





THE RAREST FLOWER.

The drawback to trying to tell a story of emotions, almost without events, is that there is so little to tell. And yet the great story of each individual's life is the drama of emotions, not of actions or events.

He was a painter, too, an artist, cast in appropriate mold, with close-cropped, golden Van Dyck beard and handsome face, added to a fine physique and carriage, and a charm of manner, frank, fearless, kindly, and humorous.

The girls were profoundly interested in his coming, nicely interested, with maidenly curiosity, for Newrick prided itself on its girls, but deeply interested none the less. There were Helen, Katharine, Louise, Eleanor, Madeline, and Ruth, and there was little Cicely.

It got to be rather like "Patience" after a while, for he was likely to be seen with the girls following him whenever he went sketching into the fields or woods. It was the pleasant summer of his life, and a great joy to the girls.

"I had good luck with my work, thanks to Yvonne, who sat for me with untiring patience, just as all you

kind lassies do. But Professor Elwell was less fortunate; he did not find what he had come to seek. He was giving up, and deciding to move on to the next promising field, when one day Yvonne met him.

"Little Yvonne has gone into botanical records as the discoverer of the rarest of the southern European mountain flora, though it surely is not her fault, and she does not fit well into dry old botanies. It strikes me as a pretty allegory.

"How is it that little Cicely has fallen on silence? I always liked that quaint old term, but I don't like to apply it to little Cicely," he said.

For little Cicely had decided that the sweet young Yvonne, far off in the Pyrenees, had been beloved by Floyd Cranston, that something had sent him from her, that he was going back to her—otherwise he would show the mark of a broken heart, and he was remarkably free from the symptoms of a secret sorrow.

Cicely began to drop out of the pleasant daily excursions; there now were often six girls than seven in the groups that Floyd painted. Why this was he could not understand; he found himself pondering it often after he had vainly tried to penetrate Cicely's excuses, which he knew were not the real reason for her absenting herself.

One day, returning home alone, he came upon Cicely prone on her face beneath the great oak under which they had all sat so often. He came up so quickly and softly over the thick grass that when she sprang up at the sound of his voice she had no time to hide her tears.

"I have a headache," she said. "A headache! That is bad, but not enough to make you cry like this, dear Cicely," Floyd said softly.

"Cicely, darling little Cicely! Tell me your trouble—Let me cure it, I love you, Cicely."

"You love me, too, Cicely; nothing but love could have made you so skilful—and so foolish!—in self-sacrifice," he whispered.

sweetest flower in all the world, and I am going to wear it and nourish it in my heart, darling. Shall I?"

"Yes, if you mean me," said little Cicely. —Marion Ames Taggart, in Benziger's Magazine.

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The presentation to the Bishop of Nottingham, which took place on Tuesday last in that City, was a great tribute to a great Briton. The actual presentation was made by Alderman Sir William Dunn of London who had the pleasure of presenting a cheque for some £1200 to Bishop Brindle.

A Conspiracy Against Hell. The American papers have been strong on this subject of late, says the "Bombay Examiner." Recently it was the case of a group of college students formally subscribing to the doctrine that hell does not exist.

It comes from people who quite probably have no intention of taking advantage of the abolition of hell in order to run morally amuck, but who regard the idea of hell as something unworthy alike of God and man.

The police service is something essentially coercive and penal; and yet it forms part of the equipment of every properly organized state. But for whom does the police service exist?

In relation to the first class the police service is a service of protection merely; for it defends the observer of the law from the injuries which would follow from the breaking of it by others.

To these the police service is a decided help; for it provides them with a tangible motive of fear, at moments when the motive of love or duty proves weak and unavailing.

Thus we have in every commonwealth three classes of men: (1) Those to whom the police are a nuisance; (2) those to whom the police are a help; and (3) those to whom the police are superfluous.

To the middle class—who form the

general run of mankind, and from which no human being, unless confirmed in grace, can safely venture to exclude himself—hell is an undoubted help in times of weakness.

Now it cannot sanely be said that there is anything degrading in this. It is merely a recognition of the weakness of human nature, and its proneness, in spite of the highest ideals, to fall sometimes dismally in the realization of them.

With regard to the wickedly disposed, there is no use mincing matters. Their whole attitude in life is a wrong one, and hell is the only remedy for it.

If the crime were committed first and the punishment invented for it afterwards, the criminal might have cause to complain.

But the point on which we particularly wish to insist is this—that the doctrine of hell is not a thing to be resented as if it were something un-

worthy, or degrading, or insulting to the dignity and moral worth of man. So far as a man is all that he ought to be, hell lies outside his horizon.

Hell begins to loom on the horizon only as a concomitant of sin, and as a corollary of it; and if there be any degradation connected with the case, this degradation is not to be sought in the doctrine but in the man himself.

As to the question whether hell is a doctrine worthy of God, the general answer is contained in what we have already said. If it is worthy of God to create man at all; if it is worthy of Him to place man under probation; if it is worthy of Him to make that probation consist in the choice between virtue and sin, between service and rebellion; if it is worthy of Him to make eternal happiness the reward of service—then it is part of the harmony of the program to make hell the punishment of rebellion.

But then as Newman says, "a thousand difficulties do not make a doubt"—or ought not to. There is quite enough evidence to prove that an eternal hell is part of the Christian revelation, just as the Trinity, and the Incarnation, and the Atonement are part of the Christian revelation; and what is revealed must be believed.

Among Catholics this is perfectly well understood. But vast numbers of Protestants have so completely lost sight of the real meaning of revelation, and of faith in revelation, that belief becomes for them an eclectic and optional affair.

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FRIDAY 28th February, 1913

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to commence at the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the post offices of Antigonish, North Grant, Maryvale, Malignant Cove, Georgeville, Morar, Lennox, Livingstone's Cove, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Halifax.

G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent

Post Office Department, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 15th January 1913

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