

Sail on! sail on! you tell me,
 And, in the sunset's glow,
 I'll reach the port I sailed from
 So long, so long ago.
 Ho! Mariner! you promise
 That all who love will find,
 Each ship will come, to love and home,
 And all it left behind.

So, no more looking backward—
 Right boldly sail we on—
 The port we reach at even
 Is the port we leave at dawn.
 The harbor bar shines golden—
 O, sweetness of the truth!
 We'll cross it o'er, and come once more
 Unto the shores of Youth.

Jean Blewett.



RELIEVED OF ALL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY EDWARD F. SLACK.

BRADWAITHE tossed the paper aside with a nervous little laugh. "Pass me the whiskey, Jim," he said, reaching out at the same time for his pipe and filling it from the jar on the table beside him. He poured out a generous measure from the decanter handed him, and carefully diluted the spirit with water.

"That's not a bad brand, Jim," he said, holding the glass up to the light and regarding it critically. "You make a great mistake mixing it with soda. Bad for the stomach, you know."

"Whiskey?" queried Somers, idly.

"No, the soda."

Bradwaithe lit his pipe, sank back into a comfortable position and gazed intently at the glowing fire. There was a curious expression on his face. Somers endeavored to fathom it, and gave up in despair.

"Well," said Bradwaithe, after a moment's silence, "why don't you go on? You won't be satisfied until you have found out all about it."

"You need not abuse my natural curiosity," Somers replied. "Of course, I'm curious to know. So will everybody else be, for the matter of that. It is something of a surprise, I suppose?"

"I think you might class the news under that definition," Bradwaithe replied. "Hang this tobacco! it doesn't taste right."

He laid the pipe down, and, opening a drawer in the table, brought out a box of cigars.

"Want one of these?" he asked.

"Thanks," replied Somers. "My tobacco is all right."

"Perhaps you're right in declining; it's a box she gave me last Christmas. I've never had the courage to try them before. She sent them to me with a little note in which she enclosed the old joke about the wife choosing the cigars for her husband, because the box had the prettiest label of any in the shop. She apologized for the hideousness of the label, and hoped that the cigars would turn out all right. I forget just how she put it, but it was very neatly done. It is an outrageously hideous label."

"Are you sure that she is the girl referred to? It's not an uncommon name, you know—'Helen Smith.'"

"Oh, there's no mistake; it's Helen all right enough. I heard something about his attentions to her the last time I was up in Beachville. But from what she said then, I must say that I am somewhat surprised to learn that she has married him."

The dog lying on the rug in front of the fireplace got up and placed his head between Bradwaithe's knees, looking up anxiously into his owner's face.

"Sympathy, eh, old boy?" said Bradwaithe, stroking the dog's head. "Well,