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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

THE LOYALISTS.

Devotion to a principle is always impressive. When a principle is a good one devotion to it becomes admirable. When devotion to a good principle involves heavy sacrifices it becomes heroic. These qualities were combined in the expatriation of those people to whom we now refer as the United Empire Loyalists. At the time when they left the revolted colonies they were not known by any such high-sounding name. Among the neighbors, whom they left behind they were styled Tories, and the word had a specially ugly significance. Among other people they were called "refugees." They were hated in the land they left, and regarded with bare toleration by the British government upon whose kindness they were thrown. There is little doubt that King George's ministers would have been just as well pleased if they had remained in what had become the United States. Illustrations of this can be cited. Let one suffice. There lived on Staten Island at the breaking out of the war a wealthy man, who espoused the royal cause. He raised at his own expense a squadron of Hussars, which he commanded in the field until he was taken prisoner. He was paroled and went to London, where he died a few years after the signing of the treaty of peace. The British government made grants to some of the most conspicuous sufferers by the war, and among the cases considered was the case of the person referred to. While the matter was under advisement the Loyalist movement took place, and his son and daughter followed the flag into exile. His wife remained on the family estate and shortly after his death married again to a very prominent erstwhile rebel. When the British government got ready to settle the deceased man's claim, which was allowed at £30,000, utter disregard was paid to the rights of the Loyalist son and daughter and the whole amount was given to the remarried widow. But while it is true that in some cases the British government remembered those who had made sacrifices and compensated them either with grants of money or offices, and while it is also true that grants of land were given to all who wished to take them, in the vast majority of cases the Loyalists gave up everything they had and suffered extreme privations in consequence. Some of them were unable to stand the rigorous life of the country to which they had come and returned to their former homes, where they were very kindly received. As a matter of fact, as Sabine, the historian of the Loyalists, himself an American citizen, said, these people represented the best element in the country which they had left. They were the most educated and refined, and their presence was sadly missed when it became necessary to set up a new government and to enforce the laws with courage and justice. The great majority of them remained in Nova Scotia. New Brunswick and Ontario, and there laid the foundation of a permanent British Dominion on this continent, and inaugurated that respect for law and that fearless administration of justice which is our greatest boast today.

What did the Loyalists stand for? They were not by any means in sympathy with the policy which drove the Thirteen Colonies into rebellion; but they believed that the disagreements could be adjusted within the empire, although they had not at that time learned to call it by that name. They were not in favor of coercion being applied to the colonies, and taxation without representation was as hateful to them as it was to the most rabid rebel; but they knew the history of the British nation, they knew the manner in which within its borders liberty had broadened down from precedent to precedent. They feared the dangers, which might result from the supremacy of the agitating element in the community, and the records of the United States show how well founded their fears were. It is the custom of the historian of that country to gloss over the events of the early years of independence, but those who have had an opportunity of learning the true facts about those times, as set forth in private correspondence and not in the expurgated form in which they appear in histories, know that at first it seemed as if anarchy would be the chief fruit of independence. Only the innate capacity of the people for self-government, and it must be remembered that they inherited this from British ancestors for the most part, prevented the occurrence of a calamitous condition of things. The Loyalists stood for the Common Law of England and all that is implied therein, including loyalty to the crown as the head of the nation and the sufficiency of the principles of British institutions to meet and equitably adjust all social and political differences. In other words they stood for the principles which lie at the very foundation of the British Empire.

While it is estimated that out of the population of the Thirteen Colonies about twenty-five per cent. or approximately a million people, including of course men, women and children, were utterly opposed to the rebellion in all its stages, not more than fifty thousand found their way to what is now Canada. Many returned to England, but the majority of them, especially in the southern states, remained at home and cast in their lot with the new republic. There is no reason to doubt that the eminence of southern statesmen in the councils of the United States during the first half century of that country's independent existence was due to the presence of the Loyalist element. The United Empire Loyalists were largely from New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. In very many instances they were people who had been wealthy, as wealth was reckoned in those days. To induce them to return the first Congress passed a law by which they were invited to repurchase their property on very favorable terms, but almost to a man they declined to avail themselves of the opportunity. Tried by utilitarian principles they made a grave error, for undoubtedly not one of them gained by removing to British territory. But whatever may have been the motives which influenced them to remain in their new homes, certain it is that by reason of their having done so, the northern half of the Continent was preserved to the British crown and a world-encircling Empire was made possible. If, as we believe, the perpetuation of British institutions in their integrity over the immense region now known as Canada is a matter of great consequence to the world, the credit for making it possible belongs to the men, who stood steadfast for British institutions amid a hostile population and went into exile rather than abandon them.

It is not to be understood at each individual member of the Loyalist bands was inspired by devotion to the British flag and nothing else. Some of them, but not many, left the States because during the war their excesses had rendered their remaining in the country unsafe. Doubtless there was a strain of romance in many cases in which Cupid played his part. There is a story told of a beautiful, high-bred girl, who fell in love with a cornet in her father's troop of horse. When the war was over and her lover had set sail for the unbroken northern wilderness, she did not wait for permission from her father, who was at that time in England, but followed her lover on the next ship, and the following year they twain were made one flesh. There were cases where friends left the country together because one of them felt compelled to go, and the other preferred companionship in a wilderness to separation. There are stories told of dainty ladies, who went out from almost palatial homes, where they were waited upon by many servants, to live and toil in little clearings cut out from the forest, often with scant food and even in the depth of winter insufficiently clad and scarcely housed at all. Relief came to at last but for many it came too late, and beneath the sod of the provinces named above there rest the ashes of many refined and noble women, who shared with their husbands a love for the flag and the institutions which it represents. It is from such mothers that the sons and daughters of the Loyalists in Canada learned their lessons of loyalty. It is their teachings which have molded the thoughts of a very large and perhaps the most influential section of the people of the Dominion. To the descendants of the Loyalists the Empire means the fruit of sacrifice. Hence they are always the first to be ready with fresh sacrifices. Time and again they have felt that their interests have not been properly guarded by the Mother Country, but all sacrifices, whether it was a piece of territory in the East, or a strip of mountains in the northwest, or an island in the sheltered seas of the southwest or anything else, seemed small in comparison with those made by their ancestors. This is the Loyalist spirit: Sacrifice for the Empire. It is the surest foundation upon which an Empire can be built.

AGNOSTICISM.

Much of what poses as agnosticism is simply indifference. Genuine agnosticism is entitled to respect. A man endowed with a thoughtful mind, and abundant patience sets out upon the investigation of a certain branch of knowledge, and he comes to a place where matter and mind seem to have combined to erect a notice reading: "No Thoroughfare," and there they pause and say that as to what lies beyond they are agnostic. Huxley invented the term to express his opinion that the human mind was incapable of reaching trustworthy conclusions as to the origin or nature of matter. There does not appear to be anything very wicked in this. It is not a new doctrine. Many Greek philosophers taught it, and a writer much older in time than any of them, namely the unknown poet who was the author of the Book of Job makes one of his characters ask: "Canst thou by searching find God?" Agnosticism differs from Atheism. If a man says that he does not know whether or not there is any necessity for supposing the existence of God, which is as far as Herbert Spencer, the greatest of all the modern Agnostics went, he cannot by any principle of logic deny that God exists. The moment a man denies that anything whatever exists, he ceases to be an agnostic in respect to that thing. We are unable to see any other possible attitude which an intelligent investigator along the lines of material science can take in regard to the ultimate cause and nature of things, than what is meant when agnosticism is used as an expression by men, who really know its meaning. Science deals with the visible, the tangible, the ponderable, the measurable. If there is something superior to matter, it must possess qualities which matter has not, or otherwise it would be matter. How can it be possible to discover something which is not matter by means of investigation that are applicable only to matter? If there is a God, who is the source and governor of all that is, in the very nature of the case His presence can not be detected by the telescope, the microscope, chemical analysis or any of the processes, which can be successfully applied to the investigation of material things. Hence as relates to a Creator material science must necessarily be agnostic. This is no more a matter of surprise than that a blind man should say that he does not see or a deaf man that he does not hear.

But some one may ask why such men as those who have been mentioned, men of great wisdom, indefatigable industry and admirable judgment were not among the first to recognize the existence of God. One answer to this is that perhaps they never sought for Him in the only way in which there is the likelihood of finding Him. These very great scientists had their mental limitations like the rest of us. There was a time when it would have been thought a species of intellectual high treason to say that much that Spencer wrote is exceedingly commonplace, and that many of the things, which he advances as profound conclusions, are only thoughts lying upon the very surface of things. But it is true and the same observations hold true of Huxley and of all the great lights of the mid-Victorian Era. Associated with much that is remarkable, there is much that is hardly ordinary, and some of the conclusions reached after pages of learned discussion are simply what every one knew already. Nevertheless the agnosticism of a scholar, who tells you that along the road that he has followed he can find no clue to God, is worthy of respect, because it is doubtless not only an honest opinion but a statement of literal fact. There are no clues to a God, who is a spirit, to a God who is love, to a God who is to mankind a father, anywhere in the chemical laboratory or in the astronomical observatory. If this were the only thing that Science, with as big an S as you like, could not find, we might be compelled to take scientific agnosticism more seriously. But all the science that ever was has not yet been able to discover why sugar crystallizes in cubes. It is absolutely agnostic upon that point. Neither can it tell you why one seed sprouts and becomes a plant and why another does not. It cannot tell you what there is in an acorn that produces an oak. It cannot tell you why you see, or hear. It can becloud your understanding by words without knowledge, but the only purpose they serve is to cover its ignorance. When Science sets out to fix the bounds of its agnosticism they will be so infinitely large, and at the same time so infinitely small, that at the last we will see that all it really knows is something about processes and the appearance of things. It does not know realities at all, which by the way is just what the real meaning of the term agnosticism is. Therefore we reach this definition of agnosticism: It is the confession of science that it is unable to get beyond the investigation of appearance and processes, and has failed utterly to discover the origin and real nature of things.

This being the case, we may very properly ask the man, who says he is an Agnostic, when asked to consider religious questions, what he means by it. We may ask him, indeed, in the first place what right he has to be an agnostic. If he is honest, he will in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred tell you that he has never tried to find out anything relating to the cause and nature of matter, but has accepted the term as a convenient one to express the fact that he has never made the slightest effort to ascertain those things which "are spiritually discerned." Nor let us say have the great masters of science have not denied that there is a spiritual domain in which there are laws, processes and entities. The furthest they will go, if they say anything upon the subject at all, is that they have never investigated it. They are agnostic in regard to it. Do not let us be understood as suggesting that all masters of science are have been or are in this attitude regarding spiritual things, for many of them have found opportunities to investigate both worlds, and have testified by their lives that there are triumphs to be obtained in both. What we are saying is simply in reference to those leaders of investigation, who have unintentionally made Agnosticism a sort of social fad and an excuse for indifference to spiritual things. We do not say that such men did not enjoy an active spiritual life; we only know that they have left no testimony to that effect which is available to those who read their works. We also know that not one of them ever sought God through spiritual means and lift it on record that he could not thus be found.

But the great majority of people, who describe themselves as agnostics are simply posing. They fancy that they are getting into very good company when they rank themselves with such men as Huxley and Spencer. They are inclined to look pityingly upon those, who claim that it is possible to experience spiritually the truth of the assertion that there is a power in the Universe, "which makes for righteousness." Let it be added that there is no reason for mixing up science and true religion. They deal with different subjects. It is impossible to prove a spiritual truth by arithmetic. Nevertheless there are spiritual truths, and the man who denies it simply confesses himself ignorant of things which can be and have been demonstrated as clearly as that twice two is four.

GEORGE SAND

Amantine Lucille Aurore Dupin, Baronne Dudevant, better known as George Sand, was undoubtedly a woman of great creative genius. In her character there was much which her admirers strive, though not very effectually, to excuse, but no one has ever denied her remarkable talents as a writer or her brilliance as a thinker. Madame Therese Blanc, who is among the most ardent of her eulogists, feels compelled to say, referring to her earlier works: "We must not forget that this bold, mad harvest, in which common sense has no place, was grown in 1830—the era of all Utopias and anticipated possibilities; when a new world seemed about to be born on the ruins of the old."

George Sand was born in 1804. On her father's side she was a descendant of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. Her father was a handsome officer, who had a short and brilliant career under Napoleon. He married the daughter of a birdseller, a girl of inferior family and little or no education. From such a union it is not surprising that a strange, wayward daughter should have been born. Her parents paid no regard to the restraints of religion, and although Aurore was placed in an English nuns' convent, the step was taken more in conformity to what was deemed correct social usage than because it was felt that she ought to receive the advantages of moral training. In the convent she received a minimum of religious instruction, and evolved a creed for herself, which is described as a compound of mythology, fairy tales and extreme social theories, the meaning of which she was not old enough to comprehend. Upon this she later engrafted a superstitious adoration of Jesus, with the result that she resolved to become a nun. Her instructors dissuaded her from such a course, doubtless realizing that her disposition and mental characteristics were unsuited to such a vocation. She left the convent a devout Catholic, but soon justified the wisdom of the nuns by abandoning not only the forms, but the principles of the Christian religion. But this was only a phase in the development of her character, and in her later works we have an exhibition of faith in God and a recognition of the obligations of religion.

She was married at an early age to a man who was chosen for her. It was an unfortunate match, for he was much older than she, and his habits were not of the best, at least they were not such as made him a congenial companion to her. He was coarse and rough in his manner, inordinately fond of hunting, and very much given to excessive drinking. They lived together for ten years, and she had two children. Her home life was very unsatisfying, and was much interrupted by sojourns in Paris, where she supported herself by making crayon drawings, painting miniatures and doing journalistic work. At twenty-nine years of age she left her husband and formed a sort of literary partnership with Jules Sandeau. When she met him he was a lad of twenty. They rented a garret together and lived in a condition only little removed from poverty. This association continued for two years, when Sandeau went on a trip to Italy, and they never met again, except for a moment's chance encounter. It can hardly be said that Sandeau influenced the woman's career to any noticeable degree, except to lead her to assume the first half of his name.

At the period George Sand was, as she describes herself, a little, dull and uninteresting-looking woman. While she lived with Sandeau, and at times afterwards, she dressed as a boy, and it is said that she looked like a lad of twelve. Her portraits show a dull countenance, with long features, large, heavy-lidded eyes, a small mouth and a sensitive chin. One can hardly call her good-looking, although Balzac, who describes her as Camille Maupin in his novel "Beatriz," speaks of her as handsome.

After her separation from Sandeau, she produced two novels, "Valentine" and "Lelie," the morals of which can by no means be excused even by the most charitable. Her apologist, Madame Blanc, excuses "Lelie" by saying that it was written at a time when the author's eyes were first opened to the realities of life, "and then found herself in a great social centre where all the sadness, want, vice and injustice of the world confronted her." This is a poor excuse for a novel, which has been described as "a wild, glowing, hysterical assault on every sort of social law," especially when we consider that it was written by a woman past thirty years of age, who had lived ten years with her husband and brought up two children, and had followed this experience up by her association with Sandeau. A better excuse is that her highly strung nature had not yet found its ideals, which, in point of fact, it never did, although towards the close of her life she devoted herself to what one of her biographers calls "humanitarian Christianity." A natural outcome of "Lelie" was her exemplification of the laxity of life glorified in it, which was afforded by her life with Alfred de Musset, with whom she remained for two years. After separating from de Musset, she became deeply interested in Socialism, and later adopted the doctrines of Communism. Here she seems to have found her "metier," and it was by her works published in the decade 1838-48 that she produced her greatest influence upon the French people. She took an active part in the revolution of 1848, which drove Louis Philippe from his throne and set up a republic. The frightful excesses of the time appalled her. She found that the ideals, for which she had striven in her books, pamphlets and speeches, were impossible of realization, and she left Paris for the country, returning to the city only at widely separated intervals. Her pen seemed hardly idle for a moment. Novels, plays and more serious productions flowed from it with extraordinary prolificness. The mere names of her works would fill more space than is at our disposal and it would be impossible to ascertain them all.

George Sand was unquestionably a woman of great genius, but, like many others, she was ill-balanced. Her optimism was supreme, and led her to hope for better things from humanity at large than she herself was capable of, or than any one has a right to expect. Her personal faults may be accounted for in a great measure by the temper of the time in which she lived. Leander Edmund Whipple, in a recent work on the influence of thought, speaks of "national thought" as a determining factor in the prevalance of disease. If this is true of physical disease, much more so is it likely to be of mental disease, and that George Sand was at one time of her life mentally diseased can hardly be doubted. By this it is not meant that she was of unsound mind, but only that her great talents had become perverted. With all her personal misconduct, she was always a gentle, kindly and charitable woman, and after her period of mental wildness had passed, she became one whose life was as peaceful and noble as any one could ask. Her greatest error lay in her expectation that the principles of Socialism and Communism could be successfully applied to society as it exists today. In so far as she contributed to the development in France and elsewhere of a belief that the laws, which humanity has observed for centuries, can be superseded, and new and fanciful notions be successfully substituted for them, her work was not for good. But her advocacy of the rights of the people and, in later life, the principles of a true democracy go far to counterbalance the tendency of her work and personal influence in other directions. She died in 1876, leaving thousands of ardent admirers, but beloved best of all by the peasantry among whom the closing years of her life were passed.

The subject of the next sketch will be Margaret of Norway.

The Story Teller

Need of Education

Next to bread, the greatest necessity of the people is education, and even those whom physical want oppresses have come to see that material well-being will never save them socially or individually.—University Review.

Decay of Elegance

There is a decay of elegance—no one can fail to notice that. The times of war and stirring changes of politics produce great leaders of men even in small things, and fashion holds her highest court when wars and rumors of wars produce the men to meet emergencies. —Pall Mall Gazette.

How Lincoln Managed Stanton

To expressions of a natural impatience, Mr. Lincoln opposed a placid front. More than that, he was placid. He knew Secretary Stanton's intense, irritable nature. He knew how the excitement of the time tried men's tempers and shattered their nerves. He himself, apparently, was the only one who was not to be allowed the indulgence of giving way. So Mr. Stanton's indignation passed unnoticed. The two men were often at variance when it came to matters of discipline in the army. On one occasion, I have heard, Secretary Stanton was particularly angry with one of the generals. He was eloquent about him. "I would like to tell him what I think of him!" he stormed.

"Why don't you?" Mr. Lincoln agreed. "Write it all down—do."

Mr. Stanton wrote his letter. When it was finished he took it to the President. The President listened to it all. "All right, Capital!" he nodded. "And now, Stanton, what are you going to do with it?"

"Do with it? Why, send it of course!"

"I wouldn't," said the President. "Throw it in the waste-paper basket." —Col. W. H. Crook in Harper's.

Another Tillman Story

A reporter asked Senator Tillman rather maliciously what he thought of a certain opponent's speech. "My boy," said the senator, "it was like a fine bottle of champagne." "Yes?" murmured the reporter, rather taken aback. "Yes," said Senator Tillman, "lots of froth and very dry."—Argonaut.

Prison Repartee

Senator Tillman was discussing a recent quarrel among financiers.

"Those men threw a good deal of mud at each other," he said, smiling, "and most of the mud stuck. It was an interesting squabble. It reminded me of an incident in a Southern jail.

"There were two prisoners in this jail. One was in for stealing a cow. The other was in for stealing a watch.

"Exercising in the courtyard one morning the first prisoner said tauntingly to the other:

"'What time is it?'

"'Milking time,' was the retort."—Washington Star.

Too Many

When the Norwegian novelist Bjornson was in this country he was on one occasion the guest of a popular club at dinner.

A man with a wide reputation as a brilliant talker and speechmaker told an exceedingly funny story, at which the Norwegian novelist laughed heartily.

The man told a second story, and the novelist sat unmoved, even gloomy.

"It was a very good story," chided the novelist's mentor. "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I am forty years old," said Bjornson, firmly, "and two stories are enough."—Youth's Companion.

The Law's Delay

Shortly after Congressman Maddox, of Georgia, had turned over part of his law practice to his son, the young man came into the office with a flushed, triumphant face.

"Pap," he began, "you know that Wilkins case you've been trying for the last ten years?"

The congressman nodded.

"Well," said the young man, "I've settled it!"

"Settled it!" ejaculated his father. "Settled it! Why, my boy, I gave you that case as an annuity!"—Woman's Home Companion.

It was in a country tavern where a newly-arrived commercial traveller was holding forth.

"I'll bet my case of samples," he said, "that I've got the hardest name of anybody in this room."

An old farmer in the background shifted his feet to a warmer part of the stove.

"Ye will, will ye?" he drawled. "Waal, I'll have to take ye up. I'll bet $10 against your samples that my name'll beas yourn."

"Done," cried the salesman. "I've got the hardest name in the country. It is Stone."

The old man was game.

"Mine," he said, "is Harder."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The philanthropical Fifth avenue lady was visiting a lower East End school. To test the apiness of a particularly indigent cluster of pupils she took the class in hand to question them.

"Children, which is the greatest of all virtues"

No one answered.

"Think a little. What is it I am doing when I gave up time and pleasure to come down among you for your moral good?"

A grimy fist went up.

"Well, what am I doing, little boy?"

"Buttin' in."—Life.

"Old man, I'm sorry to see you carry such a looking umbrella as that."

"Why so, dear boy? I think it's a peculiarly fine one, and a credit to any man's taste."

"So it is, old man; so it is. I'm sorry to see you carrying it because it looks exactly like one I used to carry and have lost track of somehow."—Chicago Tribune.

Harry Laughlin told at an exhibition game in Toledo a billiard story, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"Once when I had my own parlor in Columbus," he said, "I was a good deal disturbed by the loss of chalk. Chalk disappeared at a tremendous rate, and I said to my helper:

"'Keep a better eye on the chalk, Jim, I'm no millionaire.'

"'I knows the gents wot pockets the chalk, Mr. Laughlin,' Jim said, 'but they are regular customers. I guess you would not want me to offend 'em, would you?'

"'Well, no,' I said, 'I wouldn't.' You might give them a gentle hint, though. Use your diplomacy.'

"Jim, I found out later, used his diplomacy that night. He walked up to one of my best patrons who had just pocketed a piece of chalk, and he said:

"'You're in the milk business, ain't you, sir?'

"'Yes. Why?' the patron asked.

"'I thought so,' said Jim, 'from the amount of chalk you carry away. The boss likes enterprise, and he told me to tell you that if you wanted a bucket of water now and then you could have one and welcome.'"

"You have some stock in a gold mine out west, haven't you? Is it paying any dividends?"

"Not now. You see, theyv'e had to install a lot of new and expensive machinery—"

"They struck a vein of water that flooded the mine and had to be pumped out, didn't they? But there's plenty of free gold in sight, and just as soon as—"

"Why, how do you know?"

"My dear boy, I didn't know it. I just guessed it. But I've paid $5,000 to learn to be a good guesser on mining propositions, and I generally hit it."—Chicago Tribune.

A young girl recently went to her aunt on a momentous occasion. She explained that a gentleman was coming to see her.

"I am sure he likes me," she added, "and—and I think he means to propose. I don't like to ask mother how I should act under the circustances, but—"

"Do you like him?" interrupted aunty, sternly.

"Very much," answered her niece.

"Enough to marry him?"

The girl blushed and replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said aunty with an air of authority, "don't let there be any shilly-shallying. When he pops, don't turn red and look down to the carpet. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face and begin talking about the furniture."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Current Verse

William Henry Drummond

(Died April 6, 1907.

Man ne'er had kindlier comrade,
Nor earth more noble son,
Earth's people truer singer,
Than he whose race is run.

He has crossed that last dread portage,
This valiant voyageur;
That place of the lonely mountains,
That valley where all must fare.

Not in the haunted even,
With faltering step and slow;—
But in the noontide high and bright,
When life was all aglow.

With his burden of hope on his shoulders,
Wending where all must wend;—
He came to that shoreway, dim, where earth's
Longings and sorrowing end.

And the folk of the homely patois
Will know his genius no more,
And the joyous heart of the outdoor world
Is lost to open and shore.

And "Leetle Lac Grenier" all alone,
Out on the mountain brow,
You may call in vain to the heart so still,
O, who will love you now?

And the peasant folk in the evenings glad,
Their simple loves may tell,
And all in vain may ring again
The bells of San Michel.

For out on the shadowy water
He has launched the shadow canoe;
With Love, and the soul of his little dead son,
His paddlemen safe and true.

But here on the shores behind him,
Where the manly heart is still;
He leaves a vacant place in our song
No other singer can fill;—

He, who gave us, so joyous,
Amid all our doubtings and fears,
Those heart-deep songs of a people
Brimming with laughter and tears.
—Wilfrid Campbell in London Spectator.

The Magic Mist

The magic mist crept down the hill;
The magic mist was strange and chill.
By the fairy thorn and the haunted rath
Who stole by my side on the twisting path?

Oh, Patrick, Patrick, I dreamt of you
As I gathered simples in May morn dew,
To bathe the face that you loved so dear,
Then came a whispering voice at my ear.

A young man's arms were round me flung
The magic mist to his gold hair clung,
He snatched me up to his saddle bow,
We rode together a hammer's throw

Into the heart of the hill we passed;
Some gates behind us clanged and were fast.
I looked on a beautiful fairy place,
And I turned and gazed on my new love's face.

I have nursed a fairy's child at my breast;
I have loved my fairy lover the best;
I have lost my soul and I hug my sin;
I weep no tears for my mortal kin.

When the child of the fairy withered and died,
My human heart 'gan bleed in my side.
There's some say there's nor grief nor care
In the Land o' the Young, but it's wrong they are.

My fairy lover he loves me so,
If he thought I grieved he would bid me go,
He would ope the gates, he would see me pass,
I should kneel to the priest, I should pray at the Mass.

But ever and always his face would come
'Twixt me and my prayers and the prayers fall dumb,
For the sake of the true, true love that I had,
My heart would break for my fairy lad.

Oh, Patrick, Patrick, choose a new bride,
A girl to lighten your dark fireside,
I never loved you since time began,
But I lose my soul for my fairy man.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

Pass on to Destiny

Pass on to Destiny. The Wind
Bows softly through those ringlets fair,
Thy merry life knows naught of care.
Happy, frolicsome lad of joy,
Thou canst not always be a boy—
Pass on: May destiny be kind.

Pass on to destiny, oh, youth!
Happiest of all that walk the earth,
Dreaming of love, living in mirth.
Sweet fiction! What can lovelier be
Than youth? Alas, that minor key!
Pass on, oh, youth! 'Tis law, 'tis truth.

Pass on to destiny, oh, soul
Of man. Oh glorious creature bright.
Thy work is both to love and fight;
To live for God; to strive for right;
To shift the darkness into light.
Pass on! Thy strength must fade and mould.

Pass on! But dimly burns the light.
Yet age is God's most holy one,
When love and life are nearly run.
The Child, the Youth, the Man Old Age.
Life's book is filled. We close the page.
Pass on, blind faith, receive thy sight.

The span of earth is fully run,
But life in truth is just begun.
Deny us not our hope so dear,
The force that lifts us out of fear
Pass on to destiny. It lies
With Love Supreme in Paradise.
—Scott Cummings, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Remembrance

There's a village that's gone with our youth, my pet,
There's a brook and a gray old mill—
Ah, you will remember them well, my pet,
The dripping wheel where the sedge was wet,
Yes, you will remember them well, my pet,
And the plashing that never was still.

There's a willow tree by the mill dam, dear,
With branches that dip to the stream—
Ah, you will remember it well, my dear,
With its shadowy cells and its sounds so queer,
Yes, you will remember it well, my dear,
In your musing hour and your dream.

It was there that we strolled in the twilight, sweet,
Along the grass fringed shore—
Ah, you will remember it well, my sweet,
The ripple and song of the wave at your feet,
Yes, you will remember it well, my sweet,
That beautiful song of yore.

But mourn not the scenes that are gone, dear heart,
Nor the brook nor mill nor the tree,
Nor weep for the years that are flown, dear heart,
Their memory still is of joy a part,
For I have been left to you, dear heart,
And you have been left to me.
—Floyd D. Rase