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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR SUCKES

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

Tuesday, May 12, 1908

The author of "The Archaelogy of Hither Asia," says that in a valley in Persia the remains of a civilization apparently ante-dating that of Babylon have been found. Investigations have not yet proceeded very far, but they have disclosed sufficient reason to warrant the opinion that Babylon received her inspiration to progress from this source. Babylonian records apparently go back to a date something like 10,000 years from the present, and if we are to accept it as established that before this ancient empire was founded there was existing somewhat further to the eastward a yet older community, which had made progress in architecture and the art of writing, we are placing the beginning of civilization at a much more remote date than as supposed a few years ago to be necessary. Let s trace backward briefly the record of the progress that section of the human race with which we of that section of the human race with which we are identified. Our ancestors received their impetus to civilization from Rome. Rome received hers from Greece; Greece received hers from Egypt and Babylon; Babylon received hers from the Sumurian people, who possibly 15,000 years ago were building cities in the plains of Persia. We do not know where to look for the source of Egyptian civilization but the points of resemblance between it and that of Babylon suggest a common source for both. Let of Babylon suggest a common source for both. Let us note here that while this part of the human family has been progressing more or less steadily for upwards of a hundred centuries, there are races which during the same period have apparently made no progress at all. The writings of Una, one of the Egyptian kings, who reigned about 5,000 years ago tell of expeditions being sent into Ethiopia to gather negroes by the thousands and bring them to Egypt to be trained as soldiers, and the pictures of these negroes show that they have not changed in their physical appearance from what they were then. Nor have they made any apparent advance in the arts of civilization. Sergeant What's-hisin the arts of civilization. Sergeant What's-his-mame, of whom Kipling wrote has been doing much the same thing only on a smaller scale, as the kings of Egypt did a thousand years before Joseph was sold to traders from that country, and out of much the same material. The point we wish to make, is that the very oldest records, which refer to the subject at all, show that even when they were the subject at all, show that even when they were made the distinction between races was as pronounced as it is today. They show also, that while one branch of the human family was making its way slowly, and with many interruptions and often with loss of ground; towards the conditions existing in our day, another branch was stagnant and has remained so ever since. It seems to follow from these facts that if all men are sprung from

has remained so ever since, It seems to follow from these facts that if all men are sprung from a common ancestry, we must look for this origin at a period very remote indeed.

These facts, and especially the permanence of racial types have led some writers to suggest that the various races of men were of different origin. Take these types with which we are all familiar, the white, the negro and the Chinese. At first thought it might seem as if the resemblances between the white and the negro races are more marked than between either of them and the Chinese, but we must not lose sight of the fact that the negro, as we know him, is the result of contact for generations with white men. Exceedingly apt to learn, he has adopted the manners and mental characteristics of the white man to a degree which suggests wonderful possibilities for the population of Africa in the future. Disregarding this element of the case, it will be conceded that the differences between a typical Chinaman are so great that we cannot conceive how they can possibly be descended from a common ancestry. Yet as Taylor points out in his work entitled "Anthropology," the physical resemblances between all the races of mankind and the fact that the races infermarry and have descendants, who in their turn have families, are almost conclusive proof of a common origin. This hypothesis is further strengthened by the study of the languages of the various races. Once we concede, as from the information at present available we apparently must, that all men are sprung from a common stock, we are compelled to assign to mankind an antiquity that makes the oldest records seem only things of yesat present available we apparently must, that all men are sprung from a common stock, we are compelled to assign to mankind an antiquity that makes the oldest records seem only things of yesterday. The negro has not changed in his appearance during sixty or seventy centuries. Egyptian portraits six thousand years old are in all essential particulars the same as those of the natives of the Nile Valley today, and when in some ancient ruin the portrait of a Hebrew is uncarthed it is identical with the typical Hebrew countenance of the Twentieth Century. If in all these years these races have not changed in their physical appearance, how many years must we allow for the development of the characteristics which distinguished them then and distinguish them now? There is no means by which we can make even a rough guess at the answer to this question.

distinguish them now? There is no means by which we can make even a rough guess at the answer to this question.

If we turn to geology for enlightenment we receive some, but it is not very definite and for several reasons, one of them being that we are without any sure measure of time wherewith to measure geological periods. Another is that some uncertainty necessarily attaches to the dates from which geologists draw their conclusions. Of course there is some evidence that is conclusive. When we find a stone with a rough picture of the hairy mammoth scratched upon it, the irresistible conclusion is that the man who drew the picture knew what a mammoth was like, and if the possibility of deception has been eliminated, as it has been in the case of the most famous of these sketches, it follows that man and the hairy mammoth lived upon the earth mat the same time. We know that these huge animals lived previous to the great catastrophe which wrisloped all northern Asia and Alaska in ice, for his liberia they are found, their flesh frozen solid in ice, the age of which no man knows. It also seems established that at a time when lions were native to the British Isles and reindeer roamed over Central Europe mankind existed. But while geology tells us these things, it cannot tell us how many years have elapsed since then, and so we may assume any length of time we may think necessary for the evolution of the several races.

How long can it have taken such diverse races as the dwarfs of Central Africa, the stalwart Indians of the plains, the fair skinned natives of Scandinavia and the obony denizens of the Congo, the tall and stately Sikhs and the small, wiry Japanese, the black fellows of Australia and the blue-eyed Celts to be evolved from a common ancestry? We are absolutely without data to assist us in arriving at a conclusion, and we are forced to choose between the theory that the antiquity of mankind is exceedingly great, or that there have been several distinct evolutions or creations of the human race.

MAKERS OF HISTORY

Regarded from every point of view, and judged by all standards, the first place in the list of Makers of History must be assigned to Abram, otherwise known as Abraham. Some doubt exists as to the origin of this name and the reasons for the two ways of writing it, and this doubt also affects the nationality of the patriarch. Philologists say that to find a name similar to Abraham of Abram, we must go to southern Arabla, where a powerful kingdom once existed, and from this it is argued that Abram's ancestors may have migrated to the north and so come within the domains of Babylon. The change in the name is probably simply due to a variation in the spelling between the three writers, to whom we are

indebted for the account given in the Book of Genesis. These writers are described as the Older Elohistic, the Junior Elohistic and the Jehovistic. Their accounts are interweven so that it is difficult to pick out with certainty what must be attributed to each. Speaking generally, the term Elohistic is applied to those writers, who speak of God as Elohim, which is a plural word, and the term Jehovistic to those who use the name Jehovah, which is singular. There arose some years ago a school of investigators who disputed the claim that Abraham was an actual character in history, and claimed that he was only a personification of a movement of a tribal nature, which occurred in a very remote period. There appears to be no good reason for accepting this explanation, which may be rejected as superfluous and unwarranted. indebted for the account given in the Book of Gen-

In order to appreciate in some degree the charac-In order to appreciate in some degree the character and work of Abraham, we need to give some attention to the nature of the times in which he lived. Tradition makes him contemporary with Nimrod, who is described as "a mighty hunter before the Lord." Nimrod has been thought to be identical with Sargon, the founder of Babylonian civilization. The religion of Babylon at that time was sun-worship, which on its part seems to have been an adaptation of the yet more ancient worship of Mithras, who was the god of light. He was also a Mithras, who was the god of light. He was also a god of purity, goodness and morality, and the whole end and aim of men was to become like him. As has been the tendency in all ages, with increasing prosperity, wealth and material power, the people, who formed afterwards the kingdom of Babylen, departed from the pure cult of Mithras and materialized it into sun-worship, and with this they later associated a most exaggerated form of idolatry. If we may ac-cept the Talmudic traditions as even approximately authentic, this idolatry was carried to an extreme absurdity. These legends tell us that/ Terah, the tather of Abraham, was nimself a maker and vendor of idols, and they account for the departure of the patriarch in search of a new home by saying that he did so because he openly opposed his father in his trade, and was for that reason delivered up Nimrod to be punished, which punishment took the form of banishment. Without discussing the probability of this narrative, we have unquestionable proof that Abraham was born and brought up in a land where idolatry prevailed, where there were an indefinite number of so-called gods, and, recognized as supreme above them all, was a being of whom the sun was regarded as typical, and to whom sacrifices offered upon altars. How Abraham received his first implies to monotnelsm is unknown. The Biblical account of his experience in this line begins abruptly. Genesis xii. opens thus: "Now the Lord had said unto Abram," and then it goes on to tell of the divine command to leave his native country. What the nature of this previous communication. the nature of this previous communication was, or what were the circumstances under which it was given, we are left to surmise; but we have the definite fact that Abram appears upon the scene of history as a worsnipper of the Lord God. The Delty does not appear to have been known to Abranam as Jehovah. He is spoken of as the Lord God. The name Jehovah first appears in the Book of Exodus, in connection with the story of Moses. It will be found in the sixth chapter and the third verse. It has been argued by some from this that Abraham had has been argued by some from this that Abraham had not advanced as far in the development of monothe-ism as Moses reached, but it seems as if the contract of the case might be correct, for Abraham appears to have worshipped a universal deity, whereas the early Jewish conception of Jehovah was of a tribal deity, who was simply greater than all other gods. The Jews do not appear to have then held in its purity the great Abrahamic conception of One True and Only God, who was supreme in heaven and earth. We pause here to note the difference beand Only God, who was supreme in heaven and earth. We pause here to note the difference between the Abrahamid theology and the conclusions of the philosophers of antiquity. The reasoning of the latter led taem to the opinion that there must of necessity be some supreme entity, but they never personified it or claimed that between it and men there could be any relationship. Abraham's God was an individuality, not an abstraction. He did not hide himself in remote obscurity, but was immanent in himself in remote obscurity, but was immanent in the daily affairs of man. This seems to have been the distinguishing characteristic of the belief of Abraham, and it is because the world today seems to have derived this idea of the Deity from him that the first place among the Makers of History is claimed for him.

But while Abraham undoubtedly held to the pure But while Abraham undoubtedly held to the pure monotheistic idea, he did not shake himself clear from the customs of the people among whom he had been reared, for we find him preserving the practice of offering sacrifices. In one instance this seems to have been attributed to divine direction, namely, the offer of Isaaci but it is not at all necessary to assume that this is to be taken as a divine order to perform sacrifices as a manner of worship, but only as the employment of a custom followed by the patriarch as the simplest and most conclusive manner of testing his faith. There does not seem to be any warrant for suggesting that Abraham was led by divine inspiration to adopt the practice of sacrificing, and we may assume that in erecting alters and offering burnt sacrifices he was only following the time-honored practices of his ancestors, a practice which afterwards became a part of the Jewish ritual, and has been preserved in a changed form under Christicantiv.

has been preserved in a changed form under Christi-The second incident in the life of Abraham in point of importance was the covenant made between him and the Lord God. It is not worth while to examine very closely into the probable accuracy of the story of Genesis in all its details,, because we have the of Genesis in all its details, because we have the exceedingly important fact that the descendants of Abraham held, and have continued to hold until this day, that such a covenant was made. It was the controlling influence in the development of the Jewish race, and in a spiritualized form it may be said to be the dominant force in Christianity. Upon this covenant a great part of the history of the world has turned, and it seems scientifically correct to assume that there must have been something as a foundation for a faith which has endured for so many centuries and has influenced the careers of so many nations, and those of millions upon millions of individuals. Stripped of myth, tradition and priestly interpretation, and regarded simply as an influence many nations, and those of millions upon millions of individuals. Stripped of myth, tradition and priestly interpretation, and regarded simply as an influence in history, we find that the monotheism of Abraham may be regarded as the means for the regeneration of the world, and if it was not divinely instituted for such a purpose, those who think differently can propose their own solution of what is otherwise apparently an insoluble problem. Whence came the original monotheistic belief? We do not escape the question by suggesting that Abraham simply reverted to the very ancient faith of the people of Eastern Asia, because if that is the case, we have yet to explain whence these people derived their conception of a supreme Deity. Abraham may only have been the restorer of an ancient faith. There is nothing in the Bible to suggest the contrary, but much in favor of such a suggestion. But be this as it may, his identification with the establishment of monotheistic religion undoubtedly places him first among men. There are no ruins of buildings, which he is alleged to have erected; there are no monuments, which it is said that he built; the record of his military triumphs are few and chiefly mythical. We are not quite certain when he lived, what his nationality was or where he resided for the greater part of his career. All we can say with absolute certainty is that today the civilized world worships the God of Abraham. Than this no greater honor can be claimed for man.

We have menfloned above the three sources of the Biblical account of Abraham, and have alse spoken

of the Talmudic legends. There are other legends. Some of them seemed to have been compiled by the worshippers of Mithras, when that cult was revived many centuries after the death of the patriarch. many centuries after the death of the patriarch. Others are clearly the adaptation by Mohammed of the Jewish traditions, so as to apply to the Arabs the promises contained in the Divine covenant. Others seem to have been current for generations among the Arabs. These traditions represent Abraham as a great philosopher and man of science. Among the things attributed to him is the invention of astronomy, but as we have seen in considering the other great mythical leaders of mankind, this honor is claimed for them all. During his eojourn in Egypt he undoubtedly, like his great descendant Moses, became skilled in the learning of that land, but his

came skilled in the learning of that land, but his achievements along these lines bear no relation whatever to the great idea with which his name must always be associated.

It is very interesting to note that two races of mankind claim to be descended from Abraham. One of these is the Jews, and no end disputes their claim. It is proper to mention in this connection that the Jews do not represent the whole of the patriarch's descendants. The Samaritans also called Abraham their father, and with good historical grounds for so doing, for they seem to have been descended from the people of the Kingdom of Israel, who were left behind at the time the greater part of the nation was carried away into captivity. What became of the descendants of these captives is and has for centuries been a matter of surmise. As we all know, a school has recently arisen, which professes to be able to connect the English race of today with to be able to connect the English race of today with the descendants of the Lost Tribes. With greater historical accuracy is the claim made that the Beduin Arabs, and, indeed, the whole race, whom we generally refer to as Arabian, are the descendants of Abraham through his son Ishmael. If this is the case, we find that this branch of the family also preserved the monotheistic idea. We also may mention the rivalry which has existed from time immemorial between the descendants of Isaac and those of Ishmael, a rivalry which threatens at no distant date to assume a more aggressive form. This is, perhaps, to state the matter a little too indefinitely. The point sought to be made is that there are today in the world two conceptions of monotheism. One of these is held by Christendom; the other is Islam. As not all the people, who are embraced within the domein all the people, who are embraced within the domain of Christendom can be claimed to be descendants of Abraham through Isaac, so not all those who profess to be followers of Islam can be claimed to be descendants of Abraham through Isinnael. But the great fact remains that we find the origin of both great fact remains that we find the origin of both Christianity and Mohammedanism was in the recognized descendants of Abraham. That Jesus of Nazareth was of the family of Abraham no one disputes; and every Mohammedan believes that the great prophet of Islam was descended from the same patriarch. Christianity and Mohammedanism are today tremendous rivals, and that the time may come when they will be in open collision again, as they have been in the past will not be disputed. Both of them claim to be the true worshippers of the God of Abrabeen in the past will not be disputed. Both of them claim to be the true worshippers of the God of Abraham, of the Deity worshipped by the wonderful man, whose name has come down through uncounted centuries coupled with the majestic claim that he was the friend of Him whom he worshipped.

Love Stories of History

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

LAUNCELOT AND GUINEVERE, PAO-LA AND FRANCESCA.

When Queen Guinevere was disloyal to King Arthur, and Launcelot had fallen a prey to his unworthy love, there began the dissolution of the noble order established at Chmelot, by the king and his worthy love, there began the dissolution of the noble order established at Camelot, by the king and his knights of the round table. Once again the "old order changed, giving place to new," only this time it was not a better condition of things to which the times gave birth. When the queen, who stood for the embediment of purity had sinned, suspiction was awakened and stalked abroad, sowing seeds of envy and malice. Evil thoughts bred evil deeds among a people whose stainlessness had been their pride. When Launcelot, to whom all the flower of chivalry looked for example, and who in courage and stern morality had excelled them all, proved false to the high standards set by himself, then honor became a thing of little worth, chivalry was laughed at, and courtesy the mere observing of conventionality, and not an instinct of the heart.

Malory tells us that when Guinevere and Launcelot had been proven guilty, King Arthur ordered that the queen be tried by fire and put to death. She was led forth, her confessor accompanying her, to the fagot pile, where she "was despoiled unto her smock, and shriven of her misdeeds." But Launcefot came riding swiftly up with his own followers and put all the enemies of the queen to flight, rescuing the fair lady herself." Hee made a kirtell and a gowne to be cast upon her, and then hee made her to bee set behind him.... And so he rode with her to Joyous-gard, and there hee kep her as a noble knight should doe."

Tennyson sends the guilty queen to a convent where Arthur, always fair-minded and pure and kingly; comes to take a final farewell to her, which he does in the following beautiful words:

kingly, comes to take a final farewell to her, which he does in the following beautiful words:

"Lo, I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take the last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Intil the common lateral with the common lateral woman work. Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee-

Let no man dream but that I love thee still.

Perchance and so thou purify thy soul.

And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,

Hereafter in the world where all are pure

We two may meet before high God, and thou

Wilt spring to me and claim me thine, and know

I am thine husband—not a smaller soul.

Nor Launcelot non another. Leave me that

I charge thee my last hope;

And while she grovelled at his feet, She felt the king's breath wander o'er her neck, And in the darkness, o'er her fallen head, Perceived the waving of his hands that blest."

Whatever the foundation for this old story, and all the wretchedness and sin it is said to have caused the reading of it, a few hundred years later, was sufficient provocation for the beginning of another tragedy, more modern in its setting, but none the less pitifully sad.

In the Divine Comedy when Dante and Virgil go through Purgatory, there, "where the stormy blasts of hell with restless fury drives the spirits on," they see two forms, with interlocking arms, whose faces bear the stamp of bitterest anguish, and whose cries are never-ceasing. These twe are Francesca di Rimini and Paola, those two unfortunates whose love brought them both to death. The story of these two young Italians is one of the saddest in the world. So young they were, and both so beautiful, and their love for one another so deep, that though great their sin, we can only pity them. With what strength of will was their's they resisted the temptation until a time came when their love

Is to romind us of our happy days.

In misery, and this thy teacher knows.
But if to learn our passion's first root preys.
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy.
I vill do even as he who weeps and says.
We read one day for pastime, seated nigh.
Of Launcelet, how love enchained him too.
We were diene, quite unsuspiciously.

All o'er discoloured by that reading were;
But one point only whelly us o'er threw;
When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her
To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,
He who from me can be divided never
Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over.
Accursed was the book and he who wrote! That day no further leaf did we un

Paola had been a woose by proxy just as Tristram had been, and like Tristram in trying to win the lady's love for another gained it for himself. After his kinsman had married Francesco Paola had remained beneath the roof of the man who trusted him, and the outcome of it was a double murder by the outraged husband, and the story of the tragedy that will never die.

THE STORY TELLER

News reaches London Punch from a private source of the wonderful and satisfactory effect the Highlanders are having on the Zakha Khels. No sooner do the wild tribesmen catch sight of the skirted warriors than with a cry of "Look out—here come the Suffragettes!" they disappear as by magic.

Waving a bomb, the anarchist sought the sage. "Sir," he said, "I have but one bomb, and I wish to make it go as far as possible. How may I destroy the largest number of the enemies of labor at one explosion?" The sage needed no time to ponder. "Drop it on the floor," he said, "at the next meeting of your association."—Cleveland Leader.

One day, Charles Baudelaire came to Maxime du Camp's rooms with his close-cropped hair dyed green. Du Camp affected not to notice it. Baudelaire did all he could to direct attention to it, and finally, as his friend persisted in not noticing it, he

burst out:

"Don't you see anything strange about me today?"
Du Camp answered: "Not at all; lots of people have green hair."
Baudelaire left at once, disgusted.

A Massachusetts congressman who was on board the train which was wrecked at Hyde Park, Massachusetts, says that when the shock came, one of the passengers was pitched over several seats just in time to receive the contents of the water-cooler, which tipped over and soaked his clothing with decwater. A highly excited passenger rushed up to him and told him to keep cool. "Go away," said the wetman, "I am the coolest men in the car. I have just had two buckets of ice-water emptied down my back."

An old story of Henry Miller, the actor manager, has been revived. There was an almost empty house at one of his matinee performances in Brooklyn. A school girl sat in an orchestra chair and there was a young man in the front row of the balcony, The scene is the deck of a yacht, and as Henry Miller emerged from the cabin and gazed into the empty gulf before him, he spoke his first line: "The sea is purple; have you too noticed it?" An instant later a voice came from the balcony: "Well, I don't know about the lady downstairs, but I can see it all right."

A strange story comes from one of the Balkan states, where commercial morality is still in its infancy. At a recent banquet given at the house of the prime minister a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, next to whom he was sitting; had taken his watch.

The prime minister said: "Ah, he shouldn't have done that. I will get it back for you."

Sure enough, towards the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner.

"And what did he say?" asked the guest.

"Sh-h! He does not know I have got it back," said the prime minister.

John S, Cox, speaker of the Tennessee senate, had an old negro servant who liked his drink just as well as the best Kentucky colonel in the flue Grass state. One morning just after the cold spell broke the darky came to Senator Cox, says Judge's Library.

"Marse John," says he, "Til just up an' clean dese winders dis mawnin!"

"All right, Caessar," replied the senator.

"Ise got to hab a half tumbler of whiskey, Marse John. D're ain't nuffin' like whiskey for cleanin' winders,"

"Ise got to hab a half tumbler of whiskey, Marse John. D're ain't nuffin' like whiskey for cleanin' winders,"

The half tumbler was promptly given Caesar, who armed himself with some rags and carried the tumbler to another room to begin work. A faw minutes afterward Senator Cox had occasion to enter his room. Caesar was busy polishing the windows. The tumbler was on the table, but no whiskey was in it. "Why, Caesar, what's become of the whiskey?" asked the senator. "I thought you used it in this work."

"So I does, Marse John; so I does," was the answer. "Ye, see, sah, I drinks de whiskey, an' blows my bref ag'in de winders."

Some of the West Indian Islanders have learned that when a foreigner misbehaves on their shores it is better to suffer in silence than to mete out punishment at the risk of a descending gunboat from the miscreant's native land. A judge in Halti, however, recently took occasion to pay off old scores and to redeem his self-respect in the case of an offender brought before him.

To his first question, as to the nationality of the accused, the interpreter had answered that the prisoner was from Switzerland.

"Switzerland!" said the judge, "and Switzerland has no sea coast has it?"

"No sea coast, your honor," replied the interpreter.

"And no navy, your honor," was the reply.

"And no navy?"

"Very well, then," said the judge, "Give him one year at hard labor!"

An old darkey, anxious to be a minister went to be ordained.

He was questioned thus:

dained.

He was questioned thus:
"Can you write?"
"No, sah!"
"How do you know about the Bible?"
"Ma niece reads it to me!"
"Know about the Ten Gommandments?"
"No, sah!"
"The twenty-third psalm?"
"Nebber heard of him, sah!"
"Know the Beatludes?"
"No, sah!"

"Know the Beatludes?"
"No, sah!"
"West, what part of the Bible do you like best?"
"Par'bles, sah!"
"Can you give us one?"
"Deed, yes, sah!"
"Let us have it, then."
"Once we'en the Queen of Shobe was gwine down to Jerusalem, she fell among thieves. First they passed her by on de oddah side, den dey come ovan an dey say unto her. Fro down Jezabel! but she wouldn't fre her down; and again dey say unto her, Fro down Jezebel! but she wouldn't fro her down; and sgain dey say unto her, Fro de fird and last time, for I ain't gwine to ax you no mo." Fro down Jezabel! ind dey fro'd her down for seventy times and seven, till de remains were leven baskets; and I say unto yo, whose wife was she at de wourfection?"

WITH THE POETS

Not less I love you—but you did not come
Unfait'ring, fervid, when I craved the right.
To walk beside you in the noonday light.
Some strange rejuctance of the soul dumb
The voice of treaty, left your heart-strings numb.
And turned you from the venture and the height.
My golden years I yielded you; my slight
And sliver days must loard their scanty sum.

You, like the trav'ller, gathered from the deep, Pond'ring the chances of the grappled ships—One towards the morning, one the setting sun—Persuaded, took th' irrevocable leap.
Love knows, nor wavers while the full tide slips, Good-bye! God haven you when all is done!
—Albert E. S. Smythe, in The Canadian Magazine

Hold Thou My Hands.

Hold thou my hands a little while in thine—
Thy gentle, restful hands—dear Love benign!
Smooth out their weariness, with soft caress
As mothers do their children's restlessness,
With fondling hands that love and rest combine!

And when these inconsistent hands of mine To wayward selfishness and wrong incline; With tender and compassionate duress, Hold thou my hands!

And when I face the dark, and must resign
Love's tender, human touch; must disentwine
Its dear, detaining clasp; when fears depress.
Those mortal fears I cannot quite repress,
For all my faith and trust—O Love divine,
Hold thou my hands!
—James Terry White in the May Appleton's.

Hide Not Thy Heart

This is my creed.
This be my deed—
"Hide not thy heart!"
Soon we depart;
Mortals all;
A breath, then the pall;
A flash on the dark—
All's done—stiff and stark,
No time for a lle;
The truth, and then die,
Hide not thy heart.

Forth with thy thought!
Soon 'twill be naught.
And then in thy tomb,
Now is air, now is room.
Down with false shame:
Reck not of fame;
Dread not a man's spite;
Quench not thy light,
This is thy creed.
This be thy deed—
"Hide not thy heart!"

If God is, He made Sunshine and shade, Heaven and hell: This we know well. Dost theu believe? Do not deceive; Scorn not thy faith—If 'tis a wraith, Soon it will fly. They who must die.

Hide not thy heart; This is my creed; This be my my deed; Faith or a doubt, I shall speak out, And hide not my heart.

Admirals All.

Effingham, Grenville, Releigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hall to the Kings of the Sea!
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Hopor he years and formers. Honor be yours and fame!

And honor, as long as waves shall break,

Essex was fretting in Cadia Bay,
With galleons fair in sight:
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began;
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared.

Their cities he put to the sack;
He seized Mis Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a game of bowls
When the great Armada came;
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good
souls,"
And he stooped and finished the

And he stooped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
And his colors aloft he flew.
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
"And I'll sink with a right good-will;
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,
My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound.
"Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,
Said he, 'for a thousand pound!"
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head;
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And 'Tm damned if I see it!" he said.
Admirals all—they say their say—
(The echoes are ringing still);

Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take—
The realm of the curling sea—
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
And the Rodneys yet to be.

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honor be yours and fame!
And honor, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

The Kings.
Tho' the Earth swallow all that stands;
"Lo! we are kings of the earth."
Men cry; and hurry to build
Cities that soon are fill'd
With treasures wrung from the earth.
Yea, we are kings! And the Earth
Laughs and opens her deep
And cities rock in their sleep,
And down to the bottomless sweep.

Lo! We are kings of the sea!
With bridges and boats we span
The breadth of the ocean,
The pow'r and the pomp of the sea.
Yea, we are kings! And the sea
Tumbles tumultuous waves
Over the ships that are graves,
Batters the boasting of man

The the Earth swellow all that stands:
The the peal make nothing our pride;
There are three things still that abide.
In which remainsth our maint.
A mother's bosom; the light.
In the eyes of love; and the hands affect to God in the night!
—Pall Mall Gazette.