

MORNING DAILY FOUNDED 1854 WEEKLY (NOW DAILY) 1887

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1907.

TWENTY CENTS A MONTHLY RATE (TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR BY MAIL)

Devoted to the Literature, History, Folk-lore and best interests of Prince Edward Island

THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

Succeeding "The Prince Edward Island Magazine". Issued Every Saturday Morning

Monument to Burns Carnegie The Philanthropist Eagles and their Prey

There has been erected on Parliament Square, in New Brunswick's Capital by the Scottish people of the Province a handsome bronze statue of Robert Burns.

No more ideal spot could have been found in the "Celestial City," to perpetuate the memory of the poet. It stands by "Banks and Brees" of the noble St. John River, which flows grandly in the background. Directly in front stands the magnificent Parliament buildings, the Assembly hall of the wisdom and talent of the Province.

As the members of that Legislative Body pass in and out to discharge of their responsible labors, and gaze on the features of this great son of nature, who preached the gospel of the "Brotherhood of Man," it should tend to hush the voice of "Party" bigotry, and be an incentive to justice, humanity and moderation.

The sculptor is Stevenson of Ellaboro, who has reason to be proud of a statue so life-like.

It is thirty feet in height including the pillar on which it rests, on which are figures and inscriptions drawn from his two immortal poems "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and "Tam O'Shanter."

The movement to erect a memorial had its inception a couple of years ago in the St. Andrew's and Clan MacFarlane Societies.

Its success from a financial viewpoint far exceeded the fondest anticipations of the promoters.

The unveiling ceremony was performed on Thanksgiving Day October 18th 1906. The opening number of the program was a speech by the Chairman of the Management Committee, Oswald S. Crockett, M. P., for York.

This was followed by the rendering of some of Burns' most inspiring selections. Miss Belle Hutehinson, of Fredericton, gently drew aside the veil which was followed by a tremendous cheer from an audience of five thousand spectators, who listened with enthusiasm to the masterly oration of Governor Fraser of Nova Scotia. The example set by the people of New Brunswick in erecting a monument to worth and genius should be followed by similar action on the part of the people of P. E. Island.

The heroes of earth are not confined to those who have shown physical bravery upon the battlefield, or who have taken disastrous chances in moving accidents by

flood and field. It often requires more nerve to contend against fearful odds for the principles of truth and justice. Judged by this standard Burns was hero. By his assaults on the banners of class and creed he has blessed and sweetened the lives of millions of the human family.

And while he is the pride of the Scottish people, he doesn't belong to Scotland alone.

His name is revered in every land where honest labor is valued, and genius prized, where the Godlike qualities kindness and benevolence are practiced and the usurper and tyrant despised, and where liberty bloom like flowers in perpetual summer.

Let the initiative be taken in Charlottetown, the centre of culture and learning where the statue will be erected, that will be an ornament to the city.

And the intelligent farmers of the country will render substantial aid in a movement, to do honor to their great fellow ploughmen.

Sea Pilgrimage of Land Crabs

Some crabs live on mountains four thousand feet high. They have in addition to the lung, a little reservoir of water within their bodies for moistening their breathing apparatus when it becomes dry. Though dwelling so far from the sea, they have a strong affection for their old home, and once a year they make a pilgrimage to it to bathe and deposit their eggs. They go in May (the rainy season on the island in the Pacific and Indian oceans, where they live.) in vast herds, straight to the sea.

The Rev. Thomas Stebbins says in his History of Crustacea: "The army is of fifty miles broad. Each spider marches sideways. They go over everything that comes in their way; be it hedges, houses, churches, hills, cliffs. They would rather clamber up at the peril of their lives than make a circuit. They sometimes pass in at the windows or on the side of a house, right over the occupants who may be asleep in bed, and out at those of the other side, causing the people no little fright. The vanguard, composed wholly of males, start some days before the main army. The noise which they make is like the rattling of armor. Many luckless soldiers fall and break his limbs he is immediately gobbled up by his companions." - From "St. Nicols."

One social statistician, not wholly unbiased, has said that the name "Andrew Carnegie" comes to the visual notice of the world not fewer than 15,000,000 times a year. This in itself is fame. When it is sought to discover how this tremendous notice was established the story of the steel godmother and the steel fairies and the steel elves that accomplished it outdoes the combined literatures of Grimm and Hans Christian Anderson. For this story is fact.

Yet, anomalously that it is, this may not be success. Carnegie says that it isn't. Driving with a close friend on the box of his four-in-hand coach a few years ago, this iron master and steel king, bitterly and with set jaw, said:

"I am 65 years old; but if I could make Faust's bargain, I would give all that I have to live only one-half my life over again!"

Master of circumstance, master of men, master of wealth and of place in this world, one may recall the cynical Thackeray: "Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire, or having it, is satisfied?" Having too much, Carnegie has paid too much for it—which is poverty! Shall one read otherwise between the lines of his life?

Carnegie began life in poverty and yet out of his fabulous riches looks upon poverty as the happiest circumstance in the life of any man who out of its depths may see mountain peaks on his horizon. "Abolish poverty!" he cried in a speech little more than six months ago. "Never! Abolish wealth: there is no heritage half so valuable as honest, unshamed poverty."

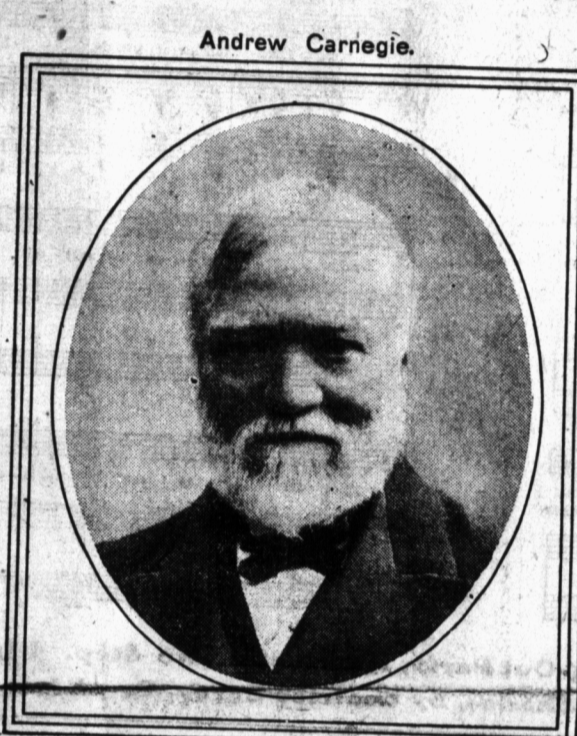
Yet a heritage of \$100,000,000 is to be the portion of his own child, and already one of the most magnificent mansions in all America is devoted to this one small daughter, whose every whim is gratified for less than the asking.

But this must be said Andrew Carnegie has given away \$120,000,000 of his colossal fortune to the common cause of the world's poverty and is still giving, while as a resident of New York City he is paying double the amount of taxes paid on personal property by Rockefeller, the richest

man on the western hemisphere. In the same spirit, there are those who have criticized Carnegie in the bloody days of the great strike at Homestead when Frick fronted the trouble and stood target for an assassin's bullet, while Carnegie in Scotland was whipping streams for salmon or strove to better his record on the golf links of his great estate at Skibo castle.

But two years ago Andrew Carnegie snow white, and, as so many people see him, there is a square, grim line of the mouth that suggests hardness—almost defiance. His eyes are a pale blue, set wide apart under a broad forehead that is without slant. The nose is blunt and thick and the set of the jaw shows tenacity and strength. To these features a chrysalis pallor of the skin completes the effect necessary in a portrait of a man marked as one who epitomizes

Andrew Carnegie.



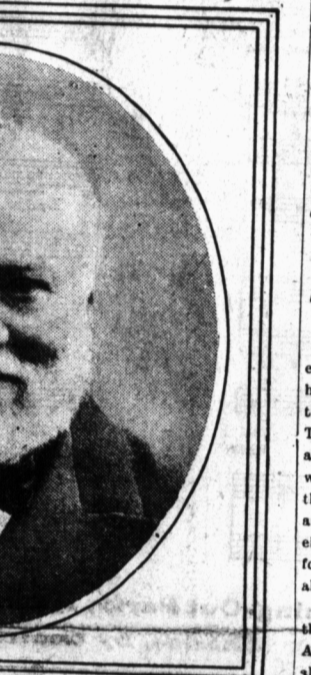
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Ornithologists are inclined to discourage the idea that eagles are in the habit of attacking large animals, but a contest witnessed by an observer, and recorded in the "Scotsman," dispels such theory. The battle was between an eagle and a stag.

The bird singled out from a herd one particular buck, which it succeeded in driving from the rest. It struck the animal with its powerful wings, knocked it down, and finally killed it. A still more remarkable spectacle is well authenticated. An eagle attacked a fawn in the Highlands. The cries of the little one were answered by its dam, which sprang upon the eagle and struck it repeatedly with its forefeet. Fawn, deer, and eagle rolled down a declivity, the bird was dislodged from its hold and the fawn rescued.

Many traditions are extant as to the carrying off of children by eagles. The most recent case bearing close scrutiny is one which happened in South Africa. A

Boer farmer whose stock had been carried by eagles lay in ambush for the robbers, and saw one of them descend and carry off the five-year-old child of one of his Kaffir servants. He shot the bird, which, with the child still clutched in its grip, fell into a thorn bush. The bird was dead, but the child was little hurt.

Two eagles will stalk a covert in concert. While one conceals itself, the other beats about the bushes with great screaming, driving out its quarry for the hidden eagle to swoop down upon. An even more insidious method has been observed. An eagle, seeing a sheep on the edge of a precipice, flew at it, screaming shrilly, and with forceful beat of wing hurried it into the valley below, where it could devour it at leisure. In the light of such records there is good reason for believing the legend of the eagle dropping a tortoise on the bald head of Eschylus, the Greek poet, and so causing his death. - "Youth's Companion."

Signs of Hard Winter

According to many of the time honored signs, the present winter is to be a hard one. Farmers declare the husks of the corn are unusually heavy and thick. The muskrat houses are more than twice as high as usual. On a certain pond where ordinarily there are but two or three rat houses not more than a foot and a half high we recently counted eight, all of them between three and four feet high. Some of them looked almost as large as a small beaver lodge.

Severe weather winter birds have made their appearance in unusual numbers. Aside from the free sparrows, which usually come on soon after the blue snowbirds, flocks of pine siskins are to be seen in the parks of New York city, and recently in Connecticut a large flock of redpolls was observed. This indicates what of course we have already had—bit-

ter cold weather in the north.

Dwellers in New England may be on the lookout for pine grosbeaks—beautiful birds which occur with some regularity in northern New England, but seldom get as far south as New York—as well as for crossbills, the red and white winged, which may perhaps also be seen. Persons who are fortunate enough to live in or near the country and who love to be abroad, tramping the white fields or pushing their way through frozen swamps should not neglect field glasses and notebook at this season of the year, for they may have an opportunity to observe birds that are seldom seen except by dwellers in the far north.

The worst case that can be made of success is to boast of it. - Arthur Helps.

A DISSERTATION UPON FRIENDSHIP AND ITS BLESSINGS

Sermon by Rev. Wm. Dobson, Pastor of First Methodist Church.

"Ye are my Friends"—To Be a Friend of God is to Live in His Presence, or to Feel at Home in His Presence.

(Reported by The Guardian Stenographer.) Text:—Ye are my friends. John 15, 14. I want you to study this text this morning as if it were the first time we had ever read it. Our Lord and his disciples are in the upper room in Jerusalem and it is quite evident by the conversation that they are approaching some great crisis. In a few days, or weeks at most, the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit will have become facts of history. Just here, by the way, let me say that we sometimes pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I do not know that there is anything wrong in it, but the fact is, the Holy Spirit has been poured out once for all and will never be poured out again. He is in the church, and in the world, day giving effect to the atoning work of Jesus Christ. One might just as well pray for another incarnation as for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. He is here today, in and around you and me, as Tennyson puts it in his Higher Pantheism, "Nearer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." But let this pass. These events which are about to take place are the means by which God is about to present a new front to the world. This will involve new relations to man, to the part of God, and man will sustain new relations to God, to his fellowmen and to the world. These new relations

however are not to take place until after Pentecost, when it shall become a truth in their individual experiences that God has become incarnated in their lives, and that they are abiding in Christ, and through the agency of the indwelling spirit Christ's words are abiding in them. Previously to this event, the disciples themselves sustained to their Master the relation of servants—not friends: that is, they were not able to enter into His great purposes. Not so much that He was not willing to reveal His purposes as that they were not able to understand or comprehend them. They revered the Master and looked upon His authority as sufficient reason for their action. Henceforth they would act intelligently, they would enter into their Master's councils, understand His purposes and become fellow workers with Him in carrying forward these purposes. They were to be His friends. Since the fall, man had never sustained such relations to God. All through the Jewish economy man was governed by laws and rules with penalties attached. If the law were violated the penalty was enforced. He who gathered sticks on the Sabbath day or touched the Ark of the Covenant with unhallowed hand paid the penalty with his life, or he who would offer sacrifice contrary to the ritual became a leper white as snow. This was all to be changed. Man was no longer to be a servant, but a friend. In a position like ours we are scarcely in a country to understand how great this privilege is. The word servant as we use it today in this country scarcely expresses the thought contained in the word servant as used by Christ to His disciples. As He used it, it meant all that we mean by the word slave, and he who has been bought and sold at an auction, and in whose hands becomes the simple property of a master. To such a one, the master never communicates his purposes, never takes the slave into his confidence, but says to him do this and he doeth it. It is not for the slave to ask the reason why. Now it is to take man out of his relation and place him in the relation of a friend to God, that the whole plan of salvation has been carried out. It is to lift us out of these conditions and make us free men, to make us a willing people. So it is stated, "If the Son shall make you free ye

are free indeed." Now freedom, looked at from whatever point you will, is a great boon. For you and me to approach the Mercy-Seat and through Christ make our requests known directly to God by prayer and supplication with the giving of thanks, is God will do more for us than this. He will lift us into such relations that God Himself will become man's friend, and man the friend of God. We scarcely realize how great this privilege is. If we pause for a moment and ask ourselves who is this that has permitted us to become His friends we are almost started at the answer, for it is the Christ the world's Redeemer, the Eternal Son of God, He by whom all things were created and who today is upholding all things by the word of His power. I, even I, may become His friend, I, who am a bondsman, I, who am selfish, selfish, Jesus Christ will no longer call me a servant but a friend.

It is not that you want their conversation, they have nothing to impart to you in the way of knowledge that you do not know, they have told you all they know a dozen times. It is their simple presence that gives you such delight. When they leave you you feel that some mysterious connection has been broken, a sense of loneliness steals over you feel your other self has gone. Or again, when you take the arm of a friend on the forest, how quickly you sympathize with his every motion. It is so trouble to you to think as he thinks, to walk as he walks. Thus each walked with God, caught the swing of the Eternal and God became his other self. They tell a story of Tennyson and Carlyle. I am not responsible for the truthfulness of it but it is psychologically correct. They were in the habit of visiting at each other's homes and on one occasion they met in Carlyle's study. After the usual greetings had been exchanged they lighted their pipes, for they were both great smokers, and for long hours sat without exchanging a word. When Tennyson rose to leave Carlyle said to him, "Come again, Alfred, we have had a delightful time tonight. I knew two men, when I was a mere boy, one of them the father of one whom I think to be the cleverest man in Charlottetown. They used to visit one another, for they would sit by the hour without uttering a word and on parting would simply invite the other to return. The only explanation of it is that they liked to be near one another, to feel one another's presence, they were the other self of each other. So to be a friend of God is to be God's other self, it is to live His presence, feel at home in His society. But speaking about friendship in this way, there is another thought that ought to be studied. You and I become instinctively like our friends. If our friend be noble, pure and good, he lifts us to his level. On the other hand, if he be low, vulgar, base, we will sink toward his level. I do not mean to say we will sink so low as he, for if the very act of sinking we are exerting influence upon him to lift him. The resting place for both will be the resultant of the two natures. "As the husband is the wife is: thus art mated with a clown and she cross-

ness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down." Forgetting this, many a girl has blundered by thinking who could reform the drunkard by becoming his wife, and too late has waked up to the fact that from the day she was married she began to sink toward his level. When we think of all these things in connection with our relation to Christ, we begin to appreciate the wonderful privilege of becoming His friends. As we walk with Him, we become more like Him, and studying the intimate character of His sweetness of His moral character we are changed from glory into glory, away from the spirit of God. He can do what we cannot. He can associate with us without sinking to our level, he can lift us, out of our selfishness and sordid natures, without in any wise partaking of our selfishness. He can save us from all our sins and sinfulness without in any wise becoming contaminated Himself.

Such are the privileges, then, growing out of our relations as friends of Jesus Christ. Now let us talk for a short time upon the obligations and responsibilities growing out of this relation. In the first place, He has revealed to us His purposes as to the world's salvation, taught us the methods by which He intends to accomplish His purposes and indirectly at least assured us that we are fellow-workers with Him. He has further taught us that at the point where we proved recreant to our obligations, He Himself can go no further. "Do ye therefore love one another as I have loved you, and so I will have been unto the end of the world." So far as Christ has revealed to us His purposes, every Christian is under obligation to assist in carrying them forward, to a successful issue both in the salvation of his own soul and the soul of his fellowmen. All this we owe to Jesus Christ as friends. Again, He has committed His reputation and character into our hands, and He expects us as His friends to guard them as sacredly as we would our own. It seems to me that this is not too much to ask of a friend, for it is the first obligation of friendship. When your friend is falsely accused behind his back, you do not need to be told that it is your duty to defend him. You do it instinctively. So it is not only our duty to walk as it becomes the friends of Christ but also our duty to point out His character and loveliness to those with whom we associate. It is here where genuine, experimental religion becomes a mighty power and I suspect it is the interpretation of those passages in the Scripture which teach us to let our light shine so that others seeing our good works may glorify our Father who is in Heaven. And you remember we are exhorted to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called and so conduct ourselves