WITH THE POETS.

When I left Scotland's shore I took a A toddlin, lauchin thing, ower young her

I row'd it in my plaidie, and press'd it | He wanted a wife his braw house to

to my heart, And aft the whisper 'tween us gaed, "We twa shall never pairt!"

The simmer rose and fell, the years gaed Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell; stalkin by.

And strength and vigor cam, and hope allured my eye-But the bairnie in my bosom is a bairnie

And what's the bairn's I scarce can tell,

and what is only mine!

And whiles the bairnie greets at some auld ballad's wail. And syne the bairnie smiles at the pawky

Scottish tale-That I can only say, "'Tis the bairn, it is not I.

For I hae dignity encuch were no the bairnie by!"

I've tried to hae it think and speak in foreign tongue;

've dune my vera utmost, and began the lesson young; But the bairn is just as Scottish as the

day it crossed the sea-Ye tell me "I should rule the bairn!" The bairn is ruling me!

I tell't it to my friend, and wad his wis-He said "He was himsel' just a muckle Scottish bairn!"

And aye as I hae speir't, I find the glamor cast. And the bairn within the man aye is

Scottish to the last!

O bairns that arena bairns! whate'er the

warld may say, Aye cherish in your hearts the bloom,

that lasts for aye! For he gangs blythest through the warld, and leaves maist gude behind,

Where Country, Love and Childhood are in his heart enshrined! -Rev. William Wye Smith.

A GARDEN OF LONG, LONG AGO.

I can see long back in fancy, in kaleidoscopic view.

'Mid the circling disk of time-rings that my mind is gazing through, A fairyland of beauty which my early

childhood knew. Where the purest, sweetest flowers and

the softest mosses grew. The paths were stiffly outlined by a bor-

dering of box, The flower-beds flashed brightly with

marigold and phlox. While the grape-vines grew precisely, in a fashion orthodox. To evade the crafty cunning of each

spoiling two-legg'd fox. Y can see the drooping pear-tree stooping

low to touch the ground, And deposit ripened sweetness where is soonest could be found;

While the honey bees grew heavy, as they circled round and round, And clapped their wings in soft applause

with lazy, happy sound. The currants flushed to crimson 'neath

the brightness of the sun. Until, all red and rosy, they shook their heads for fun.

And tumbled off demurely, in the green grass, one by one,

To wait until the children adown the path

And then-the very best of all-the merry little brook

That dashed along and splashed along with circling curve and crook. Yet held its little mirrors where the lilacs

bent to look.

And gave us tiny concerts from a natural music-book.

As I tell myself the story, my heart is

With reverberating pleasures, that from the mem'ry grow,

So I write down glimpses of it, that others too may know

The sweetness and completeness of the distant long ago.

IN THE ANGELS' KEEPING.

God knows, as we advance in life, Soiled by its dust and heat and strife. How many a beautiful belief Slips from us in our toil and grief! Yet, through the years, one faith confest Still dwells with sweetness in the breast; We like to think of children sleeping As being in the angels' keeping.

Night has no anodyne for care, For countless ones whose footsteps fare Through stony streets, confined, shut in Amid the city's noisy din: The sentinels by many a bed Are anxious thoughts, remorse and dread! How happy are the children sleeping. How peaceful, in the angels' keeping.

How pure, unsullied human flowers, How set apart from lives like ours. These little ones, whose angels see The Father's face continually! Are they not sent to lead us beck To find the long forgotten track, That we like them, awake or sleeping, Mer still be in the angels' keeping?

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The Laira o' Cockpen, ..e's proud an' he's great. His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the

At his table-head he thocht she'd look

McClish's ae dochter o' Claverseha Lee; A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel-powder'd, as guid as

His waistcoat was white, his coat it was

He put on a ring, a sword and cocked And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a'

He took the gray mare and rade can-

An' rapped at the yett o' Claverseha'

Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily She's wanted to speak to the Laird o'

Mistress Jean was making the elder-

And what brings the Laird at sic a like

She put off her apron, an'

An' what was his errand he soon let her

Ama'z'd was the Laird when the lady said-na;

And wi' a laigh courtesy she turned awa.

He mounted his mare and rade cannily; An' aften he thocht as he gaed through

Near to the house, amang the lang trees, There did he meet sweet Jeanie Green- and happiness, possessions to be prize 1

hen, An' filled now with joy is the Laird o'

Cockpen. -Baroness Naira.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not! The workings of his brain What looks to thy dim eyes a stain, In God's pure light may only be A scar, brought from some well-won field Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight May be a token, that below The soul has closed in deadly fight

With some infernal, fiery foe, Whose glance would scorch thy smiling

And cast thee shuddering on thy face. The face thou darest to despise May be the angel's slackened hand Has suffered it, that he may rise

And take a firmer, surer stand; Or, trusting less to earthly things, May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but wait and see, With hopeful pity, not disdain! The depth of the abyss may be The measure of the height of pain, And love and glory that may raise That soul to God in after days.

-Adelaide Anne Proctor.

True Riches.

For all things are yours whether the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours—I. Corinthians, iii., 21-22.

If we were to spend more time trying to be grateful for the blessings we enjoy, and less time in grumbling because we lack some things which we have longed for, we should make our lives more agreeable to ourselves and more profitable to others.

Discontent is a kindeof poison which produces general debility of the chronic sort, and discontent is in many instances the child of envy. It is the drop of vinegar which sours the whole temper of the man, and instead of being a trusty Toledo blade which cuts its cheerful and hopeful way through opposing forces, he becomes a poor kind of sword which hides in the scabbard when danger demands daring. To dwell on the things you do not possess, and to feel wronged because others do possess them, is to lose the battle before the battle calls you to the front. On the other hand, to foster the ability God has given you, to be cheerful in narrow circumstances, but to determine to make them wider with favoring opportunity, in other words, to fill your sphere full to overflowing with your best self-all that equips you for duty, and brings an ultimate victory within reach. A sour soul never yet accomplished much good for itself or for others. Eyes must be ifted toward the heavens, not dropped

to the earth, if we are to make life comfortable or comforting.
We really possess many things which are not written in the inventory we case which was cured by our remedy are not written in the inventory we have taken. St. Paul in the text gives us a new view-point, one which world-liness and selfishness sneer at, but which opens a long vista to the wision of the spirit. What care you if your neighbor has the title deed to many acres? You own the beauty of the landscape in equal partnership with of two stamps him. The firmament, fretted with pass- manyille, Ont.

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ing clouds, is not his more than yours. You own the world, and its laws contribute to your welfare as though you were the only beneficiary of their wealth. If your vision is clear you see that life also is yours, to make of it all that is possible, to cut the rude block of experience into a character which shall be beautiful and symmetrical, and to force it to give you the password to immortality. The God of the universe is yours as truly as though you were the only inhabitant of the planet, ready to answer your call, always present with a host of angelic hands to deliver you from the enemy and to lift you to a higher spiritual level. Death also is yours, not a foe but a friend, and when the weary day is done he leads you from the gathering shadows of sunset to the glorious sunrise which floods the eternal life. The eye of the body sees only the poorest possessions, while the eye of the soul sees riches too great to be computed, and these riches are yours beyond the reach of litigation. What are acres, though their only boundary is horizon, in comparison with thoughts that uplift, aspirations which give you wings, and the faith which drives aside the curtain of the future and gives you a glimpse of what is hidden there? Palaces are not equal to ideas, for one may be miserable though knee deep in gold, while he who has God in his home has the magic which makes a hovel a happy home. Let us look at life, which is no longer than a dream in the night, as contributory to the soul, not to the body, for man is not a body with a soul in it. but a soul with a body wrapped round it. If you were to spend a short hour each day in quiet meditation of the blessings you enjoy, brushing aside all envy and selfishness; one short hour in getting a firm hold on yourself-your better, truer, nobler self-you would be enriched. We are not deprayed; we are thoughtless. There is a divinity within us which is cramped, dwarfed and unable to express itself. Give it freedom, let it act and speak, crown

it with authority, and you will behold a miracle. Thrust aside the mean by thinking of yourself as the child of the glen,

She's daft to refuse the Laird o' CockThe to the invisible eternity.

In that direction lies the only religion that can hold its own against the ills to which flesh is heir. That why also lie cheerfulness, contentment, peace above all else that earth can offer. If you have God and Christ and immor-At his table she sits, like a white-tappit tality you are rich, but without them you are poor indeed, though wealth is

your most humble servant. -George H. Hepworth.

THE FLORIDA

RAZORBACK HOG According to the Farmer He Is the King of the Race.

[From Forest and Stream.] "The 'Florida razorback' is the hog ndigenous to this climate and soil. He is usually large of limb and fleet of foot, being the only known porker that can outrun a darky. He has a tail of wondrous length, which, while he is in active motion, he twists into tightest corkscrew, but with which while quietly feeding he raps his leathery sides much in the same manner that the decile cow uses her

He is self-supporting. earns his own living and thrives equally well in the high woods, in the flat woods, in the hummocks and in the marshes. He subsists upon anything he can find above the earth or underneath its surface. He has a clear, far-seeing eye, and is very sensitive of hearing. Nature has equipped him with a snout almost as long as the beak of the wild pelican of Borneo, with which he can penetrate the earth many inches in quest of worms, snakes and insects. He is the most intelligent of all hogs, and is likewise the most courageous. He has been known to engage in mortal com- this

barbed wire fence. "He is so intelligent that when he lives in towns he becomes as familiar with the railroad schedules as are the train dispatchers themselves, and plies his vocation in great numbers about the railroad stations, and yet no train ever ran over a 'razorback.' Whenever the railroad companies are forced to pay for killing a hog, it always proves to be a Berkshire, a Guinea or some other fine breed—never

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cured him over four years ago and he has been all right since.

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'razorback.' He is too active and in pens. Confined, he loses rather than gains fiesh. He is always ripe for market, as his condition is as good in August as it is in January. His owner respects his intelligence, admires his nerve and is fond of him as food, for he may always be depended upon to afford the proverbial 'streak of lean' with a very small 'streak of fat.' He is the king of hogs. He can be grown more profitably than any other known variety, since, as has been observed he is energetic and intelligent enough to feed and clothe himself.'

TIMELY NOTE OF ALARM !

Relation of the Theater to Public Morality.

Importance of Imposing Restraint Upon a Growing Evil.

[New York Post.] More than once, in recent years, we have directed attention to the neces-sarily demoralizing effect upon the stage or in the daily press, and have urged the importance of imposing some restraint upon an evil which has been growing for a good while, attained serious proportions long ago, and threatens now to relegate modesty to the limbo of extinct virtues. A note of alarm on the same subject is sounded by an Englishwoman in an English review. She asks whether it can be possible that the girls of the rising generation are really deficient in that natural delicacy which is among most precious attributes of the sex, and points to their habitual presence at entertainments of acknowledged impropriety, as a justification of her inquiry. Their complacent en-joyment in the theater of unseemly

words and actions, of which they would profess abhorrence elsewhere, can be explained, she argues, in only one of two ways; either impurity does not shock them, and their ordinary assumption of modesty is a conventional sham, or else they cherish the delusion, which is incredible, that the theater is so essentially unreal, so disconnected from actual life, that nothing said or done in it matters much to the beholder. There can be no doubt that the vio-

lations in our theaters of the laws of common propriety have been growing more frequent and more flagrant of late, and especially in those houses which are supposed to be supported mainly by the most cultivated classes of society. During the last few months, not to be too specific, there have been presented in first-class theaters several plays abounding not only in unclean suggestion, but even in grossly coarse action, without exciting any symptoms of surprise or indignation on the part of the audience. On the contrary, the most "risky" scenes, as it is now the fashion to call them, were received with every sign of cordial approbation by both male and female spectators. It is also a fact that some of the plays which, one would have thought, ought to have been most objectionable to persons of refined taste, have attracted their largest audiences at the afternoon

performances, which, as everybody knows, are attended chiefly by wo-The most obvious inference from all large proportion of them, are deprayed, or, to put it more euphonless dainty in their instincts than those of preceding generations, is not necessarily the true one. It does not follow that all the women seen at such performances are there of malice prepense, that they go to them more than once, or that they are attracted by what is worst in them. But, however this may be, there can a considerable body of play-goers with an appetite for foul or coarse flavors eppetite which grows by what it feeds on-or as to the debasing effect upon the public of a theatrical policy which caters to it. Innocence herself could not long breathe an atmosphere so polluted without contamina-tion. The commercial managers, upon whom the responsibility for unwholesome productions primarily rests, concretion in the matter, that their financial existence depends upon their compliance with the law of supply and demand, and that they would have to go out of business if they did not give the public what it wanted. Over and over again has the utter fallacy of defense been pointed out, but bat with a coon for the possession of none the less do they continue to re-

a watermelon and to rend asunder a peat the old silly parrot cry. A moment's reflection is sufficient to convince any person of ordinary intelligence that the public has no means of expressing a demand, or, at all events, never does express anything like a general demand, for any parkind of dramatic entertainment, whereas the character of the future supply is determined arbitrarily by the managers. The sole privilege of the theater-goer is the right to choose between the various performances provided for him. He naturally selects the best that he can find, but this is no proof that he is contented with what he gets, or that he would not have preferred something better. The success or failure of a play is tself no evidence of its quality, or necessarily of its real popularity, which can be demonstrated only by its vitality in successive revivals. A fictitious and lucrative popularity may be, and often has been, maintained for weeks, or even months, by the arts of advertisement, the notoriety remedy cures, it cures to stay cured of a performer, a striking novelty of of the topic, or the shameless promise

of some peculiar audacity.

It is true, doubtless, that some abominable plays have flourished lived. Like other rubbish, they blaze fiercely for a brief period, and then collapse in a malodorous fizzle. Almost all of the plays which endure-apart from the master-pieces-are essen tially innocent, with honest appeals to the fundamental emotions or the this indisputable fact to be reconciled with the alleged craving of the great body of the public for the impure? How is it that the most successful plays of the present period, not only in this city, but in London, include such entirely innocent pieces as "A Royal Family," "Brother Officers," and "The Second in Command"? The reference here is not to literary or artistic merit, but to the mere vulgar capacity for money-making—the one managerial standard of virtue. How is it that "Uncle Tom's Cabin," after forty years of maltreatment, can still draw crowds in all parts of the country, if the minds of the masses is inclined to the unclean?

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support such a theory. The popular books of the day, which are sold by the hundreds of thousands, may not represent the highest literary standard, but they are not immoral or coarse. Moreover, the cheaper entertainments in the music halls and the minor theaters are almost invariably decent, however much they may be lacking in sense or refinement. seems that it is only in the lowest order of newspapers-the yellow journals that live, like Mr. Snake, upon the badness of their reputations-and in the higher, or rather the more expensive, order of theaters, that scenes are represented and words are uttered which no self-respecting man or wo-

Striking Sentences.

man ought to be able to see or hear

without indignation.

[From Twelfth Night, Shakespeare.] If music be the food of love, play on, Give me excess of it; that surfeiting, The appetite may sicken, and so die-That strain again-it had a dying fall; O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odor.

I am sure care's an enemy to life. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand

laid on. Love sought is good, but given unsought is better. Some are born great, some achieve

greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

DOGS ON OUTPOST DUTY. [London Chronicle.] employment of dogs on outpost duty in South Africa will be watched with much interest. Among the ancients dogs were trained in considerable numbers for the purposes of war, and mention is made of them by Plutarch, Pliny and other writers. The Romans kept dogs in towers on fortifications in order that no enemy should approach unobserved, while the Knights of St. John employed them on picket duty, and patrols were always accompanied by them. The mastiffs of the Knights of Rhodes knew a Turk from a Christian by the smell. there is the spaniel which saved the Dutch republic by waking William the Silent during the night attack on Mons. Many nations are training dogs, espe-cially Germany, which has devoted nearly twenty years to training and sentries and to search for the wound-

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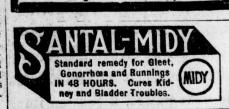
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