PULPIT AND PEW.

PHASES OF INTOLERANCE IN RUSSIA.

Wide-Awake Methodist Women—Picturesque Prayers—Conscience Money—Notes and Comments of Interest to Church People.

Poets should not reason;
Let them sing!
Argument is treason—
Bells should ring.

Statements none, nor questions;
Gnomic words,
Spirit cries, suggestions,
Like the birds.

He may use deduction
Who must preach;
He may praise instruction
Who must teach.

But the poet duly
Fills his part
When the song burst truly
From his heart.

For no purpose springing,
For no pelf;
He must do the singing
For itself.

Not in lines austerely
Let him build;
Not the surface merely
Let him gild.

Fearless, uninvited,
Like a spring,
Opal words, inlighted,
Let him sing.

As the leaf grows sunward
Song must grow;
As the stream flows onward
Song must flow.

Unless? aye,—for measure;
Roses die,
But their breath gives pleasure—
God knows why!

[John Boyle O'Reilly.]

Russian Intolerance.

Russia is the only Christian State where not only propagandism is forbidden to other creeds and reserved to the national Church, but where even the spontaneous conversion from the latter to another creed is heavily punished by the State. That this is the case we shall see in examining how far it is true when Mme. Novkoff says: "In Russia you may be Protestant, Catholic, or Mohammedan. You may practice your rites and worship God in your own way, and also bring up your children in your creed." From the reign of Iwan III. to this day the history of Russia has been one of constant conquest, and, in extending ever anew her frontiers in Europe and Asia, she was obliged to give a legal status to the religion of the annexed countries. Since Peter the Great at every new acquisition the Czars promised to respect the religion and the public worship of their new subjects. The German was allowed to remain Protestant, the Pole Catholic, the tartar and Khirgiz Mussulman, the Israelite Jewish. How far these promises were kept we shall see further on. But all these creeds, which, in the official language are termed "foreign confessions," are only authorized for the conquered provinces and immigrated foreigners, not for the Russians of old Russia; a Protestant or Catholic may turn Orthodox, an Orthodox dare never desert the Established Church—nay, a Jew is not allowed to turn Protestant or Catholic. In a letter to Mr. Naville Mr. Pobedonoszeff declares:

"That, Russia drawing her vital principle from the Orthodox creed, it is a sacred duty bequeathed to her by history, and an essential condition of her national existence, to discard from the Orthodox Church everything which might menace its security. According to the opinion of the high procurator, in Russia the Western creeds, far from having abandoned their domineering pretensions, are always ready to attack not only the power, but even the unity of the fatherland. The Government cannot admit the liberty of their propaganda, it will never allow the children of the Orthodox Church to be torn away from it and to be enrolled in foreign confessions. This Russia declares in her laws and confides for it in the justice of Him who alone governs the destines of empires.—The Edinburgh Review.

Wide-Awake Methodist Women.

An open letter to Methodist women, signed by some notable ones, is just published on the subject of the recently enlarged attitude of that Church toward woman's field of Church work. Women are urged at some length to consider the new responsibilities placed on them by the last general conference, in accepting them to be stewards, class-leaders, and Sunday-school superintendents, admitting them to the quarterly and lay electoral conferences, thus giving them a voice in matters of finance and local Church control, and allowing them to vote, in the beginning of their career, upon those who may become their pastors and general superintendents.

The signers of the appeal are: Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Frances E. Willard, Mary S. Wheeler, Susan B. Steele, Phebe L. Elliott, F. R. Elliott, Mrs. McChellan Brown, Mrs Kennard Chandler, Mrs. John S. Inskip, Eliza G. Davis, Mary A. Lathbury, Martha Van Marter, Mary T. Lathrop, S. M. I. Henry, Lucy Rider Meyer, Mrs. Silas Pierce, Mrs. C. S. Winchell, Mrs. J. R Cushing, Mrs. I. N. Bullens, Mary C Ninde, Angie F. Newman, Dr. Genevieve Tucker, Mrs. Hattie M. Teller, Mrs. E. S. Simpkinson, Mrs. M. D. House, Mrs. F. S. Hoyt, Mrs. J. T. Peck, Mrs. L. C. Runyan, Mrs. M. E. Ampt, Mrs. Anna F. Herron, Mrs. S. M. Thomson, Mrs. S. B. Gosling, Mrs. E. T. Rollins, Mrs. M. E. Imhoff, Mrs. E. Eddy, Mrs. Isaac R. Hitt, Mrs. Mary T. Hill, Willard, Emily Huntington Miller, Mrs. Isaac Hill, Julia A. Ames, Helen L. Hood, Mary Hays Jones, E. E. Marcy, Anna A. Gordon, Anna M. Davis, Mary Henry, Angeline Parmenter Carey, Emma W. Rogers, Jane M. Bancroft, and Mrs. J. W. Bashford.—New York Herald.

Conscience Money.

A little time ago I was going from Chicago to Cleveland. Three or four of us men struck up an acquaintance, as they (I don't smoke) struck up a light in the smoking-room. Each gave a little biography of his recent life. "I have been to Chicago," said Mr. A. B., "to collect some conscience money. A good many years ago I made an invention. It was stolen from me by some Chicago people. I spent much money in trying to get my rights, and did not get them. Two weeks ago I received a letter from the house in Chicago which had been manufacturing and selling my invention, saying that if I would come to Chicago I should hear of something to my interest. I went to the place appointed and met a gentleman who said: "You are Mr. A. B.?" 'Yes.' 'Our house has for years been making and selling an invention of yours. I have recently become a Christian. I know I have done wrong, and I want now to do all I can to right that wrong. Will you please say how much money we shall pay you for the wrong we have done you?' I thanked him and said I wanted time to reflect. I took the time and gave an answer. Turning to the cashier the gentleman said: 'Make out a check for so much,' a sum double the amount I had named. That check was certified and I now have it in my pocket. I am glad to tell this incident for many reasons, one of which is that it tends to answer the charge that is frequently made that being a Christian makes no difference with one's business habits."—A Clergyman in the Chicago Advance.

Russia and the Jews.

Russia has just written the heading of another chapter in those voluminous annals of cruel despotism and barbarous tyranny which give rise to the conviction that Europe ends as Asia begins, on the banks of the Vistula rather than on the Ural range. The terrible programme of statutory persecution of the Hebrews in the Czar's dominions, which we publish in to day's issue, reads more like a record of the mediæval ages than the resume of acts contemplated by a civilized and Christian government in the latter portion of the nineteenth century. The laws in question were enacted in May, 1882, at the time when a storm of anti-Semitic fanaticism swept over the southern portion of the Empire, devastating the homes of thousands of Hebrews, whose offense was less their race and creed than their wealth and intelligence. No attempt had, however, been made to put these laws into force; but within the last twelve months the Czar has declared a "jehad," or religious war, against all who fail to conform to the Orthodox Church. The Lutherans have not escaped, nor yet the Roman Catholics, and a large number of ecclesiastics of both Churches have been banished to Siberia—not by any court of law, but on the mere administrative order of the local police authorities. It is, however, against the Jews—always the scapegoat of religious fanaticism—that the principal animosity of the Imperial Government is directed. The barbarous laws of 1882 are now about to be applied for the first time in all their stringency, and a persecution to begin that is almost without parallel in history.

Involving, as it does, the expulsion from hearth and home, as well as the deprivation of means of livelihood of several millions of Hebrews, it necessarily follows that many hundreds of thousands will attempt to seek refuge in foreign countries from Russian oppression. An irruption of paupers on this enormous scale is an event, however, which no Western nation can look forward to with equanimity; and both the Austrian and German Governments have been forced, in sheer self-defence, and in the interest of their laboring population, to stretch a strong cordon of troops along their eastern frontiers to prevent the incursion of the unhappy but unwelcome victims of Russian tyranny.

What can be done to save the Russian Israelites from the fate that hangs over their heads, is a question that is absorbing the attention of the great Jewish banking-houses, as well as that of the Governments of Western Europe. If popular rumors on the subject are to be believed, Emperor William proposes on the occasion of his approaching visit to St. Petersburg to constitute himself the mouthpiece of the foreign powers in the matter, and to make representations to the Czar, both on the score of policy and common humanity. His representations will, however, be of little avail, unless he is able to give the Czar to understand that Europe is ready to enforce her remonstrances. Should the Czar continue obdurate, even after such a warning, Emperor William would at length have an opportunity of attaining the crowning ambition of his life, namely, military glory, and that, too, in the cause of humanity, and as a champion of a despised and persecuted race, which claims to be under special Divine protection.—New Tribune.

An Apostle in Russia.

The bishop and his clergy are separated by a wide gulf; the prelate is generally an aged monk, suddenly summoned from his cell to his see by the will of the Emperor, and perfectly ignorant of administrative affairs, which, as likewise the greatest part of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, are delegated to the Synod and to the consistories. His principal duty is to show absolute obedience to the Czar and zeal in the suppression of heterodoxy. The lower clergy, the popes, mostly sons of priests, and married to girls of the same class, are without any protection against the arbitrary power of the bishops, wretchedly paid, obliged to cultivate their own glebe, entirely ignorant, uniformly given to drunkenness, and confine themselves to the performance of ritualistic ceremonies, such as marriages, funerals, and exercising the houses and stables of the peasants. The pay for these performances not being fixed, there is a constant haggling for fees, and Engelgart in his sketches "From the Country," states that the average income of a Pope from these causals is about thirty-five kopecks a day. Under such circumstances there can be no question of religious instruction and cure of souls; the Popes do not know the fundamental Christian doctrines, they do not read the Bible, and they are consequently unable to contribute anything to the religious education of the people.

Now, given this condition of the Russian Church, it is self-evident that religious liberty cannot exist in Russia, and Mme. Novikoff, in denying this, either resorts to bold perversions of facts or makes admissions which refute her own assertions. In her article she says:

"We consider every schism as a plague, whose infection has to be stamped out. We have no hankering after the ideal of possessing as many creeds as there are sign-posts; nor do we care to replace the majestic fabric of our national church by a macedoine of contending sects. Schism may be a virtue in the eyes of a nonconformist; as for us, we are content with one absolute truth, based on the Gospels, and explained by the seven Œcumenical Councils. Schisms, far from being commended by the Gospels, are deplored as positive sins by St. Paul. Mrs. Stead remarked to Mr. Pobedonostzeff, 'It seems that even the Apostles would be banished from Russia if they came to preach there.' To which, with his usual kind earnestness, the procurator of the Holy Synod replied: 'But this which we possess is their doctrine: the Apostles could only come to strengthen our faith, not to shake it.'"—The Edinburgh Review.

Picturesque Prayers.

The young host and hostess were what is known as "smart" people, such as one might be slow to credit with thoughtful or reverent habits; nevertheless, their practice was to conduct a simple service, which became not only a spiritual refreshment and a purifying influence, but a very notable feature in home life. It is true that the house was one of unusual beauty—an Elizabethan hall, with low fretted ceilings, carved-oak paneling and latticed windows opalescent with age and set with gemlike sparks of transparent heraldry. It is also true that the host and hostess were comely beyond the common—facts that undoubtedly made the impression more vivid and lasting. Still, the impression was made and can never pass away.

A recess under the wide oak staircase had been railed off centuries ago so as to form a little chapel; seats on either side and a reading desk at the end provided for all being done decently and in order. On the morning in question the host was absent; his young wife read prayers. She was all in scarlet—a Directoire dress of scarlet. As she stood in the reading desk, her bright figure relieved against the dark oak panels, and read the solemn words in clear, unfaltering accents, one could not but feel that if this little ceremony had been omitted far more would have been lost to the day than the few minutes thus occupied. We cannot all live in picturesque old houses, we cannot all be beautiful, or (with advantage) wear scarlet Directoire gowns, but we can at least be mindful to bring to the gathering of ourselves together for worship that measure of dignity and grace which is too conspicuous by absence.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Bishop of Ohio (Protestant Episcopal) has formally requested the Rev. Howard MacQueary to renounce holy orders in the Episcopal Church, and Mr. MacQueary has formally refused to do so. It will be remembered that Mr. MacQueary some little time ago wrote a book entitled "The Evolution of Man and Christianity," which was denounced as heretical by orthodox Episcopalians. The next step now will be his trial by his ecclesiastical superior, the Bishop of Ohio.

NEWMAN AND HYMNS.

THEY WILL KEEP HIS MEMORY FRESH FOREVER.

Other Contributions to Sacred Song by the Author of "Lead, Kindly Light."—Where the Key to His Shifting Thought May Readily be Found.

For John Henry Newman "the night is gone," and in the everlasting morn toward which his earthly eyes looked for nigh a century he sees that blessed light which shed its soft rays upon his life and guided his footsteps home. He has met his pilot face to face, and from that "infinite beyond," in which even Robert Ingersoll believes, he scans the mysteries of life and comprehends the vast design that rules the universe. His prayer—

Whene'er goes forth Thy dread command,
And my last hour is nigh,
Lord, grant me in a Christian land,
As I was born, to die—

has been granted. His morality rests peacefully in the soil he loved in the shadow of that cross to which his soul was always drawn, while all who honor purity of life and nobility of character, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, Pagan or Infidel, pause to lay the tribute of grateful thoughts upon his grave.

Happily for mankind Cardinal Newman put something of his intellectual nature into something besides his "Tracts for the Times," his sermons and the autobiography of his religious life. For the student of theology and the analyst of the mental and spiritual process by which a protestant, perplexed by the fogs of private judgment, sought refuge from doubt in its absolute surrender to the edicts of Holy Church, his prose writings will always possess a fascination and an enduring charm. They are instinct with the fine nature and exhaustive learning of their author. But the general interest in the struggle of which they were born is passing away, if it has not already passed, and literature linked with the discussion of a creed seldom survives the life of its author. Occasionally the genius of a Milton may force into literature the sublimated theology of an individual; but the dust of rushing generations gathers quickly and thickly over whole libraries of gifted writers who struggle with the external husks of religion. In his hymns, however, Cardinal Newman has left a heritage to letters as rich in its way as is the story of his pure and gracious life to humanity. The author of "Lead, Kindly Light," needs no tomb in Westminster Abbey, no canonization by Holy Church, to keep his memory fresh in the hearts and thoughts of mankind. Before the inspired beauty of this simple song of trust and praise the fame of the author of the "Tracts" and the "Apologia" sink into nothingness. In its presence they seem the echoes of the questionings of a wandering soul, while this is the strong, confiding song of a trustful spirit, borne upward to the gates of heaven on the broad wings of melody. What Shelley's "Skylark" is to poetry Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light" is to hymnology. While the one expresses with all the subtle power of sense linked to rhythmic sound the thoughts of an inspired lover of nature, the other touches the devotional instinct of mankind with the language of worship wedded to a measure that must be sung, and is above anything else the distinguishing feature of almost all of Cardinal Newman's metrical writing. In whatever form it is cast it chants its praise or prayer to the God of his residence and love.

Although "Lead, Kindly Light" is the single production on which Cardinal Newman's fame as a hymn-writer largely rests, no one can read his volume of verse without regretting that from the date of his secession his productiveness in this field gradually ceased. It contains at least a score of short hymns which have gone into the hymnals of every Christian Church which sings in his beloved English tongue. If the student of Newman's faith would trace where he learned to trust rather in the love of God than to fear "the wrath to come," let him turn to these hymns and he will find it there confessed that, when in doubt and troubled by the Church's word, he went to that knee where

My mother oped her trust, the Holy Book!
And healed my pang.

Would the reader seek the key to Cardinal Newman's shifting views, he will find it embedded in these hymns, where, in many different forms, he acknowledges his strange susceptibility to superstitious influences. At Oxford in 1832 he wrote:

Whene'er across this sinful flesh of mine
I draw the Holy sign,
All good thoughts stir within me, and renew
Their slumbering strength divine.

Through all his early youth he was perplexed with doubts and dreams, as these hymns testify. But there were often days when hope took the place of doubt, and then he sang—

Such loss is gain;
Wait the bright advent that shall loose thy chain!
E'n now the shadows break, and gleams divine,
Edge the dim distance line.
When thrones are trembling, and earth's fat ones quail,
True seed! thou shalt prevail!

As far back as 1832 he wrote a hymn on "Private Judgment," exhorting the poor wanderers who trusted each to his own weak will—"All wranglers and all wrong"—to abandon their worship of a "blind idol" and submit to the creed as conveyed by the Church from age to age.

No one can read the hymns of Cardinal Newman without remarking his amazing fecundity of verse during the years 1832 and 1833, and that more than one-third of all his hymns were written during a voyage which he took around the Mediterranean from December 7, 1832, to June 27, 1833. It was during this voyage that "Lead, Kindly Light" was written "at sea" on June 16, 1833.

Since his secession to the Roman faith "The Dream of Gerontius" stands forth as the one pre-eminent production of Cardinal Newman in verse. It is a poem of remarkable beauty and power, embodying in metrical and lyrical form the author's views of what transpires in the intermediate state between the death of a holy man and "the awful Turone." Aside from its doctrinal argument, the only feature of this noble work unworthy of the theme is the triviality of some of the rhyming and the unseemly prominence given to the cardinal's hostility to the married state, in the hymn of the Angelicals, who sing of man—

As though a thing, who for his help
Must needs possess a wife,
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts
Who had angelic life.

The memory of his mother should have blotted such a verse from his manuscript before it went to the printer. These are only fly specks after all, marring for a moment the reader's perfect and engrossing enjoyment of a noble piece of imaginative composition. This would entitle Cardinal Newman to take high rank as a poet; but as the years go by it will probably be neglected, while his fame as a hymn writer will endure while man's devotional nature finds expression in sacred songs.—America.

Moses on Stone Throwing.

The Rev. Clifton H. Levy, whose recent sermon on the labor problem has claimed much attention, preached as follows yesterday before the Gates of Hope congregation:

Text—Deuteronomy, xvii. 7.—When the poet, the most famous in the English tongue, was in search of a fitting attribute for his most brilliant and therefore most vicious villain, he says of him, "He is nothing if not critical." Master of human nature as he was, sounding every depth of good and evil, he saw that the most unscrupulous, spiteful, and envious show their dispositions by constant criticism of others. Human nature, ever the same in its tendencies, follows similar tracks now. That man who is ever carping at men and women may be very certainly set down as villainous at heart, though he may lack resolution to carry out his evil thoughts.

Do not understand me as saying that all must be accepted as true gold, even that which bears counterfeit upon its face. Far from it. A virile, just and hearty criticism is most valuable for perfecting any work or thought. In fact, the truly noble man may be recognized by the temper with which he receives fair and honest criticism.

The habit of false criticism grows so rapidly with men that criticism grows to be false witness or backbiting, and the disagreeable man flatters himself by terming his words "frank." "The hand of the witnesses shall be first upon him to put him to death." When the man was to be stoned the witnesses were to hurl the first stones.

The same law stands in criticism, which is but testifying to the wrong doing or wrong thinking of another.

In another part of the portion before us the law is laid down that the false witness shall suffer the same penalty as his victim would have suffered. Read the verses together and then throw stones if you dare!

The tyro, just from college, first tries his hand at criticism, and what is the result? An effusion which shows extravagance and ignorance. It is when a man has begun to find knowledge that he reads to appreciate and not to carp. The parallel holds throughout the various walks of life. The Goths may tear down what they could never rear. The Turks may burn a library which they could not compose or gather. The child may destroy in an hour this watch, which has required the ingenuity and skill of many men to make and put together.

So in religion the Goths and Vandals are just as numerous and violent. One sect abuses another. Two classes in the same sect pick at each other. The Orthodox holds up the Reformer to scorn; the Reformer abuses the Orthodox as superstitious. The religions which teach peace and good will, which hold up Old or New Testament as their banner, and in one find "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" and in the other a golden rule are, alas! too often prone to throwing stones.

Appreciation is what the world wants and not criticism. Man requires it of man, and religion of religion! If we will take the good which we find in others—men or religion—and appreciate that, we are doing our duty more manfully, more truly than by all the fault-finding imaginable.

Beware the punishment of the false witness!

Appreciation must come first, friendly criticism may follow.

A Messianic age has been the cry of religions and it will come—but men are not so constituted as ever to unite upon a single belief. There will always be some small difference of forms and methods. But the true millenium will be that time in which men shall have reached that moral plane upon which they can clasp hands in mutual toleration, [illegible] heart—when man will appreciate man, religious men love other religious men for the good that is in them and overlook minor divergences.

Society may then assume its proper form, men will come together for mutual improvement and interchange of thought; personal spites will sink out of sight; the cynic will nowhere be found and there will be no more a rush forward to throw the first stone. And may we advance steadily toward that goal.—New York Herald.

Notes and Comment.

The thirtieth annual meeting of the English Church Congress is to be held at Hull from September 30th to October 3d. The inaugural sermon will be preached by the Archbishop of York, who is the president, and sermons will be preached by the Bishops of Manchester, Newcastle, and Ripon. Various representatives of the clergy and laity will read papers on Church and State, the Church's attitude toward strikes and wages disputes, foreign missions (with special reference to Africa), betting and gambling, systematic instruction in religion, sanitation, socialism, free education, and the work of the Church, and the responsibility of employers with reference to those in their employ. Practical and social as well as distinctively religious and ecclesiastical questions, it will be seen by this summary, are to have prominence in the discussions.

The Salvation Army in Europe has organized what it calls a "corps of cavalry" for work in the rural districts. This troop moves about in large wagons, carrying kitchens, tents, etc., and is preceded by bicycle messengers, announcing the meetings in the villages.

The proposition to have a religious census in Great Britain next year in connection with the regular census was rejected by the House of Commons.

A "Young Canadian Clergyman"—this is his own description—has come to London to institute a new era of reconciliation in the Christian Church. He has an up-hill task before him, for his scheme is to get bishops, clergy, and laity of the Anglican Church in England and of all creeds and nationalities, to subscribe the following pledge, utterly condemned by the odium theologicum: "In the presence of the Invisible Ruler of the universe, I do make this solemn vow and promise: (a) That I will endeavor to refrain from the use of unkind words toward individuals or bodies of men of all classes or creed. (b) That I will not allow an unkind word to be spoken against any person without attempting, so far as I may be able, to prevent, divert, or mitigate the same. (c) That I will strive to see beauty in every object, goodness in every character and truth in every system of thought. (d) That I will endeavor to promote intelligence in nature, faith in individuals, error in philosophy, and controversy in religion, in so far as I may be able conscientiously so to do." We looked anxiously to see how many members there were in the Christian Unity League of which this pledge is the sole condition and badge of membership. The founder frankly gives the information. He "is the first and at present the only member, and he appoints himself secretary-treasurer pro tem." The Christian Unity league is, therefore, the Rev. W. A. Crawford Frost, rector of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.—London Daily News.

The movement among the Congregational Methodists of the South for a definite union with the Congregationalists seems to be spreading, to judge from the recent action of the Golden Valley Congregational Methodist District Conference of North Carolina, in voting unanimously to recommend the churches of the conference to adopt the statement of doctrine issued by the Congregational Creed Commission, and to reorganize as a Congregational District Conference.

The National Missionary Conference will be held from September 3 to 9 in Indianapolis, Ind., will be in some respects a unique event in the religious world. Among the prominent missionary workers, Young Men's Christian Association workers, and evangelists there gathered will be Bishop William Taylor, of Africa; Dr. A. T. Pierson, author of "Crisis of Missions;" W. E. Blackstone, of Chicago, [illegible]; Robert E. Speer, T. C. Hortan, and A. Nash, and missionary volunteers from all sections of the country. The theme of the gathering will be, "Shall the Gospel Be Given to All People During this Generation?" Mr. George S. Fisher, of the Young Men's Christian Association in Topeka, Kan., has the preliminary arrangements in charge, and may be addressed for further information about the conference.

LITERARY LEAVES.

DOMESTIC INFELICITY OF WOMEN WRITERS.

Guy de Maupassant as a Grower of Forbidden Fruit—Some Pessimisms—The Sagas of Iceland—Notes and Comment.

The conviction that out of one material cannot be wrought learned or literary women, and good wives, mothers, and housekeepers, may not be of oneness with truth, but it prevails; nor is the sentiment confined to the brutish illiterate. The conclusion of the rank and file of masculine thinkers and unthinking men, that she whose "mind to her a kingdom is," must of need neglect the weightier matters of home affections and homely duties, may be as illogical as to argue that because a woman has a pretty hand she must have an ugly foot—but the delusion holds its own, and the unreason is too common to be ignored.

There is a much-quoted saying of a college president, that a university graduate can plow nearer to a stump without hitting it than an unlearned laborer. Why, then, does a knowledge of the calculus, or the ability to write clearly and forcibly, hamper the woman who must season salads and sweep rooms?

Men like their chosen professions. A woman loves hers; infuses it with her personality, and holding it to her heart minimizes everything else. The production is hers, soul of her soul. The throes that gave it birth belong to the mother side of her nature—the side of which she never loses consciousness. The passion of maternity that made Miss Ferris's Mrs. Fairbairn, after becoming a mother, cease to be anything else, accounts for more with the literary woman than she or her censors suspect. The slave of society has as much excuse for neglecting household duties as the pen-wright. In the author's sight it is more important to her kind that she write the poem which will elevate other souls, or the essay that may right a wrong, than that her pie-crust should be flaky or John's socks artistically darned.

Yet John likes flaky pastry, and to have socks and linen looked after in his mother's way. Still, if the truth were told, it would appear that a surfeit of the monotony of housewifely homilies impelled him to admiration of the clever woman he afterward learned to love. But maturer manhood brings a hankering after more savory flesh-pots than Bridget produces, while Hypatia nurses a fine frenzy in the ladies' room above stairs. Poetry is estimable in its way, and Hypatia a glorious creation in hers, to whom he feels constrained to apologize for naming buttons, or a rip in his pocket. But if clear consomme and a higher order of intellect were not incompatible, John would be a much happier man.

A woman must be not only broad in mind, but deep and tender in feeling, before she can content herself to spread cement as well as to carve stone. It is a horrible surprise to learn that her husband cannot live by her intellect alone, whereas as a lover he swore that it was victuals and drink to his whole being; and she reads, in his apparent contempt for the products of her mind-kingdom, disloyalty to herself as his spouse. By giving diligent study to her specimen of genus homo, she will learn that the hungry John is inwardly as savagely impatient of brilliant epigram and unanswerable logic when dinner is late or badly cooked as Irish Mick, who, in like circumstances, carresses his "woman" with a club; and her tired John as incapable of appreciating a sonnet as her lover. More "cases of incompatibility" grow out of non-recognition of these simple facts than husbands, wives, and divorce courts dream of.

Furthermore, the husband, however noble, fond, and generous, is fatally apt to love his wife less when he sees her tower above and overshadow him. To him she is a part and a secondary division of himself, and her overgrowth an excrescence. Precedent and native aggressiveness have begotten in man this sort of absortion that is satisfied only in his wife that he does not originate, regulate, and pervade; and yet he may be educated and refined, and inclined to mercy. The wedded woman-author, realizing that the development of her intellectual powers is producing envy and spite in the mind of her husband, may try to curb her inclinations and shape her lines to his decree. Perhaps she may succeed, if a gradual lowering of the whole nature be success; but more often nature and reason burst bonds, and the noblest of the two outstrips the other, until the term "wedded pair" becomes a bitter sarcasm.

The assertion that literary women are, as a class, ill-regulated as to nerve and temper is not true. In physique, longevity, vivacity, and endurance the literary workers of this country compare most favorably with their sisters who confine themselves to the bounds of authorized "feminine pursuits."

There are husbands—and not a few of them—strong, true, brave, and good who are proud to be allied to women of genius, and who count the risk of heart-break to one, and life-wreck to both—husbands whose proud appreciation of the laurels won by wives is sweeter far to the wives than all the far-off praise of the nations.

For such as these, let literary women bless God, and ask for strength to show to the world what manner of wives and homes these men deserve and have—both weaker women, seeing, may take heart again and imitate, for the glory of the sex and the redemption of humanity.—Marian Harland in August Arena.

Forbidden Fruit.

The short story is having its day again. There was a time, within the past ten years, when authors rejected writing short stories. They argued that as much plot went to the making of a short as of a long story, and that if they took a little more time to elaborate, it would have a manuscript worth $1,000 instead of one worth $50 or $100. This left most of the short story writing to be done by second-rate writers, and the reading public began to complain that the short stories dealt were, with rare exceptions, not worth reading. This aroused the editors, so they offered prizes for short stories, which brought forth much good work; and now quite a crop of good short story writers has sprung up. Guy de Maupassant, also, has had a marked influence upon the younger generation of writers. He has taught them what can be done with very little plot by one who has mastered the art of story-telling. Give him a simple incident and he gives an exquisite story. Even in his novels the plot is of the least importance. His knowledge of the motives of men—not their best motives, always—and his singularly artistic touch, place him at the head of French story-writers of the day. He is an [illegible] model that any one might follow to advantage, but unfortunately the subject he selects make most of his novels forbidden fruit.—The Critic.

Pessimisms.

There is nothing on earth so wearisome as an affection of which one has tired.

A man will endure anything but a wound to his self-love; a woman anything but—a rival.

Take care that your cleanliness is next to your godliness, take care also that your godliness is not next to your

Never despair of making yourself felt somewhere. If you can't make an impression abroad, try being disagreeable at home.

Maybe hell is paved with good intentions, but I will wager it isn't watered so thoroughly with the tears of repentance to lay the dust!

A wise man learns to differentiate women. To a woman men differ only as they are like or unlike her own special possession.

Do not stint the family larder to send the non-esculent missionary over the seas, for the gospel he bears cannot assuage the indigestion he causes.

I have known women who would die before they would expose an inch of stocking, but would lay bare the nudity of their minds without a pang.

Distinction in what we crave. The degree is unimportant. If we can't break the bank or run off with a friend's wife, we can eat quails on a wager or talk like Sam Jones.

An early religious education is not to be despised. I know a Christian housewife who consoles her hot hours over jellies and jams with the catechetical promise: "The Lord makes preserves and keeps them."

Avoid the enthusiast! Your virtues may set his heart on fire, but when you would fain warm yourself at the blaze, behold, it is already burning on a strange altar, and you have left only a pile of ashes which you may most profitably use in polishing up some dull platitudes on eternal friendship.—Dorothea Lummis in Kate Field's Washington.

The Sagas of Iceland.

While heroic and historical poetry, legend and chronicle are common to all literatures, the Sagas are peculiar to that of Iceland alone; that is, the story of the Saga ages, as distinguished from what are sometimes called Sagas, such as historical chronicles, spurious Sagas, and later prose versions of ancient poems. What the Icelanders call the Saga age—when the events told in the Sagas happened—is, roughly speaking, from A. D. 870 to A. D. 1050. From that date to A. D. 1250 many were written down by unknown authors. Many, we know, are lost. We have some, evidently written as they were said, in a brief, archaic form. Four or five of the longest Sagas have gone through a process of editing, and appear to be collections of smaller Sagas welded together into a developed and dramatic whole. Such are Njala, Egel Skallagrimson, Laxdala, &c. We have every reason to believe that the events recorded really happened; but the various details of dress and manners are often of the period of the writer in the thirteenth century rather than of the heroes of the tenth century.

When we open the Saga book it is like drawing back a curtain, and looking out of an old Gothic window on the very life of the early middle ages moving and acting before us. The rich idiomatic and pointed dialect, sarcastic and humorous, interspersed with bits of old-world wisdom; and abundant evidence in the style, that the stories were originally told, not written. The Norseman loved renown, but also truth, and one feels the essential trustworthiness of the historic Sagas. It was not until the race had declined from its original strength that spurious Sagas, and the poetic but impossible romances of Southern Europe became popular, that Tristram, Launcelot, and Cyrus replaced as heroes the historical champions of the North.

The great effect of the Sagas is the extraordinary carelessness of human life which underlies their morals; their heroes were often as destructive as nature herself. The other national fault of drinking comes out, too, in the Sagas; but then, as now, in the North, it was rather wild carousals at high festivals, and marriage, funeral, and heirship gatherings, than the ruinous modern British habit of daily drinking, that is there described. The ale was brewed before the feast, drunk very new, and probably finished ere the guests departed, and, as still in Norway, a week of revelry was followed by months of abstinence.

There is much to admire in the men and women of the Sagas. If they were fierce foes, they were firm friends, true to their loves, their lords, and their comrades. They stand out in strong contrast to the very emotional people of other early tales and histories. It would take a great deal to draw a tear or other sign of soft sentiment from a man or woman in a Saga, but the pathos is intense from its restraint. The talk in the Sagas is often full of dry, sly humor, but there is no laughter till "the ale begins to speak." The fascination of the Sagas, which is to many beyond that of fiction or of political history, is their honest, simple portrayal of real people, making them studies of human nature for all time; for, with

"Changed are customs, acts, an words,
Yet our hearts remain the same."

As a type of these old Norse stories, it must suffice to describe only one here, by way of illustration.

The Hardar Saga or "Island Defence" tells of the valor and ill-luck of two brave chiefs, Hord and Geir, who were driven to be outlaws, and took their wives and families and a band of followers held this island for many years against all comers. The outlaws, who have all our sympathies, were slain at last, and the chieftain's brave wife, the Earl's fair daughter, only escaped by swimming ashore after dark, carrying her youngest son, while the other, eight years old, swam alone, though his mother had to go half way back to fetch him.

She then walked many miles to the house of a female relation, who heard the sad story and offered her and her children an asylum, although her husband had taken part against them. Next night she took a short sword and, standing over her husband as he lay in bed, wounded him and threatened his life if he did not promise to slay his cousin's slayer. No doubt it was his duty; at any rate he yielded to his wife's masterful persuasions and did so, "and all considered," says the Saga, that "his wife had acted nobly."

Through all these Sagas there runs abundant evidence that the hardy Norseman's wife was a "help meet for him."—Miss Perald in Monthly Packet.

Dumas the Son.

Alexander Dumas fils is the most interesting of contemporary French men of letters; he is so brilliant a paradox in himself and in his environment. He inherited his brains from his father, yet he is his father's opposite. The great, large-hearted giant, bourgeois sometimes, and even Philistine, yet never indelicate or immoral, full of humor, but with no wit, whose brain was ever teeming with inventions, with plots, incidents and characters which he hurled together pell mell with little art or method, who enjoyed life with a sort of grandiose grossness, who was as healthy and hearty and unsophisticated as a child, forms a queer contrast to Dumas fils, the literary exquisite, who writes his plays in his dress suit at a table lighted by wax tapers, who has a brilliant and cutting wit but one that might often make vice blush, whose plots are put together with nice mathematical precision, whose sentences are trimmed and polished with tireless art, and whose inventive resources are extremely limited.

We have repeated the old fable about the dress suit and the wax tapers rather as a metaphor than as a fact. But indeed present Dumas has discarded this affectation if he ever assumed it. He paints in his studio in what looks like a compromise between a bathing-robe and a suit of overalls. For he loves the little things that make life great, the luxuries that are more indispensable than the necessities.—Philadelphia Press.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS.

The Lee Monument Memorial Volume—"Tom and Joe"—Attractive Truths in Lesson and Story—That Bruisin' Lad o' Greystone Lodge.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS. Volume XVII. Lee Monument Memorial volume. Edited by R. A. Brock, secretary of the Southern Historical Society. As this volume was intended to be the Lee Memorial volume, special efforts were made to make it a particularly interesting and valuable number. The effort has met with the success it deserved, and the present number is most entertaining. It contains in addition to a mass of material referring to the memorial to Lee, a number of other contributions. The address of Dr. Hunter McGuire on "Progress of Medicine in the South" will not only interest physicians everywhere, but will recall the heroic acts of those who served as surgeons on the field of battle. These recollections are the more vivid, inasmuch as they were written by the man who was medical director of Stonewall Jackson's corps in the Army of Northern Virginia. Among the men famous in the South in the history of medicine he mentions Frick, Goodman and Smith, of Maryland; Hartshorne, Chapman, Horner, Mitchell, Muller, J. L. Cabell, Mettaur, of Virginia; Jones, Caldwell, Dickson, of North Carolina; Geddings, Bellinger, Toland and Dickson, of South Carolina; Meigs, Arnold, Bedford, Anthony and Crawford Long, of Georgia; Eve, of Tennessee; Nott, Sims and Baldwin, of Alabama; Stone and Jones, of Louisiana; Dudley, McDowell and Yandell, of Kentucky. The address was made before the Southern Surgical Gynaecological Association at Nashville, Tenn., on November 13, 1889. A paper on "Confederate Surgeons" is supplied by Dr. F. Peyre Porcher, surgeon to the Holcombe Legion, the Confederate Hospital, Fort Nelson, Norfolk Harbor, and the South Carolina Hospital, Petersburg, Va.

Major T. B. Edgington discusses the race problem in the South, and this is followed by a word to critics from the Memphis Daily Advocate with reference to Major Edgington's address.

A list of Confederate officers and prisoners who were held by Federal authorities on Morris Island, S. C., under Confederate fire from September 7 to October 21, 1864, will recall to the survivors the horrors of that time.

Leo Wheat contributes a touching memoir of his brother, General C. R. Wheat, commander of the Louisiana battalion, whose request to be buried on the battle-field was thought to have been carried out in his interment in Hollywood.

"The siege and evacuation of Savannah, Ga.," an address delivered by Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., before the Confederate Survivors' Association in Augusta, Ga., April 26, 1890.

The addresses of General E. M. Law before the Society of the Army of Northern Virginia, the address of Senator John W. Daniel on the "Life, Services, and Character of Jefferson Davis," upon the occasion of the memorial service held in Richmond under the auspices of the Virginia General Assembly, "Papers Relating to the Twelfth Georgia Infantry," "Letters of Robert E. Lee," "At Lee's Tomb," the tribute of Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, "Lee's Birthday," "Lee as an Educator," republished from THE TIMES; "Jefferson Davis' Estimate of Lee," "Slavery of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry," "Prisoners of the Civil War," "Andersonville Prison," both republished from THE TIMES; the unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument at Petersburg with the eloquent and masterly oration by Captain W. Gordon McCabe; "Valuable War Relics," "Williamsburg," a list of Lee's lieutenants, West Virginia regiments at Gettysburg, and "The Development of the Free Soil Idea in the United States," constitute the rest of the volume, besides the two hundred pages devoted especially to the unveiling of the Lee monument.

In the account of this a summary is given of the events leading to the laying of the corner-stone, with the address of Colonel Charles Marshall upon that occasion; an account of the scenes attending the hauling of the statue from the depot to the site of the monument, incidents of the day of the unveiling, with the address on that occasion by Colonel Archer Anderson, with a full list of the organizations, volunteer, veteran, military, and civic, which participated in the parade, and rosters of Lee Camp, Company F, Howitzer, Alexander, and Pegram batteries, Richmond Light Infantry Blues, Otey Battery, and other organizations.

The volume which is given to members of the society is sold to others for three dollars a volume by Mr. R. A. Brock, the secretary. It is a book which will become more and more valuable as time passes, and every man, woman, and child who was present at the unveiling should possess a copy of the memorial volume.

TOM AND JOE: by Clarence B. Collins, published by Everett Waddey, Richmond, Va. This is one of those volumes written in a graphic and attractive style, and will serve to impress upon the younger generation the stirring scenes in the Confederate States. Tom and Joe were brothers raised on the farm. One entered the Confederate Army at the age of seventeen, and died a Colonel before Petersburg. Tom was too young even to enter the Confederate Army, but had to remain at home with his father, Judge Mabry, who loved the Union, but loved more the autonomy of States. Many of the incidents are true, and the whole sketch, which will interest both old and young, is founded upon facts. As the author states, the book is intended to teach the young of the New South what were the glories of the old South, so rapidly passing away, and the book in doing this appeals to the hearts of thousands who took part in the great tragedy of thirty years ago.

"THAT BRUISIN' LAD O' GREYSTONE LODGE," a novel, by Thomas Bruce, published by the Bell Printing and Manufacturing Company, Roanoke, Va. This is a story the scene of which is placed in North Carolina. The plot turns upon the love of Charles Metcalf for a fair woman of Carolina. But as a very young man he was married to a woman who had concealed from him the fact that she was already married. As soon as he discovered this he left her. As soon as his love for the fair one of North Carolina became a fact under the laws of Pennsylvania legal, and he really never been legal, began to be broached, with additions which were prompted by his silence about the subject. After many heartburnings and misunderstandings Rosa and Charles found all impediments to their love removed and they are happy. The plan of the story is well conceived, but the style is crude and the title is a little unfortunate, in that it suggests the "Farriers Lass o' Piping Pebworth," which is a novel in that line.

ATTRACTIVE TRUTHS IN LESSON AND STORY. By Mrs. A. M. Scudder, with an introduction by Rev. Francis E. Clark. Published by Fleming H. Revell, New York and Chicago. Received from H. M. Starke & Co., Richmond, Va. This is a well-conceived and well-arranged manual for the use of teachers of children's classes, superintendent of junior endeavor societies and others interested in the religious training of children.

Each lesson begins with certain Bible texts bearing on the subject, to be marked and explained, then an outline of the subject followed by a story which illustrates and enforces it. There is nothing weak or peurile about the book, but there is a wealth of information and suggestion, of which thousands of workers among the children will avail themselves. In an introduction Rev. Francis E. Clark says: "The book we most heartily welcome, not only for what it indicates, but for what it is, for we have never seen any work more admirably fitted to its purpose. In fact literature of this sort is very scanty, and so far as we know, this book occupies a place all its own. In the home, in Sunday school class, in the mission circle, above all, in the children's meeting, this volume will find its place, and will be welcomed eagerly by many a perplexed parent, pastor, and teacher.

CATHERINE'S COQUETRIES, a tale of French country life, by Camille Debans; translated by Leon Mead. New York: Washington Company. Received from West, Johnston & Co., Richmond, Va.

Bulls.

The story is well known of Sir Boyle Roche asking in the Irish Parliament, "Why we should put ourselves out of the way to do anything for posterity, for what has posterity done for us?" But the sequel is not equally well known. Supposing, from the roar of laughter which greeted this question, that the House had misunderstood him, he explained "that by posterity he did not at all mean our ancestors, but those who were to come immediately after them." Upon hearing this explanation "it was impossible," Barrington assures us, "to do any serious business for half an hour." Sir Boyle was an ardent supporter of the union, and excited one day a general titter by his florid picture of the happiness which was to ensue from that event.

"Gentlemen," retorted Sir Boyle, who had a lisp, "may titther and titther and titther, and may think it a bad measure, but their heads at present are hot and will so remain till they grow cold again, and so they can't decide right now; but on the day of judgment comes, then honorable gentlemen will be satisfied at this most excellent union. Sir, there is no L..vical degrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see no sin nor shame in marrying our own sister." Arguing on another occasion in favor of suspending the habeas corpus act in Ireland, "It would be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a part, but, if necessary, even the whole of our Constitution, to preserve the remainder."

"Bulls" are supposed to be indigenous to the soil of Ireland. But the most typical "bull" makers, like Sir Boyle Roche, do not belong to the Irish race. We once heard a witty Irish prelate declare that "bulls" were more common in England than in Ireland; and he added, that he had that very day received an application from an English clergyman for a subscription toward the purchase of a burial ground for his parish, which had grown to the dimensions of a small town with 30,000 inhabitants. "It is deplorable to think," said this clergyman, "of a parish where there are 30,000 people living without Christian burial."

No exhaustive analysis has ever been given of the origin and genesis of "bulls," but we believe they very often come from extreme quickness of apprehension, the mind leaping to its conclusion without passing through the intermediate stages of the process, like the Judge who, in passing sentence on a burglar, said: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir; you, a strong, sturdy fellow, instead of which you go and break into people's houses." Sir Jonah Barrington himself was no mean hand in the manufacture of "bulls," and of sayings which, all unconsciously for him, had a double meaning. Wishing to be civil to a gentleman whom he met for the first time, he said to him on parting: "My dear sir, if ever you go abroad within ten miles of my house, mind you stay there."—The Spectator.

The First Poet of the Town.

Hood knew the "tragic heart" of towns, and was "the first of our poets to recognise in poetry the social problems of great cities. Until Hood wrote it may even be said that English poets had little or nothing to say about cities. Poetry had haunted the quiet dales of Westmoreland and the sunny heights of Italy, the happy places of flowers and feasting, the solemn places of tragic gloom where world-wide histories have been shaped, but it had shown no appreciation of the tragic miseries of great cities. Wordsworth saw no vision from Westminster Bridge but the vision of the dawn adding splendour and majesty to the long lines of houses and the broad sweep of flashing river. Even Shelley, with all his sympathy for suffering, wrote no poem directly dealing with the slow martyrdom of the obscure and half-famished toilers of London. He did once say, bitterly enough, that hell must be a city very like London—but that was all. Hood saw in this child of dreams, and in his lifelong dream of social reconstruction was too absorbed in the splendors of hope to take minute note of the sorrows of reality. But Hood lived in London, and saw day by day the open secret of its misery. He lived at the beginning of a new social age which was fast blotting out the hamlets of England, and replacing them by an empire of cities. He was face to face with social problems which overshadow the 19th century, and what that behind the woven tapestry's splendor, the outward glory and [illegible]tained dignity of metropolitan life, he pierced to the silent tragedy of its multitudinous lives spent in unvictorious struggle, its famished drudgery, reluctant shame? Hood recalled men from the vision of Nature to the vision of man; from the vision of man in the innocence to the vision of man among the sordid degradations of vast cities. It is now generally admitted that deterioration is the Nemesis of city life, and perhaps not merely deterioration of physique, but of sympathy, which is a far more serious matter. Possibly Hood would not have gone so far as to say that a great city is a great calamity, but when he cried—

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!"

he meant his rebuke to be specially applied to that callous indifference to others which cities inevitably breed, and his words struck the first note of a new movement which is fast socialising poetry, and changing not merely its theme, but its spirit.—The Makers of Modern English. By W. J. Dawson. (London: Holder and Stoughton.)

"Few are the men living in our Methodism," says "Zion's Herald," "who have had such long, unbroken and potent influence in educational work as the Rev. Joseph E. King, D. D., of Fort Edward Collegiate Institute. Dr. King graduated at Wesleyan University the class with Bishop Andrews, ex-Senator Cole, Alexander Winchell and Orange Judd—all well known in their various fields of labor. For a third of a century he has been the principal of the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute. On the rolls of the various institutions with which he has been connected are the names of 16,000 young men and women who have been under his instruction. Many among his pupils became lawyers, legislators and judges, while a vast army became teachers. But now sixty-six years of age, he is in vigorous health."

The General Synod of the Scottish Episcopal Church has declined for the present to apply the term Archbishop instead of Primus to its Metropolitan.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

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