Messages

God loosed His shining flock at even.
And every little gold bird came wing
toto the dim, blue heaven,
Sailing and singing. tate the dim, blue heaved,
Sailing and sluging.
Swift and eager in luminous flight
Through the breathing dark o' the summer night.
Al, little birds
With bright wings palpitating over the
blue.

With bright wings palpitating over thine,
whither go you,
Juranoying by aery hill and hollow?
Juranoying by aery hill and hollow?
Through the ways of heaven,
I the caged awallow,
I the man bereaven,
In whose heart is a wound as of a the
sand awords.
On your beavenly road

In whose heart is a wound as of a the sand swords.
On your heavenly road
You are so high, so high,
Can you see my true love's face
By the crystal inities.
When the gates of the House of God
You go faring by?
Her hair is a mist of light,
Her eyes are the eyes of a dove,
Her vesture is maiden white,
She is my beautiful love!
I know you will find her, for sure.
Walking by Mary's side,
My lady lify pure.
My saint all sac. Heed!

Tell her I bring a daffodil 'n March To her grave under the larch, And a lily in summer's prime, And a golden leaf in the harvest ti And red, red berries in the rime; When desolute and chill When desolate and chill
The winds mean on the purple hill.
In through the fretted bars
Whisper my messages, winged stars!
Tell her no maiden's face doth pleasure

mo
Savo in its dear resembling of hers.
For any maiden's voice on land or sea
My sad heart never stirs.
No rose may blossom on her dead young
cheek,
Out from her grave no voice shall over

Out from her grave no voice shall over speak.
O birds of God,
Toll her I am with no hope nor succor Since the day He took her Into His rest.
Yea, the welf of pain hath gnawed
To the very quivering core of the living heart in my breast. Say unto her these things,
O birds of the shining wings!

Hin away!
Blue in the east is the dawn o' the day,
And the eagle of the sun
Would reign alone.
Out on his read!
Little star birds, fly home to God.
—Alice Furlong, in Irish Monthly.

The Magician and His Pupil

A Stry for Children From The German of A

There was once a poor shoemaker renowned far and wide as a drunkard. He had agood wife and many daughters, but only one son. As soon as this son was old enough his mother dressed him in his best elothes, combed his hair until it shone, and then led him far, far away, for she wished to take him to the capital, and there apprentice him to a master who would teach him a really good trade.

When they had accomplished about

when they had accomplished about half their journey they met a man in black, who asked whither they were going and the object of their journey. Ol being told, he offered to take the boy as his apprentice, but as he had not given the customary Christian greeting, and would not mention the name of his trade, also because the mother; thought there was a wicked gleam in his eyes, she declined to trust him with her son. As he persisted in his offer they were rude, then he troubled them no farther.

Shortly after leaving the old man

then he troubled them no farther.
Shortly after leaving the old man they came to a wide stretch of land, solitary and barren as a desert, over which they journeyed until hunger, thirst, and fatigue compelled them to rest. Exhaused, they sank on the sandy ground and wapt bitterly. Suddenly, at a short distance from them, arose a large stone, on whose surface stood a dish of smoking roast beef, a loaf of white bread, and a jug of foaming ale.

loss of white bread, and a jug of foaming ale.

Eagerly the weary travellers hastened forward. Alas! the momont they moved, meat and drink vanished, leaving the stone bare and barren; but as soon as they stepped back, the food again made its appearance. After this had happened several times the shoomaker's son guessed what was at the bottom of it. Pointing his stick c: aspen wood—a wood, by the way, very powerful against enchantment—he cautiously approached the stone, and thrust his stick into that place on the earth where the shadow of the stone rested.

Immediately the stone with every—

the earth where the shadow of the stone rested.

Immediately the stone with everything on it disappeared, and in the place where the shadow had hain stood the stranger in black who had met them earlier in the day. He bowed politely to the youth and requested him to move his stick.

"No, that I will not do! This time the stone has met its match! You are a magician, or at least a necromancer. You locked us in this desert and amused yourself with our misery. Now you shall be treated as you deserve. You viall stand here for a year and six weeks, until you are as dry as the stick with which I have nailed you to the earth."

"Loose me, I entreat you!"

"Yes, on certain conditions! First, you must once more become a stone, and on the stone must appear everything and the stone must appear everything and the stone more become a stone, and on the stone must appear everything a stone more become a stone.

you must once more become a stone, and on the stone must appear everything we have already scen."

The magician immediately vanished, and in his stead appeared the stone covered with a white cloth, and bearing the hot roast beef, white bread, and foaming ale, of which the travel-

lors ate and drank to their hearts' content. When they had finished the stone became the max in black, whe entreated pitcously to be unnailed.

"I will unnail you directly," said the youth, "but only on one condition. You must take me as apprentice for three years as you yourself formerly proposed, and give me a pledge that you will really teach me all your art."

you will really teach me all your art."
The magician bowed himself to the earth, dug his fingers into the sand, and drew forth a handful of ducats, which he threw into the boy's cap.
"Thanks," replied the youth: "this money will be very useful to my me her, but you must give a better pledge than that. I must have a piece of your ear."
"Will nothing else serve?"

"Will nothing also serve?"
"Nothing!" said the magician,
"take your knife."
"I have no knife with me," replied
the youth; "you must lend me yours,"
The magician obediently lent his
knife, and bent his right car towards

Innfo, and bent his right ear towards the youth.

N, no, I want the left ear: you offer the right far too willingly.

The magician then offered his left ear; and the youth out off a slant piece, laid it in his wallet, and then drew his stick out of the ground. The magician groaned, rubbed his mutilated ear, then, turning a somerault, changed himself into a black cock, ordered the youth to take his mother back, and return at midnight and await his arrival at the cross road where they now stood, when he would take him home and teach him for three years. The cock then flapped his wings, changed into a magpie and flow away.

When the youth had accommanded.

his wings, changed into a magpie and flow away.

When the youth had accompanied his mother to the next village he kessed her hands and feet, shook the gold into her apron, and begged her to call for him in three years at the place where he had made his agreement with the magician. He then hastened back and reached the cross-road just at midnight.

Being very tired, he leaned against the mile-stone to await the arrival of his master. He waited long, then as

at midnight.

Being very tired, he leaned against the mile-stone to await the arrival of his master. He waited long, then as no one came, he drew the piece of the magician's ear from his wallet and bit thard. At this the mile stone staggered, cracked, and roared. The youth sprang quickly aside, looked at the inscription, and cried: "Ho! ho! Is that you, master?"

"Of course, it is! Why did you bit me?" asked the magician.

"Take human form instantly!" replied the youth.
"I have done so!" With this the man in black stood on the cross-road. "Now we will go home," said he. "I take you as my pupil, but remember, from this moment you remain my pupil and servant, until, the three years ended, your mother fetches you away."

away."
Thus the youth became the magician's puril. You wish to know how he taught him his art? Well, so be it. He stretched his hands and feet,

he taught him his art? Well, so be it. He stretched his hands and feet, turned him into a paper beg, and then left him to return to his proper shape as best he could. Or else, he thrust his hand and arm up to the shoulder down the youth's throat, turned him inside out, and left him to turn himself right.

The youth learnt so well, that at the end of the three years his skill in magic surpassed even that of his master. During this time many parents had come to letch their chil dren, for the magician had quite a crowd of pupils, but the cunning old man always contrived that they went away without them. Three days before the time appointed for the shoemaker's wife to fetch her son, the youth met her on the road and told her how to recognize him.

"Remember, dearest mother," said he, "when the magician calls his horses together, a fly will buzz over my ear; when the doves fly down, I shall not eat of the peas; and when the maidens stand around you, a brown mole will unak-noit appearance above my eye-brow? Be sure you remember, this, or you will destroy behanded her son of the magician, he

us both."
When the shoemaker's wife demanded her son of the magician, he
blew a brazen trumpet towards all
four conners of the world. Immediately a crowd of coal-black horses
rushed forward; they were not, how
ever, real horses, but enchanted scholare.

rushed forward; they were not, how ever, real horses, but enchanted scholars.

"Find your son—then you can take him with you!" said the magician.

The mother went from horse to horse, trying hard to recognise her son; she trembled at the mere thought that she might make a mistake, and thus destroy both herself and her beloved child. At length she noted a fly buzzing over the ear of one of the horses, and cried joyfully: "That is my son!"

"Right," said the magician; "now guess again." So saying he blew a silver trumpet towards the corners of the earth, and threw on the ground half a bushel of peas. Then like some vast cloud down flew a flock of doves, and began eagerly picking up the peas. The shoemaker's wife look ed at dove after dove, until she found one that only appeared to eat. "That is my son!" said she.

"Right again! Now comes the third and last trial. Guess right, and your son goes with you; guess wrong and he remains with me for ever."

your son goes with you; guess wrong and he remains with me for ever." The magician then blew his trumped, and immediately beautiful songs re sounded through the air. "At the

same time levely maidens approached and surrounded the shoemaker's wife. They were all crowned with flowers, and were white robes with rose-color-

and wore white code of girdles.
The shoemaker's wife examined each carefully, and saw a brown mole over the right eye of the most beautiful. "This is my son!" she ex-

caon carening, and saw a brown mone over the right ope of the most beautiful. "This is my son!" she exclaimed.

Scarcely had she goken than the maiden changed into her son, threw himself into her arms, and thanked her for his deliverance. The other maidens flow away, and the mother and son returned home.

The student of magic had not been long at home before he discovered that in his father's house Want was a constant guest. The money given by the magician had long since come to an end, for the shoemaker had spent it all m drink.

"What have you learnt in foreign parts? he asked his son. "What help am It to expect from you?"

"I have learned magic, and will give you help enough. I can at your wish change myself into all possible shapes, to day into a falcen, to corrow not a greyhound, a nightingale, a sheep, or any other form. Lead me sa m animal to market, and there sell me, but be sure atways to bring back the rope with which you led me thirther, and nover desire me to become a horse; the money thus acquired would be useless to you, and you would make me, and through me yourself, unhappy."

Thereupon the shoemaker demanded a falcon for sale; his gon at once

miliance and a triough his year-uniappy."
Thereupon the shoemaker demand-ed a falcon for sale; his son at once disappeared, and a splendid falcon sat on the father's shoulder. The shoe-maker took the bird to market, where he sold it to a bunter for a good pice, but on returning home he found his son seated at the table enjoying a good dinner.

son seated at the table enjoying a good dinner.
When the money thus gained had been spent to the last farthing, the shoemaker required a greyhound, which he again sold to a hunter, and on his return home found his son had arrived before him.
Thus the father lad his gen to

on his roturn home found his son had arrived before him.

Thus the father led his son to market again and again, as an ox, a cow, a sheep, a goose, a turkey, and in many other animal forms. One day he thought: "I should very much like to know why my son does not wish to become a horse! Surely he takes me for a fool, and grudges me the bost prize!" He was half drunk when he though! shis, and then and there desired his son to become a horse. Hardly had he spoken than his wish was gratified; a splendid horse stood before the window; he dug his hoofs deep into the ground, whilst his eyes shot forth lightning, and flames issued from his nostrils.

The shoemaker mounted and rode

flames issued from his nostrils.

The shoemaker mounted and rode into the town. Here a merchant stopped him, admired the horse, and offered to give the animal's weight in gold if his master would only sell him. They went together to a pair of scales; the merchant shook gold from a sack on one of the wooden scales, whilst the shoemaker made his horse mount to the other. As he was elasting in

the shoemaker made his horse mount on the other. As he was starting in amazement at the heap of gold in the scales, one of the chains broke, and the gold pieces rolled over the street. The shoemaker threw himself on the ground to pick them up, and forgot both the horse and bridle.

The merchant meanwille mounted the horse, and galloped out of the town, digging his spure into the poor animal's sides until the blood flowed, and besting him cruelly with a steel riding whip, for this merchant was none other than the magician, who thus revenged himself for the piece out from his ear.

The poor horse was quite exhausted when the magician arrived with him at his invisible dwelling; this house, it is true, stood in ar open field, yet mo one could see it. The horse was then led to the stable, whilst the magician considered how he might best torture him.

But while the magician was considering, the horse, who knew what a terrible fate awaited him, succeeded in throwing the bridle over a nail, on which it remained hanging, thus, enabling him to draw his head our. He fled across the field, and changing into a gold ring, threw himself before the feet of a beauteous Princess just returning from bathing.

The Princess topped, picked up the gold oirele, slipped it on her finger, and then looked around in wonder. In the meantime, the magician—changed into a Grecian merchant—came up and courteously asked the Princess to return the gold ring he had lost. Terrified at the sight of his black beard and gleaning eyes, the Princess returns the gold ring he had lost. Terrified at the sight of his black beard and gleaning eyes, the Princess returns the gold ring he had lost. Terrified at the sight of his black beard and gleaning eyes, the Princess return the gold ring he had lost. Terrified at the sight of his black beard and gleaning eyes, the Princess returns the gold ring he had lost. Terrified at the sight of his black beard and gleaning eyes, the Princess to return the gold ring he had lost. Terrified at the sight of his black bear

wore it in her heart finger night and day. Once when playing with it, the ring slipped from her hand, fell to the ground and sprang in pieces, when, oh, wonder before her stood a handsome youth, the magician's

a handsome youth, the magician's pupil.

At first the Princess was very troubled, and did not venture to raise her eyes, but when the scholar had told her everything she was satisfied, or enversed with him a long while, and promised to ask her father to have the negation, driven away, by the door promised to ask her father to have the magician driven away by the dogs should he seer come to demand the ring. When in the course of the day the magician came, the King, in spite of all his daughter's entreaties, ordered the ring to be given up.

With tears in her eyes the Princess took the ring (the scholar had resumed this form immediately after relating his adventures) and throw it at themerchant's feet. It shivered into little pearls.

his adventures) and throw it at the merchant's feet. It shivered into little pearls.

Trembling with rage, the merchant threw himself on the ground in the shape of a hen, picked up the pearls, and when he saw no more, flew out of the window, tlapped his wings, cried: "Kikeriki! Scholar, are you here?" and then soared into the air.

Having been told by the scholar what to do she uld she be compelled to return the ring, the Princess had let her handkerchief fall at the same mo-ment she threw the ring on the ground.

nor handkerchiet fall at the same mo-ment she threw the ring on the ground, and two of the largest pearls had rolled beneath it. She now took out these pearls, and they immediately called, in mocking imitation of the hen's voice:

called, in mocking imitation of the hen's voice.

"Kikeriki! I am here!"

They then changed into a hawk and chased after the hen. Seizing it with his sharp talons, he bit its left wing with such force that all the feathers cracked, and the hen fell like a stone into the water, where it was drowned.

The hawk then returned to the Princess, perolued on her shoulder, gazed fondly into her eyes, and then became onco more the "oung and landsome scholar. The Princess had grown so fond of him that she chose him as her husband, and from that moment he gave up magic for ever. In his prosperity he did not forget his relations—his mother lived with him and the Princess in their magnificent palace, his sisters married wealthy merchants, and even his father was content.

When the old King died the magicals pupil became King over the

wealthy merchants, and even his father was content.

When the old King died the magi-ciat's pupil became King over the land, and lived so happy with his wife and children, and all his subjects, that no pen can write, no song sing, and no story tell of half their happiness.

Grace Before Meals.

T. D. Sullivan, in The Nation, writes: How thoroughly English is the note of that form of "grace before meals," which, as we learn from the recently published work of a local clergyman. Canon Hammond, is in common use in the Duchy of Cornwall! The ordinary Christian form, as every one knows, is a thanksgiving and a prayer that we may be made truly grateful for the gifts voucheafed to us. Here is the Cornish style:

Lord make us able To eat what's on the table.

This remind me of one of the "nonsense verses" of an English writer which, if I recollect aright, runs thusly:

There was a young lady named Ma Whose manners were ruch of a fra She never was able To eat at the table, But in the back kitchen—O Lawd!

Solitude is a genial baim to the

"But, my dear sir, you positively must follow my directions. You must take an ice-old bath every morning." Why, doctor, that's just what I am doing. "Oh-er-well, then you must stop it."

must stop it."

Lady (to her husband, who is a commercial traveller, and who is rather cold to her): "John, the kisses you give me now are not up to sample you gave me when you asked me to be yours. It isn't business."

yours. It isn't business,"
"Walk this way, ma'am," politely requested an affable but very bow-leg ged draper's assistant of a rather antiquated-looking dame. "Why, bless me, my man, I couldn't walk that way if ye was to give me the whole shop."

SICK KIDNEYS LIGHT WORK CURED KIDNEYS

HEAVY WORK

HEAVY WORK.

When a man's Kidneys are deranged, he's not much good for work of any kind. If fact he does not feel like work. Sick Kidneys sap his strength and undermine his health by permitting the poisons to circulate in the system, that it is their duty to carry off.

sarry off.

Here was Mr. James Clark, of 190 York
Street, Hamilton, Ont., a sufferer from Kidkney disease. In consequence he was weak,
had a pecr appetite, and was only able to
do the tightest kind of work. Since he has
taken Ryckman's Kootenay Cure the pains
have left him, his appetite has improved,
and now he is employed at the grist mill of
Mr. Robson, corner of York and Locke
Streets, and his work is of a very heavy
nature. carry He

ature.
You see the wonderful change Kootenay
an make in a man by setting his Kidneys
ight. The "new ingredient" does the

DOMESTIC READING.

Gratitude has good eyes. Courage tramples trouble. Fear crouches—faith sears. Self conquest is continuous. Serving self is serving Satan. Doing good is receiving good.

Love to God reveals His love.
Youth ought to be a savings bank.
Children always turn towards the light. The greatest reverence is due to the

boy

God holds communion undisturbed with children. Children have more need of models

The plays of children are the ger-minal leaves of all later life.

There is no better deliverance from

True prayer brings our wants to Heaven and leaves them there.

Education begins its work with the first breath of human life.

first breath of human life.

Only those who view earth from the thre-hold of Heaven are able to derive from either riches or poverty their powers of spiritual helpfalness.

Pharaoh was a great king in Egypt, and his name a terror to the sur rounding nations; but even this great king and all his hosts were drowned in one of God's "mallest seas!

seas! Ohildren have always a sympathy in the agitations of those connected with them; always, especially, a sense of any trouble or impending revolution, of whatever kind, in domestic always the season of the sea nircumstances.

circumstances.

The touching confidence of children who may be d'sappointed, but are never discouraged. . Hope in a child that has never known aught but despair is a sublime and affecting thing.

Familiarity with vice blunts the edge of virtue. True art lifts nature from gross surroundings, and shows her in her loveliest form. It is left for the "realist" in literature and art to present her in solied garments. to present her in soiled garments

to present her in solice garments.

The birds sing in chorus in the spring—just as children prattle; the brooks run full—like the overflow of young hearts; the showers drop easily—as young tears flow; and the whole sky is as capricious as the mind of a boy.

sky is as capricious as an ambody.

Happy season of childhood! Kind nature, that art to all a bountiful mother; that visitest the poor man's hut with auroral radiance, and for thy nursling hast provided a soft swathing of love and infinite hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced round by sweetest dreams.

Out of mud springs the lotus flower,

danced round by sweetest dreams.
Out of mud springs the lotus flower, out of elay come gold and many precious things; out of cysters the pearls; brightest silk, to robe fairest forms, is spun by a worm; bezoar from the bull, musk from the deer, are produced; from a stick is born flame; from the jungle comes sweetest honey. As from sources of little worth come the precious things of earth, even so it is with hearts that hold their fortune within. They need not lofty birth or noble kin. Their victory is recorded.

Mr. T. H. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases." These Pills do not cause pain or graping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelotine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.

FIRESIDE FUN

A splendid ear, but a very poor ce, as the organ grinder said to the

voice, 'as the organ a.... donkey. Mother: "Now, never let me catch Mother: "Now, never let me catch willie: "I Willie: "I Mother: Non, and Willie "I you at the jam again Willie "I tried not to let you catch me this

time."
Suste: "Wouldn't you like to be as heappy as the larks? Johnnie: "Naw. Think of the time they have to get up."

"Naw. Think of the time they have to get up.
"One of your wife's lungs is gone, my dear sir." That doesn't do me any good, doctor. The one she has left is a star."
Cadger. "Will you give me a few coppers for a bed, sir." Isaac Moses; "Gerdently, mine frient. Vere is der bed?"

der bed ?

The Colmination.—" A swell bon-net goes far to make μ_0 . I any deficien-cies in the rest of the costume." "That is, all's swell that ends swell."

"Papa, I wish you'd whip me."
"Whip you, my son! Why should I
whip you?" Because, when you
whip me, mamma gives me pears."

"Ming you?" Because, when you whip you? "Because, when pre- mamma gives me pears."

"I hear you were mixed up in a rather shady transaction last week."
I cannot tell a lie. I was. I bought "I cannot tell a lie. I was. I bought a couple of blinds for the kitchen window."

window."
Sho: "And did your friend take the dector's advice?" Hu: "Certainly,"
"And did he pay for it?" "Well, I should rather say he did! He's dead!"

dead!"
"Yes, sir," said the man in cell
711, "time was when I was admitted
to the very best houses," "And what
brought you here?" "They caught
me coming out."

me coming out."
She: "If you were to find that I
had lost all my fortune—every penny
of it—would you hesitate to carry out
our engagement?" He: "I would
hesitate at nothing."

She: "What charming teeth Mrs. Highsea has!" He: "You flatter me, madam." She: "Oh, pardon—you are her husband?" He: "Oh, no; only her dentist."

Patkins: "I hear you spent Sunday at Watkins." Patkins: "Yes," "Has he any children?" "He says so, but it's my private opinion it's a menagerie he's got."

so, but it's my private opinion it's a menagerie he's got."

An Irish gentleman having a small pleture room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in it will not hold you."

"And, Biddy, darlint, they're been tellin' me there's too many of us in the world. Now, if me and you git the priest to make us two wan, troth won't there be wan the less?"

Prisoner at the bar (to magistrate):

won't stere be wan the less ?"
Prisoner at the bar (to magistrate):
"Your Washhup, would you mind
furrying up my case a lattle? It's
nearly twelve o'dlock, and if I'm to go
to gaol, I'd like to got there in time
for dinner." for dinner."

Boarding-house Mistress (at Sunday dinner): " Mr. Jones, why do you not eat some chicken?" Mr. Jones (who has labored fifteen minutes trying to carve a leg): "Thanks: I never work on Sunday."

never work on Sunday."
"Do you think, Professor," said the musically ambitious girl, "that I can ever do anything with my voice?" "Well." was the cautious reply, "it may come in handy to scream with in may come in handy to scream case of fire.

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