hold this statue shall be a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God, and say, in your hearts, that crooked ways are good and bad methods justifiable.

We receive the statue with pride and shall count it among the city's most precious possessions.

ALFRED MOORE WADDELL—AUTHOR.

We feel grateful to the State press for many graceful tributes of respect to the memory of this dead statesman, jurist, scholar of the Cape Fear; but I think that these generous tokens of admiration have not sufficiently emphasized the beautiful expressions of his pen. Colonel Waddell's superior talents, his remarkable power of speech, his pleasing personality, and his courteous address were known to all men, but how few of our people know of his generous contributions to literature.

I have read and reread his three charming books, *A Colonial Officer and His Times, Some Memories of My Life,* and *The History of New Hanover County,* with ever-increasing pleasure and profit.

There are flashes of wit and humor throughout his *Memories,* and even Mark Twain at his best does not surpass him in his description of Haynes Gainey, the bleeding to death of James Dawson in the railroad accident, or the Confederate prisoner's estimate of the damage done to Fort Fisher by Butler's "powder ship"; nor have I read in Clarke Russell's wonderful sea tales anything comparable to Colonel Waddell's thrilling story *Pilots in a Storm.* Its descriptive, dramatic strength reminds one of Victor Hugo's weird "Story of the Gun"; but Colonel Waddell's story is true in all its details, as it tells of a tragedy in which five devoted Cape Fear pilots went down to death, and how five other toilers of the sea in the same gale were saved at the risk of a life freely volunteered for theirs, for the sake of their wives and children, and his hero, Joe Arnold, still survives.

The poetic principle is described in his closing reference to St. Philip's Church, and to Fort Anderson, which enclosed it, at Old Brunswick; and as we read the lines we can almost hear the sighing of the pines as they bend gently in the soft south wind to the call of the sea: "Since then it has again relapsed into its former state, and the bastions and traverses and parapets of the whilom Fort Anderson are now clad in the same exuberant robe of green with which generous nature in that clime covers every neglected spot. And so the old and the new ruin

stand side by side, in mute attestation of the utter emptiness of all human ambition, while the Atlantic breeze sings gently amid the sighing pines, and the vines cling more closely to the old church wall, and the lizard basks himself where the sunlight falls on a forgotten grave."

In conclusion, his beautiful verses in reply to Gen. Albert Pike's "Every Year" appeal with peculiar tenderness to those of us who were in sympathy with our dear friend, and who are fast following his footsteps towards "The Better Land."

THE BETTER LAND.

By Alfred Moore Waddell.

"Time, fly he ne'er so fleetly
Every year,
Only tunes your harp more sweetly
Every year,
And we listen to its ringing,
And the minstrel swan-like singing,
More melodious numbers flinging,
Every year.

"Sing on, O grand old master,
Every year,
Pour thy mellow measures faster
Every year;
They will make our journey lighter,
And our weary pathway brighter,
As our locks grow thin and whiter
Every year.

"Yes, our loved ones go before us
Every year,
And the living more ignore us
Every year.
It is well; what need for sorrow
If the dawn of each tomorrow
Brighter tints from heaven borrow
Every year."

BISHOP ROBERT STRANGE.

An eminent divine has said: "Among the great gifts that God has given *to* men is the gift *of* men; and among all the gifts with which God has enriched His Church, one of the greatest has been the gift of consecrated men, for they are the instrumentalities by which the Church has been moulded and guided and prospered in all the generations of the world."