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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

SOME TIMELY LITERATURE

There was once a shepherd boy who became a king. He was a youth of many accomplishments, a skillful musician, a graceful dancer, a valiant soldier, clever in the use of weapons, a prudent general and a wise ruler. He had his share of human weaknesses, for he was revengeful, selfish and at times cruel. He scaled the heights and sounded the depths af human experience as few other before or since his time have done, and he has left some of his thoughts and impressions on record, so that they are available to us today, although three thousand years have passed since he died. There have been many poets since his day, and they have written much that is full of beauty and value. For example, we have Omar Kayyam, whose Rubaiyat is his best known work. Of recent years it has been almost a religion with some people to read this poem, and many are the interpretations that have been put upon it. Doubtless it has lost something in translation; very few literary productions do not, for there are nice shades in the meanings of words, which a translator may not be able to render. Omar's work is colored by his surroundings. Through the Rubaiyat there runs a thread of that mysticism, which was the characteristic of Persian writers some eight or ten centuries ago, and in his case it was curiously mixed with the materialistic ideas developed by mathematical studies. This racial and local coloring is also very marked in the writings of the poet king, to whom reference is made above and if we fall to keep it in mind we may form a wrong conception of his character, and draw wrong lessons from his writings. If we make allowance for this, we will find in the Psalms of David literature adapted for all time, not because it is divinely inspired, but because it is the outpouring of a soul rich in varied experiences and absolutely frank with itself. We say of some writers that they hold the mirror up to nature; David held the mirror up to his own soul; and as he was unquestionably one of the most successful men, of whose life we have any intimate record, and whose thoughts we are able to get at first hand. what he has to say-the message of such a man to humanity, is certainly timely literature at any age of the world. The reason that the true value of the Psalms is not more generally appreciated is because they are for the most part read as a matter of duty. Familiarity with them has not exactly bred contempt, but it has begotten indifference. These are times when everybody reads a good deal; it would be well if more people would read the Psalms, not because they are in the Bible, nor through from beginning to end at one sitting; but as expressing the thoughts of a man of wide experience and commanding ability, and only a little at a time. If this plan is followed, the profundity of thought to be found in them and their aptness to almost every condition of life, will be surprising. Some of them may be omitted from reading without much loss, for in them David exhibits one of the vices of his age, vindictive cruelty. Doubtless if any of us were to write down his thoughts with the same frankness as David did, he would commit to paper some things of which his friends would feel ashamed. Remember in reading

It would be impossible in the space available in a newspaper article to review this remarkable collection of poems. One is tempted to wish that it had only recently been discovered, so that it might be approached with the unbiassed mind of criticism, that we could dismiss from our thoughts all preconceived ideas, just as we were all able to do when we first read the Rubaiyat, and judge of it on its own merits absolutely. Suppose, for example, that some investigators digging in an ancient ruin a few days ago. had come upon a papyrus manuscript containing the Eighth Psalm, and, for the first time in thousands of years, had given it to the world. Read the Psalm for yourself. It is not very long, and then think a while as to what it means. It is an appreciation of the nower and malesty of the Deity and of man's high place in creation. In Psalm Nineteen, the poet again expresses his wonder at the majesty of God. but in writing this he felt the comparative littleness of men and prayed to be delivered from presuming upon his God-given powers. Turn to Psalm Twenty three. Memories of his life as a shepherd boy were in his mind when he wrote this beautiful poem. His ambitions were gratified; his sins were repented of; through his whole being there flowed a stream of happiness, and his thoughts went back to the hillsides and the sheep he tended as a boy, the green pastures and the pools of water. Turn to Psalm Twenty-seven, than which there is no stronger illustration of confidence in the Almighty to be found in all literature. "The Lord is my light and my salva tion," he begins, and after elaborating this thought, he exclaims in conclusion: "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart. "Wait on the Lord; be of Wait, I say, on the Lord." Again we remind readers that this is the voice of a man speaking from a ripe experience. Take Psalm Forty-two, the cry of one in distress and sorrow, and note the sub-note of triumph in it, and the same is found in Psalm Forty-six. But it is impossible to make even a cursory reference to a tithe of the strong, helpful and beautiful things to be found in this collection of poems. Only a few of them can be mentioned, the out-croppings, so to speak, of the mine of riches within. Psalms Ninety and Ninety-one are majestic productions. The former speaks of the majesty of God and the weakness of men; the latter of the sheltering presence of the Almighty. In Psalm One hundred and one, we have what has been called "A Psalm for Kings," but it is one that every man, woman and child might write upon the tablets of memory and follow its teachings, all except the last verse, in which the spirit of his time gets the better of the writer. The One hundred and nineteenth, the longest of them all, is worth a treatise in itself, for it is full of deep The last six numbers in the collection philosophy. are unique in all literature. We note in them, as in so many other places in the preceding numbers, the weakness of the writer and his inability to rise above the faults of his time, but they form a remarkable group to which nothing else that has ever been writ-

ten is equal. To omit employing the opportunities afforded for the improvement of our minds and the strengthening of our souls by the perusal of writings such as the Psalms is to do ourselves a serious injustice. A modern poet has told us how

> "Lives of great men all remind us How to make our lives sublime.

He goes on to tell us that we may leave footprint upon the sands of time, that others may follow, and ost young people, who have read these words and felt the inspiration of them, have doubtless thought that sublimity of life consists in the doing of conspicuous deeds, and that the footprints that we ought to endeavor to leave ought to be like those of some monster creature of by-gone ages. But there is a sublimity of life, which is just as great as that which commands the admiration of the world; we may mark out a course worth following, although it is seen by very few. In the heart of every one of us

there is a longing for immortality, not an individua immortal existence, but a desire that we may live in the sense that Horace meant, when he wrote:

We do not wish to die altogether. We would like to be able to say with him, "I shall not all die," for that is what the quotation means, and while we may not have written a line that the world will remember or performed a deed that will find a place in history, we may, like him, "erect a monument that will be more lasting than brass and more exalted than the pyramids." We may leave behind us a memory that will be fragrant of good, and an influence that will do its work long after we have been forgotten. It may be true enough that

"The evil men do lives after them."

but it is also true that the good we do is immortal. The gentle influence of a soul, inspired by love and faith in the Almighty, will last through all the generations to come, making those who come within its better and stronger for it. The Psalms of David, intelligently read, will prove one of the most potent agencies in the development of this type of character, and there is nothing in literature more worthy of being read over and over again with discrimination until the spirit of them has been assimilated by our souls, and we are able to say, with the poet-king:

"For this God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death.'

MAKERS OF HISTORY

XVI.

The Saracenic, or Mohammedan, movement was in one respect unique. The great epoch-making migrations of previous centuries, such as the western and southern march of the Goths, the advance of the Huns first eastward and then westward, and the much earlier movements of the Turanian and Aryan tribes out of Central Asia were doubtless caused in the first place by the necessity of finding room to live in and fertile fields that would produce food. Able leaders took advantage of this irresistible impulse of their people, and have been able to write their names in imperishable letters upon the tablets of history. Others of the great men, whose careers were pivotal points in the world's progress, were impelled to action largely by their personal ambitions. In no instance, of which we are aware, was religion the compelling force of a great military and political movement before the founder Islam proclaimed to his few followers in Medina that it was their duty to spread the new faith by the sword as much as by inculcating the teachings of the Koran. Mohammed inaugurated a period of strife, the like of which the world had never before seen, so far as we have any record, and certainly has never seen since.

The death of Mohammed, although it was followed by dissensions among his followers, caused no diminution in their ardor and aggressiveness. They seemed controlled by religious fanaticism and a lust of conquest. Here may be mentioned an interesting matter; the Psalms, that David made no claim to divine in for it is not so much the purpose of this series of paspiration; he is not responsible for what others have pers to teach the details of history as to present a sort ef impressionist picture of it. The followers of Mohammed were for the most part Arabs. For centuries Arabia had resisted all invaders. We have seen that at a remote date an Abyssinian dynasty had established itself on the throne of Yemen, and that later Persis extended her water later. Persia extended her suzerainty over the peninsula; but speaking generally Arabia has always been what it is now, chiefly an unknown land out of which much has come, but into which little has gone. The sons of Ishmael have been ever untameable. For the most part they were content to remain within their own borders, although, as was mentioned in the preceding paper of this series, there are more or less trustworthy records of the conquests of their early kings. They received from Mohammed a new impetus, and it must be noted that the basal factor in this force was the worship of the God of Abraham. This is a fact, which is worthy of more than the passing notice that can be given to it here. We can only sketch the general outlines of the picture, which is of the descendants of Hagar, the bondswoman, setting out to spread with the sword the eternal principle which their great ancestor Abraham ted. And not the least strange feature of it is that the descendants of Sarah were at that time scattered to the four winds of heaven with no country they could call their own. In this connection read the 16th and 17th chapters of Genesis.

Mohammed was succeeded in his leadership by his father-in-law Abubekr, who was the first Calif, which means "representative." The dissensions mentioned deprived him of a great deal of the influence which Islam had obtained, and for a time the prospect of the new religio-political power was very discouraging. But Abubekr was equal to the emergency. In a short time he overcame all those who rebelled against his authority, and then began the organization of invasions of neighboring territory, which he shrewdly saw was the surest means of attracting the Saracenic tribes to his standard. In seven years time he and his successor Omar had conquered Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia and Egypt as well as all Arabia, and become the most powerful potentates between China and the Atlantic Ocean. Omar died twelve years after Mohammed, and at that time the power of Islam had been extended over the ancient empire of Persia. It may be noted that in this brief period Mohammedanism had supplanted the paganism of Arabia, the Christianity of Egypt and Syria and the ancient Zoroastrian faith of Persia. Hundreds of thousands of those who accepted Islam were the descendants of people, who for several centuries had ristianity. These became very earnest Mohammedans, which the Persians never did, for although the latter accepted the new faith, they did so only passively. They never became zealous in promulgating it.

Space will not permit even an outline of the con-quering march of Islam. It swept westward along the northern coast of Africa. In less than seventy years from the death of its founder it had penetrated Spain, and in the course of the next three hundred years it extended its sway down the Western Coast of Africa and across the centre of that Continent. Indeed there is hardly a part of Africa into which its influence did not extend. Later it penetrated eastern Europe by way of Turkey and at one time threatened to don the whole region between the Aegian Sea and the Baltic. It swept into India about the same time as it penetrated Spain. It spread northward through Asia until it reached the steppes of Siberia and eastward through China and into Japan. From India it exded its sway southeasterly into the Malay Islands and the Philippines, and today it is an aggressive and growing-power. The few followers, who shared Mohammed's flight to Medina, have increased to a

host numbering at least 176,000,000. In this connection two names may be mentioned part in the making of history was of the utmost important. They were not among those who contributed to the spread of Islam, for their part was to sheck its conquering advance. One of them was Charles Martel, who in A.D. 732, checked the advance of the Moors into France; and the other was John Sobieski of Poland, who in A.D. 1683, drove back the Turks from the walls of Vienna and freed Europe forever from the fear of Mohammedan domination.

Our Unclaimed Responsibilities

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF NOVELISTS

Apart from its style, apart from its diction, apart from its abundance or lack of beauty of imagery and simile, we look for something else in a novel. It is not precisely the plot of the story, but rather the source from which the main idea, or the plot, springs. It is something intangible, indescribable; yet it is that which either makes a book or mars. It is born in the heart of a writer, and in the case of "King's Treasures," those books which time can never make us forget or dim the intensity of their interest, it runs like a golden thread, scarcely perceptible, yet brightening each page and illuminating the whole, giving it the quality which cannot die, the influence that can never fail. It cannot be described as the personality of the writer. Those stories are best in which the personality of the author is not allowed to intrude at all, and men and women, whose lives were not above reproach, have given us books, beautiful, powerful and inspiring. Might it be termed, for want of a better name, the "conscience" of a story, or rather, the "soul"? A book with a "soul" will live, or else its influence will live, because the writer, be he sinless or sinning, is to the extent of his genius, illuminated by the Spirit of God, and where such a Light is his guide, he must give of his best, holding back all that is unworthy, and the Light will diffuse itself through his work, instructing, beautifying, inspiring. Without the Spirit of God to enlighten him, no writer is worthy to work, nor are his books worthy to be

Among the thousands of novels turned out, and the expression is used designedly as befitting the manner and style in which modern fiction is written, like machine-made articles, without motive or thought beyond money-getting, and lacking the perfection of detail and the accuracy of mechanically constructed things—among the so-called novels thrust upon a helpless public today, how many of them are there that will live beyond the present generation? How many are there that will hold any interest for people ten years from now? How many of them are there that we forget as soon as we finish them? How many more of them are there that we glance through and lay aside with disgust, or, if we are prompted by an altruistic motive, consign to the flames, putting them out of the reach of those who might be contaminated?

But the old books, the old classics, were written for a long ago generation, we are told. Times, customs and tastes have changed. This is to a great extent true. Our lives are very busy now. It is an age of hurry, and we feel that we must accomplish many things in the short space of our three score years and ten, or, as it is more truthfully and happily expressed today, four score years and ten; and it s very commendable that we desire to do our duty by our wonderful century, enjoying to the best of our honest ability all the pleasures and privileges made possible by modern thought and invention, which to a great extent are surely as much God-inspired as the elements from which they are composed are Godgiven. But there are many among us yet who do not love the new quite to the exclusion of the old. In regard to all modern writing, we can realize the sall day at the wharves, what can a little extra coal all day at the wharves, what can a little extra coal In regard to all modern writing, we can realize the brilliancy of articles on current events, written by thoughtful men with facile pens-and surely events were never more stirring or spurring, if one may use such a term, than they are at present! We are thrilled by the loveliness of whatever is worthy and good from the hands of our latter-day poets, and gifted story-tellers. We appreciate to the utmost the inventions and conditions that have made it possible for the humblest and the poorest among us to revel in good literature, whose merit does not suffer because we get it through the medium of our public libraries, or because one only pays a sixpence for it now, where a generation ago it would have cost a shilling. But we can also pick up the works of the old novelists, Scott's Kenilworth, perhaps, or Ivanhoe, and our hearts will be thrilled still with the brave romances and the recounting of noble deeds nobly performed; we can open a book of Thackeray's and lose ourselves completely as we live for a time the lives of the characters that walk through the scholarly writer's pages, hating as they hated, with whole-souled, honest hatred all that is unworthy, ignoble and cowardly, and loving as they loved, heartily, unquestioningly, instinctively, purity and courage and all sweet charitableness; or-and surely we can pity the man or woman, the boy or girl, who has not done so—we can weep over Dickens' "Little Nell," poor, fond, foolish little "Dora," and brave, immortal, funny Mr. Pickwick; our hearts will be stirred over the tragedy and the pathos of "The Tale of Two Cities," and "Oliver Twist," and we can laugh till the whole world grows brighter with Sam Weller and a score of other Pickwickian characters. Dickens' men and women, be they grave or gay, charm us by their honest naturalness; and because we still retain this faculty of enjoyment does not go to prove us stupid or old-fashioned or unappreciative of modern pleasure, rather it makes us the more keenly alive to all genuine enjoyment. What we cannot take pleasure in, what cannot help crying out against, is the class of book. so common today, in which thoughts and emotions, too precious and too sacred for the master-minds of a century ago to discuss at all, are, by the brazen writers of our own times, dissected and laid bare, robbed entirely of their sanctity, and made the theme of some wretched piece of fiction, which an indiscriminating public buys to sneer at, to wonder at, or to be amused thereby.

One of the splendid results of modern thought and isdom, as we see it in our cities and in our homes today, is the system of sanitation, whereby streets are kept clean, our public buildings and our dwellings well-ventilated and healthful. We have learned the value of fresh air and sunlight, which make for sound limbs, healthy blood and a constitution that can withstand disease; we build our schools with the perfection of healthy conditions constantly in mind, and for those who ignore the law in regard to sanitation, there is swift and well-merited punishment. But what is of more consequence than a system that establishes sanitation for the body, is a system that will make it impossible for the minds of the youth to be degraded and corrupted -a healthy body cannot keep its purity if the mind pe vicious and perverted. And yet, the literature of oday, a very large percentage of it, is having an unlimited influence for evil in poisoning the morals of the growing generation. Is it possible that some of our modern "novelists" write their books as a vent to their own impure thoughts? It would seem so, and if this is the case, surely a stop should be put to such things, even more swiftly than in a lesser urgency, where one offends by not following the dictates of law in regard to hygiene. Still a larger class of fiction has a pernicious effect by its very inane-

ness, its poverty of imagination, its lack of all observance of the rules of etiquette, and the weakness and inconsistency of its characters. It is worse than waste of time to read it, while its moral tone is neither good nor bad, its tendency is to lower the standard of human thought and ideals, and, by its very lack of theme or continuity, and its imperfection of construction, to impoverish the intellect of the young

There are three classes which are responsible for the prevalence of bad literature, the writers, the publishers, and the public who read it. Where a writer of lofty thought, noble ideals and masterful rhetoric such competition the inducement to write to suit the popular taste is not very great. If all novelists, be their talent great or small, or whether their aim be to arouse or to instruct, could bear in mind the moral responsibility that is their's, and that, however great or little their talent may be, they should use it in the service of God, we might have fewer and better books, books that we would not hesitate to place in the hands of our children. God has made for both laughter and tears, for appreciation of the sublime and for enjoyment of all honest and pure merriment. Therefore, he who serves any one of these purposes, and writes with this thought in mind, will reach the best there is in human character. He will be serving God to the utmost of his ability. and, whether or not there is enough "soul" in his book to make it live forever, it must last to the extent of his endeavor, and he will have done a worthy work of which he need not be ashamed.

THE STORY TELLER

There is a son of Erin in an Eastern town, who is quite a character. He has a number of children and was asked one day how long he had been married.
"Well," he said, "there's Eugene is forty, and
Norah thirty-five, that makes sivinty-five, and Lizzle is thirty-two, and how many do that make?"

An American on a visit to London took 'bus to the city every morning, where he had business to do with an Anglo-American firm. He always sat behind the driver. On the first journey he noticed that on arriving at a certain corner the driver took out his big watch, dangled it to and fro a few times, and winked jovially at an individual who stood at the door of a

Why do you do that," the American asked. "Well," said the driver, taking his pipe from his mouth, "that's a little joke we 'as between us, bein' as we are old friends. You see, his father was 'anged."

One of the wittiest men that ever sat in the United States House of Representatives was the Honorable John Allen, of Mississippi, better known perhaps by his self-imposed title of "Private" Allen. Mr. Allen affects an extravagant faith in the future of his town, Tupelo, and is ever ready to enlighten the stranger as to its wonderful resources and advantages, as compared with any town in the south. A New York politician was one day "joshing" Mr. Allen, with reference to Tupelo, when he chanced to

ask:

"Say, Allen, how large is Tupelo, anyway?"

"Tupelo," replied Private Allen, "is about the size of New York City. The only difference is that Tupelo is not entirely built up. But that's a mere technicality" nicality," and Jana Su

all day at the wharves, what can a little extra coal

dust in your hat matter."

"You don't see the point, 'Liza," said William, with dignity. "I only wear that 'at in the hevenin's, an' if while I'm hout, I takes it horf my head, it leaves a black band round my forrid. Wot's the consequence?
Why, I gits accused o' washin' my face with my 'at on. And it ain't nice, 'Liza.

When Charles Dickens was in Washington he met one morning on the steps of the Capitol a young congressman from Tennessee whom the great novelist had offended by his bluntness. That morning Dickens was in great good humor.
"I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell."

"Little Nell who?" queried the Tennesseean. Dickens looked him over from head to foot and from foot to head before he answered: "My Little

"Oh," said the Tennesseean, "I didn't know you had your daughter with you."

"I am speaking of the Little Nell of my story, 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' sir,' retorted Dickens, flushing. "Oh!" said the imperturbable Tennesseean, "you write novels, do you? Don't you consider that a rather trifling occupation for a grown-up man?"

Although woman has not yet won her fight for equal suffrage, her influence in politics of a club exclusively for men has lately been demonstrated. A contest for the office of president in a New York club was decided by a letter written by a woman. There were two candidates for the place; one a clerk in a New York financial institution, whose young wife had been a working girl, the other a wealthy manufacturer, with a reputation among his neighbors for "closeness."

The day before the election each member of the little club received a typewritten letter, signed by a woman whom all knew, which began with these

words:
"If what I write you is not true, it is libel."
Then she said the club should not honor its
"meanest man," and related some amusing incidents
to demonstrate that she was not mistaken in her esto demonstrate that she was not initiated in her de-timate of the man.

In closing she wrote: "What do you think of a man who has his barn painted and says to his wife: "That's your birthday present." If you can afford to elect that kind of a man for your president, go ahead!". The alleged "meanest man" was defeated.

well-known yacht owner said one night recently as he ate some very rich and fragrant turtle soup:

"This soup reminds me of something that happened to my old friend Capt. Jeremiah Gotschalk of the brig Scud.

"Capt, Gotschalk and his first mate were doing

"Capt, Gotschalk and his first mate were doing London. On a fine summer morning they walked in the Row and saw the fashionable horsebacking; they strolled in Piccadilly, where all the great clubs are; they looked over the guns and the men's things in Bond street; and lastly, they got hungry.

"For lunch they entered a smart-looking restaurant. A maid in a white cap took their order. The things in the little restaurant were rather cheaper than they had expected. Still, that was all the better, providing the quality was good.

"In a few minutes the maid put two plates of thin, transparent fluid with a somewhat saity taste before

"In a few minutes the maid put two plates of thin, transparent fluid with a somewhat salty taste before Captain Gotschalk and his mate.

"The mate tasted it and coughed.

"Put a name to this, Cap'n, will ye? said he.

"Capt. Gotschalk tried a spoonful, and then beckoned the waitress to him.

"What might ye call this here, my lass?" says he, lifting up a spoonful and letting it fall back into the plate.

"'Soup, sir,' says the waitress.
"'Soop,' cried Capt. Gotschalk.
"'Yes, ignorance,' the waitress answered flushing

up.
"'The captain turned to the mate.
"'Soop!' he said, 'Soop! By tar, Bill, just think o' that. Here's you and me been sailin' on soop all our that.

WITH THE POETS

The College of the City. For a legion camps there, eager-eyed, Flushed with the spirit's fires;
They, whom the elder lands would not—Younger sons of the sires!

Shoulder to shoulder-stubborn breed! There stirs in the atrophied vein,
The quickened pulse of a soul reborn— The prophets' dormant strain.

They drink at the fountain head: They taste of the manna long denied: They eat of the fruit and are fed.

Again! Yet again-the waters of life! You shall hear from them, country mine! Hewers and builders, captains of men, Thinkers, poets divine—

These, whom the elder lands would not! Patience, fools! Ye shall see. For a nation reapeth as it hath sown, And the reaping is yet to be

A Pilgrim Song

-Debbie H. Silver, in Atlantic Monthly.

Ah, little Inn of Sorrow, What of thy bitter bread? What of thy ghostly chambers, So I be sheltered? Tis but for a night, the firelight
That gasps on thy cold hearthstone;
Tomorrow my load and the open road And the far light leading on!

Ah, little Inn of Fortune, An, little inn of Fortune,
What of thy blazing cheer,
Where glad through the pensive evening.
Thy bright doors becken clear?
Sweet sleep on thy balsam-pillows,
Sweet wine that will thirst assuage— But send me forth o'er the morning earth Strong for my pilgrimage!

Ah, distant End of the Journey, What if thou fly my feet? What if thou fade before me In splendor wan and sweet? Still the mystical city quest is the good knight's part;

And the pilgrim wends through the end of the ends Toward a shrine and a Grail in his heart. -Charlotte Wilson in Scribner's Magazine.

Strange

Oh! how strange that the bright sea, all tranquil and calm,
Should bear on its breast in the bright, sunny morn
The ship that e'er night will be tossed by the waves.
The play of the tempest, the sport of the storm.

Oh! how strange that the wind should be gentle and sweet, And whisper at eve, o'er the lake and the sea, To uprise in its anger and rage in its wrath, To sweep in its madness o'er mountain and lea.

Oh! strange that proud mortal, in his manhood and pride,
At noon should walk forth in full vigor and giee,
At eve should lie prone in the dust of the earth,
All lifeless and dead, like sear leaf of a tree.

But oh! why should we murmur at things like these? We know they're but part of His merciful plan. For we can't drift out of His Fatherly care, In death or in life, though it be but a span.

The troubles and sorrows of earth are below, The pure joys of Heaven await us above, Unsullied by sin, and untainted by grief, We'll bask in His giory, and live in His love.

For the Last Time A last time always, a very last, In every clime!
But oh, the pain! when love's porch we've passed
For the last time.
With eyes soul-filled the wide sky we view At morning's prime.

Nor know, it may be, we've seen heaven's blue.

For the last time. Up some road we stray, or, listening, roam
Where sweet bells chime. Where sweet bells chime:

Nor know, it may be, we've seen our home
For the last time.

With some true mind-mate, blithe and bland,
We rhyme and rhyme.

Part then, nor know, we've clasped his hand

For the last time.

Where wild blooms sweeten their morning bath,
Upward we climb, Nor know we ascend the mountain path
For the last time.

With some grand woman, a soul of grace,
And robed sublime,
We speak, nor know we have seen her face For the last time.

And those there are, who, blessed from above Sips sweets at prime.

Nor know they've kissed the lips they love

For the last time. A last time always, a very last.

For the last time. But oh, the pain! when love's porch we've passed, -Moses Teggart, in Springfield Republican.

The Praying of a Child Pray, little child, for me tonight,
That from thy lips, like petals white,
Thy words may fall and at His feet
Bloom for His path like tragrance sweet!
Pray, little child, that I may be
Childlike in innecence like the Childlike in innocence like thee, And simple in my faith and trust

Pray, little child, in thy white gown, Beside thy wee bed kneeling down; Pray, pray for me, for I do know Thy white words on soft wings will go Unto His heart, and on His breast Light as blown doves that seek for rest Up the pale twilight path that gleams Under the spell of starry dreams!

Pray, little child, for me, and say:
"Please, Father, keep him firm today
Against the shadow and the care,
For Christ's sake!" Ask it in thy prayer, For Christ's sake!" Ask it in thy prayer, For well I know that thy pure word 'Gainst louder tongues will have been When the great moment comes that He Shall listen through His love for me!

O, little child, if I could feel
One atom of thy faith so real,
Then might I bow and be as one
In whose heart many currents run
Of joyful confidence and cheer,
Making each earthly moment dear
With sunshine and the sound of bells

Pray, little child, for me tonight, That from thy lips in sunward flight
One word may fall with all its sweet
Upon the velvet at His feet,
That He may lift it to His ear,
Its tender ples of love to hear,
And lay it, granted, on the pile
Signed with the signet of His smile!