

his companion, "That's the kind of man I have made a life study of,—one who is above music, literature, art, or any other muse. A man who is completely absorbed in his love for home, children, and occupation—he cares nothing for what is going on in the outside world, or for the frivolities of fashionable life." By this time the old farmer was at the end of his furrow, near the snake fence, and turning, said, "Mister Vatson, don't you tink it vood be a goot idea to haf a prass pand in Doon, and a public library, vere ve coot have gconcerts, and teach art." So appearances are not everything.

Strange metaphors, and even mistakes are sometimes made by gifted men unused to speaking. A few months ago a noted artist lectured on a trip through the Rockies, and illustrated his lectures with stereopticon views. In pointing to the foot hills of Mount Stephen, he remarked, "This is a very funny specimen of a mountain with a most peculiar hump seven thousand feet high, and there are very few of these lying around loose anywhere. The debris you observe in the

valley, of huge broken limbs and Douglas Pine, is caused by the wind more than the snow, which blows a hurricane down the gulches and pulls pine trees, rocks and snow up by the roots or anything else it can lay its hands on. This information, ladies and gentlemen, was given to me by one of the trappers, so I cannot vouch for its truth, as I have never been in the Rocky Mountains when the avalanches have been carrying on their 'peculiar antics.'" "The whole range of mountains is filled with lakes; the lakes are filled with islands, and the islands are full of fish."

"PEN" PROVERBS.

Witty pens feed many mouths.
Flattering pens work ruin.
Angry pens are not reliable.
Brilliant pens crown men with honor.
Bitter pens kindle strife.
Some men make more money out of pig pens than others from quill pens.
Diligent pens never thirst.
Bad pens cause unrighteousness.
A good pen maketh a cheerful editor.—
J. A. R.

MY HOPE LAY THERE.

A thought that had no language and no tongue,
A song so sad that it could ne'er be sung,
A wish that had no utterance or end
From out my soul in agony were wrung.

Upon my heart I traced a picture fair,
Blessed it with every grace and virtue rare,
Crowned it with love, and underneath it wrote
In characters of blood, "My hope lies there."

And as each golden noon to even turned,
A true love's incense I before it burned,
And sat long hours in contemplation lost
Before that shrine, and many a lesson learned.

And every sunlit day was doubly blessed,
And every clear, white night was full of rest;
The unborn years were glorious with hope
Of happiness as yet but half exprest.