James Aram's Example.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. For many years James Aram resided and prospered in the pretty village of Delavan, Wis. He was not what might be termed a rich man at his death, a few weeks ago. He had taken part in most tl of the enterprises calculated to advancey the interests of his town. It is apparentilli that he wanted to live in the thought of h the people after he had crossed the river. for he generously remembered several of th churches and the cemetery associ-16 tion and then directed that \$20,000 be 0 i used in building a home for superannuat-e ted Methodist ministers and their famito be located at Delayea. That was ted Methodist minister. That the state of th a monuments hat are monuments. They use tare none the less valuable, none the less sprized, because the man whose memory is suit be preserved by them builded them is prized, because the man whose memory he will be preserved by them builded them himself. Fortunate, indeed, is the viller, and I himself. Fortunate, indeed, is the vitage, for the large or city that has a James Aram, live cious that the vessel was intended

venien And during the last fifty years God has ed as the defendants were, been opening the eyes of Europe, and making been opening the eyes of Europe, and the eyes of Europe, a us to see wonderful things out of his law. mit There are finer and more exquisite and more imperative perceptions of duty and character and responsibility than there were before. Take hope! Morality has grown, is growing, and is hole going to grow. It is one of the most delightful *of things of life to know that the Lord of right-nit eousness is ever being unfolded and illustrated, that we understand more perfectly the magic lls. of eternal righteousness. If you could come back again in fifty years more you would find 10t a new morality again—a new sense of justice, of fairness, of sobriety. Talk about the morality of to-day! It is a barabarism. I tell you the time is coming when a man will put his soul into a convict's sackcloth, because he cherished R a sullied imagination. The time is coming when there will be no more wife beating, when a man will put himself on the treadmill a month for giving her a ugly look. The time is coming when a capitalist would rather put on the castoff garments of a leper than put on a purple stained by a workman's tear or blood. (Amen!) The time is coming when a working man would rather pick his master's pocket than waste his time. The day is coming when a man will not have to be taken up for forgery and embezzlement. It shall be no more. There shall be such a spirit of magnanimity and charity that a man will stand in the church porch and do penance for having in a moment of meanness given a threepenny-bit at the collection. "O!" you may say, "that is a touch of the grotesque." But I give you that that you may remember it. Just as during the last fifty years the best thing of all is that the conscience of the race has grown, in the next fifty years the conscience of the race will continue to grow. And there shall be a code of morals, of character, and of etiquette more superb and delicate than any that we

know to-day.

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is more to be desired than the diploma of a counterfeit college. It is easy to be a soldier on dress paradithonor are won only on the field of battle. somebody else. to suffer and be 50 the haval service of the Confederate States. Of were successful. Five of the accused were convicted or pleaded guilty. * * No prosecution appears to have been instituted against Bullock himself." (Bernard's Neutrality, pages 361-2.) This is a terribly small record, considering the magnitude of the offenses committed, and considering the zeal shown in repressing en-

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rich, but she had a circle of charming friends and many opportunities for social and intelcity y si clearly to establish enlisting and paying against the United Highatt, as has alwere fined but fifty ed to deter them from

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SIDNEY LANIER-THE MAN, THE POET.

BY PROF. S. A. LINK, M.A.

Under Barrie's magic hand Rob Angus, "the sawmiller" of Thrums, leaves his mill and becomes a London editor in a few seasons. That is romance. Scarcely less wonderful is the reality when we find Sidney Lanier a clerk in an Alabama hotel in 1866, and the author of the Centennial cantata in 1876, the teacher of a country academy in 1867, and the author of The "Symphony" in 1875. So brief and pathetic was the career of Lanier, so different was his poetry from conventional models that the world has hardly known how to estimate his work. His personality took strong hold upon men; his life was itself his greatest poem. Edmund Gosse, one of the best known Edmund ics, visited Baltimore snorm, esten inclish crit-Lanier. Gosse says: "The writer of 'The Marshes of Glynn' had passed away before I visited Baltimore, but I heard so much about him that I feel as though I had seen him. The delicately molded ivory features, the profuse and silken beard, the wonderful eyes waxing and waning during the feverish action of lecturing, surely I have witnessed the fascination which these exercised." "Beauty is holiness, and holiness is beauty," was the teaching of Sidney Lanier upon the subject of art. A few decades ago the prurient in poetry was too often the most marketable feature. Happily the poet does not now need to live outside the canons of good society to be admired. A good life does not make a great poet-far from it-but such lives as those of Tennyson, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and Sidney Lanier give an additional halo to the gracious things which they have written. Too often while we admire the poetry we must defend, explain, or even forget, if possible, the life of the poet. As Lanier says in "The Crystal":

> Full bright ye shine, insuperable stars; Yet, if a man look hard upon you, none With total luster blazeth, no, not one But hath some heinous freckle of the flesh Upon his shining cheek.

Of the masters in their work he said: "All must ask some sweet forgiveness." Not so with our poet so far as his life was concerned. We hardly know which to accord the highest meed of praise, the man or the poet. His life was itself as beautiful, as pure as his creed, "Beauty is holiness." Under the title, "The Victory of the Weak," Col. Higginson, of Boston, calls Sidney Lanier "the Sir Galahad of American Literature," and says: "The man who, while already stricken with pulmonary disease, could serve for many months in the peculiarly arduous life of a Confederate cavalryman had some right to an opinion as to what constitutes true manhood." The Colonel might have added that the same manly spirit kept Lanier a private in the ranks when offered a commission which would have separated him from a younger brother. Now that his name is a gracious one to many lovers of poetry, the South claims him; but if others had not discovered him, perhaps his name even now would be strange to Southern readers, yet all too few. His working years were few and full of heroic endurance of suffering. There is in all literature hardly a parallel to the care with which he hoards the minutes, that he may hang the largest number of trophies in the temple of song, singing amid pain-throbs and feer-fires far into the gathering shades of the wilight of death.

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in to a sentiment that member, rose to respond to a sentiment that had been for some time annoying him no little. An effort was being made to curb the spirit of collections and to hush the calls for so Collection much money, some going far enough so "So many collections will kill the church. pillars of the church of which he venerable man of color, who stood View on the Subject of Solid A

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