

A Page for the Fireside Hour.

Poems by Mrs. Browning.

COWPER'S GRAVE.
It is a place where poets crowned may
feel the hearts decaying;
It is a place where happy saints may
weep amid their praying;
Yet let the grief and humbleness as
low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was
poured the deathless singing!
O Christians, at your cross of hope
a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood your
weary paths beguiling,
Groaned only while he taught you
peace, and died while ye were
smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read
through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and
darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet
sounds and wandering lights de-
parted,
He wore no less a loving face because
so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the
poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
in meeker adoration,
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise
or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name
of one whom God hath taken.

INCLUSIONS.

Oh, wilt thou have my hand, dear,
to lie along in thine?
As a little stone in a running stream,
it seems to lie and pine.
Now drop the poor pale hand, dear,
unfit to plight with thine.

Oh, wilt thou have my cheek, dear,
drawn closer to thine own?
My cheek is white, my cheek is worn
by many a tear run down.
Now leave a little space, dear, lest it
should wet thine own.

Oh, must thou have my soul, dear,
committed with thy soul?
Red grows the cheek, and warm the hand;
the part is in the whole;
Nor hands nor cheeks keep separate,
when soul is joined to soul.

Dear Little Heart.

There was once a Dear Little Heart
and it tender and loving and true,
And that Dear Little Heart said to itself:
"I wonder what makes me so sun-
ny and so very happy? I should like
to know so I could tell all the other
little hearts in the whole world. I
must find out."

So the Dear Little Heart went on a
journey to find out.

"Why am I happy, blithe heart?" said
the Dear Little Heart to a bird in the
tree.

"Because you love the sun," said
the lark as he raised his voice in a
proud song.

The Dear Little Heart was not satis-
fied, so on it went.

"Why am I happy, pale lily?" asked
the Dear Little Heart of the sweet
flower.

"Because you love the flowers of the
ground," said the lily, as she gave
her fragrance to the air.

But the Dear Little Heart trudged
on.

"Why am I happy?" it asked the soft
downy rabbit.

The bunny cocked his two ears.

"Why, because you love the animals
and the birds," he said as he hopped
away.

The Dear Little Heart was still
mystified.

"Why am I happy?" asked the Dear
Little Heart of the honey-bee.

"Because your words are of love and
have no sting," said the honey-bee, as
he disappeared in a flower.

"Why am I happy, O green, green
leaves?" asked the Dear Little Heart.

"Because your touch is as gentle as
that of a babe," answered the green
leaves as they rustled a melody.

The Dear Little Heart went on.

"Why am I happy, O brave wind?"
asked the Dear Little Heart of the
gentle zephyr.

Of Such is the Kingdom.

Children are necessary for those
who wish to be childlike, who desire
to recover the lost simplicity of the
spirit. Simplicity is rare and van-
ishes rapidly. In fact, simplicity is
a grace, that must be re-
newed every day. When you
come into touch with a child you
lose touch with the fastidious of life,
and you feel a stirring of the heart
that makes you strong again. There
is nothing in the world so restorative
as the virtual freshness in a child's
eyes. It is a severe test to be close
to a child's mind, and that is why
many of us dread children. Child-
ren are our consciences, and as a rule
they are our guilty consciences, those
terrible consciences that make cov-
ards of us all. We can kill our con-
sciences, but we cannot kill our chil-
dren. Their still, small voices are
never hushed in our hearts. That is
why children are necessary. They
keep the world young and pure and
gentle and simple.

If the time of the present be spent in vain,
In the time of the future must sorrow be borne.
—Old Japanese Song.

MY KATE.
She was not as pretty a woman I
know;
And yet all your best, made of sun-
shine and snow,
Drop to shade, melt to nought, in the
long trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm
and cold days—
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movements
a grace;
You turned from the fairest to gaze on
her face;
And, when you had once seen her fore-
head and mouth,
You saw so distinctly her soul and her
truth—
My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never
implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men
at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through
the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled
at her gown—
My Kate.

None knelt at her feet confessed lov-
ers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they
used,—that was all.
If you praised her as charming, some
asked what you meant;
But the charm of her presence was
felt when she went—
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald
and rude,
She took as she found them, and did
them all good;
It always was so with her—see what
you have!
She has made the grass greener even
here—
My Kate.

My Dear One! when thou wast alive
with the rest,
I held thee the sweetest, and loved
thee the best,
And now thou art dead, shall I not
take thy part,
As thy smiles used to do for myself,
my sweetheart—
My Kate?

Give us, oh give us, the man who sings at his
work. Be his occupation what it may, he is
equal to any of those who follow the same
pursuit in silent sullenness. He does more in
the same time—he will do it better—he will
persevere longer.

—CARLYLE.

Breathing.

(By Earle William Gage.)

And the Creator breathed into his
nostrils the breath of life and man
became a living soul.

Breathing is the first and last act
of man. One might say that breath
is the symbol of life. It is given us
at the beginning and taken at the
end. The meaning given by Orient-
als to respiration is significant;
their interpretation being, Inhalation,
"God in us," exhalation, "We are in
God." It is in the degree that we
breathe that we are fully alive.

Elizabeth Browning said: "He
lives most who breathes most." Tak-
ing air means taking in life; power
comes through full breathing. The
Greeks held that the body is cleansed
by bathing. Whether we understand
breath or not, we know that the body
is purified by breathing fresh air. It
is an ethical duty to be pure and
clean; breathing is a natural purifi-
cation. Many suffer because of air star-
vation as a result of shallow breath-
ing; deep breathing increases vibration;
an index of vitality.

Since breath is given us at the be-
ginning, should a person be obliged
to learn how to breathe? The mere
fact that any one can breathe is
enough to satisfy the majority of
people; they feel that they know all
that is necessary on breathing. We
have proof that shallow breathing is
one of the primary sources of dis-
ease.

A person cannot breathe sufficient-
ly so long as the body is not poised
rightly, or if he "is keyed up,"
"tense," "rigid," in mind and body,
or if muscles are weak. Children
breathe correctly until nervous ten-
sion and tight clothing interfere with

the intercostal and abdominal mus-
cles.

Breathing of bad air is considered
a cause of disease. Fresh air is a
safeguard; a person may be in the
air and yet get little of it, because
of stooped shoulders and depressed
chest. The lung apices are inactive
in those who breathe weakly. We
live under daily stress, and because
of it become shallow breathers. If
we would give attention to the breath
we would find that in emotion, an-
ger, or hurry, the breath is short and
quick; while the trustful, happy state
of mind will be conducive to tran-
quil breathing.

It makes a difference on what the
attention is fixed while taking exer-
cise; power is increased by joyous-
ness; it tends to health. Practical
health culture is training of body and
spirit alike. Deep breathing can
hardly be over-rated; it is a panacea
for ill; purified blood stimulates
function, and gives tone to the body.

Breathing exercises increase the
width and depth of the chest, and give
power to resist disease; and when the
habit of deep breathing is established,
it will go on independently of any
extra-effort of will. Happy mental
states are conducive to deep breath-
ing; thought of worry and fear, weak
breathing.

Suppose the Creator asked: How
did you like the air which I gave you
to enjoy, did you make breathing a
burden? "What would be our an-
swer? Something like this: "No, I
did not appreciate the blessing of air;
I breathed weakly and formed the
habit of taking short breaths."
—Health Culture.

What is an Educated Man?

(A Study in Culture, by the Bishop of Birmingham.)

An educated man must know
something of history. He must have
studied science, and he must have
a feeling for the finer arts. So says
the Bishop of Birmingham in the
Commonwealth.

The result of this kind of study to
a man, who may be far short of any-
thing that can be called a scientific
man, or an adept in science, is that
the world, in his imagination, be-
comes the scene of great and con-
stant forces which admit of being
repeatedly explored and so guided
and directed, that they may be made
to minister to an almost indefinite
extent to human progress.

You know, of course, Lord Verulam's
great maxim—that sort of
propaganda word by which he inter-
prets so much that is greatest in
modern scientific investigation—that
"Nature can be controlled by being
obeyed."

That means that Nature is a source
of great and constant laws which
will laugh at you if you seek to vi-
olate or ignore them, but which, in
proportion to the reverent study you
give them, can be guided or controlled
to infinite possibilities of human
convenience, advantage, and pro-
gress.

Well, thus the imagination of the
educated man is enriched and en-
lightened; and the effect of this
kind of conception, if it once gets
hold of a man, not only of his mind
but of his imagination, is enormous.
It lifts a man altogether out of that
practical acquiescence in things, as
they are which is so enervating.

fires his whole being, possesses his
whole outlook, with the idea of
knowledge yet to be won, power yet
to be acquired, transformations yet
to be made.

Beyond history and science, it is re-
quired of the truly educated man that
his soul shall be nourished by "a
sense of the eternal"—as by poetry,
music, or art, or other channels of
culture.

I think an educated man, by means
of art, or music, or poetry, or by
whatever means, must haurish in his
soul a sense of the Eternal—a sense
of that "which was, and is, and ever-
more shall be," lying beyond all the
changes in human history and nat-
ural progress—"the Eternal not our-
selves," in which we live and move
and are, which is both beauty and
power, righteousness and goodness.

You know what it is, when you are
worried, and occupied with the in-
finite details of life, and have the op-
portunity of listening to some great
music, how slowly, if you can be
quiet enough to surrender your spirit
and lead a listening ear to the music,
there steals upon your soul a sense
of the eternal harmony—something
greater than the discords and the
details of the life in the midst of
which we live.

Or it may be that some single line
of poetry, with its unpeachable truth,
recalls you to the depths which lie
in Nature. Or it may be by some
work of art, only a little colour and
just the outline of some figure—a
mother and a child—that, if you have
the quiet eye to look at it, there is
smitten into your soul a sense of

Great Men and Women.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning
(1806-1861.)

England's greatest woman-poet was
born at Conhoe, in the County of
Durham, on March 6, 1806. Her
childhood and youth were unusually
happy, and the early ripeness of her
mind gave promise of her later
fruitfulness. At eight she was read-
ing Homer in the original, dreaming
of the Greeks and writing verse.
From an early age an invalid—large-
ly due to an accident to her spine—
her health gave chronic anxiety till
she was thirty-four, when her nerv-
ous weakness was increased by the
death of her only brother by drown-
ing at Torquay. Hawthorne describ-
ed her as "a small, pale person,
scarcely embodied at all, at any rate
only substantial enough to put forth
her slender fingers to be grasped, and
to speak with a shrill yet sweet ten-
uity of voice." As a poet she was more
widely known than Robert Browning,
when she first became interested in
his work: Their friendship deepened
into love, and though against her
father's wishes, the two great poets
were married in London on Septem-
ber 12, 1846. This fortunate mar-
riage belongs to the ideal things in
life. A beautiful and dignified love
sustained them during all their wed-
ded years, and after the birth of
their son, in Florence, early in 1849.

Mrs. Browning gained a fresh lease
of life. For many years they lived in
Florence, Italy, with intervals in
London and Paris, and latterly at
Rome, and it was in her loved Flo-
rence, the city of her Casa Guidi, that,
on June 29, 1861, Elizabeth Barrett
Browning died, after a frail life pro-
longed to the fifty-sixth year by the
power of love and happiness.

It is often said, that her most pop-
ular work was—even that it still is—
"Aurora Leigh." It is incredible,
however, that the inner circle which
loves poetry for its own beauty
should rank that diffuse if beautiful
work, or any other of the author's
longer writings with the matchless
"Sonnets from the Portuguese," the
highest and finest expression in
English or any other literature, of a
woman's love. It is surely on this
exquisite sonnet-sequence that her
fame will enduringly stand. Out of
all the mass of Mrs. Browning's
poetry—none of it worthless, little of
it uninteresting, most of it delightful,
and some of it beautiful and fragrant
with genius of a rare and lovely kind
—one or two poems or lyrics as the
"Dead Pan" (1844) and "The City
of the Children" (1844) are as yet un-
touched by time. It is difficult to be-
lieve that time can ever affect the
"Sonnets from the Portuguese," un-
less it be to change the life names.
This surely is the lasting monument
of England's greatest woman-poet.

Question Column on Musical Matters.

Readers of *The Evening Telegram*
are invited to take advantage of this
column in which a fully qualified
professional musician will, every
Saturday, answer all questions re-
lating to Music, Vocal or Instru-
mental; advise on the selection of
music; help beginners over any diffi-
culties; and give any information re-
quired on Musical matters. Ques-
tions should be addressed,

"B.A.T.O.N."
Care The Evening Telegram,
St. John's.

Initials or a nom de plume will be
required in order to distinguish the
answers.

Questions And Answers.

Can you suggest six simple good
Christmas carols for a small choir?
—Eros.

The following are published, at
from one penny to two-pence each,
by Novello's, London:

OLD.

"God rest you merry gentlemen."
"From church to church."
"Good Christian men rejoice."

MODERN.

"A Carol of the Nativity."—Stanford.
"On Christmas morn."—Mackenzie.
"As with gladness."—Stanford.

"The Cowley Carol Book" (Mow-
bray's, Oxford) is excellent.

What does a pause (C) mean
when placed in the music but not
over a note?—C.

When placed over a rest it simply
prolongs it.

Over a double-bar line it means
that the piece ends there, especially
after a repeat.

Over an ordinary single-bar line it
means a break both in the time and
the sound. This use of the pause is
quite modern.

Can every child be taught music?
—Crotch.

A difficult question to answer.
Some teachers say yes and some no.
Personally I have grave doubts on
the subject. I certainly would not
force an unwilling child or one who
showed a real dislike of music to
receive lessons. In such a case I
should play simple but good music,
such as folk songs and old dance
music, in the hope that the child
might after a while show some inter-
est in it. "Rule-of-thumb" teaching
would be quite fatal.

"B.A.T.O.N."

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Common men talk bagfuls of reli-
gion, but act not a grain of it, while
the wise man speaks little, but his
whole life is a religion acted out.
—Ramakrishna.

Never to tire; never to grow cold;
to be patient, sympathetic, tender;
to look for the budding flower and
the opening heart; to hope always,
like God; to love always—
This is Duty.
—Amiel.

Man is not as God.
But then most God-like being most
a man.
—Tennyson.

the eternal and fathomless beauty
which there is in common things.
Many are the channels by which
to different minds sound and shape
and colour and motion impart and
deepen the sense of the Eternal.

Is Disease a Blessing?

(Sir Frederick Treves Says "Yes.")

It is a little startling to find the
virtues of diseases championed by
so high an authority as Sir Frederick
Treves; but no one can read his pa-
per on this subject in the *Grand*
Magazine without feeling convinced
that he has made out his case. If it
were not for disease, he declares,
the human race would soon be extinct.
As a first instance of this startling
proposition Sir Frederick Treves
takes the case of a man who is
wounded in the hand by an unclean
instrument. The one dread fear is
that inflammation may set in. Yet
the inflammation is nothing but a
blessing in disguise. What has hap-
pened within the man's hand is this:
First, an army of malignant germs
has entered into the wound, possibly
to multiply itself millions in a day.
The invasion is met by a rush of
blood to the invaded part, so that it
becomes swollen and inflamed; and
the corpuscles in the blood, called
leucocytes, which are born microbe-
killers, fall upon the enemy.

There now takes place a battle the
like of which no pen has ever at-
tempted to describe. Millions are
opposed to millions, and the fighting
is to the death. The hosts of Am-
gadon would be a mere handful to
the uncountable hordes which fill the
battlefield about the confines of a
wound. The leucocytes destroy the
germs by eating them—and thus it
they are sometimes called "phago-
cytes." They also, by sacrificing
their living bodies to the poisons of
the enemy, save the country they de-
fend. The mortality of this combat
is beyond the limits of reasonable
computation. The arena is piled up
with the dead, until at last the living,
the dead, the poisoning, and the
poisoned, are thrown out in the form
of what is known as "matter" or pus.

and the trouble, probably ends
Should the invading force beat
down the first line of defence and
find a way into the channels of the
body, then a stand as vigorous is
made at the second circle of en-
trenchments—the lymphatic glands.

In the case of a wound of the hand
the glands under the arm oppose the
invading host. They inflame; possi-
bly they suppurate. The subject of
this condition grumbles, and de-
plores the misfortune, which in ad-
dition to his wound (already terrible
enough), has given him an inflamed
hand, and now a tender gland under
his arm. The blame is ill-placed.
It is the story all over again of Col-
bert, the faithful but misunderstood
hound!

The common cold supplies an-
other instance of a malignant disease.
The cold germ enters through the
air-passages, promptly develops, and
soon brings about sneezing, catarrh
of the throat, coughing, and malaise.
For this state of disease Sir Frede-
rick Treves bids us be grateful; for
without these symptoms a common
cold might prove fatal.

The copious catarrh, the persistent
sneezing are practical means of dis-
lodging the bacteria from the nasal
passages, while the cough removes
them from the windpipe. The in-
flamed state, I would venture to be-
lieve, is the outcome of an action
aroused in the blood for the purpose
of neutralising the poison engendered
by the invading host. He who
grumbles about his cold is finding
fault with a measure of relief to
which he owes his life. What he may
justly grumble at is the undoubted
misfortune that he is the subject of
a bacterial infection, and he may also
with reason complain of the discom-
fort incident to being poisoned.

Schoolroom Humour.

Dr. Macnamara, M.P., tells some more
amusing stories.

Not So Far Out.

"The Court of Chancery," wrote
another, "is called this because they
take care of property there on the
chance of an owner turning up."

Etc.

"What do we imply when we use
this abbreviation?" asked the teach-
er. "It is a sign," said the young one
very sentimentally "which is used to
make believe you know more than
you really do!"

Why They Punch the Ticket.

In a piece of composition on "A
Railway Journey" a girl writes:
"You have to get a ticket, which is
a piece of paper, and you give it to
a man, who cuts a hole in it to let
you pass through."

Get On, or Get Out.

"Were there's a vill there's a way,
This is a very old proverb that has
to do with what I'm writing. If we
nearly always succeed, we always
is getting on, but if we don't succeed,

we should try till we dose and then
we should do it again which is a
very wise way to persevere. People
who sits down never gets on and
People who gets on don't sit down.
We should all get on because it is
the best thing to do at all times. We
will have trials (trials) but we must try
again until them trials is gone."

Questions and Queer Answers.

Ques.: "What are the chief mount-
ains of Scotland?" Ans.: "Ben Ne-
vis, Ben Lomond, and Ben Jonson."

Ques.: "How many senses have
we?" Name them." Ans.: "We have
two senses, wrong and right."

Ques.: "How is silence expressed
in music?" Ans.: "Silence in music
is expressed by putting your feet on
the paddles." Ques.: "What is a
blizzard?" Ans.: "The inside of a
towel."

It is estimated that in two years
time there will be two Germans for
every Frenchman in the world.

The first stone of St. Petersburg was
laid in 1703.



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