#### BALLAD OF THE FALCON.

The sea is slumbering Vant, breathing hall, here on the shore, it has already failen fast usleep, and in the offing it lies motionless, flooded with the blue indiance of the moon. Velvet-soft and black, it has melited yonder into the blue of the southern skies, and sleeps heavily, reflecting in its bosom the translucent flecting in its boson the translucent web of fleecy clouds which float motionless and do not conceal the polden pattern of the stars. It seems as though the sky bent ever closer over the sea, desirous of understanding what the resities waves are whippering, as they sleepily ereep up the beach.

The mountains, overgrown with

beach
The mountains, overgrown with
trees, fautastically bent to the northeast, lifted their crowns above them,
and their harsh, stern outlines are softened into roundness, clothed with the
warm, caressing mist of the southern to

ened into roundness, clothed with the warm, caressing mist of the southern night.

The mountains were dignified, meditative. From them upon the superb greenish creats of the waves fell back shadows and clothed them, as though deairous of putting a stoy te that motion, the only motion, and to drown the ceasless plash of the water and the sighling of the foam—all sounds which disturb the mysterious silence diffused around, together with the all-very-blue gleam of the moon, still hidden behind the mountain tops.

"A-ala-ah a-a kbar!" softly sighed Nadyr-Ragim-Ogly, an old Crimean Tartar, always in the minor mood, tall, grey, tanned with the southern sun, a stern and wise old man.

We were lying together on the sand beside a huge boulder torn from its native mountain and clothed with shadow, overgrown with moss, and very melancholy and surly. On the side of it turned towards the sea the waves had cast ellme and sea weeds, and draped with them the boulder seems bound to the marrow strip of sand which separates the sea froor the mountains. The flame of our camp fire illuminates it on the side toward the mountains; it quivers, and the shadows flit over the ancient cieft with a close network of deep crevices. It seems to be a thinking, feeling creature.

Regim and I are cooking a soup from

Regim and I are cooking a soup from eshly-caught fish, and we are both that peculiar frome of mind when erything seems transparent, inspir-,, capable of being penetrated, when ed, capable of being penetrated, when the heart is so pure and light, and one has no other desires except the desire to think.

And the sea caresses the shore, and the waves sound so melancholy and

And the sea circsess the shore, and the waves sount so melancholy and coaxing, as though they were imploring permissing to warm themselves at the camp fire. Now and again, amid the general harmony of their breaking, a higher-pitched, more frolicsomely cunning note makes itself heard, when one of the waves bolder than the rest, creeps closer to us. Ragim has already compared the waves to women, and has suspected them of a desire to embrace and kiss us.

He lies breast down upon the sand, with his head toward the sea, and gazes thoughtfully into the dim distance, propped up on his elbows, within head supported by his palms. His shagey sheekskin cap has fallen bacupon the nape of his neck, and from tho sea a fresh zephyr is wafted to his lotty brow, all covered with fine wrinkles. He philosophises, taking no heed whether I am listening to him, and paying not the slightest attention one, as though he were talking to the sea:—

"The man who is faithful to God

and paying ... sthough he were talking to the sea:—

"The man who is faithful to God goes to Paradise. But how about the man who does not serve God and the Prophet? Perhaps he is in this foam. And perhaps he is those bright spots on the water—who knows?"

The dark, outspread heaven grows brighter, and in patches upon it the carelessiy-cast lights of the moon make their appearance. She has aiready floated out from the shaggy creats of the mountains, and now meditatively pours her light upon the sea, which goes sighingly to meet her.

"Ragim, tell me a legend," I entreat the old man.
ing teward me.

He wishes to have me implore him.

50 I implore him.

"If yau like, I will relate to you a sallade?" assents Ragim.

I do wish to hear the ancient ballad,

nd he narrates, in a mournful recita-ve, endeavouring to retain the pecu-ar melody of the steppes which per-arms to the sons, and frightfully dis-porting the Russian words:—

High up the mountains crawled an adder, laid himself down there in a cleft, colled up into a knot, and gazing

cleft, colled up into a knot, and gazing at the sea.

High inthe sky shone the sun, and the mountains gasped heavenward with the aulitry heat, and below the waves beat against a rock.

And in the cleft, in the gloom and the spray a stream hastened to meet the sea, leaping over the stones.

All foaming white, grey, and mighty, it clove the mountain and fell into the sea roaring angrily.

Suddenly in the cleft where the adder had colled himself a falcon fell from the sky, with wounded breast and blood upon his feathers.

the sky, with womens and upon his feathers.
With a gentle cry he fell to the earth, and beat his breust in impotent wrath aguinst the hard stone.
The adder was frightened, crawled

hastily away, but soon compreher that but two or three minutes of remained to the bird

He crawled to the bird He remained to the bird He crawled hear to the wounded bird and hissed straight in his face. What now are you dying?"

Yes, I am dying: " replied the fation, with a deep sigh. "I have had a glorious life. I have lived through a great deal. I have lived through the properties of the

am very well off here, it is warm and damp."

Thus did the adder answer the frebird, and laughed within himself at him for these ravings.

And this is what he thought: "Whether ye fly or crawl, the end is certain; all shall lie down in the earth, everything shall become dust!

But the bold falcon suddenly fluttered list wings, raised himself up a little, and east his eyes about the eleft.

The water had trickler through the grey stone, and it was suffocating in the dark eleft, and smelt of mould And the falc on cried aloud with grief and pain, gathering together all bis strength. "Oh, if I could but rise to the sky, just once."

But the adder thought: "It really must be pleasant to live in the sky, if he groans so!"

he groans so!"
And he suggested to the free bird:
"Pull thyself to the edge of the eleft
and fling thyself down. Perchance thy
wings will bear thee up, and thou will
live yet a white in thine element."
And the falcon quivered, and with a
faint cry he approached the precipice,
slipping with bis claws along the ellmy
rock

rock

And like a stone slipping along stone, be solftly fell, breaking his wings, losing his feathers.

The waves of the stream selzed him and, washing off the blood, decked in foam, whirled him away seaward.

But the billows of the sea beat against the reck with mountful splash. And tha body of the bird was no, visible in the expanse of the sea.

The adder as he lay in the cleft, meditated long upon the death of the bird, of his passionate longing for the sky.

Then he planced into that far distance which forever allures the eyes with the dream of happiness.

But what did he se, that dying falcon, in his desert waste without bottom, without benefit?

Dit what did he se, that dying falcon, in his desert waste without bottom, without bourds?

Why do such as he, when they die, disquiet teher soul with their love for flights heavenward? What is it that is so dear to them there?

"But I might find out all about it, by taking a flight into the sky, even if for a short time only."

No sooner said than done. Colling himself into a ring, he spun through the air, and shone in the soulight like a narrow ribbon.

Born to crawl, he cannot fly. Forgetting this, he fell upon the rock, but was not hurt, and laughed.

"So this in the delight of flights into the sky! It consists in falling. Ridiculous bir!s!

"As they know not the earth, they pine when upon it, they rush impetuously high in the sky, and seek life in the sultry desert.

Nothine but emotiness is there.

"As they know not the earth, they pine when upon it, they rush impetuously high in the sky, and seek life in the sultry desert.

"Nothing but emptiness is there. There is much light, but there is no food, no support for the living body.

"Then why that pride? Why those represches? In order that they may conceal the folly of their desires!

"And to hide behind these their use-lessness for the business of life. Ridiculous birds!

"But their speeches will never deceive me more. I know it all myself. I have behild the sky.

"I have flown into it. I have measured it, I have experienced a fall, but have not hurt myself, and I only believe the more firmly in myself.

"Let those who cannot love the carth live in delution. I know the truth.

"I will not trust to their summons. A creature of the earth, I will live on the earth.

And he rolled himself up into a ball on the rock, proud of himself.

The sea shone as it lay in the southern sunlight, and its waves dashed noisly against the shore.

In their gentie clamour resounded the song of the bold bird who loved the sky.

O falcon bold! Thou who hast lived in the sky, the boundless cky, the favourite of the sun!

In their gentic clamour resounded the song of the bold bird who loved the sky.

O falcon bold! Thou who hast lived in the sky, the boundless cky, the favourite of the sun!
Ofalcon bold, who hast come into the sea, the boundless sea, thy grave!
Granted that thou art dead! But in the song of the bold and of the mighty, thou wilt ever be the spirit which suremony loudly to freedom to the light!
The opaline stretches of the sea are slient, the waves splash upon the sand, and I hold my peace as I gaze at Raym, who has finished telling to the sea his Song of the Falcon. On the sea his Song on the Falcon. On the sea his Song or the Falcon. The sea is so impressively quiet, and one feels that in its fresh bereath upon the mountains, which have not yet cooled from the best of the day, much mightly, restrained power, is conceiled. Upon the dark like sity, in a golden pattern of stars, is inscribed something triumphal, enchanting to the

soul, and disturbing to the mine

soil, and disturbing to the mind with a sweet expectation of some revelation. All lies slumbering, but slumbering with strained attention, and it acems as though with every succeeding second everything will rouse itself and ring with a melodious harmony of inexpicesibly sweet sounds. Those secunds will tell of the secrets of the expiresibly sweet sounds. Those secunds will tell of the secrets of the horizontal will explain them to the mind, and will ure away the phantom finne, and will lure away the soul high into the dark blue depths, where the tremulous patterns of the stars will greet it with an anawering sound of the wondrous music of revolution.

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THE JOKE CROP

Browning is so obscure we can't help eeling thankful he didn't write a cook-

feeling thankful he didn't write a cook-book.

"John is so absent-minded." "What's the matter now?" "He bought a lond of hay for our automobile."

Poet-" All I need is an opening, str."
Editor-" Well, what's the matter with the one you just came through?"

"Some men have the best luck."
"How so?" "Ther''s McIntosh, for instance;; fee cream gives his girl neuralefa."

me laughtng, and I cried."
Miles—"Idieness breeds discontent.
No thoroughly occupied man can be miserable." Giles—"Oh, I don't know.
Did you ever attempt to anuse a baby while its mother was out shopping?"
Mate—"Girls, we mustn't worry your father about going away this summer. H. Minances are extremely low, I know. I looked in his cheque-book yester.ay, and he only had one chaque left."

left."

Johny—"There's something in this
paper about 'rhoumatism and kindred
discases.' What are kindred diseases.'
Tommy—"I don't know. I guess they'r
the kind a feller's aunt has always

the kind a feller's aunt has always got."

Spacer—"I believe that if Shakespeare were alive at the present time and trying to live by his pen in London, the comic papers would reject many of his best jokes." Humoriste—"I know it. I have tried 'em ali."
Old Lady—"I desire to leave all my property to churity." Lawyer—"Your relatives might try to break the wili: why not give the property to charity at once?" "Old Lady—"Oh, dear, no! They'd put me in a lunatic saylum." Exhibitor—"This, ladies and gents, this plees of straw is that celebrated last straw that broke the camel's back." Mrs. Farmer—"Weel, weel, John, that's wonderful. I ve heard o' that straw a' my life, but little did I ever expect to see it."

"That friend of yours uses remarkable good English." said the critical

that straw a' my life, but little did I ever expect to see it."

"That friend of yours uses remarkably sood English," said the critical citizen. "Ho's always arguing 1 the opposite side of a political question from mine." But you ddon't think that prevents him from using good English?" "Of course. He desen't use it; he wastes it."

The great detective paused. "The horseless carriage containing the murderer passed here just twenty minutes ago," he said. The other man looked astonished. "But I see no wheel attacks," he oried. "No," said the great detective, calmly, "but if you'll sniff a little you'll get the odour of the kerosce."

sene."
"Well, Johnny, my dear, how are you setting on with your French?" "Oh, very well, uncle. We translate quite nice sensible sentences now, such as 'My uncle never allows my birthday to pass without giving me a present,' cr 'It is certain that my uncle will give me something quite splendid this time."

time."

"Tom," said Jimmy, "do you know that some day the world will be burned up with fire?"

"So I have heard," replied Tom. "But, Tom," went on Jimmy, who was deeply concerned about the approaching entastrophe, "what will you do when the world is burned up?"

"Oh," replied Tom, with the air of one who has provided for all the contingencies, "I shall go out to Uncle Billy's and stay."

They Navas Fair.—Mr. 8. is. Boughner, Laugton, writes: "For about two years I was snoubled with Inward, Piles Fair Parallels Piles, I was completely in Parallels Piles, I was completely and the control of the control

CONTINUITY.

Dr. St. George Mivart contributes an article to the August "Nineteenth Century" entitled "What Church has Continuity?" He notes changes which took place at the so-called Reformative, and says that in his judgmenting unquestionably constitute a breach of continuity. He promises another article on the subject, since at the end of his life's experience he is anxious to do the little the can towards the promotion of truth as it appears to him.



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