

He.—Yes, Vice is stronger than Virtue.

She.—And why?

He.—It has much more exercise, Madam.

Robert Louis Stevenson was much beloved by the Samoans. "Tusitala," the teller of tales they called him, and the word since then has been taken up everywhere. It has, perhaps, found its most fitting place, in Edmund Gosse's beautiful, *To Tusitala, in Vailima*. Below I give portion of a native poem, (translated,) a poem of sorrow for their departed friend a Samoan,

"LAMENT FOR TUSITALA."

Listen, O this world! as I tell of the disaster,
That befell in the late afternoon;
That broke like a wave of the sea,
Suddenly and swiftly, blinding our eyes.
Alas for hoia who speaks, tears in his voice.

Refrain.—Groan and weep, O my heart, in its sorrow.

Alas for Tusitala who rests in the forest!

Aimlessly we wait, and sorrowing; will he again return?

Lament, O Vailima, waiting and ever waiting!

Let us search, and enquire of the captain's of ships,

"Be not angry, but has not Tusitala come?"

Modern charity is a phase of modern journalism
—we *must* get our names "in the paper."

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