

But it might be urged that as the time would vary from day to day or week to week, the result would be an insufferable nuisance, since railroad time could not be adapted to such a system.

But why should not the railroads standardize the changes from a central clock? Cities, counties, and States might do the same. Soon there would be established a sliding eight-hour day for each particular region, and perhaps hundreds of millions of dollars expended for artificial light would be saved; the eyes of workmen would not be strained to the same extent as by the electric light.

Our enforced plan proved a success on a small scale. Why could it not be made to work on a larger scale?

Richard Saxe Jones.

Christian Science and the Emmanuel Movement

IN the issue of *THE CENTURY* for July there appeared an article on the Emmanuel Movement by the Rev. Elwood Worcester, D.D., in which occurs the following statement:

Of the open attacks by Christian Science I have little reason to complain.

As a matter of fact, almost two years elapsed since Dr. Worcester and other leaders of the Emmanuel Movement publicly attempted to describe the difference between Christian Science and the practice of the Emmanuel Church before I wrote a series of articles on this subject.

While we believe that the Christian Science version is the only correct interpretation of the purely spiritual healing practised by Jesus and the Apostles, it was our desire to refrain from any controversy with those who disagreed with us. But in the course of time representatives of the Emmanuel Movement, in their attempts to define the distinction between Christian Science and mental suggestion, had left the subject in a confused state, and the line of distinction was not clear to the public. It then became necessary to clarify the atmosphere, but by no stretch of the imagination could the Christian Science defense be called an attack, open or veiled. Dr. Worcester affirms:

Several Christian Science practitioners known to me have adopted both our rules—of treating patients only by the advice and with the diagnosis of a physician, and of accepting only functional cases.

I requested Dr. Worcester to give me the names of the Christian Scientists mentioned in this connection. This he declined to do on the ground that these admissions were

made to him in private conversations. I then requested him to put me in communication with these Christian Scientists, well knowing that if they entertained an honest conviction that their practice should be conducted with the reserve indicated by Dr. Worcester, they would not object to having their purpose made public. Dr. Worcester has not replied to my last letter.

Christian Science practitioners testify that they have been more successful in treating what physicians call organic cases than in treating functional disorders. I personally know of several cases of serious organic difficulties which have been saved by Christian Science after the physicians had said nothing more could be done from a medical point of view. Hence the conclusion that if Christian Scientists should adopt Dr. Worcester's recommendation to treat only functional cases, they would thus forfeit a large portion of their usefulness in relieving suffering humanity.

Alfred Farlow,

Of the "Committee on Publication of the First Church of Christ Scientist."

Boston, July 27, 1909.

Pierre-Paul Prud'hon, 1758-1823

TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS
(SEE PAGE 129)

PRUD'HON, one of the most illustrious painters of the eighteenth century French school, was born at Cluny, France, in 1758, and died at Paris in 1823. He was the son of a poor stonemason—the last child of a family of thirteen. He gained his first impressions of art from some pictures at the abbey of his native town, where he was educated by charity, and where the bishop of Mâcon was so struck with the evidences of his genius that he had him sent to Dijon, to the studio of Devoge. Here he learned to engrave on copper, and his first efforts were in the way of small designs of an allegorical nature, which he engraved for a rich citizen of the town. These gave such satisfaction that they obtained for him his desired end, which was to go to Paris with letters of recommendation to influential people, who soon put him in the way of studying painting. Events moved rapidly with him. He had his eye on Rome, the Mecca of all art students of those days, and in less than three years he was back in Dijon to compete for the triennial prize offered by the state, which he won, and was soon on his way to the "eternal city." At Rome, for six years, he studied deeply the works of Raphael and Correggio, after which he returned to Paris and worked his way up to fame. His most noted picture is "Justice and Divine Vengeance pursuing Crime,"

which, in 1808, the government commissioned him to paint as a decoration for the Palais de Justice, and which procured him the cross of the Legion of Honor and a lodgment at the Sorbonne. Upon the Restoration, however, the work was judged to be too dramatic, and was replaced by a crucifix. It now hangs in the Louvre. At about this period, 1809-1812, he painted a portrait of the Empress Josephine, one of the King of Rome, and the present one of the Emperor's sister, Marie-Anne-Elise.

Elise, or Elisa, the eldest of Napoleon's three sisters, was one of the most energetic and remarkable women of her day, and identified herself completely with the ambitious spirit of her brother. Born in Corsica in 1777 and educated at St. Cyr near Paris, she was married at twenty to a captain of infantry of noble lineage. In Paris she figured as a patroness of arts and letters, having a strong passion in that direction, and her salon became the famous rendezvous of all the distinguished characters of her day. In 1805, when Napoleon distributed crowns among his family, she was constituted princess of the principality of Lucca and Piombino, and rose to the occasion, employing her talents with a dignity comporting with her high position. Her husband, crowned as prince, reigned only in name. Eclipsed by the superior spirit of his wife, he left to her

the direction of affairs and was content to be called the first of her subjects. She took an active part in the councils of her ministers, and simplified the routine of administration with a tact, grasp, and spirit of organization rare even in a man. She paid strict attention to the repair of public roads, to works of public utility, and the establishment of new fortresses. The Emperor, recognizing her talents, conferred upon her, in 1809, the title of Grand Duchess of Tuscany, with the general government of that province. Her merit seemed to increase with this new dignity and she pushed fearlessly along the line of progress. Always the protectress of arts and letters, she caused a new propulsion in the study of agriculture by awarding prizes, developing popular instruction, and erecting useful public buildings, and she gained great popularity in effectively ridding the highways of Tuscany of brigands. Upon the decline of the Emperor's power she retired to Trieste and finally to the château of Santo-Andrea, near by, where she died in 1820.

The portrait of Elise is in the collection of Monsieur Henri Rouart of Paris, who granted me every facility for reproducing it from the original. It is a life-size bust 17 x 21 inches, and is a fine harmony of warm gray tints.

T. Cole.



Send Him In

SONG

WHEN Ol' Marster went off to de war,
He took me by de han',
An' he said: "I maybe won't come back
again;

I leaves de Missus in yo' care,
An' you mus' ten' de lan',
An' keep my flock f'om lightnin' an' de
rain."

Dey brung 'im f'om Virginny
Wid es life all shot erway,—
He 's sleepin' out beneath de ol' pine-tree,—
An' I scattered all de niggers
When dey ask' Ol' Miss fer pay,
An' dere 's no one roun' de quarters now
but me.

But my Ol' Miss
She promus dis:

She 's never goin' ter set me free;
An' when she j'ines de holy th'ong,
She 'll tell de angel 't keeps de golden
gate,

"Man, when my ol' nigger comes erlong,
Send him in
To me!"

Hit's been er long an' weary way
For my Ol' Miss an' me,
An' hard to keep de chillun movin'
straight;

But we raise 'em mos'ly righteous,
Till de las' one of de three
Shuk de rice from out her rustles at de
gate.

Den we settle' down to dreamin'
Wid de pictures of our dead—
An' de whisperin' of deir voices en de hall,
An' we meant it, lemme tell you,