

which no man hears and can ever forget.

The officer passed, speechless, up the steps, and we followed into the clean, pure air, under the boundless blue of smiling skies.—Walter A. Wycokoff, in *Scribner's* for July.

AN ANGEL, AND HOW TO POSSESS ONE.

An airy little elf about two or three years old, with a face where smiles and dimples play, and earnest longings, and eager questions, and big blue eyes wide open with surprise and delight and ruby lips brimming full of kisses, all crowned with a golden glory of curly hair—this is the thought of many eager applicants for children who apply to the Children's Home society.

Somewhere they have seen an ideal picture of just such an angelic being, they have caught a glimpse of one on a journey or there is one in the town, and this fond dream has haunted them ever since and they long to have it realized in a little treasure that they can clasp to their bosoms as all their own; and so they come to the society with great enthusiasm to offer to be the beneficent benefactors to give such a little angel a home. They soon find that the society has no such rare ones, but only some older children, not angels, and some babies—babies that have scarcely any hair on their heads, babies that want their food and cry if they don't have it, just common, unromantic babies—anything but angelic.

But the agents of the society can take them to many a home in the state where there are these little idols of the heart that they would gladly give a fortune to possess, and they are all the world to their happy possessors. How did they get them? They took just such a bald-headed unromantic baby from the society. Patiently they watched over it and fed and cared for it till the months passed by and the angel in embryo gradually came forth to its present charming self, a real little angel, human it is true, not quite perfection, but just the dearest little thing in all the world, as the proud foster parents will tell you.

Another thing, it seems to be taken for granted that all the little angels are girls, and so about nine out of ten apply for a girl, while as a matter of fact there are many more little baby boys that need homes than baby girls. Poor little baby boys!

Our nursery is filled with them now, but scarcely anybody wants them. But while baby boys don't make ideal angels, they are the stuff that noble men may be made of.

Lincoln was once a boy, and so was Washington, or Luther or Moses. Who can measure the debt of gratitude that our country owes to that noble woman who, as a stepmother, stamped upon the mind and heart of that motherless boy, uncouth and awkward though he was, those lessons of integrity and truth that in later years made Honest Old Abe the tower of strength for the right that he was.

The baby boys need the same love and watchful care that the baby girls do. Who will be a benefactor to mankind and take one of these needy little boys and train him up for God and humanity?

The Children's Home society always has from a dozen to a score of them—rolly-polly, jolly little fellows, who will coo and crow and laugh and make sunshine in many a home now so empty without one. Who will have one. Address Rev. E. P. Savage, 802 New York Life building, St. Paul, or 937 Guaranty Loan, Minneapolis.—*The Kingdom*.

"LEARN TO DO WELL."

Keep yourself unspotted from the world is important, but it is valuable only as a preparation. Innocence is our starting point, not our goal. A cabbage is innocent; an oyster makes no mistakes; a squash was never known to sin. But virtue, character, is the holy grail of our search and we must wade through sorrows and sins and blunders before we find it.

Yet there are numbers of people in the world to-day whose one aim in life is to obey all those rules—hygienic, social, civil and religious—which they believe will insure their success in this world and in the world to come. They forget that Divine principle laid down by Jesus, that only he that loseth his life shall gain it. They live and strive, not that they may do something good and useful, but that they may keep from doing anything bad, from making any mistakes. God pity the man who has no claim upon the love and gratitude of his fellows except for the things which he has not done.

"Commit no sins" or "make no mistakes" is a motto unworthy a being with a spinal column. A man who never made a mistake certainly never made anything. A man who has never done anything wrong has never done anything right. For to finite human beings mistakes and sins are the inevitable results of activity. There are many holy, prayerful men who so fear getting a spot on the whiteness of their phylacteries that they sit idly by while a sinful world wallows in the

mire of political corruption, too cowardly to lend a helping hand.—Carl Vrooman, in *The Washingtonian*.

GREENLAND AS A SUMMER RESORT.

Upon the map Greenland looks very remote, but even the slow arctic sealers can reach it in three weeks from New York, and, into the bargain, put in at St. John's, Newfoundland, a picturesque old town, well worth a visit. A week out from St. John's you enter the world of marvels. By this time night is but a twilight that, with its mystery, holds you on deck far into sleeping hours. . . .

Within a few hours your vessel is among the flocs, and the wonder has begun. For in its long voyage the ice has been water-carved into the most bizarre shapes. Some are grotesque beyond imagination; others might have been turned out by a skillful sculptor to represent men, animals or buildings that he knew. I have seen a cave three feet high, with an entrance of three arches supported upon slender pillars. Phidias himself could not have designed the proportions more justly, nor could he have executed his design more artfully. The roof of the cave, where the sun had beaten the surface of the floe into a crust, was dead white; but the interior was a harmony in blues, shading by imperceptible gradations from the faintest tinge at the opening to deep cobalt in the furthest recesses. The floor, submerged, was of that tone of malachite which all ice takes on under water, and which harmonizes with every tone above the surface.

A thousand bits as exquisite as this pass you before morning. At day-break, when the sunlight flashes from the little pinnacles and spires, you find yourself in an Aladdin's treasury of diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, amethysts and opals. For two months thereafter ice is ever present. Sometimes it is a single berg, majestically motionless amid waves over which the ship rocks like a cradle; sometimes it is a stately procession of bergs floating in Indian file away from the parent glacier; sometimes it is only light "trash," like that in the first stream; oftentime it is a thousand bergs of all sizes, as varied in shapes as masses of cloud. The spectacle never loses its fascination; after you have admired 5,000 bergs, you find new delight in the 5,000 and first.

For one who is not content merely to admire scenery, Greenland is rich in entertainment. Sportsmen will find ptarmigan, elderduck, little auks, all excellent shooting and succulent eat-

ing; blue foxes and arctic hares, with beautiful furs; and, for big game, reindeer, polar bears and walrus. No sport is more exciting than walrus hunting. You cannot bring off a trophy without fighting the whole herd, and the attack of a score of enraged animals, each weighing half a ton, each armed with tusks two feet long, sets a-tingle the nerves of the most jaded big-game hunter.

If you care for botany, there are rare arctic plants to be collected; beautiful, too, and brave enough to send a thrill to the sentimental heart. Everywhere along the edge of the "ice cap" you will find poppies that have thrust their little yellow heads up through the snow to the sunlight. If you care for geology, there are many disputed problems to be solved; glaciers from a mile to sixty miles wide to be inspected; fossils of semi-tropical trees to be unearthed among the never-melting snows. If you care for strange peoples, there is in Danish Greenland—which extends as far north as Upernavik—a tribe of half-civilized Eskimos whose quaint customs would furnish you with entertainment for the whole season. . . .

Beyond Melville bay there is another tribe of Eskimos, 250 people, cut off from the world by ice impassable for them. Before Lieut. Peary visited them in '91 few members of the tribe had seen a stranger. They are barely emerged from the stone age, eaters of meat without salt. They, too, dance, swaying their bodies to and fro to the ta-ta-ta, ta-ta-ta of a tambourine made of sealskin and reindeer ribs. Their food is not always plenty, and during the long, sunless winter they must hide from the cold in cramped huts; yet they are the lightest-hearted of peoples, and the most fascinating of companions. For an ethnologist a visit to them would amply repay a hard voyage—if the voyage to Greenland were hard—for they are the most primitive of known peoples.

Like all ancient countries, Greenland has ruins to be explored. The ancient settlements of Erik the Red and his descendants lie among the fords in the south. The settlers were probably done to death by the "Skraelings;" at all events, nothing was heard of them during the two centuries when Greenland was a lost country; and even now the mounds that were their old villages have never been thoroughly investigated.

Apparently, then, there is no lack of amusement in Greenland; every day brings some fresh adventure. And amid the salt breezes one has an ever-

increasing gusto in new experiences.

It is said that in response to the usual question: "Wherein lies the fascination of the arctic regions?" Dr. Nansen replied: "In its healthfulness, my dear sir. Sickness and lassitude never pass beyond the arctic circle."

I venture to believe that the arctic glamour depends upon other things in addition to healthfulness; nevertheless it is certain that the vigor of one's nerves and one's blood in the far north are great aids to enjoyment. The air is a tonic. It bears no dust, and neither air nor land nor water harbors a germ hostile to mankind. The member of the Peary relief expedition of '92 who gained least in weight was 15 pounds heavier after two months of Greenland travel. Nor is the temperature severe. The mercury rarely falls below freezing point; usually it marks from 40 to 50 degrees.—Albert White Vorse, in *The Independent*.

WHAT THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY WILL ACCOMPLISH.

An extract from an article on "Eastern Siberia," by Stephen Bonsal, published in *Harper's Magazine* for July.

I came in contact, during my stay in Siberia, with many of the responsible officers in the management of the road, and I know how very modest their expectations are of its financial features. It is hoped by them that when the road is completed three express trains a week will run from St. Petersburg to the Pacific, and vice versa, in nine or ten days. They hope that when travelers from London to China and Japan find that by taking the Russian railway they would save two weeks, they cannot fail to obtain a large share of this passenger traffic. During certain seasons of the year, when the heat of the Suez loup is unbearable, they think that the real overland route will nearly monopolize all travelers bound for places east and north of Singapore. This preference for the northern railway, they claim, would be increased by the outbreaks of plague and cholera, which would seem to have become almost endemic in some of the ports, such as Bombay, Penang, Singapore, Saigon, and Hong-Kong, where the steamers touch. They further expect to monopolize the carrying trade to Europe of all those products of the east which are not large in bulk and are costly in proportion to their weight, upon which, in consequence, the insurance is dear. Under these circumstances the quickness of the railroad journey would prove so great an advantage as to overcome the disparity between the freight rates by sea and land, the latter of necessity

having to be the more costly. The present rate for passenger traffic in Siberia is very low, but by the tariff which is already drawn up, and is to be put into force when the railway is completed, promises the cheapest traveling known to the world. First class from St. Petersburg to the Pacific will be 90 rubles; second class at 56 rubles, and third class at 35 rubles. Over each division of the road in operation one local and freight train is run daily in each direction, and an express train every other day also in both directions. Of course the through traffic, in passengers as well as freight, over the still uncompleted road, is at present very small; but, with only the local patronage, it has been found profitable to work the road upon this schedule at least, not only without loss, but with a small margin to profit. The section from Tcheliabinsk to Omsk, which has been the longest in operation, is already paying handsomely, and carried for the last four months of 1896 231,000 passengers.

While the Russians know that commerce follows the flag by land as well as by sea, and while they foresee the revolution in commerce and trade which the completion of the Trans-Siberian cannot fail to bring about, the purpose of the construction is quite different. The primary object of this colossal enterprise was to secure a highway for the rapid and unimpeded transport of soldiers and materials from European Russia to Vladivostok, all the way in Russian territory, and safe and secure from the attack of enemies. Vladivostok, or the more southern port that may supplant it in the near future, was destined by Russian statecraft to become not only the terminus of the great railroad, but an impregnable base and a harbor of refuge for the Russian fleet in the Pacific. Such having been the project, it is not surprising that the curiosity of the world at large, and more particularly of those countries having direct interests in the politics of the far east, is more aroused by the military than the other aspects of this part of the world, so completely changed by this great construction. On my return from Siberia, it was my experience that nine out of every ten questions that were addressed me had reference to the changes which the completion of the great road would bring about in Russia's military capacity and efficiency. In summer, I believe, Russia could mobilize an army of 200,000 men within two weeks upon any given point of the frontier of China or Korea.

The Siberian railway having now be-