

Cemfort Found in Good Old Books, by the pedant or the bigot. So may you be George Hamilto Fitch. Hustrated, \$1.50. armed against the worst blows that fain may deal you in this world. No

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non-sectarian. This graphic description of the recent Welsh religious reveals the latest religious reveals the latest and most wish results welsh reviewal' is the latest and most which welsh reviewal' is the latest and most which results and the latest and a latest and the latest and latest and the lat

The Lyrical Lillings of Lonesome Liz, by Elizabeth Gordon, George W. Parker Art Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Here we have slangy, but merry, reckless, tuneful verse describing the mingled emotions of one Miss Liz Smith, stenographer, who left her rustic home in Podunk, after a fight with her sweet-heart, Joe, and got a position as sten-ographer in New York fill

BY WALTER BENWELL HINSON. T was in the lone land of Midian say-

ondering that like truth in error's grasp, it still was unconsumed, he turned aside to see the strange sight. It is in loneliness that we learn to he reverential, and minus reverence there can be no true greatness, no religion at all, and though at times we must descend into the hurly-burly of strife, we will not ablde there; but strife, we will not ablde there; but dilmb out from the durk depths to where we can breaths a larger air and see a broader sky. As Wentworth long since told— The werid is too much with us. Late and

The world is too much with us. Late and Getting and spending we lay waste our

Duwers, Little we see in nature that is ours. The sea that harea her become to the moon, The winds that will be howling at all bours. And then anon are still as sleeping

flowers. For this, for everything, we are out of tune.

They tell us the Burning Bush was a miracle beyond our credence; a record from a mythological age not to be cred. fied now. But if Genesis is out of date, Mrs. Browning is not, and she-England's female Shakespeare-sings how

Earth's teramanned with Feaven: And every common bush aflams with Glod; But only ha who sees takes of his shoes The rest all around and gather blackberries.

Truly his eyes are faulty who beholds a Godless bush, for God is in the maple when its red buds glow with a crimson flush ere bursting into leaf; in the illac when its fragrant blossoms hang thickly on the green boughs; in the apple as it wears its pink raiment in honor of Spring's wedding Summer; and in all these fair sights we ought to see the burning radiance of God.

How manifestly and gloriously God is present in the things we think of as seing common and insignificant. Ab he is with us all, as heaven is above us all; and is interested in ant and angel; in songhird and seraph. He has the true majesty which can afford to stoop. He lacks the pettiness that is afraid of condescension. And as all malody is in the nine notes of music, or all literature is in the alphabet, so in a common spruce tree, if rightly viewed, may be found the great God. with his atmosphere and sunshine, with his wind and world. And God is equally in the acorn and the oak: In the beech mast and the forest; in the sod and the sky. For there are no trifles. The dashing of the tiniest wave one inch higher on the shingle demands an al-teration of the world's laws; and would make otherwise all past, present and to come. Not a sparrow fails without God's notice; and the hairs of your head are numbered. On that we could see things as they are, for then, with Emerson, we should know--There is no great and no small mast and the forest; in the sod and the

There is no great and no small To God who maketh all.

And God is in the unlikely places and things. To build a church is not to enclose God with the Bible and the organ, to be visited once a week. Al-not He dwells not in temples made He is universal as sur with hands. shine, unbounded as thought, intangible as spirit. And the whole world, with its skies and stars, its seas and storms, its mighty hills, and rolling plains and dense woods, is but the robe the Delty wears to conceal the blinding effulgence

German poetry - Nature is made to I is ample as horizon from hill top. Hug-At the roaring icom of life 1 ply. And weave for God the garment Thou seest him by.

Sermon Preached From the White Temple Pulpit by Walter Benwell Hinson, Minister.

ness and fear are found, danger is im-minent and risk is great. But when far out on the Sea of Principle. In har-mony with God and the laws of his And Maurice Thompson has beautifully sung:

I know where wild things lurk and linger. In groves as gray and grand as Time. I know where God himself has written Too grand for words of shyme

But alas, in these days we judge

The dew which never wets the flinty moun-

Tails in the valley free: Grean verdure fringes the small desert fountain. But barren sand the sea. And Moses turned aside to see the sight. How true is inspiration. For we must all turn aside or lose the sights that would make us better for gazing at them. You must turn aside from the seething strife and festering brolls of men; from all mean pursuits and ignoble aims, if you would see God or Nature as they really ara. Turn

aside, Moses, now and then, for as God be true, shepherding is not all of life, and men cannot live by bread alone crisis comes; that appearance, gilt and painted, plunge downward; that a shepherd in the right, with God beside From Midlan's desert Moses returned him, is stronger than all potentates and principalities; for right is omnipto Egypt's land; from tending sheep he goes to emancipate a nation and slay and principalities; for right is omnip-otent and everlasting, and God mui-titudinous above the teeming nations of the world. And force before truth is evanescent as now when the south wind blows; and might wrestling with right is as smoke in the hurricane's grip. And there is no strength in numbers if we lack the truth, and no security in the refuge whose founda-tion is a fraud. And Savonarola was stronger than Florence: Luther stronggoes to emancipate a hatton and may a King. How great the change; from the sheepfold to the palace; from si-lence and solltude to utterance and throng. But so it is in all life. The stream glides smoothly o'er its sandy bed, and no rise or fall, rock or bough provokes a ripple or an eddy; and then it deales down the slow with infinite King. it dashes down the slope with infinite rush and tumult, the white foam betoksning its madness. In the mora-ing, on Carmel's top, Ellijah scorned all powers and dared all gods; but at night beneath the juniper, he felt tho cow-ard's fear, and breathed the coward's prayer. Israel's poet King called on hill and plain, on sea, and storm, and sun, and star to help him sing God's praise; but even while he sings, the proud waters rush o'er his soul, and he sinks in deep mire where there is no standing. The world cries, "Ho-sanna." on Thuraday; and with as much easnestness on Friday shrieks, "Crucify." Today it wreaths your hrows with kingiy gold; tomorrow, with thorns cursed and crue; today it flatters, tomorrow frowns; today tokening its madness. In the mornstronger than Florence; Luther strong-er than papacy; Garibaldi stronger than Rome; Lincoln stronger than Southern Confederacy; for the simple reason that right is heavier than Southern Contederacy; for the simple reason that right is heavier than wrong. And today drunkenness shuns prohibition, and feudalism shuns free thought, on the same ground that darkness shuns the light. Let us unceasingly assert that as anvil outlasts the hammer, as Nature is constant amid all art's changes, so the truth is

no standing. The world cries, "Ho-sanna" on Thuraday; and with as much earnestness on Friday shrieks, "Crucity." Today it wreaths your hrows with kingly gold; tomorrow, with thoms cursed and crusi; today it flatters, tomorrow cross, today it flatters, tomorrow curses; exails to heavens, thrusts to hell. So be not elate with pride by the pressure of this world's hand; for today we are delified, and tomorrow condemned. And this element of change it is that tables men according to their respec-tive value. Til wait until your gold has the refiner's name upon it; till your ship has been storm rocked; till your ship has been storm rocked; till your ship has been storm rocked; till your ship and then fill sit in judgment. The cost of mail shines with a dazzing lus-ter, and the workmanship is more than I expected; but I reserve my opinion concerning it until you return from the battlefield, where the buliet-rain and wealth and honor are his; but when the patranch trusts God in spite of thow in all Uz Job has no superior. And as shipping suffers little from the ordinary storm, providing the sea room scolding wife and worrying devil, then I know in all Uz Job has no superior. And as shipping suffers little from the

wears to conceal the blinding effulgence of his great glot. For as David says, the whole world is but the garment of God, the visible forms through which is abundant, so these transitions de not vitally affect the man whose scope is in "Faust"-that high-water-mark of

LITERATURE.

sing shores of pollcy, where rocks of selfishness and ambition lift their heads, and where the shoals of petI-Couch-The Oxford book of ballads. 1910. Cowper-The task a poem. 1904. Davidson-Godfrida. 1808. Lockyer & Lockyer-Tennyson as a stu-ent and poet of nature. 1910.

PHILOSOPHY.

Hergson-Creative evolution, 1911; Mat-ter and memory, 1911. Jordan-Little problems of married life: the Basedeker to matrimony, 1910.

universe, there is little danger of life's transitions wrecking you. Build your house on the rock; under your grand halls let there be a foundation solid and strong; then shall you outlive the storm, and the flerce winds shall not SCIENCE Farman and others-Aviator's companion. Glimore-Birds through the year' 1910. Keep-West coast shells. Rev. ed. 191 Ogden-Heat. 1911. dlamay you. To thine own self be true, and then, as many shades are in the painting; as varied notes of major

Ogden-Heat. 1911. SOCIOLOGY. Gardiner-The constitutional documents of the Puritan revolution. 1625-1660. Ed 3. rev. 1906. Gask-Folk tales from many lands. 1910. Hall-Educational problems. 2v. 1911. Lyons-A manual of parliamentary law. 1897.

1911.

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Moore—The truth about tuberculosis and its only cure. 1910. Short—Practical home sewing and dreas-making, with cutting-out by the "Short" system of paper-folding. 1910. Smith—The canary, its varieties, manage-ment and breeding. Ed. 2. 1870.

BOOKS ADDED TO REFERENCE DE-PARTMENT. Husband-A dictionary of the characters in the Waverley novels of Str Walter Scott.

h in 1910. Konbler, bookseller-Lager-verziechnis ge-hundener bucher, atlanten und musikalien

U. S. Library of Congress-Division hibilography. List of references on re procity. Ed. 2, 1910. =

Concerning Uncless Marie Louise Tompkins, in Harpers. A Uncie is a kind of folks Jus' chuck full to th' brin wif fun. He hasn't any little girl-Then how's he know how to treat one! A Uncie doesn't have to be Bo dreffle hig an' high an' all. He can be Uncle jus' th' same If he will 'cide to not grow tall.

But his two eyes mus be th' kind 'At looks as if, nex' time he speaks, W'y he is goin' to tell to you Some dreffic funny kind of joke. What makes him buy a hat that jus' Hangs'round to tell him he 'mus' go'' 'Twon't de ne good te hunt for him-He won't be anywheres, you know!

Onct w'an my Uncle Fred comed 'long He ploked me right up fum th' floor. Where I was 'monishing my doll.-"Bhe got her pinkest dress all iore'.-"Th' place for Little Girls to be." (That's w'at my bestest Uncle said) "Is stitling on a Uncle's knee Till it gets time to go to bed."

There's stories in th' chimney fire And be will hunt them out for you,--I wonder where th' fairies went. And w'en my Uncle Fred got thro'. Cause w'en I went to sleep an' drafined There's something couldn' draffie far. That's Uncle Fred a-burning up Th' cunning little white cigar!

An' w'en I tho't I heard th' wind A-rustling in th' cherry-tree, 'At's w'en my Uncle Fred spread out Th' hig newspaper over me. An' Kate wouldn't found me 'tall, Exceptin' for that little curt. 'Cause Uncle Fred he looked al 'round, An' 'he don't see no Little Girl!"

Don't want to go to bed at all' Not, anyway, till by-and-by! But Unels Fred don't like to see A Little Girl begin to cry. If folks won't go to bed an' dream, How can it go tomorrow day? Thar's w'en th' big red au'mobile Will want to ride us miles away.

And so I condescend to let Him take me "pig-a-back" upstalrs,-I guess my Uncle Fred forgot A Little Giri mus' say her prayers. "Cause "lifs a shame to wake her up". Is what my bestest Uncle said, N'en he jus' dump me, shoes an' all, Right on my dainty little bed!

Pant Elder & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Suppose that you were of a lonesome disposition, found difficulty in making new friends, and suffered the loss by death of some dear relative who was your constant companion and dearer to you than all the world-to whom

to you than all the world-to whom would you go for comfort? To other relatives or friends? Ah-but they are not the same. In the first agony of such a grief, your sorrow would probably be such a personal one that it would approach the selfish, and thus but for a might seem for one that it would approach the schinkl, and Aimighty God might seen far away. You would want to touch some-thing earthly, something human, some-thing abiding. Humans change or are as changeable as the winds that blow, have their own intimates in whom they

are wrapped up, and they are only po-litely interested in you. Dogs are faith-ful and true, but their lives are short ful and true, but their lives are short and they can't express ideax except through the love that shines in their eloquent eyes. What solace is there, then? Good books! That is the counsel of-fered in this book by George Hamlin Fitch, who for upwards of 30 years has been the literary editor and book re-tingent of the San Francisco Chronicie.

World's Greatest Books; The Imitation of Christ; The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam: The Divine Comedy, by Dante; How to Get the Best Out of Books; Milton's Paradise Lost and Other Poems; Pilgrim's Progress, the Finest of All Allegories; Robinson Cru-see and Guiliver's Travels; Old Dr Labreer and His Bozwall viewer of the San Francisco Chronicis, and who recently suffered the Joss by death of bis only son, Harold, Here Johnson and His Boswell.

death of his only son. Harold, Here is our nuther's persideal story of his loss: "Cut off, as I have been from 10-mestic life, without a home for over 13 years, my relations with my son Harold were not those of the stern parent and the limid son. Rather it was the relation of elder brother and younger brother. Our taskes were of wide range, for we enjoyed with equal relish Mascagni's 'Cavalleria,' led by

wide range, for we enloyed with equal relish Mascagni's 'Cavalieria,' led by the composer himself, or a champion-ship prizefight, Margaret Anglin's som-ber but appealing Antigone, or a funny 'stant' at the Orpheum. Harold's full young life was also strongly colored by his close newspaper associations. . . Hence, when only 10 days ago, this close and tender association of many years was broken by desth—swift and wholly unexpected, as a bolt from cloudless skies—it seemed to be for a few hours as if the keystone of the arch of my life had fallen and every-thing lay heaped in ugly ruin. I had waited for him on that Friday aftercommon people, and is peculiarly their heritage. The book is not even criti-cal. It is friendy.

arch of my life had fallen and every-thing lay heaped in ugly ruin. I had waited for him on that Friday after-noon until 6 o'clock. Friday 's my day off, my one holiday in a week of hard work, when my son always dinad with me and then accompanied me io the theater or other entertainment. When he did not appear at 6 o'clock in the evening. I left a note saying I had gone to our usual restaurant. That dinner I ate alone. When I re-turned in an hour, it was to be met with the news that Haroid iay cold in death at the very time I wrote the note that his eyes could never see." Now for the mind-medicine and so-lace that Mr. Fitch would give: I uses upon you who are now wrapped

Now for the influence would give: Ince that Mr. Fitch would give: T urgs upon you who are now wrapped marm in domestic life and love to provide the process of the states of the states of the the pour that finds you forform and unpro-ticted against death's malignant hand. Cul-tivate the great worthles of literature, even or of the newest sensational romance. He content to corress ignorance of the optor or of the newest sensational romance. He is this mean preject of the latest magazing the books that will be forgotten in a single books that will be forgotten in a single had year, so that you may spend your held year, so that you may spend your held willing's dispense with two-thirds of the books he regards as indispensable but he with thing is that you have your out favorites—books that are real and gen in a cash one brimful of the inspiration of areash and. Keep these books on a shelf again until you have saturated your mind with their wise more and ther beauty. So

armed agained the world . . . No interary skill can bind up the broken-heart-ed; no beauty of phrase satisfy the soul that is torn by grief. No. When our, house is in mourning we turn to the Bible first-that found of wisdom and comfort which never fails him who comes to it with clean hands and a confirte heart. It is the medi-cines of life. And after it come the grast books written by those who have walked through the valley of the shadow, yet have of wisdom and counsel for the afflicted. One book through which beats the great heart of a man who has suffered yet grow strong under the lash of faits, is worth more than a thougand books that teach no real lesson of life, that are as broken clatters holding out for refreshment. Mer Fitch's chapter-beads are: The

out for refreshment. Mr. Fitch's chapter-heads are: The Greatest Book in the World-The Bible; Shakespeare Stands Next to the Bible; How to Read the Ancient Classics; The Arabian Nights and Other Classics; The Confessions of St. Au-gustine; Don Quixote, One of the World's Greatest Books; The Imitation

It is worth while noting that the book, which consists of 171 pages, and is of such convenient size that it can be easily slipped into a man's coul pocket, is clearly printed from hand-set type, and illustrated with 32 mount-00212 ed pictures, many of them from rare prints. It is stated that these illustrations are reproduced by a new stipple process which gives them the appear-ance of near-steel engravings. A bibli-ography of the authors quoted, is fur-

nished. This modest literary treasure and guide, is not for the learned—for, is not such instruction given in high schools and colleges? It is for the

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Re-ligious Knowledge, edited by Samuel Jack-son Macauley, D. D., LL. D., editor in chief, Volume 10, \$5 per volume. Funk & Wagnails Co., New York City.

& Wagnalls Co., New York City. In several respects, volume ten of this work is the most important of the series of one dozen volumes, insofar as these have been issued, because of wealth of subject matter, as the topics are treated in alphabetical order. In volume 10, the topics flumber 695, the colleberators 124 and unsees 517. The volume 10, the topics flumber 695, the collaborators 194 and pages 517, the range of subjects being from "Reusch" to "Son of God." This volume is on the same high basis of style and edu-cating influence as the others that have preceded it in the series. From many points of view, two ar-ticles are certain to attract wide at-

ticles are certain to attract wide at-tention, those defining the position of the Roman Catholic Church on "The

the Roman Catholic Church on The Use of the Bible in the Public Schools," and fundamental reasons for the stab-lishment and development of "Paroch-ial Schools in the United States," the author of these articles being Profes-sor J. F. Driscoll, D. D., who speaks with both authority and clarity. Of meanthur and interest is the article possibly equal interest, is the article on "Roman Catholics," written by Pro-fessor Charles H. McCarthy, Ph. D., of the Roman Catholic University of Washington, D. C., and it furnishes a resume of the development, ceremonies, doctrines, discipline and worship of the church in question in all lands. Much interest will be experienced in the account of what the church has done among the North American In-dians, and the explanation why the church has-seemingly-done so little for the neuro

in slang, but it is to be hoped that she does not write her employer's letters She promptly falls in in that style. love-for the time being-with one of the swell young men from whom she receives dictation, but is seized with anguish when she sees him walking down Broadway with a girl who on villets like a bale o' hay." seven tells the aftermath:

They've gone to Europe on their weddin'

They've gene to knowe on these when trip. I hope that nothin' happens to that ship. Well, it's a cinch it ain't no use to cry: I 'spose I may forget'it by and by. But everywhere I get the double cross. If I talked back to him a little bit. Liz would be senrchin' for another sit. I know I ain't nobody's glited real. But, still. I never went to business school. Guess ten a week's 'bout all I'll ever get. An', sufferin' cats, I've never seen that yet. The trand of the yerse reminds ond The trend of the verse reminds one of Irwin's "Love Sonnets of & Hood-

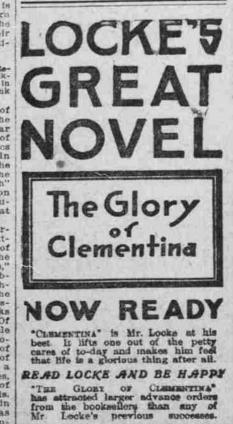
lum," recently issued. JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

A Significant Notice.

Washington (D. C.) Star. * Richard Croker, the day of his de-parture for his Irish home, said to a New York reporter: "It is the desire for freedom that

sends so many Americans and so many millions of dollars abroad every June. The Puritanical laws of America en-slave us. These laws, with their total siave us. Inese inws, with inter-misconception of fifedom and of en-joyment, are well exemplified in a no-tice board I once saw in a New Eng-land park. This board said: "Pleasure Grounds. Notice-These mounds are for pleasure only. No

grounds are for pleasure only. No



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Christian Science gets an Illumining JOHN LANE CO. NEW YORM

And so I condescend to let

vest so all change and tumuit, sharp and sweet, training and transition, will only round your life into a grand full-ness of completion. Thus prepared by the discipline of desert life; graduated in the halls of Nature; commissioned by the eternal. Moses returns to Egypt to prove him-self more than a match for Pharaoh's army. For he is in the right, and the hosts of Egypt are wrong. Lesson we must all learn. That fate is the seythe before which the grass of fiction falls;

and minor are in the music; as snow and rain, sun and air, brenth of wind

that sham will not avail us when the

and strength of soil enter into the