

Poems Worth Remembering.

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the grey Azores,
 Behind the gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.
 Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
 "Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
 My men grow ghastly, wan and weak,"
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave dashed his swarthy cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but the seas at dawn?"
 "Why, you shall say at break of day,
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
 "Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone,
 Now speak, brave Admiral; speak and say—"
 He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed, they sailed. Then spoke the mate:
 "This mad sea shows its teeth to-night,
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
 With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
 Brave admiral, say but one good word;
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
 The tears leapt as a leaping sword:
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night,
 Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
 A light! A light! A light! A light!
 It grew, a star! A flag unfurled!
 It grew, to be Time's burst of dawn;
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

No Attendant Risk in Life Assurance.

It is not human for men to let go their money to finance a new project without some pretty solid guarantee that they may again take hold of their money, with substantial profits attached. There is no form of investment which gives them such a substantial guarantee of this as life assurance, and investors are realizing this fact more every day. There are no attendant risks such as beset other forms of investments, no taxes, no fire assur-

ance, no bills for repairs. The returns are sure,—sure as government bonds,—The Spectator.

Pat Scored.

"Ha! ha!" said the Cockney tourist travelling in Ireland, "just you see me making fun of this here Paddy. Hallo, Paddy," he called out. "Can you tell me what is nothing?" "Beg your honor's pardon?" replied the Irishman addressed. "Can you tell me what is nothing?" repeated the Cockney. "Shure an' I can hardly do that, yer honour; but I'll tell you where to find it." "Indeed! Where?" "In the place in your head where your brains ought to be."

A Home Without an Income.

"No," said a man to a life agent, "I am not buying assurance. I am putting all I can save into a house, so that, if I am taken away, my family will have a home."

"Some people," replied the agent, "are really nutty on this subject of a home. Don't you know that a house is a constant expense, that it costs a great deal to keep it in repair, that it eats up money in taxes and insurance? Of what use will a house be to your wife if she has not the means to maintain it and something to live on in that house? With it, and a substantial sum of money, paid at your death, she would be comfortable in her home. Without money she would have either to sell the house or slave her live away keeping it and maintaining herself and her children, if she had any. You will do better by her if you leave her \$10,000 or \$15,000 in money, enabling her to make a home of her own, in her judgment, best suited to her needs and circumstances, than you will if you leave her saddled with a house and little or nothing else."—The Spectator.

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