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MAKERS __OF_ FURNITURE AND OFFICE FITTINGS

That Are Better

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

manifestations of our sub-conscious self, but upon this

A belief in future existence is almost universal.

Such a belief seems to be innate. If men depended upon reason alone the idea of a future existence would be held only by those persons who had pro-

gressed a very considerable distance in high intellec-tual development. The evidence available to the "untutored savage" is that death ends all. If there is

ything upon which he ought to be absolutely cer-

. . . the phantom caravan has reached "The Nothing it set out from,"

it ought to be the savage, who daily saw evidence of the finality of death to all things possessing life. Yet this same savage believes in a future. Whence comes

to the evidence of observation upon the probability of a future life, it must necessarily be limited and

imperfect for the reasons above set out. We dismiss,

religious teaching, except so far as the statements in

the Bible may be regarded as hearsay testimony to be

weighed and estimated as all such testimony ought to be. Many people claim to have established by

personal observation that individual existence does not end with death. It is obvious that those who have not had opportunities of this kind, cannot absolutely

disprove the statements of those who claim to have

had them. The telegraphic news has recently told

us that Sir Oliver Lodge, a distinguished man of science, has been fully satisfied of the fact of this existence. Hearsay testimony on such a subject is open to very many objections, which are so obvious

that it is needless to specify them. The evidence

of reason is favorable. To many this may seem like a strange statement, but this is because they

mistake observation for reason. So-called scientific reason is only observation. The man in the laboratory contents himself with saying: "I do not know, therefore I decline to believe." For reason at its best

we must look to the men who have trusted to reason

alone, such men as Laotze, of China; Zoroaster, of Persia; Buddha, of India; Paul and a great army of

witnesses, which no man can number. We do not put Jesus, the Christ, in this list. If we accept the

story of His life, death and resurrection, there is no-

thing more to be said; but we wish to leave all such

there is nothing in instinct, observations, hearsay or

there is nothing in instinct, observations, nearsay or to hear the voice, not of the God-man, but of com-mon humanity. This demands a future life; this declares its faith in it, and although we must all be

convinced that we only see "through a glass darkly," there is nothing in instinct, observation, hearsay or reason to compel us to believe that our life is simply

THE FATE OF ISRAEL

Recently we spoke of the wanderings of Israel,

and their final settlement in Canaan. Reference was also made to the fact that after a period of

ocratic government a monarchy was established. first of the kings was Saul, the second David.

third Solomon, and the fourth Rehoboam. Saul

of the tribe of Benjamin, but the others were

branches of the Hebrew nation, except those

of the tribe of Judah. The supremacy of the family

who claimed descent from Benjamin, and in B. C.

Judah had for a long time been resented by the

a brief passage from "dust to dust."

nsiderations out of the question. We would like

course, any argument that may be based upon

that belief if not from a natural instinct? that is its origin, we are as safe to accept its teachings as we are to drink when we are thirsty. As

ain it is this. If any one could say with Omar, the

oint we shall not dwell just now.

tent-maker, speaking of death,

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY" 975, as nearly as can be estimated, the kingdom was broken in twain by dissensions; whereupon Jeroboam, an Ephraimite, was proclaimed king of We are not absolutely sure of the present; we are the North, Rehoboam remaining king of the south-ern and smaller part of the land. The latter the tribes of Judah and Benjamin acknowledged as their far from being absolutely certain of the past. How, then, can we hope to be without doubt as to the fu-ture? Our sources of knowledge, eliminating natural instinct, of which something later, are three, obking, the remaining ten tribes accepting Jeroboam servation, hearsay and reason. We know what we see, hear, feel, taste and smell; we know what others as their sovereign. The name of Israel was preserved by the larger kingdom; that of Judah being served by the larger kingdom; that of Judah being taken by the smaller. Israel entered at once upon a period of conspicuous prosperity, although it was almost constantly at war with its neighbors. The first severe blow, which fell upon it, was in B. C. 733, that is after two hundred and thirty-seven years of independent national existence, when the Assyrians were successful in occupying the greater part of the Israelitish territory, which lay east of the ell us; we know those things which reason shows nust have occurred or must occur by reason of the nevitable sequence of events. It is obvious that in tilizing all these sources of knowledge the chances error are many. Not many of us possess good owers of observation. A trained newspaper man can take in the substance of a written or printed article of the Israelitish territory, which lay east of the in the time that most people require to read a para-Jordan, and carried away many of the people, sup-planting them by Assyrians, which was according to the practice of that nation in dealing with congraph. Talk with one of the city detectives, and you vill be surprised to learn of the little things which he has trained himself to observe and they are mostly what may be called the minor, unconscious habits of quered countries. But the great catastrophe to the criminal class. But our powers of observation may be good and yet our deductions from them may Israel occurred seventeen years later than this, in B. C. 721. The most readily available account of this be faulty or our memory may be defective. These and other causes make the evidence of our personal will be found in the Second Book of Kings, Chapter XVII. It is written from the standpoint of a hosobservation very often unreliable. When we come to hearsay, we find three obstacles to certainty. The tile historian. This book was probably compiled by Ezra after the return of the tribes of Judah and person telling us anything is handicapped by the same Benjamin from captivity in Babylon. This captivity must not be confounded with what will hereinafter be difficulties as we are in the matter of observation; he may not be able to convey in words exactly what told of Israel. It occurred in B. C. 587, and lasted about seventy years. It was not a case of a nation being carried away into slavery, for the Jews were he thinks his observation taught him, and we may not ways comprehend his words in exactly the sense in which he employed them. It is evident that hearsay evidence may be weakened in proportion to the number of persons through whom it passes before it very well used by their conquerors. Indeed, they became the leading commercial element in the country to which they were taken, and so well satisfied reaches us. Knowledge derived from reason is in very many cases weakened because it depends to a were many of them with their new home, that they did not avail themselves of the privilege of returncertain extent upon both observation and hearsay, and in addition it may lose value because of defects ing. The Jewish account of the overthrow of Israel and in addition it may lose value because of defects in our reasoning power. In employing the other avenues we may be misled by our prejudices and preconveived ideas of things and in employing reason as a source of knowledge the chances of our falling into error from such causes are greatly increased. represents that event as being a punishment for the wickedness and idolatry of the people. They "had sinned against the Lord their God, and had feared other gods." They did "things secretly which were not right against the Lord their God." They set up images everywhere, and built "high places" where they burned incense as the heathen did. After de-Thus we see that "we see through a glass darkly" not alone in regard to things spiritual but things material, not only as to the probabilities of the future, but as tailing some of their wickednesses, the writer of the book sums up their wrongdoing by saying: "They left all the commandments of the Lord their God, to the actualities of the past and present. Nevertheless, thousands of people demand greater certainty in regard to a life to come than they do in regard to the transactions in which they are engaged from day to and made themselves molten images, even two calves, and made a grove, and worshipped all the host of heaven and served Baal, and they caused day. In material things the consensus of mankind and the apparent logical sequence of things satisfy our minds, but in regard to the spiritual we demand absolute proof. As to the truth of the first part of the last sentence let us take the story of the Deluge. their sons and daughters to pass through the fire, and used divination and enchantments." Stated yet more briefly, they became fire-worshippers, or followers of that remarkable cult, which at one time When this stood upon the Bible story alone thousands of people refused to accept it; but since it has been extended from the Indian Ocean to the British Isles. For these iniquities we are told "the Lord removed shown that all peoples have a tradition of an event not unlike that of the Noahie flood, the occurrence of Israel out of his sight," and the writer adds: was Israel carried out of their own land to Assyria even unto this day." In the last quotation "this day" means about B. C. 450. At this point ends the such an event is no longer disputed. Great and very reasonable doubts may be entertained as to the literal accuracy of the Bible story, but that mankind history of Israel. We are without any definite acwas once well-nigh overwhelmed by & terrific catastrophe is no longer disputed. Fossil bones are dug from the soil. Men of science study them and draw conclusions from them. From a small fragment of petrified bone they are able, by following what seems count of what became of them. When Ezra wrote the Ten Tribes had been away from their home land for nearly three hundred years. He tells us that they went to "Halah and Habor by the river of Gozan and in the cities of the Medes"; but this conveys only a very indefinite idea of their ultito be the logical sequence of things, to reconstruct a mighty animal, and even to tell us of the nature of mate fate. One hundred and thirty years after they had been driven away, the tribes of Judah and Benjamin were taken to the same country, but there is no, evidence that they encountered the descendants of the Israelites, and It seems very improbable that, if they had done so, nothing would have been said about it in the writings of those who afterwards told the story of the Babylonish captivity. Israel appears to have vanished somewhere in the the land in which the creature lived centuries up the land in which the creature lived centuries upon centuries ago. If a man should find a fossil fish embedded in a rock on a mountain top he would not hesitate to conclude that the rock was at one time under water. From the fish he would infer water, and the whole world, scientific and otherwise, would endorse his opinion. From the sense of hunger we infer the need of food; from the sense of thirst we in-Israel appears to have vanished somewhere in the great region lying to the northeast of Palestine. fer the need of drink; from the sense of cold we infer the need of warmth. You may say that these are our natural instincts, but we do not know that this weakens the force of the argument, which we shall presently make. Indeed, it may strengthen it, for our unperverted instincts are infallible. There is a school of philosophy which calls these instincts the

JANE PORTER AND JANE AUSTEN

Jane Porter was a novelist whose name will be long remembered because of her two great stories, "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "The Scottish Chiefs." She was born at Durham in 1776. Her father was a surgeon in the Dragoon Guards. He died when she was quite a child, and she was brought up by her mother in Edinburgh. Afterwards she removed to London, and it was there that her first novel appeared. It was the first above named, and it was peared. It was the first above named, and it was given to the world when its author was twenty-seven years of age. The story had a great vogue, and has taken a permanent place in literature. It has been translated into most European languages. Six years later appeared "The Scottish Chiefs," upon which her popularity in Great Britain chiefly rested. It is a novel of deep interest, especially to young readers, for it abounds in striking incidents. Though a hundred years, less one, have passed since it appeared, it is a popular story today. Sir Walter peared, it is a popular story today. Sir Walter Scott greatly admired it. Other novels from her pen were, "The Pastor's Fireside," "Tales. Around a Winter's Hearth," and "The Field of Forty Footsteps." This does not by any means exhaust the list of her works, but they afford a good illustration of the scope of her writings. The well-known poem, "Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled," is from her pen. Miss Porter's literary style is just a little verhoese Miss Porter's literary style is just a little verbose and turgid. For example, when she has occasion to speak of sunrise, she calls it "the appearance of that orb." Of course it is to be remembered that she is telling of things which happened a long time ago, when men and women are supposed, by novelists, at least, to have conversed in full-mouth words and

rolling sentences. She died in 1850.

Jane Austen was born one year before Miss Porter. Her father was an English clergyman, who lived in Hampshire, where Jane was born in 1775. He was a man of remarkably handsome appearance and brought up his family in an atmosphere, of which refinement, wit and delightful conversation were the chief characteristics. There was plenty of money for all reasonable purposes, and her home was a scene of joviality and good humor, which at times versed on the holstoness. times verged on the boisterous. It is said of her that she wrote under circumstances, which caused her to be interrupted twenty times a day. Before she was twenty-five she had produced three novels. "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Northanger Abbey"; but they were written more to give vent to her spirits than as a serious employ-ment, and were not published. She herself says her time was chiefly occupied in dressing, dancing, flirting, learning a new stitch in embroidery or new piece of music. For a time the family lived in Bath and Southampton. In 1809, her father having died, she removed with her mother and sister to the little village of Chawton, and then engaged seriously in literature as a pursuit. Here she reseriously in literature as a pursuit. Here she revised some of her earlier novels, and wrote others. She was of an exceedingly jovial disposition, delighting in innocent fun, and quite as fond of making herself the victim of it as of turning the laugh upon the here. others. She seems to have thought very little of her own talents, and ridiculed the idea that she was capable of great things. Extracts from her letters disclose her as a lady of a delightful temperament, whom it must have been a great pleasure to know. whom it must have been a great pleasure to know. Her whole life was simple, tranquil and fortunate. Her dramatic power was great. Lewes, the greatest critic of her time, places her beside Fielding as one of the two greatest of English novelists, and even compared her with Shakespeare in respect to dramatic skill. Her versatility was sweeping. No two of her characters are alike. She had exceptional opportunities of observing men and women, and all opportunities of observing men and women, and all her people are true to their type. Her greatest stories were "Northanger 'Abbey," "Persuasion," "Mansfield Park," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Emma." Upon these her fame rests secure. She never married, and died in 1817, as greatly beloved as any lady in all the length and breath of England.

The Divine Comedy.

(By N. de Bertrand Lugrin.) "There are few other works of man," writes Charles Eliot Norton, "perhaps there is no other, which afford such evidence as the 'Divine Comedy,' of uninterrupted consistency of purpose, of sustained vigor of imagination, and of steady force of character, controlling alike the vagaries of the poetic temperament, the wavering of human purpose, the fluctuation of human powers, and the untowardness of circumstance. From beginning to end of this work of many years, there is no flagging of energy,

no indication of weakness. The shoulders, burdened by a task almost—too great for mortal strength, never tremble under their load."

The idea of Dante in this his greatest work, is to show that the evil which is the lot of mankind is due to the false direction of the desires, through the ignorance and the misuse of the will. The reason under Divine suideness is able to save the same and the misuse of the will. reason, under Divine guidance, is able to save man from all wretchedness. To convince him of this truth, to prove to him the eternal consequences of his conduct in this world and to show him the path of salvation was Dante's aim. He felt that in undertaking this work he had been commissioned of God. He realized that the surest way to appeal to the people was through their imagination, and he embodied his narrative in the most beautiful poetry, probably, that was ever written.

The poem is an allegory, and in it Dante makes himself not only to represent its hero, but to symbolize man in general. Virgil, who is the guide of Dante through Hell, is the type of reason, and he has been commissioned by Beatrice to aid Dante in his perfloys jayment. Well itself in his perilous journey. Hell itself is supposed to be the type of all the evils of the world, and reason is thus represented to be sufficient guide against all sin, temptation, and even against the Prince of Darkness himself. After he has finished the first part of his difficult, toilsome journey, reason guides him up the steep ascent to the height of moral virtue. Here he realizes the security and the joy of having overcome all temptation.

Then begins the journey along the heavenly paths to the attainment of the Divine virtues, by which the soul is prepared for Paradise. Reason now is no longer a sufficient guide, and Virgil leaves him. Then appears to Dante the vision of Beatrice, who is the type of the knowledge of the things of God, or of Divine inspiration. She conducts the purified and redeemed soul on its return to its Divine source, even to the bliss of beholding the vision of God.

In the first canto of the Comedy, Dante is tray in a wood. He reaches the foot of a hill, where he begins to ascend. Wild beasts assail him, and he is about to turn back, when he is met by Virgil. "The time was in the beginning of morning," he tells us, "and the sun was mounting upward with those stars that were with him who Love Divine in that first spring set in motion all beautiful things." Virgil rebukes him for his fear, and bids him follow him, saying, "I will be thy guide and will lead thee hence, through the eternal place, where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, shall see the ancient spirits woful, who each proclaim the second death. And then thou shalt see those contented in the fire, because they hope to come, whenever it may be, to the blessed ones; to whom if thou wilt thereafter ascend, there shall be a soul more worthy than I for that. With her I will leave thee at my departure."

Dante follows Virgil, but becomes discouraged, Virgil tells him that he was sent to guide him by a blessed spirit from Paradise, and he describes Beatrice and the words she spoke to him. Dante writes: "As flowerets bent and closed by the chill of night, after the sun shines on them straighten themselves all open on the stem, so my weak virtue became, and such good daring hastened to my heart that I became like one enfranchised. 'Oh compassionate she,' I cried, 'and thou courteous who didst speedily obey the words that she addressed to thee! Thou hast so disposed my heart with desire to going that I have returned unto my first intent. Go on now, for one sole will is in us both; thou leader, thou lord and thou master!' and when he had moved on, I entered along the deep and savage

The twenty cantos which follow describe Dante's journey through the nethermost Hell, when he sees terrible punishment all the sinners of all time: and among them many famous ones, who tell him their pitiful story, so that Dante's heart is heavy with sorrow and his eyes do not cease to weep. Finally they reach the Lake of Purgation, and he thus describes their approach to, and their passage through it. "The day was just departing when the glad angel of God appeared to us. Outside the flame he was standing upon the bank, and was singing, 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' in a voice far more living than ours; then 'No one goes farther, ye holy souls, if first the fire stings not; enter into it and to the song beyond be ye not deaf." Dante hesitates to step into the burning lake, but Virgil says, "Bethink thou! bethink thou! and if I, ever upon Geryon, guided thee safe, what shall I do now that I am nearer God?" - Seeing Dante still hesitate, he speaks to him of Beatrice waiting for him upon the other side. Thereupon they plunge into flames, while upon the opposite shore, sweet voices sing, "Come ye blessed of my father."

Having passed through the flery ordeal, they come out upon the shore to find before them a long stairway cut in stone. Night comse on, and they sleep. In the following words, Dante describes his meeting with Beatrice:

"I have seen ere now, at the beginning of day, the eastern region all rosy, while the rest of the heaven was beautiful with fair, clear sky; and the face of the sun rise shaded, so that through the tempering of vapors, the eye sustained it a long time. Thus within a cloud of flowers, which from the angelic hands was ascending, and falling down again within and without, a lady with olive wreath above a white veil, appeared to me, robed with the color of living flame beneath a green mantle. And my spirit that now for so long had not been broken down, trembling with amazement at her presence, without having more knowledge by the eyes, through occult virtue that proceeded from her, felt the great potency of ancient love."

After the passage through the waters of Lethe, Beatrice unveils to him and leads him along the neavenly paths of Paradise. Here she leaves him in charge of Saint Bernard, while she takes her place among the blessed ones. That it is that he beholds the vision of the Light, which is the knowledge of

"And I," he writes, "who to the end of all desires was approaching even as I ought, ended within myself the ardor of my longings. Bernard was beckoning me and was smiling, that I should look upward; but I was already, of my own accord, such as he wished; for my sight becoming pure, was entering more and more through the radiance of the lofty Light which of itself is true. Thenceforward my vision was greater than our speech, which yields to such a sight, and the memory yields to such ex-

whatsoever is dispersed through the universe is there included, bound with love in one volume; sub-

SOCIAL REFORMERS OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA

DANTE.—II.

stance and accidents and their modes fused together, as it were, in such wise, that that of which I speak is one simple Light. . . Thus my mind, wholly rapt, was gazing fixed, motionless, and intent, and ever with gazing grew enkindled. In that Light one becomes much that it is improved to the should ever becomes such that it is impossible he should ever consent to turn himself from it for other sight; because the Good, which is the object of the will, is all collected in it, and outside of it that is defective which is perfect there."

But language and thought are incapable of giving expression to Dante's vision of the Light, and he writes: "To my high fantasy here power failed; but now my desires and my will, like a wheel which evenly is moved, the Love was turning which moves the sun and the other stars."

Some writers class Dante with the religious teachers, and compare his "Divine Comedy" to the Upanishads, the Suttas, Paul's Epistles and the Gospel of Jesus. But in whatever category we may place him, the wonderful truths he taught must have been God-inspired, and his life was consistent with his teachings. No one can read this beautiful poem without being the better for it, without feeling the consciousness of his own moral responsibility, without attaining to the majestic, uplifting knowledge of his oneness with God.

THE STORY TELLER

Dr. C—, who always employs two servants, a man and his wife, was talking to a patient one day about a couple he had just discharged because the man drank. "It is so strange," he remarked, "but it is always the way with a man and wife. If one is good, the other is no good."

The patient inquired: "How is it with you and Mrs. C——?"

An English tourist, accompanied by a friend and wearing a brand new top hat, entered a restaurant in Berlin one evening. The food, music, and proceedings were so interesting that the two visitors lingered on and on until it was very late. When at last they rose to go, the Englishman's hat was not to be found.

"What sort of a hat was it, mein herr?" inquired the stolid person in charge.

"It was a new top hat," said the Englishman, somewhat annoyed.

"Ach, but, mein herr, all the new hats have been gone for half an hour," said the German placidly.

A successful oculist last fall put in a day or two with his new shotgun in the reed-bird marshes.

He soon noticed that when using the left-hand barrel he generally brought down the game, but that when using the other barrel he invariably missed. He finally tacked a small target to a bush near the river's bank, and fired at it several times with each barrel, in order to bring the matter to a test. The result confirmed his suspicions. One barrel was all right, or nearly so, and the other was all wrong.

wrong.

"Well," said the oculist to a friend who was with him, "as nearly as I can make out, this gun has a severe case of strabismus, with strong symptoms of actionation."

The late Senator Hoar was extremely fond of whist, which he played with remarkable skill.

A friend says that the only time he ever knew the usually placid and genial man from Massachusetts to be absolutely impatient was when on one occasion at whist the Senator had an unusually stupid partner. Notwithstanding this handicap, the pair were winning right along even against good players.

players.

In the middle of one game, some one paused behind the Senator's chair and asked, "Well, Senator, how are you getting on?"

"Very well, indeed," was the reply, "in view of the fact that I have three adversaries."

"Crossing the Atlantic with Mark Twain last summer," said a W. C. T. U. woman, "I asked his opinion of the prohibition law. His reply was very characteristic, very humorous.

"I am a friend of temperance, and want it to succeed, he said, 'but I don't think prohibition is practical. The Germans, you see, prevent it. Look at them. I am sorry to learn that they have just invented a method of making brandy out of sawdust. Now what chance will prohibition have when a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the good of prohibition if a man is able to make brandy mashes out of the shingles on his roof or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs off the kitchen chairs?"

A Hamilton minister, Rev. Isaac Couch, created a smile during a sermon in a Woodstock church recently, according to the St. Thomas Times. In marshalling proofs that Christianity had done everything for the world, and infidelity had done nothing, he proceeded as follows: thing for the world, and initially had done housing, he proceeded as follows:

"Where is Voltaire? Where is Tom Paine? Where is Rosseau? Where is Ingersoll?"

At the latter a perceptible smile passed over the congregation. Then the speaker went on:

"Voltaire is dead. Tom Paine is dead. Ingersoll."

At this the smile became a titter. There is a rivalry between the respective municipalities of Woodstock and Ingersoli, which the minister hadn't thought of

A couple of girls, after the manner of girls since the world was young, were recently discussing the affairs of their various friends. "I don't see why in the world Clara lets that lit-tle snob Charlie Blank come to see her so often!" the dark haired one said. "They are together almost constantly." constantly, "Hum," the blond commented, with a worldly-wise

"Hum," the blond commented, with a worldly-wise little smile.

"Well, I don't. I wouldn't!" her friend asserted.

"He is not good looking and has such ugly ways."

"Well, perhaps he has ugly ways, but such handsome means!" the other said, and something very near a sigh got past the piece of fudge she hastened to put into her mouth.

It was just after the opening of the polls for the election of mayor in a certain town that two Irishmen met and began discussing the chances of two candidates for aldermen.

"It will be a close race between McGlory and Adolph Mink," said the first Irishman, to which the other rejoined:

"How is it, Clancy, that in so many votes it should be nip and tuck between McGlory and the Dutchman Mink?"

"Well, I'll tell ve" responded the first Irishman.

"Well, I'll tell ye," responded the first Irishman; "It's like this. They're both of 'em very onpopular min, McGlory and Mink, If ye knew wan ye'd be certain to vote for the other; and both of them are blamed well known!"

An Irishman, who had been unfortunate enough to lose both his arms and his legs, was one day sitting in a street of Dublin, with his little tin cup on a stand in front of him, into which the coins did not drop any too plentifully. Presently a Scotchman happened along and looked long and earnestly at the unfortunate man; then, taking a wallet from his pocket he dropped a coin into the little cup.

The Irishman was profuse in his thanks, but the Scot hastened on. He had only gone a few paces, however, when he turned, walked swiftly back and dropped another coin into the beggar's cup. The Irishman called blessings down on the head of his benefactor, who paid no heed, but walked rapidly away, only to return and, for the third time drop a coin into that little tin cup that had never before known such prosperity.

coin info that little tin cup that had never before known such prosperity.

By this time the Irishman's gratitude knew no bounds and, with all the glibness for which his race is famous, he was trying to give expression to it, when the Scot cut in with:

"Dinna fash yerse!" ta thank me. It's no' that I'm sa sorry for ye but ye're the first Irishman I iver saw trimmed ta ma likin'."

WITH THE POETS

TWO POEMS.

"I Vex Me Not With Brooding on the Years."

I vex me not with brooding on the years."

I vex me not with brooding on the years.
That were ere I drew breath; why should I then Distrust the darkness that may fall again.
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now amid a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Oft-times indeed strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

Death Defied.

There dwells one bright Immortal on the earth, Not known of all men. They who know her not Go hence forgotten from the House of life, Sons of oblivion.

To her once came
That awful Shape which all men hold in dread,
And she with steadfast eyes regarded him,
With heavenly eyes half sorrowful, and then
Smiled, and passed by. "And who are thou," he cried,
"That lookest on me and art not appalled,
That seem'st so fragile, yet deflest Death?
Not thus do mortals face me! What art thou?"

But she no answer made: silent she stood;
Awhile in holy meditation stood,
And then moved on thro' the enamored air,
Silent, with luminous uplifted brows—
Time's sister, Daughter of Eternity,
Death's deathless enemy, whom men name Love.
—By Thomas Bailey Aldrich, reprinted from the
Century for May, 1890, and January, 1892.

"Lead Kindly Light."

Cardinal Newman's exquisite hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," is usually printed as consisting only of three stanzas—a fourth and very important one being omitted. The following is the hymn in its complete form, and we are sure very many of our readers will be thankful to have the last verse:

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus; nor prayed that Thou

I was not ever thus; nor prayed that I hou Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my, will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path Thyself hast trod, Lead, Saviour, lead me home in child-like faith, Home to my God,

To rest forever after earthly strife, In the calm light of everlasting life.

For whom those color-beams we cannot see—
The under-red—the over-violet?
For whom the tones that none hath listened yet,
No player yet enthrafted in melody?

Those unheard waves of sweetness wander free,
They rise round strings that muted are, to them
Those beams of color, mute in flower or gem—
They cross our path, on unseen errantry!

The teasing Fancy vainly makes her plea.

The eager Sense no clue to these may trace.

Shut with the treasures of mysterious space,

They are not for such mortal men.

For whom? Who, then, shall turn, at length, the key, And wander into Beauty we forego? I dream, those tones shall sound, those colors glow, For men of subtler sense—men yet to be! Edith M. Thomas, in The Smart Set.

Your home and mine, Dear Heart!

A long, low window looking to the wes.,
O'er softly sloping fields to mist-crowned hills that

From out the peaceful scene like guardians of the blest.

A long, low window looking to the west,
A cushioned window-seat wherein to rest
At eventide, and watch the night come down—a welcome guest.

Your home and mine, Dear Heart!

A garden fashioned old and running wild with roses blooming red,

An Eden far removed from city mart,

A scented nook wherein the rosary of love is said;

A garden filled with roses blooming red,

The summer sky soft blue up overhead,

And in the whole world only you and I—when all is said.

is said. -Woman's Home Companion.

> To My Valentine There shines afar
> A star,
> Whose lustrous light,
> Fair as white beams In dreams, Makes bright the night

Love, like that star You are Its counterpart;

Come weel or woe, You glow, Star o' my heart!

-Owen E. McGillicuddy, in the Canadian Magazine. 0-

In Charlie's Pocket. "What's in your pocket, Charlie?" I asked,
"Oh, nothing much," he stated.
That night I sewed a button on,
And just investigated.

I turned the pocket inside out—
It scarcely took a minute—
You'll think I'm joking, I've no doubt,
But this is what was in it:

A top, a handkerchief in rags, Some marbles and a whistle, A pencil and two paper bags, Some chalk and a toy pistol,

Five nails, a screw, a hammer head, Two candles stuck together, Some cigar bands, a bit of lead, Some scraps of soiled leather;

A cookie—stale, no longer round,
A knife, an old brass locket—
This is the "nothing much" I found
In Charlie Porges' pocket. - Christian Observer.