

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

THE POEM, "CHRIST IN HADES," IS BY AN ENGLISH AUTHOR.

Some of its Stanzas and How it is Regarded by Competent Critics—Something Concerning the Life of the Youthful Author—Other of his Poems.

"Christ in Hades," a poem by Stephen Phillips, published in Elkin Mathews' "Shilling Garland," (Vigo St., London, 1896), has attracted much attention and obtained some very favorable comment from high critical sources. We have been lately enabled to enjoy it, and indeed, it seems to us a noble conception, simply and powerfully wrought. It opens with the following Hyperion-like passage:

Keen as a blind man, at dawn awake,
Smells in the dark the cold odor of earth;
Eastward he turns his eyes, and over him
A dreadful freshness exquisitely breathes;
The room is brightening, even his own face!
So the exiled ghosts in Hades felt
A wait of early sweet, and heard the rain
Of spring beginning o'er them; they all
Stood still, and in each other's faces looked.

We are immediately in that prison house of gloom made familiar to us by the great Greek and Latin masters, and amid the oddlike peoples of that old mythology. Persephone is first encountered:—

Perpetual dollar had as yet but drooped
The corners of her mouth and in her hand
She held a bloom that had on earth a name.

She anticipates some approaching presence, to which she appeals with that whisper which in Hades is a voice:

"Come, my Hermes, come!
'Tis time to fetch me! Ah through all my veins
The sharpness of the spring returns: I hear
The stalk revive with sap and the first drops
Of green illumined grass; now over me
The blades are growing fast; I cannot rest.
He comes, he comes! Yet with how slow a step,
Who used to run along as sunny gust!
And O a withered wreath! no roves now
Dewy from paradise. Surely not his
Those earnest eyes, that ragged hair; his face
Was glad and glad. This is no god at all,
Only some grieving human shape, with hands
Unslightly, and the eager Furies wheel
Over him!"

Christ appears, silently approaches, "exercising the spell over her which soon extends to all inhabitants of Hades, looking at her with grave eyes:

Her young mouth trembled fast, and from her hand
With serious face she let the earthly flower
Drop down; then stretching out her arms, she said:
"O all fresh out of beautiful sunlight!"

Was it not difficult to come away
Straight from the greenness to the dimness? Now
It is the time of tender opening things.
Above my head the fields murmur and wave,
And breezes are just moving the clear heat.
O the mid-noon is trembling on the corn,
On cattle calm, and trees in perfect sleep.
And hast thou empty come? Hast thou not brought
Even a blossom with the noise of rain
And smell of earth about it, that we all
Might gather round and whisper over it?
At one wet blossom all the dead would feel!
O thou beginning to glide here a shadow,
Soon shalt thou know how much it seems to us,
In miserable dim magnificence
To feel the snowdrop growing over us,
That barren crown! but now it is a wreath.
These gusts of Hell have blown it into thorn!
If thou canst bear it yet, O speak to me
Of the blue moon, of breezes and of rivers!"

"Suddenly she is aware of unusual stillness, and stops short to see what it means.

Like to trees
Motionless in an ecstasy of rain,
So the tall dead stood drooping around Christ,
Under the falling peace intensely still;
And some in slow delight their faces raised upward.

There Agamemnon, Ixion, and a multitude
Ghosts came eddying down and cluster
around him:

In silence stood the dead,
Gazing; only was heard that river steal
The listless ripple of Oblivion.

Every appeal is a cry after lost earth,
with its bloom and sunshine. How re-
luctant seem these common gifts now!
They are like the smell of a feast wafted to
a beggar who stands perishing in the cold.
Hear the Athenian ghost:

"Art thou a god? Then guide us to the air,
To trees and rivers, that peculiar light
Which even now is squandered on the beasts.
Canst thou not make the primrose venture up
Or bring the gentian shower? O pity us;
For I would ask of thee only to look
Upon the wonderful sunlight, and to smell
Earth in the rain. Is not the Laborer
Returning heavy through the August sheaves
Against the setting sun, who gladly smells
His supper from the opening door, is he
Not happier than these melancholy kings?
How good it is to live, even at the worst!
God was so lavish to us once, but here
He hath repented, zealous of his beams."

The contrast from the glistering sun
As out of some great battle, or hast thou
The beautiful ease of the untroubled gods?"

Yet, he reflects, arguing from the for-
lorn marks upon this strange visitor, there
is no help to be expected from him:

We can trust thee not,
How wilt thou lead with feet already pierced?
And if we ask thy hand, see, it is torn!"

But the Christ, silent as at Pilate's
judgment seat, answers never a word.
The pathetic ghost of some mother, long
divorced from home and love, accost him:

"Altho' I know thee not, yet can I tell
That only a great love hath brought thee hither.
Darest thou so all to brightness, and couldst not rest
For thinking of some woman? Was thy bed
So empty, cold thy hearth, and aimless glides
Thy wife amidst me? Whom then dost thou seek?
For see, we are so changed; thou wouldst not know
The busy form that moved about thy fire.
She has no occupation, and no care,
No little tasks. O we had pleasant homes.
And often we remember husbands dear,
That were most kind, and wonder after them.
My little children! Who sings to them now?
Bursts then to the earth! Thou canst not fetch
Thy drooping listless woman to the air.
Thou'lt have no comfort out of her at all!"

So he passes on, and so they follow him.
At last he retired from the kingdom of
shadows:

The vault closed back, we upon we, the wheel
Revolving, the stone rebounded; for that time
Hades her interrupted life resumed.

Such is the poem, of which the Spectator has said: "It is a wonderful dream, a dream that stirs the heart in almost every line, though Christ himself never utters a word throughout the poem, but only brings his sad countenance and bleeding brow and torn hands into that imaginary world of half conceived and chaotic gloom; while The Speaker has declared,—'The solemn music is matched by majestic words. The poignancy of feeling which is in the title-poem cries from the lyrics also.' That poignancy is especially notable in the following:

I in the greenness rose;
I could not sleep for thinking of one dead.
Then to the chest I went
Where lie the things of my beloved spread.

Quietly these I took;
A little glove, a sheet of music torn,
Painting ill-done perhaps;
Then lifted up a dress that she had worn.

And now I came to where
Her letters are; they lie beneath the rest;
And read them in the hush;
She spoke of many things, was sore oppressed.

But these things moved me not;
Not when she spoke of being parted quite,
Or being misunderstood,
Or growing weary of the world's great fight.

Not even when she wrote
Of our dead child, and the hand-writing swerved;
Not even then I shook;
Not even by such words was I unmoved.

I thought, she is at peace;
Whither the child is gone, she too has passed.
And a much-needed rest
Is fallen upon her, she is still at last.

For when at length I took
From under all those letters one small sheet,
Folded and writ in haste;
Why did my heart with sudden sharpness beat?

Alas, it was not sad!
Her saddest word I had read calmly o'er,
Alas, it had no pain!
Her painful words, all these I knew before.

A hurried happy line!
A little jest, too slight for one so dead:
This did I not endure;
Then with a shuddering heart no more I read.

By favor of our friendly correspondent, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, of Pegwood, Morpeth, Eng., we have some particulars respecting the author of these poems. 'He is the son of Canon Phillips of Peterborough Cathedral, and was born at Somerton, near Oxford. He is distantly related to the poet Wordsworth. He read for the civil service for a time, then went on the stage, attaching himself to the dramatic company of his cousin, Frank Benson, (to whom 'Christ in Hades' is dedicated). His greatest success was as the Ghost in Hamlet. 'To Primavera,' (a little volume of poems published at Oxford in conjunction with Laurence Binyon, and two other associates) he made several contributions. Then he issued 'Erebus,' of which Mr. Stopford Brooke says,—'All the space thrills and vibrates with emotions while the Academy praised it very highly.' Lastly, the poem I have sent you, which Mr. Hut- ton, in the Spectator, calls 'a wonderful dream.' Mr. Phillips, I may add, hopes shortly to publish another small volume of poetry, the purpose of which will be to depict the tragedy of modern existence in great cities. I am sorry to add, though, that at the present moment, Mr. Phillips is suffering from an affection of the eyes.' The following lyric, without title, will con- clude our citations:

O thou are put to many uses, sweet!
Thy blood will urge the rose, and surge in Spring;
But yet

And all the blue of thee will go to the sky,
And all thy laughter to the rivers run;
But yet

Thy tumbling hair will in the West be seen,
And all thy trembling bosom in the dawn;
But yet

Thy brightness in the dewdrop shall be hung,
And all the frailness of thee on the foam;
But yet

Thy soul shall be upon the moonlight spent,
Thy mystery spread upon the evening more.
And yet!

"This much at least is certain," says The Saturday Review, "that here we have a new and powerful individuality, standing quite alone among our younger poets, and one who has the courage to attempt a sustained effort on a great theme."

PATERFEN.

OBSCURE MILLIONAIRES.

Only Thing a Possessor of Millions Can Do to Keep Himself Unknown.

The London Spectator once published a list of those called 'obscure millionaires' who had died within the previous ten years. The list was a rather long one. This list sets one considering. The age is a shop-keeping age, it is true. It is apt, we say, to value men according to their property. Great wealth gives great consideration, and yet, notwithstanding the exaggerated importance of money and money getting, it appears that wealth in the largest measure redeems no man from obscurity; that money in itself, by its mere possession, confers no distinction which even this age values. Its use, and not its possession, is all that can make it a matter of distinction. In our own country even more than in Europe wealth exaggerates its own con- sequence. It is natural that it should, for here, more than there, it is a personal matter. The American Millionaire has 'made,' as he says, his own millions. They represent his own shrewdness, industry, tact, perseverance or 'good luck.' He is fond, it may be, of reminding us all that it is so. He is a 'self-made man,' and recurs to the time when he was a barefooted boy, or a penniless youth, with some pride, as a proof of how bright a man he is in having

changed by his own powers the early poverty for the present wealth.

He feels in his heart he had done a noble work, and that he deserves the commendation of mankind for doing it. He is liable to disappointment, as we all know, and it is somewhat strange that, shrewd as he is in money matters, he is so blind in others. For the rest of the world is very busy and has little time to trouble itself about his success or his failure. Neither can other people see on exactly what grounds a man can claim its applause only for having taken good care of his own interests.

The consideration given to him for his money is given only to his face by those who expect to get something by it. The community would look complacently upon the matter if a sudden revulsion should set him to sweeping the streets tomorrow, would consider him indeed quite as important in the last occupation as in that of raking his heaps higher. In other words, it is the wealth itself that is important, it there is any importance in the case. The man who owns it may be very unimportant; in fact, if he is content to be merely its owner, is sure to be so.

The only way to create distinction with wealth is by its use. What a man does with what he has determines the question of his obscurity. The world is very just, and forgets all but its benefactors. The millionaire who uses his millions for his own benefit is like the officeholder who uses his office for his own benefit, or the man of genius who exhausts his genius for his own selfish ends, or indeed like any man who, endowed with a trust, uses the trust for his own exclusive use and behoof.

Men possessed of other trusts are not as apt to make this mistake as the men possessed of money. Genius intellectual power, high spiritual gifts, we are all loud to claim are conferred for the good of humanity. We stand ready to condemn relentlessly the men, who endowed with such gifts, use them mainly for their own advantage. But great wealth, especially if a man has himself won it, is less apt to be considered a trust. The greed for it is great. It is often sought not for itself, but for the supposed distinction it confers. When the young man of energy and ambition looks forward to the attainment of it as the end of his en- deavors, he is not led by any miserly desire for money in itself. He has rather the nobler desire of winning distinction and importance by its possession. It is a man's and not an end. Pity he should in his notion. For his first opinion is right. Wealth can confer distinction. It can bring honor and high consideration. It can make a man's memory fragrant for cen- turies. But to do all this it must be used.

There are millionaires in our own country who will neither be remembered

nor cared for thirty days after their costly funerals. Their passage from among living men will leave no void, for the stocks and bonds and shares which alone gave them their consequence remain. Mankind has lost nothing, misses nothing. There are others who will be missed in a thousand places and by thousands of hearts for though the millions remain, the heart that made the millions a blessing is gone. The man in this case is lost to us, and he was more than his money. There are again some few who so dispose of their thousands that their names and memories are linked for years, for centuries, to the monu- ments of beneficence they leave behind them, famous the land over, not for their wealth, but for the good deeds their wealth was used for. The millionaire is nothing, his importance nothing, his consequence nothing. We want to know what he does with his millions before we care to remember his name. As a millionaire merely he is like the great poet who never writes, the great orator who has never made a speech, the great inventor who has never invented anything. He had grand opportunities. He could have done so much with his money. He did nothing. He died worth so many millions. That is all. We stand by his grave, and think 'what a fool he was!' Another 'obscure millionaire.'—Church Standard.

SUFFERED FOR YEARS.

The Experience of Mr. Grant Day, of Harrowsmith.

He Suffered Much From Rheumatism Especially During Spring and Autumn—Following a Neighbor's Advice, Brought About a Cure.

From the Kingston Whig.

One who has been released from years of suffering is always grateful to the person or the medicine that has been the medium of release. It is therefore safe to say that one of the most thankful men in the vicinity of Harrowsmith is Mr. Grant Day, who for years past has been a sufferer from rheumatism, but has now been released from its thralldom. To a reporter Mr. Day told his experience substantially as follows: "I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for upwards of twenty-five years. It usually attacked me worst in spring and fall, and at times the pain endured was intense, making it difficult for me to obtain rest at night. From my hips down to my feet every joint and every muscle appeared to be affected, and the pains appeared to chase one another until I was at times nearly wild, and mind you this was my condition for upwards of twenty-five years. During that period I tried many remedies, and while I obtained temporary relief from some, I could get nothing in the way of permanent benefit. But last year the pains did not come back, and they have not returned since, and this is the way it came about. One day while telling my neighbor, Mr. W. C. Switzer, how badly I was feeling, he said: 'Get half a dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and use them according to directions, and you will find they will do just what they are

advertised to do—cure you. I know this from experience in my own family. Well I got the pills and used them, and the rheumatism has been driven out of my system, and last winter and spring for the first time in more than twenty years I was entirely free from my old enemy. But there is one thing more Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me, and which astonishes me a little. Over forty years ago I had a severe ear-ache, and used a liquid preparation in the hope of getting relief. It nearly ruined my hearing, and for all the years since I have been partially deaf. After I took the Pink Pills my hearing came back, and my ear is now all right. My wife and sister have also found much benefit from Pink Pills when run down by overwork, and it is safe to say that they will always be found in our house."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal trouble, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheu- matism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily re- store the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by over- work, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be 'just as good.'

The question of the propriety of riding a wheel to church will probably remain an open one until the Pope issues a bicyclical on the subject.

BULLET MADE A HAILSTONE.

It was Fired Into Space and Came Down Encased in Ice.

Col. Clark R. Westcott, of London, Eng- land, who has been spending a couple of months in Chicago and the west, in the interest of a syndicate which owns consid- erable mining property in this country, is responsible for the following account of a sig- nificant natural phenomenon. His story is as follows:

"One hot day a couple of week since I was riding along a mountain road in Colo- rado on my way to a mine in which I am interested, when I noticed high above me, soaring in majestic circle, an eagle. I had a 45-90 Winchester slung across my back, and it was but the work of a moment to unsling the gun and fire at the bird, which appeared to be directly above me. The shot was a clear miss, and not caring to waste anymore cartridges, I was about to ride on when I was startled to hear what I took to be a dull clang of a stone thrown by an unseen hand, which fell into a little gully partly filled with leaves, with twenty feet of me."

"I looked carefully about me in all direc- tions, but could see no sign of a human being, and then dismounted, and, scrap- ing back the leaves, was astonished to find a piece of ice as large as a goose egg and about the same shape. Upon close ex- amination, I was further astonished to discover my rifle ball firmly embedded in its center. I have speculated a good deal over this phenomenon since that time, and the only solution I can see is that the ball in passing through the cloud gathered the moisture and held it by its whirling ac- tion, so that it was frozen at a higher alti- tude and fell to the earth as I have describ- ed.—Chicago Chronicle.

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