

THE MESSENGER, 215, York Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

BY CHARLES MACRAE, LL. D.

Thanks to my eyes, I'm Highland born, And tread the moorland and the heather...

And when the winds blew loud and chill I've scaled the heatherward summit...

Also the land denied me bread, Land of the Willows and the Birch...

These parrots' out in wide domains, By each low, restless bird...

The faint of eyes deemed the class Who dwells at the best, or looms...

In agony of silent tears, The promise of my soul beside me...

And love with steadfast faith in God, Strong with Me strength I gained in sorrow...

And every day years roll on, And touch my brow with age's finger...

And hope revives at memory's touch, That scolded, crushed and landlaid...

And Hop revives at memory's touch, That scolded, crushed and landlaid...

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of figurative burial in a huge downy feathers, let my head sink into a soft unsubstantiality of pillow...

A little before nine I rose, donned a loose, thick wrapper, best adapted to anything in my wardrobe...

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the evening? Are there no thieves or desperados about?" "None that trouble anything but the henhouse...

"Then I will not trouble Miss Alice, thank you. I shall really enjoy finding my way by myself. There will be a pleasant spice of adventure about it...

"Poor folks enough, I guess. But people think they've seen better days. They're new comers here—that is, they've only lived here going on three years..."

"I do not mean that I merely want to know if there are any domestic or individual pitfalls to be avoided..."

"Oh! Well, Mrs. Warren's one of the prettiest (pretty being here used in its New England signification of pleasant, agreeable) 'little women in the world...'

"Wait a moment, Miss Frost. I guess after all, I can furnish you an escort just to your mind, one that won't be in your way..."

An enormous dog, hitherto coiled up in some dark corner, rose and came majestically forth. A noble animal, of pure Newfoundland breed, coal black, and with a face of rare intelligence...

"There!" said Mr. Divine, with pardonable pride, "that's the finest dog you ever saw, 'mam, if I do say it. I don't believe there's his match for sense and faithfulness in the whole world..."

"And now he knows you're to be put on his list of friends," pursued Mr. Divine. "We never tell him to shake hands with any one we don't want him to treat like one of the family..."

"The dog came to me, and, with ineffable dignity, 'uplifted a great, black paw..."

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come when most earthly shadows should be seen to have been as much a necessity of life's condition, and as transitory. Beyond the church, the road slunk under the gloom of a dense piece of woods...

Leo paused at the gate, waited for me to enter, and then, obedient to a word and a gesture, turned homeward.

"Thank you very much for coming, Miss Frost," said she, in that low monotone of voice which speaks so unmistakably of pain outward, and hope and disappointment both left behind...

"I am a stranger now," I replied. "I hope I shall not seem one long I know it was, taking a liberty to proffer my services in such an off hand way, but I could come much better than Mrs. Divine. And I am tolerably well-skilled in nursing; my father was an invalid for many months..."

"Miss Frost is a student of human nature," interposed a deep, gruff voice behind me, "and she would not miss the chance of finding a new variety in this poor, miserable, fever-stricken hut..."

BALZAC, being asked to explain a strange passage in one of his books, frankly owned that he had no meaning at all. "You see," said he, "for the average reader all that is clear seems easy, and if I did not sometimes give him a complicated and meaningless sentence, he would think he knew as much as myself..."

An authoress of some celebrity in her day once asked Dr. Johnson to give an opinion upon a work she was just going to publish, observing: "If it will not do, I beg you will tell me so, as I have other irons in the fire, and should you think this not likely to succeed, I can bring out something else..."

"An Irish priest told a man who had a Bible in his possession that he had no business with the Bible; for St. Peter said it was not the Word, but the milk of the Word, he ought to have, and he confirmed his assertion by 1 Pet. ii: 2—'As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word...' I know that well, please your reverence, replied the poor man; 'but for fear the milk should be adulterated, I like to keep the cow that gives it with us in the house!'"

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