

up there in the spring, unlike all other well-regulated rivers. And now comes this other contradiction right in the teeth of all outside precedent. I have noted that the south winds are cold winds, the coldest that ever man confronted. And now we have this terrific north wind and find that whether from the north pole or whatever land or sea it comes it is the warmest wind we have yet had. This morning the cheery little chick-a-dee birds are making the tree tops ring with their chatter, chatter, and their sweet song of spring, and they are as busy as bees flying and fluttering in and out about the spruce tops. There is something almost pathetic in their wild joy at this first pleasant morning in so many bleak months. Why, if they sing thus at a little piece of sunlight six by nine they would sing their little heads off if they should see a California spring day.

Our three little brown-bellied Douglas squirrels are also out to-day and in our cache for food. We are glad to give them whatever they want if they will only ask for it. But they prefer to steal. Kreling found one in the sugar barrel just now, and the guilty little squirrel scampered out as if all the mounted police of the Dominion were after him, leaving a trail of white sugar on the floor of the cache as he ran. Kreling, who never swears but only affirms, affirmed a great deal.

And now the great big black nights are behind us. I want to put it on record right here they are terrible, terrible in their deathly silence and monotonous black and white. That great moon, so white and cold and persistent, and all the time going round and round right overhead, is simply maddening. I shall not forget my horror of its whiteness and its vast expanse. I can now understand the hideous meaning of lunacy and the root of madness. And the birds! These few little chick-a-dees have not come a day too soon. True, we have months of snow and cold weather before us still, but this gleam of sunlight right in our window to-day tells us at least that there is a sun somewhere, and that we are likely to see more of it before we die. We have cut a notch in the edge of the table where the sunlight lay this morning, and we will now see the sunlight broaden and broaden, or, at least, note that the days grow longer and longer until soon we shall have a whole day sunlight instead of the everlasting moon—moon for morning, moon for noon, and moon for night; a mournful, cold and doleful monotony of moon. Nor did the sunlight come a bit too soon, either.

I told you I had looked in the faces

of a few men here whose eyes gave back but a dim ray of light or reason. I told you I had seen a few men here who would leave the Klondike mental wrecks. The strain has been too heavy and too long for some of these men, already worried when they got here. Besides, there seems to me to be something stupefying or paralyzing to the mind here. The poor Indians are dull; they have a helpless, far-off look in their eyes, and seem piteously sad. They have two insane men at the barracks at Dawson. An old man took his own life at the mouth of the Klondike lately, and the mounted police are now in search for a prominent Canadian who has been lost sight of. And I know there is more than one man who is not quite right in his head wandering about. Surely the sun did not come a day too soon.—Joaquin Miller.

#### NATURAL DESCENT AND SPIRITUAL INHERITANCE.

Extracts from a sermon preached before the Western Reserve Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Western Reserve society of the Sons of the American Revolution, at Trinity cathedral, Cleveland, O., on October 31, 1897, by the dean of the cathedral, the Rev. Charles D. Williams.

I speak to those who claim descent from the sires of the revolution, the heroes of that immortal strife. The world knows no prouder lineage than yours. How the effete nobilities of the old world pale into insignificance before it, tracing their descent back perhaps to a king's favorite, or possibly even a king's mistress! How gloriously it shines beside that vulgar plutocracy which so often sickens the very soul in our modern American society! Some of our forefathers, you remember, were fearful lest the Society of the Cincinnati should eventually become an order of nobility. And if we were to have an American aristocracy based on ancestry, there surely could be no nobler, more appropriate lineage than this.

But what is that lineage to you? Merely a claim, a boast, a pride, to flaunt in men's faces as you do the badges and ribbons you wear? Then it is worse than valueless. It is a curse. And the sooner your organization is disbanded the better, both for you and your country. Or is your natural descent carrying with it a spiritual heritage? The vital question is, not simply does there run in your veins the blood of the sires of the revolution, but does there breathe in your soul their spirit of patriotism, of heroism, of devotion to country, to liberty and to right? That alone can make you spiritually, really, the sons and daughters of the revolution. And if you are thus spirit-

ually and really the children of your ancestry, you will do the works of your fathers over again to-day.

The patriotism of war is not the highest kind of patriotism, nor by any means the most difficult and most rare. It is comparatively easy and common. There is a dramatic quality about it which makes it attractive. There is even an appeal in it to which the very old Adam in us—the natural spirit of belligerency—readily responds. And so it is comparatively easy to don a uniform and shoulder a musket and march against a visible and foreign foe, when drums are beating and fifes are shrilling and flags are flying. And many would be found to do it.

But the patriotism of peace is a higher, rarer and harder thing than that; the patriotism that meets insidious internal foes which wear no visible uniform and march under no visible banner; that meets such foes with no blare of the trumpet in the ears, and no consciousness of any dramatic effect before the eyes of the world, but meets them, nevertheless, with dogged resistance, with patient wisdom, with indomitable courage and with devoted self-sacrifice. That is the patriotism of peace, and few there be that seem capable of it. And yet it is far more important than the patriotism of war. Our ancestors found it so. We talk of the critical period in our country's early history. When was it? Not when Washington's soldiers stained with bleeding feet the snows of Valley Forge; not that year of disasters when the little feeble band of patriots which constituted the American army were hunted like a covey of partridges among the mountains of northern New Jersey, and congress itself refuged from village to village to escape seizure by the enemy. Nay, not then, but those few years after the war had been all ended and its triumphs won, when internal dissensions and anarchy threatened the very existence of the new-born nation; when foreign governments watched confidently for the collapse of our feeble confederacy and expected the fragments to seek shelter again under the wings of old world tyrannies, and when many a noble American patriot who had never given up hope in the darkest hours of the conflict despaired utterly of the future. Ay, that was the critical period of our nascent nation's life. And then came the severest demand upon patriotism; the high, rare, difficult, patient patriotism of peace. And the names of the men who responded to that call, who toiled and studied and sacrificed and hoped and wrestled with the problems of internal dissensions and local prejudices until the federal constitution was formed and the lasting foundations of our government were laid, the names of these men, it seems to me, ought to stand the highest on our national roll of honor; higher, in some respects, than

the names of those who fought and bled and died on the battle fields of the revolution. \* \* \*

Sons and daughters of the American revolution, the demands for that high and difficult patriotism of peace exist to-day as really and as mightily as they did at the close of the great struggle for independence. The calls to noble doing and daring, to self-sacrifice and devotion, resound in your ears as truly as they did in your forefathers' ears. The question is, first, do you hear? And, second, will you heed?

I pray God that your natural lineage may bring with it a spiritual heritage; your natural relationship be wrought into a spiritual kinship, that so you may do over again to-day the deeds of your forefathers. Otherwise, your descent from the patriots of old shall be not your blessing, but your curse; not your honor, but your disgrace. And God shall put you aside, and "of these stones," aye, perhaps even of despised immigrants from foreign lands, raise up a new race of heroes to meet the needs of the new day that is dawning upon us. Therefore, I pray, may the spirit of your fathers rest upon you even as the blood of your fathers runs in your veins; aye, above all, may the spirit of the All-Father rest upon you; for "where the spirit of the Lord is, there, and there only, is true liberty."

#### "AND THE STREETS OF THE CITY WERE LIKE UNTO PURE GOLD."

City streets can be kept clean, street-cleaning boards to the contrary. One American city has been kept clean for one period of time, and what has been saved to that city in money and health, and what has been added to it in good morals, cannot be estimated by this demoralized generation. From an Outlook sketch of Col. Waring's work in New York city in 1896 we take the following items that to many American citizens must read like quotations from some "Looking Backward" romance.

Each sweeper takes care of about six short blocks or three long blocks, which he sweeps at least once a day, and often twice or three times, depending on the traffic. The asphalt of Hester street, down town on the "East side," crowded with playing children and hucksters, is swept five times a day.

The sweepers work till four o'clock in the afternoon, with an hour for dinner. After four the section foreman goes over all of his streets (thorough work in this was made possible by the bicycle) to see that they are in good condition and that all the garbage and ashes have been removed.

Sunday work is done when it is necessary—after processions on Saturday, etc.—and in some districts a few sweepers and carts are out for several hours every Sunday.

That the down town crowded quarters of New York are now kept as clean as Fifth avenue is a well-known fact. The section foremen there have less territory to cover and more sweepers.

It is said that the daily applications at a large free dispensary on the East side have fallen away one-third in a year—a result which the doctors attribute to better health on account of clean streets.

#### ANOTHER OBSTRUCTIVE SENATE.

Second chambers have not covered themselves with glory either in Great Britain, in the United States or in Canada, and the Canadian body is certainly the worst of all three.—Toronto Weekly Globe.

Just as one gets himself nicely broken of the penny-paper habit, along comes some violent public agitation and drives him back into all his old excesses. For two months past it has been necessary to buy the day's history in installments about as follows: In the morning, a three-cent and a two-cent paper for news, and a one-cent paper to see what sort of information the readers of the one-cent morning papers are getting. At noon, a one-cent paper to see if anything happened overnight. At three o'clock, two or three one-cent papers to compare reports and see if anything is really going on. At five or six o'clock, the latest one-cent papers to see if war has been declared. In the evening, a three-cent evening paper as a sedative. Nine or ten papers a day have answered for most readers, though many of us have had more. That is an excessive indulgence. It is worse than cigarettes, and nearly as bad as absinthe. If we should have the war which at this writing the very latest extra predicts, we shall have to adopt stringent measures of self-restraint, and take the news three or four times a day and no more, as we take food. Else, if hostilities should be at all prolonged, there won't be Lakewoods and Bloomingdales enough to hold us all.—Harper's Weekly.

—"O'Higgins" seems a queer name for a Chilian warship, but the man thus honored was a native of the southern republic, and a fighter for it as well. His father, Ambrose O'Higgins, was born in Ireland in 1730, but while still a youth found it convenient, for one or another of the reasons so numerous in that period, to go abroad. He settled in Spain, grew rich, bought or earned a title, and finally betook himself to Chili. His son, Bernardo, became a revolutionary leader, won Chili's independence in the great battle of Maipu, and from 1818 to 1823 ruled the country as director, which meant dictator. He ruled very well, they say—well for South America, that is.—N. Y. Times.

Those who deserve help know better than to deal with the charity organizations. They appeal to their neighbors, almost as poor as themselves, and a share is given them to tide them over. For every stingy dollar more or less dishonestly doled out by the organized agents of the very rich, there are thousands given freely without question by the very poor. Real charity was sufficiently organized long ago in very few words by the man who said "Love one another," and who did not say "investigate one another," or "hire clerks to cross-examine the hungry."—N. Y. Journal.

A novelty has been added to the naval establishment, called the mosquito fleet. Petty squadrons formed of tugs and yachts, partly protected, and armed with rapid-fire guns, will be stationed at various exposed ports, and manned by naval militia. It is suggested that when an attack is expected at any particular port, several of these squadrons may be assembled at that point, and make a pretty formidable defensive force.—Harper's Weekly.

In a consultation between the secretary of the navy and the superintendent of the naval academy the other day, it was decided to waive the final examinations for graduation at Annapolis this year, and to give the members of the graduating class their diplomas two months in advance, so that they may be at once assigned to sea duty.—Harper's Weekly.

A Ohio member of Congress received a touching letter from a constituent who desired a lot of the eulogies that have been delivered from time to time in honor of deceased members, and closed his communication by saying: "I do love to read about dead congressmen."—William E. Curtis.

"You must not be impudent to papa," said Mr. B— to his boy.

"I ain't impudent, papa. I meant what I said the funny way, not the impudent way," replied the boy.—Exchange.

Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed,

Not all who fail have therefore work'd in vain,

For all our acts to many issues lead;

And out of earnest purpose pure and plain

The Lord will fashion in His own good time.

—Matthew Fortesque Brickdale.

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