

perature so high above that of the electric furnace leads us to consider, now, the highest temperature so far reached by man.

According to a paper recently communicated to the Royal Society, Sir Andrew Noble has reached the highest point of temperature in terrestrial thermometry. He has accomplished this by exploding cordite in closed vessels with a resulting pressure of fifty tons to the square inch, and a temperature of no less than 5200° C. Sir William Crookes saw that one incidental result of this experiment should have been the formation of diamond—that is, if his calculations were correct. On working over the residues of the explosion-chamber he has recently extracted from them small crystals that seem to be veritable diamonds. We see, then, that if men cannot control the conditions that make for large diamonds, they, at least, understand them. It is, in all likelihood, a matter

of a comparatively short time when the diamond will have been conquered as absolutely as the ruby.

With this final temperature of 5200° C. we have reached the limit of man's present attainment. On looking back, we see that every step in temperature he has so far taken has led him just so far along the path to universal conquest—the absolute conquest which he is destined ultimately to make. But in this phase of temperature alone he still has far to go. We have had evidence from many sources that even in the sun, which is by no means the hottest of the heavenly bodies, and which yet possesses temperatures that transcend anything we know on earth, the very elements of matter lie there disintegrated into simpler forms. Such temperatures are the distant Alpine heights ever and ever so far higher than the slight ascent to which we have so tediously arrived.

For Mary's Sake

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

MARY and I,—our hearts are pierced,
Hers for the Child, and mine for her;
They brought Him frankincense and myrrh,
Hyssop and homage, hind and king,
But her they brought not anything;
What should one bring to the gift-bringer?

Mary and I,—our hearts are wrung,
Hers for His Passion, mine for hers;
On the Cross that the brow of the World o'erhung
She sees Him hanging, forsaken, mute,
I see her standing at the foot;
Light is His Agony,—light to hers.

Mary and I,—our hearts will break,
Yet fast she standeth for His sake;
And I, for Mary's sake, will stand.
They crucify in every land,
And at every cross where they crucify
I see pale Mary standing by
For the sake of the Child; lo, I will take
My stand there too,—for Mary's sake,

The Child

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THE Child had it all reasoned out in her own way. It was only lately she had got to the end of her reasoning and settled down. At first it had not been very satisfactory, but she had gradually, with a child's optimism, evolved from the dreary little maze a certain degree of content.

She had only one confidant. The Child had always lived a rather proscribed, uneventful little life, with pitifully few intimates,—none of her own age. The Child was eight.

The confidant, oddly, was a picture in the silent, awe-inspiring company-room. It represented a lady with a beautiful face, and a baby in her arms. The Child had never heard it called a Madonna, but it was because of that picture that she was never afraid in the company-room. Going in and out so often to confide things to the Lady had bred a familiarity with the silent place that came to amount in the end to friendliness. The Lady was always there, smiling gently at the Child, and so the other things did not matter—the silence and the awe-inspiringness.

The Child told the Lady everything, standing down under the picture and looking up at it adoringly. She was explaining her conclusions concerning the Greatest Thing of All now.

"I didn't tell you before," she said. "I waited to get it reasoned out. If" rather wistfully, "you were a—flesh-and-bloody lady, you could tell me if I haven't got it right. But I think I have.

"You see, there are a great many kinds of fathers and mothers, but I'm only talking of my kind. I'm going to love my father one day and my mother the next. Like this: my mother Monday, my father Tuesday, mother Wednesday, father Thursday—right along. Of course you can't divide seven days even, but I'm going to love them both on Sundays. Just one day in the week I

don't think it will do any harm, do you? —Oh, you darling Lady, I wish you could shake your head or bow it! I'm only eight, you see, and eight isn't a very *reasonable* age. But I couldn't think of any better way."

The Child's eyes riveted to the beautiful face almost saw it nod a little.

"I haven't decided 'xactly, but perhaps I shall love my mother Sunday mornings and my father Sunday afternoons. If—if it seems best to. I'll let you know." She stopped talking and thought a minute in her serious little way. She was considering whether to say the next thing or not. Even to the Lady she had never said why-things about her father and mother. If the Lady knew—and she had lived so long in the company-room, it seemed as if she must,—then there was no need of explaining. And if she didn't know—suddenly the Child with a throb of pride hoped that the Lady did not know. But perhaps some slight explanation was necessary.

"Of course," the Child burst out hurriedly, her cheeks aflame,—“of course it would be nice to love both of 'em the same day, but—but they're not that kind of a father and mother. I've thought it all over and made the reasonablest plan I know how to. I'm going to begin to-morrow—to-morrow is Tuesday, my father's day."

It was cold in the company-room, and any moment Marie might come and take her away. She was always a little pressed for time.

"I must be going," she said, "or Marie will come. Good-by. Give my love to the baby." She always sent her love to the baby in the beautiful Lady's arms.

The Child's home, though luxurious to a degree, had to her the effect of being a double tenement. An invisible partition divided her father's side from her mother's; her own little white room with Marie's alcove seemed to be across the