

In Spite of EverythingBy Francis Dickie
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the gull laid another one the next day, which was again removed. When you have several hundred gulls laying for you it does not take long to lay in a winter supply, which they put up in waterglass preparation. They do not impose on the gulls too long, and after a certain number of eggs have been laid, they allow the gull to sit. The eggs taste very much like a duck egg, and, though a little strong for eating fried, boiled, etc., are splendid for cooking.

Rosie Moran is eight years old, and fond of singing. In the summer weather it is her habit to wander along the beach. Here, sometimes walking, sometimes sitting down, she sang all the songs she knew, her sweet childish treble ringing out over the sea. One day while seated on the north side of the island where a low reef shows at low tide, she noted a seal's head emerge from the water. She kept on singing, and the animal kept bobbing up, ever nearer, its head strained far out of the water. Then came another, and soon there were half a hundred of them listening to this wilderness soloist. After that, every day while the weather is nice Rosie went and sang to the seals, till some got so accustomed to her they came out on the ledge and would eat their fish while they listened to her—certainly this is the first time

So, though small the area at their disposal, and meagre at first the soil, the Morans, farmers in spite of everything, are making the wilderness bloom by planting new seeds and fertilizing. Their garden supplies all their vegetable needs, the hens and gulls their eggs, the rabbits and goats added to an occasional deer, make them never want for meat. And to-day every fisherman from Alaska to Prince Rupert, knows "Ma" Moran and her cheery kitchen, where many a hungry one, out of gas, out of luck at fishing, or storm-bound, has dined with a sumptuousness unbelievable, and all furnished from produce of this barren rock top. And at evening Pa Moran, as he watches the sunset and the grim Alaska shore loom up dim or clearly, according to the weather, smiles happily, for here he is king and happy, and the toil and bustle of old London Town are forgotten. Here is no economic pressure, but peace and plenty, though it be a desolate dot of rock on the lonely Pacific.

CRY OF THE BARREN

By G. Bostwick

No son had I to fight for me—and France
And others, ah, so many many more!
No boyish heart to take a careless chance—
Was that a tap I heard upon my door?

Sometimes, I wonder, yearning at my lack,
As, whispering a low-voiced note of prayer,
If it is punishment—my bit of rack—I swear I heard a step upon the stair!

No son have I, but there, I seem to hear
A boyish voice call merrily to me
"Hey Mater,"—ah, the sound is very dear—
"Come out and watch the robins at their tea!"

Sometimes it seems as though our God forgot
To give all women sons and so, each while,

He gives us visions of what we have not
Ah, son of mine, how sweet, how sweet your smile!

She Recognized Them

Frau Schultz, says "Tagliche Rundschau," was calling at the parsonage. "What beautiful buttons you are sewing on your husband's waistcoat!" she remarked, as she observed the lady of the house mending the parson's clothes. "Do you know, my husband used to have a waistcoat with buttons just like those."

To which the parson's wife answered in a kindly tone, "Is that so? We found one in the collection plate every Sunday for several weeks."

Grimsby Stories

A young clergyman of the Church of England, named Trebeck, was once dining at the house of his bishop. The young clergyman, whose parish was Grimsby, the great fishing port of England, showed a most unexpected knowledge of horses, and a severe old lady who sat on his right listened in stern disapproval to his conversation. At last she said:

"I think, young man, you said you lived at Grimsby. Let me advise you to leave horses alone, and make acquaintance with that worthy, pious young curate, Mr. Trebeck, who has lately gone there, and who is doing such good work among the fishermen."

There was a roar of laughter, which the old lady could not understand.

"I happen to know him a little," replied her neighbor, and I am afraid he is not very worthy or very pious."

In "Glimpses of the Past" Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth tells this story, and adds one that Mr. Trebeck likes to tell himself.

One stormy day a fishing-smack was wrecked, and fast sinking. When the skipper came on deck, he found the mate busy swabbing.

"What's the use of that, Jack? Don't you see she's sinking?"

"Yes, master, I know it; but for all that, I'd like the old gal to go down clean and tidy."



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