

WITH THE POETS.

THE BAIKIE.

When I left Scotland's shore I took a
bonnie bairn,
A toddlin', lauchin' thing, ower young her
love to learn;
I row'd it in my plaidie, and press'd it
to my heart,
And aft' the whisper 'tween us gae'd, "We
twa shall never part!"

The simmer rose and fell, the years gae'd
stakin by,
And strength and vigor cam, and hope
allured my eye—
But the bairnie in my bosom is a bairnie
ever yae;
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 wall,
And syne the bairnie smiles at the pawky
Scottish tale—
That I can only say, "Tis the bairn, it
is not I,
For I ha' dignity eneuch were no the
bairnie by!"

I've tried to hae it think and speak in
foreign tongue;
I've dune my vera utmost, and began the
lesson young;
But the bairn is just as Scottish as the
day it cross'd the sea—
Ye tell me "I should rule the bairn!" The
bairn is ruling me!

I tell it to my friends, and wad his wis-
dom learn—
He said "He was himself" just a muckle
Scottish bairn!"
And aye as I ha' speir'd, 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
world may say,
Aye cherish in your hearts the bloom
that lasts for aye!
For he gangs bytself through the world,
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 kaleido-
scopic view,
Mid the circling disk of time-rings that
my mind is gazing through,
A fairland 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
spelling two-legg'd fox.

I can see the drooping pear-tree stooping
low to touch the ground,
And deposit ripened sweetness where is
snoozest could be found;
While the honey bees grew heavy, as
they circled round and round,
And clapped their wings in soft applause
with lazy, nappy 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
would run.

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
all aglow
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.

—Alice Cary.

IN THE ANGELS' KEEPING.

God knows, as we advance in life,
Soll'd 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 back
To find the long forgotten track,
That we like them, awake or sleeping,
May still be in the angels' keeping?

—J. R. Eastwood.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The Laird o' Cockpen, 's a proud an' he's
great!
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the
state.
He wanted a wife his braw house to
keep,
But favor wi' wootin' was fashious to
seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell;
At his table-head he thought she'd look
well;
McClish's ae dochter o' Claverseha Lee;
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel-powder'd, as guid as
when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was
blue,
He put on a ring, a sword and cocked
hat,
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a'
that?

He took the gray mare and rade can-
nily,
An' rapped at the yett o' Claverseha
Lee,
Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily
ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o'
Cockpen.

Mistress Jean was making the elder-
flower wine—
And what brings the Laird at sic a like
time?
She put off her apron, an' on her silk
gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' ran awa'
down.

An' when she came down she bowed fu'
low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her
know,
Amaz'd was the Laird when the lady
said—na,
And wi' a laigh courtesy she turned awa'.

Dumfound'd he was—he nae sigh did
gie,
He mounted his mare and rade can-
nily,
An' aft' he thought as he gae'd through
the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cock-
pen.

Near to the house, among the lang trees,
There did he meet sweet Jeanie Green-
less;
At his table she sits, like a white-tappit
hen,
An' fill'd now with joy is the Laird o'
Cockpen.

—Baroness Nairn.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not! The workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
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
face,

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 Procter.

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 try-
ing to be grateful for the blessings we
enjoy, and less time in grumbling be-
cause 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 kind of poison which
produces general debility of the chronic
sort, and discontent is in many in-
stances the child of envy. It is the
drop of vinegar which sours the whole
temper of the man, and instead of be-
ing 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 scab-
bard 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 fos-
ter 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 of over-
flowing with your best self—all that
equips you for duty, and brings an
ultimate victory within reach. A soul
never yet accomplished much good
for itself or for others. Eyes must be
lifted 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
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 vision
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
him. The firmament, strewn with pas-

MUNSON'S
RHEUMATISM
CURE

When Prof. Munson says his Rheumatism
Cure will cure rheumatism, it is not a
work about it—there isn't any false statement about
it. It cures without leaving any effects. It is a
splendid stomach and nerve tonic, as well as a posi-
tive cure for rheumatism.

All such known remedies are just as reliable, ex-
cept that the Guide to Health is free. Munson, New
York and Philadelphia.

MUNSON'S INHALER CURES CATARRH.

ing clouds, is not his more than yours.
You own the world, and its laws con-
tribute to your well-being, and 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 have the rule
block of experience into a character
which shall be beautiful and symmet-
rical, and to force it to give you the
massward 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
calls, always present with the neces-
sary demoralizing effect upon the
public at large of indecency 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, at-
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and threatens now to reduce mankind
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with the quality of the thing, or that
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The success or failure of a play is
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of its merit, or of its popularity, or
of its necessity or of its desirability.
It is only in successive revivals. A fic-
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Striking Sentences.

[From Twelfth Night, Shakespeare.]
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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 south,
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
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Nature's own sweet and cunning hand
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Love sought is good, but given un-
sought is better.

Some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness
thrust upon them.

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[London Chronicle.]
The employment of dogs on outpost
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For nervousness, sleeplessness, weak-
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CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

Children Cry for
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Several hitherto unknown poems by
King James I. have been discovered
in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.
They will be edited for the Clarendon
Press by Mr. Rait, a Scotsman.

a "razorback." He is too active and
alert to be caught, even by a locomotive.
He is nervous, restless, ener-
getic and hence does not thrive well
in pens. Confined, he loses rather than
gains flesh. 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
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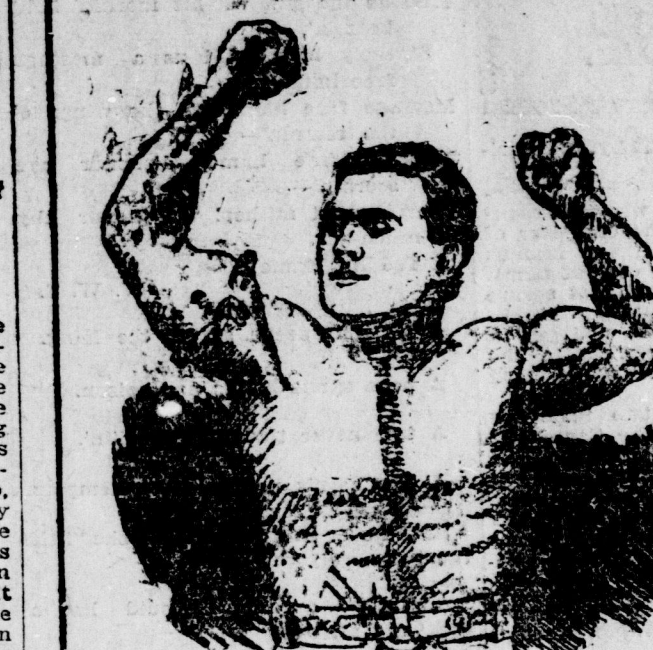
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WEAK MEN

Do You Want to be Strong?
To feel young again! To realize the joyous sparkle of nerve life as it infuses
the body with its glowing vitality; to feel the magnetic enthusiasm of youth-
ful energy; to be happy, light-hearted and full of joyous impulses; to be free
from spells of despondency, from brain-wandering, from the dull, stupid
feeling; to have confidence, self-esteem and the admiration of men and
women! Such is the wish of the broken-down man, and it may be gratified.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S
ELECTRIC BELT

Makes men strong. It causes the nerves to tingle
with the joyful exhilaration of youth; it fills the
heart with a feeling of gladness, makes everything
look bright and makes the nerves like bars of steel.
It has special appliances for weak men. Wonderful
cures are reported daily, and grateful friends send
the most interesting accounts of how, under this
splendid system of self-treatment, their eyes began
to sparkle, their blood began to bound through their
veins, and their muscular and nervous systems to
regain all the electricity and vigor of early youth.
That strength is electricity. The Dr. McLaughlin
Electric Belt is made to restore it when lost, and it
never fails. Wear it while you sleep; it pumps a
glowing stream of energy into your body every
minute. It braces wonderfully.

Any honest man who will secure me can have my appliance and

PAY WHEN CURED.

This is my offer to all who suffer from Nervous Debility, Failing Vital Powers, Varicocele, Rheumatism,
Pains in the Back, Indigestion, Constipation and other ailments resulting from exposure, overwork and neglect
of the laws of nature. Any man or woman who is weak or in pain can be cured by my Electric Belt, and need
not pay until cured if they will secure me.

CAUTION. Beware of old-style, burning electrode belts, which are using an imitation of my
useless and dangerous by persons whose bodies have been seared and scarred by the bare metal electrodes. I
will make special terms to anyone having one of these old back-burners.

FREE BOOK. If you are not the man you would like to be call and
test my Belt free, or write for beautifully-illustrat-
ed 80-page book and testimonials, sent, sealed, free.

FREE TEST. DR. M. G. McLAUGHLIN, 180 Yonge Street, Toronto. OFFICE HOURS: 9 A. M. TO 6 P. M.

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