

With the Poets.

The Wish.
Well, then I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all sweets the soonest cloy.
And they methinks deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd and buzz and murmurings
Of this great hive the city.

Ah! Yet ere I descend unto the grave,
May I a small house and large garden
have;
And a few friends and many books,
both true
Both wise and both delightful too.
And, since love ne'er will from me
fly,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved, and loving me.

How happy here should I
And one dear she live and embracing
die.
She who is all the world and can ex-
clude
In desert's solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

—A. Cowley.

Telling the Child a Story.
At tea time in the ruddy light—
Crysanthemums were in their glory—
My baby came to say good-night,
And beg for just "one little story."

I told her how a girl like her
Came long ago, somewhere or other,
And brought her doll and made a stir,
And begged a story from her mother.

Who, tired and listless, also crossed
The little story-begging beauty
With news of how another gossied
Her in some story-telling duty.

Still backward was the tale referred
To weary her, but when I ended,
As if I had not said a word,
With looks half pleading, half
offended,

She clasped my neck—her childish
trust
Had made the hardest heart com-
pliant—

"A little one," she said, "please—just
About a fairy and a giant."

I kissed her close, and off I went,
"Once on a time," low, slow and
steady;
She heaved a sigh of sweet content;
My darling was asleep already.

The Security of Desolation.
He who hath seen his grainfields gather
blight
Heeds not the withering of the
garden flowers;
He grieves not at the day's withdraw-
ing light
Who in a dungeon numbers his dim
hours;
He feareth not the storm upon his
head,
Whose garments with the rough salt
wave are soaked,
And he whose fire within his house is
dead,
Into the outer air will go unclad!
So he whose life some weak, loved
hand has taken,
Flies not the shaft of banded myr-
midon,
Nor trembles when his citadel is
shaken;
Foretasting all, he hath no more to
shun;
The Night, the Cold, the Dearth, the
Wound Obscure,
That men call Death, unmoved he
shall endure!

—Edith M. Thomas.

The Brook.
I looked in the brook and saw a face;
Heigh-ho, but a child was I!
There were rushes and willows in that
place,
And they clutched at the brook as
the brook ran by;
And the brook it ran its own sweet
way,
As a child doth run in heedless play,
And as it ran I heard it say:
"Hasten with me
To the roistering sea
That is wroth with the flame of the
morning sky!"

I look in the brook and see a face;
Heigh-ho, but the years go by!
The rushes are dead in the old time
place,
And the willows I knew when a
child was I;
And the brook it seemeth to me to say,
As ever it stealeth on its way,
Solemnly now, and not in play:
"Oh, come with me
To the slumberous sea
That is gray with the peace of the
evening sky!"

Heigh-ho, but the years go by—
I would to God that a child were I!
—Eugene Field.

The plebiscite prohibition convention
for West Haldimand will be held at
Dunnville on Monday, Nov. 13, at 2
o'clock, in the Methodist Church. A
public meeting will be held in the
evening. Rev. T. Albert Moore is the
convenor.

If you are weak, touch not the cup
for your own sake. If you are strong,
let it alone for the sake of others.

How Prohibition Succeeds.

To the Editor:

Sir,—As you ask for facts in relation
to prohibition I send you the following
taken from reports of evidence given
before the Royal Commission:

Prohibition in Maine.

The almost universal testimony in
regard to prohibition in Maine has
been that the prohibitory law has been
beneficial to the State, especially in the
towns and country parts. In the
cities the benefit of the law is in pro-
portion to the efficiency of its enforce-
ment. Outside of hotels and druggists
90 per cent. of the offenders against
the prohibitory law are foreigners. The
number convicted for drunkenness in the
city of Portland in 1888 was 714;
in 1892 it was 314—400 less.

The Maine law is as well enforced
as any other law. There are no slums
in Portland, such as are seen in
licensed cities. There is not a single
place where a man can step up to a
counter, put down his money, and
have a bottle and a glass set down be-
fore him. The law allows liquor to be
brought into the State for private con-
sumption only. The prohibitory law
has greatly lessened crime. Jails in
country districts are frequently empty.
The pastor of a church in Portland of
500 families has never been called into
a single family in consequence of
drink. There is a great improvement
in the way rents are paid as compared
with the times when license was in
force. Arrests for drunkenness have
been falling off for several years. Pro-
hibition works to the advantage of the
laboring class. Men who do not get
liquor can be depended on. Under
prohibition business has improved,
property has increased in value, poverty
and crime has decreased, congregating
in grog shops is prevented, liquor-sell-
ing has been driven into disreputable
quarters, the consumption of liquor is
not one-twentieth of what it was under
license, wines are used in but few social
circles, and distilleries and breweries
have ceased to exist.

In Maine there are 57 villages and
towns in which there is not an alms-
house nor a pauper.

In Deering a glass of liquor cannot
be bought for any money. In Portland
an avowed opponent of prohibition
cannot be elected to office.

Prohibition in Kansas.

In Kansas the facts prove that,
wherever enforced, prohibition has
accomplished more than was expected
of it. The Montreal Witness says
even those hostile to prohibition admit
that the law is effective when enforced.
The court record shows that the popu-
lation is remarkable for order and
absence of crime. Crimes of violence
are rare. Jails in many places are
entirely empty. There is no open
agitation for repeal of the law. In
Topeka, the State capital, during a
violent political dispute, when the
streets were filled with excited men
from all over the State, there was not
a single case of assault, or a single
crime. This can be accounted for
only by the absence of liquor.

A Kansas judge says that probi-
tion kills the goose which lays the
golden eggs for police courts. The
mayor and two ex-mayors of Ottawa,
Kansas, were made converts to probi-
tion by the good results of the law.
In 1892 the State of Kansas used only
2,650 barrels of beer to 3,888,364 used
in Illinois.

Topeka, with a population of 40-
000, has no saloons. The sale is
absolutely stopped in all the rural
parts. Judge Benson, of Kansas, has
had but two liquor cases in a month.
Kansas has but one penitentiary. Ot-
tawa, Kansas, with a population of
3,000, has but one day and one night
watchman. Prohibition was carried in
Kansas in 1881, by a majority of
8,000. In ten years the number of
convicts was reduced 60 per cent.
Prohibition has almost stamped out
crime.

Prohibition in Iowa.

In Iowa the prohibitory law has re-
sulted in much good. In country
places the law is as well enforced as
any other. The sentiment in its favor
is strong and growing. In Council
Bluffs, Iowa, the breweries have been
closed.

Prohibition in Dakota.

Prohibition has almost wiped out
drunkenness. No one in Dakota has
been made poorer by prohibition, but
saloon-keepers, brewers, and distillers.
Three years of prohibition have started
a host of young men on a sober and in-
dustrious career.

Prohibition in Vermont.

Ex-Governor Page says the manner
which the prohibitory law is being en-
forced in Vermont is fast making the
liquor traffic unprofitable, and five years
more of such enforcement will practi-
cally stop it in smaller towns and
greatly diminish it in the larger. The
above facts prove that prohibition suc-
ceeds.

JOSEPH DEACON.

Leamington, Ont.

Bishop Baldwin in Evidence.
An Antidote to Canon Duncanson, of
Toronto.

I don't wish to speak about men,
but about the traffic. For what is it
good? It is good to separate husband
from wife, and wife from husband; it
is good to separate fathers from chil-
dren, and children from fathers; it is
good for the jail; it is good for the
gallows; it is good for the evil power
of darkness; it is good for Satan; it is
good for hell.—Bishop Baldwin.

Quiet Moments.

The Beauty of Death.

If there is one thing especially of
which many people cannot possibly be-
lieve, that under any circumstances it
should seem beautiful, I suppose it
must be death. That must always be
deadly. Men seldom see any misery
in life so great as to outweigh the misery
of leaving it. But yet it comes to all
of us that he who made death made it,
like all things else, to be beautiful in
his time. When a life has lived its
days out in happiness, grown old with
constantly accumulating joys, and
then, at last, before decay has touched
it, or the ground grows soft under its
feet, the door opens, and it enters into
the youth of eternity; when a young
man has tried his powers here, and
dedicated them to God, and then is
called to the full use of their perfected
strength in the very presence of the God
whom he has loved; when a man has
lived for his brethren, and the time
comes that his life cannot help them
any longer, but his death can put life
into dead truths, and send enthusiasm
into fainting hearts; when death comes
as a rest to a man who is tired with a
long fight, or as victory to a man who
leaves his enemies baffled behind him
on the shore of time—in all these
times is not death beautiful? "Nothing
in all his life became this man like
leaving it," they said of one who died.
—[Phillips Brooks.

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Power in the Few.

Was the sermon of last Sunday a
bore, and were you heartily glad when
the closing word was uttered? In all
probability you were mentally lazy and
did not attempt to co-operate with the
hard-working pastor. You did not try
to comprehend his line of argument.
While sitting in all propriety in your
pew you gave your mind a vacation and
it went off visiting.

Poor preaching may in many in-
stances be accounted for by poor listen-
ing. Often the speaker is, from the
start, doomed to failure. Business or
pleasure have pre-empted the thoughts
of his auditors, and the most herculean
efforts cannot arouse attention to the
theme in hand.

A merchant one day confessed that
he took advantage of the quiet in the
house of worship to think out his plans
for the coming week. What inspira-
tion is there in closed eyelids and
stolid countenances? Many a person
would be dreadfully surprised to have
his picture taken in service time and
see how woefully stupid he looked. Ap-
pearances tell a truthful story. Dull
faces are the indices of dull minds.

Great triumphs of pulpit oratory
have always been made possible by
responsive audiences. Even Bishop
Simpson could not rise above the
limitations of place and people. Dur-
bin and Maitiff and Summerfield tell
the atmosphere in which they spoke.
Expectant and enthusiastic throngs
furnished the wings by which they
mounted. Gabriel himself would be
shorn of strength before some congre-
gations.

There is an opportunity for the ex-
ercise of powerful helpfulness in the pub-
lic religious services of the churches.
The young people can add immensely
to the potency of sermons. Whole-
souled listening will prove a mighty
encouragement to the preacher. To
feel that the eyes of many intelligent
young men and women are on him will
arouse all the latent energy there is in
him. From the necessity of the case if
he has any message in his soul for the
people it will come out under such
conditions.—[Rev. Willis P. Odell,
A.M.

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Bible Orthodoxy.

It is true that eminent but somewhat
eccentric men in the future, as in the
past, will talk of the worn-out creeds of
Christianism as an of an evolution in
theology as in all things else. But these
men seem strangely unimpressed of the
great truth, now more and more recog-
nized, that Bible orthodoxy has had a
defender more than human, and also
that there are certain immutable ele-
ments in it, as there are in art and
nature, which never will change or out-
grow the passions and loves of the
human soul. Are the productions of
Michael Angelo, Raphael, Mozart and
Beethoven outgrown? Are the beauty
of a sunset, the sublimity of a midnight
heaven, the dazzle of lightning playing
across the sky, the repose and beauty
of a lily clad in raiment surpassing that
of any past or future Solomon in all
his glory, outgrown? or will they be,
though society should exist in a state
of constant progress for 10,000 years?

Thus, also, with Bible orthodoxy.
The minds of men may, for a time, be
unsettled by certain attempted make-
shifts, and the primitive evangelical
faith may pause a little during its
sublime advance, but not because the
end of its journey is reached. This
ancient faith stands not in the breath
of a given generation, but it moves on,
independent of accidents, incidents or
anything historical or fanciful. Judged,
historically, it will be one of the last
witnesses of the consummation of
human history. What is needed to-day
is not a re-orientation of Bible orthodoxy,
but churches and men who will live up
to it as it was originally announced,
without any resentment or modifica-
tion at all. Give us enough of such
churches and such men and the day of
earth's redemption would not be far
off. What homes there would be in our
land, and what a land ours would be if
Christianity, as Christ gave it to the

world, were enthroned in all hearts and
in all homes.—[Rev. Luther T. Town-
send, D.D.

Gems of Thought.

Woman is not undeveloped man, but
something better.—[J. M. Barrie.

The journey of high honor lies not
in smooth ways.—[Sir Philip Sidney.

Bigotry is a kind of rheumatism,
which twists a man's soul into all sorts
of deformities.—[Henry Simon.

We hear of the mission and rights of
women as if these could ever be sepa-
rate from the mission and the rights of
man.—[Ruskin.

Man is a son of God on whom the
devil has laid his hand, not a child of
the devil whom God is trying to steal.
—[Phillips Brooks.

The best thing to take people out of
their own worries is to go to work and
find out how other folks' worries are
getting on.—[Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Take good care of disagreeable
duties. Attend to these first. Never
select the things that you want to do,
and shirk upon others the things that
you do not want to do. Wherever you
are, choose the disagreeable things.
You will get your pay in your man-
hood. You cannot grow in any other
way so fast. You may be willing to put
on your work that he ought to do, you
may feel that there is injustice in it, but
you cannot afford to be unfaithful be-
cause somebody else is.—[H. W.
Beecher.

The Lost Hat.

Do you see the bareheaded man?
Yes; I see the bareheaded man.
Is not that his hat that the wind is
carrying down the street?

Yes; it is his hat.
Why does he not go after his hat?
Because he is a wise man and knows
that there are two good reasons why he
should not.

What is the first reason?
It would make him appear ridiculous
and people would stop and laugh at him.

Do people always laugh when they
see a man chasing his hat?

Always.

Is it not better to let them laugh than
it is to lose the hat?

But he will not lose the hat.

Why not?

Because someone else will chase it.
Does that always happen?

Always.

Does not that make the other man
appear ridiculous?

It does.

Why does he do it?

It is human nature.

A wise man, then, can retain his
dignity and get his hat?

He can.

Is that a proof of wisdom, then?

Comparatively only. He is not so
big a fool as those who would laugh at him.

Virtue of a Cheerful Spirit.

What the world needs among other
things is more of those people who
possess the invaluable charm of a
happy disposition. Who doesn't enjoy
coming in contact with such persons?
They carry a radiance of soul with
them that seems to affect the very
atmosphere. Their tastes, habits,
views and opinions may differ from our
own in every way, and yet we are un-
avoidably drawn towards them and
fascinated by them.

They possess such pleasantness of
disposition, such sweetness of temper,
such a gentleness of spirit, that they
become endeared to you while you
may differ with them. Some are at
great advantage in the very outburst
of having as a natural gift this sweetness
of soul. And surely this is a most
desirable gift, a great gift to any man
in which he moves. All appreciate the
presence of a sunny temper, a happy
spirit and a frank, candid manner.

A prominent merchant recently said
to the writer that no qualities were more
desirable on the part of himself or
employees, especially during business
hours, than these qualities. And his is
a pleasant place to go, though you have
no shopping to do. As an illustration
of the practical value of a cheerful
spirit, a large retail merchant when
settling with his clerks for the last
week's service in the year gave one of
them an extra \$20, saying in explana-
tion "I pay you the regular amount for
your week's work, but the \$20 is for
your cheerful spirit and smiling coun-
tenance maintained through the year."

This one quality of soul alone would
wonderfully transform this world if it
could be prevalent generally; life would
be by far more enjoyable, and even its
crush-burdens would seem to grow
lighter. Surely the man who goes to
his daily task with a light heart and
cheerful spirit, singing on his way,
has music all the day long by which to
march, and he can work more hours
and reach better results than are pos-
sible otherwise.

But there are many who are not built
on this plan. Cheerfulness seems to have
been entirely left out of the compound
of their being. It is exceedingly diffi-
cult for these people to be pleasant,
exercising a winsome spirit, but easy
enough to be gloomy, morose and sour.
However, the most unfortunate in this
regard may do much toward the culti-
vation of this very desirable grace.

From drinking and swearing and every
sin
You are safe and secure if you never
begin.

Young People.

The following two parlor games can
be easily engaged in:

The Hidden Key.

The rules of the game are but two:
First, the article, or a large part of it,
must remain in plain sight; and second,
the players, as they catch sight of the
key, must on no account touch it, or
utter an exclamation, but look as un-
concerned as possible, and sit down,
that being the signal of success. But
now a young lady has taken the key
in charge to dispose of, while the rest
of the company wait in another room.
Soon comes the signal to return, and
an eager throng press round the room,
some using their eyes in a way that
means business, while others with a
vague recollection of similar games in
their minds persist in peering under
rugs and shaking cushions and tidies
with a severely suspicious air. Long
the search goes on, but at last, just
as the opinion is becoming general that
the key must be bewitched, there comes
a curious sound, somewhat
resembling the setting off of a bunch
of firecrackers under a wet barrel, and
the startled company perceive that one
of their number is sitting bolt upright
in an easy chair, making preternatural
efforts to look solemn. Now the rest
are on their mettle, and the next five
minutes see all the players seated save
one unlucky wight, who finally declares
that the convulsed group are in a con-
spiracy against him. Then the young
lady who is responsible for his trouble
comes gravely up and kneels down in
front of him, and there, gleaming in
the coils of her golden hair, he sees
the missing key, transformed for the
nonce into a hair ornament! As may
be guessed from this illustration, the
secret of success lies in choosing a
background which shall as nearly as
possible resemble the color of the
article to be searched for.

Number two can hardly be called a
game, but it is a highly entertaining
way of spending an evening and it is
at the same time quite an aid to
memory and to the practice of con-
nected thought, instead of vague and
wandering "wool-gathering." Our
name for it is:

A Penny for Your Thoughts.

The players are provided with pen-
cils and sheets of paper, and the
leader, after telling the limit of time al-
lowed—usually ten minutes—an-
nounces a word, which each proceeds
to inscribe at the top of their paper as
a starting point. Then, in perfect
silence, each writes down in a column
under this word a series of others sug-
gested by it; that is, the second is to
be suggested by the first, and the third
by the second, and so on, thus follow-
ing out a definite train of thought. At
the end of the allotted time the papers
are handed in to the leader, who reads
them aloud, and much merriment is
the result, particularly if guesses as to
the authorship be requested.

That it is possible for two people to
start at the word "Boston" and land,
the one in "Armenia," and the other in
"Russia," may be seen from the sub-
joined examples:

Boston	Beans
Culture	Pork
Joseph Cook	Chicago
Evolution	Diverces
Darwin	"Origin of Species"
Monkey	The American People
Africa	Equality
Egypt	Democracy
Emmeline Pankhurst	Aristocracy
Stanley	A fine lady
Gordon	A pug dog
Heroism	Luxury
Arctic Expeditions	Travel
Whales	The Eiffel Tower
Whalebone	Paris
Dressmaker	The French Revolution
Dress	The guillotine
Guy	Mario Antonette
School	Napoleon Bonaparte
Teacher	St. Helena
Cane	Exile
Tree	Siberia
Forest	Czar of Russia
Jungle	Assassination
Tiger	Abraham Lincoln
Africa	The Union
Gold fields	Stars and Stripes
Livingston	Flag
The Congo	War
River	Soldier
Water	Army
Ice	March
Snow	Battle
The Alps	Hospital
Mountains	Nurse
Ararat	Florence Nightingale
Noah's Ark	The Crimea
Armenia	Russia.

Loving Brothers and Sisters.

One of the saddest declarations ever
made was that of a man who had lived
a stormy domestic life on account of the
claims of property.

"Don't talk to me about the love of
brothers and sisters!" he said, bitterly.
"At heart they always hate each other."

The evidence of history gives the lie
to this saddening conclusion. Among
the most beautiful souls we know there
has been the strongest and most last-
ing fraternal attachment.

The beautiful Margaret of Navarre
was devoted to her brother, Francis I.
When he was apparently dying at
Madrid, she found her way to him
through privation and danger, and suc-
ceeded in effecting his deliverance.
When he was ill at a distance from her,
she went every day and sat down on a
stone in the middle of the road to catch
the first glimpse of a messenger afar off.
And she said:

"Ah! whoever shall come to an-
nounce the recovery of the king, my
brother, though he be tired, jaded,
soiled, disheveled, I will kiss him and

embrace him as though he were the
finest gentleman in the kingdom."

When he died she seemed literally
heart-broken, and she did not long sur-
vive him.

Sir William and Caroline Herschel
seemed to have but a single thought in
their common occupation of studying
the stars. One swept the heavens with
the telescope, and the other patiently
noted down the results. Together they
reached old age, always interested in
the same pursuit, and always devotedly
attached to each other.

Goethe was always the loving friend
and partisan of his sister Cornelia.
"I was again drawn toward home,"
he writes, concerning one of his fre-
quent excursions, "and that by a
magnet which attracted me strongly at
all times. It was my sister."

To approach our own time and
tongue more nearly is to find Dorothy
Wordsworth, who lived in her brother's
ambitions and desires. Byron found
his good angel in his sister Augusta.
Charles Lamb and Mary were friends
true and tried, and the poet Whittier
lived, loved and worked in the de-
lightful companionship of his sister,
of whom he said after her death that "the
sad measure of his love for her was the
vacancy left by her departure."

Just for Fun.

Every dog has its time, especially
the watch-dog.

+++
A woman doesn't have to be very
bold to hold up a train.

+++
Actions speak louder than words.
They have to in order to be heard
above the boasting.

+++
Take care of the pennies and some
one will come along and ask you to put
the dollars into a scheme.

+++
"Why does Snagsby keep his hair
cut so short?"
"Because he's getting bald, and he
won't have it long."

+++
"Ah," said the professor, feeling the
boy's head, "persevere, my son; there's
room at the top." Then he wondered
what the parents were mad about.

+++
Neighbor—Have you had any vaca-
tion this year?
Wife—No; but my husband went
away early in the summer for a week
or two.

+++
"It is bad luck to give a pointed
present, isn't it?"
"Yes—cuts love, they say. I've
even known the point of a joke to make
trouble."

+++
"You say Tom is going to marry
you, Miss Capset? Why, he never
told me so."
"Probably not. He doesn't know it
himself yet."

+++
"Is the 9:48 train delayed?"
"Yes, he's about fifteen minutes late."
"Why do you call a train 'he'?"
"Cause this train is a he. It's a
fast male train, mister."

+++
"It makes me tired to see that wheel
go round," said Lazy Lumpkin to his
friend.

+++
"If it wasn't tired it wouldn't go
round," answered the friend.

+++
"I have enough to support you,
Ethel. Will you be my wife?"
"Well, Charlie, you must excuse me
if I am cautious. But you say you have
enough to support me. Who is going
to support you?"

+++
Out in Washington they have smart
bears. One story-teller tells us of a
bear which stood down by a waterfall
and caught fish and threw them up the