IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press.

"We Protestants do not claim that we have the grace to change the nature of the elements, or to confer any supernatural grace," says the New York "Independent." "The Roman Catholics reduce the church and its ministers to those who accept this dogma, and they disfellowship all other Christians. Herein they are schismatic and unscriptural. They exalt a rite above the kingdom of God, which is only 'righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.' But if they will exclude Anglicans and other Christians, they suffer most by their narrowness. It is such exclusiveness and formalism as this that explains the fact that Protestantism is gaining on Roman Catholicism all over the world. There would be no hope for the Roman Church but for the fact that it is growing constanly more spiritual and making more and more of the spiritual life, and less and less, comparatively, of fasts and relics and forms, and even sacraments. For consistency's sake it keeps its old shell; but it is filling it out with life. It preaches as it has never done before. Its unfortunate claim to be semper eadem holds it, nominally, to every error of a darker age, but really those errors are losing their prominence and influence. In their inner life the Roman Church and the Anglican Church in Great Britain and the United States are not so very different, and it was to be desired that the division should not be accented; but this decision was, we suppose, inevitable, from every historical view of the case."

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"The Pope's frank declaration will also clear the minds of a great many people with respect to the true affiliations of the English Church," says the New York "Outlook." "Nothing has been more incomprehensible to intelligent students of the religious life of the English people than the vain attempt of a small body of advanced churchmen and ritualists to make the fundamentally Protestant Church of England Catholic in the narrow sense of the world. The English Church is, as has been so often said of late, a true branch of the Catholic Church, but it is none the less in spirit, in history, and by race tradition a Protestant body. It cannot be anything else without a surrender of its historic standards, a violation of its historic spirit, and a gross infidelity to its historic past. Without the exercise of private judgment and the recognition of the validity of the action of the individual conscience the English Church could not have been. When it ceases to be Protestant it will cease to represent the spirit, the convictions and the history of the English race—Protestant not in the narrow sense of the term as the creation of result of a protest against certain idolatrous practices and certain ecclesiastical usurpations, but Protestant in the assertion of religious liberty in harmony with ecclesiastical order."

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"The Roman Catholic press have already accepted the decision of Pope Leo XIII. as 'a foregone conclusion'—such is the expression used by the 'Tablet.' But the 'Tablet' is either ignorant or untruthful," says the new York "Churchman" (P. E.), "when it declares the Church of England 'for more than two hundred years (after the Reformation) was in its entirety as Protestant as Lutheranism,' for this, if it means anything implies that Anglicanism viewed the sacred ministry as Luther viewed it, namely, to the repudiation of the episcopate. Lutheranism has always been Presbyterian, and has practically held the theory of parity. Against this theory the Prayer Book has maintained the threefold ministry of bishops, priests and deacons, as of apostolic order and authority. What candid student of Anglican formularies, and who that knows anything about the practice and government of the Anglican Church, will hesitate flatly to contradict the 'Tablet' when that journal proceeds to say that 'the elder Anglicans desired to have nothing at all resembling the episcopate and priesthood of the Church of Rome or even of the schismatical (sic) Eastern Churches'?"

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"The Romanist defends his church against attacks upon its confessional," says the "Northwestern Christian Advocate" (Meth.) of Chicago, "by saying that the Wesleyan class-meeting exhibits in the Protestant Church that human impulse which leads a man to confess his sins to others than God. When the Romanist is told that genuine repentance is sufficient to secure God's favor, and that these papal instruments of physical pain are therefore superogatory, the former claims that the English churchmen use these 'disciplines' for analogical purposes. Both are aside from the truth. The very core of the doctrine of indulgences is close to every human heart. He who would atone for a month of sin of any kind is quite willing to do so by abstaining for a brief time from that sinful self-gratification in order to even up things with his Maker. If a sinner wishes to have a season of sin in July, he is even willing to purchase the privilege in advance by a month of self-denial in June. Protestants insist that repentance commends a sinner to God as nothing else can do. Those who aim to make the church indispensable to salvation declare that repentance is too easy for the trangressor, and they recommend to him various penances. In fact, genuine repentance is more difficult and testful than are penances. The latter are temporary, while the former is perpetual and continuous with respect to all kinds of transgression on account of which it is needful."

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"The attempt is made to justify the existence of an Established Church on the ground that it secures correctness of belief and uniformity of practice," says the New York "Examiner" (Bapt.). "The friends of the Anglican Church maintain that it is a great safeguard against Popery. How far this view is justified by facts is a question on which much light is thrown by the large number of members of the Anglican Church who have entered the Roman Catholic Church, among them some of the most gifted of the Anglican clergy and laity. It is hardly necessary to mention the names of Newman and Manning and the Marquis of Bute, a lay convert whose immense wealth is used for the advancement of the Roman Catholic Church. A recent writer in the London "Times," considering at large the outlook for the Church of England, is of the opinion that the situation is serious. Many Liberal Unionists now acting with the Conservatives will favor disestablishment when the time comes; and there is spreading among the Conservatives of Parliament a feeling of indifference in regard to the church. But the most serious dangers are from within. The church is divided; the clergy are not holding their own; while the average of culture and intelligence on theological questions among the laity has risen, the clergy have not kept pace. The growing tendency to priestcraft and the abandonment of the doctrines of the Reformation on the part of the church may one day lead to its overthrow. There are but two alternatives, disestablishment or reform."

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"Ballington Booth, if rightly reported, seems to imply that he received ministerial powers from his father sufficient to constitute him a Christian minister in the Salvationist body, but now in connection with a new body he has thought it necessary to have a new ordination. It is a noticeable fact," says the "Living Church" (P. E.) of Chicago, "that this ordination has been conferred by the authorities of the Reformed Episcopal Church, a body which has decided, as we understand, in its highest legislative assembly, that it will not repeat any ordination which has been sufficient in the body to which a minister has hitherto belonged. It is clear that we have in all this some curious inconsistencies. It seems certain that the affair marks the first step in the transformation of the Volunteers into a sect of the usual character, especially as it is intimated that Commander Booth will now proceed to transmit the 'orders' he has received to certain of his officers."

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"Doubt pure and simple, is everywhere paralysis," says the "Interior" (Pres.) of Chicago, "and nothing else. But there is an activity of faith which is incorrectly and unscientifically called doubt, which has for its office and use the protection of the mind from hurtful delusions. This activity cannot proceed except from faith any more than the hand could operate without the body. For example, a sound financier doubts the value of financial bubbles and booms, and keeps clear of that which wrecks individuals and communities. Why? Simply and solely because he knows, and has absolute faith in sound, true and tried financial principles. His faith in those principles is so strong that unhesitatingly, and without investigation, he pronounces whatever is contrary to them to be false and delusive. To speak of such a man as a 'doubter' is a preposterous abuse of language. Our Lord, the founder of Christianity, asked no man to believe on Him as a matter of credulity. When John sent asking Him who He was, He said: There are the facts. Judge for yourself. The language of Christianity from the lips of its founder, and from all true lips since this day is, 'come and see.' Even the old prophet, a thousand years before did not say, 'God is good; I have said it.' He said, 'Taste and see that God is good, and that he is blest who trusts in him.' Investigate for yourself. Do not take my unsupported word for it. The most perfectly clear and scientific definition of faith in its higher meaning ever given was by Paul, 'faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' Faith is the foundation of the wise man—credulity, the delusion of the fool—doubt, the disease of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual paralytic."

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

He drops the bars down, one by one, and
lets the cows pass through,
Then follows them along the lane as he
once used to do;
And memory whispers as he climbs the
grassy meadow slope,
Of happy days when, long ago, a boy so
full of hope
Used often here to lie and dream upon
the hill's soft crest
When tired of play, his head upon its
daisy flecked breast,
Till leaping dog awakened him with loud
and sharp bow-wows,
To warn him that the time had come for
driving home the cows.

And now he splashes in the brook that
flows from yonder spring,
It ripples, murmurs, bubbles like a bright
and living thing;
Upon its sparkling current here he used to
sail his boats,
And once again he throws a chip, to watch
it as it floats;
Whirling, dancing, jumping, far away
a-down it goes,
Up and down and here and there, with all
the changing flows,
Till out of sight it whirls at last, down
where the channel bows,
As once he did long years ago while driving
home the cows.

And all day long in the meadow, while
raking the fresh cut hay,
The brightest fancies come to him with
the brightness of the day,
And every cricket chirping and the lark
that soars and sings,
The butterfly that dazzles with its brightly
painted wings,
All seem to be companions as he works
and works away,
Till the sun sinks low and lower with the
passing of the day,
And a voice calls through the shadows
and the slowly gathering gloom;
"John, my dear, let down the bars; the
cows are coming home."

—Walter S. Stranahan, in Chicago Record.

The Tame Cranes.

Von Seyffert had a pair of tame cranes which soon lost all fear of man and of domestic animals, and became strongly attached to the former. Their life in a German village, in which agriculture was the sole employment, and the communal system of joint herding of cattle and swine, driving them together to the pasture prevailed, was very much to their taste. They soon knew all the inhabitants in the place, and, until the female crane died, used to call regularly at the houses to be fed. When the female died the survivor at once took as a new friend a bull. He would stand by the bull in the stall and keep the flies off him, scream when he roared, dance before him, and follow him out with the herd. In this association the crane saw and remarked the duties of the cowherd, and one evening he brought home the whole of the village herd of heifers unaided, and drove them into the stable.

From that time the crane undertook so many duties that it was busy from dawn till night. He acted as policeman among poultry, stopping all fights and disorder. He would stand by a horse when left in a cart, and prevent it from from moving by pecking its nose and screaming. A turkey and a gamecock were found fighting, whereon the crane first fought the turkey and then sought out and thrashed the cock. Meantime it always "herded" the cattle, not always with complete success. These were collected in the morning by the sound of a horn, and some would lag behind. On one occasion the crane went back, drove up some lagging heifers through the street, and then frightened them so much that they broke away and ran two miles in the wrong direction. The bird could not bring them back, but drove them into a field, where it guarded them till they were fetched. It would drive out trespassing cattle as courageously as a dog, and, unlike most busybodies, was a universal favorite, and the pride of the village.—Cornhill Magazine.

Forgotten.

What changes mark a single year!
How favors smile and flee!
You mention "Trilby," and they sneer,
And murmur: "Who is she?"

A FRIENDLY CRITIC.

Lenora Campbell was not what you would call a clever woman; nevertheless in the temporary insanity of Ormond Brownrigg, it was she who brought the poor afflicted gentleman to reason. She never could think what Horace Gibson saw in him; and certainly that stringent editor and austere critic must have had a weak side to his nature somewhere. At all events it was not very long after he had become engaged to Gibson's cousin that Brownrigg burst into the office of the "Picadilly Review" with his pockets bulging with manuscripts. He took up a firm position in front of the fireplace, and poured out his soul, while he passionately prodded the hearth-rug wuth the point of his umbrella.

"Well, my boy," said Gibson, at last, "I admire your genial pessimism, but I can't see what you've got to grumble at. You're young, excessively young, in your case an obvious advantage; you're a Government clerk, and therefore an irresponsible person; and you're engaged to my small cousin, Janie Morris. What more do you want?" The editor swung round in his revolving chair, and looked at his friend with critical interest. Brownrigg was a callow youth, with a prosaic body much too long for its clothes, and a poetic soul also absurdly overgrown. He winced nervously under the editorial gaze, and shifted his position.

"By the by," continued Gibson, "what on earth brought you two together?"

"Fate," said Brownrigg, with sulky solemnity.

"Ah! Fate's a matchmaker who won't be cut by any man, let alone a boy of your age. I congratulate you on your good luck."

"It's all very well for you to grin when you're at the top of the tree I want to climb; but how would you like to sit on a high stool (with your head, mind you, bursting with original ideas) and have to copy piles of official letters all day?"

"That kind of literature's not remarkable for imaginative thought, or for charm and dignity of style; all the——"

"All the same it's ruin to a man's English. Besides, it's the injustice of the thing I can't stand. If I'd condescended to prose, if I'd pandered to the popular taste, written, say, a disgusting novel or a frantic romance, I'd have been all right; being a poet, of course I'm stuck into an office to find my bread and butter."

"And then you find it buttered side down. My dear fellow, you're too young to appreciate the artistic irony of the situation."

"Look here, Gibson, if you can't help me, say so. I sent you all my manuscripts under a pseudonym, so that you mightn't be embarrassed by any feeling of friendship——"

"Thanks; it was most considerate of you."

"Yes, but honestly, did you suspect me of having written those verses you sent back?"

"No, my bear boy, to do you justice, I did not."

"Would you mind telling me what fault you found with 'A Soul's Epic'? Really, it's the most sustained effort I've made yet," and Brownrigg produced the manuscript of a long autobiographical poem in blank verse.

Gibson feigned extreme embarrassment at the sight. "I—I hardly know—I may have thought it a little too sustained. You see the 'Review' is limited as to space, and 'A Soul's Epic' would have swamped it for the next three months." He wheeled his chair back to the table and began to look over a pile of papers. Suddenly he uttered an amused exclamation. "I say, you young puppy! You don't mean to say you wrote these studies of Swinburne?"

"Well, yes, I did—but—"

"They're counfoundedly well done. Have you any more of the same sort handy?"

"Loads—all idiotic. I've hacked and polished them till they make me ill. You see, the poet is born, but the essayist is a manufactured article. Those things you admire are purely mechanical; but this little epic was struck out at a white heat; it's charged with—"

"I've no doubt it is; but don't let it off just now. I can't read and listen at the same time."

There was silence in the office for a quarter of an hour, broken only by the creaking of Brownrigg's boots as he roamed from chair to chair. Presently Gibson turned round. "Yes, that'll do. I'll take this, and if you choose you can send me some more like it; not any poetry, please."

"Oh," said Brownrigg a little stiffly, "don't take the things because I happen to be a friend and engaged to your cousin. I prefer to stand or fall by my own merits."

"I assure you I'm not influenced by personal affection. I'm merely pandering, in an editorial capacity, to the popular taste. By the by, does my cousin admire 'A Soul's Epic?' "

"Yes," said Brownrigg, with some emotion, "she says it's a noble poem—rates it as high as anything in Byron, Milton, or Mrs. Browning."

"If you'll take my advice, you'll keep your verse for Janie and your prose for the public. I really think you may do something by and by if you'll condescend to stick to journalism. And now, would you very much mind saying good-morning?"

The poet went away more cast down than otherwise by the prospect of success, for it was not the success of which he had dreamed. As a writer of mere prose he had risen in Gibson's eyes, but he had fallen in his own. At the same time he was quite aware that he had fallen on his feet, for Gibson was one of those people who are always rather better than their word, and to be taken up by him was to be more or less certain of a career.

In due time Brownrigg made his triumphal entry into the world of literature through the classic pages of the "Piccadilly Review." He wrote to Janie and told her all about it, saying, and indeed believing, that it was for her sake that he had made this sacrifice of his supreme ambition, and had consented to work on a lower level for a while; adding that it would not be long now before they could afford to be married. For the rest, he took Gibson's advice, and no longer sent his poems to publishers; he sent them to Janie, inclosed in long, melancholy, autobiographical letters. Janie soothed him by return of post, praised the poems, and prophesied fame for their author.

Janie had always soothed him inexpressibly. She was easily moved to mirth, yet she never smiled at his little solecisms; she never laughed when he tried to play lawn tennis, and slipped and fell about the grass in a variety of curious attitudes. When Brownrigg blushed and looked uncomfortable, as he did a dozen times a day, Janie suffered sympathetic agonies. And yet, when he was made sub-editor of the "Piccadilly Review" a year later, and gave up his government appointment on the strength of it, Miss Janie was by no means overjoyed by his good fortune. To be sure he had told her that they could not be married now for another four years, and she was disappointed. Women are so selfish, he reflected; they take everything personally; and if Janie was going to stand in the way of his career—he did not follow up that train of thought, but went down to Janie and explained the situation. He spoke nobly of self-sacrifice, and her woman's part in the glorious agony of the artist's life. And when Janie heard that she tossed back her head to keep the tears from falling and made her soft little mouth look firm and resolute. This gave Brownrigg a kind of confused idea that it was he who had been resolute, he who had been making sacrifices, and he went back to town feeling greater and nobler than ever.

II.

A state of peculiar mental exaltation is often the prologue to the great psychical tragedies of life, and though Brownrigg knew nothing about it such a tragedy was even now being prepared for him. His connection with the "Piccadilly Review" meant more to him than literary success; it brought also some social advancement. Gibson combined a good-humored contempt for Brownrigg's character with a subdued admiration of his talents, and he had drawn him into his own set, among whom the callow youth posed in an engaging manner as the spoiled child of literature. He appealed irresistibly to the soft side of society; he was as sensitive and impressionable as a woman, and had a charming way of blushing at little compliments like a young girl. When people were not laughing at him, they were always soothing and making much of him. And all the time he had an uneasy consciousness that his success was entirely owing to Gibson's patronage, a thought which sadly embittered his enjoyment, although his egotism had led him to exaggerate the importance of his friend's action. For the great editor was an unconscious tool in the hands of fate when, in an evil moment, he introduced Brownrigg to Miss Leonora Campbell.

Often, too often, Brownrigg tried to recall the sensations of that hour; they lent themselves to no language, and were not to be grasped by thought. He knew now that hitherto he had but been sitting before the curtain, waiting for the play to begin; he had heard whispers from the stage; he had seen a shadow move across the curtain, the shadow of Janie, obtruding her little insignificnat person between him and—Never mind! The curtain had risen at last, life had begun suddenly with a great light and music, and he found himself no longer a spectator, but an actor in a superb play called "Leonora."

She herself, what was she? He did not know. He had begun by trying to fathom her, and floundered helplessly from deep to deep. Then he found out that she was divine intelligence clothed in mortal form; which meant that Brownrigg had gone through life trading on people's sympathy, and, whereas other women gave him sympathy in abundance, this woman did more—she actually understood him.

When a man meets his incarnate ideal, what is he to do? Brownrigg did nothing; he had no head for problems; he simply collapsed under the hand of fate.

He was supremely happy, drinking deep of the poetry of existence, and living in a divine delirium, unshackled by ordinary conditions of space and time. It seemed to him ages since the days when to go for a walk with Janie was a new joy, when to play lawn-tennis with her was a wild-delight, while to sit together under the elms and read "A Soul's Epic" aloud was a transcendent intellectual rapture. The rolling nights and days seized him and hurried him along a dim and perilous way. He was everywhere where Miss Campbell was—in the theater, the concert hall, the ballroom; following her with a reckless persistency, and doing all sorts of mean things in order to get introductions to people whom she knew. He succeeded in most cases, for by this time his eccentricity had become so marked that for one season he was all the fashion. People acquired a taste for Brownrigg as for some curious foreign thing. He might have formed a new school of poetry if they had only given him time, for under this new stimulus his lyric nature had reasserted itself; his works became the property of a select coterie, and he enjoyed a certain mystic and esoteric fame.

Meanwhile his ideal went on her way, serenely unconscious of the drama that was being acted in Brownrigg's soul. Not that he made any secret of his state of mind; the artist's impulse towards self-revelation was too strong in him for that. All his finest feelings centered round the new imperious passion, and what on earth is the use of having fine feelings if you are not to display them? With his peculiar lack of humorous discernment, it was to Horace Gibson that he turned at this crisis of his fate. In spite of his growing dislike and jealousy of the editor, he still grudgingly respected and blindly trusted him. It was the homage which the aspirant instinctively pays to all assured greatness; and next to Miss Campbell, Gibson was the audience for whom Brownrigg reserved his most effective parts.

Midnight, when the day's platitudes are over, is the proper time for revelations; and at midnight Brownrigg sought out his benefactor in his rooms, and poured forth his extraordinary confidences in an eddying flood. Gibson lay back in his arm-chair enjoying a cigarette, while he gazed at Brownrigg through the curling wreaths of smoke. The boy interested him, and when he ceased to be interesting he was always amusing. Some pity mingled with his intense amusement now, as Brownrigg, in evening dress, ramped about the room, thrusting his feverish fingers through his hair (which had grown from flaxen stubble to a long hay-colored aftermath), while his cravat slowly worked its way round under his left ear.

Brownrigg had told his tale before he realized that some explanation was due. Then he brought himself up suddenly before the fireplace, and assumed as calm an expression as his disheveled appearance allowed.

"It's not," he declared solemnly, "because she's beautiful, and has a complexion like a tuberose——"

"Good!" murmured Gibson in a parenthesis. "A less hackneyed comparison than any other sort of rose."

"I don't even know whether her hair's red, or brown, or golden——"

"It's all three."

"Her beauty has nothing whatever to do with it. I've seen beautiful women before. Nor does the fact that she plays and sings divinely weigh with me for an instant—"

"No, my boy; you never had any ear for music, barring your own voice."

"And it's not because she's good and gentle. Lots of women can be that too."

"Janie, for instance."

"Don't, Gibson; you'll drive me mad! Janie's a sweet little thing; but you can't idealize her, you can't fall down and worship her."

"She wouldn't like it much if you did. She couldn't sit still on a pedestal for five minutes together. All the same she's not a bad little latter-day saint, with a straw hat for a halo. By the by, do you ever write to her now?"

"I believe I've answered all her letters—I don't know. Anyhow it doesn't matter—more than anything else matters." He sat down and stared gloomily at the carpet; then he got up and began to ramp about again. "Ah, Gibson, you can imagine the pain, but you can't conceive the ecstasy, the rapture of it!"

At this point Gibson so far forgot himself as to throw away his cigarette, and put his hand up to his forehead. "Brownrigg, don't haunt me in this way, there's a good fellow; for it's my firm belief you're dead and gone to paradise—a fool's paradise, of course."

"A fool's inferno, you mean. I dreamed last night I'd lost her—I made a sonnet on that."

Gibson sat silent for a moment, studying the curious specimen before him. Then he rose to his feet, laughing, and patted Brownrigg cheerfully on the back. "It strikes me we're both rather out of it, and that at present you're enjoying a most beneficent purgatory. I can't give you a hand out, but I don't mind putting up a prayer for your poor soul whenever I've a minute to spare."

So saying he turned down his study lamp carefully, and Brownrigg went away under cover of the darkness.

III.

Gibson had washed his hands of the matter, but only for the moment. Weeks passed by, and Brownrigg grew paler and thinner, longer-haired and wilder-eyed than ever; he developed a passion for strange forms of dress, and neglected his sub-editorial duties, while his jaded brain went to sleep every night on the wrecks of three sonnets and an ode. Then Gibson considered it was about time to interfere. He was sorry for Brownrigg; he was very sorry for Janie; and he was sorry most of all for Miss Campbell. Clearly Brownrigg was not in a state to listen to reason; so he resolved to go to Miss Campbell and open her eyes. It would be a very delicate operation, and he doubted whether he had the necessary skill; it would also be slightly impertinent, and she might very properly resent it; and if she did so, he would feel more or less of a fool; besides, he had called there three times in the last fortnight. Much to his own amusement, the man of prompt and decisive action found himself shaken by a thousand doubts and scruples. So he made up his mind not to go, and went.

Miss Campbell was at home and alone. He found her seated by the window, reading the last number of the "Piccadilly Review." It must have proved either very suggestive or very dull, for she had let the magazine drop on to her lap, and was leaning forward, frowning a little, as if lost in her own reflections. She started as he came in, and the faint blush which had spread over Gibson's forehead was repeated on her own. She was so beautiful that he admitted that Brownrigg might be forgiven, and yet he did not feel in the least inclined to forgive him. That absurd parody of a passion was a profanation of its object.

The editor's task was easier than he expected. Miss Campbell began to talk about Brownrigg of her own accord. She had been reading his last article—had thought there was a slight falling off—his style was usually so good, wasn't it? She paused, steadying her voice a little: "May I say how much this poem of yours——"

It was really noble of Gibson to strike in at this interesting point and explain gently that his wretched subeditor was "falling off," and that he ought not to be allowed to cultivate her society to the injury of his intellect and the detriment of his affairs.

There was something about Brownrigg that appealed to the most chastened sense of humor, and at first Miss Campbell would do nothing but laugh. All at once she became serious. "It was you who told me to be kind to Mr. Brownrigg. What am I to do?"

Gibson suggested that it might be as well to be a little unkind to him for the future. Then he told her of Brownrigg's engagement to Janie Morris. He never quite knew why he thought it necessary to break this news to her piecemeal; it was ridiculous to suppose that she would care; and yet he felt unspeakable relief when he saw her delicate dark eyebrows contract, and her eyes flash with generous indignation. "Personally," he added, "I should like to punch his head; but you can't possibly punch a man's head when his legs are so thin."

"No, and if you did it wouldn't do Miss Morris any good. Leave him to me; I think I can cure him without violence."

As she spoke the door opened and Mr. Ormond Brownrigg was shown in.

Miss Campbell's nerve was equal to the occasion. She received Brownrigg with a careless, unconscious cordiality that excited Gibson's deep admiration. For the first time he became aware of something strange about her, a vivid, unnatural charm, unlike her usual reserved and stately grace. Gradually the strangeness of it jarred on him, and he felt constrained and nervous, and began to wonder whether he looked as foolish as Brownrigg. He tried to get Brownrigg to talk about a book which had just appeared. The poet made incoherent answers and kept his eyes fixed on the graceful figure in the deep arm chair by the window. Miss Campbell showed no sign of interest, but lay back fanning herself and looking at the points of her shoes with lazy, half shut eyes. Then she folded her fan sharply with a click and raised her eyes to Gibson appealingly. "Please don't let's have any more intellectual conversation; I can't understand it a bit. I've been trying hard to be intellectual for three months and I can't keep it up any longer; its much too fatiguing." Brownrigg looked puzzled and framed his lips for a speech which never came. She spread out the pink little palms of her hands with a helpless gesture. "Really the demands made on woman's intelligence nowadays are something appalling. There is only one horrid alternative; either you must know something about everything, and then you're a prig, or you must know everything about something, when you're a bore."

Gibson laughed and turned away; he was beginning to see it. As Brownrigg dropped into the low chair beside her, she made a little face of depreciation. "You're not going to talk books, are you?"

"N-no, not exactly. I—I was only going to tell you that I'm—er—bringing out a small volume of poems shortly. I thought it might interest you."

"So it does, immensely. Of course you'll be interviewed? And of course you'll set booby-traps for the interviewers, and supply them with fictitious information? That's what poets always do, isn't it? How amused you'll be to read the accounts of yourself afterward in the papers. But we must have tea before we discuss anything serious."

They had tea. And after tea she talked pure abstract nonsense for a whole hour, and uttered commonplaces with an air of intense and passionate conviction. As they got up to go, she sighed ever so slightly. "And now, Mr. Brownrigg, you know the terrible truth. I am really nothing but an empty-headed, frivolous woman."

"You think I shall believe that?" said Brownrigg in a low mumbling voice. "You may choose to seem so to others; you forget that I have seen your soul."

"Oh, no you haven't. You've made a mistake; it must have been somebody else's; my soul's never at home at tea time."

Leonora had to confess that she had failed.

That one look from Brownrigg showed that he thought her more adorable than ever. He sent her a large quantity of flowers that evening, and they came in beautifully for her flower-mission in the East End. She wrote him a nice little note and told him so.

IV.

When Brownrigg next found himself in Miss Campbell's drawing-room, his book had been published, and a copy, the gift of the author, was on the table before him. It was very pretty to look at, printed on rough paper, bound in white parchment with gold lettering, "Poems by Ormond Brownrigg," amid a device of passion-flowers. Within, "A Soul's Epic" formed the piece de resistance, to use his own well-chosen words. In a modest preface he had forestalled obvious criticism by an apology for youthful immaturity. On the dedication page there appeared this islet of verse in a sea of margin.

TO L. C.

Lady, if ever in these listless days
A singer's voice be welcome to thine ear,
It may be thou wilt turn aside to hear
The music wrought in these enchanted
lays.

For this thy poet turns each golden phrase,
And love's own lyric voice doth silence
fear—
If such dim hope can make a song so
dear,
Shall it not be thrice dearer for thy praise?

The poet sat in a state of feverish anxiety, awaiting Miss Campbell's verdict. He had led up to it by devious paths, as thus for instance: "You have shown me many aspects of your marvellous mind, and one, indeed, which I had not suspected. It seems I make some new discovery in you every day."

And she had answered: "Indeed? You are quite a natural philosopher. The worst of the natural sciences is that they are so fatiguingly progressive; you never know when you have got to the end of them."

He saw his opening and dashed into it headlong. He said that there was one further discovery he would like to make. He felt that he stood at the bar of her mercy, convicted of a heavy offence (here he laid his hand lightly on the poems), and he had yet to know her in the character of an impartial judge.

And now the verdict was being given.

"I would rather not criticise your pretty book, which I value as your gift; but, as you have asked for my honest opinion I must say I think you've hardly done yourself justice in publishing such very minor poetry, you who can write so delightfully in prose. A man with a career, a definite goal before him, really ought not to indulge in these superfluous gambols by the way." Here she took up the book and began turning over the leaves. "Yes, you have a great metrical felicity—facility, I mean—but your verse lacks the true quality of poetry, charm and distinction." She picked out a sonnet at random, and read it aloud to him. He listened shudderingly; it did lack charm and distinction. "You see what I mean?" she continued cheerfully. "Your melodies are sweet, but reminiscent; one seems to have met with most of your ideas before, and you have found no new setting for them. Forgive me; this is only a friend's criticism; and there's nothing new under the sun, if it comes to that; everybody must plagiarize from somebody, you know. What I mean is that, when you have achieved distinction in prose, it seems a pity to waste your really admirable powers in pursuit of the unattainable."

Brownrigg had sat pulling his mustache during this speech. He now rose stiffly, and held out his hand without speaking.

"I've not offended you?" she asked innocently.

"No. You have only condemned my life-work—that is, me. You may not know it, but I have put myself, the divine part of me, into that book, which you have read in twenty minutes and appraised in three."

"I'm sorry; but you told me to be honest, and my opinion's not final."

"Far from it; it is the opinion of the average light reader who can only grasp one idea at a time, and can't be expected to understand versatility. I am cursed by my many-sidedness. Because I have succeeded in prose, I'm not permitted to be a poet."

"So it would seem."

He drew himself up proudly. "This is a woman's judgment on a man's work."

She saw his suffering and hated herself for inflicting it. But the thought of Janie Morris (his cousin) hardened her heart for the final blow. "Not altogether a woman's opinion. It is shared at least by Mr. Horace Gibson."

He turned a sickly green. He had always cherished the belief that Gibson privately recognized his genius as a poet, while condemning it from an editorial point of view. If she were right the doom of his book was sealed. "Gibson is a literary specialist. But you did well to quote him."

With this Parthian shaft he covered his retreat. He met Gibson on the stairs and passed him without a word.

"Yes," she said in answer to the editor's inquiring eyebrows; "after three attempts I've succeeded at last."

"May I ask how?"

She glanced significantly at the poems. "I merely ventured on a little friendly criticism."

Brownrigg's passion was dead; he had awakened as from a delirious dream. Leonora had labored to deface his ideal of her, with apparent failure; now she had shattered his ideal of himself; and having done this her former experiments justified themselves at once, a result which shows that no honest, conscientious labor is in vain. He felt deeply the passing away of that great love. It roused unpleasing questions. He had loved Janie and forgotten her; he had adored Leonora and—he adored her no longer. Could it be possible that he was fickle? He remembered how in his boyhood he had once made a friend of a man called Haynes; how he wrote a sonnet "To a Young Friend" (Haynes being five years his elder) in which he spoke of holding

"High Converse with a spirit mild and
wise";

And how he excused himself afterward on the ground that these epithets were wrung from him by the exigencies of rhythm and rhyme. For an absurd quarrel had brought that friendship to an abrupt end. He remembered the disenchantment and disgust, and also the satisfaction he derived from the discovery he made after a brief interval that Haynes was a vulgar fellow with no certain control of his aspirates. In like manner he now found out that Leonora was a frivolous doll and an unsexed virago. He made no attempt to reconcile these two ideas; he had received both impressions distinctly.

The question remained, was he fickle? After much anxious deliberation he decided that he was not ficke, but versatile. Versatility was an intellectual quantity, not a moral one, and it was the character of his genius. Having settled that problem to his satisfaction, he went back to Leonora's judgment of his poems. After all, he reflected, what was such a woman's verdict worth, the verdict of a frivolous fool? To assert his independence, he wrote a sonnet that night and called it "De Profundis."

Now it was that he remembered Janie. Janie had soothed him; Janie had admired "A Soul's Epic;" he yearned afresh for her healing love and sympathy. He had behaved like a brute to her, and that thought was agony, because it lowered him still further in his own opinion.

All bruised and suffering he went down to Janie to be comforted. He could not rest till he had raised his own fallen image by the noble candor of confession. He told the whole story of the last six months, in his own manner, without reservation. "I don't know how it happened, but it must have been Fate. I seemed to be in the hands of some beautiful, demoniacal, remorseless cosmic power. My will wasn't my own—it was hers."

Janie shuddered, but she did not drop the hand she held. "It's all over now; let us forget that it has ever been." Thus she forgave him; but she never forgave Lenora, not even when that dreadful woman became Mrs. Horace Gibson.

Brownrigg married Janie. Some people prophesied that their marriage would furnish a problem. Others regarded it as a beautiful illustration of the ingenious law of compensation by which nature settles most problems, nature being economical and evidently intending that woman's office of redeeming love shall be no sinecure. As Gibson observed to his wife, "If people like Brownrigg didn't marry what would become of the domestic virtues?"

As for Brownrigg, he had his hair cut and resumed the ordinary garb of masculine civilization. He sank from the lyric hights of passion to make himself a master of the prose of love; and, after all, it is not everyone who can achieve distinction in prose. Janie alone cherishes the innocent belief that her husband is a great poet; she even reads his verses and admires them all—with one exception. She cannot see the point of the dedicatory quatrains to L. C., which is a strange thing, for, bad as those verses undoubtedly are, they are beyond all question the best in the book.—Macmillan's Magazine.

THE ARCADE!

One Among the Many Pleasant Family Hotels of Sacramento Is the Arcade, Presided Over by that Genial Gentleman, the Proprietor, William Bath.

Mr. Bath says: I take great pleasure in calling the attention of the public to one of our home institutions. The Sacramento Sanitarium, more popularly known as The Neagle Medical Institute, located at 724½ K street.

For more than one year I have been a great sufferer from kidney troubles, with catarrh of the nose and throat. I had severe constipation and indigestion, with bloating of my stomach after eating. I had pains in my back and extending into my hips. The least exertion would greatly fatigue me and I felt tired all the time. My nose and throat gave me great trouble and the cough would keep me from resting at night. I was very nervous and gloomy and worried a great deal about my condition.

WILLIAM BATH.

I was treated by several doctors in Sacramento, but got little or no relief. I saw a great many statements in the newspapers from persons who had been treated and cured at The Neagle Medical Institute and I went there to investigate. From the fine collection and display of instruments and medicines which I saw in the laboratories and operating rooms I was quickly satisfied that the institution had strength and ability, and I put myself under the treatment of Dr. Neagle and associates. Now, after a few months' treatment, I am a well man. I never got such quick relief in my life.

With this experience I can recommend all persons who have any disease to go to The Neagle Medical Institute and be treated. WILLIAM BATH.

DR. NEAGLE is a regular physician, having attended the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, and the Louisville Medical College at Louisville, Kentucky, and graduated with honors. He also has numerous diplomas and certificates for special courses, and has been licensed to practice medicine and surgery by the State Boards of Illinois, Missouri, Colorado and California.

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Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, late Major U. S. Vol. and A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

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WFSu

A SUNSET DITTY.

Moon, she come a-swingin' low;
How-de do, mer lady;
Time foh Mr. Sun ter go.
Meet you by an' by.
Clouds am swingin' in de west,
An' de rainbows build dah nest
Jes' above de mountain's crest—
Ain't no cause ter sigh.

Missie Moon, she smile so sweet;
How-de do, mer lady;
Daylight jes' gib in complete.
Meet you by an' by.
Watch dem colors cross de scene;
See dat pink an' white an' green?
Watah-millions what dey mean.
Ain't no cause ter sigh.

—Washington Star.

A Census Experience.

In the recent census of the county of London, the occupier of a tenement handed back a blank paper to the collector with a confused statement that it didn't apply to her. "And where do you live, then?" asked the bemuddled enumerator after a long struggle to disentangle witness. "Where do I live? Why, where should I live but in my own 'ome?" "Well, where is your home?" "This is my 'ome, of course it is." "But you said just now that you didn't sleep here last night." "No more I did. I never slept a minute all night long, and my 'usband 'e'll tell 'e the same."—Household Words.

It is said by some writers that the game of dominoes was known to the Jews in the time of Solomon.