

This and That

THE LANTERN OF FALAISE.

The little town of Falaise, in Normandy, is famous as being the birthplace of William the Conqueror. The following incident, which is said to have occurred there, shows the importance of giving directions in a clear manner.

Many years ago Falaise had no gas lights or lamps of any sort to light up the streets at night. There were consequently, often quarrels, disputes, and accidents, much to the displeasure and annoyance of the mayor.

To remedy this state of affairs he caused the following decree to be proclaimed to the sound of a trumpet: "Henceforth every inhabitant of Falaise who goes out after dark must carry a lantern in his hand."

The next night the watch arrested an individual.

"Man of Falaise, where is your lantern?" "Here it is."

"But there is no candle in it!" "Well but the notice never said there was to be a candle," answered the man.

The following day a new proclamation was published:

"Henceforth every inhabitant of Falaise who goes out after dark must carry in his hand a lantern with a candle in it."

That night the watch again arrested the same person as on the evening before.

"Man of Falaise, where is your lantern?" "Here it is."

"But there is no candle in it." "I beg your pardon, there is."

"Why is it not lighted?" "Dear me! The notice never said the candle was to be lighted?"

The following day there was a new proclamation by the town crier, and it is to be hoped that this time it was effectual:

"Henceforth every inhabitant of Falaise who goes out after dark must carry in his hand a lantern with a candle in it, and this candle must be lighted."

"INNOCENTS."

By Abbie Farwell Brown.

I see a little company
Of pilgrims in the pines,
Their garments breathe full holly,
Their faith of sunlight shines;

The tender babies of the spring,
The firstlings of the year,
Like child crusaders wandering
Devoid of doubt or fear;

Unrecking of the storms ahead,
Unknowing of the rain,
The burning sun of summer dread,
The days of drouth and pain.

O starlike and devoted eyes!
O eager childish band!
What seek ye in this pilgrim wise,
What shrine, what Holy Land?

Is it the dear bright morning dream,
The first undimmed ideal?
Ah, let me join your throng to deem
The shining vision real.

Make me a little child again,
With courage for the quest
Blind to the coming care and pain
And innocently blest.

—Exchange.

Honest men esteem and value nothing so much in this world as a real friend. Such an one is as it were another self, to whom we impart our most secret thoughts, who partakes of our joy, and comforts us in our affliction; add too this, that his company is an everlasting pleasure to us.—Pilpay.

No restlessness or discontent can change your lot. Others may have other circumstances surrounding them, but here are yours. You had better make up your mind to accept what you cannot alter. You can live a beautiful life in the midst of your present circumstances.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

BEECHER AND THE "ROOSTER."

One evening as Beecher was in the midst of an impassioned speech, some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a rooster. It was done to perfection, a number of people laughed in spite of themselves, and the speaker's friends felt that in a moment the whole effect of the meeting and of

Mr. Beecher's thrilling appeals might be lost. The orator, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped listening till the crowing ceased, and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch.

"Morning already!" he said, "my watch is only at ten. But there can be no mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible."

There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animal" in the gallery collapsed, and Mr. Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had occurred.—Success.

THE CARPENTER MIRD.

There is a cunning carpenter who's busy in our tree;

He's making him a house to hold his tiny family,
And finishing it up for them all tidy and all trim.

Hark! Don't you hear his hammer on the old dead limb?

He must be much in earnest, for he works with such a will;

I doubt if any carpenter can show a greater skill,

Or toil with blither cheer until the day grows dim,

With the "tap, tap" of his hammer on the old dead limb.

Oh, can you not imagine how his heart with pride will stir

When he gives a building lesson to each little carpenter?

I know it is this thought that seems to bubble and to brim

When'er I hear his hammer on the old dead limb. —Selected.

RESPONSIBILITY

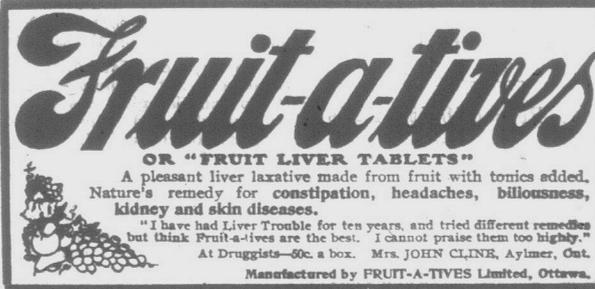
Hast thou had visions on the distant height,
In some rapt, solitary hour unsung,
Whose memory has kept forever young,
Thy spirit, though the years have left thy light,
O! Youth's fair budded promise of delight,
A glimpse of Truth the trailing clouds among,
Invincible, divine, her banners flung
To mark the hungry pitfalls of the night?
See to it that thy brother, stumbling near
Blind in the valley-dust, too weak to climb,
Forgetful of the light that once was his,
The sweetness of thy thankful psalm shall hear.

Draw him within the afterglow sublime
Which to that radiant presence witnesses.
—Congregationalist.

At Moncton, Wednesday, in a couple of beer Scott Act cases in the police court, the dealers alleged that the hopper they sell is not intoxicating, and in support of this connection introduced two witnesses who had been filled up with beer before coming to court to prove that it was not intoxicating, and inside of five hours had drank seventeen large glasses, or nearly equal to eight quarts. The usual fine of \$50 was imposed.

Four Christian Scientists, Mrs. Goodfellow, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. See and Wm. Brundette, on trial at the assizes at Toronto, charged with unlawful conspiracy in connection with the death from typhoid fever of Wallace Goodfellow, son of the first named prisoner, were found guilty. Defendants's counsel applied for arrest of judgment until after a stated case was heard. Justice Magee said he would postpone judgment until June 30, and, and would accept defendants' own recognizances in \$500 each to appear on that date.

The estate of Hon. James Sutherland amounts to between \$450,000 and \$500,000. Mr. Sutherland's sister, Mrs. John A. Mackenzie, receives an income of \$10,000, which is to be divided among his children on his death. Mr. Sutherland's late secretary, his nurse and others a long time in his employ are remembered. The sum of \$20,000 is given to Woodstock hospital as endowment fund; \$2,000 to Knox church; \$1,000 to Presbyterian home mission scheme and \$1,000 to Aged and Infirm Ministers' fund. His niece, Miss Mary Little, receives the income of \$60,000. The residue, including the residence "Altadore," is left to Mr. H. A. Little, a nephew.



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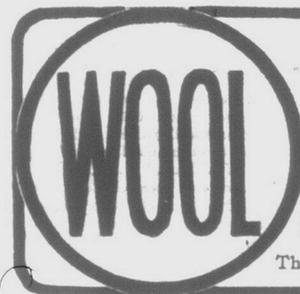
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