

Flotsam and Jetsam

The Last Word.

IF you and I were but estranged,
We might make up another day;
Our hearts, still patient and unchanged,
Would surely, surely, find the way;
But seeing you are dead, my dear,
There's no more to be said.

If I had loved you all in vain,
Or your dear love had taken wings,
Why, love that went might come again,
And life is long for righting things;
But seeing you are dead, my dear,
There's no more to be said.

If I might see you in the street
To-day, or any day to come
(Sometimes on faces that I meet
A look of you will strike me dumb)—
But seeing you are dead, my dear,
There's no more to be said.

If any day I woke from sleep
Might bring a letter with your name,
My heart its patient hope would keep,
Although your footsteps never came;
But seeing you are dead, my dear,
There's no more to be said.

If we but breathed the same world's air,
And saw the self-same moon and sun;
If you were living anywhere!
The rank grass hides your tall gravestone.
And seeing you are dead, my dear,
There's no more to be said.

—Katherine Tynan.

Five Cent Prayers.

REV. HOMER S. THRALL, who died a few years ago in San Antonio, was one of the pioneers of Methodism in Texas. He went there when it was an independent republic, and threw himself with zeal into the work of the ministry. As preacher, organizer, writer, his influence was felt in all the wide field. Many reminiscences of his work have been told. Here is one from the *Epworth Era*:

In company with a number of itinerants, who were on the way to conference, he stopped to spend the night with an old farmer. It was the custom then to settle the bill at night, so that they might rise about three o'clock in the morning and ride a good way before breakfast, and lay by in the heat of the day. Dr. Thrall, acting as spokesman of the party, after supper said to the old farmer, "We are a company of Methodist preachers going to conference. If you will get the family together we will have prayers with you." After prayers one by one settled his bill. Dr. Thrall's turn came, he asked his bill. The old farmer replied, "Well, pa'son, I charged the rest 25 cents, but bein' as you prayed for us so good, I won't charge you but 20 cents." The brethren had the laugh on Dr. Thrall.

That old farmer was not by himself. He lived on a Texas prairie, but we have seen people very near akin to him who lived in cities. A nickel is their measure. They put a very low estimate on religion. We fear this penurious old farmer left some of his sort behind him in Texas. The Lord have mercy on them.



Washing the Tiger.

A GOOD story has been copied in the papers from *La France du Nord* concerning a Cossack, ignorant of the French language and equally ignorant of fear, who was hired at Moscow by the lion-tamer, Pezon, to clean the cages of his wild beasts. Their understanding or misunderstanding was arranged by means of dumb show and gestures, as that unfortunate Tower of Babel hindered intelligible speech between the Frenchman and the Cossack; and Pezon thought that the man thoroughly understood what he had to do.

The next morning the Tartar began his new duties by entering with bucket, sponge, and broom, not the cage of a tame beast as his master had done, but of a splendid untamed tiger, which lay asleep upon the floor. The fierce animal awoke and fixed his eyes upon the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his large sponge, and, unterrified, to approach the tiger.

At this moment Pezon appeared upon the scene, and was struck with horror. Any sound or motion upon his part would intensify the danger of the situation, by rousing the beast to fury; so he quietly waited till the need should arise to rush to the man's assistance. The Tartar, sponge in hand, approached the animal, and, perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down, as if he had been a horse or dog; while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on its back, stretched out its paws, and, purring, offered every part of its body to the Cossack, who washed him as complacently as a mother bathes her infant. Then he left the cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage from the desert, had not Pezon drawn him off with difficulty.



Sunny Lives.

CHRIST is the Light of the world, and those who walk with Him walk in the sunshine.

There is nothing commendable about a religion of gloom. What Christ brought into the world, and what the world needs, is a religion that shines. One of the best evidences of true Christianity is a sunny soul. One of the brightest of these was Billy Bray, the homely little Cornish miner, who toiled in the tin mines for daily bread, yet who, by his personal exertions, built no less