, where he rested until the moon shone in on him so brightly that he took it to be morning, and, afraid of being late for the fair, he started off down the road, leaving the legs and boots behind him. In the early morning, when Bridget went to milk Daisy, there was great consternation, Bridget and Mike bewailing their dear friend Paddy, whom Daisy had eaten, all but the legs, which were left sticking up in the straw. “The sinful baste to look so mild lookin’ while contemplatin’ such a disgraceful thrick. She should be sold at the fair.”

At daylight Mike started off with the cow, and she went along with her meekest air all the way. Mike began to have hopes of selling her at full price, feeling sure that her taste for pipers would not again come to the front.

But his hopes were soon gone, for at the first sound of the bagpipes the cow became unmanageable, making straight for the little man who played them, and Mike, wild with fear, shrieked aloud to the wondering merrymakers that the unmannerly cow had eaten one piper and was after another. However, she was caught before having succeeded in eating the second piper, and Mike, in disgust, had her killed, and sold her hide to a shoemaker, who made an apron of it. It was a tough hide, and wore for many years; but one thing the shoemaker often wondered at was, that every time the bagpipes played in passing his shop that apron would twitch from side to side, and dance up and down. Mike was told of this peculiarity, but wisely kept his thoughts to himself, though he was very sure that the peculiarity could be accounted for by the cow's desperate appetite for pipers vibrating in his hide.

THE LEGEND OF "THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER"

Published by *The Evening Journal*.

IN an ancient castle in Scotland there dwelt a mighty laird with his lady, and their two beautiful children, Victor and Euphemia. This laird was extremely wealthy, having, besides his many servants, a minstrel named Dermind. This legend concerns Dermind's life and death. He was the pet of the castle people, and the especial playfellow of Victor and Euphemia. At all the castle festivities Dermind was indispensable: his fame as a singer had gone into all lands, and other minstrels from afar came to test their abilities by hearing him. Dermind was a very young man for such fame, and being puffed up with praise, forgot that a minstrel was not a laird, and allowed himself to love his laird's daughter Euphemia. She, a lovely, thoughtless girl, with all the romance of her ancestors, finding an encouragement in her, responded to his love, or imagined that she did. It was a great escapade for her, an exciting episode, to marry her father's minstrel. But he loved her truly, with all the force of a fervid, poetic nature, and knowing full well that his laird would never consent to their union, he persuaded the foolish girl to marry

him secretly, which she did without thought of the consequences.

They met in secret, and for a time he was blissfully happy, but one day a prince came from a neighbouring kingdom—a prince to whom Euphemia was promised by her father, and he was bonnie. He came to the castle attended by a brave band of retainers, and there were rejoicings in the palace. Such a noble youth Euphemia had never seen, and immediately she knew that the feeling she had for her minstrel husband was far less intense than she thought. This noble prince would be her chosen one from all mankind. Bitterly she regretted her folly, and as the regret grew, even the love she had felt for her husband turned to hate, for she found the bonds galling.

The laird, in his ignorance of the situation, took everything into his own capable hands, and Euphemia, with her own secret inclination towards the prince, seconded by her father's commands, allowed herself to drift with the mighty tide, and the minstrel husband saw it all, and blindly trusted the girl to whom he had given his lifelong pledge. The betrothal of the Prince and Euphemia was announced, and the nuptial festivities planned. Still the minstrel dared do nothing save plead his love and trust his wife. But she desired above all things to marry the Prince, and knowing that her husband dared not proclaim the truth, she wedded the Prince.

A fortnight of grand festivities followed the ceremony, and the poor wretched husband was compelled

to make fresh words and music, to sing to his own bride, who was before him in gorgeous robes, attended by her devoted Prince. The laird repeatedly chided the minstrel for his sad verses and sadder music on such a joyous occasion. How could the wretched minstrel celebrate his own doom? He looked at the radiant bride, who seemed to have forgotten that she belonged to him; but he dared not claim her, for it certainly meant imprisonment or death to him. Who amongst that joyous crowd would believe that she, the proud descendant of a famous line of proud ancestors, would dream of marrying her father's minstrel? Not one lady of the race had so forgotten herself. The minstrel sang and sang, and his heart slowly broke. She smiled and smiled and seemed to have no heart to remember.

So she left the palace and her husband to reign with the Prince over his devoted people. She was soon beloved by her subjects, but her pleasure was spasmodic, for ever at her gayest moments she was haunted by the despairing face of Dermind. If she attended any musical performances he seemed to be the one actor, and ever in the foreground his stern, accusing, miserable face shone out of the most glittering scenes. He was always "death's head at a feast." If other minstrels sang to her, she saw the tall, splendid physique of her deserted husband towering above them, singing dirges to his dead hopes. In the gayest times the sad notes mingled and accused, and pleaded and died. As the Prince held her and loved her, she saw over his shoulder the

reproachful, heart-broken look of her husband. When their subjects cheered them as they drove in state through the thronged streets, she saw beyond the throng the pitifully pleading face of Dermind, as he wrung his hands and bemoaned her perfidy. In the cheering tones she detected the groaning, which seemed to rend his attenuated body.

"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying,
So the notes rung."

Thus she lived with the Prince she loved, in the shadow of the husband whom she had so wronged.

Gradually her strength seemed to leave her, happiness could not fail to play a losing game with such mental agony. She drooped in spite of the anxious care of the almost distracted Prince, and there came a day when the castle put on deepest mourning. There was weeping and sympathetic regret, for the beautiful lady of the castle had made her entrance to another sphere. With solemnities of equal grandeur with her wedding she was borne back to her old home, and buried beneath the trees of the family sanctified ground.

Dermind could claim his wife dead, for could he not creep to that narrow home, and when the moonlight brought peace, lie amongst the heather on her grave? All his nights were spent there, until grief became a mania. Night after night he lay in the open air of the churchyard, crooning a lullaby, as though singing to a child. All day he performed his duties at the

castle, and at night took his way to the grave, always singing about a rose that had bloomed, until all the other roses were dead, and telling how lonely the roses felt when they saw all their companions drooping to earth.

At last he became so feeble that his duties were not performed, and he would not be persuaded to leave the churchyard at all. So the kindly laird, who thought it only devotion to his household, built a small house for Dermind to live in, and every night from the graveyard there arose the sweet, wailing, half-hushed tones of a lullaby. Passers-by grew to think the place was haunted by some sweet singer from a more harmonious world. So Dermind had it all to himself, save when the castle servants brought him food. . . . Many years he lived so, then the voice was missed from the churchyard. Dermind went to join his beloved, unfaithful wife, with the sweet, foolish words on his dying lips :

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem.
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
Where my mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER" 55

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away,
When true hearts lie withered, and fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who, would inhabit this bleak world alone ?

And poor Dermind's song, composed when his
brain had almost refused to do him service, is sung
and loved by the world.

THE LEGEND OF STURGEON LAKE

Published by Farrington Hall, in *The Buffalo Courier*.

ON a little island in a lake there lived, not so very long ago, a tribe of Indians. They were peacefully inclined, and had lived for many years without bloodshed. It was a most beautiful little island. There it lay, high up from the shimmering, apparently quiet lake. The tepees were built on a portion of the island facing the lake: they were nearly smothered in trees, and yet there was a glimpse of the glorious lake. Such a view in the moonlight: the quiet, stealthy gliding step of the Indian gave no response on the yielding grass, and all was still as insect life alone leaves it. The time was twilight: suddenly one observant old Indian espied a canoe well laden with Indians rounding the island, then another and another, until the horizon seemed to reflect nothing save canoes and Indians, a regular besieging force. They came to land, they forced a welcome, and captured their reluctant entertainers. Their chief, a handsome, lithe, sprightly fellow, took the chief of the island tribes, his two sons and most beautiful daughter Wennona (the pride of the island), captive. Then, because of his quickly conceived love for Wennona, he left them on guard of the island, while he returned to his own camping-ground far distant, with prisoners

and his own followers. He was to return in a year to take Wennona as his bride.

Sadly Wennona watched his departure, for indeed she loved him; though he had slain her kindred, his deep, searching eyes had found her soul. Drearly the long year dragged on, until the moon showed her that the time for his return was approaching, and her fast-pulsing heart leapt to the lapse of time. One night, when the island was bathed in moonlight, and everything a tender silence held, Wennona glided along the shore, being sure that she would soon see her beloved chief rounding the island. Her quick ear caught every rustle of a leaf. Soon her subtle instinct warned her of a presence, and leaning forward in eager, listening attitude, she was silhouetted against the sky, the swift little canoe was fairly dancing over the willing waves, while the occupant swayed in harmony. Yes, he had seen her there, and with powerful strokes he cleft the water, and rapidly neared the shore, while she, with frantic joy, ran down the steep incline to his embrace. Springing deftly out, he clasped her and carried her out of the reach of the waves.

"My Wennona! My Wennona bride," he whispered as he watched her sparkling eyes, which told so true a story of welcome. Softly the moonlight enfolded them and sanctified their love. Wennona's face lay on his breast, caressed and welcomed there, and their hearts were bounding in unison, when suddenly she felt the form on which she leaned quiver and stiffen, and the arms fell from around her. Yes, she too had felt a slight prick of a pin; then her startled eyes dwelt

horror-stricken on a little ripple of blood which oozed from the breast she had so lately made her home. Ah, then the manly form, with beseeching eyes drinking in her face, quivered to the ground, and she was kneeling beside her fast-dying friend, her only love. A faint shuddering sigh, a look of mute agony, and Wennona was alone upon the shore.

Her kin, her own brothers, had slain their conqueror.

Wildly she tossed her arms to heaven in piteous appeal. "Oh, Great Spirit, who knowest how my soul is reft, who preparest those beauteous hunting-grounds, who lovest all good braves, do not let my loved one go to the pleasant hunt alone; take me, his twin spirit, to his love, to comfort him in the eventide when he comes to his wigwam. I cannot, I will not rest alone; my spirit must be one with his."

Frantically she clasped his unyielding form, and rocked him with bitter moans. Her brothers came, conscience-stricken for her sake, and buried him from her sight, beneath three trees which formed a triangle. They took Wennona to her father's tepee, but she would not be comforted. Night after night she moaned a lullaby to him, as she roamed along the shore, or lay on his unresponsive grave, until one night,

"When the waves were chanting a lullaby, and the trees in sympathy sighed,
She slipped from under her burden, and laid herself down
by his side."

They buried her in the grave of her beloved chief, and the triangle of trees guard their rest to this day on Sturgeon Lake Island.

THE COURT OF WANT AND THE PALACE OF PLENTY

A Fairy Story

A SOLUTION OF THE CAPITAL AND LABOUR PROBLEM

Recited and illustrated in Gibson Hall, New York.

IN a country where there were immense gold and silver mines and oceans of precious stones, where all the people were wealthy beyond calculation, there lived an especially wealthy family. They lived day after day for themselves and the pleasure which immense wealth could supply—their palace was one blaze of gorgeousness. Their floors and ceilings were golden, inlaid with diamonds, sapphires, rubies, and emeralds; they needed no light, for the glittering, sparkling jewels kept their halls ablaze with colour, the very coals which they burned in the golden grates were glowing gems. Their garments were made of cloth of gold, decked with jewels. There were six sons and six daughters, beside the lord and lady of the palace; they were all named after some particular jewel, and they wore the jewel the name represented, so that when they were assembled they were a harmony in rainbow tints, their faces reflected pleasure and placid content. They knew not what trouble meant, care had fought shy of their gilded cage.

Well, one Christmas Eve they were all gathered around the grate. Musicians on glistening couches played on jewelled instruments. The glitter of light was faintly subdued by the deep night shades, which only made their comfort more assured. As they sat thus, dreamily musings of renewed pleasure on the following day, the fire suddenly began to crackle, and leap in a most startling manner, which drew all eyes to it. And as they looked in astonishment at such unwonted demonstration, from the brightest gleaming coal stepped a thin, lank figure, clothed in tattered rags, holding in his hand a hard dry crust of bread, which looked as though it had been nibbled frequently. No covering had he save a few shrivelled locks of hair, which looked as though they wondered why they remained, when they were the last of many long-since-departed brethren. His face showed in every lineament want, suffering, sorrow, and neglect, but withal there was a look of patient endurance and trusting hope, that even at the sad ending of a hopeless life there might come a change, and plenty might yet bless his sight.

Slowly and falteringly he tottered forward, looking reproachfully at all their grandeur, as he muttered:

“And all this is here, while my subjects are eating their hearts out in despair for the want of something to satisfy their hunger. How can this be just?”

The startled party, whom he scarcely saw, gazed at him in utter astonishment. Never before had they seen such a figure, never before had they seen a dry crust, and they alternately gazed at him and it in

amazed affright. Suddenly he turned his patient, woebegone face to them, and said in a stern, commanding voice :

“ How dare you creatures of wealth keep all this plenty to yourselves, while others know not where to get necessities ? ”

“ Who are you, to appear so unpardonably before us, to reproach us ? How did you come, and wherefore, and why ? ”

“ I am the God of Want. I came to warn you while you have yet time, from the life of your next world. You have everything in this life. Think you, you are going to migrate to a world of plenty ? I tell you, No ! Every one must, in some stage of his existence, know every phase of living that there is, in order to be a perfect man. If you have all riches here, you must go through a world of all poverty there ; if your experiences are mixed here, you will not need so much poverty there. I tell you solemnly, you are going to a world of affliction and want, unless you disgorge some of your hoarded wealth to my subjects, and that right soon. Divide your wealth with them here, and they will divide their want with you there. Thus things will be equal.”

“ What is Want ? ” the children asked excitedly.

“ This is Want,” replied the god, “ to have nothing to eat save this. Taste and see if your delicate palates could appreciate it.”

They tried to nibble it as he held it towards them, but one trial sufficed, and they turned away, with disgust written for the first time on their exquisite faces.

"Do your subjects eat that?" they cried.

"Yes," he said with a grim contortion meant for a smile, "they eat that or nothing."

"The poor wretched mortals," and jumping up they heaped round the old man piles upon piles of gold. They gathered around him, and his face expressed for the first time an intense, gloating joy.

"I thank you in the name of all my weary subjects, who only now may live. How their eyes would glisten to see so much. Oh, I must hurry away," and, giving a faint, peculiar call, out from the fire came, slowly, dragging along, a dozen of his bodyguard, nearly as lean as himself. At sight of the money they stared in utmost wonder. They did not know what it was, but on their king muttering, "Cartloads of bread," their wonder changed to joy, and they actually executed a one-sided, lone dance, bobbing as they came near the money to gain a closer glimpse of it. Hastily they housed it in their rags, chucked it into their mouths, clutched it in their claws of hands, and giving a parting attempt at a smile to those who bestowed it, they vanished, followed by their king, who spread his full hands in benediction towards the family, muttering:

"May your want in your next life be lessened, as you have lessened want in other lives."

What delirious joy there was, in a dingy, gloomy fireless court, when the God of Want told to a joyously startled crowd of subjects his wondrous luck in the palace of plenty, and ever afterwards, in all their faces, shone that new-born gleam of joy.

DICKENS'S IDEA OF GHOSTS

Published in *The Evening Journal*.

GHOST stories as a general thing are extremely interesting; there is a kind of creepy fascination about them which relieves the monotony of our sometimes unromantic life. Anything pertaining to the mysterious is enchanting. Of course it is the old feeling of curiosity in our Eve composition. Even though other planets hold just our own species, it is not at all likely that the fashions are the same, and we are curious about our neighbours' raiment.

Now, Dickens understood this peculiarity in mortals, and determined that his ghosts should not only be horribly attractive, but should display tasteful apparel. Marley's ghost, which appeared to Scrooge, was a sample of an unpurified spectre. He had not been graduated to full ghostship. His purgatory was constant travelling; but I doubt not but that when his probation was ended, he would be transformed from the clanking, clashing novice, who walked with the insignia of his earthly life hanging to him in the shape of a chain of cash boxes, keys, padlocks, deeds, and heavy purses, to an airy spectre, with the run of ghostland and the right to pry into the secrets of men. Yet he was already imbued with a tender

affection for mortals, as were the three ghosts of which he was the forerunner. He was not armed to the teeth with retribution and vengeance, but came brimful of good intentions towards his former partner, the squeezing, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner, Scrooge, who was hard as flint, solitary as an oyster, whose inward coldness froze his own features, nipped his nose, made his eyes red, his lips blue, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating speech. No heat could warm Scrooge, no winter chill him. He was a desperate case. So Marley had to come to him before he had completed his novitiate.

Dickens's ghosts were gentle, yet withal mildly firm. They came to accomplish a purpose, and accomplish it they did; in any other way they were courteous and considerate. The ghost of Marley was polite beyond belief, and generous to a nicety. To be sure, he came like a thief in the night, but he had to, for daylight would have been his undoing. But how careful he was in announcing his presence. He actually swung a bell dumbly, for a while, right in Scrooge's sight, before the other bells in the house chimed in, and they all ceased as they began, to avoid any jar on his nerves. Then Marley began to clank his chain in the cellar; the door flew open and he came up the stairs, every rattle of the cash boxes giving Scrooge notice of what to expect; he paused at the door with true-spirited modesty and considerateness, before forcing his presence on his unwilling host, and then walked through the room to show himself, before speaking. The fire leaped up and announced him in proper style,

I know him—Marley's ghost, and all Scrooge had to do was to receive him.

Everything was done decently and in order, and the ghost came purely on an errand of mercy, to warn Scrooge that it was time he showed a little interest in humanity, and ceased herding with rats. Scrooge did rise to the occasion, to the extent of asking his ghostship if he could sit down. After that he collapsed like any ordinary mortal, but the ghost took advantage of him, just backed himself out of the window as though visiting a decenter man.

The promised ghosts of the present, past, and future of Scrooge were dressed to suit their errands; they did not come in smoke-dried garments, which had been used to habit all the ghosts since the beginning. They were very stylish, intelligent, polite inhabitants of another sphere, dressed in the latest to be had. One appeared in beautiful costly white, with a border of exquisite flowers, which must have cost a small fortune, for it was winter time in our world, and I dare say it was in his world also winter time. Of course I do not know the climate of ghostland; but those flowers were rare ones. The second ghost was in a green robe, bordered with fur, a holly wreath on his head, benevolence and charity in his face, and a torch in the shape of a horn of plenty in his hand. Surely they were the right kind of sweet spirits to preach "Peace on earth, good will towards man."

They certainly liked to have things handy, and knew that bachelors sometimes mislaid their matches, for they brought their own light with them. One

had a gaslight in his head, and it was with no landlady's hand he turned it on. The other carried a flaring torch, which made daylight out of the blackest night; the third spirit was compelled by his sombre errand, which was to show Scrooge what he would come to if he kept on in his evil, stingy ways—to wear a garb of black, for the fitness of things. These ghosts were not like most nocturnal ramblers, so thinly clad that their bones were exposed to the rude remarks of mortals.

If one dared be free with these uninvited, untimely guests, he could have a good chance to ridicule their *déshabillé*, but they will bear no mirth or trifling, or rather one does not feel comfortable enough in their presence to be joky at their expense.

A ghost visit is one of those things which Mark Tapley spoke about so often when it is a real credit to a person to be jolly.

Anyway, these particular ghosts are well worth making the acquaintance of. As for ghosts generally, there never was a mortal who was not benefited by a little experience of the supernatural, or rather the unexplained natural.

A CRITICISM OF MARIE CORELLI'S BOOK,
CALLED "THE MASTER CHRISTIAN"

Published in *The Evening Journal*.

"THE Master Christian," although a sweeping denunciation of Christianity as practised by the Churches, is still a clear, earnest portrayal of the Divine plan intended by Christ to be a safeguard against the evils for which sin alone is responsible.

The character of Felix Bonpré is sublime in its simplicity; his assertion that "Man can worship God best under the uplifting influence of nature," is certainly a statement of a fact, as who of us has not felt that awe-inspiring, wonderfully elevating, unexplainable affinity with the scenes around us? A beautiful, starlit night with the frost a glitter of silver and gold, carries one involuntarily away from the earth and its disturbances to an imaginary world, which seems better to suit our spiritual nature. How one yearns to satisfy the cravings of his soul, and how communion with a calm, controlled power seems to soothe and satisfy and bless.

Cardinal Bonpré was just such a controlled man. In himself all worldly considerations were naught. He chose the better part. What could be finer than the description of his earnest love for nature and nature's God? He felt some Divine declaration of

68 A CRITICISM OF MARIE CORELLI'S

God's sure nearness, as he sat like an enchanted dreamer amongst the tender interweavings of solemn and soothing sound. He was a man beloved of God, and almost visibly encompassed by the guardianship of angels. . . . Yet he saw in himself nothing but wilful sin and utter unworthiness. Could there be a more beautiful description of a man's proper attitude towards his Creator? His grief that mortals should worship the finite things instead of the Infinite, is very real, and shows a pure, clean, unselfish nature.

He says: "It is only under the sunlit or starlit expanse of heaven that the God in us can live."

Some may object to the questions asked by Babette and Henri, as being too deep for children; but I think you will find children of to-day quite as precocious. Bonpré's idea of the humble attitude which dignitaries of the Church should assume, is certainly above reproach. He said: "If our Divine faith were lived divinely, there would be no room for heresy or atheism. Christ is being crucified by this generation, and the Church is looking on." The manner in which Bonpré found the spiritual life, in the form of Manuel, is pitifully suggestive of our departure from the true spirit of Christ, the gentle and the lowly. The mental agony of Manuel, as he beat his little hands on the cold, hard, unresponsive doors of the Cathedral, demanding life and love and sympathy, where he was met with stubborn resistance from the supposed people of God, may well make us think of our own attitudes towards applicants for sympathy.

Angela's purpose of using her supreme gift of painting to portray the lives of the priests was an inspiration, the direct acknowledgment of her faith in God, after her expressed opinion that God was an invention of the priests, and is an example of earnest worship that would set the angels rejoicing. The power Manuel showed to keep Angela alive, when she was so sorely wounded, is intended to show to the world the power of a spiritual life, over death itself, the last enemy to be conquered.

Whether Corelli is right or wrong, she certainly believes that the power to perform miracles is not extinct, but still is a gift to the spiritually minded. Angela's painting of Christ is the forecast of a revised new and glorious awakening of truth in the Churches in the near future.

Not always will Christ's pure, sweet, chaste life be admired and loved as a thing apart; it will be lived even as believed. Corelli predicted the fall of priesthood, both Catholic and Ritualistic, and that it will be supplemented by the truth that man can live a spiritual life and also have what we call a mortal life, under entire subjection; just as Bonpré confessed that he could not live without Manuel (that is his idea of spiritual life), so he could not live without the divine spark which is all we possess of God.

Even the least prominent characters in the book are powerful delineations, and would serve as examples and morals to us. The purest and sweetest character in it is Silvie Hermenstein, Lady Hamilton. Many books have portrayed love in its divinest

phases, but I have seen none save this which comes up to my ideal of the real love which should be a prelude to marriage. The love which Aubrey Leigh offered to Silvie was pure and true, noble and unselfish, the only kind which can make the marriage state, the holy estate of matrimony. The many farces played in that line look what they are in the light of so great and noble a love. But no such love can exist, save in the hearts of such persons as Silvie and Aubrey Leigh. Silvie says: "I want your love to be something more than a romance; I want it to be a healthful reality. If I am not worthy to be the companion of your very soul, you will not, you cannot love me very long. I would never give my life to any man unless he trusted me absolutely. I love your work and aims; I go with all your thoughts. I wish to share all your responsibilities; I do not want to sit down on the level of mean, small-natured women, who cannot sacrifice themselves and their small vanities for another's sake; I give you my life, in return for your faith."

Angela Sovrani was the genius, the high-souled, unsuspecting, gentle, modest enthusiast. Her art was her life, and her thoughts were occupied with ideals. The grosser thoughts and actions of society did not touch her—she lived on a higher plane. But Silvie looked to the earth, a pure-souled, loving woman, needing the genuine, generous love of a man to complete her life. Angela could live in ideals, but Silvie could only live in love.

Florina Varillo is not only a typical Italian but a

good example of many of the society men we meet, a man who could carry on five or six love affairs at once, and never be found out. A man with no ideals, whose God was himself; a selfish, ungenerous, vain, utterly detestable creature, yet, alas, certainly a not unheard-of creature. His nature was too base to begin to appreciate such talents and ambitions as Angela possessed.

Read the book carefully, and you will find more even than I have written.

VOCALISM: THE BEAUTY OF THE VOICE

Published in *Physical Culture* by Bernarr McFadden.

"The human voice is a barometer that accurately indicates manly or womanly characteristics. This author (Adele Peters McLean) rightly believes that the voice depends largely on your own inner nature. Therefore in cultivating a beautiful voice, your first effort should be to develop a character that will be in harmony with all the various phases of emotion which you wish to express with your voice."—BERNARR McFADDEN.

"In the current issue of *Physical Culture*, one of the best known health magazines published, appears an article by Adele Peters McLean, entitled 'The Beauty of the Voice.' The article is a very creditable piece of writing. It is an earnest plea for the cultivation of a pliable and sympathetic voice. This is possible for every one. 'No other part of the body yields itself so willingly to sympathetic training, while there is no organ that requires such delicate manipulation and such careful supervision.' Incidentally the article is intended to teach, that to cultivate a voice the first effort must be directed towards the development of character."—W. KELLAR, Editor of *The Journal*.

To secure a pleasant voice for speaking should be the ambition of every one who has spirit and individuality enough to desire cultivation of the mind. A vibrant, modulated voice, "that excellent thing in woman," is equally a glorious thing in man. To see a powerfully built man or woman, with a voice utterly out of keeping with the development of the other physical forces, is ridiculous to any one who is initiated.

A sweet, pliable, sympathetic voice offers the

greatest influence one can exert over humanity. Just for the eternal fitness of things, one should have his voice cultivated to match his individuality. To one who is accustomed to the harmonies of the voice, this is the index to the character. No other part of the body yields itself so readily to sympathetic training, and there is no organ that requires such delicate manipulation and careful supervision. Over-practice is a sure injury. There is one great difficulty to be guarded against, the sweetness of the voice must not predominate.

I once heard a Canadian poet read her own poems. She had a wonderfully sweet voice, calm, uneventful, and as smooth as satin. There was no undercurrent, no unexpected depth, no thrilling surprises, no reserve of passion. It was not capable of modulation, there was but a dead level of sweetness. She read a ballad describing a schoolboy's death. It told of his comrades' deep sorrow, and of his mother's pitiful loneliness; but the voice did not care. It did not partake of the sorrow, but smiled right on; it had nothing to do with the heart's disturbance. That speaking voice was a failure.

The charm of a clear, pure, vibrant voice, that will yield readily to the emotions of the heart, cannot be estimated, but it can be felt by the most ignorant, and will be a most certain influence for culture. It touches all of the most responsive chords of humanity. Many people complain of not having a good speaking voice, yet the organs are there and may be developed. Certain it is that it is within the power of any one

who has vocal organs to bring them to a degree of perfection in speaking.

In beginning to cultivate the chords, the first thing, of course, is to learn the centralisation of the breath. The diaphragm is the place for the reserving of breath ; there, by a downward pressure of the muscles, you can hold the reserve breath until you need it to sing or speak. Most people (as the slang expression goes) use any old place. The most difficult thing to learn is the passivity of the respiratory muscles. It is very difficult for most people to be quiescent, yet the control of the breath indicates a supremacy of will power. The respiratory parts are played upon like so many Æolian harps. The diaphragm supplies the motive power. The breath should be used like a concertina ; press forward and ooze back. The ribs should act with a downward sweep in order to prevent breath escape. There should be no quavering of the breath as it oozes slowly away. In practising, the breath should be quickly shut off when the slightest quiver appears.

On these first principles depends the development of the voice.

The reason why many people have unpleasant voices, is that their characters are such that they must needs emit in the voice the envy, hatred, and malice of their natures. Of course training will make a complete hypocrite of the voice. It can be taught to simulate all beautiful things that the heart does not sanction—but it will not appeal to people who have souls who can discern the difference,

The best way to develop a good voice is to clear the heart of everything save pleasantness and peace, and to train the voice to be responsive to that inward force. The mechanical training of course will make a beautiful veneer which may deceive the eye, but the heart will discern it. No voice of exquisite fibre and feeling can come from an ungracious source. There must be absolute harmony, physically, mentally, and morally. A thorough poise of the body gained, the vocal organs should be held in a proper position for successful training, and the voice would be like a sensitive plant, "touched with the feeling of our woes."

THE JOY AND HEALTH OF AN EARLY MORNING WALK

Published by Bernarr McFadden in *Beauty and Health*.

THERE are different ways of taking a walk. It can be made a most dismal failure in the way of refreshing one's soul, or it can be made a fragrant source of health and beauty. Those who are capable of making it a joy will not be dependent on a companion. Of course, in order to get the greatest satisfaction out of a walk, one must be a poet, or at least must have an imaginative, unselfish disposition. No narrow-minded person can come in touch with nature. One must rid one's self of all personal thoughts, and leave the way open to inspiration.

Physical buoyancy and spiritual life are one. To be spiritually alive, one must prepare one's body to respond quickly to the fairy touch of nature. The body must be cleansed and clothed loosely and comfortably, so that nothing may distract one's attention from the healthful influences of life-giving nature.

Equipped so, leave the haunts of men and dive deep into the paths where nature reigns supreme. Do not think, but let the wondrous beauty creep into your

soul. Be controlled by your surroundings, be one with the mysteries of nature. Sweet thoughts will come to you, if you allow yourself to be passive and receptive. If you go to a clairvoyant, you will deliver yourself to her command. You would yield yourself to hypnotism, you would give man dominion over you. Why not submit yourself joyously to the glorious, insistent, health-giving, soul-purifying voices of our natural, God-given environment. Listen to the birds. Do they sing of gold and the massing of great possessions? They have also the work of living: they must build their homes, they must search for food; but they evidently feel that the need for work is not a curse, but a blessing, a glorious birthright. Look at the river, with its glorious becks and sweeps. There is no fretting there: all is calm, confident, peace-giving. It has no doubt of its destination: the very ripples are glad to be active.

Now sit down on the willing earth, and come into contact with the closer charms. Look into the trees with their glorious garments of brilliant greens. They are for beauty; they lend themselves delightedly to nature's purposes. The branches are so strong and yet so pliable. They yield to the gentlest intimation of the master mind, or to the thunderous importunity of the storm.

You can become imbued with the divine inspiration when you walk into and through the haunts of nature. The remembrance will dwell in your heart, and you will be all pleasantness and peace. The sordid cares and worries and frets cannot get the usual mighty

78 JOY OF AN EARLY MORNING WALK

grip upon you, as long as the inspiration of the beautiful walk dwells within you.

The more we indulge in these early morning walks into the heart of nature, the more we will find life is worth the living.

THE CULTIVATION OF A BEAUTIFUL VOICE

HOW A VOICE OF DEPTH, STRENGTH, AND BEAUTY
MAY BE OBTAINED BY MASTERING THE ART OF
CORRECT BREATHING

Published by Bernarr McFadden in *Physical Culture*.

EVERY woman wishes that she could sing or speak correctly. Vocal gifts seem somehow to be so entirely appropriate to our sex that those who do not possess them feel that they are wanting in something which has been associated with women since the beginning. There are a great many people who believe that they have no singing voice, when, as a matter of fact, they are possessed of vocal powers they have never recognised. Consequently those powers have never been developed, though their cultivation is by no means difficult, if the pupil is persevering and will not weary of well-doing.

In order to produce, or rather develop, a voice, the initial requisites are, a correct position of the body, and proper breathing. It is something about these two things which I am going to tell you, the telling being necessarily condensed.

The position you must assume is one which allows of the vocal chords most readily responding to the

breath. In order to secure it, rest the weight of the body on one foot, and use the other merely as a prop. To acquire ease in this position, you must practise throwing your weight on one foot, and swaying lightly backward and forward, until you have transferred the weight to the other foot. While so doing, be careful to keep the shoulders level. The movement springs from, and is connected with, the hip. The arms should hang loosely, but not awkwardly; and in order to have them do so, lift them to a level with the shoulders, the fingers pointing right and left; then permit them to drop downward, without any attempt on your part to control their doing so. The head must be held in a straight line with the foot which is bearing the weight of the body. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the position thus obtained beautifully emphasizes the concave and convex curves of the body, which are so much in evidence in the statuary of the ancient Greeks (those truest exemplars of grace and loveliness).

As soon as practice enables you to feel comfortable in this position, you may rest assured that the vocal chords are in form and condition to be played on by the breath, as nature intended. In other words, you are ready to begin to learn to breathe properly. An idea of the centralisation of the breath can be best obtained by opening the mouth somewhat, extending the tongue, and panting like a dog when exhausted. If you watch yourself carefully while so doing, you will find that the starting point or centre of breathing is in the diaphragm, which is the large

muscle separating the chest from the abdomen, forming a sort of moving partition between them. While it has several functions, the most important of such is that which has to do with respiration.

After practising the panting for some time, each pant being at first short and quick, begin to cause the pants to be longer, and still longer, until they become very much drawn out, the diaphragm at this point working easily and slowly. While doing this, however, be very careful to keep the chest perfectly quiet and the shoulders immovable. Inhale as much as you possibly can, but let the exhalation float away, as it were. No force must be used in exhalation. Practise this until the breath takes as long to ooze out of your lungs as it did to fill them. The slower you can manage to let it exhale, continuously and regularly, the more control you are gaining over your breathing. If at any time you are not sure that the diaphragm is doing its work properly, begin the panting process over again. The first stages of voice culture are tedious and difficult, but most important. Remember this if you are tempted to become discouraged.

There must be no tremolo motion in the breath, a mere suggestion of a quaver marking a failure in breath-control. After taking a good breath and letting it go as slowly as possible, pant and get all of the waste breath out of the lungs, for exhausted breath in the latter will cause a false note or word. When you have thoroughly gotten rid of the old breath take a new and a deep one.

Of course I need not lay stress on the fact that the corset is the chief cause of improper breathing. Just where the breath should be allowed most freedom, the corset confines it most villainously, and the consequence is that the ribs, instead of being allowed to expand with the incoming force of the breath, are crushed in, and the voice suffers accordingly. I have actually seen the ribs bent and broken, pressing on vital organs, because of the tight lacing. Every latest style of corset seems to be worse than its predecessor. These styles not only make women ridiculous, but positively deformed. If these abominations were abolished, there would be infinitely more good resonant, speaking and singing voices than there are at present. Instead of the thin, squeaky falsettos, we would have real heart voices. It has often been a wonder to me that women do not die of spontaneous combustion, induced by the friction of one organ on another, due to the deadly squeeze of the corset. Our diaphragms are given us for respiratory purposes: most people consider them as jelly bags, to be squeezed out of shape.

When the breath is allowed to come up to the teeth it should not be hindered or strangled in its exit from the mouth: every part of the body should assist in its expulsion. There should be complete co-operation of all the organs to this end. While the diaphragm is doing its work the chin should drop gently, the teeth and lips sway apart, and the position of the body as already described should be religiously observed. If ten minutes of practice of proper

breathing makes you dizzy it is a signal for you to stop, for it means that you have not quite succeeded in placing the breath, or that you are not accustomed to having the diaphragm do its duty. After a time the muscles will rejoice in their freedom, the dizziness and other unpleasant symptoms will disappear, and apart from all else you will find yourself much more strong and healthy than you were before you learned to breath properly.

It may be added that the mentality of the individual is apt to be reflected in the voice. For example, a light-hearted girl of sunny disposition whose voice is being developed, is quite likely to find herself the possessor of a bird-like organ, that fills the air with inspiring music. But in any event, when the vocal chords are allowed to act unstrainedly, and when the secret of correct breathing is mastered, a voice of depth and strength and beauty is sure to follow.

VOCALISTS

Written for *The Free Press*.

I HAVE been visiting a town where there are many so-called vocalists. There is the man who naturally has an excellent tenor apparatus, if he could only use it properly. You see, he is in a town, and his neighbours think he has a heavenly voice, not having heard any better, and so he is content. He knows nothing of his larynx. He does not care where his breath comes from, as long as he can get any at all. He has no idea that breath and tone are synonymous terms. He closes his teeth tightly, and his breath shivers, and is balked of its proper exit, and yet a little sweetness is forced through the clinched teeth. He, of course, is not going to bother his head to master the fact that the position of the body will affect the voice. He will not see that harmony is a combination of the forces of body and voice. His contented conceit loses him the joy in singing.

Then there is the beautiful bass voice, rolling like a dream of melancholy from the other man's throat, and you wonder what invention he keeps inside, which works so completely of its own volition, without any outward and visible sign. A barber's signpost would give out more expression; a scare-

crow in a cornfield would exhibit more harmony of action, especially if there happened to be a gentle zephyr around. He is applauded to the echo, and he takes it and moves along. His good breathing, or rather flush of breath, comes from outdoor exercise.

Then there is the man who prides himself on his staying powers. He can hold a note forty seconds, and he holds it with a waving tremolo motion, which tells to any one who has studied vocal science, that he is simply catching breath every second, and there is no continuous note. He has no slight idea that he requires a thorough training in control of diaphragm, in inspiration and expiration, and exercises for the prevention of breath escape. To practise control of body, mind, and spirit would not hurt him. He is an offensive man: his brass and conceit are beyond belief. He can train a choir, Yes! He has had six lessons from a prominent professor. His voice is a blare. His personality is repulsive, his cheek immeasurable. The boys applaud vociferously because they (silly elves) have sounded his character. They know he wants applause. What do they care for song? The man wants applause; they give it to him, and laugh at his gullibility.

Then there is the tiny lady who warbles like a canary, a sweet, thrilling, clear little mechanical sound. She has had a good training of voice. It is perfect in its fluency, but where is the soul? Oh, perhaps it is winging its flight to some distant friend. You make up your mind to hear her again—the same lack of individuality, in step, body, and dress: you see

she is the same old pattern for girls, with that warble added. Her hands are clasped in front, and she is profoundly ignorant of the fact that the movements of the hand affect the voice. It is all right for her: her soul is still away. That music-box is just inside for the time and has no connection with her anatomy

Then the thin, tall lady, whose tones are exquisite, soul-full and real; but at what expense to the body. It writhes and tortures itself, and wriggles out the notes, and beholders are feeling the thumbscrew.

There is another style of little woman, who wants to show her confidence in her audience. She leans towards them at a very distressing angle, a decided bend, no curves about her; she is quite out of plumb; she is just in a position to close the epiglottis entirely; her vocal chords are irritated and enlarged and emit a doleful sound. Her hands are clasped agonisingly in front of her, and her shoulders heave to each forced breath. The said breath has no chance to ooze away, but is forced to struggle out a sorry exit. What sound one can hear after watching the agonising little figure is tinged with decided melancholy. When will people learn of the fitness of things?

Last, but not least, is the stout, bold-faced, assured-of-conquest singer. She is most correct in her vocal science, and uses her diaphragm properly, but she has an exaggerated idea of enunciation, and overdoes it sadly, but she has the soul, body, and feeling for success.

Every one errs in some unseemly way. There will

be no vocalisation until the extreme of sympathy between body and mind is fully realised, though, I think, not one of those singers would be unfortunate enough to give the impression that was given to a Scotchman by the singing of an anthem. His master had allowed him an evening off, to attend a service of praise. . . . The master was surprised to see him home before the time that he expected him, and asked the reason.

"Well, master," he said, "one man got up on the platform and sang, 'I am the King of Glory.' I expected some one to contradict him, but another man got up and sang 'I am the King of Glory.' The first man did not seem to resent it, but when six or seven men got up and sang, 'I am the King of Glory,' then I kenned there would be trouble, so I came away."

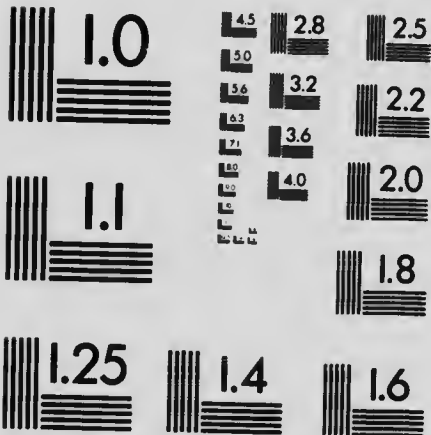
I once heard a very clever little Scotch minister proclaim at a literary club that Tennyson was a Presbyterian. I insisted on its not being the case, but he rather scorned the opinion of any one who had not studied theology in cultured Glasgow having anything to say about anything. He had heard the best lecturers in the world, and learned of them. To be sure, those lecturers did not tell him that Tennyson was a Presbyterian, but after the grand course of study he had taken, surely he was capable of deciding for himself, No poet with any idea of the fitness of things could ever be anything save a Presbyterian.

I contended that Tennyson was no Churchman at all, but belonged to the select few who are scattered



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

around the world, the only true Christians, whose law is Love, and I quoted :

“There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.”

No man who had not wallowed through the depths of doubt could come to such an important conclusion ; for if a hint of doubting concerning these things enters one's mind, then it is certain such belief is tottering to its fall. Tennyson, like Shakespeare, knew that

“There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.”

LETTERS

A LETTER FOR *THE JOURNAL*

DEAR BEATRICE,

I am going to tell you about a certain little red squirrel which I met when I was at my own home. There is a park in the vicinity, where I always go with a book early in the summer mornings, to study and reflect. One morning I was attracted by a very fine specimen of a red squirrel. He was running up a very congenial tree, but, hearing me speak, he turned very gracefully, and stopped to listen. I thought, now maybe that little animal would be able to understand what it was doing, better than some people, so I stood still and addressed him thusly :

“ My graceful little red fellow, how would you like to be able to talk to me ? ”

He answered immediately, by the funniest little, most comical bark, and a graceful twirl of his tail, what I interpreted as, “ I can talk as well as you can.”

“ Well,” I said “ if you can, I shall be delighted, for I want to ask you something, ‘ What are squirrels made for ? ’ ”

He said, as plainly as any one could, with a French shrug of his shoulders, a quick little movement of the head, and a sweeping curve of the tail, together with that cackling little voice of his, purely staccato :

"We red squirrels, as you contemptuously call us, were made to teach mortals higher culture. Do not we represent the beautiful in nature? Are we not part of the Divine plan? You have tried to get so fine with civilisation, that you have lost the Divine spark which was meted out for you. You think you can teach us; but you are babies. You go to church to hear the truths of nature. Look up this tree here. Is there any mockery here? Does not each leaf sway as the Creator wills it to? Look at those other white lined leaves. See how confidently they turn to the sun and sky for all their blessings of heat and rain. Do they try to generate heat with machinery, and invent clouds to distribute rain? Well, no; they have an easier plan. All these things are done unto them according to their faith."

I began to think that that squirrel was taking too much on himself, and was getting disagreeably personal, so I said:

"Who are you, to know so much? Are you one of those beautiful, stray, rare Christians in disguise? It is wonderful that one small squirrel head should carry all you know."

He said with a contemptuous curl of his tail:

"Oh, you can quote books, but I am inspired; I get in first hand, by revelation. I look around me, and I do not harden my squirrel soul trying to learn for myself what the God who made me gives me, without any twisting of my brain. Why, those birds whom you so meanly call 'Blooming sparrows,' know more than you do. Their lives are planned

for them, and they have sense enough to leave the plan alone. What do they know of books and doctrines and forms, principalities or powers, visible or invisible beliefs? They live their lives and die just as successfully and nobly as you do."

I felt a little out of it with all this wisdom flowing from a little red squirrel, and yet, was he only a little common red squirrel? It seemed to me that he had accumulated all the wisdom of all the little red squirrels in the world, so I said:

"It seems to me, little fellow, that you know all there is to know. Where did you get it all?"

"Oh," he said, "Nature teaches us everything. I only have to keep in touch with all the beautiful things around me, and I get it all. 'My soul with the seasons seems to grow.' I remember a leaf once, which grumbled at having to follow the plan of nature, and wither every autumn, that it might live a fuller life in the spring. I will tell you in poetry how that leaf was brought to its senses."

Well, I was staggered to hear that a red squirrel could write poetry, when it takes mortals a lifetime to learn the art. I said, "I must have your poetry, of course." So I sat on a log, and the squirrel faced me in fine position, and recited a small stanza about trees and leaves and things, on which stanza I based the poem, "The Dying Leaf," which is published in this book. Though the voice was not very musical, it seemed softer from my becoming accustomed to it, and the squirrel evidently appreciated my attention.

A LETTER WRITTEN FOR *THE EVENING
TIMES*

You ask me if I believe in electrical affinity. I feel like saying to you what an old man always sang at a Revival meeting:

“What we have seen and heard,
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.”

Have you not felt an overwhelming repulsion, or an exhilarating attraction towards some people whom you have met? I have met persons whom to shake hands with was a pleasure, and I have reluctantly let their hands go. I have met others to whom I have made a retreating bow. I have been going to dance with a person and repulsed him at a second's contact. Is not that a species of electricity? You also ask me if I believe in electrical divination. Big questions. Do you mean, that there might be an electrical connection between us and some other world, so that you might make coming events cast their shadows before?

Well, there is nothing impossible and Tennyson, says:

A LETTER FOR *THE EVENING TIMES* 95

"How pure at heart, and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

"In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

"So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine."

It seemed very evident to Tennyson that none save holy people can possess the gift of intercourse with the next world, to which we are all supposed to be progressing. That this is a gift given to pure-minded people we all appear to doubt. Clairvoyants and mediums are not considered up to the high-water mark of culture. If we are making a mistake and reviling our betters, it is certainly time for us to mend our manners.

I went once to a person who claimed she could tell the future. It was in Berlin, and to make the occasion more impressive, we (five very young lady teachers) went at midnight to her abode. It was on the outskirts of the town (for she had been threatened with arrest, if she appeared within the limits), and we had to pass a block fenced in and placarded "Smallpox." We were not sure that the police would not arrest us for visiting her, but we were all very young, very curious, and more

courageous than the occasion demanded. So we stumbled along in the dark, with our hearts very near our mouths, but determination in every movement. We crept like forbidden things through the rickety gate, through catnip, burs, and nettles. We tore our way to the door, and knocked with bated breath—that was a fearsome moment. She came, she saw, she conquered. Well, she conquered me, for anything more repulsive I have never seen. . . . She had the proverbial red petticoat, and her uncombed locks were matted rightfully.

I was pretending to be a dignified young lady, and had seventy-five pupils under my care; but I felt my courage oozing, still oozing, and I would have run had I not had four other equally stricken people behind me.

The lady of the future insisted on my going into her private operating-room with her; but I positively refused to part from one of my lady teachers. Well, the old fright told me a good many things which had happened, and one important thing which has not happened. Nevertheless, I excuse her from belonging to the class of pure people of whom Tennyson speaks.

It seems to me a revelation of the future would naturally belong to the pure-minded people; but, you see, this world has grown too material. Our clergymen are supposed to be good, intelligent men; but not the most hopeful of us could accuse them of being inspired or receiving revelations. Yes, I think all good gifts would be showered on us individually

and collectively, if we would get back to the spirituality we were intended to have, and stay there.

So, Mr. Hugh, when you find yourself perfect, you may be able to communicate by sympathy with those pure people in the next sphere. When you find yourself a plan, will you write to me again? I shall appreciate your struggles and successes.

A LETTER WRITTEN FOR *THE FREE PRESS*

DEAR MARGARET,

I must tell you about the Westminster choir, in Massey Hall, on Saturday last. You say you love singing. So do I. If you love the singing you hear in country towns you would be carried to heaven by the Westminster choir. I have heard all the so-called popular singers, and have been impressed with the rendition often; but these Westminster Singers had souls attuned to praise. I find it difficult to tell you in choice enough terms the effect they had on me. I found myself regretting that the voices were not whispering around their own native environment. Their music was so at one with all the beautiful and historic associations of Westminster. I am sure the ghosts of the historic dead which hover around Westminster are glad to come to earth to hear the boy who sang as though his soul was possessed by sweet sounds.

The Massey Hall platform in afternoon light is not conducive to airy fancies. In fact, it looked decidedly dirty, and so marred the environment; but I forgot the background when the choir sang. A boy about fourteen had a voice easily attuned to the most silver-voiced flute, so pure and liquid and

sensitive, the technique entirely eclipsed by the clearness of tone and excellent phrasing. The boy who sang "Cherry Ripe" was equally full of melody. Possessing a voice, and having a voice possess you are two different things. Their voices possessed them. They sang without instruments, and for once, that much-abused instrument did not hide deficiencies in voice. If you ever get a chance to hear this choir, do so, even if you have to go without a dinner.

Their best selection was "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower." Each voice represented a bell, or rather, each bell used in the chimes was personated. There were thirteen voices. Such chimes would carry any one to church in spite of himself. I would go on Sunday, and sit in the belfry and worship the bells. In singing, one could not tell who began the theme. Instantaneously, each voice was there, full and true, and so in ending, no one stopped. It was no sudden stop, they just oozed away. It was not like the stop to the bells which were rung in Scrooge's house by Marley's ghost. For a brief while I lived within the walls of Westminster Abbey, I saw the venerated dead peopling the aisles, and gazing with envious eyes on the inspired singers of the living choir, and I lived.

Now, Margaret, some unprincipled person persuaded me to go to hear another choir sing. All my beautiful sounds and fancies were swallowed up by a fair, fat, would-be forty-five, prima donna. I might quote some of the comments I heard—they fitted beautifully. One man of musical circles said, "There

is a soloist for your life. I would drown myself rather than submit again." A lady musician said, "Plague it all, I might have had all the lace sewed on my skirt in the time I have wasted here." I am sure I heard one man say, "Darn it"; but still the lady, the lady with the expansive shoulders, and abundant quantity, wavered on. I thought the breath would be shattered, and some dire catastrophe would surely hurl her from her pedestal and destroy her inward equilibrium. I just remarked regretfully, "I trust the king will forgive me for not staying to ask God to save him. I will do it on the road home." And, as Samantha would say, "I started on the run."

Poor vocalism is infinitely worse than nightmare. I lay awake all night, watching the door fearfully, in constant expectation of seeing the fat singer with the cabbage bow on her shoulder appear and give me more sing. I fell asleep when it was daylight, knowing that all evil things vanish with the night. Margaret, do not go to hear singers who are like mustard plasters. It is an insult to your own anatomy. Have I said enough?

Above everything I wish you dreams, undisturbed by cabbage leaves on bare shoulders.

Adieu.

A LOVE-LETTER WRITTEN FOR *THE*
EVENING JOURNAL

MY VERY DEAR A——

How delightful to lay aside the daily grind, and slowly unshackle that something which we call the intellect, and let it for a moment untrammelled roam away in fancy, beyond the local concierge, even to the Berg, where you happen to be. I had formed the habit of taking an hour occasionally, for reflection on the past, considering the present, and anticipating the future, but I cannot even do that now, as I find myself worshipping at the shrine of a Mecca too delightful and entrancing to be disturbed by thoughts of a dead past. The very thought of such delightful association almost paralyses my thoughts, and I ask myself if it is possible that such happiness was intended for mortals. I think every hour, association, happiness and success should be treasured, to balance our disappointments, failures, ill-health, quiet or sad hours. I could name one association I would be willing to balance against all the ills that ever befell me.

True there is that ever-present longing, but I believe all are victims of that. I have no words sufficiently chaste and choice to express thoughts

A LOVE-LETTER

present to my mind. I have a friend, to be with whom is indescribable rapture. I cannot help it. I do not feel capable of even trying to help it. You must enjoy yourself, and be very happy while you are away. I would like to cheat twenty-four hours, as I do love to talk to you, and that means being with you. No Homer or Cicero in their choicest poems could describe or approach a description of the good night you gave me, and by no act or possible sacrifice could I repay you. I will not say less: I had better not say more; but really, what an object for adoration is an educated, pure-minded, cultured, handsome lady! I have said but little which is not crude, but Good Night, it takes with it all my best wishes, and a harvest of love.

As you well know, I am

Yours.

A LETTER FROM MRS. POWERS (ENGLAND,
RUSSIA, JAPAN) TO MRS. LI OF CHINA

Published in *Mail and Empire, Toronto*

MY DEAR LI,

It is very annoying to hear that you have decided to hate us. It would be such a great advantage to you to succumb to our superior wisdom and advancement. Though you have been apparently a cultured nation for so long, yet you cannot hope to have anything like the divine inspiration which we, as a more favoured, enlightened nation can boast. Of course, you have your religious convictions, and they may do for heathen; but you will never be happy or contented, or blessed, until you order yourself lowly and reverently to your spiritual betters (our missionaries). What would become of you if they had not discovered you? My heart fails me when I think of your desperate condition, you poor, deluded sister!

You could not want gentler treatment than we will give you; and see the wonderful experiences you will have; and oh, the teaching from our noble, disinterested missionaries. Why, the Christian religion is such an elevating one. Our Church members are so devoid of hypocrisy! We are so nice—"nise" as

your brothers describe us. It is such an advantage to be a member of our Church societies when they give tea parties. That is a great advantage, but there are others. What a glorious thing it is to be called a member of our Christian Church, which has been since the world began, and the missionaries whom we send to induce you to come. My heart swells with pride when I contemplate their unselfishness, and all-around loveliness. To be sure, they ought to pay a tax for coming to your land, and bringing to their own country any treasure which they can induce you to spare; but their great love for your eternal salvation more than compensates for depriving you of your valuables. Of course we occupy the position of a bee on a berry. If the bee is allowed on the berry, and finds that it is sweet, he sticks pretty closely, and thinks he has a right to fight those who oppose him in his permanency there. But, do you not see, that everything you give us of your material benefits, is nothing to the wonderful enlightenment which our missionaries can supply.

Your many more years of cultivation might, you think, count, but, you poor benighted person, it cannot. You are not like the cannibals who make a physical use of our missionaries, as it were. You have not even the excuse that you are hungry, for destroying them, when you can so easily live on rice alone. It may take a missionary fifteen years to make one convert, and that convert may die of consumption. But what of that? The missionary will get a jewel for his crown. When there is no way to get to heaven,

save through our Christian forms, in mercy to yourselves do try to see your own destruction staring you in the face. Whose is your God, that He should suffice for your redemption ?

Our missionaries are filled with love for you, from your shining face to your dainty feet, and you have maltreated the only people who could save you. What are all your wealth and advantages, to what you have refused to accept ? Why, you have not even the philosophy of the Indians, whom Columbus discovered, who, when they were sure they were discovered, beyond a possibility of getting out of it, came leaping towards Columbus, shouting to their more timid companions, "Come on, boys. we are discovered," and they joined in a jolly picnic, giving themselves at once into the hands of the visitors.

What could you want better than to be taken to the hearts and homes of your neighbours, and leave the burden of your wealth and government to them ? I hear you say "You have been abused by some of the powers." True, your kin were banished from the Philippines, and those who did not fancy banishment had their choice between that and being massacred ? But what could you expect ? Your kin were proud and would not assimilate with the Philipinos, and their pride had a fall. You are revenged now, for are you not five to one in the Philippines, with the control of the trade and business of the 2,000 beautiful islands ?

You also say, "We have enough to do to convert our own heathen." Oh, we have a few heathen at our

gates; but, you see, they are within sight of glory. They are only in the shadow, you are in complete, dense darkness. Our heathen we have with us, and they will keep. You are our immediate care. Now, with much love and a sincere desire to, in time, hold you close to our longing hearts, and hoping that you are entirely convinced of your unreasonableness, I am, as I always will be,

Most sincerely yours,

D. A. POWERS.

FAULT-FINDING

Published by *The Evening Journal*.

CATO was the professional fault-finder of the Roman Republic. Fault-finding is a double mistake. It makes the miserable more miserable, and the wicked more wicked, and those who fain would do right, it discourages. It is so easily learned. It does not require years of college work. It is, in fact, what we call natural to some people, and there is no word so much abused as that word "Natural."

Nature is doing her best to show us beauty in the purest manifestation, and we give her credit for the evil we do, that we are too indolent to correct. Anyway, a great many people are prone to take up this profession of Catoism. I have seen fault-finding, in a few instances, productive of good; but it has been exercised on people who are too noble to be daunted by jealousy, consequently the fault-finding only acted as a spur to ambition.

I take it, fault-finding is nearly always a result of jealousy. I have seen mothers who really seem to think that fault-finding is their only duty to their children. The result is, a justice-loving child comes very near hating the mother. Then the wail goes up, "Why are children impudent and disobedient?"

It is because the mothers do it first. No child is too young to understand justice. It is a divine gift. Let all those who have weakly given way to this unfortunate habit remember that Cato, the founder of it, actually went insane with the stress and weight of the habit which he had formed for his own destruction.

too
gift.
this
der
ght
de-

A LETTER TO A LADY, WHO HAS NEGLECTED
WRITING TO HER FRIEND ALL SUMMER

Written for *The Free Press*

MY DEAR DELL,

Is it not time that you wakened from your long summer's nap? I have been watching and wondering, wondering and waiting, for a revelation all this time. Now I am sure you are either dead or married. In either affliction, you have my sincerest sympathy. If you are dead you need not keep it from me, for I promise you I will do my best to bear it as a devout Christian should. If you are married, the same holds good. Only why, in the name of the gracious Peter, do you not say so? I have been wearing mourning for you all summer, sitting under a weeping willow. It is rather cold to sit there any longer, so I ask you to release me. In mercy, pity my forlorn condition. Just fancy, yours truly sitting in melancholy meditation under a weeping willow, eternally shedding every grief-stricken tear, on my sable robes. Oh, pity me! Pity me!

"For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak."

110 LETTER TO A LADY, FROM HER FRIEND

You see, I make death and marriage synonymous terms. I am sure one of these evils has befallen you. Oh, my friend.

And yet, strange, strange, no ghostly visitant has yet disturbed my peaceful slumbers. Perhaps your wraith has a different password to most others, and I have failed to recognise it in the hurry of my dreams. If this is so, please send me a hint of it, and I will stay you in your next midnight meanderings, with a loud

“Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned?
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell?
Be thine intents wicked or charitable?”

Very certain I am you will come in a “questionable shape,” or rather a questioning mood, for you certainly must want to know what I am doing all this time. Why, I might have climbed the leaning tower of Pisa, wept over Aristotle’s grave, or even kissed the blarney stone, and you would have been deprived of the extreme felicity of knowing it.

Do they have a merry Christmas in Purgatory? If they do, you have my best wishes for a continuation of them. Dante does not mention anything about Christmas festivals in Purgatory. I do wish those poets would write something to satisfy inquiring minds. When I am Poet Laureate you will see different behaviour. In the meantime, Adieu, worthy shade. If you are allowed any intercourse with meek mortals, for goodness’ sake make use of your liberty, and make my assurance of your fate doubly sure. It will be a novelty to receive wishes for a Merry

LETTER TO A LADY, FROM HER FRIEND III

Christmas from the suburbs of Purgatory. Do write to me, dear Shade: I am lost without my friend. I wish you a Merry Christmas anyway, wherever and whatever you are.

Yours in the Flesh,

ADELE.

A LETTER TO A PHILIPPINE LADY, FROM
HER WOULD-BE COUSIN IN AMERICA

Published in *The Evening Journal*.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I hear strange stories of your repugnance to being our sister, our own cherished sister. Some unprincipled person must have slandered us, for you to dislike us so. My poor deluded friend, you could not come into gentler hands than ours. We have no ambition greater, in this world, than your happiness. Just think how we will take care of you, if you come to share our home and heart. You shall have perfect liberty to roam over our glorious domain; you will have no king to obey, and bow down to; you will only have our gentle President, who will welcome you so warmly, and give you equal rights with every other citizen in our fair land. You have no idea what perfectly independent women we are. We do not think of fighting our husband's battles; not we! We take care of our own wealth and life. They do the same for themselves. We work on an equal footing. Our husbands neither control us nor make slaves of us. We have a say in everything. Oh, we are a free and blessed country. Come to us, you poor, suffering

sister, and our loving arms will hold you close, closer, until you are us.

Really, little sister, it is quite too absurd for you to try to keep your individuality. Of course your husbands must dislike us, until they see their mistake, then they will grasp our hands and thank us for conquering them. As for the idea you had of following the example of those Amazons who disfigured themselves, and fought with a determination worthy of a more feminine cause. What did they gain by it? We read of their heroic acts, and think how foolish they were to waste their lives so. How much we would have loved them if they had demanded our pity, instead of our hero worship. Oh, yes, they were a failure, and so would you have been, in that line. Your gentle, loving natures cannot adapt themselves to the hardy pursuits of weather-beaten men. Where would your future generations be, with your children left to take care of themselves, while you battled us? The poor little motherless, worse than orphaned children. Would they have loved your valour or your motherly care most?

The decree has gone forth. Spain is to be wiped off the face of the earth. No children of Spain dare hope to prosper, unless they amalgamate with a God-favoured nation. You see us in all our glory, a thriving, go-ahead people. You never can hope to belong to a better nation. And you see, if we did happen after a while to grow weary in well-doing towards you, we would hand you over to England, and there you are, with a fine king to help you get rid of your money

and products. Think what a triumph it would be to be absorbed into either England or America, in place of belonging, as you did, to a petty, cruel, God-forsaken people like the Spaniards.

Now that you have come to us, your poverty need give you no trouble. We will relieve you of that, and use it for your own advancement. We will make roads and bridges, build and endow schools and colleges, and give you a chance to come up to our higher standard of education. You will have nothing to do, save charm your brothers and cousins over here, with your beautiful Spanish eyes. You must be tired of mixing with your own kind. What a benefit it would be to the future generations, to have the noble blood of America in your veins.

Those of you who have lost your husbands, fighting against us, will be taken care of; you soft-eyed widows, we will find husbands for you. You need not demur about any man who presents himself to you, for you may take them on trial. If they do not suit, you may part, with the full blessing of the law. Do not hesitate about mingling freely with us. Do not let it be said of you, "He who hesitates is lost." We will receive you joyfully, if you come of your own free will, and the nation will give you a grand triumphal march. Of course we are sorry to have had to force you, but we love you just the same. "Wisely and so well." It was for your welfare entirely that we subdued you. See how you made us waste our money, conquering you by force. Look at the credit you might have had for giving in gracefully. If there is anything in

FROM HER WOULD-BE COUSIN 115

the world worth cultivating it is gracefulness. How charming you would look, with your sweet, beseeching eyes, bent on us, pleading for protection. Why, we loved you at first sight, and we will love you until you are entirely at one with us.

And now, with long-cherished hopes, and most passionate desires for possession rending our hearts, we plead for the favour of complete abandon on your part, to our most holy love. Soon expecting a favourable answer, I am, dear Philippina, your would-be sister and most earnest friend,

AMERICA.

A LETTER FROM A LADY WHO HAS JUST
ARRIVED AT A COUNTRY HOUSE, AND
HAS PROMISED HER CITY FRIEND A
DESCRIPTION OF HER SURROUNDINGS

Written for *The Free Press*.

MY DEAR,

I arrived at this charming house last evening, too late to see many of its boasted beauties, but this morning my eyes have made up for a deferred pleasure. The first peep from my window revealed to me an avenue of trees on an extensive plan—beautiful, stately, magnificent in strength, growth, and history. They waved a welcome to me, saying as plainly as any one could, "Look at us for trees; we are centuries old! We have stood here in all our dignity, and seen a few hundred people born, wrestle with their fate, and succumb to the inevitable, and return 'dust to dust, ashes to ashes.' We are proof against the laws which govern you mortals. We live long enough to satisfy all our ambitions, and laugh at your vain struggles."

I told them in pretty plain English that they certainly did not have time to develop, but, after all, they were servants to us. They were only light and shade on our chequered path. Then my eyes, in disgust, wandered afar to be entertained by a delightfully placid little lake pressed contentedly in the sur-

rounding arms of Mother Earth, and supporting on its almost motionless bosom the pure, fainting lilies, drugged by the ceaseless murmur of the surrounding insect life, which murmurs with patient, untiring purpose over the Titania-like resting-places of the innocent, unsuspecting, fair-browed lilies. Surely their life is perfect rest ?

My dear friend, you know how very restless I am myself. As you do know that fact, you will not be surprised that I resented their calm, so I muttered :

“ I love you fair lilies in your lazy sleep, but I am coming to fan a breath of activity over your untroubled dreams. Sleep on now, you blissful beauties, and rest until I come.” And now not even the pleasant duty of communing with you can keep me longer from running down to see more closely that sparkling little fountain that is singing ever so gaily.

Now I know ere this, you are fretting about the absence of fashionable news of my late visit to gay Paris, but it would be a blunder just now to spoil this Paradise with the mythical serpent ; so, you must even wait until I get to less holy ground, where the serpent is the main feature, and is rampant.

My adieu to you ought to bring with it pleasantness and peace. If my transmission is good, you must even now feel the benefit. Any way, in all conditions I am

Yours.

LETTER FOR *THE EVENING JOURNAL*

DEAR HELEN,

I received your letter, and you evidently think there is something wrong with "school etiquette." No, my dear, there is not much wrong with the school etiquette; it has only faded and passed away, as the "ships that pass in the night." Did you not know that there is great talk here of doing away with respect, obedience, and civility, from pupils to teachers? A teacher here had to go to the police court last week, for insisting on obedience from a child. A teacher is capable of stuffing the child with abnormal knowledge, but they are not equal to telling a child what to do "Strange, Strange"! Our chief dignitary of schools is thinking of marrying off all the teachers who demand respect from pupils. There are many of these teachers still remaining, and the School Board is too poor to pension them.

Yes, we are getting on fastly. I am afraid that you, with your ridiculous notions of honour and so on, will have to meander to less up-to-date climes. Pupils love their teachers? Oh, yes, and call them by sweet, pet names, such as "Poor old girl, she is too old to teach," "Poor thing, she is not strong enough to whack us," so we do as we like and have a swell time.

Whatever that is, I am afraid the swell time is not induced by knowledge; it is a sickening dead swell, and generations to come will feel it. But what do we care? On with the dizzy rush, "Eat drink, and be merry" and disobedient, for to-morrow we are extinct—Nirvana for us. So practically say these wild ones, and the souls are left to smoulder in the dust.

Well, Helen, I must stop, or I will be actually agreeing with you, that respect should come in somewhere, though, in the mad rush, the idea is hazy just where it should come.

Who knows? Maybe it is the teachers who should obey.

Anyway, you had better get out of the world: you are too old-fashioned for the present day. I hate to send you away, but vanish, never mind a P.P.C. card, they will not have time to see it. But believe me,

Yours with regret,

ADELE PETERS McLEAN.

FOR THE EVENING JOURNAL

DEAR BROWNIE,

Mad is the right word to use when a dog has imbibed too freely of Paris Green, I believe, and has no germ antidote. I do not know what a germ has to do with it, but I notice he always comes in somehow. And of course the next generation may decide that we are mad when we think we are angry; we jump so rapidly these days. Anyway, you are too young to know the feeling which either word personates. That feeling is only indulged in by people who have decided that they should be growing old and weary, because they are seventy; and the Bible limits their life. So they begin thinking of how long they have to live, and dread their exit, until the dread brings to pass the very thing they dread. They begin wearing out their cells, by fretting about money and house and worldly honour; muscles contract; and down goes their house of clay. The world, the flesh, and His Satanic Majesty have done their work. I say Satanic Majesty because that person, by whatever name you call him, seems to command more respect in this last generation, seems to get more familiar with us somehow. Perhaps it is because he is pretty nearly exhausted, and is getting the honour due to the dead, or nearly dead.

So some one said, "you were pretty," eh? I cannot assimilate that remark until I ask some questions. How old was he? Where was he when he made that statement? How was the weather that day? Does he believe in Prohibition? Answer all these questions, Brownie, and then I will pass judgment on your looks. However, if you are studying Expression, pay especial attention to abdominal breathing. Try to express yourself, and not your teacher. Do not make any more passes through the air than occasion demands, and I will answer for your good looks and your sanity. I will be pleased to hear from you, in black ink next time, Brownie. Red ink seems to cast a glow over everything, and makes me lose my usual calm judgment. And now, I beg of you pay more attention to your character than to your looks. The good looks will come as blossoms after buds.

While you are blossoming, I am

ADELE PETERS McLEAN.

INTRODUCTION TO *THE EVENING JOURNAL*

I DESIRE to introduce myself in the most felicitous manner as I may have the privilege of entertaining or boring you for some time, through the columns of the *Journal*. I am Adele Peters McLean, and I mean to call myself "Penelope Pim." My godfathers and godmothers did not do this for me. I did it all for myself. I have a great admiration for Penelope (the Queen of Ithaca), who remained true to her husband though he roamed in unknown lands for so many years, while his son, Telemachus, searched heaven and hell for him, under Penelope's direction. So I presumed to borrow her name, hoping that some small portion of her constancy might be transmitted to me. As Penelope also seemed only half a name, I added Pim, for euphony; but seeing that a name is neither hand nor foot, nor any other part of a man or woman, I know it will not interfere with my manipulation of words. My name is not "Penelope," but "Pen, el o, pe."

Now, since you know me, you will honour me with a letter, which I will answer according to my wit; but I beseech you, do not ask me for cures for pimples, or moles, or excrescences of any kind, or about referendums or men. I know very little of these things

or persons. The only cure I ever heard of for warts, was "Spunk Water." That cure I will give to you now, though I cannot vouch for its efficacy. Go into a field where there is an old stump where water has lodged; bend as gracefully as possible to your anatomy (there is the rub) over the said stump, and in one breath (said breath closely held in the diaphragm), by a downward motion of the ribs, say:

"Barley corn, barley corn, Indian meal and shorts,
Spunk water, spunk water, swallow these warts."

According to your faith and your breath, it will be done unto you. I cannot tell you your fortune, because I think fortune has become swallowed in fate. I can only

"Dip into the future, far as human eye can see."

I cannot assure you that I could name all Grecian gods, or locate the seven wonders; but I hope to have the privilege of convincing you that I have patience, perseverance, and an abounding sympathy. I can glory in all your joys, and clothe your woes in soothing sentiment. I am an Optimist of the first water. I believe that there is an atom of good even in the evil, were we courageous enough to unearth it. I have a good idea of woman's rights, and a slight idea of man's rights. I have a powerful imagination, which sometimes interferes with my telling the truth. An imaginary story always seems more graphic. I can write a love-story, if I am put to it, but I am always ashamed to read it myself. I am sure

I could excel in obituary poetry, and I know that in broken English I can beat the Dutch. I only need to add, that I am considered peculiar, and not at all like other girls, to make you understand whether I am a genius or a first-class idiot.

One more thing I would like to say, and that is I simply abominate rush bargains. However, if any of my readers would like me to cultivate a taste for them, I do not suppose it will be a worse dose than getting accustomed to olives and frogs' legs, so I will immediately sally down town, and do a rush or two. I really think, though, that I would be cheated—nearly every one is. It is just a preying on the excitability of females. The departmental fellows weigh chances and know that the craze of buying seizes all; and with some men, when they are huddled together with a pile of "marked up, marked down" goods before them, there is a stampede, a rush, a snatch, and home they go, hugging close a pair of fifteen-cent black hose, bought at eighteen cents. In the honest daylight they show a beautiful rusty brown. Of course the bargainer knows she is cheated, but to acknowledge it means death to her ambition. We have to uphold our dignity though the heavens fall. What woman cares to acknowledge that a rush bargain makes her colour-blind? So the rush bargain tears on *ad libitum*.

A LETTER FOR *THE EVENING POST*

DEAR ALEX,

Yes, I have heard sermons constantly, "on the Mount," and "off the Mount." There is one thing I object to, in sermons, very particularly, and that is for a clergyman to get into a gown, and, with stately step and solemn brow, march into a pulpit, and with adamantine solemnity of face, and gestures according, say:

"Far be it from me, a minister of the blessed gospel, to ask for filthy lucre, and mix myself with the root of all evil, to pay off church debts, and schemes for missions (scheme is the word); but, my dearly beloved, we are behind in our payments, we are behind in our offerings to the heathen, and in fact we are doing the things we ought not to do, in great style. Quite like an Anglican, we have just to pull up."

When you take into consideration that those remarks are made in the usual ministerial tone, it is slightly ludicrous. I went to church for seven long Sundays, and every sermon was for money (that despised basis of all evil), and the seventh Sunday came in with a long letter from a bishop, for money for sundry things. I would have stood it if the tone

126 A LETTER FOR *THE EVENING POST*

had not been a monotone, instead of a commercial tone. I wondered if there ever would be enough money collected to satisfy the various and sundry needs of the Churches. I felt as though I ought to go and sell all I had, and give to the greedy heathen. I gathered up all I had to spare, and offered it to a Jew as a bunch bargain. He looked at the enormous pile, and said, "Well, Miss, that is worth ten cents. I just give ten cents for the pile." I opened the back door, and said suggestively, "Good evening." Since then I have come to the conclusion that the responsibility of running fashionable churches is with the millionaires. Do not think me sarcastic, Alex. This is a true statement of affairs. I will try to reproduce a sermon for you next week. The worst of it is that I cannot write the tone for you, but I will try.

In the meantime I am,

YOURS FOR QUESTIONS.

PUBLISHED IN THE "FLÂNEUR" COLUMN OF
THE MAIL AND EMPIRE, AUGUST 12, 1899.

"My clever correspondent, Adele Peters McLean, voices, not a popular, but a by no means singular opinion, in the following communication."—FLÂNEUR.

DEAR FLÂNEUR,

I really think that this "Hello" about Kipling ought to be oozing. I have tried to go with the bleating throng, and blat Kipling for ever. I have tried to find the cultured, high-souled Poet in him, but I cannot. Who is it who suggests Kipling for the Laureateship? He, a successor to that high-souled, noble-minded, God-inspired writer of chaste and pure sentiments! Undoubtedly, some of Kipling's writings entitle him to the name of Poet. But there are others equally entitled to consideration. These Canadians worship blindly. One in authority says, "Here is Kipling; he may not be what you call a sentimental poet, but perhaps we had better boom him." Then the lesser satellites fall down and worship. They love not wisely, and by spells. They have even a particular regard for the style of his shoe-strings. Every peculiarity is pranced before a nauseated public, until one avoids the name of Kipling as he would the advertisement for pink pills.

My idea of a Poet Laureate would be a Poet in the true sense of the word, a man inspired from nature to administer to the noble passions of man, to encourage the erring, to contemplate the higher plane of enjoyment, to induce love for nature by entrancing descriptions, to lead through nature to nature's Creator. The man I mean ought to be a reflector of the beautiful, a moral power, a modeller of Nature's noblemen. Poetry was intended to be the most cultured expression of the noblest of men. How does the "Mary Gloucester" accord with this ideal? Vulgarity is not a characteristic of good poetry. Why should we Canadians worship an Englishman while we have many poets amongst us who deserve encouragement?

Granted that Kipling is a shrewd, calculating practical man and a good descriptive writer. That does not make him eligible for the position of Poet Laureate. It is just as far from being a recommendation for him as the statement of a young clergyman that "Tennyson was an orthodox Presbyterian," was from the truth. Tennyson knew that there were more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of by Presbyterians. Flâneur, please tell Victoria that we do not want Kipling for "Laureate," and tell everybody that we want a respite from "Rudyard Kipling."

he
to
age
by-
rip-
tor.
ful,
men.
ex-
ary
not
we
have
ent?
ting
That
Poet
com-
oung
esby-
that
n are
e tell
ate,"
from





