

Pushing the clods of earth aside, Leaving the dark where foul things hide Spreading its leaves to the summer sun, ndage ended, freedom won

Climbing up as the seasons go, Looking down upon things below, Twining itself in the branches high, As if the frail thing owned the sky :

So, my soul, like the ivy be Heaven, not earth, is the place for thee

Biding itself from the tempest's stroke ; Strong and trave is the fragile thing, For it knows one secret—how to cling. So, my soul, there's strength for thee ; Hear the Mighty One, " Lean on Me!"

Green are its leaves when the world is white For the ivy sings through the frosty night; Keeping the hearts of oak awake, Till the flowers shall bloom and the sprin shall break;

So, my soul, through the winter's rain, Sing the sunshine back again.

Opening its green and fluttering breast, Giving the timid birds a nest; Coming out from the winter wild, To make a wreath for the Holy Child : So let my life like the ivy be— A help to man and a wreath for Thee !

THAT INVALUABLE DOG.

When we hired the house at Painte Post Short Corners we did not know that Post short corners we did not know that there was a dog permanently attached to the establishment, but we found it out next day when he stepped in unexpect-edly just before dinner time and ate up our beef. This was a serious matter at Painted Post Short Corners, for it was a iourney of half a day to the nearest butch. rained Post Short Corners, for it was a journey of half a day to the nearest butch-er's, and the inhabitants subsisting chiefly on salt pork, beef was not always to be had even then. And after having had it explained to us that whoever lived in the house Jibbers always lived there also we interviewed the acent

also, we interviewed the agent. The agent was bland, and smiled upon us when he heard our tale.

"So Jibbers stole your dinner, did he?" he replied. "Well, you see, you cut a little switch and whip him." We explained that our desire was to be a stole of the stole of the

have Jibbers banished from our domain forever, and that we could not undertake the charge of his education, especially as it had been so entirely neglected hereto-

lations expressive of astonishment, and ended with:

"Send Jibbers away! Why, you don't know what a comfort that dog will be to you, Mr. Summers. He's hungry now. The last family we had in neglected him and starved him, and he's famished. When he gets filed up again, he'll be in-estimable. The greatest protector the ladies can have. Go into the woods with them end attack man or buttor mode inter-

On these occasions he moaned diamally, and regarded every mouthful we swallow-ed with horrible envy. Sometimes hus feelings overcame him, and he helped himselt to something off of somebody's plate. Upon which the afflicted one cried out face lar.

plate. Upon which the afflicted one cried out fiercely: ff Jibbers, go away!" ff But Jibbers never went. However, as we read in the regular chapter of horrors in our daily papers of people being mur-dered by tramps for five dollars a head, we still felt that Jibbers might be a trea-ure on emergence.

tered the room with his tail between his legs and hide himself under the sofa. Then we heard a voice at the door, and for turning saw an underiable tramp, who explained to us that he was an honest

out—his way of perspiring, but unplea-sant to Miss Slimmens, who believed such conduct indicative of approaching mad-ness. After this they had tea, and retir-

