

tion of the Sunday talker who takes as his subject, "Science, where art thou?" is interesting—curiosity. But to discover its relevancy to either Sunday or science would puzzle the efforts of an expert. Perhaps the clue lies in the article—sentimental love stories and bad tobacco have been known to disorder the fancy in that way before. With the intelligent constituency which

the *Gazette* addresses we exclaim, "Mercifully deliver us from another such Sunday."

Lippincott's Magazine for November contains an interesting serial "In Sight of the Goddess." It is a racy tale of high life in Washington written by Harriet Riddle Davis. Some shorter stories and an interesting book review make up the contents of a most readable number.

Poetry.

MY MOTHER-TONGUE.

(From the German.)

Mother-tongue,—dear, native sound !
Sweetest, best, the wide world round !
Earliest word my ear to greet.
First sweet speech, which love endears,
Earliest lisping lips repeat,
'Thou ringest ever in my ears !

Ah, how longs my heart for home
When in foreign lands I roam !
When I alien words employ,
To alien speech my tongue must bring !
Never can they give me joy,
Nor in words of welcome ring !

Wondrous speech to me, and dear,
Ringing out so sweet and clear !
More would I than ear has heard
Of thy wealth and glory learn ;
For the Fathers at thy word
From the night of death return.

Be thy praise forever rung
Love-language, hero-tongue !
Rise from out the silent ages
Vanished songs of long ago !
Live anew in sacred pages,
That our hearts in you may glow !

Over all God's spirit goes ;
Many a speech from heaven flows ;
But by me with thanks and praise
Were my best-beloved sung,
I my sweetest thoughts would raise
Unto thee, dear Mother-tongue !

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.

Berlin.