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# AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR SECTIONS

### MAKERS OF HISTORY

Tuesday, April 14, 1908

As we look back over the vista of history, certain heroic figures stand out like silhouettes against the obscurity of the past. When we come to think of it, now wonderful it seems that out of the millions of cople, who were born, loved, worked, suffered and died in the past centuries, we know of very few. Some nations have perished so utterly that all we an say of them is that a certain person, whose name was inscribed upon a stone, was their king. We know in a general way the history of great racial movements, but cannot tell with certainty of the individuality of a single individual who participated in them. perhaps we may know the names of a few, but his only renders the obscurity of the others the more vident. If we take an arbitrary date, say 1000 B.C., t will be a matter of surprise, if we choose to think to over, how few names even well-informed people in recall of persons living at that time, or previously. If it were not that it is yet the practice to read the Bible, the great majority of people would not be able to mention a single individual who was alive three isand years ago. Yet there are a few men, whose nemory have come down to us, and we shall en-leavor to deal with some of them and later to take deavor to deal with some of them and later to take up those, who in more recent times have played a conspicuous part in the making of history. This series of articles will be confined to men, for we have already dealt quite fully with the great women who were history makers. We should be glad to have suggestions from readers as to characters, whose careers they would like us to tell something about. The resources of The Colonist's library are available in this way to all Colonist readers.

It is obvious that, while great interest attaches to the great then of early days in human history, there must always be much difficulty in ascertaining correctly the facts relating to them; and yet it is desirable to examine into the records of those times to as great an extent as possible. We are all apt

to as great an extent as possible. We are all apt to think that we people of the Twentieth Century have reached the climax of everything that is desirable, but there is much evidence of the existence of nations in the almost forgotten past, which had made progress in some lines even greater than we have There is always a danger that in thinking over the past history of the race we may lose our sense of proportion. Our own affairs seem very large to us because they are near at hand and the events of remote eras are dwarfed in comparison and yet it is clear that men, whose names have come down from the twilight of history must have been come of the comparison. the twilight of history, must have been very remarkable. When we reflect upon the small number of persons, whose existence is remembered a hundred years after their death, with all the methods available in modern times for the preservation of records, it seems as if those, whose names have survived for thousands of years and whose deeds, doubtless exthousands of years and whose deeds, doubtless exaggerated by tradition and surrounded by myths, have come down to us, must have loomed up very large among their fellows. Let us take Hercules as as example. It is the fashion among certain people nowadays to say that this hero was a myth, pure and simple, a sun-god or something of that kind. This conclusion is reached by supposing that a good many centuries ago the mental processes of men were different from what they are today. There are no modern races, which evolve sun-gods, but there are anany which attribute to one individual deeds which were performed by many. This was probably always the case, and appeared we may assume that Hercules is credited with things that he did not perform. It may be possible that sometimes the history of a nation has been dwarfed and represented as the career of the most conspicuous individual in it, and hence some of the deeds of Hercules may really be the epitomized records of a whole people and a whole era. But it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that in prehistoric times a great here where the conclusion that in prehistoric times a great here where wh epitomized records of a whole people and a whole era. But it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that in prehistoric times a great hero, whom we know as Hercules, which is a corruption of Herakles, as the Greeks called him, strode across the stage of human events, and so profoundly impressed his personality upon his contemporaries that almost all the great transactions which occurred before the slege of Troy are attributed to him. With the carrying away of Helen and the famous slege which followed. the history of the lands around the Mediterranear may be said to have begun. The record is very obsecure, and it is not easy to distinguish between what secure, and it is not easy to distinguish between what is history and what is mythology; but all the ages previous thereto seem to have concentrated around this wonderful personage. We shall take occasion in another article to speak of some of the very ancient characters which appear in the twilight of history in other countries, but for the present shall confine our observations to this man, who was at least half a good in the extern of these who have presented his observations to this man, who was at least half a god in the esteem of those who have preserved his memory, a man who must have stood head and shoulders above all his fellows in the attributes which constitute human greatness. We may not look upon Hercules, perhaps as a maker of history, but rather as its personification; nevertheless, in this initial paper, a few words may be said regarding him, for he is unquestionably the most conspicuous individuality in the annals of the human race.

Hercules was of divine ancestry on the parental side, his mother being Alcmene, wife of Amphitrion

side, his mother being Alemene, wife of Amphitrion of Tirzus, and his father Zeus, the king of the gods. His alleged ancestry is only one of hundreds of instances in the mythology of all nations in which a great here or teacher was assigned divine parentage. His career was very remarkable, and his wonderful owers were constantly put to the severest tests, wing to the hostility of the goddess Hera, the wife Zens, who corresponds in Grecian mythology to, uno in Roman legend. He was trained in the manly accomplishments and excelled in them all, but his education was interrupted when in a fit of rage inspired by Hera, he killed his music teacher. Then he became a cattle-herder for his mother's husband. Later he married, and after some years, in another fit of madness, slew his children. It was because of this crime that he was ordered to perform his cele-brated "Labors." These were to have been only ten in the first instance, but because he sought assistance in performing two of them, two others were added.

. Wrestling with the Nemean Lion

Destruction of the Lernian Hydra. Capture of the Boar of Erymanthus.
Cleaning the Augean stables.
Shooting the Stymphalian birds.
Capture of the Cretan Bull.

8. Capture of the Man-eating Mares.
9. Seizing the girdle of the Queen of the Amazons.
10. Bringing in the oxen of Erythia in the far

11. Procuring the Golden Apples of Hesperides. 12. Carrying Cerberus from Hades to the Upper

It is impossible to accept the description of these abors" literally, and perhaps the explanation offered them, that they really represent the inauguration great reforms, the establishment of organized soiety in the lands around the Mediterranean and the explanation of the second control of the second contr development of commerce, is as nearly correct as any other. His adventures after the performance of these labors" were many and very extraordinary. He made his name in Thebes, that is the Grecian city of that name, not the Thebes of Egypt with its hundred sates. He gave his wife to a friend and sought in marriage Iole, the daughter of Eurytus. This got im linto serious trouble, and his madness returned to traveled much and fought in many wars. After immunerable adventures and many crimes, he vanmumerable adventures and many crimes, he van-gished Eurytus and carried off lole, but the queen the land, wherein he then lived, prompted by jealousy, gave him a poisoned tunic. This he put on and the poison burned the flesh from his bores. In ter-rific agony he built a funeral pyre, or which he met his death. It is this episode which leads Professor Muller to insist that Hercules is only a sun-myth, and that the account of his death is simply a description of the sunset. It seems impossible to dispose of him in this way, and while every possible allowance must be made for poetical distortion and the exag-geration which is inseparable from the handing down of stories from generation to generation, apparently we must concede that there was such a mar as Hercules, whose achievements were so great that generous tradition magnified them and poetry clothed them with many fanciful adornments.

### SOME NEW BOOKS

The Esoteric Publishing Co., of Applegate, California, sends a book entitled "The Goal of Life," which some one has been kind enough to pay for in order that a review of it may be published in The Colonist. The author is H. E. Butler, who has written several other works of a similar class. It is an exceedingly ambitious effort, for the author aims, first, at presenting a reasonable idea of God, and, second, at removing the mystery which surrounds man's relations to God. This he attempts to do in 363 pages, many of which are very interesting and full of suggestions although careful readers. gestions, although careful readers will hesitate abou accepting his conclusions. The clergy would pronounce the book heretical; a philosopher would call it crude; a scientist would think it superficial, and a literary man would note the lack of finish to which the author confesses; and yet the book is worth read-ing as an effort to dispose of the many doubts and ertainties surrounding the subject, with which it

The conceptions of God and of our relations to Him are largely mediaeval. The scholastics of the Middle Ages endeavored to reduce theology to an exact science, which in its very nature it cannot be. They gave us creeds, verbal formulas and ceremonies, the insufficiency of which they themselves at the outset must have recognized, but which in the course of time became very real to them, and were imposed upon the laity with rigor, their nominal acceptance being enforced with pains and penalties both here and hereafter. The Rennaisance, while inaugurating freedom of thought, did not bring about freedom of belief. The individual interpretation of divine mysteries was still discountenanced, as it is, as a matter of fact, today. And it is by no means the oldest of the churches which protest against this individualism, for the idea that men shall think for themselves is discouraged by the very latest sect, whatever it may be, that some forceful fanatic has been able to organize. The result of this hostility to independent thought was the development of atheism. From dis-believing in the Church to disbelieving in God the step was easy, and, as the Church ordained that the Deity and itself should be regarded as essentially the Deity and itself should be regarded as essentially identical, it was not only easy, but natural. Mankind was kept in the dark, and principally because the Church—we use the word collectively as applying to all religious organizations—had no real light to give. Rational Athelsm, that is an Athelsm that yelected God, because it could not reconcile the teachings of the Church with the conclusions of independent reason and refused to be guided by blind faith, was successful. The scientific Athelsm, which refused to acknowledge God, because He was not discoverable by the microscope of investigation. But neither retional nor scientific Athelsm satisfied the cravings of humanity. The very nature of man called out for humanity. The very nature of man called out for something else at the very essence of things than The need of a God and Father could not be satisfied by the sneers of rationalists or the demon strations of science. Hence there arose a new school of thought, which in various ways is making its influence felt throughout the religious world today. "The Goal of Life" is a product of this school, and if it is read, not as the final word on the subject, but simply as a contribution, and a very imperfect one, towards the elucidation of a great problem, it will be found useful. The weakness of the book seems to be the attempt of the author to make his presentation square with the literal words of the Bible in many instances, and in which it seems as if such a squaring is by no means necessary, and there is an astrological chapter, which detracts greatly from the value of the

"The Goal of Life," as Mr. Butler sees it, is the acquirement of the Divine Spirit as our controlling influence, and this not simply as something which shall be a comfort and support in time of trouble, a ation for the lack of material happiness or wealth, but as a living, working, everyday force, by means of which we can accomplish those things which are needed for our well-being. It is impossible to deny that in this aspect of his subject the author has taken a line of thought, which may be followed with very great advantage. He tells us that by great devotion, earnest prayer and a careful life, we will acquire right standards, a proposition to which we fancy the st orthodox will not object, although they will certainly cavil at the process by which he reaches this

Of the book as a whole, and presumably it is for the purpose of some expression on this point that the book has been sent to us, it may be commended to those who are able to read with discrimination. It is a conscientious effort to discover a great truth. If it is not wholly successful in the details of its statements of fact and its process of reasoning, its value is only lessened to that extent and not destroyed. As an effort to demonstrate that the relations between man and his Creator are very real and capable of being utilized in our daily life for the development of character and the betterment of mankind, it is praiseworthy. We may question the soundness of the author's logic, and think that he jumps to conclusions, but his final teaching seems sound enough and worthy of very serious consideration.

Volume VII. of "The Copper Handbook," which is a manual of the copper industry of the world, has come to hand from the compiler and publisher, Horace J. Stevens, of Houghton, Michigan. It opens with a history of copper, to which follows a chapter on geology as it relates to the occurrence of copper pres. Then follows a very useful chapter on chemistry and minerology, which, if printed in a little handbook, would doubtless find a place in the pocket handbook, would doubless that a place in the of eyery prospector. There are also chapters on the milling and concentration of copper, smelting, on the electric treatment, alloys of copper, brands and grades, the uses of copper, the substitutes for it, on mining terms, copper deposits, the copper mines of the world, in which a great many details are given as to hundreds of mining companies, and a final chapter devoted to statistics of the copper industry. It is a book which is the result of enormous labor, and ought to be exceedingly useful. It is a book which is the result of enormous labor, and ought to be exceedingly useful. Every aspect of the subject seems to have been treated with a conscientious effort at fairness. We quote the following from the reference to British Columbia: "The copper smelting industry of the province is well developed, and British Columbia has some of the largest, most modern and best managed smelters now in existence, and the Granby mine, of the Boundary district, holds the world's record for low smelting costs."

The historical chapter is interesting. The author looks upon copper as the first of the metals to be utilized industrially, although he thinks gold was previously used for ornamental purposes. He thinks that Iron did not come into use until thousands of years after copper was known. In Egypt copper seems to have been utilized at least seven thousand years ago.

and at even an earlier date in Babylon; while from their earliest history the Greeks were familiar with it. We may take occasion in a later issue to make a further reference to this interesting and valuable

### THE ORDER OF MELCHIZEDEK

The Order of Melchizedek is surrounded with mystery. Whether we look upon the Bible as a divinely inspired book, or only as a record, more or less correct, of certain historical events, the existence of this Order is of deep interest. It is referred to by writers, who lived many centuries apart, and Melchizedek himself is spoken of by a writer, who lived several centuries before the earlier of these two. The first reference is in the Book of Genesis. There had been a war between the tribal chiefs of what we now call Syria, and in the course of the fighting, Lot. call Syria, and in the course of the ingiting, Lot, Abram's brother, was taken prisoner. Abram set out to rescue him and succeeded, and upon his return, "Melchizedek, King of Salem, brought forth bread and wine." After this he blessed Abram, and the latter gave him "tithes of all." The writer of the book tells us that Melchizedek was "the priest of the Most High God." The second reference to him is the 110th Psalm. The head notes to this Psalm, the authorship of which is attributed to David, represent it as a reference to Jesus Christ, although it may be that it relates only to David himself; but this is not material in the present connection, for what we have to do with is the verse which reads as follows 'The Lord hath sworn and will not repent, 'Thou

art a priest forever after the order of Mechizedek."

During the centuries which had elapsed since the time of Abram, the Levilical priesthood had been established among the Jews, but here we have the statement that another priesthood existed. If the person referred to in the quotation was David, then we have a priest who was not of the Levitical order. for David was not of the tribe of Levi, and the same is true if the reference is to Jesus. There are expressions in the prophecies, which can be interpreted as referring to this order, but it is not until we come to the Epistle to the Hebrews, written more than a thousand years after the Psalm above mention that we find a distinct and positive reference to Mel-chizedek and the Order to which he belonged. The authorship of this Epistle is not known. It is popu-larly attributed to Paul, but scholars do not adopt this view. It is rather a treatise fhan a letter, although the last two chapters are in the epistolatory style. The object of the writer is to set forth the pre-eminence of Christ, which he does by first giving a brief semi-historical synopsis of Jewish history. He then refers to "Jesus the Son of God," and tells that He is a High Priest, and passes on to make an argument the exact significance of which is not very clear. In the course of this argument he quotes apparently from the Psalm above referred to: "Thou art a Priest forever after the order of Melchizedek," and goes on to speak of some one, probably Christ, although the English version is susceptible of two explanations, whom he says was "called of God an High Priest after the order of Melchizedek." A lit-tle later he says: "Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made a High Priest forever after the order of Melchizedek."

the order of Melchizedek."

The writer of this Epistle was not addressing learned men, for he tells them that "there are many things to say and hard things to be uttered, seeing that, ye are dull of henringht and he adds: "Ye have need that one teach you again what he the first principles of the oracles of God." Yet to these people he speaks of the Order of Melchizedek as though something of which they were already well aware: It is perhaps not well to lay too much stress upon the word "order," that is, we are not forced to conclude that it meant an established institution; yet it seems as if, from its frequent repetition, we must accept the term "Order of Melchizedek" as a name and not merely as a description. No other conclusion seems open than that the writer of the Epistle to the Mehraus helicand the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews believed that by associating Jesus with the order, or at least with Melchizedek, he secured for him a pre-eminence in the minds of those whom he was addressing. The seventh chapter of Hebrews is devoted wholly to this aspect of the case and seems intended to demonstrate the follow-ing proposition: The Order of Melchizedek pre-ceded the Levitical Priesthood and was immeasurably uperior to it, and it existed independently of the latter, which was supplanted by the Priesthood of Christ. Melchizedek is thus described in the chapter last referred to: "Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God, abiding a High Priest continually."

What does this all mean? Frankly, we have no satisfactory explanation to offer. Those who are familiar with the story of the birth of Jesus will remember how it is told that Wise Men of the East came to worship Him. His divinity seems to have see that his Sonship is proved by assigning Him a place in this mysterious Order. It is not a surprise, therefore, to learn that in the very early days of the Christian Era a sect of some numerical strength arose, whose chief tenet was that Melchizedek was an incarnation of the Deity and greater than Christ. Students of Buddhism may see a similarity in the account of Melchizedek to the tradition of recurrent incarnations of the Divine Spirit, held by the followers of that school of thought. The whole subject is one of great interest, no matter what may be its origin. There are some scholars who believe that they can see evidence of interpolation in the reference. to Melchizedek contained in the chapter of Genesis above mentioned. They find in his name, which, translated, means "king of righteousness," evidence that he is a mythical and purely symbolical character; but there seem to be insuperable object. character; but there seem to be insuperable objections to such an explanation. If we had anything tions to such an explanation. If we had anything other than the references in the Bible to assist us in reaching a conclusion, the case would be more simple; but all we have is substantially that above 4,000 years ago there was a King of Salem, who was a High Priest, and whose name signified King of Righteousness; that about 1,000 years later the Psalmist, referring either to himself or to Christ, spoke of a priest after the Order of Melchizedek, and spoke of a priest after the Order of Meichizedek, and that one of the canonical writers on the nature of Christ made the same statement in regard to Him, and claimed it as proof of His divinity. A wide field of speculation is opened by these few and brief statements, but it is not clear that any profit would result from entering upon it.

Sir Oliver Lodge has given the reading public many surprises of late, and it will not be wholly with astonishment that they will learn of a decided leaning on his part towards the theory of a prior existence. In The Hebbert Journal, which is published by Messra, Williams & Norgate, of London, he has an article on "Immortality," in which the following paragraph occurs: "The analogy pointed to is that whereas we living men and women, while associated with this mortal organism, are ignorant of whatever experience our larger selves may have gone through in the past—yet when we wake out of this present materialized condition and etter the region of larger consciousness we may gradually realize in what a curious though legitimate condition of ignorance we now are; and may become aware of our fuller possession with all that has happened here and now fully remembered and incorporated as an additional experience into the wide range of knowledge which that larger entity must have accumulated since its experience into the wide range of knowledge which that larger entity must have accumulated since its intelligence and memory began. The transition called death may thus be an awakening rather than a sleeping; it may be that we, still involved in mortal coil, are in the more dream-like and unreal condition." Our real condition, according to Sir Oliver, may not be what we call life, but something which may be regarded as bearing the same relation to our real existence as our waking life does to sleep. To a man in a dream, or to one who is insane, things which to others are unreal are real enough. If any one else than a master of scientific inquiry had propounded such an idea as is contained in the above quotation, people would have doubts as to his sanity. Yet there are many things which are more readily explained by supposing Sir Oliver to be right, than by supposing him to be wrong.

### THE STORY TELLER

Hely Terrors.

The suffragettes have recently sent a message to the British House of Commons on a war kite. This looks ominous for Mr. Asquith.

It is further related that the fame of these strenuous ladies has spread far beyond Europe. In a recent skirmish in Africa the savage chief caught a glimpse of the Highland forces.

"The suffragettes!" His Chiefship cried in terror as he gave a signal for immediate retreat. The English authority states that the tribe was completely routed on the mere suspicion of a suffragette battallon.

### His Preference.

His Preference.

A Montreal visitor to Toronto was indulging in such frank criticism of the capital of Ontario as he thought safe to make.

"Toronto doesn't need to throw stones at any other community," he said firmly, "just look at the number of unemployed in Toronto."

"Suppose there are lots of the unemployed here," retorted a Toronto citizen of Irish birth. "Faith, an' I'd rather be doing nothing in Toronto than have a good job anywhere else."

And the Toronto citizen is still wondering why his wife laughed.

A youthful versifier in Washington not long ago sought the criticism of a well known publisher who chanced to be at the national capital on business with the copyright division of the library of con-

with the copyright division of the library of congress.

"Sir," said the near-poet indignantly, when the publisher had brusquely advised him to "burn the stuff—"sir, poets are born, not made"

Whereupon the publisher smiled broadly. "Young man," said he, "it won't help your case in the least to try to shift the blame on your parents."—Kansas City Journal.

### Another Time Perhaps.

Another Time Perhaps.

A pushing traveler, voyaging on an American river steamer on the Yangtsze-klang, in China, came up on deck one fine starlight night to find a mist lying on the river, the vessel at anchor, and the pilot walking the deck. "Why aren't we going ahead?" quoth the traveler.

"Can't see the river," answered the pilot.

"But you can see the stars," remonstrated the traveler.

"Yes, I guess we can see the stars," answered the pilot, "but until the biler busts we ain't a-goin, that way!"

Recognized.

The late Lord Linlithgow, says M. A. P., was exceedingly popular in Australia as governor of Victoria. When he was in that responsible position, some of the backwoods papers were not too particular about their portraits of celebrities, and occasionally economized in the matter of "cuts." One day a friend showed the governor a paper containing the picture of a good-looking, clean-shaven man, while undenneath was the name of a notorious bushranger.

"Do you know that picture?" he asked.

"Know it?" cried His Excellency. "Why, that's the coat I was married in!"

### Judging by the Name.

Strange comments are frequently heard at the theatre regarding the author and his dramatic productions. Mr. Stephen Phillips, the English poet and dramatist, tells of a conversation he overheard one night just before the curtain rose on the first scene of his play, "Ulysses." Two ladies in the stalls were discussing the probable nature of the play.

1"Oh, I'm sure it's going to be screamingly funny," said one.

What on earth makes you think so?" asked her companion.
"Why," exclaimed the first speaker, "anybody could tell that from its name!"

### Agreed for Once.

Agreed for Once.

There is in Brooklyn a young, recently married couple who have been having the usual half-pathetic and wholly amusing experiences incident to somewhat limited means and total inexpensive. Last Saturday there was a hitch in the delivery of the marketing, and Sunday found them with a practically empty larder. When dinner time come the young wife burst into teafs.

"Oh, this is horrible!" she wept. "Not a thing in the house fit for a dog to eat. I am going home to mamma!"

mamma;
"If you don't mind, dear," the husband exclaimed, as he visibly brightened and reached for his hat, "Til go with you!"—Harper's Magazine,

A Color Line.

The most distinguished woman novelist of Great Britain, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is at present visiting her cousin in New York, and is being most hospitably entertained by literary Gothem. In the April number of the Grand Magazine, an anecdote is retailed which, it is declared, was first told by Mrs. Ward.

A certain 'Varsity canon invited a trio of distinguished Parsees to grace his table one day. Dinner was duly prepared. The hour came and with it all the guests save the three high-caste Orientals. Finally it was out of the question to wait any longer, and the company sat down, the canon murmuring: "It is the first time in my life I have regretted a black outlook."

outlook."

In a few moments the butler's manner began to attract attention. Something seemed to have dawned upon him. "Beg pardon, sir." he faitered, "but were the eentlemen you expected black?"

"They were. As black as my coat."

"Then I'm afraid, sir, I've made a bit of an error. Three black individuals did ring the front door bell about an hour ago; but, knowing your dislike, sir, to that form of entertainment, I—I sent 'em away."

Missed it.

There is a certain type of the community which rejoices in attendance at funerals and finds a curious satisfaction in gazing at a corpse. In the city, presens of this tendency find an outlet for their emotions at the cheap theatres; in the country they "accept this intimation" with alacrity and demand details of the last hours of the departed.

On the occasion of a certain funeral in rural districts not fifty miles from Toronto, neighbors attended in such numbers that there was an overflow meeting in the kitchen. Some time after the service had been safely concluded, a member of the bereaved family happened to enter this room and noticed the professionally mournful yet expectant appearance of the company.

"Will they be taking the body soon?" asked a fat matron with a profound sigh.

"The hearse has gone," said the afflicted one.

"To think of that!" exclaimed a red-faced neighbor, slapping his knee in mortification. "Twenty years have I been going to funerals an' this is the first time the corpse got away from me."—Canadian Courier.

### WITH THE POETS

To Joy.

Lo, I am happy, for my eyes have seen Joy glowing here before me, face to face; His wings were arched above me for a space, I kissed his lips, no bitter came between. The air is vibrant where his feet have been, And full of song and color is his place. His wondrous presence sheds about a grace That lifts and hallows all that once was mean. I may not sorrow for I saw the light, Tho' I shall walk in valley ways for long. I still shall her the echo of the song—My life is measured by its one great height. Joy holds more grace than pain can ever give. And by my glimpse of joy my soul shall live.—Exchange

### The Eventide.

De golden sun is sinking in the west,
And to him hastes the glory of the day:
The light is going, ev'ry fading ray
Home to its father flies and we to rest
Retire in peace and trust that all is best;
And that with morn the gloom will pass away
When light returns at last with us to stay,
And things now hid will then be manifest.

O, light of light! Bright sun that never sets,
Shine inward and our ev'ry thought make bright;
Remind us ever he who from Thee gets
The light of life shall swerve not from the right.
As sunbeams to the sun at even fly, Draw us, thy sons, to thee, the sun on high.

-Channing Gordon Lawrence, Heart's Twilight Deep in the twilight of my heart
I hid a rose;
Red petals on its red.
At dusk I looked to greet its velvet face,
And wept—the rose was dead.

Deep in the twilight of my heart

I hid a kiss;

Red mists about it shone.

At morn I looked to raise it to my lips,

And wept—the kiss was gone.

Deep in the twilight of my heart
I hid a tear,
A pearl in its red sea.
At night I looked to star it in my dreams;
The tear—awaited me.
—Archibald Sullivan, in The Smart Set.

Lament of the Stolen Bride Faery Child: Come, newly married bride.—W. B. Yeats, "The Land of Heart's Desire."

Go, thought of my heart, on the wings of the wind O'er the green on the meadows wide By the deep dark woods, with the sea behind, Where the stars at anchor ride:
Steal into the heart of my old true love As he turns from the shining plough, And tell with the voice of the home come dove Of the hunger that's on me now.

Ochone, for the land that is far away.

And Shawn of the stout warm arms:
Oh, better a world where the light is gray
And night is thick with alarms.
Than forever the music's maddening beat
In the moonlit faery land.
Than the ceaseless whir of the tripping feet
And the clasp of the bloodless hand.

E'en yet, when the night is on fire with stars,
Or dropping the silver day,
I can hear the fall of the pasture bars
And the liit of his whistled lay.
Then shaken from me are the dreamers' charms,
My hand from the dancer's slips,
And the mother stands lonely with empty arms
And the widow with hungering lips.
—Charles L. O'Donnell, in New York Sun.

Within an ancient forest,
Deep in its shadows vast,
There stands a gloomy dwelling old,
The silent House of the Past.

In the mystical House of the Past,
To which I alone have the key,
There's a darkened room that is peopled by
By shades I alone can see.

There's a boy in that gloomy old room,
The boy that I used to be;
With his hopes, and his fears, and his wonderful. dreams
Of the world he was going to see.

There's a man in that lonely old room,

The man that I might have been;

With the brain to plan, and the courage to dare.

Alas! that he's only a dream.

So their phantom fingers point,
With a mien accusing and stern.
Till my heart and brain seem scorched and seared
With the thoughts that scourge and burn.

Oh, the wonderful House of the Past, To which I alone have the key,
What are the shades I must people you with
In the days that are to be?

Must I your solitudes fill With visions me that I once might have been,
And the shade of myself as a lad?
—Ralph D. Nicholls, in Smith's Magazine.

# Mary Magin Over an' over an' over agin I will be thinkin' of Mary Magin. Till the lilt of her laugh An' the light in her eye These I'll remember the day that I die.

Mary Magin was a girl that I knew When smiles were as plenty as dollars were few. When laughter came alsy to fips that was young— Me heart beat the time to each song that was sung. By Mary, my Mary Magin.

Mary Magin was as fair as a flower, Well I remimber the day an' the hour When Mary says laughin' an' lovin' an' gar "Shure all the fortunes is over the say." Did Mary, my Mary Magin.

Mary Magin hat a tear in her eye
The day that she kissed me an' give me good bye:
"Ye'll mind to come back, lad, an' mind to come soon."
Anee, I can hear her night, mornin' an' noon,
Just Mary, my Mary Magin.

Mary Magin, if I knowed of it then, 'Tis happy an' poor I'd have sthayed in the glen, Fer sorra take dollars, an' sorra take fame Now that I never can give ye me name My Mary, my Mary Magin.

Mary Magin, 'tis a name on a st Och, but I'm weary of walkin' alone. Everywhere's nowhere an' nothin' to raill wid me Mary once more I can b' Wid Mary, my Mary Magin.