

the mission of man, his role, his religion, and his destiny, and then all the great problems of the existence of God and of the immortality of the soul rose before him, and, with that passion which he always had for the mysteries of the hereafter, he felt himself impelled to study the formation of the earth, the evolution of man, the progress of science, the history of religions and the destiny of the universe.

He thus convinced himself that what he had wished above everything to produce in *Les Misérables* was a religious book. He had introduced into his novel a bishop who played a decisive role. He wished to study the history of religion, so he delved in the most ancient books, those of the Italian discoverer, Jonas; of the German discoverer, Herivert Rosweyde, and others, and he consecrated himself during the months of June and July, 1860, to his purpose, which he characterized as follows in a note: "The quasi-outrage upon my personal religious philosophy intended to serve either as a special purpose to *Les Misérables* or as a general purpose to my works."

It seems to us that the religion of Victor Hugo was revealed in the opening pages of his book. The picture of the old bishop asking a blessing from the old Conventioneer is in itself a whole creed. The bishop had been trained in his church, he filled his life with charities and self-sacrifices, he was an old man, but he was called to the side of the old Conventioneer when he was dying, and in a severe way tried to touch the heart of the old man and it wound up by the old man's telling what he had done and then asking the bishop what he wanted; whereupon the bishop fell upon his knees and asked for his blessing. In that Victor Hugo went beyond all churches and all creeds. He pictured the old man as sitting in the shadows waiting for death and at the same time in communion with his Creator, and he made the old bishop, with his little creed, so realize his own insignificance, compared with the man before him who was dying, that, as a last act, he asked his blessing.

In the same way we can imagine Victor Hugo leaving this earth and going to his judgment, and at the last, when asked what he had done, pointing back to his labors for the poor and for the uplifting of mankind, and saying: "It's a poor record, but it is all I can do." And we can imagine that when he entered through the pearly gate all the choirs in paradise took up his welcome, and that—

Flowers broke through the golden floor  
And blossomed at his feet.

**General Logan**

THE CURRENT McClure's has an article on monuments, and gives many pictures of them. There is old Peter Cooper, with his great head and his unkempt beard; there are some monuments of revolutionary soldiers, and there is Logan's monument in Chicago. And that reminds us that General John Logan was one of the most marvelous men of his age. He was not brilliant; he never could use good English; he was rude and uncouth, at least before the war, and as an old time fighting Democrat, was ready at any time to express his disdain of Mr. Lincoln and all men who believed politically as he did. But when the war came on he shook off that copperheadism, which belonged especially to southern Illinois, and in his heroic soul he took on the idea that the country must be saved and that the lives of citizens did not count until that was accomplished. So he went into the war, he had no military education, but he was a fighter, and he soon asserted himself. On one occasion he rode down in front of his line, which was under fire by the enemy, to the admiration of all who saw him. They expected every moment that he would be killed, but he went through the ordeal unscathed, and then, in his own sententious way, explained afterward that he knew that was the safest thing he could do, that if he was killed then it would be by a stray bullet, whereas if he had wheeled his horse and rode straight to the rear, the enemy would have concentrated their shots and some of them would have been sure to hit him. He was very like Andrew Jackson in some respects, and, we think, had he lived eight years more, he would have been elected president and would have made a Jacksonian president, often wrong, but still to be forgiven because the whole country would have seen that he possessed two attributes which all men bow down before, one a sense of justice as strong as his life, and the other was a courage which counted danger as nothing in the pursuit of duty. And we may add a patriotism which was all-embracing.

The "Salt Lake Outlook" an illustrated monthly magazine, devoted to the advancement of "The City of Opportunities"—Salt Lake, of course—has made its first appearance. Edited by J. Cecil Alter, it is typographically a gem and replete with articles and illustrations of value and merit. Success.

Be sure your name is on the registration list.

**BETWEEN LEAF-FALL AND THE SNOW.**

By Elizabeth Waddell.

Between the leaf-fall and the snow  
Lieth the time of times most drear—  
The watch before the midnight crow—  
The barren steppe-land of the year.  
'Twixt gown of green and stole of white  
The unclothed earth hath shivering plight.

So might a maiden novice pale—  
A martyr-zealot—cast aside,  
The morn that sees her take the veil,  
The habit of her earthly pride,  
With silks and plumes to sweep and nod,  
For that in which she 'spouseth God.

And stand disrobed a pensive while,  
And muse on dear delights foregone,  
And shrive her beauty of its smile  
And set a ghostly calm thereon,  
And turn her girihood's glowing page,  
And write the prologue of old age.

Yet for this gloomed and windy span  
A sweet and blessed use see I;  
In round of year or life of man  
It is the choicest time to die.  
Easier far and less to mourn  
To quit a world of beauty shorn.

Because I would not stay to see  
The dead, brown fields all harvest bare,  
Nor yet to watch my heart-birds flee  
Seeking a clime more springtime-fair—  
When harvest's over, let me go  
Between the leaf-fall and the snow.

—The Mirror.

As Senator Beveridge said in his Theater speech, "Let us all be Americans."



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