

perhaps ease her pain, but the deadly venom is so swift in its operation that in a few hours all was over.

Just as the joyous Christmas bells rang out their glad message of "peace on earth" the soul of Jumeera took its flight. There was no struggle, but a smile of heavenly radiance passed over her face as, with a sigh, as if of contentment, she passed into the great beyond.

Jumeera in her death, as in her life, was an outcast from those who should have loved and cherished her. By leaving the Zenana, she had broken her "caste," and her family would not even accord her the last sad rites. We, however, reverently laid her in her little casket upon the hill, and covered her grave with flowers.

Deeply appreciating the debt of gratitude I owed to Jumeera, I determined from that time forward to labor unceasingly among the natives of India, and endeavor to bring them to a knowledge of the Gospel that I had received, and I trust that the sacrifice of her life has not been in vain, for there is no field in which a greater labor can be performed by a woman than in the Zenanas of India.

As for Jumeera, I feel that she earned her reward, and was worthy to take a place among the glorious army of martyrs. She knew but little of our Holy Father's goodness and yet how great was her love, for—greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friend!

A ZENANA MISSIONARY.

able to do that I can make a point by the zeal and earnestness with which I press upon you that it is hardly conceivable that we can ever fully pay off the debt which we owe to those great men of the past.

The fact is, you may omit from the history of any country a great deal of what they wrote and of what they said; you may omit a great deal of their progress in arts and in sciences, and in that which contributes to the human comfort and enjoyment; you may omit a great deal of their military prowess and progress, of their conquests and greatness on fields of battle; you may omit a great deal rather than omit the great services that have been done through the labors of those men who have written the works that we still find it so profitable to study.

Those who have passed through any course of study worthy of the name, have felt in their own soul that they are different and nobler creatures—creatures upon whom there is a higher demand made simply because they have had the advantage of the studies which have been put within their reach by those who have contributed in past days to what we now treasure so much.

When I come to a great library, when I think of all the men whose productions are set up upon the walls, and when I think of what humanity would be without them when I think of what I myself have learned from so many of them, I feel as if all things for

people were willing to carry their share of the burden, if none shirked, if none attempted to place upon other shoulders more than they ought to carry, the world's work could be accomplished in three or four hours a day, and all the rest of the time be free.

Free for what? Pure idleness? Why, I would be in favor of it if it was nothing more than that, because there is no more virtue in work than there is in play or rest, if you consider them apart by themselves. And why should people not rest and play and sing and be happy if they can?

The world works too much; and there is no possibility of the higher, finer civilization except in release from this toll. There was no art, no literature, no music, none of these higher and finer things of human life, until some men earned release from what we call common drudgery, and were able to dream, able to think, able to feel, to create these nobler, sweeter, more human, more divine things than mere bread and houses and lands and horses and carriages, and the material accumulation of what we call civilized life.

The world works too much. The poor man because he has to, and the rich man because he will; and a large part of this labor goes for what? For bread, for houses, for horses and carriages, for all the material, the lower side of life. Men must stop this eternal grind and care, and learn that they are men, that thinking and feeling and loving and hoping and admiring and enjoying are infinitely more important

## The Song OF THE Ages.



JOHN G. WEATHER, whose poetic ability has twice given him the distinction of carrying off the \$25 Competition Prize offered by the Desert News in its Christmas Poem contests.

### I. (Song of the Angels.)

VER Judea's hills the shadows fell,  
Like a vast pall the scene enveloping.  
Night upon Lebanon, where whispering winds  
Sighed through the cedars some forgotten song.  
Old Horeb caught the mantle of the hour,  
And round his hoary head its dark folds placed;  
While Olives, grand tho' lesser in degree,  
Deepened the shade o'er fair Jerusalem,  
And villages that nestle at its base.  
The Jordan rippling upon its way,  
Gave to the night a dreamy melody:  
While in its tree fringed pools, the twinkling stars  
Inverted floated in the depths below.  
Out on the plains a death-like silence fell;  
Save where the shepherds to beguile the hours,  
Breathed out their fitful songs upon the breeze,  
Or stood around the embers of their fires  
And wond'ring converse held.

The very air  
Seemed filled with some o'ermastering mystery,  
Far greater than the witchery of night;  
For signs and wonders never dreamed before  
Had filled the minds of men with vague unrest;  
And even to the simplest of all,  
Told that each fleeting hour was big with fate.  
Then from the air rose in one grand refrain,  
The swelling anthem of angelic choirs,  
Telling of heaven's mercy unto man.

Glory beyond all the peans of glory,  
Listen, O earth, to the wonderful story!  
Love that is deepest beyond all comparing,  
Men with the angels of light now are sharing.

Heaven's high arches with praises are ringing,  
Seraphim, cherubim joyfully singing;  
Bringing to earth in its darkness and sadness,  
A promise of life and forgiveness and gladness.

Peace, blessed peace, to earth has been given;  
Hope unto men by the mercy of heaven;  
A promise fulfilled from the regions supernal—  
A token of grace all divine and eternal.

Mountains rejoice, be glad land and ocean—  
Every heart leap with the purest emotion!  
Herald the story, no story is stranger—  
A King has been born and his cradle a manger.

Oh, for the glory—the love beyond measure!  
Heaven bereft of its own richest treasure—  
Given to earth that its curse might be broken—  
Love beyond thought—of forgiveness a token.

Joy unto earth and good will is given;  
Death from his throne will forever be driven;  
O'er earth's dominions he'll reign again never—  
Glory to God forever and ever!

### II.

#### (The Song of Men.)

Through the high windows streamed the sun's soft rays  
Touching the sculptured forms of canonized saints.  
Till the cold marble seemed to move with life.  
Glancing athwart the pictures on the walls,  
Till every fresco, wrought by cunning hands,  
Became too real to be a picture deemed,  
And stretched away into a living scene.  
On the high altar bright the tapers burned,  
And swinging censurs sent their incense sweet,  
Floating in wafts adown the long drawn aisles.  
Soft as the echo of a wood dove's note  
When evening creeps o'er some fair summer scene,  
Stole from the organ's throat a tuneful strain  
And floated to the rafters far away,  
In notes dulcified, as if angels sang.  
Changed was the scene, and far from Judea's plain  
Where shepherds heard the hosts of heaven chant  
The glorious tidings of a Savior's birth;  
And stranger to it made by centuries,  
Which aged the earth in passing since that hour;  
And as the echo of the organ's notes  
Fainted into a stillness deep as death,  
Arose from human throats a tuneful song,  
No voice of angel mingling in the strain.

Raise every voice 'neath the arches of heaven,  
Sing in your gladness the glorious refrain;  
Life and forgiveness to man has been given—  
Tell the glad tidings again and again;  
Shout the old story—  
Its love and its glory—  
Death has been robbed of its thorn;  
Banish in gladness,  
All sorrow and sadness,  
Christ the redeemer is born!

Shepherds of old heard angelic choirs singing,  
Watching their flocks on the hills far away;  
Now in wild joy our anthems are ringing,  
At the return of the glorious day.  
Grace so abounding—  
Earth is resounding  
With praise to welcome the morn';  
Banish in gladness,  
All sorrow and sadness—  
Christ the redeemer is born!

He is a King though born in a manger;  
As King he'll reign both in heaven and earth;  
Tho' in this world he was poor and a stranger,  
All kneels shall bow and acknowledge his worth.  
Glory forever,  
Our songs shall cease never—  
The crown his brow must adorn—  
Banish in gladness,  
All sorrow and sadness—  
Christ the redeemer is born!

### III.

#### (The song of men and angels.)

Two thousand years had nearly passed away,  
From that grand morn' the angels heralded,  
Which ushered in redemption unto man;  
When at the threshold of remotest time,  
Again returned the cycle of the days,  
When the last promises of God to man  
Should to their utter fullness be fulfilled.  
Earth had been bathed with seas of martyr blood,  
And trembled 'neath the force of battle shocks;  
Tyrants had welded shackles for the slave,  
And innocence by cunning been defiled—  
Yes, every precept of the Prince of Peace,  
By man's wild passions had been set at naught;  
When once again the voice of heavenly love  
Breathed in a benediction unto man;  
Till earth and heaven broke again in song;  
Both men and angels joining in the strain.

#### (Saints.)

O'er plain and o'er mountain,  
O'er desert and fountain,  
Each tongue and each nation—  
All earth's population—

#### (Angels.)

Praise him and praise will be given.

#### (Saints.)

Till every voice ringing—  
The one chorus singing,  
To high heaven raises,  
Diapasons of praises—

#### (Angels.)

To Christ, king of earth and of heaven.

#### (Saints and angels.)

Glory to God, let us shout all together,  
The manger-born babe reigns ever—forever.

#### (Angels.)

Thro' realms supernal  
Where joy is eternal;  
Thro' heaven's recesses,  
To earth's wildernesses—

#### (Saints.)

Let anthems of glory be swelling;

#### (Angels.)

The grand theme restoring,  
Soar ever on, soaring  
Thro' glories terrestrial  
To glory celestial—

#### (Saints.)

The tale of redemption o'er telling.

#### (Saints and angels.)

Highest of all 'midst the princes of heaven  
He the most lowly, the meekest of earth;

#### (Angels.)

He the dominion of worlds has been given,

#### (Saints.)

He who our brother became at his birth.

#### (Grand chorus of men and angels.)

Earth, air and ocean,  
And stars in their motion,  
Break into song and with gladness acclaim;  
Till with music unbounded  
All space is surrounded,  
And every far universe echoes His name.

Earth and heaven united,  
His love is required—  
A diadem over his brow will adorn;  
Oh, wonderful story,  
Untold in its glory,  
Christ the Redeemer is born!

### IV.

Thus through the ages ran the one grand theme,  
Unchanged, save for the voices in the song.  
Angels the first to wake its melodies,  
And teach its sweetest mysteries to man;  
Who through the darkest of the centuries,  
Ne'er quite forgot the heavenly harmony.  
Then lighted by the latter light of time,  
Angels again joined in the glorious strain—  
A chorus that encompassed earth and heaven,  
In honor of the babe of Bethlehem.

—"SIVA."



VIRGIN AND CHILD.

### LITERATURE'S PLACE.

As we look upon the history of the world how enormous is the debt which the world owes to literature. What an advantage to us that the great writers of past times should have existed and should have written.

Far beyond any estimate which we could form, every one was really better because some great orator spoke, because some great poet sang his poetry, because some great historian wrote his history.

Is it not by such works as these that the human intellect grows? Is it not in this way that man rises to a higher level of humanity? There are higher things and nobler things no doubt than mere intellectual cultivation, and we never can put the services of literature on a level with those services of whatever kind that tend to form the characteristics of men.

But nevertheless, although character will always stand above everything else, the rise of intellectual power is a benefit to society which it would be impossible for us to give up without forfeiting a great deal that makes us worthy to exist. Think of a man of a past in which there was no history, and of a past where men were content to live the life of dumb animals—to live on like irrational beings.

Think of such a past and compare it with the past of England, for instance, which is wrapped up in all those studies which literary men pursued.

We fear to lose any one of those great writers who in the past have enriched the blood of the world, yes, enriched the blood of the world is enriched by the contributions of literary men, and it is impossible to honor them too much for all that they have done for us.

It is not my part—indeed, I should do it only inadequately—to attempt to sketch out the literary past, and give in detail all that has been done in England and in other countries by those who have given themselves to the service of literature, and of whom the powers of expression, which was in itself a beautiful thing.

Granted my inability to put before you the striking lights out of history or the striking instances of the great services of literature, but if I am not

which I am grateful to God I know but one that stands above the gift of literature, and that is God's own revelation, and when we put that high above everything else, I know of nothing which I consider higher than the literature which ennobles my country.

We cannot command the powers of rare intellects; we cannot be sure that we shall be able to attain to their utterances in oratory, or to their grace and beauty in writing; we cannot be sure that we shall be able to put ourselves forward among our countrymen, we cannot even be sure of doing kindnesses to every one we meet, because, through the infirmities of our nature we have not the art of doing kindnesses, but we can work hard, and everyone who really desires to devote himself to a worthy purpose and who does not know what else he can do ought to work hard for the attainment of that purpose, believing it to be marked out for him as his art.

I know full well that in speaking about hard work there is nothing which is of higher value in literature than the results that are produced by great geniuses who are willing to work hard. To work hard gives in most cases, that finishing touch to the attainments even of the greatest intellect, which makes them live forever.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

### THE VICE OF WORK.

Men work too much, they work too hard. What do I mean? I mean that the man who is compelled to toil the most of his waking hours merely for the means of subsistence cannot live a high human life. He has no leisure for thought, no time to cultivate his mind, little time to cultivate the affectionate side of his nature, little time to question as to whether he has a soul, little time to think of the Father in heaven or the kind of life he should lead as a spiritual being, a son or God.

This grinding, continuous toil means barbarism, a hard, squalid, hopeless kind of barbarism; and this is why I have always been in favor of shortening the hours of labor just as far and just as fast as it could practically be brought about. And much more can be done in this direction than has already been accomplished!

If all the world were wise, if all the

than these common and lower things that make up so much of common existence.

### TRICK OF SPIRIT WRITING.

Spiritualistic slate writing, if cleverly done, always makes a marked impression on a magician's audience because it utterly baffles their efforts to detect the trick. They see a small cabinet suspended above the stage by means of cords or ribbons. It has an open front and is empty. The magician turns it around so that every part of it may be seen, and taps it inside and out with his wand, to show that it is hollow.

On a stand near by he has a small easel, a common school slate, a bottle of India ink with a quill pen in it and a few sheets of ordinary white writing paper. All these he passes around among the audience of the paper to the slate by means of wafers, places the slate on the easel, and the easel in the cabinet, together with the bottle of ink, the latter having the pen in it. Having allowed the audience to see the articles thus arranged in the cabinet, he throws a large silk handkerchief over it. Mysterious sounds are immediately heard, and the cabinet shakes as if some living thing had entered it. When the sounds and the shaking cease he removes the handkerchief, showing an inscription written in bold black letters on the paper, and the men, not in the ink bottle, but lying on the bottom of the cabinet. He then removes the paper from the slate and passes it around for examination, when the writing is immediately recognized as having been done with India ink.

The explanation of the trick is simple. The writing was done in advance by the performer, and fluid used being a solution of sulphuric acid of the purest quality. To make the solution fifty drops of the concentrated acid are added to one ounce of filtered water. Writing done with this solution is invisible until exposed to heat; when so exposed it comes out perfectly black, looking exactly like dried India ink.

The heat is applied by means of an electric current running over wire with which the slate is wound. The cords by which the cabinet is suspended conceal copper wires, which conduct the current to the slate. Black silk threads,

suitably attached, enable the performers to make the sounds in the cabinet, to cause the cabinet to shake and jerk the pen out of the ink bottle.

Several sheets of paper are prepared in advance, each with a different inscription, the performer telling one inscription from another by secretly marked pin pricks.—New York Herald.

### THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY.

President Roosevelt's salary check was for the sum of \$2,017.74. This is the pay of a President of the United States for seventeen days. President Roosevelt took the oath of office about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of September 14, President McKinley having died early in the morning of the same day. Under the law Mr. Roosevelt is entitled to full pay for the day on which he

took the oath of office. The estate of President McKinley will be paid by check the sum of \$1,856.83, being the pay for the first eighteen days of September. From this time on President Roosevelt will be paid by the day—that is to say, his checks at the end of each month will vary according to the number of days in the month, the sums due to the cents being fixed by the official treasury tables, which are used in paying all government employees.

Hitherto the President was the only exception to this system. His monthly checks were made out for one-twelfth of \$50,000, and varied only to the extent of a single cent during each quarter. This variation was always carefully attended to, and President Cleveland once received a treasury warrant for 1 cent, which he still keeps as a souvenir. The sudden death of President McKinley developed the ne-

cessity for keeping the accounts of the chief executive as carefully as those of his subordinates. Owing to the fact that President McKinley had been paid for even months instead of at the daily rate, a perplexing question of arithmetic came up as to dividing the amount for the month of September.—Washington Correspondence Chicago Tribune.

### SHERIDAN AT WINCHESTER

There is in the possession of a man less than ten miles from Syracuse what is probably the first autograph letter of General Sheridan's, in which the legend on which Thomas Buchanan Reed's famous poem is based is proved to be based upon an error. Col. Mortimer Birdseye of Fayetteville is the man to whom the letter was written, and he preserves it as one of his

most precious relics. It runs as follows:

Chicago, Feb. 3, 1872.—My Dear Colonel Birdseye: I have your letter of January 29. I stayed at Winchester on the night of October 18, 1864. I arrived on the battlefield on the 19th about 10 o'clock—perhaps a little earlier. I immediately ordered General Custer from the left to the right. Then went to work to reform the infantry on the right of Getty's division of the Sixth corps. After this had been done and about half past 12 or 1 o'clock I rode down the line. As many of the troops did not see me until this time, some of them may have fallen into the error that this was my first arrival on the battlefield. Yours truly,

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Lieutenant-General.

"I had gotten into an argument with