

replies the Arminian, if it were not for the freedom of the wings. They are both right; and they both fly.

I will worship with the Roman Catholic in his mass, and with the Quaker in his silent meeting-house; I will rejoice with the Calvinist in his submission to authority, and with the Arminian in the exhilaration of his freedom; I will march with the Salvation Army in the streets of a great city, and I will seek refuge from a noisy and strenuous religion in a quiet town beneath the stars, alone in the outskirts of a camp in the woods, or on the

deck of a steamer when the city of the sea is all asleep below the deck. I will work with any man for the kingdom of God who will work with me, whatever his method.

If this summer you are where you cannot work and worship with the people and in the method of your choice, work and worship with whomever you can find, whatever their clan and whatever their method, provided they are worshipping the God and Father of us all, and are working, or are trying to work, for the kingdom of God.

The Master Passion

By Tudor Jenks

THREE rows back from the orchestra sat the violin-fancier. The action of the drama had no interest for him; but whenever the musicians played he listened intently, his eyes unchangingly fixed upon the instrument in the hands of the first violinist. He knew every curve of the violin as he knew his own signature. He gazed upon its beauties as a lover upon the perfections of his mistress.

How many miles had he traveled in seeking that object upon which he now was gazing! How many dusty Italian shops he had ransacked, how many old violins he had handled in vain!—and now before him was the veritable treasure he had sought. It was the *del Gesù*—the Guarnerius he had so longed to possess.

Hardly had the curtain rung its fall upon the stage, when he made his way through the fast-ebbing current of spectators, unconscious of all their rude jostling, and of his own, and addressed the musician, who was placing the violin in its box and tucking it daintily in a silken bed.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I have been so delighted by the tone of the violin you play so charmingly. Perhaps you will not object if I ask the privilege of examining the instrument."

"With all pleasure," replied the violinist, courteously unwrapping the violin and holding it up. "Yet I must beg

that you have a care that it is not injured. It has much value, and, unfortunately, I have not the pleasure to own it. I hold it but as a loan from my friend."

But the violinist was reassured when he saw how carefully the instrument was handled. Beneath the electric bulb upon the music-stand the fancier examined in turn the label, the neck, the back, the scroll. There could be no mistake. It was a genuine *del Gesù*, and in most excellent condition, as if it had been always the pet of some musician. The fancier gloated in silence over his find.

"You yourself play, without doubt?" asked the violinist, rather with polite interest than curiosity.

"I? Oh, yes, a little, at times. And I buy good violins if I can have them at a reasonable price. Do you know what would be asked for this?"

"But I cannot tell. I have it only by my friend's favor, as a loan."

"To whom does it belong?"

"To my friend—that is, to a young girl whom I have known a year or more."

"Can you tell me where she found it?"

"You will excuse me," was the violinist's reply, as he made an attempt to reclaim the instrument, "but I should beg to know why you make the inquiry. I have no reason to—to answer questions."

"I would be glad to make an offer for

the violin. You see, I am a—a dealer, in a way. I buy such as please me.”

“Oh, this is not to be sold, I am sure,” said the violinist, restoring the *del Gesù* to its case. “Indeed, sir, though a poor man, I have for myself made offer of five, seven—yes, even eight hundred dollars. But Amélie says ever, ‘No, no; I shall not sell.’ So, you see—”

“I understand. It may be an heirloom, and the lady naturally— Still, I should be glad to make the attempt to buy. Unless the owner has some very good reason, is a violinist herself—”

“Truly, no. It is not that she performs, but it is an inheritance, a legacy. Her grandfather was long a player, and by his will he conveyed the violin in souvenir to Amélie. You comprehend? My English is too slight to tell all.”

A row at a time, the lights were going out, and the two walked up the aisle together.

“But come,” the violinist resumed, “you are in earnest, I see. Perhaps, then, you would care to ask the lady for yourself. She is of the company.”

They waited a few moments at the stage door.

Soon a woman appeared, draped in a long cloak, and approached the violinist. In a few words spoken in French he explained the presence of the other, and presented him.

“This is Mlle. Amélie Durand, who owns the violin, M’sieu, and most kindly permits to me its use. Will you ask herself of the price?”

“You are very kind,” said the fancier. “I admired the violin, and he was good enough to let me examine it. I have told him that I sometimes buy good instruments, and he has referred me to you as the owner. Would you part with it?—or is that impossible?”

“No doubt he has told you, has he not, that it is a family possession? It was for many years my grandfather’s,” said she, pushing back her hood and showing a most attractive face, “and I should be very sorry if compelled to let it go.”

“But—if you might be tempted,” the fancier insisted, in distress at finding the treasure unattainable, “I should offer a large price. I would pay you twelve—fifteen hundred dollars.”

She looked startled, then grave, but slowly shook her head.

“Your price seems most generous,” she said. “I wish I might say ‘yes,’ for we are not rich; but really I ought not, even for so much. I do not think I could sell the old violin even for so great a sum.”

“I would give more. I will give eighteen hundred dollars,” the fancier said, eagerly. “I know it is more than the worth of the violin, but I have a whim to possess it for my collection.”

So earnest was the fancier that it was not easy to refuse him. He was handsome and in the prime of life, and one instinctively wished to consent; but Mlle. Amélie only smiled, shook her head gently, and seemed to consider the interview at an end.

“At least, do not decide at once,” the fancier asked, as he raised his hat. “May I not see you again? You may change your mind.”

“That I will not refuse,” she replied, kindly. “And you may try the violin, if you choose. You play, of course? Mind, I do not say positively that I will not part with it. There may be reasons—but I hardly think I can sell it now.” She gave her address, and the three parted.

Within a few days the collector of violins presented himself. He was introduced to the Durand family—to the mother, an aristocratic little French dame with a manner that charmed; to the brother, who was a bank clerk, and to a younger sister, very demure and watchful.

The *del Gesù* was brought out, and he played upon it with fingers that trembled a little and did him little credit. Altogether he was most hospitably received, and found no reason to regret his visit save that his offers for the violin were calmly refused.

After a decent time he came again, and even repeated the call at a less interval. He was received with increasing cordiality, and was evidently a welcome friend. Yet, despite offers far exceeding any fair market value, he made no progress in his enterprise of adding the *del Gesù* to his collection.

One day he omitted to mention the violin.

"Ah," remarked the younger sister, "he has lost hope of the *del Gesù*; we shall soon see no more of our new friend!"

But her prophecy was falsified. He came oftener than before. Soon it was evident to all but himself that, if he cared less for the violin, he cared much more for the violin's mistress.

At length even he had discovered the true attraction, and called formally upon Madame Durand with a demand for the hand of Amélie. Admitting that the fancy for the *del Gesù* had first brought him to their home, he now declared that he had no thought of anything whatever but for his sincere affection for Amélie herself.

And she, when appealed to, declared that her heart had been won.

The day for the bridal was set, and on a bright, sunshiny day the little wedding-party drove from the church to the Durand home, and there, the first violinist being an honored guest, was held a modest fête.

When, after a brief honeymoon trip, the fancier brought home his bride, she gazed about her with delight at the cozy apartment. Then, springing up, she exclaimed:

"Oh, I almost forgot! You have not shown me your collection of violins."

"But," said the fancier, "I have none, my dearest."

"You have none?"

"I had put all my money into them, and—and I sold the violins that I might make the little home for you."

Amélie came close beside him, put her arm around his neck, and said, in a mischievous tone:

"Then you did not marry me for the *del Gesù*?"

"I had forgotten it," he said, simply.

"But we can begin our new collection with it."

Amélie looked at him soberly, and then began to laugh.

"Oh, I am so sorry! But I no longer own the *del Gesù*. I thought you cared about it no longer, and so— In short, I sold it for my *dot*."

"You did wisely," said her husband. "Collecting may become a mere mania, and leads to lunacy!"

"It led you to me," said Amélie, pouting.

"Nonsense! Marriages like ours are made in heaven. But how could you sell your grandfather's violin?"

"A maid must have her *dot*! How could you sell your collection?"

"A man must yield to the ruling passion," said he, "and, after all, love rules all the rest!"

The Romance of the Reindeer

By Mary Gay Humphreys

A MISTRESS went to Castle Garden, when that was a port of entry, for a maid. She found a demure little Swede.

"Can you cook?" the mistress asked. "No, mem." "Can you sweep and make beds?" "No, mem." "What, then, can you do?" she asked, in desperation. "I can milk reindeer, mem."

In that day, to come to this country to milk reindeer was like going to Tahiti to cut ice. Now you can cut ice in Tahiti, and there are thousands of reindeer in this country waiting to be milked, and prepared to furnish butter and cheese and perform duties which they alone can perform.

The civilization of Alaska by reindeer is one of the prettiest tales ever told of imagination justified by experience; one of the most convincing stories of the glance of the prophetic eye fully and speedily realized. It is also the story of discouragement, ridicule, persistence against overwhelming odds, and, what is more difficult, of the combat with skepticism, against which only the most enlivening faith, undaunted hope, and unconquerable energy can make way.

Until gold was found in Alaska, it was the neglected stepchild of the country. Except to the missionary and the seal-hunters of the coast, the inhabitants of