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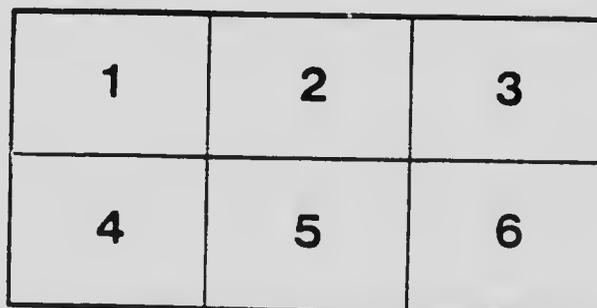
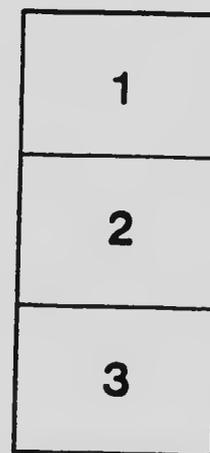
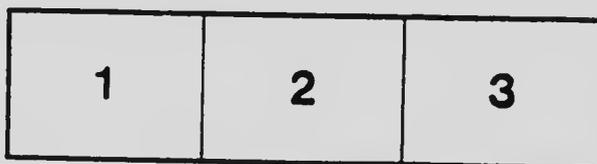
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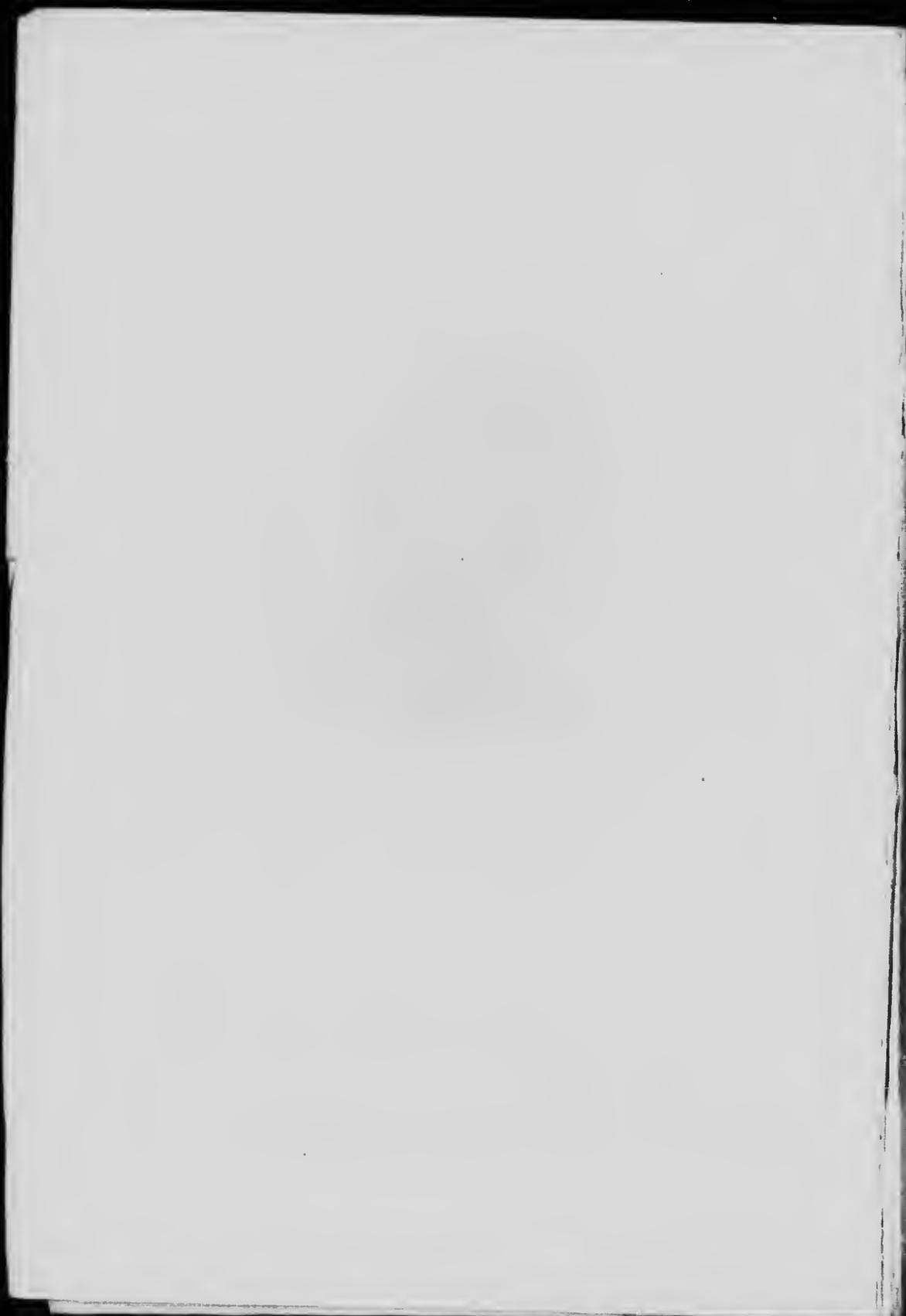
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East and West

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES

By

ADELAIDE P. FITCH



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1911

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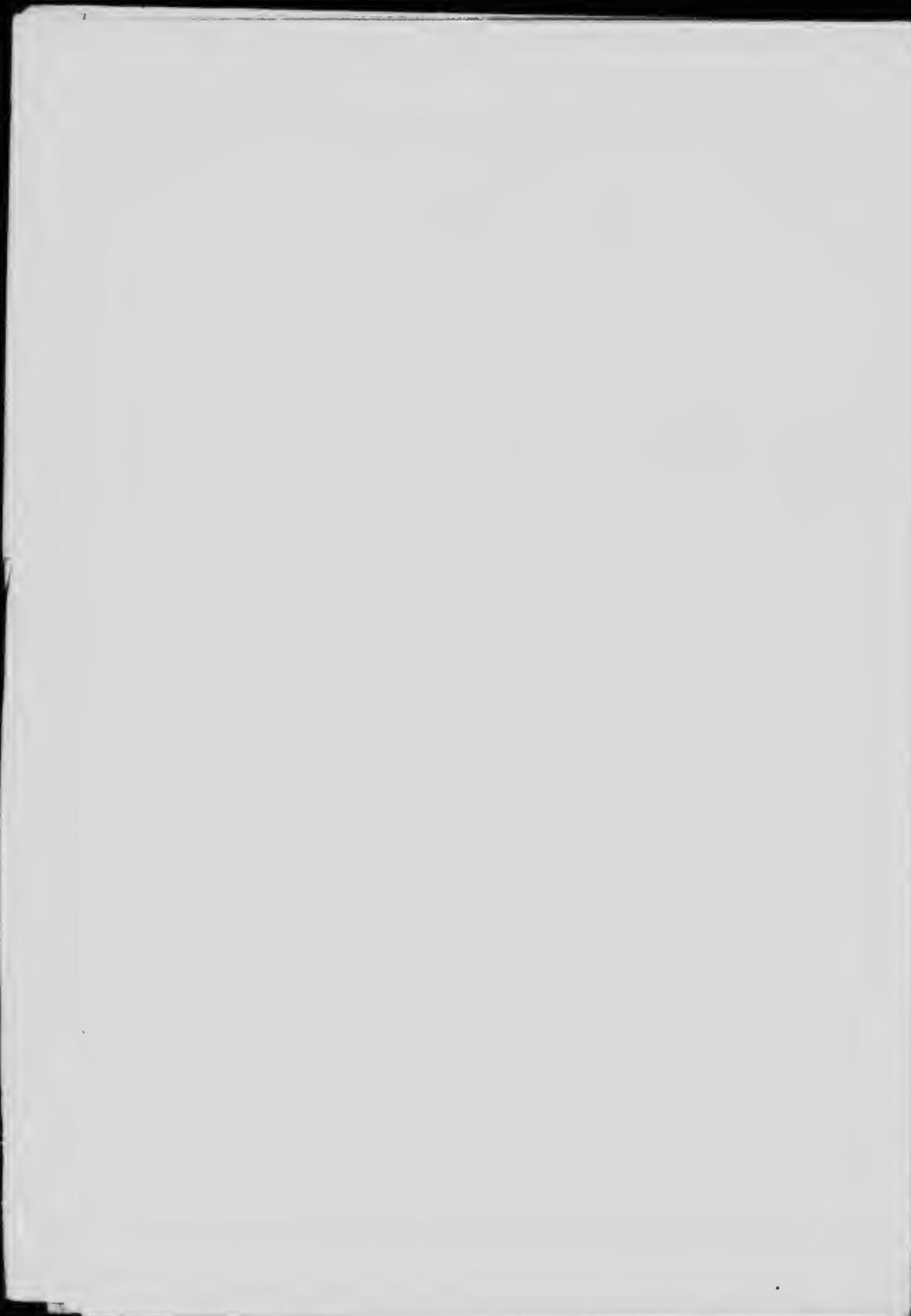
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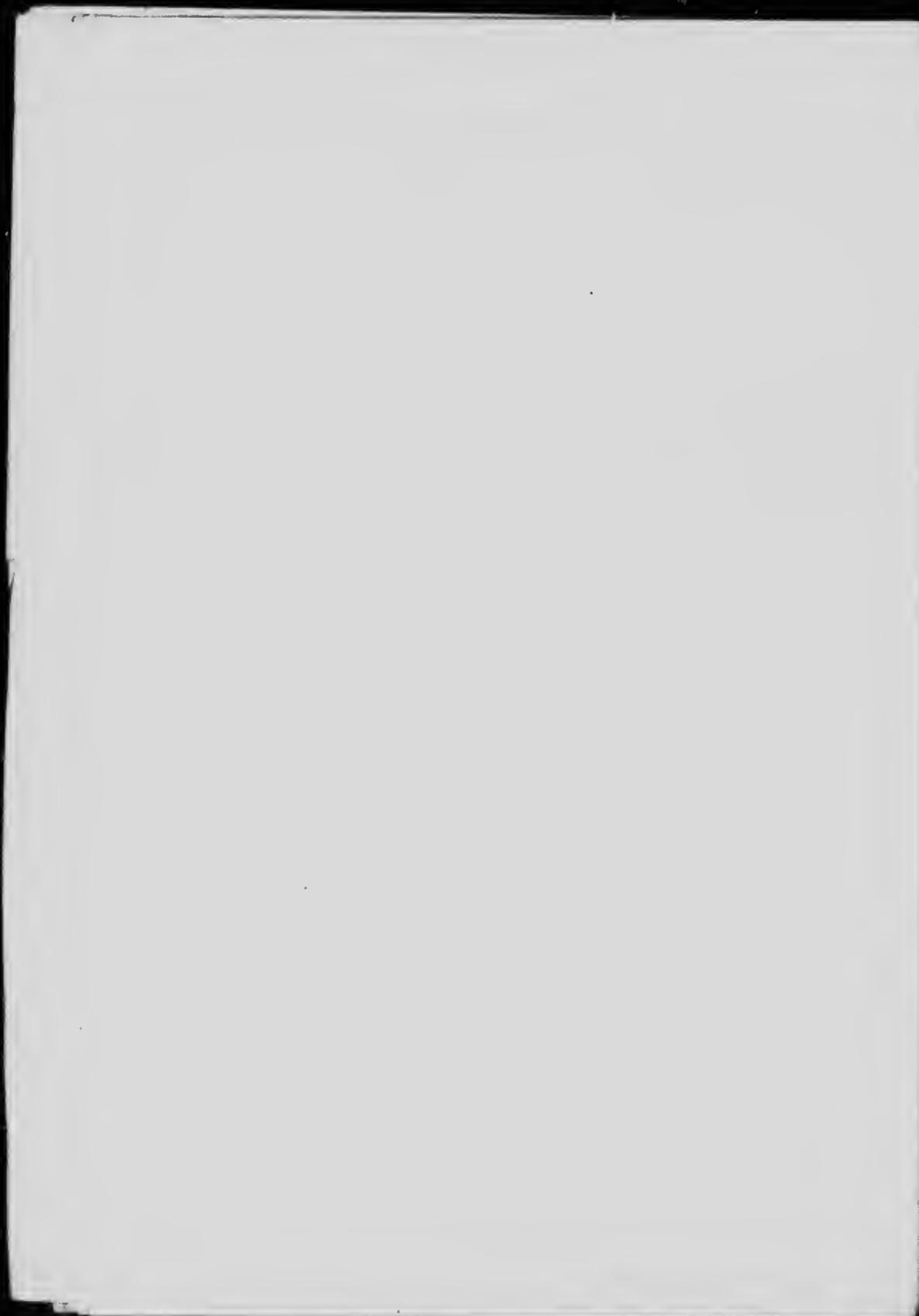
PREFACE

The following Essays are published at the earnest request of a friendly circle to whom some few of the characters herein depicted are still familiar, living realities.

Some friends who figure in these pages have gone to a better land, yet they, as well as the historical personages whose lives I have reproduced, are, I feel, by reason of their vivid personalities, and their loyal adherence to high standards, as real to our eyes as if they were in the garb of earth, and in our very midst, for do they yet not speak?

Trusting that these essays may open up a vista of the life beautiful is the wish of the author.

ADELAIDE PADDOCK FITCH.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
Pivots and Pins of the Bible	9
Nancy Manson	21
Whittier	36
Fong Wong Sing	47
Cleopatra	56
Madame Roland	73
St. Columba	97
Faithful James	115
Madame Recamier	121
Martha of Bethany	150
A Peep into Thibet	160
Luther Burbank	170
Qualities which Make for Japan's Greatness	174
The Guardian Spirits of Nippon	180
Trip	187



EAST AND WEST

PIVOTS AND PINS OF THE BIBLE

WHILE recognizing and duly appreciating the value of small things in our personal history, business or secular experience, are we not inclined to disregard their importance in the so-called religious life?

The small things of the Bible, that bountiful well from which is derived so much of the valuable inspiration of this and other days, we too often totally overlook or fail to detect; so interested are we in its marvellous happenings, so entranced by its never-ceasing tales of wonder, that in our eager haste to grasp all it has to offer, we ignore the grain of mustard seed lying at our feet, this tiny speck, the least of all seeds, this spark of life which holds within itself such a miracle of growth that when mature the birds of the air find a lodging in its sturdy branches. We moderns are not alone to blame for sins of omission; a perusal of the pages of the past shows us

East and West

that our faults were likewise the faults of our forefathers, even to the remotest degree. Ever since the first recorded history of man we find a general subserviency of type which clinches the conviction that, whether the characters depicted belong to ancient or modern times, there are still the ever-recurring sins of neglect, forgetfulness and ingratitude to answer for.

Harking back to the Old Testament, we read in the closing paragraphs of the ninth chapter of Ecclesiastes that a poor man, by his wisdom, delivered a certain city from the hands of a hostile king, who had made most complete arrangements for taking it. This humble hero's townsmen knew full well to whom they were indebted for their lives, whose forethought, sagacity and untiring activity had rescued them from the enemy's toils. Did these men lift their deliverer out of his poverty, place him on his feet and guarantee him support for the rest of his life, as a just compensation for this act of practical devotion? Not they; for while gladly accepting his timely gift of deliverance, they treated their benefactor with the coldest neglect. We read, "No man remembered that same poor man." Once over, the incident seemed to their proud minds too

Pivots and Pins of the Bible

trivial to merit more than a passing thought, and ere long the deed was as if it never had been performed.

Not alone do the brotherly acts of the loyal friend or good neighbor sink into forgetfulness at the sun's setting, but the chiefest act of all, the supremest outpouring of love Divine, is, alas, too often culpably lost sight of in the fret and wear, or the vain pleasures, of life.

Small crimes these appear to us. Not so to God, to whom everything stands in its naked value.

There are incidents in Holy Scripture which thrill us passionately every time we read them, so full are they of glowing human interest; familiar though they be, they are yet ever new. Each time we turn our eyes to them we are greeted with a fresh message of hope and helpfulness. When we take pains to analyze these stories of old we will probably discover that the actual dénouement hinges upon some small matter, the fulfilment of which we, in our shortsightedness, deem a trifling requirement or arbitrary command. Nevertheless, it is the *small* obediences that God uses as character tests; by means of them He carries on the work of this vast universe.

East and West

It is the single individual who reads the clouds and sees in them the gathering storm ere it bursts in fury over his beloved country.

With what excitement of expectancy does one await the result of Abraham's pleading on behalf of the people of Sodom. He longs for their salvation from sin as well as death, utterly losing himself in the agony of his prayer for them.

As often as one reads this dialogue between God and Abraham, he holds his breath in the intensest interest of suspense, while wondering if the ten righteous men, the final, the lowest price of the city's ransom, can be secured. But, ah! the pity of it. Men, *real* men, were wanting, and for lack of them haughty Sodom met its awful doom.

In the 18th chapter of First Kings we view Elijah, a man of blood and iron, standing at the altar of his God, performing a sacrifice which was to shake the world; Elijah all the while calling on the Most High and proclaiming with a voice of thunder, in the presence of friends as well as the vast heathen horde, "The Lord He is God!"

The gathering crowd of spectators, whether religious, non-partisan, or rigidly

Pivots and Pins of the Bible

neutral, are arrested, then held spellbound by the burning zeal and earnestness of this rugged man before them. Here is a stranger to them and their country, unlike themselves in every detail of face, bearing, manner. Regarded from a purely physical standpoint, abundantly endowed with the attributes associated in the minds of men everywhere with perfect health: a bold, daring man, ready to take the initiative and lead his followers to victory, even to the victory of death.

So much for a superficial reading; but how are the crowd to account for the extraordinary and contagious enthusiasm now displayed? What calls forth those fiery utterances, convincing the listening, or shouting, multitude, even to the point of violent opposition?

While admitting Elijah to be a character outside their range of comprehension, they, nevertheless, feel that he is sustained by an animating purpose and upheld by a spirit not born of earth.

To what land owes he his birth? What is his mission? Comes he as a reformer in the name of his God to a people fallen on evil days?

These and other questions concerning this

East and West

priestly man rise to their lips only to remain unanswered—but not for long. Ere the day's close, it may truly and wisely be said, these inquirers *know* Elijah to their hearts' content, some among them to their souls' salvation.

When the moment for which the throng had waited arrives, God stoops to hear His servant's cry, and vindicates Himself by means of fire and water, ancient symbols of His wrath and might, and later on by the death-dealing sword in the hands of this same Elijah. Thus perished the false prophets of Baal. Thus were swept off the face of the earth these idolaters, these makers and lovers of lies.

The many witnesses to these manifestations of alternate ruin and repair are led to worship the God of Israel through His servant Elijah. No farther halting between two opinions; from now on their belief in God is a settled fact. Unable to keep their joy and faith to themselves, they fall on their faces and cry aloud, "The Lord He is God!"

In 1 Kings xix. we see the purely human Elijah suffering keenly the natural, inevitable reaction from his strenuous yesterday. He is a *small* man now—at

Pivots and Pins of the Bible

one moment shaken by mortal fear, fleeing for his life; then, too exhausted to proceed, crouching under a juniper tree, weighted down by a sense of his insignificance and insufficiency. Sad, desolate and terribly lonely is Elijah; his converts of the day before are so happy, so carried away by their new accession of faith that their thoughts cannot reach out beyond themselves—they forget even the one who showed them the Father.

Did this Father chide His child for forgetting to call upon Him in his hour of trial and weakness? A thousand times no. Instead of reproof, which Elijah could hardly then have borne, God permits him a brief breathing spell in which to find himself; then comes the cheering angel to comfort his aching soul and appease his hunger with good food and drink. After the departure of the heavenly visitant Elijah is again tortured with loneliness. He hates, dreads, to be alone, and craves companionship; yet, too, he shrinks from the eye of man. The animal necessity for flight and concealment pressing itself upon him, he seeks refuge in the mountain cave, not knowing what to do, where to go. He is verily overpowered by his helplessness. He

would fain flee from his own presence. As the realization of his smallness comes home to Elijah, a wish, what one might term a homesickness, for God seizes him. Like a trusting child he waits and listens for the well-remembered voice to guide him. Out of the silence issues the command: "Go forth and stand upon the mount."

There, alone with Jehovah, the chosen of God beholds the wrecking wind and the devastating earthquake, followed by the purifying fire. Only after these had dropped into the realms of the past did the ear of Elijah catch again, and yet again, the momentous question in the still, small voice, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

Were one to hang his faith upon the answer of the discouraged, pessimistic Elijah, he, too, would do well to hide his face in his mantle, and with heavy heart wait for the world to break up and fall to pieces. But vain is the help of man—even the wisest of prophets may fail us at critical moments. Fortunately for man, God still lives and rules the world. 'Tis well for Elijah and ourselves that this is so.

In the still, small voice, fraught with the blended history, experience and meaning of the ages past, present and to come, God

Pivots and Pins of the Bible

assures His servant that there are left in Israel seven thousand who have not bowed unto Baal, nor kissed his mouth. Seven thousand righteous men in Elijah's day. Who can number the thousands who now fight under the banner of the Lord God of Hosts?

The mighty Isaiah was not above urging upon his hearers the importance of faithful performance of the common tasks or necessary drudgery of every-day routine. Hear him say, "Precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little, there a little." Brief lessons these, but full of wisdom, and not easy to put into practice, involving, as they do, many a labor of love, many a sigh of fatigue, ere the desired mark of attainment is reached; but the result attained is grandly worth the needful waiting, and the "Well done, good and faithful servant" from the lips of the very God Himself is worth more than all the world's thanks put together.

Christ, the Prince of Peace, lived the small, simple life of the peasant, obedient to His earthly parents, doing the several home tasks as they presented themselves. Religious and social contrasts were nothing to Him. He went about doing good when-

ever and wherever He could. He stooped to consider and uplift the scorned and despised, becoming the friend of publicans, sinners and Samaritans, answering the cry of the outcast, feeding the hungry, giving sight to the neglected blind, healing unclean lepers, satisfying the seekers after truth, raising the fallen.

The small, mean, sinful found their starving soul's desire in Him. He, the Bread of Life, the Living Stream, gave them the food and water for which they hungered and thirsted.

Until our Lord came, breathing His blessing to little children, the child had no place within the Church's portals. It remained with the Saviour of mankind to bring the lamb into His visible fold, to invest him with a peculiar dignity, even to re-introduce him to his own parents.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me" has been lisped by infantile lips countless times since the beautiful words were uttered.

The Bible abounds in incidents and illustrations of the value of small things, which happily, by searching the Scriptures, we can discover for ourselves. The clarion note of

Pivots and Pins of the Bible

love rings through every chapter of the New Testament. "God is Love" is a text which has sustained and held up the arms of more than one fainting, aged Christian.

When all else failed, good old St. John journeyed over the land, urging his followers, his little children, as he called them, to love one another. Ignorance, and superstition, its oldest child, have blighted whole nations. Passion has slain its scores on the rocks of sin. But God never leaves Himself without a witness. The still, small voice has gone on speaking, will ever speak, down through the ages, reaching the scattered righteous few, who heed its warnings and obey its commands; and, with the sublime courage of their convictions, shaking off the chains of a sacerdotal tyranny, or warped tradition, they, like the Tishbite of old, have proclaimed in no uncertain voice, and if needs be will again take up the solemn cry, "The Lord He is God."

On and on the message rolls, over the mountains, through the valleys, until, when God so wills it, His word, cast upon the wings of the wind, returns to the Giver, not void, but full of glorious promise of fruition.

East and West

The Lord's highest meed of praise to the enduring minority who have fought His battles to life's end is expressed in these words, which carry their benediction to the doer of His holy will, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

NANCY MANSON

OF silver and gold I have but little, yet this lack of what the world considers the one thing needful doesn't bother my head, for I do have what stands me in better stead. This is a magical crystal. It has opened more doors, done me far better service than a fat bank account or a well-lined pocketbook. My ball and I share secrets galore, but, while not daring to betray mutual confidences, I am free to confess that many a lion in the way, many a rare flower of character, many pleasures and hidden beauties of what we term life, have been revealed to me through the medium of this ball of mine.

An arctic blizzard rages without; within, the blazing logs crackle cheerily on my study hearth. I am a willing prisoner to fate and the weather. Stretching out a hand to my friend, the crystal, I entreat it to yield up its secrets and to give what it has to offer me this evening. Be with me in spirit, kind reader, and your eyes shall behold what I see; then, in the course of

East and West

the evening, I will give you a brief personal sketch of the individuals viewed by you now. As I peer through my magical crystal a long, weird procession files before my mind's eye. This motley throng is composed of people I have met and known in the days that have flown, never to return.

The majority of these figures I see but dimly; some, indeed, are scarcely more than filmy shadows, while a few, closer intimates perhaps than the others, leave the ranks and stand out with a minute distinctness, as present and visible as if they had but just shaken my hand in temporary parting.

One particularly dear friend draws near, claiming and holding my recognition. Permit me to hand the crystal to you for a passing glimpse of this woman, whose heart story has been an uplift to many living in the town where she lived and toiled in her humble patience for a singularly long period of time.

Through summer's heat and seductive beauty, through the biting cold of colorless winter, did that faithful and cheerful soul perform the duties marked out for her by an all-wise Providence.

Ere the echoes of the Revolutionary War had died away, Nancy Manson, the woman

Nancy Manson

I am proud to call my friend, was born in a certain locality nestling in the very core of New England.

Her childhood and girlhood were passed in rather sombre seclusion, the puritanical parents sternly forbidding their daughter sharing with the neighboring young people many innocent pleasures which were freely indulged in and enjoyed by them. Consequently the little one grew up silent, shy and reserved; but, as a compensation for her numerous social restrictions, with the unconscious grace and unspoiled charm of a bird of the forest; for 'tis no secret Nancy and the "sma, wee beasties" of the field and wildwood had ever been constant companions, and had taught one another many beautiful lessons not learned from men or text-books. With the growing years, gradually but very surely, yes, unconsciously, Nancy yielded to the inevitable law of change and universal growth; her sweet, if warped, nature unfolded more and more, and when love's young dream touched the chords of her soul-harp, her whole being underwent complete and most exquisite transformation. Her face fairly shone with the glory of her new happiness. This she did not hoard up to

enjoy alone, but, emerging from her shell of reserve, she began to mingle more with others in her rustic world. They, in turn, caught the spirit of this heaven-born happiness and profited by many a delicate favor or act of kindness prompted by it.

One afternoon in June, the "sweet o' the year," when all Nature was smilingly rejoicing in its wealth of beauty, Nancy's sailor lover came to bid her good-bye before starting on his long sea voyage.

They parted with a sadness that was almost prophetic, although, for fear of causing too great pain, neither mentioned the grim foreboding which had gripped the heart of each. Days lengthened into weeks, but never a word did Nancy receive from the absent sweetheart, until one evening as she was starting for church her pastor met her at the house door, and in tones of deep sorrow told the young girl that tidings had just been received by the ship's owner of the total wreck of her lover's vessel, and that he was numbered among the lost.

All too terrible was the shock to those delicate nerves, and for days Nancy hovered between this and the other world.

But the good God willed for her to stay and carry on His work here below. She

Nancy Manson

rose from her illness with the high resolve to take up life's duties one by one as they presented themselves, and perform them to the best of her knowledge and ability.

Bereft of her treasure, Nancy's one thought became centered in her parents; her self-appointed task was to comfort and lighten their declining years.

Her devotion to the aged father and mother was very touching, very genuine, and at their removal by death more than one neighbor, in speaking of her, exclaimed. "Surely, 'she hath done what she could.'" Greater commendation they could not bring themselves to bestow, for plain people were they among whom Nancy's lot was cast, not given to expressing in stereotyped phrases of the conventional world the strong feelings of the heart, but in seasons of trouble, moments of exaltation, days of wearing indecision, availing themselves of the phraseology of the Good Book, for that, said they, was an authority on all points, furnishing them with a solution for any and every emergency, whether social, political or ethical.

In early middle age Nancy removed to the town where my people lived. She had resided there many years before I met her.

When I first made her acquaintance she seemed to my young eyes almost too old to live. I used to stare at her furrowed face in open-eyed astonishment: she fascinated me; she cast a spell over me: to use a homely expression much in vogue in my girlhood, "she chained me to the spot." I wondered if this wide world housed another as old as Nancy Manson. It would not have surprised me one little bit had my Sunday School teacher informed me that Nancy and Methuselah had been members of the same church, in the same town, and, furthermore, had for long and happy eras lived on terms of closest intimacy, for, thought I, her beginning dated from a vaguely remote past, doubtless she had run across many an Old Testament hero in her day and generation.

So much for the foolish fancies of innocent childhood. Later on, when I grew to know her well, I learned from Nancy's lips and from portions of her old letters, which she now and again read aloud to me, likewise from occasional meetings with her few choice friends, the simple story of her early and later life.

Puritanism dies hard, particularly in New England. Probably the day will never dawn when one can assert it no longer

Nancy Manson

exists, for even should the body corporate give up the ghost, its influence will remain as a potent factor for good in the individual and the state. In my youth a mild form of Puritanism held control over the consciences of my fellow-townsmen. The bondage was a needful restraint; the majority of them rather hugged their chains of discipline. They would not, if they could, be free of them. Preachers then did not waste time in splitting hairs over the authorship of the Pentateuch, or in ventilating their pet views regarding the higher criticism, as applied to Scripture. They stuck to their Bible texts like men. No false prophets were they, tickling their congregations with smooth straws. Instead, these brave fellows hit straight out from the shoulder, pointing out to their various flocks their sins, ancient and modern, in all their hideousness, after which the good physicians applied the healing balm to the wounds they had opened.

Another peep through the crystal shows us the venerable City Missionary, Frank Goodfellow, opening our garden gate for one of his frequent evening visits. The other children of the family have fled in terror at the sound of his familiar footstep, while I

discern the ghost of my past self running down the path to fetch the dear old saint up to the house, for my reverent love for him had cast out all fear.

Yes, I can see myself now, a plain, blue-eyed little maid, sitting in a straight-backed dining chair, gazing unwinkingly at the serious visage opposite me, and listening for hours enraptured to his recitals of bygone revivals. "Wad some power the giftie gie me" to recall these reminiscences, word for word, in all their fervid detail. No yellow-covered dime novel could have stirred me as they did, I thought then. I *know* now that in those days to which Goodfellow referred there were giants for the faith in the living Church, and Goodfellow never showed the white feather, but could fight as well as talk. Imbued with the spirit or fashion of that period, Nancy Manson gathered around her a small following of unregenerates, to whom she ministered spiritual food; but I am forced to admit that, as a preacher, she was a signal failure. However, in good time her common sense came to the rescue and opened her eyes to her limitations as a public exhorter. She therefore abandoned sermonizing before she became so widely known as to attract out-

Nancy Manson

siders to her services, thus escaping the stinging ridicule of the unfeeling stranger within her meeting tent.

They say that, during one Sunday morning's sermon, while listening to her minister attempting to explain away a certain religious problem, Nancy rose in her pew, and with the courage of a female Daniel come to judgment, shouted, "You're wrong! You're wrong!" Nancy, to be sure, voiced the opinion of the assembled congregation, but they waited in vain for her to say more. That fiery outburst quenched all further utterance from those honest lips, and after a brief, wordless pause, the astonished preacher gathered himself together again and went on with his sermon, which he continued, without further interruption, to the end.

Nancy was a semi-weekly visitor and helper in our house. It was a real pleasure to watch her slender, nimble fingers running up a seam, stitching on a band, or maybe finishing off some cobwebby bit of embroidery to adorn our best frocks. As our seamstress plied her needle, she rocked unceasingly all the while, keeping her eyes glued to her work; but when the shades of evening drew on, and Nancy began to show

signs of weariness, then we felt that our innings were coming; we were never disappointed. Arranging our little footstools in a semi-circle, and at a respectful distance from our beloved raconteur, we waited for her to tabulate her facts and fancies and "put on her story-telling face," as we not inaptly christened the expression Nancy's countenance invariably wore on these occasions. When all was ready, Nancy opened her lips, and in a softly modulated, deliciously sing-song voice, told her small, applauding audience stories—stories which, for interest, plot, cunning scheme, wisdom and wit, have never, never been surpassed.

To Nancy's repeated and ever-cordial invitation to go and see her we merely returned a blank stare. This excellent woman dwelt by herself; her daily bread was eaten in silence and alone. Our household, on the other hand, comprised such a numerous contingent of noisy, rollicking, fun-loving boys and girls that we could not imagine the solitary life to be anything else than that of aching loneliness and dreariness. However, our actual reason for avoiding Nancy's house was a fear of seeing the ghosts which were commonly reported to haunt the place at all hours, though making

Nancy Manson

it unpleasantly lively o' nights, thus keeping the nerves of timorous neighbors perpetually on tenterhooks. Curiosity, like faith, works miracles, and it finally overcame even my dread fears. I determined, let Fate torture me as she would, to down my cowardice, and pay Nancy and her house a visit. 'Twas a memorable Sunday afternoon that my little sister and I made the plunge, and, with trembling hearts, set out on our tour of inspection. We found Nancy making a Sabbath day's journey in her old-fashioned garden. Would that kodaks had then been invented! This lady of the flowers, as she threaded her way through the trim paths, would have lent herself most effectively to the photographer's touch. Nancy was a born conservative, an extremist, in fact. She, at the time of her "sudden conversion," marked out for herself a hair-line of duty. Therein she walked to her life's end, never, as far as we knew, turning aside one jot or tittle for fear or favor of man. In dress, as in everything else, she adhered to the style and custom of her youth. Her Sunday costume was peculiar alike for its simplicity and antiquity, consisting of a voluminous brown cape, enveloping a short, scant, untrimmed gown, cut off the same

piece, and, to crown all, a tremendous poke bonnet, tied in a stiff bowknot under her chin. This prim, slender spinster seemed hardly to belong to the present order of things, but rather to be a returned visitant to this sphere from a picturesque past, a past that could really be beautiful without the accessories of coquetry, vanity or the nameless etceteras that go to make for attractiveness in a woman's dress.

Nancy greeted us most affectionately; but, while feeling at ease with her, our silly hearts sank at the sight of the haunted house staring us full in the face, for banish the spook and bogie tales we couldn't. After showing us about the tidy garden and bidding us help ourselves to the roses, pinks and other flowers, which, greedy children that we were, we did most generously, Nancy, smiling good-humoredly at our rather too ready acceptance of her kindness, led the way into her cottage, we, like two timid pussies, following at her heels.

How lovely, how refreshingly unmodern in its tout ensemble was that wee bandbox parlor into which we entered. Were they gifted with tongues, what gossip of auld lang syne could be gathered from its choice sticks of furniture, blue china, curious

Nancy Manson

samplers and other cherished penates, which were Nancy's by rightful inheritance.

As little sister and I stood hand-in-hand, casting admiring glances around this region of dreamland, all thought of the ghosts we had been so fearful of meeting was for the nonce expelled from our minds.

We were shortly summoned back to earth by the reassuring voice of our hostess begging us to be seated. We accordingly sat down, each in her corner, while the remaining corner, believe me, was filled in from floor to ceiling with a miniature mountain of rags of many colors, ready to be converted into a patchwork quilt.

After a serious, formal and stilted Sabbath conversation which, I am bound to add, in justice to Nancy's efforts as entertainer, was not without its element of enjoyment to all participants, Nancy arose and walked into an adjoining room, from which she shortly after reappeared, carrying in her hand a well-filled plate of seed-cakes. These were for us children alone. After handing them to us, Nancy retired to her former corner, where she contentedly munched a bit of dry brown bread, remarking as she did so, "This is what I like."

Thus for an hour or more we sat and

chatted, becoming all the while better acquainted with Nancy and she with us. At sunset we bade her a loving good-bye, and started for home with our pockets full of cakes and our hands buried in flowers. As we held up our faces for her parting kiss, we whispered, what our consciences assured us was the literal truth, "We have had a perfectly lovely time."

The ice being broken and the bogies proved to be hollow myths, and every obstacle in the way of further acquaintance with Nancy removed, many other visits were paid to her in her sweet home. She and we drew nearer and nearer together, our knowledge and love of one another deepened and strengthened with each day's declining sun, until our friendship became a closely woven, seamless band, one which no hand but Death's had power to sever.

Nancy lived to a ripe old age, then went home to rest. That was long, long ago, yet it seems but yesterday that she said farewell to us. Her memory is still fragrant in the hearts of her few remaining friends, and to this day many a noble endeavor or worthy achievement owes its impulse or success to Nancy's timely advice.

In halting, rending doubt, she was a tower

Nancy Manson

of strength to which the fearful fled for refuge or the deciding word. Did some crucial occasion demand a special act of devotion, Nancy, was ready to dare and do all, and more than all, that was required. Her love reflected the divine in that she gave her all, asking not for reward or return.

WHITTIER

ONE fortunate day in December, 1807, the village of Haverhill, Mass., awoke to welcome a fair, tender man-child. Not cradled in the purple of riches was this dear baby, for he first saw the light in a rough, plain, barely furnished farmhouse, what we in these days would designate a cabin.

Here the child's people, the Whittiers, had lived, toiled, struggled with the stubborn soil and adverse circumstances for generations. In this simple home the friend of mankind, as he afterwards proved himself to be, passed his boyhood and early manhood, ardently loving the soil that gave him birth, thankful for the shelter of parental roof, family, friends and all the gifts and blessings bestowed on him by an all-wise Father.

In later years, when memory loves to linger over hours of happy youth, our poet-hero unfolds through the medium of his poems the exquisite pictures of his childhood recollections.

Whittier

He makes us see and enjoy what he was living over, with the rare pleasure of one to whom no event in the passing day is without significance and interest. In "Snow-Born" the Quaker home of Whittier's boyhood is portrayed with touching fidelity, the typical New England household as it then existed. How delightfully rural and enjoyable is the evening's entertainment, of which we are given a glimpse: around the kitchen fireside are gathered parents, children, guests, domestic pets. Chat, chaff, merry laughter, games, follow one another in rapid succession. When the last story has been told to the enraptured audience, and the supper consisting of apples, nuts and cider consumed, unkind sleep steals stealthily in to claim its victims; then the assembly breaks up, the kiddies whisper their good-nights, and a few minutes later the grown-ups, lingering over the embers, hear the plucky little fellows bounding into their cold beds; their healthful breath actually seems to warm the icy sheets, for they are soon sleeping like the soundest of tops in spite of the zero atmosphere of their attic bedroom, and the flakes of snow escaping through the rafters overhead are just so many soft feathers to tumble the hardy lads

into the Land of Nod where eternal summer reigns.

No matter what the season or weather might be, Whittier, loving work for work's sake, toiled with a wholesome will. Whether hoeing the potato hill, mending stone walls, carrying water, or doing any of the many household tasks required of a farmer's son, Whittier's heart and hand labored in cheerful unison.

It was well for the lad that his lines were cast in peaceful, solitary places and not amid the whirl of so-called *life* and the varied temptations of the city, for here in the home meadow or on the hilltop he could commune with Nature's God, and hear and receive His word in silence and alone, and lifting his prophetic eye to the sky above, see therein the cloud no bigger than a man's hand: recognizing it as a sign of the coming national strife, the forerunner of the struggle between black slave and white master, culminating in the Civil War. Thus walking by faith the boy saw that later on much would be asked and expected of him as of all true and noble souls who fought for freedom and right. He did not then formulate his thoughts, or voice his vision, but expression came and grew with throbbing heartbeats,

Whittier

touching and influencing all whom it reached.

For years the big, heavy cloud of tyranny and oppression, misunderstanding, sectional hate, presage of the war of brothers, hung over his beloved country, yet Whittier never lost sight of the sun of hope—it always shone for him, even behind the clouds of blackest despair and evil. So this good man held fast to his deeprooted faith in God and His overruling Providence. Whittier was called to pass through many waters—but out of the depths came forth soul-stirring poems, the fruit of many bitter sighs, tears and prayers.

Whittier, in common with the majority of men whom the world knows and talks about, was gifted with a saving sense of humor. We do not read of this making him cynical or sharp at another's expense: but his ready wit was always available, and oftentimes what looked like an approaching black and ugly quarter hour was transformed by a magical word of fun from the poet's lips into a jolly fifteen minutes.

On one occasion a lady, bursting with doubts and nameless fears, went to Whittier to get him to pull her out of a frightful dilemma. By dint of much patient listening,

Whittier learned that self-invited guests had thrust themselves upon this lady's hospitality, and she tearfully confessed between breaths and gasps that the guests social position and wealth were such as to put her style of living to shame. To this modern Martha's explosion of terrors, Whittier's unique and silencing rejoinder was simply, "What does thee care for upholstery?"

Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, on one of his frequent trips to New England, called at Whittier's home to see, and express his gratitude to the poet for his fearless denunciation of the curse of slavery, echoes of which had reached the hearts and aroused the consciences of Brazilians, with the result that men whose chief source of revenue had hitherto been gained through the buying and selling of slaves, were now beginning to see slavery in all its hideousness, and to plan for the day when every slave of Brazil could have his freedom and a right to call his body as well as his soul his own. The ruler drew the modest Quaker gently aside from the friendly group of which they formed the centre of attraction and admiration, and throwing his arms impulsively around his host's neck, gave him a hearty kiss. Whittier, perceiving a knot of

Whittier

ladies had approached in spite of various hints to withdraw, jocosely remarked to the smiling crowd, "That was meant for thee."

I am told that when Whittier had passed the last milestone of youth, and partial invalidism and deafness prevented him from participating in the rustic household gaiety, or debarred him from taking part in the conversation carried on around him, he would sit by his cheery wood fire and wile away many an otherwise dull moment by parodying his own poems. Whittier keenly enjoyed a practical joke, even going so far as to offer himself as victim and butt. Judged from an intellectual standpoint, Whittier's *best* years were spent in the Amesbury home. There he voiced the want of the times and gave himself freely and unreservedly to those who needed him, and here, too, he took time to relax and have his "little game."

One summer morning, while on a visit to the relatives in the Amesbury home, Whittier's nephew in passing through the poet's yard on his way to the orchard, observed a crumpled wad of paper calmly reposing on the top of an ash barrel. As children say, "finding is having;" seizing the paper, which he carefully unfolded, the nephew dis-

covered, to his exceeding great joy, that his treasure was none other than a rough draft of "Snow Bound." Without a word or hint to anyone, the young man took his precious find to the orchard and spread the document, which was slightly damp, upon the grass to dry. A little later, as Whittier was taking a stroll among his trees, his sharp eye spied the drying paper. When the nephew returned to claim the prize, behold, it had vanished. He afterwards learned to his sorrow that during his absence Whittier had stepped in, stolen and destroyed his own poem.

Those were stirring times in which Whittier's manhood was passed, even and anon the trumpet call sounded for *men, more men*—a man's mettle was tested then if ever. Whittier dearly loved the paths of peace; far easier would it have been for him to keep silence and let the consuming fire of slavery be stamped out by those born fighters, Garrison, Phillips, Harriet Beecher Stowe and other giant hearts of that stormy period, and leave him, a Quaker poet, to pray for the downfall of slavery and the release and freedom of the black man. But Whittier, feeling that the hour had come for him to show himself a man among men, emerged

Whittier

from his retirement, and boldly espousing the cause of the Abolitionists, he joined hands with them in their struggle for the divine right of man—be he white or black.

God gave this little flock tongues of fire and pens of ready writers. These they used unsparingly in denouncing slavery in all its hideousness. Now their country is reaping the fruit of their unstinted sowing. Slavery is a thing of the buried past, or, at best, but an echo from the darkest corners of barbarism.

In wartime the people of Maine were Abolitionists almost to a man; some of Portland's best blood was poured out on the battlefield to gain their black brothers' freedom. They were fired with the faith and strength of the converts,—for converts indeed they were. Strange as it may appear, these good Portlanders during the first half of the last century upheld slavery with a vigor that was almost fanatical in its intensity and intolerance.

Years ago, probably in the early forties, when my mother was attending school in Portland, Whittier went to that city for the purpose of lecturing to Friends on "Slavery, Its Sin, Its Weakness and Its Instability." As he was conscious to

a certain extent of his power among the Quakers, he felt assured not merely of their sympathy and co-operation in this cause so dear to his heart, but the voice within also told him that it was best for him to begin at Jerusalem, that is, among his co-religionists, and work through them to the outside world. While the lecturer was delivering his impassioned appeal to his audience of earnest men and women, a furious mob surrounded and stormed the little brick meeting-house in which the gathering was held, throwing stones, breaking windows and doing its utmost to rout out the Quaker and punish him for his treasonable utterances against an institution which, they argued, had arisen to feed the country's needs, and had grown with its growth, and which, moreover, must and should be maintained.

Heaven saved Whittier from the clutches of these furies, and when years afterwards the city of Portland adopted Whittier's views on slavery, it no doubt looked back with horror upon that fearful night when certain of its citizens gave play to their unbridled passions and nearly killed one of the bravest and purest men that ever came to earth to right its wrongs.

Whittier

At the age of nineteen Whittier became attached to a neighbor and schoolmate named Evelina Bray. This attachment formed the one romance of his life. Miss Bray's parents objected to the match on the ground of young Whittier's poverty and obscurity; so the lovers parted, she going West and eventually marrying a poor clergyman whom few knew outside the confines of his small parish. Whittier remained unmarried to the end of his life.

Whittier lavished a wealth of affection upon his sister Elizabeth. She returned the brotherly love with a fervor and devotion that knew no bounds. To Elizabeth was also given a talent for composition, but her shrinking modesty and horror of publicity kept her from coming before the world as a poet. However, a few of her earliest songs have been rescued from oblivion, and appear among her brother's under the title of "Hazel Blossoms."

Whittier's labors on the negroes' behalf were by no means thrown away upon them, but were honestly and lovingly appreciated by those of the race who knew him as their champion, and they ceased not to express their gratitude to their benefactor by many visible signs and tokens. On his eightieth

East and West

birthday no gift was more highly prized by Whittier than a basket of rare ferns and eighty La Belle France roses presented by the pupils of the colored High School in Washington.

As Whittier neared his dying hour, his particular wish was for light, *plenty* of light—he wanted the blinds and windows to be open as his soul passed from the narrow confines of earth to the limitless land of the beautiful beyond. His wish was gratified, and Whittier the man departed from his loved ones with the radiant sun shining in full splendor on his saintly face. Thus ended the day of one whose life was closely knit with God's.

FONG WONG SING

A CHINAMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

"ALL the world loves a lover." To be sure it does, and all the world loves a pagan—a genuine dyed-in-the-wool pagan. We never tire of hearing him, or, better still, meeting him face to face; there is something so irresistibly appealing in his primitive, hereditary mixed goodness and badness that we love and enjoy him all the more for his very unlikeness to our proper Christian selves; even after his acceptance of Christianity it is quite possible for us to catch ourselves breathing a sigh for the vanished finesse, the amazingly clever subtleties, the grace of manner, the winning courtesy, and other engaging qualities which, sad to relate, too frequently our hero drops as he turns his back upon the altar of his false gods to follow the beckoning hand of the enlightened Christian.

How distinctly I recall the first Chinaman I ever saw! I was at that time living in a New England town, rather remote from the

American business centres, and for that reason unvisited by and practically unknown to the vast horde of fortune or home seekers, whether heathen or Christian which even then were besieging our shores for the wealth, fabulous or real, which they fondly believed was to be theirs for the seeking. Consequently, the streets of the quiet community wherein my lines were cast had not yet felt the pressure of Johnny's noiseless shoes; therefore his advent in our midst caused a fluttering of many small hearts, not to mention admiring glances from scores of unsophisticated eyes, and, to his credit be it said, he held our admiration for the entire period he remained with us. To my childish imagination Fong Wong Sing was as great a curiosity as the Siamese Twins, the two-headed girl, the wild man of Borneo, or any other freak of the circus, zoo or museum. Sing did not appear as one among many of the yellow brotherhood garbed in blue blouses and felt hats ready at a moment's notice either to do our washee wash or cook our rice. Perish the thought! Fong Wong Sing shone as a *lone* star in the Puritan quarters in which he deigned to cast his beams.

The first question a man usually asks

Fong Wong Sing

anent an absent friend is, What is he doing now? A woman's initial question, What did she have on?

But we women are in good company, else why did the sage of Chelsea devote so much of his valuable life to the composition of that standard fashion book, "Sartor Resartus." So I will take heart and begin my sketch of our Celestial with a description of his dress.

Sings robes were marvels; they were lavishly embroidered with silks of every conceivable color, glistening with gold and silver wire, and exceedingly intricate of pattern. They were garments such as one sees in the land of dreams, or reads of in poems or romances, but seldom rubs up against in sober every-day life.

This distinctive dress Sing wore on all occasions, in season and out of season; we were not informed of his motive in clinging so tenaciously to this peculiar costume. Yet had he doffed it and adopted European dress, he would doubtless have fallen in the estimation of certain of his admirers to whom clothes are everything; not only would he suffer loss of prestige, but much of the fine flavor of history and romance with which he was invested would likewise

have vanished with the removal of his gorgeous trappings.

The day came when even the lofty Sing was forced to admit that glittering plumage builds no roof trees, neither does it boil the kettle of rice. In plain, unvarnished English, Sing had to hide his pride in his embroidered sleeve, put his shoulder to the wheel and *work*. Being an acknowledged connoisseur of the herb of his country he opened a tea store, wherein his pleasing talents found full play. What a tidy, attractive spot this was! The atmosphere of the place suggested worship. One always felt upon entering as if dusty work-a-day shoes should be left on the threshold, out of respect to ancient tradition prohibiting the wearing of shoes in holy places. So dim and shadowy was this room that, in spite of its commercial counter and rows of business-like shelves, one was ever breathlessly expecting a magic wand to issue and wave from some corner whereby the little shop would shed every vestige of modernity and be instantly transformed into a temple to Confucius or Buddha. Adorning the walls of the shop were pictures and tapestries of a value which few of us could appreciate. Could we behold them now with our en-

Fong Wong Sing

larged vision and better understanding of Oriental art and needlecraft, we would thank our stars for permitting us to gaze upon such beautiful things, and dive deep down into our pockets for the gold wherewith to buy these treasures for hearth and home. Lilies, roses and tuberose of snowy whiteness and penetrating fragrance nodded cheery welcome from the windows, and invited the passer to enter, rest and purchase.

Sing was too astute a philosopher to abandon himself utterly to the strenuous life as we understand it; play was written in capital letters in his daily programme. His favorite exercise was riding. Fong Wong Sing on horseback was the sight of a lifetime. Mounted on a fiery steed, as fleet as the very wind, away galloped Sing in a transport of delight. Here was defiance personified; staid and stale conventionality was flung to the four quarters of the earth. Up street he went, down street, and into the country, with cloak flying in the air, inflated pantaloons, pigtail flapping, he looked like a veritable Chinese John Gilpin.

"Human nature is one thing," to quote my Chinese friend. The worshippers of Sing were being furnished with unmistakable proofs that he, too, had his earthly side;

from time to time he was observed slipping in the thin edge of the wedge and overstepping the bounds ordained by rigid propriety and inexorable custom. He needed to be reclaimed, tamed and then converted.

This task the gentler sex tackled with varying degrees of success. To none would Sing turn an unhearing ear. A lady from the Congregationalists headed the evangelizing movement. Stealing into Sing's kingdom, with pleading eye, winning smile, and the courage of the born missionary, she quietly asked him if he would attend her church and Sunday School. Appreciating the interest in himself evidenced by this request, Sing, returning smile for smile, accepted the proffered invitation. The following Monday the daily papers announced that Fong Wong Sing was enrolled a member of the Congregational Sunday School. Hardly had the wonder of this good lady's triumph died away when a winsome lassie from the Universalist body introduced herself to Sing, begging him to give her church a trial. Ere many moons had waxed and waned, the interested public were astounded to read that Sing had deserted the Congregationalists and gone over to the Universalists. Still there's more to follow. Sing

Fong Wong Sing

had not yet quite found himself or his church home. It remained for a daughter from the Episcopal ranks to carry to a successful issue the scheme of conversion so heroically started by disinterested sisters from other branches of the Christian church. She pleaded long and well. Her earnestness told; she was rewarded for her pains on Sing's behalf by seeing him a convert to her faith, and a devout worshipper at the Cathedral services Sunday after Sunday until the eve of his departure.

Sing possessed an acute sense of justice and gratitude; every favor tendered him met with return favor from his hand.

The following incident will explain his attitude towards his last-recorded benefactress, and likewise serve as a sample of his practical recognition of others' kindness.

Gorgeously attired, gliding up the broad aisle of the Cathedral, stealthiness of step and fixity of countenance proclaiming him the true Asian, Sing, during the solemn hush preceding the service, was wont to station himself at the entrance to his blessed lady's pew, and, salaaming profoundly, present her with a bouquet of the choicest blooms the town afforded.

Sing carried his politeness with him

wherever he went; everyone with whom he came into contact benefited by it. One summer evening as I hurried into church, hot and breathless, this courteous Chinaman, feeling, if not seeing, my discomfort, left his own pew, noiselessly stepped to where I was sitting, and deferentially handed me his sandal-scented, multi-hued fan—a graceful act, in truth, refreshingly spontaneous, and ever to be fondly remembered by the recipient.

Before leaving us Sing thawed out a bit, threw off his mantle of reserve, and, opening the door of his heart, took us into his confidence, and simply and unaffectedly told us who and what he was. We were not surprised to learn that he was a gentleman of the old régime, in fact a member of the Chinese nobility.

In Sing were united ripe scholarship and broad culture. He owned a valuable library, containing books by eminent modern and ancient authors, and written in several languages, those in his own tongue of course predominating. He had travelled extensively, and thus gained a knowledge of men hardly possible to one whose travels are limited to his own country.

Sing was a redoubtable actor, assuming

Fong Wong Sing

the rôle of ingénue for the pleasure of witnessing the thrills, starts and flutters which were wont to agitate his godly friends whenever pagan ignorance or indifference, call it what you will, led him to deviate from the narrow line of duty to wander awhile in the primrose path of dalliance.

All romances travel on to *finis*. One morning hour word was brought us that the shop was closed and its genial proprietor gone—where, no one knew.

We loved Fong Wong Sing for his many virtues, straightway forgetting his unique faults, and numberless were the God-speeds sent after our acquaintance of a fleeting moment.

CLEOPATRA

By birth an Egyptian, by descent a Greek, we see in Cleopatra one of the most famous women the world has ever produced. In appearance and manner Cleopatra was wholly Greek. On the ancient coins and medals her features are severely, classically Grecian. Good authority represents her as having a low forehead, broad, arched eyebrows, deep violet eyes shaded by long, thick, curling lashes, chiseled nostrils, full lips, dark hair, inclined to wave. Her face expressed love, anger, tenderness, defiance or revenge, according to circumstances; or, if their beautiful owner so willed it, those features would assume an immobile, statuesque calm, as impossible to read as the face of the stone Sphinx. Cleopatra possessed a keen intellect, which her superior education and individual efforts towards mental improvement had developed to a high degree. She was well read in history and the literature of her day, a good musician, a writer of sweet verses, and a brilliant conversationalist. That she was a

Cleopatra

noted linguist may be seen from the fact that she conversed fluently with Greeks and Latins, Jews, Arabians, Syrians, Parthians, and Medes. Living in Alexandria, the ancestral home of the Ptolemies, Cleopatra, without doubt, contributed much to making that city what it then was—the commercial, scientific and literary centre of the universe.

Ruling over an ancient, highly civilized country, and possessing varied accomplishments, dazzling beauty, irresistible magnetism and tact, by careful management and wise use of her grand personal power, this sovereign could have surrounded herself with strong friends and staunch allies; and, more than that, by judicious exercise of the diplomacy and statesmanship of which she was undoubted mistress, Cleopatra could, in time, have elevated her nation to a height never before reached, making it the admiration of the political if not the social world. But, alas! Cleopatra squandered her opportunities and misused her gifts, exercising them solely for her own selfish pleasures and sinful gratifications, and, by so doing, brought disgrace upon herself and her land.

Cleopatra's acquaintance with Julius Cæsar is the initial event which marks her public career. At the time of their first

meeting Cleopatra was a handsome woman of nineteen, giving promise of even greater development of beauty. This was truly a singular friendship, never ripening into love on either side, but always remaining on the dead level of the purely platonic, and carried on by each for the favoring of selfish ambitions. Cleopatra wove her spells over the warrior, not to bring him to her feet as a humble adorer, but simply to win his admiration and to gain from him the political recognition which her jealous brothers were making every effort to wrest from her. As for Julius Cæsar, he evidently imagined that an open friendship for this illustrious woman would secure him a prestige beyond that which any other living man or woman could bestow. In return for the attention and flattery heaped on him by Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar, upon her visiting Rome, received her with extreme ceremony and with a hospitality magnificent, almost unbounded, and caused her statue to be placed in the temple dedicated to Venus Genetrix. Cleopatra remained in Rome until Julius Cæsar's assassination, when, like Othello, feeling that her occupation was gone, she again returned to Egypt in search of fresh conquests.

Cleopatra

The next step of interest in Cleopatra's history carries us along to that famous encounter with Antony in Cilicia, where he had been sent on a military errand by the Roman Government. Having heard that Cleopatra had given men, money and ships to his enemies and rivals, Brutus and Cassius, to carry on the battle of Philippi, Antony sent an imperious command to Cleopatra to appear before him and answer to the numerous accusations charged against her. Cleopatra promptly obeyed, and, as we shall presently see, came away from the encounter victor instead of vanquished.

Antony had met Cleopatra in Rome, and it is not improbable that this very summons was merely an excuse to feast his eyes once again upon the reality of that wondrous image he had borne for months past in his beauty-loving mind. Cleopatra read between the lines, divining intuitively the real object of the seemingly imperative summons, and spared neither trouble nor expense to have her royal progress and interview with Antony conducted on as gorgeous a scale as taste and originality could suggest, rightly judging that the sensuous worshipper of beauty could not long withstand the man-

fold, exquisite charms of which she was the acknowledged possessor. See her sailing down the River Cydnus in that barge described and painted by so many tongues and brushes. The ship's stern was of beaten gold, glittering in the vivid morning sun; the oars of silver, keeping stroke to strains of sweetest music; the sails of purple silk, scented with rarest perfumes from sacred Araby. In the centre, beneath a golden canopy, sits Cleopatra, representing the Goddess of Love, fanned by tiny living Cupids radiant with boyish health. She is attired in a robe of soft white silk, clinging about her lissome figure in loose, graceful folds, and falling away with studied art to show off neck, arm and shoulder to advantage. Her waist is gathered in by a sash flaming with costly jewels, many of which, Rider Haggard declares, were stolen from the dusty, musty Pharaoh in that daring midnight raid on the old monarch's tomb.

The river banks are lined with spectators, gazing in wonder-struck admiration at this panorama of extraordinary, even surpassing loveliness. As Cleopatra stepped ashore it was remarked that Venus had come to play with Bacchus. Upon the arrival of Egypt's Queen, Antony sent messengers to invite

Cleopatra

her to supper. She haughtily refused to visit him until he should first pay his respects to her. To this proposition he only too gladly gave consent; and social lion though he was, he was forced to admit that he found a banquet and received an entertainment that far exceeded anything in his wide experience. "The triple pillar of the world" became from that fatal hour his entertainer's slave, and the trial which followed ended in a mere farce, an amusing play of words. Face, figure, general appearance captivated him; her ready wit cheered him into delicious ecstasy. It was on the occasion of this feast that Cleopatra melted that famous mammoth pearl that romance-makers have delighted to dilate upon as evidence of her reckless extravagance and limitless personal wealth. Antony, leaving official duties unfulfilled, returned with his wily enchantress to gay Alexandria, where he spent the winter of 41 and 40. Cleopatra made it her particular study to please Antony. She played dice, jested, hunted, flattered or reproved him, as the moment seemed to require.

And just here let me make an observation concerning her temperance principles. Had she lived in our day Cleopatra would

most likely have enrolled herself among the total abstainers. Even in her time, when the world was so morally dark, she was noted for her strict temperance proclivities as far as she personally was concerned. She kept open house, as we would say, was always entertaining; but whether from having no taste for wine, or perhaps fearing that the inherited, latent fire of her self-indulgent family would burst its bounds and work destruction on every living person within its reach, we are not told; certain it is she ate and drank sparingly, and by so doing kept a cool head. Wine flowed freely at her table. She did not scruple to urge, even to insist, upon her guests drinking more than was good for them. As for herself, she simply toyed with her glass, scarcely even permitting it to touch her lips. It is related that on one of their pleasant fishing excursions, Antony, feeling chagrined at the finny fellows' obstinacy in refusing to bite, hired a diver to lower himself into the water and fasten a fish to his line. This playful deception did not escape Cleopatra's sharp eyes; however, feigning innocence, she heartily congratulated her friend on his hard-earned catch, and engaged another diver to hook a salt

Cleopatra

fish on Antony's line, causing immense merriment to the guests, but bringing awkward, stinging blushes to the poor victim's cheeks. Yes, Cleopatra fairly revelled in a good frolic.

One sultry day an old man, bent with the weight of a heavy burden hung over his shoulders, walked slowly and cautiously up to Cæsar's palace walls. Upon being asked what he wanted, the man answered simply, "I am bringing in a bundle of rugs for Cæsar." He was allowed to pass. Finding his way to the Emperor's apartment, the servant carefully deposited the bale on the floor and untied the cords that bound it, when out jumped Cleopatra, laughing, jolly, brimming over with girlish fun and vivacity, and causing her small audience to applaud vociferously and laugh most heartily at her clever trick.

In the spring of 40 Fulvia died. Antony, upon receiving news of her death, exclaimed, "There is a great soul gone," and a feeling of genuine, if transitory, remorse passed over him at the thought of how he had left the loving, devoted wife to weep out her loneliness in bitterness of spirit while he idled away his time at the shrine of the woman who was drawing her net closer and tighter around him, and in real

agony of soul Antony cries out, "I must from this enchanting queen break off." Acting upon this timely resolution, he went to Rome for a change of air.

While there he was induced to marry Octavia, sister of Octavius, who had his own self-seeking, personal and political reasons for encouraging the match. Antony himself was by no means insensible to the advantages which would accrue to him from an alliance with the sister of his haughty rival. Antony believed that a marriage with this patrician Roman lady would raise him to greater prominence than marrying the Queen of the distant East.

This cold reasoning on Antony's part seems rather at variance with the love he had felt and owned for Cleopatra. Yet Antony was, after all, but human. Love must have something to feed upon, and away from her alluring eyes, hearing no more the mellifluous voice, removed from her powerful magnetism, he adopted the course that a cold, calculating, worldly-wise wisdom suggested.

Cleopatra keenly felt the humiliation of her defeat, but bravely crushed her resentment, feeling perfectly sure that before long she would again assert her supremacy and

Cleopatra

again bring Antony to her throne. Cleopatra's feeling for Antony was one of simple admiration. She recognized his greatness and enjoyed the sway she held over him; the root struck no deeper on her side. That Antony had superior abilities no one can deny. He had won success as a general and statesman. His oration over Cæsar's dead body proves him to have been an orator of no mean order. Had it not been for that curious infatuation for Cleopatra which had detained him a prisoner in Alexandria, Antony, upon Cæsar's death, would in all probability have returned to Rome, where he was worshipped as a popular hero, to find himself the unanimously chosen successor of his mighty friend.

Cleopatra, far from being the ardent, impetuous woman many have painted, was an actress. Her very moods, her warmth, her icy coldness, instead of springing from hasty feeling, the exhibition of an impulsive wave, were in reality the effect of studied acting. Having a marvellous knowledge of weak human nature, unlimited patience, endless faith in herself, she always fully believed that time would accomplish the results she anticipated and unwearingly worked for. And although the goal for which she strove

was seldom a worthy one, her whole career shows that her strong will carried her over many bridges and generally gained for her the desired end. Three years elapsed before Antony dared trust himself to see Cleopatra. Upon meeting after this long absence, she played her part so well that she blinded the silly moth, making him singe his wings in the dazzling brilliancy of her electric charms. While Antony admired and respected the faithful Octavia, who clung to him through all the varying fortunes of his peculiar career, he was forced to see and sadly admit that his passion for Cleopatra was gaining the ascendancy and obtaining complete mastery of his life, his whole being, in fact. That his character had its pitiably weak points there is little doubt; but we must at least give him credit for an attempt, during those three years of separation, to conquer that fatal love for the woman who was wrecking his highest manhood. After another manful break, Antony fled to Athens, where he spent several years in conscientious painstaking performance of military duties; but one sad hour his peaceful seclusion was rudely interrupted, and Antony was suddenly dispatched to Parthia to quell an uprising against Rome. By some

Cleopatra

awful fate Antony and Cleopatra were thrown together again, only to have the slumbering fire break out anew. Antony, powerless to resist the influence brought to bear against him, yielded himself up to the tide of passionate feeling, easily drifting wherever it led him. Not content with bestowing costly gifts of gold, rare bric-a-brac, precious stones, Antony presented Cleopatra with whole provinces. The Romans awoke to find, to their amazement, that Phoenicia, Syria, Cilicia, parts of Judea, and Arabia had slipped from their hands into Cleopatra's.

Antony felt amply repaid for this gift by the cordial, flattering welcome home given him by Cleopatra; and so deeply grieved was he at learning of her desolation and loneliness during his absence, that, then and there, he resolved never more to leave the serpent of old Nile, as he delighted to call Cleopatra. Octavius, feeling justly indignant at Antony's neglect of Octavia, determined to punish him, and in a public manner. Octavius possessed an ungenerous, revengeful nature, and he allowed not the smallest opportunity to escape him of making his brother-in-law feel the sharp sting of his cruel lash. Adopting what seemed to him the most efficient scheme, Octavius

declared war against Antony, trumping up state reasons as an excuse for his actions. Antony's military and naval forces, swelled by Cleopatra's magnificent contribution of ships, money, and all needed accessories, far exceeded those of his enemy.

The engagement took place off Actium.

Cleopatra herself figured conspicuously in the struggle. Antony hardly made a stroke. He remained a passive, silent onlooker, leaving all manœuvring in the hands of his fair partner. The fate of the action looking dark for her side, Cleopatra, with a commanding eye and beckoning hand, summoned her ships and sailed away, followed, of course, by her *fides Achatcs*.

Had Anthony done as Octavius wished, and fought on land, and without Cleopatra's help or interference, the glory of the day would have been his. For Antony's land forces were so strong, his men in such capital order and accustomed to field fighting, while unused to the sea, that they could have won an easy victory over the weak soldiers on the other side.

Octavius' men although he persistently declared the contrary, were better sea fighters. Therefore, we are hardly surprised at the issue. But this cowardly retreat proved

Cleopatra

the death-blow of the proud Antony. Officer, soldier, sailor deserted him. He, who had once stood on the highest pinnacle, looked up to as one of Rome's best men, now stood alone, hated, scorned, friendless.

After her defeat Cleopatra left the royal palace and retired into one of her numerous small castles. And, to give wretched Antony another sensation to feed upon, she sent him word that she was dead. This wound was greater than the stricken lover could bear; it was, verily, the last drop in his cup of sorrow. He threw himself upon his sword, and, although surviving long enough to hear of Cleopatra's base falsehood and perfidy, his devotion overcame all else. He ordered his servants to carry him to Cleopatra's castle. Slowly and with extreme suffering he was raised to her window, where, in dying, he breathed out full pardon for the deceit which had cost him his life, and expired while uttering the words, "I am dying, Egypt, dying." How did her friend's death affect Cleopatra? She shed a few tears, and gave vent to a noisy, passing grief in true Oriental style, in which her maids joined out of compliment, perhaps sympathy, for their mistress. This brief period of mourning over, she immediately

laid snares for Octavius, thinking to enslave her conqueror, undoubtedly justifying her conduct by quoting to herself and applying Antony's dying injunction, "Of Cæsar seek you safety with your honor."

But in Octavius she met her match.

He turned away, unmoved by all her captivating tricks. Even her face failed to draw him. He treated her with hatred and well-merited contempt, knowing, to his bitter anguish, the ruin she had wrought. Cleopatra resorted to all sorts of arts and devices, but in vain. Octavius openly declared her his prisoner, seized her castle, placing a strong guard around it to prevent her possible escape, intending in due time to carry his magnificent prize to Rome to grace his triumphal procession through its streets.

Did this woman, who was so careful of her own honor and dignity, give one thought to the sister, Arsinöe, who was led by Cæsar a prisoner to Rome, to follow his chariot, one of many proofs of his conquest in Egypt. Not one hand was stretched to save the weaker, less beautiful, though none the less sensitive, sister from falling under the galling Roman yoke.

Cleopatra, rather than submit to this

Cleopatra

disgraceful punishment, decided to die by her own hand. In those days suicide was considered the one honorable alternative to a dishonorable death by the enemy. A clown bearing a basket of figs was smuggled into the castle. Under the leaves, carefully concealed among the fruit, was an asp. Cleopatra, hating to say good-bye to the world she even then so dearly loved, yet feeling it her duty to leave, turned to the knave, and asked with characteristic timidity, "Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there, that kills and pains not?" The clown answers, "Truly I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that die of it do seldom or never recover." And again, "But this is most fallible; the worm's an odd worm." Then, as the Latin grammars have it, Cleopatra admitted the asp to herself, submitting to its poison until life was extinct. There has always been more or less dispute as to the manner in which Cleopatra met her death. Some writers are of the opinion that she drank poison prepared according to her own receipt. I have also seen it stated that she pricked herself to death with poisoned needles. But I am inclined to throw in my

vote with those who say that the little asp did the mischief. Now, that all that is earthly is over with the heroine of our theme, our thoughts instinctively turn to Octavius, the sole remaining actor in this drama. When messengers brought news of Cleopatra's death he not only commended her bravery for meeting her end as she did, but he openly expressed his admiration for the way in which she had outwitted him and circumvented his most rigid scrutiny. He could hardly be expected to feel sorrow at her loss, but he certainly respected her ashes, and gave orders that she should be buried by her Antony, promising that his army should, in solemn show, attend the funeral. Historians tell us that Cleopatra, with her usual forethought, had ordered this tomb for the reception of her body when death should claim it, and had given dying injunctions for Antony to be laid beside her.

Thus Octavius buried his resentment with the dead, showing his magnanimity by fulfilling her last request and burying Cleopatra with the pomp and ceremony befitting a queen.

Cleopatra's nature was essentially cruel; even her fun, her playful sallies, had in them the tingling sting of cruelty. Not for

Cleopatra

one instant would her majesty brook an insult, or even the slightest pique to her personal vanity. He who offended his queen by word or deed was put to death with as little thought or pity as one kills a fly.

One morning, in the early part of her reign, while riding in gorgeous state through the streets of her beautiful capital, she picked out a fellow whom she noticed ill-treating some poor, weak woman; without delay, and by her word, one of his hands was cut off. Victims were struck dead at her side to satisfy her almost insatiable thirst for blood. The sight of their senseless forms would make her quite ill. Aside from this feeling for them she had none, and, once removed from her presence, they were totally forgotten; not a shadow of remorse for the dead seemed to touch her.

Cleopatra is said to have been extremely religious, of course, in a sadly blind way, following the precepts of her faith to the letter. Was this simply for effect, or from superstitious fear of offending the triad of Egyptian deities? Better still, may not this rude worship have been the outward expression of her longing for better things, an appeal for help from a higher power? Do

not censure Cleopatra too severely for lack of high morality. When we reflect that she lived in an age and in a country steeped in the grossest heathenism, that she sprang from a race whose one idea of happiness was, not to serve their country, but to gratify their voluptuous tastes, is it to be wondered at that Cleopatra was unable to rise above the tide of popular life and motive and assert a superiority of character which only Christianity has shown to be possible?

Considering that it has taken the world nearly 1900 years to reach its present progress towards perfection, we can only drop a tear for Cleopatra, and say she translated the darkened teachings of her religion as faithfully as her dim lights would permit, and lived up to the highest promptings of her uneducated, unenlightened conscience.

Yet, in spite of her many and glaring faults, her misgovernment, her selfish exactions, the extravagance which robbed and impoverished her people to enrich herself, her strange indifference to her people's welfare, and wilful ignorance of the wretched lives they lived, Cleopatra retained throughout her reign a strong hold upon the affections of those over whom she ruled. There were anarchists and levellers in her day as

Cleopatra

well as in ours, men who did not hesitate to give vent to their displeasure at the existing frauds and the way matters were arranged by those in high authority. But by far the great majority loved their queen and were intensely loyal to her. Where her power lay is difficult to say, but her influence was felt and acknowledged by all who knew her. Her humble maid, Charmian, to prove her love for Cleopatra, died at the same moment and by the same means as her royal mistress.

We can hardly believe Cleopatra to have been wholly soulless. If we look closely into her life I think we will discover a faint spark of goodness, some redeeming qualities to offset her many terrible acts of violence. Love is not given without return, or to one totally devoid of principle, unworthy of the precious gift. It demands return in one form or another. It dies, in fact, without nourishment. Cleopatra probably responded to the affection and admiration lavished by her friends and slaves in a manner understood by them, although not revealed to the outside world.

MADAME ROLAND

THE year 1754 dawned upon a soul who, in after years, was destined to play a deeply important rôle in her country's history. Marie, daughter of the engraver, Gratiien Philippon, lived a life every step of which is full of absorbing interest. As we follow her career we shall see how that intellect, energy, patriotism, made her country ring with her name, bringing, on the one hand, devout friends, on the other, bitter, revengeful enemies.

She was brought up between the negative and positive poles, so to speak. Each of her parents strongly swayed her character. The father, unaccustomed to self-restraint on his part, advocated the daughter's going her own way without discipline or correction, believing that time would give experience and the needed discipline of life. The mother, with her intellectual steadfastness, taught her the duty of cultivating and controlling heart and mind; and, to Marie's credit, she learned in time to balance herself evenly between the two extremes. Ardently

Madame Roland

loved, almost idolized by father and mother, in reading her biography it is curious to notice how each parent showed or at times hid his or her wealth of affection. Among these biographers it is common to describe Monsieur Philippon in a few brief, uncomplimentary phrases, and then dismiss him, as if he were the merest cipher in that household of three. Now, although time will not permit my giving an analysis of his character, I cannot but think he gave a tone and color to his daughter's nature which neither time nor contrary influences could quite efface. Marie was not sent to school at a very early age, as her parents foresaw that with her thirst for knowledge their daughter would soon outstrip other pupils of her classes, causing pain and mortification to those left behind, while perhaps adding fuel to the child's natural vanity and love of display. So, while others were plodding in the dingy schoolroom, she was kept at home and given masters in all the branches then taught in girls' schools, besides being allowed the extra privilege of taking Latin lessons from a priest. She showed great aptitude in all her studies, although perhaps excelling in Latin and music. But Marie's

chief delight was reading. She fairly devoured every scrap of printed matter that fell in her way. So intensely did she admire Plutarch that she would slip her pet volume under her prayer-book, and, carrying it to church, read it, while pious mamma fancied the dutiful child was conning her prayers. Among her favorite authors we find Fénelon, Tasso, Voltaire, Rousseau. Each of these masters powerfully stirred her mind and fanned her glowing imagination. Fénelon touched the tender chords of that girlish heart, making its strings play to the music of the varied, throbbing life around her. Tasso distressed her with his melancholy grandeur. Rousseau fired the passions of her highly strung nature, and Voltaire called into action her slumbering radicalism.

Monsieur Philippon was a thorough anarchist. Almost every night he would bring a knot of friends to his room, there to discuss and suggest a remedy for the then existing inequalities of society. They talked long and eloquently upon what they considered their wrongs, and labored earnestly for the overthrow of the monarchy, thinking that measure the only salvation of France. These revolutionary ideas spread

Madame Roland

and forced their way into every stratum of society, into pamphlets, papers, cafés, and, no doubt, gave as great an impetus to the French rebellion as the words of Voltaire, Rousseau and other leaders of that mighty movement.

Madame Philippon's character was quite the reverse of her husband's. She was highly spiritual, while he was forever wandering and losing himself in the dismal mists of scepticism. The wife, blessed with strong common-sense, was a practical worker in the home, while he resigned himself so completely to his hobbies that hand and brain lost their cunning, and the once skilful engraver became a mere wreck of a man.

Convent days form an extremely entertaining chapter in her girlhood history. Surrounded by a worshipful band of nuns and pupils, school hours passed like a fleeting dream of heaven. Marie improved every opportunity for intellectual growth, and during recreation loved to lose herself in the garden, drinking in its beauties, or, retiring to the chapel, sink all care in the rich melody of choir and organ. Ah, little did the dear child dream that these pleasures were soon to be rudely torn from her, and

that her after-life was to be but a gradual movement towards the gloomy prison, hardly a stone's throw from this safe retreat.

For awhile yielding herself wholly to her religious emotions, shortly before leaving the convent circumstances somewhat modified her enthusiasm, although giving her faith a more definite form. She was so overcome at seeing a young and beautiful girl take the veil, and, in obedience to her vows, give up the world, that then and there she resolved never to separate herself from her sisters and brothers, but to mingle with and aid suffering humanity by actual personal contact and friendship. From that day *duty* became her watchword, and calm resignation to the inevitable her constant aim. Later, our heroine visits old friends in Versailles, and is, I believe, a frequent guest at the Palace. Here her red-hot republicanism receives a fresh impetus.

The luxury and extravagance of the nobility, their arrogance, dress, affected speech and manners disgust her innocence and nobility of soul. She cannot help contrasting their aimless, do-nothing lives with the pinching poverty of the laboring classes, and the burning desire to free her country

Madame Roland

from a galling yoke springs up with mightier force than ever. This desire grew into a determination which, one sad day, the brave girl put into effect at the cost of her valuable life.

Fascinating, gifted, bright and beautiful, Marie had lovers by the score. To one and all she turned a deaf ear, although she shyly confesses to a feeling more than tenderness for one lovable young fellow; but he, too, was soon forgotten. And just here let me say Marie Philippon felt a trifle flattered at the attentions showered upon her, and while wanting none of her lovers, she dearly enjoyed reading their letters and telling her forlorn father how to answer them. To her parents tearful entreaties to marry, she would invariably make the characteristic reply, "What I want in a husband is a soul, not a fortune."

Marie's first sad day came at her mother's death. Her uncontrollable grief brought on an illness which friends feared would end her life, but their fears were happily not to be realized. She recovered, and, taking up the mother's mantle, carried on the house-keeping for her father—a thankless task, since he had nearly ruined himself by late hours, speculating and gambling. So rap-

idly was her small fortune melting away in his hands that she was forced to resort to legal measures to have a portion, at least, reserved for herself alone.

The longed-for soul came at last, and in the shape of Monsieur Roland de la Platiere. Each had heard so often of the other through mutual friends, the Cannets, that when Sophie Cannet's letter of introduction brought them together they already felt like old acquaintances. Mademoiselle flattered Marie's weakness for antiquity by describing Monsieur as possessing antique manners, a passion for the ancients, and a contempt for the moderns; but Friend Sophie also felt bound to add that Monsieur had the highest opinion of himself, a fact which Marie Philippon did not altogether relish, as she hated conceit, finding it difficult to overlook and pardon, even in a lover. Roland was twenty-two years her senior, tall, slight, with a serious face, grey, thin hair, stooping shoulders, and every appearance of a student.

This cool philosopher, with his breadth of intellect, brilliant conversational powers, and, above all, his eagerness to benefit humanity, all keenly touched the enthusiastic woman. Her admiration knew no bounds;

Madame Roland

he at once became her star, her oracle. As time went on she forgot his blemish of conceit, and worshipped her hero as the embodiment of virtue, the epitome of highest wisdom. But neither had as yet felt the sting of Cupid's arrow. It was simply a union of mind, not of heart. This platonic friendship continued for several years without developing into anything stronger on either side, until Monsieur Roland, perceiving that his rapidly increasing literary labors were becoming too heavy to be carried on alone, came to the conclusion that Mademoiselle Philippon, as wife and companion, would furnish just the intelligent assistance and stimulus he needed. Marie, although clearly seeing that the marriage would be of mutual benefit, yet protested upon the plea of poverty. Her father, not considering the match a sufficiently brilliant one for his daughter, wrote a most indignant refusal. Thereupon Marie retired to the convent, hoping to bury her sorrow and disappointment in the garden haunts and in the peaceful garret cell, and seek the love and comfort denied at home. During her stay here Marie and Roland carried on a kindly correspondence; but her pride felt piqued at the stoical manner in which Roland re-

ceived her father's letter of refusal. It was not until she had been for five or six months in the convent that the lover again visited her, when the sight of her pale, sad face behind the grating brought up the old feeling, with the added one of pity. After a short struggle between what she considered duty to her father and admiration for the pleading, waiting man before her, she finally consented to the step. Thereupon, Roland summoning a priest, the two were united, 1780. The marriage was, in the main, a happy one, but it took Madame Roland a year or two of careful study to understand and adapt herself to the eccentric husband's oddly constituted character. She was not long in making the discovery that she had married a despot, and from first to last the wife showed herself the strong, noble woman, a true and efficient helpmeet. His one wish was to keep her busy for himself, to hold absolute rule; but subsequent events proved that *she*, not he, was the ruler. The first year of their married life was spent in Paris. Madame devoted nearly all her time to copying and correcting her husband's manuscripts, and assisting in all his literary ventures, and, in addition to these arduous tasks, as he was a wretched invalid, cooked

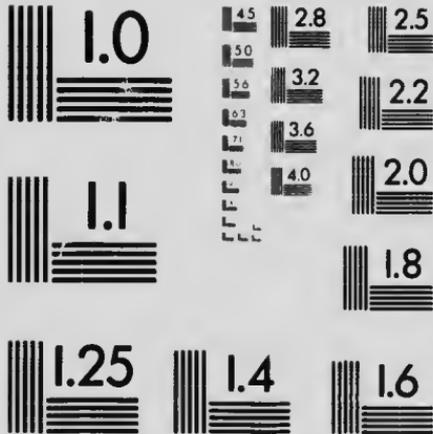
Madame Roland

all his food with her own hands. From Paris the Rolands went to Amiens; here their baby, Eudora, was born. Madame Roland, uniting the cares of mother and nurse, continued her invaluable labors in her husband's study. He at that time was contributing articles to an encyclopedia. Her full, rich language, easy pen, and lively fancy helped him through many difficulties, and gained him credit for many a fine passage which had its birth in her brain. The love which each had grown to look for came by slow degrees. His delicate health and dependence upon her were the chief influences to awaken and cement the affection. A visit to England put them in possession of many new ideas regarding effective representative government. Their stay was a short one, but they travelled with open eyes, and saw much that was of interest and delight, which they promised to make use of, directly or indirectly, for the misgoverned people of their own country. England's public institutions, government, freedom of speech and thought had the effect of making them more than ever dissatisfied with the feeble French monarchy; so, putting hands to the plow, they vowed to do their utmost with tongue and pen towards introducing



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a more stable government into France. After living in Amiens, Lyons and Paris in turn, they retired to La Platiere, the ancestral home of the Rolands. Here, after the removal to another sphere of that unpleasant factor, a meddling mother-in-law, they lived five years of unalloyed happiness. The home surroundings were picturesque in the extreme. In a fertile plain at the foot of mountains, with grand scenery, tall trees, green meadows, luxuriant vineyards, existence seemed almost too full of joy. Madame and old Sol went forth together to meet the day.

After carefully preparing Roland's breakfast, she gave two hours daily to planning and superintending the domestic programme. This over, she turned her philanthropic steps to the chateau gate and prescribed for the sick poor, who flocked to their warm friend for the treatment her medical skill afforded. Then, dismissing her lowly friends, she hastened to the library, lending her pen until the afternoon, when, arm-in-arm, the two lovers would take a country stroll. Returning home, Madame appeared among her guests all the fresher and brighter for the healthy walk, and charming from every point of view. The

Madame Roland

Rolands were still at La Platiere when the first low, distant rumblings of the mighty tide of national discontent reached their ears. They hailed these sounds gladly, believing them to be the forerunners of an enfranchisement which was sure to follow sooner or later. It is needless to expatiate upon the weakness of Louis or the unreasoning prejudice against Marie Antoinette, whose one fault was her beauty. Seeing his throne slipping away, the king convened the National Assembly, the last straw to rescue him from the angry waters. The Assembly was composed of the nobility, clergy and high official representatives sent from all parts of France. Monsieur Roland was the selected member from Lyons. He and his wife went to Paris shortly after his election, where they remained for the Assembly session. During those days Madame Roland wrote that famous pamphlet which raised her into such prominent notice; 60,000 copies were sold. Her fiery eloquence told on rich and poor, although, of course, in different ways. She daily attended the sittings in the Assembly, listening with hungry ears to the debates. As time went on and Louis could not quell the rising discontent, even give his starving brothers bread, they

imprisoned him and his queen in the Tuilleries. Many of the cowardly nobility fled from the threatening perils. Out of the disorganized Assembly other parties arose, chief of which were the Jacobins and the Girondists. The former demanding extreme measures, the latter favoring a milder policy, they wished to retain the monarchy, but limit the power of the king. Four evenings in every week the Girondist party met in Madame Roland's salon to talk over what was best to be done in that awful hour. Their hostess, with sewing or pen, would work or write; yet not one syllable of the discussion would escape her; only, during those pauses when the patriot band were gathering fuel for their slumbering fire would she occasionally venture a suggestion or inspire a friend with some rare gem of thought. Among this number was a Judas, a sallow, ugly, awkward man from the country. He said never a word, but treasured up all Madame Roland's glorious utterances. Many of these were given at the Assembly meetings as his own, greatly to the mingled disgust and amusement of his fellow-Girondists. This traitor's name was Robespierre. He afterwards became the man who pronounced his benefactor's death-warrant.

Madame Roland

In September, 1791, the Rolands went a second time to La Platiere, as they thought, to live, but the political clouds grew so thick and black that they once again turned their backs upon their dear home and set their faces towards Paris. Monsieur Roland was then offered and accepted the appointment of Minister of the Interior. The house formerly occupied by the distinguished Neckers was presented to them. At this period a change took place, such as we all occasionally observe in the lives of individuals, even of our own acquaintance. Roland, the rather ostentatious, conceited man, seemed to ignore his personality, and, retiring into the background, gave himself up heart and soul to state duties. Strict Roland did his work silently and alone, for his honesty and singleness of purpose were too great to be understood in those times of political ferment and struggle for selfish notoriety. Madame Roland emerged from her nun-like seclusion, a brilliant, lovely creature of delight. She, the daughter of a poor engraver, now held almost, if not quite, the highest position among the women of France. Passing over the revolting scenes of carnage which characterized the mob rule, in which houses were searched to

discover and put to death any member of the nobility, and innocent men and women were sent to the guillotine with barely the shadow of a trial, we come to the dying struggle of the brave Girondists. They were accused of taking Louis' part; then the contrary accusation was made, that they wished the king's overthrow. The charge of favoring their opponents was also hurled at them. They knew not which way to turn. They who had sacrificed all for their country, and who were her best friends, were misunderstood, hated, tortured on every side, and before the rebellion ended every one of these men had fallen a victim to the blind fury of his enemies. Madame Roland, their genius, their leader, was brought a prisoner before the tribunal. Here, as elsewhere, she thrilled and conquered all, even her enemies, and after a few, but well-chosen, words in her own defence, was dismissed, while her former dear friends, Danton and Marat, ground their teeth in impotent rage. But look at the starving multitude. They demand their rights. Their ceaseless cry is "Bread! Bread! We are dying of hunger!" And yet, in all that city, bread and money could not be found to satisfy them. Their deeds of violence were horrible, but were

Madame Roland

they wholly inexcusable? Monsieur Roland, at his wife's dictation, wrote a petition of rights to the king. This letter caused his temporary dismissal from office. The petition was circulated by tens of thousands. Monsieur Roland's name echoed through the length and breadth of France. The sharpest blow that yet had been struck fell from a woman's hand. But still the waves rolled on. It seemed as if their pitiful, continuous moaning would never end. Madame Roland's courage never forsook her, but her heart sickened at stories of the massacres taking place around her, for the Jacobins had joined the clamoring mob, and the dreary cry was "Kill! Kill!" Blood flowed on every side. She who had welcomed the Revolution now loathed it. One terrible morning, as the Rolands sat alone in their room waiting for news from the Assembly to give them a clue as to what course they should take, six armed men forced a way into the house, and, marching up to Monsieur Roland, arrested him. Questioning their authority, he refused to accompany them until they returned to their masters for further orders. Meantime, Madame Roland called upon the Assembly with a letter which she hoped would be read by them and

clear her husband from all suspicion of plotting against the Government. Not being able to obtain a hearing in that frightful babel, she returned home. Her husband had fled. She was perfectly aware of his place of concealment, but no earthly power could force her to reveal it. A few hours after Monsieur Roland's flight Madame Roland was arrested. As she passed through the lines of weeping servants, the rude officer who led her along was moved to tears as he noticed the love extended her by these devoted ones. He exclaimed, "How you are beloved!" "Because I love," was her answer. Embracing her precious little daughter, she was borne to prison, there to prepare for death and eternity. She was at first thrust into a room with the most degraded criminals, but the kind-hearted jailer and his wife, captivated by her gentleness and extreme loveliness, shortly afterwards gave her a room to herself. This she made almost comfortable. She twined vines around the window bars, and managed to get a few flowers as well to brighten the dismal corners. Her dinner table, covered with a white cloth, served also as a writing-desk. Two hairpins she twisted into pegs, drove into the wall, and hung her clothes upon.

Madame Roland

During these hours of lonely, silent imprisonment she prepared those valuable memoirs which are read to this day. What little money she carried to prison she generously shared with the other inmates.

Madame Roland serenely awaited her death, happy in knowing that her husband was safe from the clutches of the fiends, and that Eudora was with true friends. But oh! how her heart beat with joy when one morning, four months after the arrest, an officer entered her room with the news that she was free, as no real charge could be sustained against her. How gladly she hastened to embrace her little one! Her hand was on the door latch—when the cruel law again arrested her; bearing her this time to a more wretched prison than the last. Here the poor woman suffered as she had not done in all her prison confinement. At one time she held a glass of poison in her hand—she was about to swallow its contents and end all; when shame at her cowardice, and thought of the glory that awaited her in the martyr's crown nerved her to throw away the temptation, and look forward with joy to death whom she already heard knocking at her door. The final move came, and to the *concièrgerie*. She occupied

a cell near where Marie Antoinette spent her last sad hours. The trial came; Madame Roland stood it firmly—never changing color even when her sentence was pronounced. She was condemned on the ground of being the wife of her husband and the friend of his friends. As the judges gave the verdict, smiling, she rose, and, bowing, thanked them for considering her worthy to share the fate of the great men whom they had assassinated. On her return from the trial, as anxious friends crowded around to hear the decision, she drew her hand across her throat—that told all.

Madame Roland remained but one week in the *concièrgerie*. She filled those hours full of something good and lasting. She wrote, read, played on the harp, or, standing at the grating of her cell door, grasping its bars for support, she would cheer her fellow-sufferers in tones they never could forget. Alone in her cell, she would unlock the door of her grief and spend hours weeping. Her heart and tact taught her never to sadden others, but always to say the words of sublimest hope and comfort, and when her own words failed, she would raise her voice in sweetest song; lessening considerably the gnawing pain and anxiety of the waiting

Madame Roland

victims. Brave Charlotte Corday had been driven through the streets in the red gown of the common murderess, hooted and jeered at on the one side, extolled as an avenging angel on the other side. But her death showed the stuff she was made of. Marie Antoinette was driven to execution in a common cart like a vulgar criminal. She, too, met her death unflinchingly. Oh, what divine strength is given to women to enter the unknown Valley of the Shadow!

It now came Madame Roland's turn to die. Dressed in pure white, her long hair flowing over her shoulders, she looked what she was, a martyr. As the cart bearing her rolled through the streets, the mob shouted, "To the guillotine! To the guillotine!" She replied, "Yes my friends, I am going to the guillotine, in a few moments I shall be there. They who send me will soon follow. I go innocent, they will go stained with blood; and you will applaud their execution as you now applaud mine." An aged man by the name of La Marche was her one companion in the tumbril. Upon reaching the scaffold she turned to the headsman and asked permission for the poor man to die first, so that the sight of her flowing blood might not distress him; adding, in tones of

sweet entreaty, "Surely you can not refuse the request of a lady!" But her pleading fell on stony ground. She asked for pen and paper to write her dying thoughts; these also were denied her. Turning to the Statue of Liberty facing the platform, she exclaimed—"O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Then she gave herself up to the executioner—and died as she had lived. Madame Roland was without doubt the central figure of that rebellion, many of whose violent, sanguinary deeds she deplored, but whose results were the cleansing fires of a corrupt government. Like other reformers, this one builded better than she knew, and France can never be too thankful for the illustrious name of Madame Roland.

ST. COLUMBA

As a pioneer of organized effort in the Christian church St. Columba stands well to the fore. A dove, indeed, by nature as well as by name, he winged his glad flight from Ireland to Scotland, back and forth many times, threading his way in and out among his fellows and kinsmen—loving, blessing, telling them of the things that make for peace and righteousness; and, more, St. Columba appealed to the individual man as man, leading him to see and believe that the joy that was making its home in his heart everyone might lay hold of and possess for himself.

Living, as St. Columba did, in an age when the common mind invested the noble acts of its saints and heroes with a halo of mystery and romance, it is no easy task to sweep away its cobwebby visions and arrive at real facts in the lives of noted characters in that remote past. Happily, however, much information concerning St. Columba, particularly his scope of work, has been preserved, and made accessible to the students

of church history. This being the case, we are enabled to see and discuss St. Columba with an understanding and freedom which were impossible had not loving hands lent themselves to the task of writing him up for the benefit of those who should come after.

The 7th of December in the year of our Lord 521, the folk in the wild and desolate region of Garten, in the north of Scotland, were enlivened by the news that Providence had sent an infant to make his abode among them. Glad news was this to these simple, lonely, unlettered people groaning under the cruel bondage of ignorance, weighted down by the exactions and arbitrary taxations of tyrannical masters; they hoped that this newly-born child would live to scatter sunshine over their darkened lives, and show them the way out of their dreary servitude into larger liberty, for to them as to other men the world over, liberty was *life*, the want of it death. So they dreamed their dreams of future deliverance, perhaps silently fighting their way to an emancipation which meant a restoration of manhood, until the coming of the day when they could say one to another "Our boy is a man."
. . . The boy had grown to vigorous man-

St. Columba

hood. He lived many beautiful and useful years; toiling amongst his lowly neighbors in and near Garten, giving to them freely of himself, enriching their lives, more even than they had deemed possible, and ere he passed away he had the righteous satisfaction of seeing vast numbers of his countrymen turn from their idolatrous worship of an unknown God to the knowledge and reverent worship of the Just and Holy One. The man was obedient to his vision, and careful to impart its interpretation to his people. Their gain was real, and, needless to say, a higher civilization with its material advantages followed in the wake of this mighty spiritual outpouring.

St. Columba came of royal lineage, a circumstance which in his day counted for much in his favor, and undoubtedly gained him access to certain people and places that otherwise would have remained outside his reach and personal touch. To-day we look beyond the mere trappings of royal blood, and are learning to take a man for what he is, and not for what his forebears were. Thus it is the man Columba as he stands before us in his entirety that we consider.

At his christening St. Columba was given the name which signifies in Gaelic

The Wolf. In later years when the inappropriateness of the baptismal name became too obvious, Wolf was relegated to the dark shades of the Irish forest, and the name of Dove bestowed as a natural substitute.

Fortunately for himself St. Columba possessed a wise and ambitious mother; detecting in her son an intelligence of a high order, and the quality of leadership of his fellows, she spurred him on to the cultivation and exercise of his native gifts and powers.

Of a fervidly religious nature herself, the mother of St. Columba wished with all the intensity of one to whom God is supreme, that her son labor to bring others into the fold of the Good Shepherd. She would not have him go forth into the world's field to meet ignorance with ignorance, but he must arm himself for the fight. How better could he do this than by obtaining an education that would fully equip him to meet and conquer the enemies of the faith on their own ground.

The mother left no stone unturned until she had secured for Columba the best masters in ecclesiastical history that Ireland then afforded.

After spending several years in profitable

St. Columba

study at home, Columba repaired to Moville, where he entered a famous monastic seat of learning: here he applied himself to strenuous study, sitting at the feet of the learned St. Finnian, from whose hands he received deacon's orders. Before finishing his scholastic course at the monastery, and possibly feeling the need of relaxation from his somewhat arduous mental toil, he took a trip to Leinster, where he met, and, one may add, converted the bard Gemman. Not unmindful of the services rendered him by St. Columba, Gemman as thank-offering, instructed him in all the arts of which he was master.

Columba was musical to an unusual degree. He was fully aware of his gift of song, and under Gemman's careful guidance his voice was greatly developed and strengthened.

The bard blended praise and blame so judiciously that the quick-witted student eagerly seized and adopted the best of everything offered him, not merely in musical, but along literary and artistic lines as well.

After bidding goodbye to Leinster, Columba entered the Seminary of Clonard. Here as elsewhere he won high honors as a student. Companionship was as much a

necessity to Columba as the air he breathed. He found his mates at Clonard cold, distant and unresponsive: something had to be done, and at once, to thaw them out. Columba judged, and rightly, that only manly love was the sun to restore them to life. Acting upon this judgment he stretched forth hands of friendship to student co-workers; they in turn cheerfully responding to an affection secretly longed for, dropped their reserve, which in reality was but a veneer to cover their natural shyness, and gave to Columba in full measure the friendship which he craved.

St. Columba remained at Clonard until he had taken priest's orders, and probably until he had finished his collegiate and ecclesiastical education.

At the age of twenty-five the practical work of life began for Columba. Within a year after leaving the gray walls of Clonard, he founded the monastery of Derry; seven years later the Monastery of Durrow sprang into existence through his instrumentality. Between the years 546 and 552 Columba opened several other institutions of learning in different parts of Ireland.

In 563, for some reason which has never been fathomed, Columba resolved to break

St. Columba

loose from his Irish home and labor, to cut the Gordian knot that united him to the land of his birth, and to plant the cross on Scottish soil, and carry the gospel of peace and goodwill to the half-savage natives of lonely heath and barren moor. Up to that time the word peace was but a mocking jest to these rude tribesmen. Christ they knew not, their lives had never been blessed by the give-and-take of brotherly love and neighborly feeling in their highest sense. Warfare was the chief business of their lives. It is therefore not surprising to read that they had sunk to a low level in the scale of humanity. But when these perishing brethren most sorely needed a deliverer Providence sent His dove to feed them with the bread of heaven. Leaving all he held dear in the old life, without so much as a backward glance, Columba arose and followed the leading of the Spirit and the Voice.

One morning in the month of May when the sun shone with spring-time youth and joy, and the sparkling sea was also in the best of spirits, St. Columba and twelve companions, all more or less closely related by ties of blood, set forth on an apostolic mission to the Isle of Iona.

Let us run down to the shore and take a look at the plucky Argo ere she speeds away on her quest. We find, indeed, a curious craft. We should judge it to be 60 feet in length, made of wicker-work, covered taut and tight with hides, the hairy side inward. The captain and crew are dressed alike, and a picturesque lot they are, their simple attire comprising but a white tunic, over which is worn a hooded robe of undyed wool; shoes of stout leather complete this costume. The dress of these Christian Argonauts was poor and plain, but ah! the hearts it covered were rich in love they were burning to share with others, and at any cost, even to the laying down of their lives. In the currach are stored blacksmiths', carpenters', and such other tools as will be required in the construction of the new home wherever it may be. Due attention is paid to the provisioning of the boat, enough water, milk and food is carried to last them for a good voyage.

In one corner of the skiff, protected from wind and wave, is a particularly precious parcel containing hand-written copies of Holy Scripture, as well as parchment upon which other copies were to be transcribed, wax tablets, styles, pens and ink.

St. Columba

A cruise of a few days brought the missionaries to Iona, their destination. Here they landed, and hardly had they set set on shore when they began their concerted activities and administration.

Iona had long been a bone of contention between the Sco's on the one hand and the Picts on the other, each faction claiming ownership and control of its territory, and to this day it remains a moot question as to whom it then lawfully belonged. The Scottish chieftain was not a man of valor. It mattered little to him what religion his tribe professed. The missionaries might come and go, build chapels, preach to their hearts' content, provided they let him alone, and permitted him to live the life of his own choosing without disturbance or criticism—therefore his attitude towards the new arrivals was that of passive non-interference. Later on we shall see the pagan indifference turned into channels of Christian activity under the revivifying power of the Cross.

Brude, the Pictish king, was the lion in the way of the dove, and him St. Columba determined to beard in his den: waiving all false ceremony, St. Columba and his intrepid band had hardly landed when they

marched in a body to the royal fortress. At first Brude was by no means disposed to open his gates to the invaders. Druidism was good enough for him and his subjects. Why should he permit a body of religious fanatics, as he considered these strangers and foreigners, to enter his stronghold, infuse a new faith and wipe out the cult so fondly adhered to not only by themselves, but by their ancestors as well, and for more generations than they could count? Yet nothing daunted, the godly assembly chanted their evening service, St. Columba singing as a solo the 45th psalm. His penetrating, magically sweet voice, added to his extraordinary beauty of countenance, completely won the day. Ere long the gates were thrown wide open at the order of the conquered Brude. Then and there Columba and his friends were given to understand that they were welcome to begin and carry on their mission, a permission they lost no time in availing themselves of.

The freedom of the island secured, and a suitable location selected for a monastery, building operations were begun without delay. The community home consisted of a cluster of wicker huts, within a small enclosure, each brother possessing one for sole

St. Columba

occupancy. St. Columba's house, perhaps as representing headquarters, was of a rather more substantial order than the others, with a frame-work of planks; of furniture there was little, and that of the rudest. The head brother's bed was a skin stretched on the bare, hard cabin floor; his pillow, like Jacob's of old a stone.

Life within the community was orderly in the extreme, the brothers devoting their time solely to toil and strengthening prayer, and at evening's close taking their needed rest and sleep with hearts filled with the joy of honest labor well performed. The brotherhood meeting-ground was the refectory, where they gathered three times a day for meals.

With little or no help from the outside world, they were forced to depend upon themselves, and consequently early learned the lessons of sturdy self-reliance. Soldiers of Christ were these men, fighting under His banner, or in quiet moments walking in His footsteps.

From the monastery scriptorium issued many a copy of the living Word, for we are writing of an age when printing was unknown. Every book of the Bible was written with the minutest care, and under the

direct supervision of St. Columba, who himself was an exquisite penman.

A thoroughly all-round man was St. Columba; every endowment of nature was sanctified to the Master and used in His service. He handled an oar with the skill of a professional oarsman; he could dig with the vim of a day laborer, and lend a hand at grinding meal in the primitive quern brought over in the currach from Ireland. Yes, he labored unremittingly, putting the prayers of his soul into whatever he did.

As age crept on, and his natural powers began to fail, he would content himself with merely supervising, and cheerily encouraging his brother toilers. So vivid was his personality that they always declared when St. Columba was with them it was impossible to feel fatigue of any kind.

King Brude's conversion was the means of opening the eyes of his people to the worth, the *realism* of the faith once delivered to the saints. From admiration of St. Columba as a personified, significant force, to love of him as a man was but a step, and ere he died St. Columba was proud to number amongst his increasing host of friends the once haughty Brude. The Scottish chieftain, yielding to the persuasions of the

St. Columba

missioners, became not negatively almost, but positively a Christian. His coronation as a king occurred shortly after his acceptance of Christianity, the ceremony of consecration being conducted by St. Columba. Not content with founding a church for the islanders, wherein their souls were fed, St. Columba likewise established a school for the development of their minds. The fame of this institution soon became noised abroad. Crowds of youths, Christian and pagan, enrolled themselves as pupils in the new seminary. The instruction comprised everything then considered necessary for a liberal education—Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Literature, Sciences, Art, Music, Architecture, Medicine figuring prominently in the curriculum. Scripture study was insisted upon and for all.

St. Columba literally prayed without ceasing. Every undertaking, whether personal or institutional, was begun with an appeal to Heaven; yet, such was his humble selflessness that he ascribed as much efficacy to others' prayers as to his own. To mention but one instance, while on the verge of shipwreck in crossing the rough sea from Ireland to Iona, St. Columba asserted that his miraculous preservation from drowning

was due more to his friend, St. Kenneth's, prayers than to his own.

One sad day the brothers saw to their infinite sorrow the seal of death upon the face of their beloved leader. They said in hushed whispers, "The end is not far off." And they were not mistaken, for St. Columba had already reached the parting of the ways between this and the higher life.

The month preceding his last, St. Columba paid a farewell pastoral visit to his helpers throughout Iona. As he was far too feeble to walk he submitted to be borne in a litter to the different points of visitation.

The Sunday before he died, while walking in a field adjoining the monastery, a favorite horse came up to St. Columba and affectionately rubbed his head against his master's arm. The poor dumb beast seemed to know intuitively that the end was approaching. St. Columba, sympathetically divining the knowledge that prompted this action, gave him a parting blessing. That same Sunday, turning to a friend, St. Columba said: "In Holy Scripture this day is called the Sabbath, which means rest; and to me it is indeed a Sabbath, for it is the limit of my toilsome labor in this world, and a final rest."

St. Columba

With his feet on the brink of eternity, St. Columba addressed his loved ones in the following words: "My last request, my dear children, is that you live in perfect charity and peace with one another."

His passing away was notably absent in the tragic or dramatic features which too often characterize the dying moments of lesser lights. St. Columba died as he had lived—calmly and happily. Hastening to church at the tolling of the midnight bell, he knelt in prayer before the altar, where, falling in the attitude of rapturous devotion, he surrendered his soul to the God who gave it.

Under the benign influence of St. Columba and the religious brothers the island of Iona was, during their occupancy, transformed into a lovely garden. Situated in a sheltered corner of the South-Western Hebrides, washed by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, and by its position screened from the boisterous winds and devastating waves of the nearby ocean, the spot was a gem in itself. The climate was so uniformly mild, the soil so fertile, that the islanders cherished the belief that Nature had stepped in and wrought a miracle on their behalf. Until the missionaries arrived to enlighten

them as to the productiveness of their home land, the inhabitants did not trouble themselves to till the generous soil, feeling quite satisfied with what sprang from it spontaneously, or with the smallest modicum of cultivation; but later on they became seized with divine discontent at existing meagre conditions and determined to set about to better them.

They appealed for help and advice to St. Columba. Profiting by his instructions, they put hands to the plow and learned for themselves the secret of winning the best from Mother Earth.

In spite of his many and marvellous successes, St. Columba was unable wholly to exterminate Druidism from Iona, but the leaven of Christianity implanted by this good man had penetrated all classes so completely that not long after his final departure the death knell of the false cult was sounded, and the last lingering spark of Druidical fetichism was utterly stamped out from the Garden of the Hebrides.

For thirty-four years Iona was the home and headquarters of St. Columba and his mission band. During that time the brothers travelled far and wide, with feet shod for carrying the message of Christ. They

St. Columba

scoured the Hebrides, pierced the mountain fastnesses of Scotland, plunged into the wilds of Ireland, appeared in well-known cities.

After St. Columba's death the work which he had initiated was for many years carried on by members of the order which he had founded. The church and monastery in Iona suffered repeatedly from fire and pillage, for the savage hordes who descended upon this favored corner neither respected nor spared the things devoted to God. In the tenth century Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, restored the monastery, but in the course of years this was allowed to crumble into decay; even the church itself, sad to relate, became a heap of ruins.

To this day pilgrims flock to Iona, if not to pray at its neglected shrines, at least to view the spot from which so much went forth to turn men's thoughts to God above. Even after the church and religious houses had fallen a prey to consuming time, people regarded the Holy Isle, as it has long popularly been called, with almost superstitious veneration and awe.

The greater part of Iona's available land was consecrated as a cemetery; for more than one thousand years chieftains and

kings of Scotland, Ireland and Norway were buried here. Out of three hundred and sixty of its monumental crosses but one remains; that is covered with Runic inscriptions which, I believe, are still decipherable.

God's word will not return to Him void. While He buries His workmen His work still goes on, steadily gaining in volume as it advances. St. Columba, though dead, yet speaketh. The good news proclaimed by him and his handful of men still finds its way to others, to the glory of the great Redeemer.

FAITHFUL JAMES

BLACK of face but white of heart was the man of whom I write. I have never been able to learn how or where he acquired the title of Faithful, but of this I am persuaded, that if any mortal ever earned or deserved his high title, James did.

In every particular and detail of daily life, James lived up to his calling—he was a servant, pure and simple. His mission was to minister. His feet were always shod for errand-running, whether indoors or outdoors it mattered not to him. His hands were ever in readiness for the performance of any task required of them. As he toiled his face shone with the fine joy of doing for others. Watching James at his work, we changed our minds about a servant's calling ranking the lowest on the round of the world's labor ladder, for this man James truly ennobled toil; drudgery under his willing fingers dropped its sting. Toiling and serving in his humble way, and for a pitiably small wage, James showed us flowers of beauty blooming in the garden of

duty that we never dreamed could grow and flourish there.

My acquaintance with James extended through a long, intensely cold winter. He was employed as man-of-all-work in the boarding-house wherein I was a guest, but his chief task was that of making and mending fires. James had never so much as heard of the eight-hours' system. He asked no hours off for himself; from early morning until late at night he was either trying to coax the stubborn furnace fire to do its duty, and make it hot for us, or seen trudging upstairs, weighted down with scuttles of coal for the open fires of cold-blooded guests.

As James tip-toed from room to room in order to leave nothing undone, he would repeat his orders over and over to himself in the expressive phraseology of his negro dialect. Many a time, on returning late at night from a party or concert, have I seen James patching up a poverty fire in the hall-stove. The mercury in his poor bed-room might be playing around the zero point, but for all that the rest of the house must be warm. Servants in my country are particularly noted for late rising; not so with James. I dare not say how many times I

Faithful James

have been roused from a delicious early morning slumber by hearing the faithful one raking down ashes or putting in coal.

The entire household, mistress, maids, the wise professor, the grave student, the gay and giddy schoolgirl, all made use of James, and he spent himself freely for all; but the light of his eyes, the joy of his life, was tiny, golden-haired Margaret. What cared he for her petty tyranny? It was all forgotten in her smile of thanks which, though rare, was very lovely when it did come, and well worth waiting and working for. Anything done for "Little Missy," as James called his fair beloved, was done as for an angel. James possessed one of the highest attributes of Charity, in that he thought no evil of anyone. Every neighbor's reputation was absolutely safe in his keeping, and he took especial delight in letting his friends know his good opinion of them. I one day handed him a small gift, and, to cut short his profuse thanks, asked what he liked best to read. Now, James was past master in gentle diplomacy, and his reply was characteristic and framed with a view to pleasing me, so he answered, "Oh, Bibles and hymn-books and those sort o' things." Did ever serpent and dove more

happily meet and mingle than in this reply?

James' politeness was as elaborate as that of any drilled and cultured veteran diplomat. Had it not sprung from a Christian heart we would have considered it far-fetched, hollow and false. As it was, we put it to many and severe tests and found it to ring true every time.

Meeting James in the porch one cloudless day, after a pleasant exchange of greetings I ventured to ask if it were going to rain. Ignoring the absurdity of my question, or maybe crediting me with a marvelous keenness for scenting an approaching storm in the wind, James modestly returned the answer he imagined I sought, and softly lisped, "Yes, ma'am, lady ma'am." I certainly received a triple extract of politeness that time.

In our house lived a fair-haired angelic young man, whom all with one consent nominated "The Saint." One Saturday evening, as I sat in my room burning out my eyes over too long-delayed mending, I overheard through the half-open door the following snatches of conversation issuing from the lips of The Saint and Faithful James.— "Try it on, James, see if it fits." A pause,— during which the recipient works himself into the proffered garment. Another pause,

Faithful James

broken by the grateful thanks from the man to whom no friendly gift comes amiss—"It fits nice, sah, thank you sah."

Presently I heard our dusky friend tip-toeing up the creaking stairs leading to his attic bedroom. As he entered his chilly room, these words came floating down from the regions above, "I reads a chapter every night, sah, before I goes to bed, sah." Happy saint, happy James!

One day while going from task to task we detected a limp in James' gait; further, his patient face wore an expression of keen physical suffering.

'Twas hardly believable that this faithful creature whom we had almost grown to think was put into the world to be hands and feet for us was not made of cast-iron, but of flesh and blood and subject to the pains and aches and other ills that attack, pull down and wear out frail humanity of whatever race or clime, but 'twas even so.

Yet, while regretting the approaching loss of a ready, willing servitor, we were cut to the quick to note the visible signs of an unmistakable inward struggle on our friend's face—the lustreless eyes, the twitching mouth told a tale that all could read and take to heart.

James neither whined nor moaned. He

made no appeal for sympathy—but he was forced to admit that he was worn out. One twilight hour he took leave of us for a much needed rest in his little country home. As the days wore on rumors reached us of James's returning health, but he never quite recovered his old vigor and cunning.

Many were the letters we wrote begging him to return to his old field of labor and make himself generally useful to us all. To these epistles he would invariably make answer that he had retired from business owing to ill health.

Faithful James was a brother to us all. We missed him keenly. We never found anyone to fill his corner and be to us what he had been. If sighs and wishes could have brought him back he would have returned, nevermore to leave us, but he had fulfilled his mission amongst us, and gladly did he accept the gift of rest that labor bestowed after years of honest toil.

In the gradual course of time we learned from others whom James had served of his unswerving fidelity to them.

Some day James will doubtless receive from other lips than ours the crowning meed of success,—“Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.”

MADAME RECAMIER

FRANCE has always been especially distinguished for her unique types of notable women. The free mingling of men and women in the salon, where beauty, learning, art, any valuable acquisition or endowment is brought to light and made to shine as it could never do in the severe domestic atmosphere alone, has been the chief cause of the Frenchwoman's predominance as a society leader. In Madame Récamier we see the most beautiful as well as the most celebrated queen of French society. France has placed her in a niche which no other woman has dared or even hoped to approach.

Madame Récamier, née Juliette Bernard, was born in Lyons on the 4th of December, 1777. Her father, Monsieur Bernard, was a well known broker. Moving to Paris when their daughter was a mere child, the parents left her at the convent of La Déserte in Lyons. Here she passed several years in the seclusion and sanctity of a beautiful, almost ideal school.

In after life, when memories of youth were forming themselves into sweet pictures, she

wrote to her friend Chateaubriand, "From this serene and innocent period of my life, I turn with regret to one of turmoil. The former comes back to me sometimes like a vague sweet dream, with its clouds of incense, its innumerable ceremonies, its processions in the gardens, its chants and its flowers." At the age of ten she joined her father and mother in Paris, and had her education pieced out in one way or another until she arrived at young ladyhood, when she was formally introduced to the world. Her sole accomplishments were music and dancing. She played the piano and the harp as one might say nicely. Later on she added the organ to her list. She danced exquisitely, and with the free delight of one who loves and is master of her art. One dancing figure in which she particularly excelled suggested to Madame de Staël the famous shawl dance in Corinne. Madame Récamier never posed as an intellectual girl or woman. Her charms were those of heart and face. Some writer in speaking of her says, "She was fascinating from her birth." Not the least among her individual charms was a certain coquetry, (without at least a touch of which no woman can ever expect to be thoroughly

Madame Recamier

charming). She was not without consciousness of her personal power; but this very consciousness was something that was felt rather than seen. She never employed it for the purpose of bringing herself into notice; but simply by indirect means to benefit those in need of her friendly assistance. And never did she make the fatal mistake of falling a victim to her own magnetism and powers of attraction. But her friends felt and appreciated her influence long after her kindly presence was withdrawn. To outsiders she was always calm, gentle, sweet and even. Her closest heart friends knew that she had a capacity for suffering as well as for enjoyment. Yet grief, and intense feeling, which is but another name for pain, she locked in her heart, the key of which she jealously guarded. The world was never admitted into her inner sanctum of sorrow. Madame Récamier was above all a social missionary. Her vocation and aim were to cheer, soothe, and with lovely, laudable unselfishness to make life very sweet, very beautiful, well worth the trouble of living.

Previous to their removal to Paris Monsieur Bernard, through the intrigues of his very pretty, aspiring wife, and the per-

sonal influence of Louis XVth's minister, obtained the appointment of Receiver of Finances, a position which immediately ushered him into public life, and gained for him the distinction and recognition from political and high social circles which, of course, Madame Bernard shared. The Bernards entertained largely, and the little daughter, instead of beating her wings against the schoolroom walls, was laughing and chatting with her mother's guests; pleasing by her spontaneous gaiety and unstudied courtesy, and combining very gracefully the unconscious innocence of girlhood with the self-possession of a woman of the world.

Among Madame Bernard's friends we meet Monsieur Récamier: a good natured, agreeable man, not overburdened with brains, and, while not wanting in common-sense, yet unquestionably lacking in strength of character and dignity. Taking a fancy to the winning, petted daughter of the house, he offered her through her parents, his hand as well as his feeble apology for a heart. The parents could not freely and conscientiously encourage this match; there were many things to be taken into consideration on each side.

Madame Recamier

Juliette Bernard was then but fifteen. A girl of extreme loveliness, with a future of dazzling promise before her, and many years of life from which to choose among the throng of admirers which were sure to hover around her. Again, although boasting more than the average share of good looks, a tidy income, and in his world, considered a most eligible parti, Monsieur Récamier was now a middle-aged man, with the tastes and opinions of a man who has long lived in and for the world. The parents took all into consideration, and trembled for the safety of their precious jewel; and with the knowledge of his selfish smallnesses in view, they felt that these as well as the disparity in their ages would be a sad hindrance to mutual affection, sympathy, harmony of thought, aim and idea—accompaniments which we naturally associate with the ideal marriage. So, without direct opposition, Monsieur and Madame Bernard gently endeavoured to dissuade Juliette from taking this step; but she dextrously waived their opinions and brought the parents around to her way of thinking. Although she did not cherish supreme affection for her lover, for some interested motive which friends could never fathom, she decided to marry him.

The ceremony was performed in Paris, April 24th, 1793, before the Reign of Terror had fully exhausted itself. The marriage was cold and loveless—recognized in time by both husband and wife to have been a mistake. And, although no actual disagreement took place between them, they felt they could live better apart than together; consequently a great part of their married existence was spent in separate houses. Let us introduce ourselves to Monsieur so as to form at least an estimate of his character. Thoroughly optimistic, pleasant, jolly, easy going, fond of fun, ready to help a companion out of any and every difficulty, he had from the very nature of things loads of friends. Without deep feeling, trouble never touched him. He would share his last franc with a friend; that friend's death would cause him no particular sorrow, regret or even concern. He could pick up the dropped thread, and go smilingly through the day's pleasure without him.

The guillotine had peculiar attractions for Monsieur Récamier. Rain or shine, every day found him a visitor at the scaffold. He candidly confessed enjoying its horrible executions, his one excuse being, "I want to familiarize myself with it, I may

Madame Récamier

be its next victim." While she was by no means conceited, Madame Récamier was yet not unaware of her gift of beauty, and she was also aware that she possessed indescribable fascinations which other women did not, could not share; and, fearing the effect of these should she mingle in general society in these troublous times, she withdrew, though not without a sigh, from the gay world, and for a period of four years remained in utmost seclusion, neither seeing nor being seen by any one. At the end of this long retirement, feeling a trifle hungry for companionship, she broke her chrysalis, and again greeted the delighted eyes of old friends and associates.

As I have already given no description of Madame Récamier's face, a rapid sketch of it may not be out of place here. Her features and whole make-up were essentially those of a Frenchwoman. She had a delicate, transparent complexion, with just enough color to give it tone and expression, without making it in the least pronounced; red lips, curly dark brown hair falling in coquettish rings over a white forehead, small pearly teeth, nose, mouth and chin in keeping with the rest of the face. But its chief attraction was her rare smile, a smile such

as one sees perhaps once in a lifetime. A smile that reveals peculiar, almost sacred, sweetness of character, and forces one to trust as well as to love its dear owner. Her face and manner indicated pride—but this was her grand defence, and she never offended by a display of it. There is a style of beauty which counts its admirers among certain people, while others seem wholly insensible to its claims. Madame Récamier's loveliness won admirers not only from her own immediate coterie, but from all sorts and conditions of people, high and low bending at its shrine. She never faded, although as years glided by her face naturally lost somewhat of the ineffable radiance of youth. She one day laughingly remarked to a confidante, "I am growing old and ugly." "Why do you say that?" replied her friend. "Oh, because the little boys in the streets no longer turn around to gaze at me as I pass," was the merry rejoinder. It is the custom in certain Catholic churches in France to select ladies of the congregation in turn to pass the plate or bag at morning service. They generally go by twos. Friends are invited to attend the service in question with a gentle hint not to forget to bring their little mite with them. A friend of

Madame Recamier

mine was present at the Madeleine on one of these occasions, and this is what she says of it. Two ladies young and pretty made the entire circuit of the church. As they stood at the entrance of each pew they would shake and jingle their bags a little so as to slightly attract the attention of the occupants. They were preceded on their rounds by a Suisse in gorgeous dress—three cornered hat, red coat, knee breeches, &c. Moving with slow and stately tread, he would strike the floor with his gold-headed mace, as he did so announcing in a loud, distinct voice the object of the charity. "Pour les pauvres," "Pour les écoles de Paris," or whatever the collection was intended for that particular day. This ceremony is also carried on after a church marriage, when two bridesmaids pass the bag, which is made of the same material as the wedding gown. When it came to Madame Récamier's turn to perform this office, it goes without saying the church that particular morning was filled to overflowing. All were eager to behold her whose fairness and goodness had passed into a proverb. The offertory that day was larger than ever before, amounting to about two thousand dollars. Up to this time it must be admitted

Madame Récamier had not penetrated into the innermost sanctuary of the highest society. And surely we may pardon her pride and curiosity for wishing to enter and taste its fruit. Twice a week Madame Récamier went for a drive in the Champs Elysées, at that time the chief rendezvous of the youth and fashion of the gay capital. She at once became the object of such universal and wondering admiration that an introduction to the court circle, to the Directoire even, was not long in following. At a certain fête which Madame Récamier graced, she rose in her chair to have a good look at the First Consul. All eyes were turned from him and fastened upon his fair guest.

Bonaparte gave her his traditional look of scowling scorn which completely terrorized the fair lady. The acquaintance between Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël came about in this way. The Récamiers and Madame de Staël met according to agreement to talk over matters relating to the purchase of the house formerly owned and occupied by Madame de Staël's parents, the Neckers. The bargain was soon completed. A friendly, agreeable conversation followed. These two women actually fell in love with each other on the spot. From that

Madame Recamier

moment a friendship began which never cooled, never wavered; but with David and Jonathan-like intensity continued until death. Shortly after this friendly business-like talk the Recamiers established themselves in the Necker mansion. Not content with this palatial home they purchased a second house at Clichy, a picturesque chateau not far from Paris. This was in reality for Madame Récamier's express benefit, for she was the sole occupant. Her husband came out every night for a brief visit. This over, he returned to the town house, there to patiently await the coming of the appointed hour, when he might again see his wife. Thither came also that brainless dude Lucien Bonaparte. Madame Récamier heartily disliked this man; but, on account of his relationship to Napoleon and his standing at court, hardly dared appear other than friendly towards him. Lucien wrote her several tender epistles, always signing himself Romeo, probably to match her own name Juliette; and finally, in the white heat of passion, poured out his whole soul in an extremely silly love-letter. Madame Récamier carrying this fellow's effusion to her husband asked what was best to be done in the matter? How to treat the idiot? Her

husband advised her on no account to offend the brother of the First Consul, to continue inviting him to the house, nothing more. Lucien soon discovered the drift of her feelings towards him; and in a short time the would-be admirer left her for women more susceptible to and grateful for his smiles and flatteries. Madame Récamier well understood how to wield her native courage and when to call her dignity into play. She was never known to utter a cutting or reproving word; yet a certain indefinable something in her manner indicated unmistakably her displeasure; and no one dared forcing an intimacy upon her which his instinct warned him would be unacceptable. Madame Récamier disliked Napoleon, while he in turn was intensely jealous of her. Wellington and Madame Récamier had been the best of friends. But, in an unguarded moment, the old hero made a remark which forever lost him her friendship and esteem. It is odd that these world-renowned heroes should have been the only persons Madame Récamier ever brought herself to despise. But, in justice to Madame Récamier, let me say that her dislike of Napoleon arose almost entirely from his cruel, unfair treatment of Madame de Staël.

Madame Recamier

Immediately upon hearing of her friend's exile Madame Récamier wrote a spirited letter to Napoleon, from which I will give a few extracts. "I had a passionate admiration for Madame de Staël, and this harsh and arbitrary act showed me despotism under its most odious aspect. The man who banished a woman, who caused her such unhappiness, could only be regarded by me as an unmerciful tyrant." Napoleon, hearing Madame Récamier talked about on all sides, determined to see and know her intimately; thus adding a popular name to his long and increasing list of satellites. He made a feast and bade her to it. He intended she should sit next him at table, to take precedence of all the other guests of the day. Through some mistake she was shown to and occupied another place. The little man was furious. He could not comprehend the mistake, and refused to accept Madame Récamier's explanation; with hateful venom looking upon the whole affair as an intentional insult to himself. A long time elapsed before he could become sufficiently reconciled to forgive Madame Récamier. But even his stony inflexibility could not forever withstand her magically feminine charms, and, his anger having gradually spent itself, he sent his

minister Fouché to seek and fetch Madame Récamier to court, where he had arranged for her to act as maid of honour to one of the Royal princesses.

This offer was naturally extremely distasteful to Madame Récamier, but, not wishing to exhibit any violent opposition, she answered with the wisdom of the serpent, and the guilelessness of the dove, that her timidity, her love of independence, her husband's need of her and dependence upon her prevented her accepting this offer, and with fine grace and tact she thanked the emperor for the honour he had shown her in selecting her to fill this position, while giving him also to understand that her refusal was final. Again Napoleon was angered. He was not accustomed to being thwarted. He could not imagine anyone daring to dispute his will and authority. In revenge he said he should regard as a personal enemy anyone who visited Madame Récamier. One evening as he was passing her house his eagle eye detected three of his ministers softly and cautiously closing the street door; stepping up to one of them, he inquired how long since the Council of State had been held in Madame Récamier's house, adding, "More honour could not be shown to the

Madame Recamier

wife of a field-marshal of France." While in the flush of her almost dizzy triumph, feted, praised, or silently admired by all, a terrific crash came. Monsieur Récamier suddenly lost his immense fortune. Finding himself in temporary financial straits he applied to the bank of France for a loan of one million francs to tide him over his difficulties. Monsieur Récamier was well known and respected in business circles. His word was as good as his bond, but government would not hear of his promise to pay, and peremptorily refused the money. It is said that Napoleon's hand was in this refusal. In her early married life Madame Récamier's father having offended Napoleon was thrown into prison, and in danger of suffering death for his petty crime. Madame Récamier, armed with the mighty weapon of filial love, earnestly and eloquently pleaded with influential friends to brave the anger of the haughty despot, and intercede for her parent's life. They did what she asked; and she and they gained the day. The father was set free without even the formality of a trial. Had she humbled herself to beg the loan her husband asked, this favor, too, no doubt, would have been granted her. But her pride would not allow

her to fall a second time at the feet of a man for whom she cherished neither liking nor respect. Before their failure was well known, even anticipated, Madame Récamier had sent out invitations for a grand ball. The news of their loss came just before the event; but instead of recalling the invitations the plucky woman received her friends with her customary cordiality—to all appearances as gay and vivacious as in the palmiest days of wealth and luxury. As they gazed upon that ever lovely smiling face little did her guests dream of the worm gnawing at the heart of their hostess. But intimates tell us that all through the evening she felt as if she were the prey of a horrible nightmare.

Madame Récamier was truly noble in her poverty. She sold her jewels and plate and practised the strictest economy in dress, style of living—everything in fact, and did her very best to help restore her husband's fallen fortune. Happily her well-directed, brave efforts helped him to rise again, and, although unable to live as in former days, they never again suffered the privations they were forced to undergo at the first wreck.

Madame Récamier's mother, the being she

Madame Recamier

loved best on earth, died in 1807. The daughter fled for comfort to her beloved friend Madame de Staël. The latter was then spending her renowned exile in Coppet, Switzerland, whither she had been driven by Napoleon's jealous fear and hatred. Here Madame Récamier met Prince Augustus of Prussia, nephew of Frederick the Great, and it cannot be denied that a warm attachment sprang up between these two. Madame Récamier fell in love, probably for the first time in her life. She and the prince were continually together, taking country strolls, rowing on the lake, and indulging in other dangerous delights. Flattered and pleased by the intensity of his affection, Madame Récamier encouraged her admirer to hope for a consummation which could never be realized. He, in turn, loved Madame Récamier most ardently, and knowing but too well the frailty of the bond that united her to the man whose name she bore, he implored her by every eloquent term to have the marriage dissolved and unite her name and fame to his own. I grieve to say that Madame Récamier so far surrendered herself to the passion of infatuation that she wrote to ask her husband's consent to a divorce. He did not

actually refuse her preposterous request, but wrote a letter full of the devotion and tenderness which declining years suggested, finishing his letter by saying that if she were determined to free herself from him that he should insist upon her obtaining the divorce outside of Paris. This touching, almost tearful epistle recalled Madame Récamier to her wifely duty, and although she could not give her husband the affection he meekly sought, yet she consented to relinquish the prince and hold to the partner of her married joys and sorrows; appreciating the fact that in spite of the coldness hitherto existing between them he at least had never proved unfaithful to her. Yet, notwithstanding his failure to secure a wife in Madame Récamier, Prince Augustus loved her till the end of his life. They met several times again, although at long intervals, and three months before his death he writes, "The ring you gave me I will carry to the tomb." Napoleon carried his enmity for Madame Récamier so far that he could not rest until he had banished her as well as her friend. Returning home from a short visit to Madame de Staël at Coppet, Madame Récamier was met at Dijon by her husband with the tidings that she was

Madame Recamier

exiled forty leagues from Paris. The first eight months of her exile she passed in Chalons. Here as elsewhere she was visited by hosts of friends whom neither the emperor's avowed displeasure nor personal poverty could drive away. Becoming tired of Chalons she pushed on to Lyons. Her husband's family still lived here. They were kindness itself to Madame Récamier, doing all in their power to lighten her exile, and make her stay in that city an agreeable one.

At the hotel where Madame Récamier lived while in Lyons she met the Duchesse de Chevreuse. She, too, had treated Napoleon with disdain. He wished to give her some prominent though none the less humiliating position near the Spanish queen. The proud lady sent the emperor word that she would willingly be a prisoner but she would never be a jailer. Banishment was the price paid for this refusal. The years 1813-1814 Madame Récamier spent in Italy, making Rome her chief headquarters. She went there a stranger, without introduction or influence. But it goes without saying, in a very short space of time she soon became well-known in the fashionable world, and was felt to be a powerful magnet in the

social circle in which she moved. Her salon on the Corso was the scene of many brilliant assemblies. Ballanche went often to see her in Rome. His eccentricities caused his friends, not even excepting Madame Récamier, many a smile. Let me give but one instance of forgetfulness. One afternoon as Ballanche and Madame Récamier were doing the lions, glancing at him, probably to answer a question, she noticed her admirer was hatless. She immediately said, "Where have you left your hat?" "Ah," he replied, "it is at Alexandria."

One day while visiting Canova's studio in Rome the sculptor showed with great pride a clay bust of herself which he had just completed. The figure wore a veil, was unique in conception and very beautiful. And yet its beauty did not appeal to her whom it represented. While she thanked her artist friend sweetly and graciously for this delicate bit of flattery, she could not altogether hide her disappointment. A crown of olives was added, and the head of Beatrice substituted for that of Madame Récamier. A copy in marble was executed and sent to Madame Récamier after Canova's death. Madame Récamier's three years' exile was now drawing to a close.

Madame Recamier

She finished it by visiting Naples and Rome alternately. In Naples she saw a good deal of King Joachim and Queen Caroline. Political and social troubles were pressing heavily upon them, and in Madame Récamier they found a loyal friend, consoler and adviser. Upon the fall of Napoleon, Madame Récamier, now a free woman, hastened on joyful wings back to Paris and the old, familiar haunts she loved so well.

Her husband had recovered his fortune, and she was able once again to entertain in the style of bygone days. But that tyrant, Fate, decreed her pleasure should be short-lived. She was doomed to another bitter awakening. She discovered that Monsieur's wealth was again slipping away, and that the poor man was growing too old and feeble even to make an attempt to regain it. So she generously shouldered his debts, shared her own fortune, and provided for him like a fond daughter. Madame Récamier retired to the Abbaye-au-bois, a small convent in a quiet part of the city. Here, in a brick-floored room, up three flights of stairs, she lived in almost ascetic seclusion. Her room was small and bare, her food plain and scanty. But what did that matter? Did not that stout heart and

joyful presence shine out and brighten the gloomy surroundings like the lone star in a dull sky? At the end of six months Madame Récamier moved into a fairly large suite of rooms at the Abbaye-au-bois. She invested these rooms with all the loveliness of her unique personality. Her favorite pictures, bric-a-brac, piano and harp gave the little nest a thoroughly comfortable, homelike appearance, easy to reach, but difficult to get away from. Among her guests we notice the Duchess of Devonshire, Duke of Hamilton, Lady Davy and Sir Humphrey Davy, Maria Edgeworth, Sir Alexander Humbolt. Monsieur Lamartine's famous "Meditations" were read aloud at the Abbaye before coming under the searchlight of the public eye. At Madame de Staël's dying bedside, 1817, Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand met for the first time. The acquaintance thus formed grew into a friendship which has been described and represented in such totally differing lights. Some say that each felt helpless, unable to exist without the companionship of the other. Others declare the affection to have been stronger on his side.

Again, while we are told that while Madame Récamier loved Chateaubriand, his

Madame Recamier

temper never rose above the atmosphere of calm, agreeable friendliness. In all probability outsiders know next to nothing of the nature of their mutual relationship, at least beyond the fact that it was very real, very durable, and served to knit together two sweet souls until the finger of death tore them rudely apart. It must not be supposed that Madame Récamier's friendships were confined exclusively to the sterner sex. Reading her biography will convince us that she intrenched herself as firmly in the feminine heart as in the masculine citadel. Not the least among the interesting number of women friends are counted Queen Hortense, Madame Salvage, Madame Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, of whom we have spoken more than once. Duc de Laval writes, "My two aunts dote upon you. It is a spell that none of my blood have been able to escape. Three generations have been under the yoke."

A word as to Madame Récamier as a letter writer: While Madame Récamier keenly enjoyed receiving letters from her many good friends she heartily disliked writing, and on this account was by no means a voluminous correspondent. It is to be regretted that so very few of her let-

ters have been preserved, for her friends seem never tired of sounding their praises. Madame de Staël says, "What a charm there is in your style," sentiments echoed over and over again by Ballanche, Chateaubriand, Duc de Laval and other fortunate correspondents. Madame Chateaubriand was thoroughly aware of her husband's feelings in regard to Madame Récamier, and, so far as we can see, was not in the least jealous of their friendly attitude towards each other; but, on the contrary, loved, even clung to, Madame Récamier with almost sisterly affection. Madame Chateaubriand was a devout Roman Catholic. Her very soul seemed absorbed in her church and its manifold charities. When in need of funds to carry on a pet scheme she does not hesitate to ask Madame Récamier to use her utmost influence to help her out of difficulties. "Your kindness is inexhaustible when a good work is in question," is what she says in a certain eloquent appeal, finishing thus, in the somewhat stilted, though none the less cordial and friendly phraseology of that courtly day, "Be assured Madame, of my warm and unchangeable regard." Another day Madame Chateaubriand urges Madame Récamier to hasten

Madame Recamier

home from a visit, slyly putting in this little word for Monsieur Chateaubriand, "What will he do if you stay away so long?"

Upon the death of Madame Récamier's father, Madame Chateaubriand sent a most touching and pathetic letter of condolence and cheer. This letter alone, were no others written, will serve as a key to the genuine, disinterested regard Madame Chateaubriand never ceased to feel for Madame Récamier.

Chateaubriand's letters to Madame Récamier would fill a good-sized volume; and despite the varying opinions expressed regarding the sincerity of his feelings towards his friend, the letters breathe nothing but the tenderest, most unquenchable devotion and admiration for her. A few lines quoted from his lengthy correspondence will, I think, give more than a hint as to the depth of his attachment, "I only exist in the thought of never leaving you whilst I live." "You alone fill my life; and when I enter your little cell I forget all my trials." "While I live, I live for you."

This intimacy continued in undiminished force for thirty years. Every afternoon from four to six the lowering sun would smile upon the two friends sitting side by

side in their accustomed places. No visitors were permitted to break in upon the sanctity of those quiet hours. They were left to talk of what they liked, alone and undisturbed. In course of time both Madame Chateaubriand and Monsieur Récamier died. One lonely evening Monsieur Chateaubriand asked Madame Récamier to marry him. She replied: "If we married, Chateaubriand would have nowhere to spend his evenings." Monsieur Chateaubriand never quite forgave Madame Récamier for refusing to marry him. But although she would give him no particular reason for not consenting to the step, she probably felt in her heart that in marrying the invalid Chateaubriand she would necessarily be obliged to relinquish all freedom and independence of action, and, in surrendering and devoting herself wholly to him, only a mere fraction of her time could be given to friends. Beloved charities and favorite occupations which long habit had endeared and made second nature to her must also suffer. So, with all in view, we can hardly wonder at her refusal, but would be greatly astonished were it otherwise.

Not long before her death Madame Récamier gave a musical and literary *soirée*

Madame Recamier

in aid of the suffering people of Lyons, whose homes were destroyed by an inundation of the river Rhone. Her appeal for charity everywhere met with a spontaneous, generous response. Everyone seemed anxious to lend a hand towards pushing on the worthy benevolence. Lady Byron paid 100 francs for her ticket. Duc de Noailles provided the refreshments. Marquis de Verac furnished carriages for those who could not walk to the entertainment, and dear old Chateaubriand acted as master of ceremonies. A glance at the programme suffices to show that performers and performance were of the very highest order. Among those who took part on this memorable evening we observe the notable names of Rachel, in her inimitable rôle of Esther; Madame Pauline Viardot, Garcia, Rubini and Lablache—a sufficiently brilliant company of celebrities to assure success anywhere, particularly at a well-known salon like that of their hostess. The life Madame Récamier led in her convent home seemed to deepen and intensify her natural sweetness and beautiful character. The spirit of its former, pious inhabitants still clung to its rooms. The memory of their noble lives and unshrinking, unselfish devotion to

the duty marked out for them was a holy benediction to Madame Récamier. She consecrated herself anew to good deeds, and became indeed a meek sister of charity. By and by her two loyal friends, Ballanche and Chateaubriand, passed out of life. Madame Récamier keenly felt the shock of their death. The desire to live lessened materially. She sadly missed the friends to whom she rendered much assistance and who were often of great service to herself. An unsuccessful operation for cataract left Madame Récamier quite blind. This trial she bore with uncomplaining fortitude, often remarking it was inconvenient to herself alone, and she could easily submit to it. Madame Récamier continued to live at Abbaye-au-bois until within a short time before her death, when she moved to more comfortable quarters in a fashionable street near her favorite niece, Madame Lenormant. Loss of friends, added to the weariness and trials of advancing years, told their tale, and in 1849 Madame Récamier laid down forever life's task. Madame Récamier belonged to her friends. She was mother, sister, everything, to them. Her salon was not merely a literary and political meeting-ground where people flocked to

Madame Recamier

ventilate their opinions or publish pet schemes. Those rooms were a shelter from the storm, a rest from care, a welcome relief from party strife. People thawed out in her genial presence, experiencing a new, buoyant feeling of hopefulness in her society. Madame Récamier's character was a symphony, in which were exquisitely blended strength, gentleness, refinement, courage and dignity, and all without the least shadow of aggressiveness. She attracted all by her unerring instinct of sympathy. Each recipient of her kindness strove to render his benefactress some return for favors shown. We cannot speak of that life as sublime, heroic, or even grand. Madame Récamier was no fanatic or moral agitator. She had faults and weak points in her character as we have seen. The public eye did not gaze at her as the fair victim of national hate. But was her mission less effective for not figuring as one of these? She embraced and amply filled the golden moments of opportunity for doing good. She exercised continually her faculty of keeping in touch with those around her. We cannot believe her memory will ever really die, but that it will return at times in soft fragrances like the delicious strains of some soft, never-to-be forgotten melody.

MARTHA OF BETHANY

TAKING the story of Jesus and his friends at Bethany just as it stands, without reference to the refinements and readjustments of the critics, we have a human document of great beauty and value.—*Christian Register*.

What a thoroughly natural woman Martha is! She stands for a distinct yet universal type. We find her repeated over and over again in every age and amongst all classes of women. One meets her at almost every turn—in the church, home circle or community, her face is a familiar one. Whether seen within the four walls of her cottage, planning some domestic campaign, or busily engaged in household duties, or perhaps abroad, helping to shoulder some of the world's burdens, maybe essaying to solve certain of its vexed problems, Martha, under one guise or another, is everywhere in evidence, ever with her face to the battle's front, conquering and to conquer. And she will continue a factor to be reckoned with as long as this planet holds together; for, faulty and pessimistic though she be, we

Martha of Bethany

are, nevertheless, forced to admit that she possesses qualities or characteristics that are often lacking in ourselves (I speak as a woman), but of which we sorely stand in need. She has executive ability in no small measure, is an organizer, a leader of women, occasionally of men. Nature and the world at large assign her the rôle of general manager. To use a comprehensive phrase, Martha is an all-round woman. Her sisters, keenly feeling their indebtedness to her, call upon her in season—yes, and out of season—to lighten their loads or lessen their thousand and one difficulties. Martha is brain and hands for her less gifted sisters, and, of course, expected to accept and wear the cloak of accumulated responsibilities which the unready fling upon her broad back. Should some disinterested bystander ask why so much is thrust upon this one woman, he is invariably met with the reply, "Oh, well, she likes it." Perhaps, but "Man may sometimes hae his doots."

Does Martha ever make mistakes and blunders like ordinary mortals? Does she ever fall from grace? Yes, over and over again. But she pulls herself together and rises to her feet stronger than ever; that is, if the Lord is her strength; for, leaning on

Him, she can never stay down; with Him on her side she accomplishes wonders. Saint Luke gives us our first introduction to Martha. Taking us into her humble Bethany home, he shows us Martha and her gentle sister, Mary, receiving and entertaining a guest—not a veiled angel unawares, but a greater than an angel, a Saviour, a King. Their eyes being holden they could not see Him as He really was. To them, at that stage of acquaintanceship, He was but a loyal friend, to their outward eyes He appeared a man of lowly aspect and demeanor, though one to whom sorrow and grief were no strangers. The fuller understanding of Jesus that deeper faith and higher love bring was to come to them like the dew from heaven later on. So little known was this guest of theirs that His closest friends, outside the three dwellers in the Bethany household, were found among the peasant fishermen of Galilee, and others in equally obscure walks of life; for then, as now, "The common people heard Him gladly."

Jesus had entered this home for rest, relaxation and sympathy, the offerings which near friends tender those whom they love. How differently the two sisters receive Him! Mary, in devout adoration, sits at

Martha of Bethany

Jesus' feet, studying to know Him, drinking in the words of choicest wisdom as they fall from His holy lips. Can it be that, as her acquaintance with her friend ripens, she is given the seeing eye which already beholds Calvary and the deathless sacrifice enacted thereon?

Martha's besetting sin is vanity. This blemish stands out in bold relief against the meek Mary's self-effacement. Martha seeks for gratitude from those she serves, and craves, indeed demands, recognition of services and favors conferred. For herself, Mary asks nothing, but counts herself happy at being afforded an opportunity of adding to her store of heavenly knowledge. In Martha's day's programme meditation and the quiet hour have no place whatever; life to her means work, unremitting, unceasing toil. Martha's question, "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" followed by the request, "Bid her, therefore, that she help me," reveal the weak spot in her character. Some consider this appeal for assistance an admission of domestic fatigue or weariness on Martha's part too heavy to be borne alone. That may well be; but I am inclined to believe that Martha had likewise another motive in

making this request or command, call it what you will. It was to draw the Lord's attention to herself as chief entertainer and actual head of the house, and by so doing win His commendation for her strenuous efforts on His behalf. But this God-man, this searcher and reader of hearts, knew His entertainers thoroughly. Their lives, past and present; their strength, weakness, possibilities—every trivial incident and accident of their mortal lives were to Him as an open book. He saw and judged, as man, by reason of his ignorance and blindness, could not.

How telling was the rejoinder which followed, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." This divine assertion serves the double purpose of reproof and praise; for, while chiding Martha for needless anxiety and overwork as hostess, Jesus also by these same words conveys His thanks for her hospitality, which, however, He doubtless wished were on a less lavish scale, more in keeping with the simple mode of life to which He and they were accustomed. Mary's watchful, if silent, devotion was far more pleasing

Martha of Bethany

in the Lord's eyes than Martha's bustling toil, and the Lord did not hesitate to hold the mirror up to Martha, wherein she saw reflected her own egoism side by side with Mary's unquestioning self-surrender.

Change is a law of growth: even the overconfident Martha bows to this law. Saint John in his Gospel ushers us into the presence of a new, or rather a transformed, Martha. We take knowledge of her that she has been with Jesus. She is already beginning to see the coming cross, and to cherish a longing to hold up its arms.

When Lazarus was sick the sisters lost no time in sending for Jesus, believing Him to be the one and only physician who could effect a cure. "Now, Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus." Aside from the Christ love cherished for all mankind, Jesus, no doubt, felt that His influence in that family, based upon the affection given and returned, would be a silver trumpet call to herald forth His name and works, and proclaim abroad God's almighty gospel of love. Martha and Mary have yet to be sifted. The crucial test of character and affection comes when their beloved brother is allowed to die without the healing touch of the Great Physician of whom they stood

in sorest need, and for whom they have sent in such haste.

The evangelist draws the curtain over their sorrow: it is too personal, too sacred to be paraded before the curious public. Saint John merely mentions incidentally, as it were, that many Jews came to comfort Martha and Mary concerning their brother. In verse 20th of the eleventh chapter the sisters are again brought into vivid contrast. Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met Him; but Mary sat still in the house. Martha will be second to none, even as a bearer of sad tidings. Mary, meantime, entered into the great silence, and in that calm, still moment, softened by her recent sorrow, by the help of God drove out from the temple of her heart every thought of offence to the Sinless One, thus presenting to Jesus upon His arrival at their home a heart pure and whole, coupled with a receptive, understanding mind. Mary, if we read her nature aright, would be happy only in sharing her store of sacred knowledge with others less favored than she and her kin had been.

We have noted Martha's gradually increasing faith. The acme of her belief in Christ finds expression in the exclamation,

Martha of Bethany

"Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Martha's religious conservatism dies hard. While adhering to the generally accepted belief of the Jews in the resurrection at the last day, she can hardly dare to believe that the laws of nature will be suspended on her family's behalf, and that a miracle will be performed in their presence and for their benefit. Who can gauge the love of God? Not Martha, although she is mounting the altar steps and getting nearer and nearer the Father's heart. His goodness faileth never. In His sight the individual is as precious as the vast multitude. Martha's avowal comes at last, belated, yes,—but sincere. She gives Christ the recognition for which He has long waited, offering heart and intellect on the shrine of her faith. No sting of jealousy troubles Martha now: gladly does she run and tell her sister the Master calleth for her.

Later on, Mary, upon meeting the Saviour, utters precisely the same exclamation as her impetuous sister uttered, but in a far different tone. Whereas in Martha we detected a slight trace of querulousness, Mary's manner is that of deepest humility and conviction in the unbounded power of

Christ. She has been much with Jesus of late, and, like the other Mary, kept His sayings so much in her heart, that perfect trust in and love for Him—the outcome of this close association—have crowded out all thought of doubt or reproof of Him.

Visiting Bethany again at the Passover season, Jesus turns His steps in the direction of the sunny home where, to Him at least, a cordial welcome would never be denied. They made Him a supper—that little pronoun “they” proving conclusively that Mary’s hand helped to mix the cup of loving service. The risen Lazarus sat a silent guest at the table.

Mary poured the precious burial balm over the head of their sovereign guest, and Martha served. The last recorded act in her homely history is that of cheerful assistance.

We have followed Martha’s career, and seen her character deepen and strengthen, and the spiritual side of her nature unfold and expand. Mary fulfilled her part, Martha held her place. Martha was not faultless, but she kept her faith in Jesus, remaining His loyal disciple and servitor to the end, and to her may the praise be meted, which was first bestowed on Mary—“she

Martha of Bethany

hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away."

Our Lord stood at the meeting and the parting of the ways. The Old Dispensation, in all its magnificence of ritual and prophetic ceremonial, reached its culmination and attained its fulfilment in Him. The New Dispensation with its varied possibilities for righteousness started into being with Him.

Mary and Martha in a modified degree represent the two dispensations, particularly on the spiritual and social sides—Mary, a true daughter of the Orient, embodying very beautifully the departure of the ancient civilization and the highest it stands for, while Martha strikes the keynote of modernity and progress.

Mary's influence still lingers in the world, and Martha is ever with us. We need both sisters: they are indispensable. It is not altogether beside the mark to assert that the leading personal characteristics of Martha and Mary are, and ever will be, constituent elements of womanhood.

A PEEP INTO THIBET

THIBET is the latest prize on the globe's carpet, and to England we rejoice to say, belongs the meed of praise for her re-discovery.

Lord Curzon, reputed to be the best informed living authority on India and Indian affairs, alarmed at the encroachments of the Thibetans into northern India, their disregard of the boundary posts between the two countries, and their many depredations on the frontier, warned the English government of her danger in this direction; after several months of correspondence on the subject, Curzon finally persuaded England that it was her duty to look into this matter with a view to her own safety in India. Thereupon, a number of years ago, a mission was dispatched from India under the escort of Colonel Younghusband and General Mac-Donald. After difficult marches over precipitous mountains and wind-swept plains, and a few skirmishes with hostile natives, involving loss of life on both sides, the city of Lhasa, their goal, was at last reached.

A Peep into Thibet

After a certain amount of parleyings between the representatives of the two powers in question, a treaty, with the terms of which we are all familiar, was duly signed and sealed.

Thibet is variously and appropriately designated, "the forbidden land," "the roof of the world," and "the closed land." The Thibet of our school-days was but a name and a place on our atlas map of Asia, and to our imaginations as empty and useless as Wordsworth's "painted ship upon a painted ocean," for of the country and its inhabitants our meagre atlas told us nothing.

Years passed when that astonishing woman Madame Blavatsky, a Russian lady of title, dropped meteor-like into the ranks of the Theosophists, now in one place, now in another, electrifying them by her hair-standing-on-end recitals of Mahatmas, re-incarnated souls, and other fairly-like tales of a kindred nature.

While in the flesh Madame Blavatsky remained an unknown quantity; we knew nothing of this weird, uncanny creature beyond the simple fact that she claimed Russia as her birthplace, and a title as her inheritance.

Madame Blavatsky took the public suffi-

ciently into her confidence to tell them that she had dwelt for months in complete seclusion in Thibet, visiting its monasteries, ingratiating herself with the monks, and readily absorbing what the wily Lamas chose to divulge of their traditions of early esoteric Buddhism, this lore to be again imparted to the cult of which she was high priestess. Since her death we have learned that Madame Blavatsky was undoubtedly a spy in the employ of the Russian government. While acting in the capacity of chief apostle to the Theosophists throughout the world much knowledge of an intimate and gossipy nature was gained in her journeyings oft, to and from her devotees. These whisperings, whenever they concerned affairs in Russia, especially that bearing upon that nation's standing towards other powers, Madame Blavatsky turned over spy-like to her masters, they, of course, using the intelligence thus given them to the furtherance of their own ends.

Reading between the lines we discover that England's predominant object in invading Thibet was not, as many suppose, the mere renewing of her broken treaty pledges of 1890-3, wherein an open door of trade was guaranteed to India, and through her to

A Peep into Thibet

England, but it was, above all, to expel the Russians who were obtaining a foothold in the country, and preparing for a possible encounter with English or Chinese adversaries by storing arms against a day of battle; altogether making themselves as much at home in Thibet, as they had previous to the Russo-Japanese war been in Manchuria, but from which, a few years ago, they were unceremoniously ousted by the resolute Japanese.

England is often laughed at for being too trustful and unsuspecting; fortunately, for herself, she was not blind to Russia's little game; the lion saw that if her rival were not driven out of Thibet with pretty considerable haste she would lose no time in stepping over the border, and make trouble in China at one end and on the Indian frontier at the other. Thus when it was made plain to the Russians that England meant business, she held up her hands, and let the English walk in and try their luck at winning the land.

However, it is not the political situation that we are about to discuss, nor even the country itself, much as these may interest us, but the people—the living, breathing men, women and children. To be sure, we

are seeking new avenues for trade, but we would also like to help the Thibetans socially if we can, and are hoping to arouse them from their centuries of sleep, to help put them on their feet, and enable them to take their place with the intelligent portion of humanity who are working shoulder to shoulder in the broad field of action.

Those who have studied character in its relation to climate, soil and environment, assure us that people, as a rule, partake of the general physical characteristics of the country in which they live. This is true to a limited extent of the Thibetans. Nature has withheld her bounties from their homeland, making it cold, bleak, almost treeless, practically minus vegetable life. The inhabitants possess the traits one associates with the northern peoples. The reason for these racial likenesses are too obvious to need explanation. We are told by those who ought to know that the Thibetans are barbarous. Yes, they may be *now*, but they have not *always* been on the lowest rung of the ladder; their acquaintance with the mechanical arts, their skill in weaving, the manner in which they fashion their ornaments and jewels; the scholarship and ele-

A⁷Peep into Thibet

gance of their Buddhistic writings, all unite to disprove this assertion.

The Thibetans are separated from us by many years of educational, scientific and mechanical advance. They are content to live as their forefathers lived, and will continue to be satisfied with the ancient régime, until brought face to face with Western civilization, and the opportunity is afforded them to test and prove its superiority to the old and worn-out order of things.

The first move they will take will be a shaking-off the yoke of the Lamas, whether of the red, yellow, or black order; they will throw away their prayer-wheels, give up devil-dances, refuse to believe in the myths and demons who have held them in bondage from time immemorial, accepting in place of these false deities Christianity with its sweet and ennobling influences. This regeneration will issue in a new era of freedom and joy to the down-trodden woman; it will bring her education, and a consequent intellectual and moral uplift; instead of growing up in ignorance and becoming in early womanhood the slave-wife of a family of brothers, she will rise by her new education and self-improvement, and become the respected wife

and helpmeet of one husband—that man, like herself, a Christian.

The boy of Thibet is prepared for manhood from his very infancy. Before he can talk or walk he plays with knives, and when still a mere lad, he undergoes fastings, tortures and tests that would wring the heart out of an ordinary white boy; however, this stringent discipline hardens the victim and makes him a man, and no one charges the Thibetan with cowardice.

Lhassa, the capital, is the only city worth mentioning in Thibet; it stands in the same relationship to Thibet of to-day that Jerusalem did to the Jews of old, being the ecclesiastical headquarters of Lamaism, which is a modified form of Buddhism.

Lhassa is a city of powerful contrasts; the houses of the poorer classes are low, flat, dingy. While the poorest drag out an animal existence in huts too small, dirty, dingy and ugly to merit the name of home, the wealthy, on the other hand, dwell in houses substantially built of granite, the roofs of these dwellings being over-laid with golden plates.

The Thibetan architecture is notably beautiful,—that of the public buildings patterned after the Egyptian style, with this

A Peep into Thibet

difference, the Thibetans were allowed full play in their building operations, and their work bears the stamp of individual talent or taste; whereas, the Egyptians built only as directed by their ruling sovereign, the exercise of their own inherent taste being forbidden; consequently their architecture exhibits the sameness of expression that would inevitably result from the repression of the personal idea.

The Thibetans have a keen eye for color; this is abundantly in evidence in Lhassa; as for the Potala, containing the residence and sanctuary of the Dalai Lama, that is a dream: it is large, strong, of towering height, and very handsome in its unabashed simplicity. This building has three principal divisions, the two outside of snowy whiteness, acting as guards to the centre-house, which is the sanctuary; this is of rich red; stretching down the middle front is a curtain made of brown yak hair. On the white steps of this building one sees red-coated dwarfs sunning themselves; these are probably palace attendants waiting to be called on duty. At the foot of this massive pile is an emerald lawn; in the background rise the gold roofs above mentioned, forming yet another scheme of color. There is little

inside the Potala worth describing; in the temple proper are ranged along the walls huge statues of the Thibetan early heroes or martyrs. They have oddly jolly faces; some are smiling. They evidently took neither life nor death any too seriously. The altar ornaments are exquisite specimens of carving and workmanship, showing the Chinese hand at every stroke of the chisel.

I do not know in what estimation this wonder, I refer to the Potala, is held by the natives of Thibet, but in any other country it would be an object of laudable pride and unceasing veneration. Mere beauty and tradition will not keep a country alive indefinitely; these are days of rapid movement. The Thibetans are rubbing their eyes, and it is gradually dawning upon their minds that they are miles behind in the race of nations. They, that is the people, take most kindly to the English, and are pleased to see the honest British faces in their streets, and jingle in their hands the cool British coins.

The Dalai Lama has made himself scarce. Is it too much to hope that eventually, with the growing admiration and respect for John Bull, the Thibetans will do as did the Fiji Islanders sixty years ago, and ask the

A [Peep into, Thibet

Home Government to take them under her protection and rule. Before this absorption of Thibet is accomplished, her suzerain, China, will have to be consulted and conciliated. This business is a delicate one, and will require time and tact in handling, but it is not an impossible task, for China is growing very old; she finds her vast territories and millions of subjects rather too much of a handful; as she is on good terms with England, the latter will, we are inclined to believe, persuade China it is to her interest to resign Thibet into England's keeping, or to sell a portion or portions for a consideration which each country shall fix upon.

LUTHER BURBANK

A CHARACTER SKETCH

EVERYONE is talking of Luther Burbank, the California miracle worker in fruit and flower. In Burbank we see not merely a florist, he is that and more—he is at the same time artist and physician—his garden is his world, the plants therein are his beloved children, subjects, and models. His magical eye, creative brain, adroit fingers work together as an harmonious trinity in transforming the most unpromising, oftentimes unlovely specimens into wondrous poems of fruit and blossom. Burbank studies, analyzes, understands plants, detects their weak points, discovers their possibilities, or recognises their limitations as the case may be.

Burbank's indwelling mind shines forth in his expressive face. Let us pause a bit, and gaze at it. It has the rapt expression of the saint or lover; the hair, soft and thick, is carefully brushed back from his high, broad, thoughtful forehead, the eyes are a

Luther Burbank

trifle small, though straightforward, and seem to be ever seeking and solving secrets, as his admirers testify to be the case. The nose is romanesque, if one may employ that somewhat disputed word in connection with the central feature of the face, but it indicates refinement and sensitiveness, and, although well shaped, is sufficiently prominent to entitle its owner to enrolment in Napoleon's army of large-nosed generals.

Mr. Burbank is about sixty years of age, but yet he has always dwelt so near the heart of nature that he is still in the prime of enthusiastic manhood. The history of Burbank's life from boyhood up to the present time appears to have been one of increasing promise, steady growth and satisfactory achievement. It is not beside the mark to predict that future years will but add golden numbers to golden numbers of success along the line of his endeavors.

Fifteen acres cover Burbank's garden area proper. Within this fair enclosure at Mt. Shasta are to be found the desert cactus, robbed of its dangerous spines, and rendered edible and wholesome under the master's treatment. Here the white blackberry greets us—there again a bed of sweet-scented verbena is deliciously in evidence; a decade

or so ago the family of these verbenas were totally destitute of perfume.

As a child I remember berating the gladiolus for its unbending, stiff, prim, one-sided flowering. Burbank has changed all that, *his* gladiolus blooms all around the stem.

Who but Burbank could convert a yellow poppy into a red, orange, or white variety, then change it back again to its primitive color? The Burbank rose, which is being pressed into service for hedges, will, we believe, ere long travel eastward, and become as pleasingly familiar and at home in our gardens as the rambler and other friendly roses, not forgetting the increasingly familiar daisy to which he stands sponsor.

In regard to Burbank, it may well be said of his making of many flowers there is no end. Yet brilliant and vivid though his floral creations be, undoubtedly his most practical and telling labors are in the orchard, among vegetables and small fruits. Mr. Burbank's apples afford the one comical touch which makes us think he is human, although highly prized by the indolent epicure and fruit lover. Also they are seedless, and, therefore, will find no place in the hallowe'en party in days to come—for being as they are, seedless, they cannot tell

Luther Burbank

the anxious inquirer who's my love, my dove,
or my heart's desire.

The "pomato" obtained from crossing the potato and tomato is pronounced a luscious fruit. Burbank is particularly happy in his plum culture. He has thousands of varieties of plums, his pet graft being the plum and apricot, which he styles the plumcot.

On and on the lover of plants goes, daily opening up new worlds for our admiration.

Burbank is of course a genius, but oh! the beauty of it, he never poses as one, modestly attributing his many triumphs to his infinite capacity for taking pains.

He is still with us, and long may he live for the world to love and enjoy, for, acting under the inspiration and guidance from on high, there seems to be almost no end to his plant wizardry, if one may so term his genius.

QUALITIES WHICH MAKE FOR JAPAN'S GREATNESS

THE nations of the earth are looking out of their several windows in questioning wonder and admiration at the spectacle of the little brown men marching on to sure and certain victory—yes, I repeat it, to victory, always to victory, for ever since our first introduction to them we have witnessed them slaying and removing uncounted lions in the way, and in these latter days we have found them in battles many, outwitting, trampling to the earth their natural and geographical enemy, the Russian Bear, until he verily cried halt, and whined for peace which the Jap granted him when he cooled down a bit, and promised to keep his paws off the tight little island in the East.

But not alone as a gallant soldier or sailor does the man of Japan distinguish himself: in the college hall his mental acumen and studiousness have repeatedly won him distinction, and proved beyond a doubt that the coveted fruit of the Tree of Knowledge can be as easily plucked and eaten by

Japan's Greatness

a Jap as by a full-blooded Saxon, Celt, or hybrid Slav. His newly-awakened Christianity, his acceptance and unique adaptation of modern civilization to his country's needs, his broad scholarship, and convincing eloquence of which he gives us an occasional example, are all combining to bring him to the fore, and make him a power which we cannot safely ignore, or deal too lightly with.

If we would but take a backward look at Japan's past history, consider its almost unbroken national continuity, or again turn the X-rays on the Japanese as a unit, we would recognize that in spite of his centuries of isolation from the outside world, and the resultant handicaps, his ignorance and blighting paganism, the desire for growth, spiritual and mental, kindled by the Christian fathers in the sixteenth century, had been steadily burning, so that when Commodore Perry gave the Japs a little surprise party half a hundred years ago, and before saying goodbye offered them favorable trade relations with the United States, after a brief parley and show of struggle, they opened their eyes to the many advantages which would accrue to them from a friendly alliance with a compara-

tively new but undoubtedly influential power, and extending the right hand of friendship to Brother Jonathan, threw open their doors to the United States, then later to other and older countries, enormously to their own good and others' gain.

Lest any should imagine that Japan is adopting civilization for the first time, a page in the beginning of her history book will tell us that at the precise moment when Nebuchadnezzar was eating the grass of the field as a punishment, the first Mikado, The Son of the Sun, was wielding his happy sceptre over the flowery kingdom, and his people even in those early days were enjoying as high a degree of enlightenment as any then existing nation; therefore in justice to the Japanese, it should be stated that they never wholly turned their backs upon their former civilization, but rather applying the knife to certain disfiguring excrescences on the ancient tree, they merely married the best of the old and new thought, with the results we are now beholding.

As a race the Japanese men are gentlemen, and it goes without saying, the women are little ladies. In analyzing their character, one perceives perhaps less difference between the conduct and mental calibre of the

Japan's Greatness

men and women than prevails between the two sexes of other countries.

What are the characteristics which our friends possess in common?

First and foremost is their patriotism, which, though so intense as to amount to a passion, puzzles us more than we are willing to acknowledge, for, Christian though they are rapidly becoming, their love of country is in reality a species of fetichism in which ancestral worship, devotion to the reigning emperor, gratitude to the shades of the dead, are curiously and inexplicably blended.

Side by side are firmness and tenacity of purpose and gentle submission to the powers that be. Then are seen the simplicity of the child and the wariness of the astute diplomat. While wondering if they ever intend to break their habitual secrecy and reveal themselves to us a little more freely, some orator or journalist seemingly takes us into his confidence and tells us everything we want to know.

When face to face with Japan, one is reminded of the child's play, "Now you see me, and now you don't," for Japan has many jolly surprises up her sleeve, and when we fondly imagine that self-same sleeve is too limp to harbor another card, our little

brown man merrily shakes it, and out jumps another surprise to convince us that he is as much of a juggler as ever.

But that cruel leveller "They" tells us that Japan is ceasing to be herself, and with her recent initiation into Western ways she is losing, or rather parting with, her winning individuality, and gradually becoming a modern edition of ourselves. Let us hope that too practical day of absorption is still far distant, and that in spite of her strides in the path of civilization she will retain the most charming of her characteristics, and hold her own as a nation of pleasing contradictions, simplicity, strength, courage, respect for those in authority, politeness, and other admirable virtues, uniting to make her great, if not in her own estimation, at least in the eyes of the world. As I review these distinctive Japanese qualities, I am constantly reminded of an incident which fell under my own observation in New York a year or so prior to the recent war. I was one of the dense throng of passengers who had just left the Barclay Street Ferry. While threading my way cautiously through the crowd, there shot by me three figures—two small high-caste Japanese boys, and a young man, evidently their tutor or guardian. It must be admitted that the

Japan's Greatness

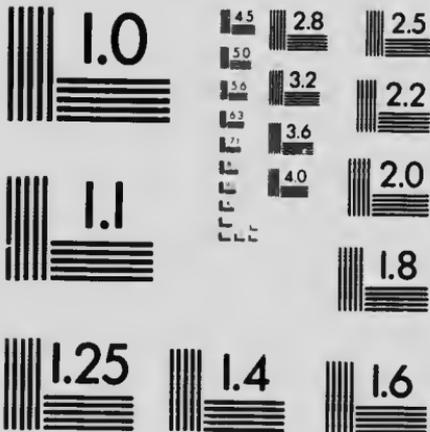
children attracted a good deal of laughable attention by their dress, which, though exquisite as regards fit and material, was in all respects that of full-grown men. As they passed the fruit-stall of a big, burly Italian, the saucy fellow threw a paper bag on the top of one of the Jap's hats. Instantly the boy left his companions, and rushing up to his assailant, with flashing eye and doubled fists, demanded satisfaction for the affront. Neither could speak English, but the cowardly Italian knew enough of the language to mumble "mistake," "pardon," and similar expressions of apology until he made it clear to the diminutive firebrand facing him that no harm was intended. Accepting the apology with courteous grace, after eyeing him for the fraction of a second, and satisfying himself that the Italian's rude joke was hardly provocative of blood-letting, the little chap left him in peace and hastened to rejoin his friends; he and they vanishing from my sight as completely as one of their fabled spirits or goblins.

This incident, though trivial, will I trust, commend itself as illustrative of the Japanese temperament as a whole, and of the Jap's readiness at all times to defend his rights, whether personal or national.



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THE GUARDIAN SPIRITS OF NIPPON

"THIS day the noise of battle, the next the voice of song." The cruel war over, that with its incidental tragedies, as well as its peaceful settlement, will go to swell the pages of history, each contesting side presenting the facts and issues at stake in the recent little unpleasantness as its own national pride or native imagination may suggest.

Let us take a composite photograph of the representatives and special envoys as they gathered together to talk over matters, and arrange terms of honorable, and if possible, uncompromising peace. In the face of each envoy what do we discover but the predominant expression of the particular party he represents. The Russian finds its type in Sergius De Witte; he is a Russian through and through, of a height to rival the pictured Cossack, broad-shouldered, energetic, nervous, wiry; hating control, though when occasion demands submitting with the dignity, cheerfulness and grace of the pronounced diplomat; talkative, too much so

The Guardian Spirits of Nippon

we believe for his own good. Sergius De Witte seems to think he won the day at the conference, or summer school we are inclined to style it—perhaps he did; time alone will show.

One is at a loss to account for the extreme seriousness and strenuousness noticeable in the faces of the Japanese representatives; surely this is not the look they wear in their own land of sunshine, pleasure, smiling beauty, and many flowers!

Baron Kamura's face comes out on top; what a determined unity of purpose, and blending of choice tribal traits that noble countenance portrays. Never have I seen on the face of any living creature such a depth, indeed such a *strength of sadness*. While still unconquered, undoubtedly this war upon which the door has closed, has severely taxed the Japanese vitality, energy and endurance, and these virile qualities are represented and expressed in Baron Kamura's face, which bears the marks of a struggle prolonged to the point of exhaustion. Although scores of the Japanese homes are now lonely and desolate, the penalty the women paid for offering their beloved men on their country's altar, yet the people of Japan as a whole are already

Ranking their sorrow in joy at a good cause nobly won, and with commendable common sense are re-cultivating the arts of peace in their own peculiar fashion.

Shall we pack our trunks, and follow our bold heroes across sea to their sweet and cosy island homes? We shall see many novel sights to interest us, and to live over in fond memory for days to come. Our men are going to homes "pure and simple," not to hotels or boarding houses, for the Jap owns, appreciates and loves his home, small though it be, and has no desire to relinquish its comforts for the somewhat doubtful ease and luxury of the modern hotel palace, or pension.

With the exterior of these houses we are fairly familiar, through the medium of gaily painted Japanese fans, laquer trays, and the omnipresent kodaks.

There is a sameness of style about the box-like houses of Japan, each with its inevitable attachment of a miniature park, wherein are crowded a duck pond or two, or a brooklet, the abode of a colony of highly civilized gold fish, a few shovelfuls of earth, so disposed as to form a peaked mountain, a curved rustic bridge spanning a streamlet, à la willow pattern, not to

The Guardian Spirits of Nippon

mention a grove of dwarf trees and shrubs, of great variety, trained and cultivated to such an extent that hardly a season of the year is without its gift of blossom from their branches.

So much for the outside, and all that it implies of the ancient stereotyped order of things. Inside we find the jewel for which we have sought, the presiding genius of the home, the spirit that keeps alive its hearth fire. She stands before us, bewitching, dazzling, winning—we cannot classify or catalogue her; she absolutely defies description, and this very indescribability and elusiveness adds ten thousand fold to her charms.

Measured by feet and inches, and judged by Western standards, our lady of the flowery kingdom is of childlike proportions, but this is merely a physical measurement. Beneath that fetching butterfly coiffure throbs a brain quite large enough to make itself felt in the wearer's country; underneath the artistically twisted obi beats a heart which well nigh bursts with the passion of loyalty for the island wherein she was born.

One fancies those fairy hands as unable to perform more arduous feats of strength

than pouring numberless cups of yellow tea.

What a great mistake!

Those same hands have received such admirable sword exercise, been so thoroughly drilled in the ancient art of Jiu Jitsu that a ruffian, fierce and muscular though he be, would think twice before daring to attack her in the street.

At the outbreak of the Chino-Japan war 10,000 patriotic women are said to have presented themselves at the Japanese War Office pleading to be enrolled as soldiers; their services were refused, but they nevertheless stood ready to shoulder musket, carry swords, or any other weapon, and go into the field to fight should the supply of male warriors become exhausted. During this late war also an even greater number of gentle Amazons begged for the privilege and honor of fighting. Nothing daunted by a second refusal they returned to their homes. They were denied the right to kill, but none could stay their hands in curing or saving life. They then turned their attention to army nursing, in which they perfected themselves, counting themselves fortunate if permitted to practise it, as some indeed were.

The Guardian Spirits of Nippon

Jewels and household treasures they gathered together and sold to help along the war fund, or, by way of recreation, embroidered the thousand knotted obis for soldier friends, whispering into each stitch a prayer, wish or hope.

These brave women rested not day nor night; they stitched, knitted, rolled bandages, lectured, wrote, saw the fighting contingent aboard steamer or train for the field of action, occasionally slipping Testaments, court plaster, chocolates or other minor luxuries into their comfort bags. Everything that the brain of woman could devise these lovely ladies did to advance the cause to which they were pledged.

The Russians laughed to see their myrmidon foes marching to battle innocently fanning themselves, but they laugh no more, for they lived or died to learn that those harmless-looking instruments carried in each point a concealed dagger, which could do terrible execution when called upon. It is more than possible the fans as well as the fantastic obis were gifts from some feminine faction.

If I have painted the Japanese ladies with rather a vigorous brush it is for the purpose of refuting the popular idea concerning them, this idea being that they

were simpering creatures of bows and rippling laughter, living embodiments of a code of morals which had been instilled into them from earliest ages, the term "the Four Obediences," including the code with all its solemn religious ceremonies and requirements to father, husband, son or mother-in-law must the Japanese girl or woman render unquestioning obedience. Whatever means are employed to compass her ends, the softer sex maintains its distinct personality in spite of the hedges and restrictions by which it is jealously surrounded and guarded. Though small talkers they are by no means behind their Western sisters as bright thinkers. On the emotional side they are affectionate, faithful to the living reality, as well as the untested ideal. Imagination, a quality with which they are universally endowed, enables them to see and value not alone the poetry but the prose of daily life. Thus as daughter, sister, wife, wherever their lot may be cast, for all with whom they come into touch, they possess an indefinable fascination not the less pleasing for being an inheritance handed down from the dimmest, remotest ancestry, whether as dwellers by the sea, or abiding in the broad shadow cast by Nippon's storied mountain.

TRIP

MORE years ago than I can well remember I met a man whom a pitiless fate condemned to class with the "unfortunates." In the mystical days of my childhood he figured as one of its manifold wonders. I cannot furnish you with this fellow's name, for I never knew it—to be frank, I did not then wish to know it, neither where he lived, the food and drink that constituted his daily nutriment, his actual trade or occupation, his marketable value, nor the creed to which he pinned his faith: of all these and much else concerning him I preferred to remain in the bliss of ignorance.

The charm of mystery hedging him in would have disappeared had I known all about him, to use an expression frequently attached to a somewhat too intimate acquaintance with the ordinary every-day friend.

Upon first meeting this man I huskily confided to a trusty chum that he frightened me almost to death, but as I grew to know him better, this fear became gradually swal-

lowed up in absorbing admiration of his romantic personality as depicted in face, figure and general bearing.

To my mind the most interesting, and by far the most characteristic feature of this curious individual was his gait; he moved about with soft, deliberate steps, taking immensely long strides, and, like Wee Willie Winkie, including the whole town in his peregrinations. He was always alone. No one ever took the trouble to cheer him on his way by nod or smile, or offered to lighten his shoulders of their heavy burdens. No vagabond dog or pariah cat was ever known to rub against him or yield him a glance of pity.

Yes, he carried his past with him wherever he went. As he walked he held his head down, scanning the ground like a hunting dog, as if in hopes it would at some fortunate moment deliver up a buried secret of a once happy life.

This man never smiled—scarcely did he trust himself to speak. Poor solitary creature! Why did no saint perceive your sadness and suffering, and, waiving false ceremony, take the initiative and speak to you first? Gradually, I am confident, through the pressure of manly friendliness or

Trip

womanly sympathy, the ice of your reserve would have melted, that proud heart of yours would have forgotten its grievances, at least for the time being; then, indeed, would the lost smile return to those lips that were for decades strangers to smiles, and the stiffened tongue once again find phrases of thanks for the human touch or the hearty expression of good will.

For you, too, were a man, and as such plainly not made to live alone. Yet no hand sought to find the harp of your soul and draw out therefrom its hidden melodies, but one and all left you severely to yourself, a prey to your own carking sorrow and melancholy.

This man's one suit of homespun was thoroughly in accordance with his neutral life, and seemed fashioned with a view to wearing forever. Summer or winter, day in, day out, never do I recollect having seen him clothed in other garments but those home-made ones of sober gray. We children half-believed him to have held spirit communion with the Children of Israel, learning from them as they journeyed in the wilderness the art of making clothes last—a long-lost art, forsooth, one which we, in these days of shoddy garments,

would willingly give many a dollar to acquire.

To return to his name, perhaps I erred in stating that I never knew it, for he, in common with the rest of the world, answered to an appellation. In his case it was none other than Trip. Whether this stood for surname, nickname or name given in baptism, I am as much in the dark about as to cold facts relating to his ancestry, birthplace, early home or childhood.

As years came to vex the lonely man with their burden of untold cares and accumulated miseries, he by degrees let go even his feeble grip of life, and having no will, wish or incentive to fight against either law or nature, he passively succumbed to the scourgings of time; his once rugged face lost its freshness and smoothness, and gradually became a network of wrinkles, his hand began to tremble, his back to bend and contract. We could almost see it go through the process of doubling-up. As a melancholy consequence of the visible alteration in his appearance, the title "old" or "ol'" was tacked on to his name, and from the hour of this re-naming to his last day he was universally hailed by the passer-by as "Ol' Trip."

Trip

In summer, Trip withdrew from the stifling highways and byways of the dusty town, and was lost to sight for the heated term; where he then he took himself was and still remains a mystery. He, in all probability, did not go out of town, but remained at home behind closed shutters, cooling off and amusing himself doing absolutely nothing, subsisting on provisions laid up during his working season, supplemented by scraps gathered at dead o' night from neighboring streets and yards. The days of radiant sunshine over, and finding his funds on the diminishing scale, Trip came out of his hidie hole, rubbed the dust of seclusion out of his eyes, and looked about for something to do, that is to say, pleasant, easy work, enough to occupy without overtaxing him, until the new midsummer leisure again came and took its departure.

Trip was master of no trade, jack of a dozen or more. In the cool days of spring and autumn, when feeling in an industrious mood, Trip would present himself as a labor candidate at the different houses where the semi-annual house-cleaning was in progress. Carpet-beating, whitewashing, umbrella-mending, bell-hanging were all within his province; to these and other small indus-

tries he would apply himself assiduously for a time. Whether or not he finished his stint depended altogether upon his passing mood, for at any moment the call of the blood might reach him, cause him to throw up his hands, and, with his pay for half-done work in his pocket, send him off to parts unknown.

After a few days of absenteeism Trip would again show himself in the streets of the town, his face pallid with fasting and sheer physical weariness. How could it be otherwise when the road to customers' houses was a long, long road, and bread and meat were more than hard to get? For, to tell the truth, his customers everywhere were becoming heartily disgusted with Trip and his slipshod work. More than that, after his departure from their houses, they were likely to find some rare rug, ornament or other cherished penate among the missing; these petty thefts were condoned, but they lost him many a good job, and his place was easily filled by younger, abler and more honest men than himself.

Punishment for his thievery Trip escaped, but not the avoidance of the untempted, nor the significant, cold stare of disdain levelled at him from Pharisaical eyes. No

Trip

dolt was Trip; he, too, possessed the seeing eye, the hearing ear, also the sense or sensitiveness that discerns another's attitude towards oneself. Thus he was by no means blind to the aversion of his townspeople, young or old. As years swept by he ceased wondering why even little children, whom he had never harmed by thought, word or deed, would run sobbing in terror to their mother's arms at his merely asking at the gate, "Does yer mar want her carpets shaken?"

All things come to those who wait. Trip had a fall; naturally, we were not surprised. We simply shook our heads, remarking one to another, "'Twas bound to come sooner or later." To be honest, Trip's habitual reticence and silence, coupled with an unconscious hauteur, had always piqued us. Why should this penniless man, this mere derelict, possess traits of superiority which were so conspicuously absent in our righteous, well-to-do selves? 'Twas monstrous! He deserved the worst that could befall him. By good rights we should have grieved sorely over Trip's deflection; instead, it afforded us material for much laughter and gossip.

But to hark back to the fall. It was a

day in midwinter, intensely cold; the atmosphere was almost pulseless. None ventured out, except those whose business or exacting duty forbade to stay within doors. Tired, half-starved and more than half-sick, Trip, as he shambled along in a perishing condition, chanced to pass a corner grocery. Peeping through the window, he caught sight of a jolly lot of men and boys warming themselves at an hospitable fire. Suddenly a vivid, overwhelming realization of his loneliness, his utter ostracism from society, came painfully home to him. He longed unutterably for companionship, and, throwing caution to the winds, he entered the shop, and, leaping the chasm between himself and the hangers-on around the fire, he boldly joined them, actually sitting down in their midst. Poor man, what a strange reception was then accorded you! The charitably inclined tossed him a half-nod, some two or three even adding a timorous hand-shake; others grunted a belated "Good evenin'." Among these Christian brethren were those whose contempt was too deep for words. They merely held their tongues and said nothing, but their looks cut their victim like a two-edged sword.

Not even the veiled stings and thrusts of

Trip

his fireside associates could altogether unman Trip. Fortunately for his own self-preservation, he still had a remnant of pluck remaining. This stood him in good stead at the present moment. He ignored the ill-concealed slights extended him on all sides, treating them with superb indifference; but while he sat and mused by the stove, another fire burned fiercely within him—the fire of despair. Clenching his hands and pressing his lips together, he vowed that, come what would, he would not leave that shop until he had satisfied his hunger.

Oh, the unseeing selfishness of the well-fed! In a shop full of food not a bite was offered this starving creature.

Rising and leaving the noisy roisterers to chuckle over their stupid witticisms, he slipped away unobserved to the lower end of the grocery; there he met good luck in the form of a barrel of biscuits standing with uncovered head midway between the counters. Satisfying himself that the other occupants of the shop were too much engrossed in themselves to suspect and follow him, he boldly stationed himself at the barrel's side—and, well, you know the sequel. To wash down the feast he snatched

East and West

a measure of cider standing temptingly near and drained it as dry as the proverbial bone. Think you Trip's conscience was dead and gone? A thousand times no; 'twas as alive as ever; it simply slept while he helped himself to his neighbor's store.

The deed done, his inward monitor rose up in judgment against him. However, Trip ere long silenced his troublesome accuser, and assuming an expression of guilelessness, he started to rejoin the merrymakers, not neglecting en route to present himself with a pat of country butter, within easy reach of his covetous hand. This latest prize he hastily secreted in his roomy hat for future reference; but Trip had tripped once too often.

Whether overcome by the close atmosphere of the shop or befogged by the rather too liberal draught of apple juice, it is difficult to determine. Re-seating himself by his one and only friend, the fire, he was about succumbing to its soothing influence and gliding into luxurious slumber, when he was rudely awakened and brought to earth by boisterous shouts of "Trip, Trip, who stole butter?" For there, in very truth, was the melted butter, trickling in yellow streams from under his hat, down his cheek and over his coat.

Trip

Trip's crime was evident; no palliation was possible. He did not linger to dally with useless explanation or apology, but deeming it wiser to save his ammunition for another day when feeling fitter for battle, he beat a hasty retreat, and returned to his wretched home, at war with himself and the world.

It is more than probable that his nunge-compelling tragedy shortened Trip's life; from that day onward he underwent a change, physical and spiritual as well. Had our eyes not been holden we would have noted the look of approaching death in his withered face; but, living in and for ourselves, we saw not the angel visitant. Unmercifully hunted down and persecuted from every quarter, the weary man could not venture beyond his threshold without being pelted by the sneering men and thoughtless lads with the invariable shout of "Trip, Trip, who stole butter?"

We laughed at his peculiar sins, at the same time inconsistently shunning him on account of them. Had we fed him when starving, bought him flannels when demoralized by cold, filled his bin with fuel, taken him to church when Christmas joys or Easter skies were flooding our hearts with

joy and gladness, helped him as best we could to grow, to love, to live, none but the all-wise Father can estimate the result.

Environment and age considered, reformation was hardly attainable in Trio's case, but even the cup of cold water was unproffered.

Upon hearing of his death, we bowed our heads in guilty consciousness of neglect to a neighbor to us all, while sorrowfully sobbing, "We shall know better in the future."

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