

THE LEAST OF THESE.

She had little of earthly beauty;
She had less of earthly lore;
She climbed by a path so narrow,
Such wearisome burdens bore!
And she came with heart a-tremble
To the warder at heaven's door.

And said, "There were hearts of heroes;"
She said, "There were hands of might;
I had only my little children,
That called to me day and night;
I could only soothe their sorrows,
Their childish hearts make light."

And she bowed her head in silence;
She hid her face in shame;
Went out from a blaze of glory,
A form majestic came;
And, sweeter than all heaven's music,
Lo, some one called her name!

"Dear heart, that have self forgotten,
That never its own has sought,
Who keepeth the weak from falling
To the king hath jewels brought,
Lo, what thou hast done for the children,
For the Lord himself has wrought!"
—Woman's Journal.

A Narrow Escape In the Alps.

A peculiar incident of mountain travel is recorded in the "Life of Nicholas Ferrar." He was riding on muleback over some narrow and dangerous passages of the Alps, his guide being a little way before him. Enraptured in thought, Ferrar was paying little attention to the way when he was suddenly recalled to himself by an exclamation from his guide.

At the narrowest and steepest part of the path—a lofty wall on one side and a precipice on the other—a donkey laden with a large piece of timber came rushing from the side of the mountain, turned into the narrow road and bore down upon Ferrar.

The guide had heard the noise, and at once realized his patron's danger.

"Oh, Lord!" he cried. "The man is lost if he had a hundred lives!"

And truly there seemed to be no escape. The donkey was loaded with the timber athwart its back, so that it would be impossible for it to pass Ferrar and his mule without pushing them over the precipice.

As the donkey plunged down the narrow path, however, it stumbled just in front of Ferrar and fell to its knees. The sudden check swung the timber round so that Ferrar was lightly brushed by it, and in one moment the danger was passed.

Ferrar fell on his face, thanking God for his miraculous preservation. The guide and the owner of the donkey—which had broken away while being loaded—stood crossing themselves and crying, "Miracolo."

Where the Bangle Has Gone.

It has been noticed by observant young men in Brooklyn society circles that the tinkle of the bangles on young women's bracelets is not so pronounced as formerly. It has probably not occurred to these young men to inquire why the so-called fickle sex does not choose to accompany her steps with the jingle of the bangle. If he has come to years of discretion, he has ceased to ask foolish questions.

The question naturally arises, Where are the bangles? I came unexpectedly a few days ago on a partial answer to this question. In making a purchase in one of the big Fulton street dry goods stores I received as part of the change for a greenback a dime. As the salesgirl pushed over the money to me the dime was apparently perfect, but on boarding a trolley car and presenting the dime to the conductor I discovered that the obverse had been smoothed off and on it was engraved the legend: "Grace. Keep this forever. Ned." The tiny hole where Grace had worn the coin had been plugged.

I haven't been able to "pass" the coin,

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and it has been adopted as a pocket piece
—New York Herald.

Short Periods of Mourning.

Few of those acquainted with life in the old world will be disposed to question the claims of the Duchess of Devonshire to be one of the principal leaders of English society. Yet she did not hesitate to entertain large and jolly house parties in the country for the shooting within six weeks after the death of her son, the Duke of Manchester, while the fair young Duchess of Sutherland was taking part in private theatricals in London before the end of the third month after the demise of her father-in-law, the late duke. Ten or 20 years ago Mayfair would have held up its hands in horror at the bare idea of such apparent callousness and lack of proper feeling. Today, however, the matter attracts little or no attention, and any real display of grief would be regarded in the great world of London as either due to eccentricity or else to affectation.—New York Tribune.

Drink In Rural England.

There is a sort of temptation which some people seem to think exists only in cities—the temptation of drunkenness. Such people are the victims of an extraordinary delusion. In nine villages out of ten that is the only sort of amusement which the majority of the inhabitants have. Their one notion of enjoyment is to get drunk. It is not their fault. It is the only description of entertainment which offers. There must be many villages in which every inhabitant at some period or other of his life was a habitual drunkard—that is, he got drunk whenever he got the chance. Of what city in the world could you say that?—All the Year Round.

The Cook Has Rights.

An English court has decided that a cook—male or female—is not bound to give an employer notice before leaving, nor on the other hand is the employer required to notify the cook before discharging her. The reason given is that if the cook were forced to remain against her will she might revenge herself on the members of the family, or, in case of a club, upon her employers' patrons.—Exchange.



MAYORALTY.

TO THE VOTERS OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA:

Ladies and Gentlemen—I beg to announce myself a candidate for the office of Mayor for the ensuing year, and most respectfully solicit your votes and interest, I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
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