



AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR



THE LAND OF BY-AND-BYE.

N. de Bertrand Lugrin.
God knows a land, a million miles
From here, a land of lovely plenty, where the May
Blossoms ever fair and sweet, and lilies
Sleep soft on golden lakes, the sum-
mer and never end. For there I sigh
Gods land, the lovely land of By-and-
bye.

God knows a land, a million years
away,
Where love is always young and where
Has no tomorrow. Where the cloudless
Smile down on happy lips and peaceful
And hearts that ache not. Ah! for thee
Gods land, the lovely land of By-and-
bye.

St. John gives us a description in Revelations of the heaven of his dreams, and it was not at all hard for us to understand his conception when we were learning our Bible lessons at Sunday school. To us no vision could be more beautiful than the one of golden streets and pearly gates and shining river of pure water. Then the angels themselves were very real to us, a great deal like the fairies, only bigger and lovelier, and we could imagine no happier existence than that of a being with broad soft wings to carry him everywhere, the same sort of wonderful being as that which watched over us by day, leading our little feet away from danger and standing before us, sad-faced and wistful, when our lips had uttered an angry word or our little hands had done mischief; and keeping watch over us by night, the mysterious long dark nights of our childhood. Of course it was easy to believe any story in those days told us by the "grownups," for all the world was such a beautiful mystery anyway. Just as we were sure the angels were about us, just as genuine were we that the elves and gnomes and fairies were in the woods, the caves and the flowers. We never saw any angels but sometimes we heard the rustling of their wings; and we were never quick enough to catch a glimpse of the fairies, but we have seen the lilies shaking after their hurried flight and the fern-fronds trembling, showing that they had just passed by. We said our prayers to God, never doubting that He was bending from Heaven to hear us, and we loved Santa Claus because his beneficent reality was evidenced by the good things at Christmas time. In our very secret hearts we believed Santa Claus and God to be the same person anyway.

But as we entered in years we lost in reality. Perhaps the rainbow is just as beautiful to us now that we know there is no golden cup at the end, and the flowers as fair since reason has proved to us that they are not the abiding-place of the fairies, and maybe Christmas is just as wonderful and glorious a time to us even if we cannot, lying awake, hear the tinkle of the bells on the reindeer sleigh. Of course we still say our prayers and we are sure that God helps us through them; this is all that most of us retain of our childhood's beliefs. We have grown very wise and we have learned to separate truth from fiction. We smile at our old idea of heaven; we think the brief three or four score years and ten is for us the beginning and end of everything, and we smile at the thought of Santa Claus and God being one; just as if the unselfish spirit of Christmas-time, like all other blessed and precious things, were not God-given and God-begotten, and just as if the magnificent energy and force of a personality could possibly end because the heart suddenly ceases to beat and the eyes are closed in the long sleep.

A great many of us are too happy to think about heaven at all; and if we were questioned, we would perhaps say that we get all our heaven here upon earth; we cannot understand a state of things any more perfect and lovely as for as we are concerned. Of course, we are aware that there is a great deal of suffering in the world but it hasn't come close enough to us to affect us, we say, indifferently enough, that it is brought about through the fault of the persons concerned, and anyway we believe that there are compensations for the very greatest sorrows. It is very, very easy to say these things and believe these things before we have known what real trouble is, but when grief comes to us the aspect of everything changes. We realize that, after all, suffering can come through no one's fault but simply consequent upon natural events, and we realize, too, that there are sorrows for which nothing in life can ever compensate us; then we begin to wonder about the worth of things, the justice of things, if we limit ourselves to the three or four score years and ten that make up the total of our days; then perhaps, if not till then, we begin to think of heaven, the heaven of our childhood, and try to reconcile it with our modernized ideas. When we know that life can never be the same to us again, never complete, having lost that which gave it its lovely contentment, then we think of God's By-and-bye when He shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. It is then that we know that our belief in heaven is not as necessary and just as natural as our belief in God's love for us.

As in this beautiful West may have a glimpse of that heaven if we so desire, for it is possible for every one of us to be as close to the Infinite as is the faithful with humanity, when all about us lies a world, unguessed and

unmarried just as it came from the hands of God, with all its virgin loveliness upon it. Standing alone beneath a starlit sky with the song of the sea in our ears and the salt of its spray upon our lips, have we not felt our very soul go out from us in an ecstasy that was unspeakable, until we knew that though abiding for a brief space in a body of flesh and blood, its real place was not there but out above and beyond, in the waves, in the wind, in the hills and in the stars? Little by little have we not seemed to rise above all that was limited and human, above all that had troubled and hurt us, until for one glorious, breathless moment we saw the world as it one day shall be, when the love of God triumphant, there shall be no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying; when there shall be no need of the sun by day nor the moon by night, for the glory of God shall lighten it and there shall be no night there? Then with the Psalmist, though great indeed may be our affliction, we have said:

"Then thought I to know this, but it was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end."

CLEOPATRA

We have seen that the last stand for independence made by Syria against the power of Rome was at the instance of Zenobia, and that in Britain Boadicea led the final struggle against these world-conquerors. When we turn to Egypt and regard its downfall as a nation, we find a woman the principal factor in the closing scenes of that tragedy, although her part can scarcely be called an honorable one by any stretch of the imagination. Cleopatra was born in 68 B. C. Her father was Ptolemy, one of the sixteen kings of that name who reigned over the Nile valley from 367 B. C. until the death of this queen. He left the kingdom to her and her brother, on the condition that they should marry each other, and when he died in 51 B. C., Cleopatra was seventeen years of age and her brother twelve. They married nominally, but her brother was ambitious to be sole ruler of Egypt, and when Cleopatra was twenty, he drove her into exile. She raised an army and sought to regain the throne, but met with little success until Julius Caesar, returning from conquest in Asia, saw her, and becoming enamored of her, lent her assistance. For a time it seemed doubtful if even the greatest of Roman generals would be able to make headway against Ptolemy, but success at length crowned his efforts, Ptolemy was slain in battle and Cleopatra became the recognized queen of Egypt. She spent a short time in putting the affairs of the country in order, and after marrying her younger brother, whom she placed upon the throne jointly with herself, she went to Rome with Caesar, under whose protection she lived until his assassination. She then returned to Egypt, and having disposed of her brother by poison, placed her son, Caesarion, on the throne. She encountered Antony under circumstances, which will be here later related, when she was thirty years of age, and they lived together three years, during which time twin sons were born to her. Antony then went back to Rome, where he married Octavia, sister of Octavianus, but six years later he set out on the conquest of Syria. Cleopatra aided him with men and supplies, and he returned to his personal allegiance to her, divorcing his wife. This led Octavianus to declare war against Cleopatra, which terminated in the sea fight at Actium, after which Cleopatra having vainly asked mercy from the conqueror, committed suicide under the false impression that Antony was dead. Whether she allowed herself to be stung by asp, or chose some other method of dying, is uncertain. After her death Egypt became a Roman province, and by the death of her son the famous family of Ptolemies became extinct. Cleopatra was in her thirty-ninth or possibly fortieth year when she died.

Apart from her extraordinary laxity of morals, in which respect she must not be judged by modern standards, Cleopatra was a wonderful woman. Her talents were brilliant, and her learning profound. It was said of her that she was able to converse with all ambassadors to the court of the Ptolemies in their own language, and Plutarch says that it is known that she spoke at least seven tongues fluently. She was versed in all the scholarship of her times, possessed a genius for administration and was a skilful commander of troops. No portraits of her have been preserved, but there is a coin upon which her profile is shown. It is not especially beautiful, according to modern ideas. Indeed Plutarch says that she was not exceptionally beautiful in feature, or as he puts it, not beautiful above all other women. Her figure was exquisite in its grace and proportions. But it was in neither of these qualities that her strength lay. She was fascinating to a marvelous degree; as the historian just quoted says, it was impossible for a man to resist the charm of her presence. She could be merry or sad, frivolous or wise, as best suited the mood of the person over whom she desired to gain ascendancy, and with her wonderful enchantment she combined a dignified

reserve, which compelled those, whom she sought to control, to strive earnestly for the slightest consideration at her hands. Her treatment of Antony illustrates this. This brilliant Roman was not a man accustomed to sue for favors. He had unbought wealth at his command; his power was practically limitless so far as might be necessary to carry out his wishes within the Roman Empire; he was a magnificent specimen of mankind; his conquests of arms and of personal influence seemed to be universal. To the most eminent men and the most beautiful women of Rome his word was law. Yet when he sought the river Cleopatra, came before him in order that he might reprove her for giving assistance to his enemies, she calmly ignored him, backed as he was by an army against which she could not hope to contend successfully, and sent word to him by his messengers that if he wished to see her, he must come where she was. Antony's pride was touched, and he refused to go, whereupon Cleopatra treated him with lofty indifference, but at the same time prepared to win him in her own way. Her plans for that purpose are fully described by Plutarch, from whose account the following summary is taken:

She received several letters from Antony and from his friends, to summon her, but she took no account of these orders; and at last, as if in mockery of them, she came sailing up the river Cydnus in a barge with a gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, white and of silver, beat time to the music of flutes and lutes and harps. She herself lay all along under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea Nymphs and Graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes, part following her, part on either bank part running out of the city to see the sight. The market place was quite empty and Antony was left alone sitting on the tribunal while the word went through all the multitude that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus for the common good of Asia. When Antony waited upon her to sup with her according to her desire, "on the day when we let down altogether a great number of branches with lights in them, so ingeniously disposed that the whole thing was a spectacle that has seldom been equalled for beauty." It is difficult to say what part this remarkable woman might not have played in history, if she had been guided more by her intellect and less by her passions. She lost her life and Egypt lost this independence for the love of Antony. She actively espoused his cause against Octavianus notwithstanding his protests. It is true that later she sought to move the conqueror by the arts and graces at her command, but the same triumphs she did not attend to, and she was left alone, and scorned the role of a suppliant. In many respects she was one of the most remarkable women of history. She was the very flower and consummation of Egyptian civilization. As has been suggested above, we may not with justice regard her conduct through Twentieth Century glasses. Her extraordinary career in one sense exhibits the source of Roman power. It was in the greatness of its men, and their wonderful superiority over the frailties of human nature. Of all the great leaders, with whom she came in contact, only Antony actually succumbed to her influence. To the great Julius she was only a toy; Octavianus could not be swayed by her from his stern purpose. And what was that purpose? It was to avenge the wrong done to his sister by Antony, who had forsaken her for the beautiful daughter of the Nile. The finale is like the closing scene of a great drama, and as this it has been recognized by many writers, but the loftiest efforts of literary genius and dramatic skill must ever fail to produce anything which can compare with the reality. The death scene, when Cleopatra dies from the serpent's bite, may be appalling in its intensity, but how shall we hope to depict the death of Egypt's glory?

SOME RECENT PUBLICATIONS.
We have before us a copy of "The History of Canada for use in Public Schools," by Maria Lawson, of this city. The work has already received notice in the columns of this paper, and the present reference to it is for the purpose of pointing out the value of the book for other than school purposes. We take special satisfaction in referring to it because Miss Lawson is the daughter of a gentleman who for many years was the honored editor of the Colonist.

Most Canadians know very little of the history of their country, and the reasons for this ignorance are many. Until a comparatively recent date no teacher thought it worth while to instruct Canadian children in the history of the Dominion, and perhaps the fact that there was no suitable compilation available for the purpose had as much to do with this omission as anything else. Very many of our people received the education elsewhere than in Canada, and it is yet too soon to hope that in other countries the history of British North America will form a part of the school curriculum. In this great and growing young country every one ought to know something about the events which have passed since, to quote our author, "the Cabots led the way across

the stormy waters of the North Atlantic." The history of the early days is full of romance. Francis Parkman has seized upon this aspect of the case better than any other writer, and in his several volumes has combined his literary facts with dramatic treatment in a style unrivalled, perhaps, by any other historian. But Parkman's works are large and more expensive than is desirable in a popular work. Moreover, not many people have time enough to read them through. They do not deal with the development of English Canada, and nor do they come down within the years of the British occupation of Acadia and Quebec. Of the heroic struggles and sacrifices of the United Empire Loyalists he has nothing to say. Miss Lawson, in her school history, has produced a book which is not only useful for school children, but is a valuable and handy book of reference for every one, and it really ought to have a place in every Canadian household.

From Miss Lawson's account of the Loyalist movement we quote a few extracts, which are interesting reading in these days when we all are talking empire. "In the years 1783 and 1784 about 30,000 Loyalists came to Canada. Of these about 20,000 settled in the old province of Acadia, along the St. John river, on the Atlantic coast, or in the Annapolis valley. Some went to Cape Breton, and a number to the Island of St. John (Prince Edward's Island). 10,000 more found their toilsome way, by various routes, along the streams of New York, or the old military road beside Lake Champlain to the shores of Lake Ontario, or the banks of the St. Lawrence. A few remained on the border of Canada, near New England, in what are now called the Eastern Townships. In Ontario, the Loyalists had at first to endure great hardships. To each family were given by the government, in addition to 200 acres of land, a cow and a plough, and to each man an axe and other tools. Provisions were supplied for three years. By that time it was thought that there would be sufficient land cleared to grow enough to keep the farmers and their families. What must have been the dismay of the poor settlers to find that the crop of the third year, 1787, had utterly failed. Beechnuts and butternuts were gathered and carefully hoarded to eke out the scanty supply of food. Ground nuts, "lamb-quarters," and all edible roots were utilized. The woods were scoured in the search for game, which fortunately was plentiful enough to keep the settlers from starving. During "the hungry year" many old and weak people and little children died. Few people, who travel through Ontario to well-appointed railway trains imagine that amid such difficulties and hardships as these the foundations of English-speaking Canada were laid. The above is not the only passage from Miss Lawson's book, but it will serve to indicate the graphic way in which she tells the story of days of adversity and prosperity.

"A History and Geography of British Columbia," for use in public schools, is a work in which Miss Lawson and Rosalind Watson Young, M. A. (Mrs. Young is wife of Dr. Young, provincial secretary) have collaborated. Miss Lawson deals with the historical part of the work, and Mrs. Young with the geography. It is well illustrated. Like Miss Lawson's history, it is a book which is useful to those who are out of school, for it gives in concise form information which we all feel the needs of, and have not time to hunt up for ourselves. Mrs. Young accepts the estimate of 400,000 square miles as approximately correct for the province, and she tells us that a British Columbian has a thousand times more room to move round in than an Englishman. Here is her comprehensive description of the province: "A parallelogram twice as long as it is wide and trending from northwest to southeast." She seems to possess the by no means common faculty of being able to take a bird's eye view of the country, which she is able to describe as a whole, and not as consisting of a number of isolated localities. It is somewhat interesting to recall that, as Mrs. Young is the first writer on the geography of this province to take it all in apparently at a glance, so another woman, Mrs. Somerville, was the first to be able to take a bird's eye view of the world, and make physical geography a possible study.

"The Thompson Country," by Mark S. Wade, M. D., is modestly described on the title page as "notes on the history of Southern British Columbia, and particularly of the City of Kamloops, formerly Fort Thompson." It is an admirable book of 128 pages, and it is printed in the ordinary type used in books would make over 200 pages. It is well illustrated. The author begins by telling us of the Indian tribes, and then passes on to deal with the "Coming of the White Man." Some readers may ask why the book should be called "The Thompson Country," and why the name is applied to the river, down which the Canadian Pacific comes to the Fraser valley. David Thompson was a Welshman, and a servant of the Northwest Company. As early as

1800 he had penetrated the Rocky mountains from the east, and in 1811 he reached the Columbia river. He set out down that stream determined to take possession of it, but when he reached the sea found that Mr. Astor had arrived in advance of him and had erected a fort at what is now Astoria. If he had been a little sooner the whole history of the Northwest coast would have been changed. It was in recognition of his pioneer work that southern British Columbia became known as "The Thompson Country," the more northern portion being known as New Caledonia. There is much useful and valuable information in this book and it deserves to be widely read.

THE STORY TELLER

They Were Hot Ones.
"He is in a high fever."
"What has he been eating?"
"His own words."

In His Line.
"She is going to marry a lighthouse keeper."
"How perfectly delightful. Then they can do light housekeeping."

A Hero's Death.
In speaking of the death of Prof. Maximilian Schuller, of the Berlin University, who died in that city last month, the Telegraph says: "For years Dr. Schuller devoted his time to the study of cancer. Hundreds of sufferers who were poor received treatment at his hands free, and he never wearied of helping those who were afflicted with the disease to the conquest of which he devoted his life. While experimenting with cultures in his laboratory he inoculated himself, and after lingering three months died of cancer of the stomach."—Toronto Mail.

Presence of Mind.
A man who runs a truck farm in Virginia tells of the sad predicament in which a negro named Sam Moore, who is in his employ, recently found himself. Sam had had considerable difficulty in evading the onslaugths of a dog from a neighboring farm. Finally the dog got him, as Sam kicked at him.

Sam's wife, hearing a tremendous yell, rushed to the rescue of her husband. When she came up the dog had fastened his teeth in the calf of Sam's leg and was holding on for dear life. While she was on the road Sam's wife was about to hurl him when Sam, with wonderful presence of mind, shouted: "Mandy! Mandy! Don't you! dat stone at de dawg! Frow it at me, Mandy!"—Youth's Companion.

Spelling by Ear.
The young French stenographer, whose progress in English had not kept pace with her proficiency in shorthand, was puzzling over some words she had taken at a recitation at a public entertainment.

As she transmitted them the recitation began like this: "I am a poor, wretched, swindler, Qui panju ou pelonne!"

"That's easy," said the expert to whom she submitted the notes. "It is part of a poem that begins: 'Laugh and the world laughs with you, Weep, and you weep alone.'—Chicago Tribune.

Prompt Reform.
Chairman Knapp, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, told in New York the other day a French railway story.

"A traffic manager," he said, "came to the president of the line and exclaimed disconsolately: 'We are having no end of trouble with the public, sir, about those old dark blue cars. They don't run, they bump so frightfully in comparison with the new light blue ones, which, of course, run very smooth.'"

"I'm sorry, George, but Mr. Specknoodle," George fairly yelled.

"I'm sorry, George, but I'm afraid it's no use. It sounds just like Specknoodle to me."—Everybody's Magazine.

"I dreamed last night that I proposed to you."
"Oh! What did you dream that I said?"

"I dreamed that you said no."
"I don't believe in dreams; do you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I see that an eminent physician declares that two hours of sleep before midnight are worth more than six after that hour."
"Two hours of sleep after you're called in the morning are worth more than anything else."—Philadelphia Press.

Hawker—I am going to take a vacation now for two weeks.
Walker—Is that so. Isn't it queer that your employer should let you go now, just at the busiest season of the year?

Hawker—O, well, they've got another man in my place. They told me I needn't come back.—Somerville Journal.

Seen There Before.
The Friend (to erratic motorist who has just history): "Well, better go straight on, I think. We must have been up that road before."
Erratic Motorist—What makes you think that?

The Friend—Those men up there. They look as if they're buying something.—Sketch.

Method.
"He occasionally says things that are wonderfully apropos," said one statesman.

"Yes," answered the other: "he's like our parrot at home. I don't know much, but what it does know it keeps repeating until some circumstance arises that makes the remark seem marvelously apt."—Washington Star.

Couldn't.
"Tell me the old, old story," she said.

"I can't," he replied. "I have made a vow never to repeat a mother-in-law joke."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Time Doesn't Work Many Chances.
In 1883—No, fellows, I can't go fishing with you today. Ma won't let me. In 1907—Say, fellows, I'd like ever so much to join you on your fishing excursion, but tomorrow morning Ma won't stand for it.—Detroit Free Press.

No Chance.
"He's a good talker."
"His deuce he is! Why, I didn't know he could talk at all!"

"Well, you were never with him when his wife wasn't along."

The Best Cash Register.
"But, sir," insisted the persistent agent, "I want to sell you the most wonderful cash register that was ever put on the market. It will keep account of what you take in, what you pay out, what you spend, how you spend it, and—"

"My dear man," interrupted Mr. Meeker, with a wan smile, "I already have a cash register that does all that."

"Indeed! And may I ask the name?"

"Yes; my wife."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Defined.
Knicker—What is the psychological moment?

Bocker—The one the other fellow always solves.—New York Sun.

A tale told by Mr. George Grosvenor adds a rare and wonderful instance to the long and eccentric list. His butler, who had been with him for nearly twenty years, went to him one day and said: "If you please, sir, I want to leave." Mr. Grosvenor was sorry, and asked the man his reason. "I would rather not say, sir," was the mysterious reply. "This was unfortunate," and Mr. Grosvenor pressed the question again. "Come," he said, "you have been with me for so long, and have never complained before. Surely almost have a right to know why you wish to leave. Your secrecy is unpleasant and I must really beg you to tell me your reason for leaving my service." The butler thought a moment, and then said: "Well, sir, as you insist, I must tell you. But I don't want to. (A pause.) The fact is, sir, I've been with you now close upon twenty years, and I'm sick of the sight of you and all your family!"

"Mother," said a college student who had brought his chum home for the holidays, "permit me to present my friend, Mr. Specknoodle."

His mother, who was a little hard of hearing, placed her hand to her ear. "I'm sorry, George, but I didn't quite catch your friend's name. You'll have to speak a little louder, I'm afraid."

"I say, mother," shouted George, "I want to present my friend, Mr. Specknoodle."

"I'm sorry, George, but Mr. Specknoodle," George fairly yelled.

"I'm sorry, George, but I'm afraid it's no use. It sounds just like Specknoodle to me."—Everybody's Magazine.

"I dreamed last night that I proposed to you."
"Oh! What did you dream that I said?"

CURRENT VERSE

Prodigals.
How strangely prodigal we are
How have we short a time to stay?
We start to die, but journey far
For help to pass our time away:
Because the moments drag we fret,
Yet dread the end which we hasten;
We view the past with keen regret,
And still the precious moments waste.

We sigh at night for day to dawn,
Though we may never, all our lives,
Bring back a moment that is gone,
Or keep an hour when it arrives;
Impatiently we watch and wait
For pleasures that shall briefly last,
And, having won them, add the great
Joy of their going to the past.

We sigh for mankind when the ways
Are strange and long, that stretch
Ahead,
And all regretting wasted days
When youth and youth's fond hopes
Are fled;
Yet even as we glad regret
For those glad seasons hurried
Through, we nurse impatience and we fret
For next year and for something new.

How strangely prodigal we are
Or keep an hour when it arrives;
We scheme and plan to journey far
To pass the time that quickly flies;
We dread the silent end we know
That each of us must find somewhere;
But great and small, and high and low,
Through all our days we hurry there.

—S. E. Kiser.

Summer Night.
Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the
white;
Now waves the cypress in the palace
walk;
Now while the gold-fin in the porphyry
font,
The fiery wakens, waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the earth all Danse to the
stars,
And all they heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and
leaves
A shining furrow as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So for yourself, my dearest, thou, and
slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

—Lord Tennyson.

Fines.
Oh, rose leaves, falling, floating,
So impatient to be free,
Have ye no sigh at leaving
Your guardian mother-tree?

Why all are quick to listen
When the careless breezes woo?
For dead-hued twilight cometh,
And must have its gone too!

They breathe but for the morning,
And upon her wings they fly;
Sweet are those balmy kisses,
But kissing—so ye die!

Oh, stay! For baby flowerets
Have yet in life a part,
To cling with tender fondness
About a Mother's heart.

Oh! Child! Thou Rose of Roses,
God's Flower beyond compare,
Wouldst learn my measure's burden,
And read the message there?

Why Love, Dear Love, wouldst thou wither,
Were blossoms born wide-blown,
And Heaven be aye unknown,
—Violet A. Simpson in Pictorial Review.

Fitting Time.
We are rushing about at our house, as
busy as can be;
And some of us head for the mountains
And some of us head for the sea;
We have filled up the big Saratogas for
Molly and Amy and Lou;
They're stuffed to the brim with crea-
tions—and every one of 'em new!—
For the call of the summer is on us—
we must fit, fit, fit!

The dressmaker's working her head off
to get the last ruffles all done.
For without the glad clothes in mid-
season there's no'er an engagement-
won!

We are fussing and fretting and fuming—
the tradesmen are kept on the
go!
There's cutting and slashing and snip-
ping and trouble and worry and woe
Pa says it ain't worth what it's costing
—in fact doesn't like it a bit—
But the call of the summer is on us—
we must fit, fit, fit!

—Denver Republican.

Afterward.
I, who was weary, rest;
I, who was toiling, cease;
And the strain and stress of the morn-
ing
Is all gone.

And the dull heart-break of the evening
sigh
Are all forgot in this distant sky,
There is left me only—Peace.

I, who was wakeful, sleep;
Dawn in the east is red.
But morning and noontide and starry
night
And living, and dying, and joy and
fright,
Concern me not—in my robe of white,
I sleep the sleep of the dead!

"Is enough to have known
A peace so vast and great!
Though tomorrow the Judge in accents
dire,
Shall decree my punishment: torture,
fire,
Or harder—pangs of my lost desire!
Now—I only sleep, and wait!"
—Julia Austen.

The House on the Hill.
When the soul of it had fled,
Why should the house remain?
To visit it was pain.
When the soul of it had fled.

The swift flames pierced it through,
Poor House! whose soul had fled:
Though with Memory's hand it turned
The swift flames pierced it through.

While She, past scathe and scar,
Lives in some other star.
Yet Memory throned her still
In the House upon the Hill.
—Charlotte Melien Packard in New
England Magazine.

Bravery.
To stand where verging pathways woo,
To hear an iridescent duty sue
When just within one's eager reach
Are beckoning sail and gleaming beach,
And then, in duty's bonds, to turn
With weary steps and eyes that burn
Back to the life that cries its need:
—Margaret N. Goodnow in New Eng-
land Magazine.