

(372) **Is it Worth While?** —Selected.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,  
bearing his load on the rough road of life?  
Is it worth while that we fear at each other  
in blackness of heart that we war to the knife?  
God pity us all in our pitiful strife!

God pity us all as we jostle each other;  
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel!  
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the  
hard way,  
Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel,  
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, is this brief little journey,  
On over the lethargy, down into the tide?  
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,  
Folding the hands to be and abide  
Forever and aye in the dust by his side!

Look at the roses saluting each other:  
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—  
Man and man on y. m. lies war on his brother,  
And love in his heart at his peril and pain;  
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble  
Some fellow-coldier down into the dust?  
God put us all! Time oft will tumble  
All of us together, like leaves in a net,  
Numbled, indeed, down into the dust,  
So sword St. City. Mrs. O. HARRINGTON.

(333) **Lost Both.** —Original.

I had both money and a friend;  
Of neither I am sure.  
I lent my money to my friend;  
And took his word therefor;  
I lent my money to my friend;  
But naught but words I got.  
I lost my money and my friend,  
For sure him I would not.

Brantford, Ont. J. H. BROOKS.

(391) **Golden Grains.** —Selected.

It is not as much what you say,  
As the manner in which you say it;  
It is not as much the language you use  
As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,  
And the tones may pierce like a dart;  
The words may be soft as the summer air,  
And the tones may break the heart.

Seville, N.B. Miss O. SHADDICK.

(395) **The Love of God.** —Selected.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,  
Or were the scribe of parchment made,  
We every stalk on earth a quill,  
And every man a scribe by trade:

To write the love of God above,  
Would drain the ocean dry;  
Nor could a scroll contain the whole,  
If stretched from sky to sky.

Riverbank, Ont. Mrs. M. HOLLIS.

(396) **Baby's Prayer.** —Selected.

When the children kneel down by the bedside a  
right—  
Three bright heads all in a row—  
With a flutter of hair, in her nightgown of white,  
The baby comes, kneeling there too.

She bows her bright face at the side of the bed,  
And mumbles her own little prayer—  
Fancy words, you would think, could you hear what  
she said.

For we none of us know what they are.

But sometimes I think, when she raises her head,  
With so much delight in her face,  
Perhaps the dear Saviour knew just what she said,  
And her prayer in his heart found a place!  
Irepolis, Ont. Mrs. A. McCANN.

(397) **The Three Callers.** —Selected.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy, straying  
Mid golden meadows, rich with peary dew;  
She calls—'but he still thinks of naught save playing,  
And so she smiles and waves him an adieu.  
While she, still merry with his flowery store,  
Dreams not that morn sweet morn—returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,  
Needs not the time—he sees but one fair form;  
One young, fair face, from tower of Jasmine glowing,  
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.  
So noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,  
And man forgets that noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a chamber, gleaming  
With the still bright, flickering light and low,  
By which a grey-haired man is nodding dream;  
O'er pleasure gone, as all life's pleasures go.  
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door,  
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

Carlton Place, Ont. A. H. HERR.

(398) **Mary's Righteous Retort.** —Selected.

Mary was a buxom country lass, and her  
father was an upright deacon in the Metho-  
dist church of a Connecticut village. Mary's  
plan of joining the boys and girls in a nut-  
ting party was frustrated by the unexpected  
arrival of a number of "brethren" on their  
way to conference, and Mary had to stay

at home and get dinner for her father's  
clerical guests. Her already ruffled temper  
was increased by the reverend visitors  
themselves who sat about the stove and in  
the way. One of the good ministers noticed  
her wrathful impatience, and desiring to  
rebuke the sinful manifestation, said sternly:  
"What do you think will be your occupa-  
tion in hell?" "Pretty much the same  
as it is on earth," she replied, "cooking for  
Methodist ministers."

Cambridge, Minnesota. Mrs. R. Y. C.

(399) **His Epitaph and Creed.** —Selected.

The following affecting sketch, in which  
the lily again plays a part, is given by Lady  
Herbert in her "Impressions of Spain":—

"In a cemetery near Seville is a very  
beautiful though simple marble cross, on  
which is engraved these lines in Spanish:—

'I believe in God; I hope in God; I love God.'

It is the grave of a poor boy, the only son  
of a widow. He was not exactly an idiot  
but what people call a natural. Good, sim-  
ple, humble, every one loved him, but no  
one could teach him anything.

He could remember nothing. In vain the  
poor mother put him first at school and then  
to a trade; he could not learn. At last,  
in despair, she took him to a neighboring  
monastery and implored the abbot, who was  
a most charitable man, to take him in and  
treat him as a lay brother. Touched by  
her grief, the abbot consented, and the boy  
entered the convent. There all possible  
pains were taken by the monks to give him  
at least some idea of religion; but he could  
remember nothing but these three sentences.  
Still he was so patient, so laborious, and so  
good, that the community decided to keep  
him.

"When he had finished his hard out-of-  
door work, instead of coming into rest, he  
would go straight to the church, and there  
remain on his knees for hours.

"But what does he do?" exclaimed one  
of the novices; 'he does not know how to  
pray.'

"They therefore hid themselves in a side  
chapel, close to where he came in. Devoutly  
kneeling, with clasped hands, and eyes  
fastened on the tabernacle, he did nothing  
but repeat over and over again, 'I believe  
in God; I hope in God; I love God.' One  
day he was missing; they went to his cell,  
and found him dead on the straw, with his  
hands joined, and an expression of the same  
ineffable peace and joy they had remarked  
on his face when in the church. They  
buried him in this quiet cemetery, and the  
abbot caused these words to be graven on  
the cross. A lily (emblem of innocence)  
was seen flowering by the grave, whereon  
one had planted it; the grave was opened;  
'the root of the flower was formed in the  
heart of the orphan boy.'

Coaticook, P. Q. Mrs. A. AMES.

(410) **Cured.** —Selected.

Mrs. Flamley attempts to be fashionable.  
The other night, when she dressed to go  
out, she appeared with a silver spoon on her  
breast.

"Margaret, what in the world do you  
call that?" asked her husband.

"This was my grandmother's sauce-  
spoon. You know that it is fashionable now to wear  
old family plate."

Flamley said nothing more, for he knew  
that it was unnecessary to argue with his  
wife. The next night, he asked his wife to  
go out with him, and again she put on her  
spoon. After awhile Flamley came out  
with an enormous butcher-knife on his shirt-  
front.

"Henry, what is that?"

"This was my grandfather's butcher-

knife. It's fashionable now to wear—"

"I take off the spoon."

"All right! Off goes the knife."

Lansing, Ont. EMILY M. PRATT.

(401) **The Mother.** —Selected.

Young man! Thy mother is thy best  
earthly friend. The world may forget you  
—thy mother never; the world may will

fully do you many wrongs—thy mother  
never; the world may persecute you while  
living, and when dead, plant the ivy and  
the nightshade of slander upon your grass-  
less grave—but thy mother will love and  
cherish you while living, and if she sur-  
vives you, will weep for you when dead,  
such tears as none but a mother knows how  
to weep. Love thy mother.

EDW. PENTON.

55 Adelaide st. E., Toronto.

(402) **A Wiggling.** —Selected.

The Rev. Dr. Macleod (father of the late  
Dr. Norman Macleod) was proceeding from  
the manse of D. to church, to open a new place  
of worship. As he passed slowly and grave-  
ly through the crowd gathered about the  
doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar  
kind of wig known in that district—bright,  
smooth, and of a reddish brown—accosted  
him: "Doctor, if you please, I wish to  
speak to you." "Well, Duncan," said the  
venerable Doctor, "can ye not wait till  
after worship?" "No, Doctor, I must  
speak to you now for it is a matter upon my  
conscience," "Oh, since it is a matter of  
conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief,  
Duncan, for time presses." "The matter is  
this, Doctor. Ye see the clock yonder on  
the face of the new church. Well, there is  
no clock really there nothing but the face  
of the clock. There is no truth in it but  
only once in twelve hours. Now it is, in my  
mind, very wrong, and quite against my  
conscience, that there should be a lie on the  
face of the house of the Lord." "Duncan,  
I will consider the point. But I am glad to  
see you looking so well. You are not young  
now; I remember you for many years, and  
what a fine head of hair you have still!"  
"Eh, Doctor, you are joking now; it is long  
since I had my hair." "On, Duncan, Dun-  
can, are you going into the house of the  
Lord with a lie upon your head?" This  
set led the question, and the Doctor heard  
no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

Mitchell, Ont. HATTIE SILLS.

(403) **An Awkward Blunder.** —Selected.

Doctor Duncan, a professor in the New  
College, Edinburgh, was a very "absent-  
minded" man. The doctor was coming out  
of the college one day, when a cow brushed  
slightly against him; the doctor mechan-  
ically lifted his hat and muttered, "I beg  
your pardon, ma'am." He was a good deal  
rallied about this, and a day or two after-  
ward, as he was again coming from his  
class, he stumbled against a lady, and at  
once exclaimed, "Is that you again, you  
beast?"

Mrs. J. W. WILLIAMS.  
West Roxbury, Vermont.

(404) **A Hard Question to Answer.** —Selected.

He had been blushing and stammering on  
the edge of his chair for some minutes. She  
knew what was coming and was ready for  
it.

"Yes, Mr. Brown," she said, with a soft,  
encouraging smile, "you were about to ask  
me—you were going to say—er—what is  
it that you would like—"

"I wanted to ask you, Miss S-smith,"  
he articulated bashfully, "if you think  
that Mary Jane Perkins would make me a  
good wife?"

Stratford. MARY LEARY.

(405) **Why a Certain Member of the Legislature Should Avoid a Visit to France.** —Selected.

A member of the Legislature, who is so  
full of self conceit that his "bump" of  
egotism sticks up through his hat like a  
lightning rod, remarked to another member  
recently:

"I do wish we could adjourn. I want to  
go to Europe."

"What countries will you visit?" queried  
his friend.

"All of them."

"What! You surely won't date to visit  
France?"

"Certainly I will. Why not?"

"Because the French people are beginning  
to eat jackasses."

Belleville. WM. WICKHAM.

(406) **How a Barber Lost His Best Customer.** —Selected.

A barber, recently converted, asked his  
minister how he could do some religious  
work. "Try and awaken your customers  
to a sense of their danger." Accordingly,  
on the following day, when he had carefully  
wrapped the towel around the neck of a fat  
old gentleman whom he was going to shave,  
and profusely lathered his chin, he plucked  
the old gentleman's nose, and being ready  
to commence operations, held up the razor  
to his throat and said, in earnest tones:  
"My good sir, are you prepared to die?"  
That chair was vacated inside of a second,  
and the barber lost his best customer.

Hamilton. MARIE STRAUBENZER.

(407) **Why Whiskers Could Grow on a Woman's Face.** —Selected.

"Here's another lie," said Mrs. Smith,  
who was reading a newspaper.

"What is it, my darling?" asked her  
husband.

"Why, this newspaper says an Indiana  
woman was disinterred the other day, after  
being buried two years, and that whiskers  
four inches long had grown on her face since  
her burial. I don't believe a word of it."

"I do," said Smith.

"Well, I don't. How could whiskers

grow on a woman's face after she is dead?"

"Easy enough, Jane. She would hold  
her chin still long enough to give the whisk-  
ers a chance."

Toronto. MARTHA DIXON.

(408) **Badgering Witnesses.** —Selected.

The following incident in connection with  
the American bar is told as having really  
happened in an Albany Court room:

The plaintiff, who was a lady, was called  
upon to testify. She got on very well, and  
made a favorable impression on the jury,  
under the guidance of her counsel, until the  
opposing counsel subjected her to a sharp  
cross-examination. This so confused her  
that she fainted and fell to the floor. Of  
course this excited general sympathy in the  
audience, and the opposing counsel saw that  
his case looked badly. An expedient sug-  
gested itself by which to make the swoon-  
ing appear like a piece of stage trickery,  
and thus destroy sympathy for the witness.  
The lady's face in swooning had first turned  
red, and this fact suggested the new line of  
attack. The next witness was a middle-  
aged lady. The counsel asked:

"Did you see the plaintiff faint a short  
time ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"People turn pale when they faint, don't  
they?"

"A great sensation in the court, and an  
evident confusion of the witness, but in a  
moment she answered:

"No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting  
where the party did not turn pale?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"About a year ago."

"Where was it?"

"In this city."

"Who was it?"

By this time the excitement was so in-  
tense that everybody listened anxiously for  
the reply. It came promptly, with a twinkle  
in the witness's eye and a quiver on her lip,  
as if from suppressed humor.

"'Twas a negro, sir."

Peal after peal of laughter shook the  
court-room, in which the venerable judge  
joined. The opposing counsel lost his case,  
not to say his temper.

Fort Alexandria, B. C. A. McINNES.

(409) **It Ought to Be.** —Original.

"James," said the teacher, "you have  
selt the word 'geography' wrong. You  
have it ge-o-g-r-a-p-h-y. It ought to be  
'ography, not 'agraphy.'" "Oh, yes, sir,  
I see, it autibigraphy," and the master  
leaned his head on his hand and smiled at  
covering if she did at his own expense,  
without notice. He did it every day.

Indiantown, N. B. K. C. TARTY.