

Contributions.

Unsung.

PETER ANDERSON.

Again the tantalizing chimes
Of half a hundred changi g rhymes,
Are ever ringing in my restless brain;
And at my labor all day long,
The whispering forest trees among,
They weave refrains from one deep
son,

Whose burden I have sought to sing
—in vain.
I hear it times, its undertone
By the swift river all alone,
When earliest day is dawning—cold
and dim;
When trailing mists that curling climb
And clothe the trees with hoary rime,
Seem tangles from the beard of Time,
Clinging on twining vine and leafless
limb:

The long-lost secret seems so near,
That trembling I have paused to hear—
While the wild waters seethed and
combed and curled;
And waking Nature wrought her spell—
From the far depths of heaven, or hell,
Some voice come to my soul, and tell
The hidden mystery of this whirling
world.

At times I hear its harmonies
In April, when the southern breeze
Brings odors from the flowers that
never die;
When from some forest fringed lagoon
The wild goose and the clanging loon,
Come, drifting underneath the moon
Over the charless ocean of the sky.

I catch its cadence on the sounding
shore
Of seas, that sing when sudden tempests
roar,
But they, too, fail to voice that mystic
song
To which their pulses play with rhythmic
beat
Till the coast quivers underneath my
feet,
For it was old when winds and waves
were young.

In vain the magic of the dawning day,
The wildest water's most tumultuous
play,
Or wild birds drifting on the waves
of Spring;
The moment's ecstasy—alas—is vain,
Defeated still I go my way again,
Haunted forever by the faint refrain
Of the deep song my lips have failed
to sing.

But if indeed that deep illusive chime
Descends from heights to which I can-
not climb,
Ascends from depths all too pro-
found for me,
Must I be deaf when its faint echoes
come,
Bid every tingling, quivering nerve be
numb,
Close my poor halting lips, and stand-
ing dumb
Attempt no more the mystic melody?

As well command the full-robed sum-
mer trees
To make no music in the unseen breeze,
Because I know not all the songs
they sing;
As well command the quick, expectant
earth
To feel no more the magic of the birth
That bids the leaves on all the hills
come forth
To greet the mystery of another
spring.

And still, I hope to sing that mystic
strain
Sometime, somewhere, to seize and to
retain
The subtlest thought that so eludes
me here;
If not before, when I have laid away
In its last resting place this load of clay,
And my free spirit finds the final day
On the eternal hills, where all is clear.

The Glamour of Gold.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

A newspaper item, telling of the
social triumph of a wealthy man—no-
torious for his filthy, licentious charac-
ter—is before me.
Our wordy reporter describes the af-
fair as "chaste and elegant." Every
thing was a marvel of exquisite taste,
while the lavish band of the brilliant

and accomplished host won flattering
encomiums from all his guests.

In reading, one could only find a
single flaw in the whole, only one
black deformity amid all that fair and
graceful scene; only one blemish
amid so much that was perfect, and
that was the presence of the vile, con-
tinuating host. Without him the
scene would have been so perfect; but
with his polluting presence I can but
wonder that brave, honorable men and
pure, true women could breathe the
poisonous, polluting air.

But if any present became unduly
affected by it the reporter failed to
mention it. It might be that there is
something in the glamour of gold that
blinds the eye to witnessing darker ob-
jects.

I do not know; I have no right to
pass judgment upon the power of this
strange metal. It may be that if I
were more within the reach of its influ-
ence, I, too, would be lulled to sleep
by its seductive charms. It might be
that if I could handle this mysterious
product of the earth a little more, my
eyes would enable me to discern that
all that glitters—if it but glitters pro-
fusely—is real gold, and that being
gold, it is the one thing needful. Yet
even then it seems to me that I could
not quite forget that there was such a
thing possible as manly honor; I be-
lieve I would try to remember my own
womanly purity. I would want to re-
member—though under the influence
of this powerful metal I might forget—
that the man who, over his costly wines,
with his paramour by his side, could
find rare sport in and deride the
thought of womanly virtue, was a mon-
ster to be shunned.

I do not think—but please remem-
ber I have never been brought under the
mesmeric power of gold—that had I a
sweet young daughter, still lingering
upon the beautiful borderland which
divides, yet unites, the child and
woman—I insist that I do not believe
I would like to see her brought under
the influence of a man like this. I
would not like to think of her being in-
debted to him for costly gifts, or for
extravagant feasts given in her honor.
It would break my heart—at least I
think it would, but I may not know
myself—to see this dear young daugh-
ter of mine, whose person would be so
sacred to me, clasped in such arms,
her pure breath mingling with such as
his while they moved to the seductive
music of the waltz.

I can but fancy—though still I may
be mistaken—that if this sweet, imag-
inary daughter of mine had ever had a
real personality, she would have been so
precious and so sacred to me that I
would have rejoiced to see her sleeping
peacefully in the arms of death rather
than see her live to win the admiration
of such a man. The narrow coffin
might be lonely; the kiss of death
might be something frightful in its icy
coldness, but there would be no taint
nor shame neither in the touch of the
bridegroom Death, nor of the narrow
pillow which he had made ready for
her.

There is no safety for the woman
who smiles into the face of the man
who wintonly robs another woman, no
matter how many degrees she may be
socially beneath (?) himself, of her
virtue.

There is not the shadow of a hope
that the base libertine and foul betrayer
will, himself, ever feel there is cause to
blush for his filthy life so long as pure
and cultured women will, because so-
ciety demands it, close her eyes to the
fact that the richly jeweled hand clasp-
ing hers is still the hand of a leper.
The unhappy victim of this man's un-
holy love could have had no place
among the honorable men and cul-
tured women who were, but yesterday,

the smiling, flattered and flattering
guests of her dastardly betrayer. The
fallen women who were his frequent
companions in his bacchanalian revelries
would have found no welcome there.
Oh, no; then he was the elegantly
polished host to a hundred elegantly
polished guests. The loathsome sores
of the hideous leper were skillfully hid
by a profuse and elegant polish of
gold. And nothing that was not eleg-
antly polished could have had admit-
tance into the elegantly polished as-
sembly.

I feel that in expressing such demor-
alizing (?) opinions I am placing my-
self liable to severe censure. People
may even go so far as to sneer at me;
dub me "old-fashioned," "puritan,"
"behind the times," and "very unlady-
like" to even hint at such themes.
They may remind me that this is not
only a day of "greater liberality," but
of higher and more æsthetic refinement.

All this may be true. As to living
in a better day, I believe that we who
are living to-day are living in the best
days the world has yet seen. I be-
lieve that if we see more sin to-day
than our great grandmothers saw, it is
only that the beams from the Sun of
Righteousness are shining with a more
persistent glow and bringing to light
the hidden deeds of darkness.

And believing all this so firmly as I
do, I am also glad to believe that still
a better day is coming to our children.
I believe that the day will surely dawn
when sin in man will be held to be
so black and ineffaceable a crime as in
woman. I believe the day will dawn
—and that right speedily—when the
villain who robs a woman of her virtue,
whether he be hood-carrier or a million-
aire, will be equally the mark of pub-
lic and of private scorn. I believe the
day is almost ready to burst upon us
when the man who breaks the seventh
commandment will so keenly feel the
ban of all good people that he will be
forced to realize that there is such a
thing as womanly virtue and of manly
honor, though his guilty, dastardly soul,
knowing nothing of the one, has done
his utmost to destroy the other.

I believe that the day will dawn—
the bright and glorious day!—when
the glamour of gold will have lost its
power to screen a purifying villain from
his just deserts. God speed the day!
Amen and amen.

Dallas, Texas.

Day-Dreams of the Future.

THE DREAMER.

The sun was setting behind a heavy
bank of cloud, through a fissure of
which it was casting a lurid gleam
across the waters of the bay and throw-
ing into bold relief the rocks on the
opposite shore. A cold north wind was
tossing up foam-crested waves, their
snowy caps looking still whiter against
the inky reflection of the stormy sky.
It was a cheerless evening, but to a
lover of nature in its varied moods,
presented a sombre beauty of its own
not to be despised. Tired after a long
walk, I sat down to rest and to watch
the sunset, and my thoughts soon wan-
dered from the scene before me into
contingency as to what was waiting in
the future for this grand old world,
and whether it needed any alteration,
save the doing away of sin and its con-
sequences, to make it, once more, per-
fect as when, nearly 6,000 years ago,
the Creator had pronounced it "Very
good." As I looked out over the busy
town and heard the sounds of labor in
the distance, I began to picture to my-
self what it would all be like when
brought under the sway of the King of
Righteousness; when all the vexed
questions of the day, now exercising the
minds and hearts of so many of God's

people, would have been satisfactorily
settled for ever.

My attention was next caught by a
tiny fern growing in a fissure of the
rock and waving its delicate fronds
bravely in the wind without visible sup-
port, while near by in a more fertile
spot grew a bed of unsightly weeds,
and I thought it was a picture of how
large a proportion of the world's re-
sources are taken up by sin and its con-
sequences, while righteousness and
purity and godliness are too often
driven to extremity. Thank God, that
like the brave little fern they can exist
in the most trying and apparently un-
congenial circumstances.

But by degrees my thoughts became
confused, and then faded into dreams,
and a change came over the scene.
The wind had sunk to rest, the waters
of the bay were rippling beneath a clear
blue sky and reflecting back its color,
while the setting sun threw across it a
broad path of golden glory more bril-
liant than anything I had ever seen be-
fore.

I was wondering at the change in
everything, when I seemed to hear a
voice near me, and I became conscious
that I was no longer alone. I turned
to see who was the intruder and I saw
standing by my side a venerable looking
old man.

"You are a stranger," he remarked.
"Can I give you any information or
help you in any way?"

I thanked him for his courtesy and
said I was trying to account for the
sudden change which seemed to have
taken place.

He said, "I see no change in the
aspect of things, which has been the
same for some time now. It used to
be different, so very different in every
way, but the story of the change would
be too long and would tax the patience
of the listener too severely."

I assured him of my willingness to
hear anything which could clear up the
mystery of this wondrous change.

He went on: I think you must have
been sleeping for some time, since no
alteration has taken place in the scene
before us for a considerable period.
What is the present date, do you think?
I named it, and he said, "I thought
so; you have been sleeping, and many
changes have taken place in the mean-
while. Can you remember what was
the condition of the world before you
fell asleep? and then I can tell how
far I must go back in the history of the
world, so that you can better under-
stand."

"Well, socially, the condition of hu-
manity varied, from the man with his
million to the poor beggar dying of
starvation for need of bread; but
people were fast waking up to the utter
injustice of this state of things and the
hearts and purses of those who had
means were being opened wider every
year to alleviate the sufferings of those
who were in want. The subject of
'Capital vs. Labor' was being con-
sidered seriously, and those who were
desirous of seeing the world grow
better were able to draw a long breath
of hope sometimes. Arbitration was
taking the place of war in Christian
lands, and though immense armies
were kept up by the nations, they
seemed to be more defensive than of-
fensive. Looked at from a political
point of view, things were not very
hopeful. Party spirit seemed to be the
controlling power, but some matters of
great moment were demanding just
consideration and some wrongs were
crying aloud for redress, and those
who were really interested in the wel-
fare of their less favored fellows were
working with more or less zeal and
earnestness to remedy the evils then in
existence. Scientific research, discov-
ery and invention had attained a
phenomenal growth, and education

Like a Miracle
Consumption—Low Condition

Wonderful Results From Taking
Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Miss Hannah Wyatt
Toronto, Ont.

"Four years ago while in the old
(England), my daughter Hannah was se-
ized from the hospital, in a very low condition
with consumption of the lungs and bowels, and
weak action of the heart. The trip across the
water to this country seemed to make her feel
better for a while. Then she began to get
worse, and for 14 weeks she was unable to get
off the bed. She grew worse for five months and
lost the use of her limbs and lower part of body,
and if she sat up in bed had to be propped
up with pillows. Physicians

Said She Was Past All Help
and wanted me to send her to 'Home for
Incurables.' But I said as long as I could hold
my hand up she should not go. We then began

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is getting
strong, walks around, is out doors every day;
has no trouble with her throat and no cough,
and her heart seems to be all right again. She
has a first class appetite. We regard her cure
as nothing short of a miracle." W. W. Warr, 22
Marion Street, Parkdale, Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and
perfectly harmless. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

was becoming a matter of more impor-
tance day by day.

"The religious world was waking up
by degrees to its responsibilities and
privileges, and those who had imbibed
most deeply the Spirit of Christ were
becoming more and more in earnest
in extending the knowledge of His love
over the world: One thing that was
calling forth some attention was the
subject of union among Christians.
Division had slowly crept in and had
impaired the power and usefulness of
God's people. Earnest-minded men
and women were at work striving to
remedy this evil and to bring about the
state of oneness for which the Head of
the church had prayed."

"Had you any definite hope before
your minds in all your reform move-
ments at that time?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I think all had some ob-
ject in view, and some hope to keep up
their courage. Some thought that the
work of the church was to lead the
world to the Saviour and make it ready
for Him at His coming. Others
worked with just as much earnestness
to lead souls to Christ for salvation,
but were looking for Him to come in
person as the only means by which a
proper adjustment and harmonizing of
forces could be brought about."

I had become conscious while I had
been speaking of a fragrance in the air,
and looking around to find out the
cause, I was astonished to find that the
bed of unsightly weeds had disappeared
and in their place was blooming a
mass of the loveliest flowers, more
beautiful in form, color and perfume
than anything I had ever seen, while
the frail little fern had sprung up into
strength and beauty, possible only in
dreams. My surprise was increased
when I found that as far as my eye
could reach every weed had disap-
peared and something rare and unex-
pected had taken their place. While I
was drinking in the beauty and frag-
rance all around me, my astonishment
and delight were increased, when from
some trees near by suddenly came
such a strain of bird music as surely was
never heard since the Garden of Eden
was closed on sinful man. And when
that only proved a prelude to a perfect
chorus from all the feathered songsters
within hearing, my heart was too full
for speech.
J. E. L.

(To be continued.)