

She bent to the rosy faces, which had grouped about her. The six feet of masculinity opposite trembled with emotion.

"There's no home widout youse in it, Biddy," he said, weakly.

"Mamma cwy," piped little Biddy.

Bridget lifted the child to her shoulder, and the action hid her face.

"Oi'll joost go oop an' look at the pig. It must have grown in a wake," she said. "Good-evenin' to you, Miss Heminway."

The pale blue patch on his black trousers bulged more grotesquely than ever as Patrick lumbered out of the yard behind his wife. Miss Heminway laughed, and picked up the scattered bits of the bill of posting. When she looked again, the golden west above the hill silhouetted two figures—one of a woman with a child in her arms, the other of a man who bent to kiss her, while in the background three other and smaller figures capered joyously.

Three Poems¹

[Mrs. Ella Higginson is a writer whose work will be new to many readers in this part of the country, although her name appears on several volumes of prose and verse. "A Forest Orchid, and Other Tales," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, contains short stories with the mark of a fresh imagination and a free hand upon them; stories which touch life at first hand, and are in more than one instance unusually vivid in style. Mrs. Higginson's father and mother were pioneers, of the type which has had so much to do with the making of the Northwest. They crossed the plains to Oregon in 1864, and settled in the Grand Ronde Valley. Mrs. Higginson lives within sight of Puget Sound, and is a lover of land and sea as they appear in the romantic and beautiful country about her. From her latest volume of poems, "When the Birds go North Again"—a very attractive piece of book-making—The Outlook reproduces three selections, by the courtesy of Mrs. Higginson's publishers, the Macmillan Company, of this city.—THE EDITORS.]

Four-Leaf Clover

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry-blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck—
If you search you will find where they
grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have
faith,
You must love and be strong—and so—
If you work, if you wait, you will find the
place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

When the Birds go North Again

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds go North again.

The Way Thou Singest

Ah, I have heard a meadow-lark
Sing o'er the growing corn
In notes of passion and desire,
At early primrose morn—
So full and rich and sweet,
My heart with rapture beat,
And for remembered years
Up sprang the tears. . . .
And here—and now—
So singest thou!

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And I have heard—and seen—the notes
 Of a brief summer rain
 Burst into sudden, lyric gold
 Upon the window-pane—
 When the sunset's lucent flame
 For one sweet instant came—
 Born of the rain's desire
 And the sunset's fire. . . .
 And here—and now—
 So singest thou!

I dreamed I heard an angel sing
 With rapt and lifted eyes;
 With marvel in his voice and look
 And in his heart surprise
 That the angels leaned from sleep
 To hear and bow and weep,
 Thinking of ones loved so
 On earth below. . . .
 And here—and now—
 So singest thou!

Spiritual Values in Modern Bible Study¹

By the Rev. J. F. Genung

[Professor John Franklin Genung, of Amherst College, is best known to Bible students by his monograph on the Book of Job—"The Epic of the Inner Life"—which is one of the best fruits of the modern methods of Bible study, and one of the best illustrations which recent Biblical literature furnishes of the free, constructive, and hopeful spirit for which he argues so strongly in the following sermon. The sermon is to be recommended alike to those who believe in the modern method, because it so effectively illustrates the spirit in which that method should be employed, and to those who dread the modern method, because it expounds so clearly the reasons for hopefully believing that its ultimate result will be a deeper and more rational reverence for the Bible, and a saner and more practical spiritual life.—THE EDITORS.]

Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see.—John i., 45, 46.

I HAVE chosen this text not so much for the sake of the announcement it makes as for the sake of the spirit it reveals; which spirit, if I have judged Philip rightly, seems to me an eminently wholesome one to apply, in these modern days, to the study of the Bible. It is as a student of the Bible—what Bible he had, our Old Testament—that Philip brings his discovery to Nathanael; it is as a student of the Bible as it has hardened into a commonly received view of the Bible—a very different thing—that Nathanael responds with a doubt. And in that frank, friendly receptiveness, that openness of mind to new light, which sums all up with Come and see, there is something very engaging; we are tempted to say, Here is the simple solvent of the spiritual perplexities which the modern critical study of the Bible is undeniably forcing upon us. Come and see: not hold off and prejudice the question; keep mind and heart open and sane and fair: there are hope and promise in such an attitude as this; it is the true spiritual antiseptic.

¹ A sermon preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, October 30, 1898.

The simple, naïve joy of Philip as he makes his announcement to Nathanael has two grounds. It is, first, the joy of discovery. He has found a new thing, a new glory in his Bible, a new truth and significance in what "Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write." Secondly, it is the joy of identification. That great discovery of his has no estranging look; in "Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph," the truth that has loomed large and dim in ancient lore comes close home, enters his own neighborhood and way of life, stands clear and plain in the light of common day.

Now, in this simple joy of discovery and identification focuses, I think, the spiritual uplift and enriching that we, with the scholars, may assuredly derive from the modern phase of Bible study. The two make up one fervor and quickening. The one welcomes adventurously the new and strange truths that meet us, the things that enlarge the spirit as our exploration pushes onward and inward toward eternity. The other clings loyally to the old and familiar, as in all this mystery of revelation it recognizes the homely links of plain fact and experience that bind it to common life. Both are eminently characteristic of our inquiring age. The prevailing scientific spirit and methods, by which I