

The Hunter.

The dawn peeps out of the dark. Arise!
 Shake the heaviness out of the eyes,
 Put the reluctant sloth to rout,
 Shoulder the hollow steel and out
 Into the East, whose virgin blush
 Sets the answering cheek of the earth a-flush.
 I bare my brow to the morning. See!
 The mock-bird rocks in the topmost tree.
 The breath of the dew darts through me. Hark
 The shortened song of the meadow-lark.
 A flash of color salutes my sight
 As the swallow swims in the morning light.
 The robin runs and the bluebird sings
 And the squirrel—I can almost see his wings!
 The glory is on me. The very snail
 Leaves a rainbow tint in his slimy trail.

So fresh! so sweet! I greet the sun,
 As if the world had just begun,
 As if the Creator toiled last night
 And the word was leaving the Lips for light.
 I bow my head and I understand
 Religion, worship in every land:
 The worship of bird, of beast, of sun.
 The worship of All, the worship of One.
 And the wonder is that we do not bow
 So worship the Nature-Mother now.

My frantic dog leaps into my face,
 Drops and freezes into his place.
 My blood leaps up, my pulses thrill,
 The savage within me clamors "Kill!"
 "Kill!" and I bury my fangs of death
 Where glows the warmth of the living breath.
 "Kill!" and I sear the sensitive sight
 And blast it forever to life and light.
 "Kill!" and I tear the quivering note
 From its praise of love in the sensate throat.

A moment ago and I hardly trod
 The earth, for I held the hand of God!
 I held the hand, and I clearly heard
 The deepest song and the fullest word.
 Fresh-pulsed from the living heart of Him!
 But now the sight of my soul is dim,
 Blurred by the blot of a clotted stain.
 Then I was Adam, now I am Cain.

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Too Busy to Blow Trumpets.

Without any blowing of trumpets, but
 in a quiet and dignified manner the Sun
 Life of Canada from year to year an-
 nounces large increases in its transac-
 tions. Those who receive a copy of its

report will not notice any flaring head
 lines, but, in fact, increases of millions
 are given in smaller type than the ordin-
 ary items. This alone signifies strength.

In daily life it is the quiet, unostenta-
 tious plodder, who is not forever seeking
 to draw public attention to himself, that
 is successful and well thought of. The
 Sun Life of Canada does very little
 advertising—the newspapers think not
 enough—but they must make up this
 seeming deficiency in other ways. The
 sterling character of the men in the em-
 ploy of this company has much to do
 with its success.

A hard and fast rule has been laid
 down by this Company, that business
 would be got by fair and honorable
 means or not at all, and the old adage,
 "Honesty is the best policy," was never
 better exemplified than in the remark-
 able successful record of this Company.
 —Toronto World.

Lincoln's Passes.

Lincoln's humor armed him effectually
 against the importunate persons with
 whom, as the head of the nation, he was
 beset at all times, says the Youth's Com-
 panion.

During the Civil War a gentleman
 asked him for a pass through the Federal
 lines to Richmond.

"I should be happy to oblige you,"
 said Lincoln, "if my passes were re-
 spected. But the fact is, within the last
 two years I have given passes to Rich-
 mond to a quarter of a million of men,
 and not one has got there yet."

How Common they Are.

He who criticises, be he ever so honest,
 must suggest a practical remedy or he
 soon descends from the height of a critic
 to the level of a common scold.

—The Philistine.