Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

BLACK AND WHITE

Combination in One Costume Is Important Feature.

Colors Promise to Be Strong Favorite —Gowns Liberally Decorated With Embroidery.

An important style feature is the combination of black and white in one costume. It may be safely predicted that this will be a black and white season. There are white satin blouses with black satin skirts to make one-piece dresses. These are lavishly embroidered with satin beads. A great deal of jet and many paillettes are used. Dresses may be said to fairly sparkle with them.

Velvet dresse are making their appearance, and these too, are embroidered in bright-colored beads. This type of beading is much more distinctive than the ordinary beaded dresses which we became tired of long ago. Marvelous colors are blended in this beadwork, which is more on the order of that used in the finest beaded bags.

The bright-colored contrasting sash still holds a place of importance. For instance, a very brilliant green one may be used on a brown dress that scintillates with brown paillettes.

The resurrection of ombre is worthy of note. Very gay are the dresses of chiffon showing several shades of the same color blending into one another.



A Black and White Frock.

These colors are not attained by dipping the fabric into the dye, but by applying the color with a brush. So cleverly is the material handled by designers that the frocks appear, through the deftness of their draping, as if made of different colored materials.

THINGS FOR THE WAISTLINE

Belts, Sash, Girdle or Collection of Furbelows Carry Any Dress into Fashion.

The Gotham fashion world has announced that although a string of beads and a cheshire smirk will not suffice for a midsummer costume, all a dress needs in order to be a dress is a belt, a sash, a girdle or a collection of furbelows above, at and below the waistline, writes a New York fashion correspondent. Dame Fashion has resurrected any type of dress and put her stamp of approval upon it by hurling some kind of a waistline trinket thereon, and chicness is the up-to-date minute result.

Both Orient and Occident have hobnobbed in this new folderol of the erratic old dame, although the East is supposed to be directly responsible for this hobbling of the hips. Rich silk fringes in every shade of the rainbow are showered over gowns of sheerness or heaviness, according to the manner of the Spanish dancing girl. Fringe arrangement a la Cleopatra is also much in the limelight and this fad promises a revival of the good old-time vamps and serpents of the Nile.

Recently a prominent actress dined at the Ritz clad in a very slinky, modish Paris gown, about the middle part of which was draped a colorful sash of many ribbons, slashed into dozens of loops that fell to the floor and formed into a train. "Movie" studios are demanding trains on evening gowns, and it looks as if an unhappy day was coming for perambulating feet.

Smart Fifth avenue shops are making frocks of barren simplicity and then embellishing them with some confection of sash or belt worth a king's ransom. Up in upper Fifth avenue a shop shows a plain silk dress of perfectly straight lines which flaunts a wedgewood buckle at the belt. With the belt it may possibly be had for a four figure price. It is no secret that several museums tried to obtain this piece of former pottery for their collections, but failed because of the higher bid of the ladies' apparel house which coveted the wedgewood.

All street dresses display the use of colored leather for belts, and the most popular fad is a combination of several weights and colors of leathers. Tan with white bound in black is very popular upon linens and serge. The Grecian girdles made of colored chenille cords abound on light silk gowns, while the bouffant is supplied by hip puffings made of knotted cords or fringes.

Joining Lace.

When joining lace, an almost invisible union may be made by matching the pattern, laying the two edges together and buttonholing these rather loosely, but taking the stitches close together on the wrong side. When the lace is pressed there will be no thickened seam, and it will be scarcely noticeable.

COLORS BLONDE CAN WEAR

Green Good Tint for Fair Complexioned; Blue Harmonizes With the Golden Hair.

You know there are blondes and blondes? A fair blonde has pale skin, resembling a white rose, slightly tinged with delicate pink. She has clear, soft blue eyes and light golden hair. This is the true fair blonde. If you belong to this type, color in dress may make or mar your looks, so a hint from a color expert might help you.

You have three tints to bring out—Skin, hair and eyes. The complexion can be warmed, the eyes deepened and the hair enriched. Green is a good color for the fair blonde, since it imparts a reddish hue to the surfaces near it. Blue is a perfect contrast for orange, so it harmonizes with the golden hair, and also by its strong reflections, adds a depth of color to the eyes.

The colors for a fair blonde to avoid are red, orange, purple and brown. Violet is a most difficult color for any type to wear, since it gives a yellowish tone to the skin. A pale blonde, with a rose-leaf skin is not at her best in violet. Happily there are the delicate shades of lilac, heliotrope and parma that are less unkind.

Tassels.

Ornamentation was never more effective nor easier for the home dressmaker to do than now, when bold, simple designs in embroidery have ousted the finely wrought wreaths of flowers and leaves. Separate large motifs, usually circular, are worked in coarse wools of mercerized cottons in darning stitch. Often, in place of a hem, the raw edge is finished in blanket stitch. Another plan is to work three-inch squares at the hem, these rising several rows higher at the sides in a triple row of darning stitch, the middle row in a darker shade. A simple motif is then embroidered in alternate squares, or a colored tassel left to dangle there.

GEORGETTE FOR COOL FROCK

Material Affords More or Less Dressy Fabric Which Is Favorite for Late Summer.

Brown has made quite a place for itself this season, and bisque dots and trimmings are often used by way of decoration. Foulard, satins and materials on this order are all very well for early summer, but in the "dog days" they cannot approach the coolness of sheer cottons. If a more or less "dressy" fabric is required for a town dress, georgette makes the coolest frock of this sort.

There is one pale shade which is favored in all materials and for all occasions—French gray. This color has been extremely popular in Paris for many months, but it was not till warm weather reached us that we gave it anything like its Parisian reception. Fashion does not always regard matters of heat in choosing her favorite colors, however, for tomato red is new and very popular in organdie and swiss, yet, needless to say, it is not exactly cooling in effect. The transparent hats that are being worn do much to aid a cool appearance. In lace, tulle or horse hair braid they are frequently seen and quite as often they are of organdie, swiss or georgette.

THIS IS COMFY GREAT COAT



This comfortable great coat will make a strong bid for popularity the coming season because of its smartness and warmth.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 5

THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE.

LESSON TEXT—I Kings 5:1; 8:66.
GOLDEN TEXT—Mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people.—Isa. 56:7.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—II Chron. 2:1; 3:17.
PRIMARY TOPIC—God's House.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Solomon Builds the Temple.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Putting Our Best Into the House of God.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Value of a House of Worship.

I. Solomon's Preparation (5:1-18).

He secured from King Hiram:

1. Wood for beams, ceilings, sheeting, and chambers around the holy house.

2. Stones for the great foundation. These were secured from the Phoenician quarries and also from the mountain upon which the temple was built. They were so shaped that when the temple was erected there was no sound of a hammer heard.

3. Skilled workmen. Among the Israelites were not to be found men skilled in this kind of work, so the king arranged with Hiram to furnish capable men.

II. Solomon Building the Temple (6:1-38).

1. The location—Mount Morah (II Chron. 3:1). This was a suitable location, as it was here that the Lord appeared to Solomon's father, David.

2. The dimensions and materials. "If a cubit was 18 inches, the temple proper was 90 feet long, 30 feet wide and 45 feet high."

3. The contents: (1) Brazen altar; (2) laver; (3) golden candlestick; (4) cherubim.

III. The Dedication of the Temple (8:1-66).

The dedication of the temple was arranged to take place at a very favorable time. The success of an undertaking is largely determined by the time in which it is held. This was arranged to take place at the most joyous of the several representative gatherings of the Jews. The dedicatory services consisted of the following:

1. Bringing up the ark (vv. 1-11). The ark was God's dwelling place. The ark with the two tables of stone under the mercy seat shows God manifesting himself with his people on the ground of a law perfectly kept and sins atoned for by the shedding of blood. Following the completion of the sacrifice, the temple was filled with the glory of Jehovah.

2. Solomon's address to the people (vv. 2-21). He pointed out to the people that God had chosen David to be king, yet for certain reasons did not allow him to build the temple, but promised that his son should do the work. Now that the work was done, the temple was built, and the ark of the covenant was in its place, they could be assured that God had raised him up in the room of his father.

3. Solomon's dedicatory prayer (vv. 22-53). The ark having been placed in a most holy place, and the address to the people having been ended, the king pours out his soul to God in prayer. In this prayer Solomon gratefully acknowledges God's goodness in the past, giving glory to him, and pleads that his promise to his father be verified (vv. 22-26). He prays that God's eyes may continually be opened towards the temple which he had now taken possession of (vv. 27-33), so that (1) in case of contention between parties he would judge between them (vv. 31-32); (2) in case of being smitten by the enemy, even though they had sinned, upon confession of the sin. God would forgive and restore (vv. 33, 34); (3) in case of famine as chastisement for sin, upon confession and prayer before the temple, God would forgive and send rain (vv. 35, 36); (4) in case of pestilence and sickness, if they prayed to God toward the temple, God would hear and forgive (vv. 37-40); (5) in case of the coming of the foreigner, who comes at the news of God's greatness, praying toward Jerusalem, his prayer should be heard (vv. 41-45); (6) in case of going out to battle, their cause should be maintained (vv. 44-45); (7) in case of being in captivity because of sin, God would hear their prayers and restore (vv. 46-53).

4. Solomon blesses the people (vv. 54-61). On the strength of the covenant promises, he invokes God's presence always to be with them and to keep them faithful, and exhorts the people to have their hearts perfect before God, walking in his commandments and statutes.

5. Solomon and the people offer sacrifices of thanksgiving (vv. 62-66). The joy of the people was full; they blessed God and the king.

Poverty Treads on Heels.

There is nothing keeps longer than a middling fortune, and nothing melts away sooner than a great one. Poverty treads on the heels of great and expected riches.—Bruyere.

Every Day the Best Day.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Evidence of Weakness.

Neutrality, as a lasting principle, is an evidence of weakness.—Kossuth.

The Peace of God

By REV. J. H. RALSTON, D. D.

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TEXT—Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John 14:27.

Never was the world of mankind needing peace as today, and the same might be said of the individual. The late war was but an emphasis on this lack of peace, and although the collision of forty millions of men is not now heard, men are still struggling physically in many parts of the world, and the political, social and religious world is still in great confusion.



The peace of the text is not peace with God. As has frequently been said by students of the Word of God, there is a "peace with God," and a "peace of God." We believe that the peace of this text is the latter. The disciples of Jesus probably quite fully understood what the "peace with God" was, but they did not know the "peace of God." "Peace with God" is quite legal; while the peace referred to here has to do with man's experience.

Quite uniformly through all the history of Christian experience, we have testimony to this. The Psalmist says, "Great peace have they that love thy law." The prophet Isaiah had the same idea when he said, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Jesus sometimes spoke to his disciples that they might have peace although they already had peace with God. Paul wrote to the Philippian Christians of the "peace of God that passeth all understanding," and prays for the Thessalonian Christians that the "God of peace give them peace." This peace spoken of in all these passages was certainly a peace of experience, and the Christian does very wrong who permits himself to be perturbed and agitated, and is bound to maintain in all his experience the spirit of peace.

The Peace That the World Gives.

In the text Jesus said that the world gives peace. This may be questioned by some at first thought, but it is a fact that there is pleasure in sin. The world does give what we may fairly call peace, although temporarily.

Now Jesus says that there is a difference between the peace of the world and the peace he gives. The world gives only to the lowest part of man, the flesh. The world never gives except for pay, therefore, really never gives. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." A man who yields to the world must remember that the world is a Shylock, and will demand the pound of flesh. Furthermore, the world never satisfies. John Ruskin has said that the satieties of the flesh belong to the bitterest experience of men. There is a momentary pleasure in sin to the normal man, but this pleasure does not reach the deeper nature of man, and cannot therefore satisfy.

The Peace That Jesus Gives.

Jesus Christ said that he did not give as the world gives, and running the parallel, we may say that he gives to the highest part of man, that is, he gives to the spiritual. In the last year and a half of our Lord's life he was in the midst of all kinds of opposition, but he always maintained a spirit of quietness. His spirit prevailing over the flesh; and he would have his followers have the same experience.

Jesus literally gives his peace to the world, asking nothing in return. He said, "I give unto them eternal life," and "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"This peace of Christ's satisfies. The Psalmist said, "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." This peace enabled Job to say in the midst of his many troubles, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." President William McKinley as he lay dying repeated the words, "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee."

This Peace Tested by Jesus Himself.

This peace is God's own peace. Whatever commotion there may be on the earth, or indeed in the universe, God is calm and at peace, and this peace was the peace that Jesus Christ himself tested on this earth. "My peace I give unto you." That peace sustained him before the mob that attacked him in Gethsemane; when he stood before Pilate and Herod; as he gazed on the crowds about the cross mocking him, and said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Those who are not Christians should first experience the peace with God, which is secured by faith in Jesus Christ, and afterwards have this peace of God, the peace of which Jesus spoke in the text.

No Bad Habits to Unlearn.

In no place is this obedience, which we have all such great need to learn somewhere, to be learnt so easily and with so little suffering, as in our father's house, in childhood. For then we have no habits to unlearn.—Augustus W. Hare.

The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

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THE CUTTER.

Synopsis.—Waking long after the events described, Jack Calder, Scot farmer of West Inch, tells how, in his childhood, the fear of invasion by Napoleon, at that time complete master of Europe, had gripped the British nation. Following a false alarm that the French had landed, Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, a youth of fifteen, quarrels with his father over joining the army, and from that incident a lifelong friendship begins between the boys. They go to school together at Berwick, where Jim is cock boy from the first. After two years Jim goes to Edinburgh to study medicine. Jack stays five years more at school, becoming cock boy in his turn. When Jack is eighteen Cousin Edie of Eyemouth comes to live at West Inch. Jack falls in love at first sight with his handsome, romantic, selfish and autocratic cousin of seventeen. They watch from the cliffs the victory of an English merchantman over two French privateers. Reproached by Edie for staying at home, Jack starts to enlist. Edie tells him to stay. Jack says he will stay and marry her. She acquiesces. Jim comes home. Jack sees Jim kissing Edie. Jack and Jim compare notes and force Edie to choose between them. She chooses Jim. Jack gives up Edie to Jim. A half-dead shipwrecked foreigner drifts ashore at West Inch. He says he is Bonaventure de Lapp, a soldier of fortune. He goes to live with the Calders. A man of mystery and evidently of high position, he wins all hearts. Jim goes back to his studies in Edinburgh.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

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"And if he has passed," said I, "why then, of course, he will put up his plate, and have his own house, and we shall be losing our Edie." I tried to make a jest of it, and to speak lightly, but the words still stuck in my throat.

"Poor old Jim!" said she again, and there were tears in her eyes as she said it. "And poor old Jock!" she added, slipping her hand into mine as we walked. "You cared for me a little bit once also, didn't you, Jock? Oh! is not that a sweet little ship out yonder?"

It was a dainty cutter of about 30 tons, very swift, by the rake of her masts and the lines of her bow. She may have been rather less than a quarter of a mile from the shore—so near that I could see a tall man with a peaked cap, who stood at the quarter with a telescope to his eye, sweeping it backwards and forwards along the coast.

"What can they want here?" asked Edie.

"They are rich English from London," said I, for that was how we explained everything that was above our comprehension in the Border counties. We stood for the best part of an hour watching the bonny craft, and then, as the sun was lying low on a cloud bank and there was a nip in the evening air, we turned back to West Inch.

As you come to the farm house from the front you pass up a garden, with little enough in it, which leads out by a wicket gate to the road. On the right of this gate, on the garden side, was a bit of a rockery, which was said to have been made by my father's mother many years before. Well, as we came in through the gate, my eyes fell upon this stone heap, and there was a letter stuck in a cleft stick upon the top of it. I took a step forward to see what it was, but Edie sprang in front of me, and, plucking it off, she thrust it into her pocket.

"That's for me," said she, laughing.

But I stood looking at her, with a face which drove the laugh from her lips.

"Who is it from, Edie?" I asked.

She pouted, but made no answer.

"Who is it from, woman?" I cried. "Is it possible that you have been as false to Jim as you were to me?"

"How rude you are, Jack!" she cried. "I do wish that you would mind your own business."

"There is only one person that it could be from," I cried. "It is from this man De Lapp."

"And suppose that you are right, Jack?"

The coolness of the woman amazed and enraged me. "You confess it!" I cried. "Have you, then, no shame left?"

"Why should I not receive letters from this gentleman?"

"Because it is infamous."

"And why?"

"Because he is a stranger."

"On the contrary," said she, "he is my husband."

CHAPTER IX.

The Doings at West Inch.

I can remember that moment so well. I have heard from others that a great sudden blow has dulled their senses. It was not so with me. On the contrary, I saw and heard and thought more clearly than I had ever done before. And the look upon my face must have been strange, for Cousin Edie screamed, and leaving me she ran off to the house. I followed her, and tapped at the window of her room, for I could see that she was there.

"Go away, Jack, go away!" she cried. "You are going to scold me. I won't be scolded! I won't open the window! Go away!"

But I continued to tap. "I must have a word with you," I cried.

"What is it, then?" she asked, raising the sash about three inches. "The moment you begin to scold I shall close it."

"Are you really married, Edie?"

"Yes, I am married."

"Who married you?"

"Father Brennan, at the Roman Catholic chapel at Berwick."

"And you a Presbyterian!"

"He wished it to be in a Catholic church."

"When was it?"

"On Wednesday week."

I remembered, then, that on that day she had driven over to Berwick, while De Lapp had been away on a long walk, as he said, among the hills.

"What about Jim?" I asked.

"Oh! Jim will forgive me."

"You will break his heart and ruin his life."

"No, no; he will forgive me."

"He will murder De Lapp. Oh, Edie! how could you bring such disgrace and misery upon us?"

"Ah, now you are scolding!" she cried, and down came the window.

I waited some little time and tapped, for I had much still to ask her; but she would return no answer, and I thought that I could hear her sobbing. At last I gave it up, and was about to go into the house, for it was nearly dark now, when I heard the click of the garden gate. It was De Lapp himself.

But as he came up the path he seemed to be either mad or drunk. He danced as he walked, cracked his fingers in the air, and his eyes blazed like the will-o'-the-wisps. "Voltigeurs!" he shouted—"voltigeurs de la garde!"—just as he had done when he was off his head, and then suddenly "En avant! en avant!" and up he came, waving his walking-cane over his head. He stopped short when he saw me looking at him, and I dare say he felt a bit ashamed of himself.

"Halloo, Jack!" he cried, "I didn't thought anybody was there. I am in what you call the high spirits tonight."

"So it seems!" said I, in my blunt fashion. "You may not feel so merry when my friend, Jim Horscroft, comes back tomorrow."

"Ta, ta, ta!" cried De Lapp "I see that you know of our marriage. Edie has told you. Jim may do what he likes."

"You have given us a nice return for having taken you in."

"My good fellow," said he, "I have, as you say, given you a very nice return. I have taken Edie from a life which is unworthy of her, and I have connected you by marriage with a noble family. However, I have some letters which I must write tonight, and the rest we can talk over tomorrow when your friend Jim is here to help us." He stepped toward the door.

"And this was whom you were awaiting at the peel-tower!" I cried, seeing light suddenly.

"Why, Jack, you are becoming quite sharp," said he, in a mocking tone, and an instant later I heard the door of his room close and the key turn in the lock. I thought that I should see him no more that night, but a few minutes later he came into the kitchen where I was sitting with the old folk.

"Madame," said he, bowing down with his hand to his heart in his own queer fashion, "I have met with much kindness in your hands, and it shall always be in my heart. You will accept this small souvenir, and you, also, sir, you will take this little gift which I have the honor to make to you." He put two paper packets down upon the table at their elbows, and then, with three more bows to my mother, he walked from the room.

His present was a brooch with a green stone set in the middle and a dozen little shining white ones all round it. We had never seen such things before and did not know how to set a name to them but they told us afterward at Berwick that the big one was an emerald and that the others were diamonds and that they were worth more than all the lambs we had that spring. My dear old mother has been gone now this many a year but that bonny brooch sparkles at the neck of my eldest daughter when she goes out into company, and I never look at it that I do not see the keen eyes, and the long, thin nose, and the cat's whiskers of our lodger at West Inch. As to my father, he had a fine gold watch with a double case, and a proud man was he as he sat with it in the palm of his hand, his ear stooping to hearken to the tick. I do not know which was best pleased, and they would talk of nothing but what De Lapp had given them.

"He's given you something more," said I, at last.

"What then, Jock?"

"A husband for Cousin Edie," said I.

They thought I was daffing when I said that, but when they came to understand that it was the real truth, they were as pleased as if I had told them that she had married the laird. De Lapp was for all we knew, steady and quiet and well-to-do; and as to the secrecy of it, secret marriages were very common in Scotland at that time, when only a few words were needed to make a man and wife, so nobody thought much of that. The old folk were as pleased, then, as if their rent had been lowered but I was still sore at heart, for it seemed to me that my friend had been cruelly dealt with, and I knew well that he was not a man who would easily put up with it.

CHAPTER X.

The Return of the Shadow.

I woke with a heavy heart the next morning, for I knew that Jim would be home before long, and that it would be a day of trouble. But how much trouble that day was to bring, or how far it would alter the lives of all of us, was more than I had ever thought in my darkest moments.

I had to get up early that morning, for it was just the first flush of the lambing, and my father and I were out on the moors as soon as it was fairly light. As I came out into the passage a wind struck upon my face, and there was the house-door wide open and the gray light drawing another door upon the inner wall. And when I looked again, there was Edie's room open also, and De Lapp's too, and I saw in a flash what that giving of presents meant upon the evening before. It was a leave-taking, and they were gone.

My heart was bitter against Cousin Edie as I stood looking into her room. To think that for the sake of a newcomer she could leave us all without one kindly word or as much as a handshake. And he, too! I was angry and hurt and sore, and I went out into the open without a word to my father, and climbed up on to the moors to cool my flushed face.

When I got up to Corriemuir I caught my last glimpse of Cousin Edie. The little cutter still lay where she had anchored, but a row-boat was pulling out to her from the shore. In the stern I saw a flutter of red, and I knew that it came from her shawl. I watched the boat reach the yacht, and the folk climb on to her deck. Then the anchor came up, the white wings spread once more, and away she dipped right out to sea. I still saw that little red spot on the deck, and De Lapp standing beside her. They could see me also, for I was outlined against the sky, and they both waved their hands for a long time, but gave it up at last when they found that I would give them no answer.

I stood with my arms folded, feeling as glum as ever I did in my life, until their cutter was only a square, flickering patch of white among the mists of the morning. It was breakfast-time, and the porridge upon the table, before I got back, but I had no heart for the food.

"There's a letter here from him," said my father, pointing to a note folded up on the table. "It was in his room. Maybe you would read it to us."

It was addressed, in big letters, to "The Good People of West Inch," and this was the note which lies before me, all stained and faded, as I write:

My Friends: I didn't thought to have left you so suddenly, but the matter was in other hands than mine. Duty and honor have called me back to my old comrades. This you will doubtless understand before many days are passed. I take your Edie with me as my wife, and it may be that in some more peaceful time you will see us again at West Inch. Meanwhile accept the assurance of my affection, and believe me that I shall never forget the quiet months which I spent with you at the time when my life would have been worth a week at the utmost had I been taken by the Allies. But the reason of this you may also learn some day.

Yours,
BONAVENTURE DE LISSAC,
Colonel des Voltigeurs de la Garde, et aide-de-camp de S. M. l'Empereur Napoleon.

I whistled when I came to these words, written under his name; for though I had long made up my mind that our lodger could be none other than one of those wonderful soldiers of whom we had heard so much, who had forced their way into every capital of Europe, save only our own, still I had little thought that our roof covered Napoleon's own aide-de-camp and a colonel of his Guard.

The Great Shadow returns.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LONG A PLACE OF WORSHIP

Before the Christian Era Romans Honored Their Gods on the Mountain of Monserrat.

Monserrat, the famous shrine in the Spanish province of Barcelona, illustrates the effect which high mountains have on men. When you climb to the top of a high mountain you feel worshipful and at peace with the universe.

Monserrat is an outlying spur of the Pyrennees which stands all alone, splendidly dominating a rich plain. It is one of the most ancient and famous of Catholic shrines. According to legend, many centuries ago an image of the Virgin was found at the top of the mountain, and it was impossible to move the image. Thus it was shown to men that they should build a shrine on Monserrat.

In medieval times it was a shrine of unexcelled beauty and splendor. An emperor came here to kneel and to cover the great Byzantine church with gold. A queen walked up the mountain barefoot. The great and the learned of all the Christian world gathered at Monserrat. Its greatness came to an end in the nineteenth century when the French sacked the shrine and carried away the ornaments.

Now the church has been rebuilt and offers free lodging to the pilgrims who come there still, but the fame and splendor of the place have shrunk. Yet Monserrat will always be a shrine. Before Christ the Romans had a temple of Venus there and before that more than likely savages worshiped their gods on the mountain top.

Worship veritably grows in the soil of Monserrat.

Excelsior.

Don't anchor—put on more sail. The temptation to stop when some point of victory has been gained, to become so satisfied with one achievement that there is little inclination to go farther, is very human, and it is one of the dangers of a success too easily won. The idea that there are no more worlds to conquer is always born of ignorance and not of greatness.

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