The Children's Corner. Little Mr. By-and-By, You will mark him by his cry, And the way he lotters when Called again and yet again, Glum if he must leave his play, Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-By, Eyes cast down and mouth awry! In the mountains of the moon He is known as Pretty Soon: And he's cousin to Don't Care As no doubt you're well aware

Little Mr. By-and-By, Always has a fretful "Why?" When he's asked to come or go; Like his sister-Susan Slow, Hope we'll never-you nor I-Be like Mr. By-and-By. -Clinton Scollard, in St. Nicholas.

## How the Cat Built a Church.

It was only a few words in the corner of a newspaper. It read thus: "Last week, the little church, which we built with much toil and self-denial, was burnt to the ground. The insurance is small, we are poor. We were so happy in having made a place in which to worship God. Will no one help us to rebuild?" That was all.

Aunt Maria glanced it through, and said to herself, "Yes, I will send them something," and she marked the lines with her pencil. But Aunt Maria was one of the directors of the orphan asy- the Sunday school. If Allan had known

"Hurrah!" cried all the little Newgents; "here's a paper from Greataunt Maria; let's see the puzzles; please and soon workmen, among whom children's column; what's might be recognized that marked place?"

gents, "think how we'd feel if our church. church burnt down! Let's help them." In about Well," said Allen, who always was pieces; I know that one about Sparta-"Mother wouldn't let us do such things to get church money." Then

"Why," cried little Katie, "a molatheth church would be thplendid, but it would melt away when it rained, if the vethtrymen didn't eat it up be-

The children laughed. "We'd make the candy and sell it and send the money, gooste," exclaimed Allan.
"Let's do it," cried all.

Mamma said they might make it in the brick kitchen, which was behind bega the regular kitchen, and was the chil- zine. dren's playroom and treasure house. So papa built a big fire and hung the kettle on the old-fashioned crane, and Allan collected pennies and bought the molasses and poured it into the kettle Then seven necks were stretched out, seven noses sniffed, fourteen hands snatched at the spoon, and fourteen feet trod upon one another. It was wonderful that nobody tumbled int

But that molasses did not seem possessed with the missionary spirit that made the children so eager; it would not boil. In vain they scorched their faces in watching, and lamed their wrists in stirring. At last a few lazy bubbles appeared. "There she blows!" cried Allan; "bring us a cup of cold water and let's see if she's ready to

She wasn't ready, in the least, and although about a quarter of the mo-lasses was wasted in these tryings, that which remained in the kettle seemed in no hurry to harden. Till tell you what," said Allan, "I'm going to run over to the woods and get foxberry leaves to mix in; they'd

improve it ever so much."
"So am I." said Tom. 'Let's draw lots for one to stay and

tir," said Nellie.
The lot fell to Joe. Now, Joe was next to the youngest, and pretty small to leave in charge; but the kitchen was hot and the woods cool, so Joe must 'We won't be long," called the others cheerfully, as they ran off.

Joe sat down on the low stool when he wasn't stirring. Tabttha sat oppo-Tabitha had eaten all the mo lasses that had fallen to the floor, and that was a good deal. She had a "sweet tooth." She very much approved of the candy-making. Joe stirred manfully, winking his scorched eyes and rubbing his knuckles that had hit against the hot kettle. He took the spoon in both hands and went round ten times; then "tried" to see if it were ready to pull; then went into the front kitchen to look at the clock. Stir. try. clock: stir. try. clock.

It was weary work. hum!" sighed little Joe. "Maybe I'd better help 'em look for those foxberry leaves." He started toward the wood, leaving the molasses to bubble and the cat to watch; but he bethought him of the charge not to let it burn, so ran back and pulled the grane forward till the kettle was diectly over the stool. There, she can't burn there, and

"ill be back soon," he said.
The children rebuffed Joe for deserting his post, but concluded to remain a few moments longer. As there didn't happen to be any clock in those woods, they did not realize how fast time was passing till it began to grow dark. Then they hastened home. What a sight met their eyes! Tabi-

tha was standing on the stool with her head and forelegs in the kettle. she was not happy. Far from it. Her paws were stuck fast in the soft candy, and the more she struggled the worse it was. The children had a sad time getting her clean, and, of course, candy was spoilt. "I didn't mean to," sobbed repentant 'It's just as much our fault as

' sald Nellie. "We'd no business putting all the hard work on you. It's our fault that that poor minister can't It was a sad evening for them all; but the next day things looked bright-

"We've begun, and we must do it," said Allan. "I'm going to write that the money's coming, and we must just work and get it somehow." In a small village far away, the Rev. Bent sat in his study, leaning his

tired head upon his hand. He looked very sad, and so did his wife, who had just come in. "It was no use, my dear," said he, "putting that appeal in the Nobody has noticed it. raise enough money to rebuild. We'll have to wait. 'Oh, William," sighed his wife, "how

can we go back to that dirty hall, with its stage, and footlights, and gaudy It isn't a fit place in which to worship God. If you could have seen threse people who have struggled and

band. "They are too much discouraged to make another effort." 'Father, here's a letter for you!" shouted a boy, running into the room.
"I'm sure it was written by a boy of my age; it looks just like my writing. Mr. Bent began to read, and as he read his face brightened; he lifted his head and smiled. "Listen to this," he

'Rev. Mr. Bent-Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, want to let you know that we are going to send you some money to help rebuild your church. We began last week, but the candy got spollt because the cat got stuck because we all did wrong. But we'll make the money somehow and send it as soon as possybel. If you begin before we get it, plese leave a little for us to

"'Yours, etc.,
"'Nellie, Tom, Annie, Joe, Katie Carl and Allan Newgent.' "There, Mary that cheers me," said Mr. Bent. "I'm going to see the peo-

It cheered Mrs. Bent, too. She watched her husband walk down the street as he had not walked since the fire, his threadbare coat flying out behind like a banner of victory; then she up the pillows and made the beds. The letter cheered the people, too. Of money could not help much, but they thought to themselves: "God has not forgotten use; if one person answers the appeal, why should not others do the same? If those little ones in distant Maine are doing their best, we might try a little harder ourselves." The senior warden took the letter

home to read to his wife; the junior warden did the like; the Ladies' Guild asked to hear it, and it was read to lum, head of the industrial school, and how many were to see his document, secretary of the auxiliary, so the next he would have looked once or twice in day she rolled up the paper and sent the dictionary; but nobody dreamed of it to her nephew in Maine, without thinking again of the burnt church. "the cat got stuck." That letter gave cheer and courage wherever it went, Sunday school boys, began clearing Nellie read about the burnt church. away the mournful, blackened timbers, "Poor things," cried the little New- and making ready to rebuild the

In about a month a letter came from Maine containing-\$500! Of course, the ready with ideas, "we might speak Newgent children hadn't earned all that; in fact, with their mightiest efcus, with gestures. Or we might have forts they could collect only a few a sale, or give a play, or maybe have dollars; but Mr. Bent had answered a circus; Tom can stand on his head Allan's letter, and told him how cheerfirst rate." But the other six heads ed they were, and that they meant to shook discouragement, and Nellie try again to build, and Mr. Bent's letter had traveled about the village in Maine as much as Allan's did in the cried Allen the inventive distant Western village, and, wherever It went, it made people want to help. It even went to Aunt Maria, who was shocked that she had forgotten, and so hastened to add of her abundance to the children's pennies.

"We never should have done it if your letter had not cheered us, boy," wrote Mr. Bent. Whereat Allan laughed and said: "And I never should have written if Tabitha hadn't spoiled the candy. She began it."-Canadian Church Maga-

## How It Strikes a Boy.

Said little Johnny Green,

"This is the funniest world I ever seen; A fellow is sent off to bed When he hain't got a bit of his head.

And he's hustled out

When he's just as sleepy as he can be!" -Boston Transcript.

# He Only Asked Questions.

A Small Boy, Whose Brain Was an Interrogation Point.

# The Household.

When the small boy steps into the question box and prods with an interrogation point, he makes even the most patient woman willing to fly to ills un-

Saugus Branch of the Eastern Road, behind a pale, careworn lady, who was talking to a little boy. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind, and erything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of the questions.

'What is that, auntie," the little boy ommenced, pointing to a huge stack of hay far out on the level marsh. "Oh, that's hay, dear," answered the

"What is hay, auntie?" "Why, hay is hay, dear." "But what is it made of?" "Why, hay is made of dirt and water

and air. "Who makes it?" "God makes it, dear." "Does he make it in the daytime or in the night?"

"In both, dear." "And Sundays?" "Yes, all the time."

"Ain't it wicked to make hay on Sunday, auntie?" "Oh. I don't know. I'd keep still, Willie, that's a dear. Auntie is tired.' After remaining quiet a moment, little Willie broke out:

"I don't know. Nobody knows." "Did the moon lay 'em?" "Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked

"Where do stars come from, auntie?"

"Can the moon lay eggs, too?" "I suppose so. Don't bother me Another short silence, then Willie "I think a whale could lay eggs.

don't you. Auntie? "Oh, yes, I guess so. "Did you ever see a whale on nest?

"Oh, I guess so." "Where?" "I mean no. Willie, you must be quiet: I'm getting crazy.'

'What makes you crazy, Auntie?"

### Rest Before Speaking. A New York reporter is said to have

found that most of the leading orators there always have an afternoon sleep when they have to speak in the evening. Colonel Ingersoll makes it an invariable rule, Dr. Parkhurst is nearly always invisible from 3 until 5 p.m., and innumerable preachers spend Sunday afternoon in bed. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the famous banker and after-dinner speaker, says: "If I have an hour to spare before dressing for a dinner where I am to speak, I spend it on my sofa, with every muscle relaxed. I do not sleep. I simply rest. Half the value of rest is lost by trying to maintain a cramped position. Let yourself go, and the harder the lounge the more you will be rested."

"You are fagged out. You must give "Why, that spells ruin!

# Animal Curiosities.

STORIES **ABOUT** 

A Thrilling Adventure With Lions. Monstrous Snakes of Java. A Remarkable Cat. Fish That Ballast Themselves.

Monstrous Snakes of Java. The Itaho sugar estate in Java comprises over 12,000 acres, about onethird of which is in cane. This is one of the most densely wooded parts of Java, and the bush is like a wall, impervious even to many wild animals, but snakes flourish, and there are no less than ten varieties that are deadly poisonous. Eight of the coolies employed on this estate have died inside of four months from snake bites. The chain viper is most dreaded, as it will not get out of one's way, and when trodden on by the bare-footed natives strikes fatally. Twelve miles away is the ruined city of Choru, a wilderness tripped upstairs and sang as she beat of temples built of stone, cut in designs as fine as lace work. On the north side of these buildings are long course, the knew that the children's arched passages, and here wild animals resort to get out of the intoler able heat. Leading from these avenues areh undreds of small chambers more snakes than can be found anywhere else in the island.

It is not surprising that the Eastern nations look upon Englishmen as lunatics. They do so many fool-hardy things from no apparent motive, save to risk their lives. Two years ago an and these two, against all warning, went roaming around the forests without a guide. In Choru, the ruined city, and killed a magnificent black jaguar, bers, saw something yellow in the far Without a moment's thought that fairly shook the walls was followed by an assault swift as the leap of a tiger, and the man found himself seized by a huge Bari snake, the most aggressive and dangerous of our constrictors. His left shoulder was crushed in the brute's teeth, and quick as a flash a coil was around his body, and he felt the steel-like compression. But the grit of the boy saved his mas-He had a heavy sharp wood heavy blows just back of the head, the most vulnerable part of his body, because the thinnest. Its backbone cart. The lieutenant's left shoulder arm was useless. Both master and a brute would crush a horse.

boy recovered after a spell of fever. I saw the snake, a hideous object, black Gunning one day near the Wasli had seized a full-grown one, easily Under the tremendous pressure the of its prey like chips. There is no doubt that hidden away in the interjor are vast anacondas of enormous Parties have been made up to size. hunt them, but the malarious climate drives them back. In the museum at Batavia is the skin of a servent that must have been 50 feet long when living. Such a brute would kill a man as easily as it would a rabbit. I have in my possession the jumper and lioncloth of a coclie that had been swal-

lowed by a boa. The cloths seem to have been knotted by hand, so tightly are they rolled. The only part of the body found was the lower jaw-bone. All the rest had been digested. There are certainly people who have some occult power over snakes. We have here an Indian coolie who is insane from a blow on the head. harmless, and yet a terror to his countrymen, as he always has one or more venomous serpents about his person, and these he will handle and gabble to by the hour. We have a coral snake, bright scarlet, known as the kora. It is deadly in its bite and vicious in

temper, fighting to the last, yet in the coolie's hands at is inert, and makes no attempt to bite, but if he puts it on the ground it will attack anything in the way, killing chickens with one dart. It is a horrible sight to see the coolie come in with a gray cobra, six eet long, coiled about his neck, its head erect, and striking at everything that comes near. So, much to his grief, Shamul was told, under penalty of a thrashing, not to bring any more snakes into the compound. There is one curious reptile here, fortunately not very common. It is not venomous, about 7 feet long, and when angered it emits a horrible odor that is fairly suffocating twenty feet away. It is said to paralyze its prey in this man-mer, and is much dreaded by the na-Then we have a very snake that preys on the poison snakes exclusively, and is not effected by their bite, as I tried by putting a poison snake and a black snake in a large box. The viper bit the other several

### times, but was quickly crushed. Two Mountain Lions.

A writer in Outing gives an account of a hunter's thrilling adventure with the mountain-lions. The huntsman saw, above the ledge and a little beyond, the ears and head of a lion as it sat watching a deer. He rose in his saddle to place a bullet, as he said, midway between those ears when before he had time to realize what was occuring, a powerful lion leaped from behind a tree on the ledge of the rock above, and striking him in the chest, carried him off his horse headlong down the mountain, and his horse ran away.

back in the snow, his head uphill, and the beast standing over him with one paw planted firmly on his chest, the other slightly lifted, and hot breath was exhaled into Jake's for it tonight."

ing sound caused the Hon to rebound and utter a scream which Jake knew was a call to the other lion.

Fearing to make a motion of escape or resistance, the man moved his hand back in the snow in search of his rifle, which had been lost in the fall. His finger touched the stock. He cautiously pulled it down by his side, and still looking his captor straight in the eyes, slowly turned the rifle until its muz-

zle faced the hon. The bullet passed through its heart and it sank on Jake's feet. Before he could move from his helpless position, the other lion bounded over the precipice, and somewhat overleaping its stantly received a bullet in its rain. The two lions lay dead, not ten fee

A highly original observation upon

## Fish With Sand Ballast.

the behavior of fish in deep water is attributed to a long experienced caphaving no windows. In these lurk tain of a steam fishing smack, so remarkable as to deserve special notice. year-old, "and I limp now when I talk." The fishing boats belonging to the southern portions of the North Sea found in their catch, lately, a disprosalary, giving as his reason: "Brudern, portionately small quantity of codfish. The captain maintained that he had English naval lieutenant was here vis- foreseen this for eight days, because iting a naval planter, and his peculiar most of the fish had sand in their craze was making a collection of stomachs. He claimed to have first Javan reptiles. His only attendant observed that just before the fish left well together. When we go out to was an English sailor lad about 16, the shallow water of the southern banks, they took sand into their stom- walk. When the devil can't get beachs, and soon after fish caught in hind the preacher in any other way, deeper northern waters showed the he sometimes joins the choir,-Ram's the lieutenant found a rich harvest same peculiarity. Then when the time for migrating for these deep waters but an adventure with a snake ended his sport. One day he and the boy sand. The theory has been advanced were under one of the long archways that the sand is taken in as ballast, of the big temple, and, looking through and is rejected when shallow water is the doorway of one of the dark cham- to be returned to. The sand often Indade Of will, Mrs. Flaherty! Sure, differs in color and grain from that of the bottom where the fish are found. he entered and gave the mass a punch It is claimed that this sand may supwith his cane. A tremendous hiss ply a guide for the fishermen.-Hansa.

## A Remarkable Cat.

The vast majority of men who go hunting have trained dogs to accom- am a great believer in the honor syspany them, to point wherever the game em, so I will not exercise any superlies, and when the bird is shot, to vision over you. However, for conretrieve. There is one hunter in the knife, and he struck the reptile two dog of this kind, because he is the class into two divisions, and give each work quite as satisfactorily as any dog could do it. The cat has its headquarwas divided. The coil relaxed, but the ters in Doylestown, Penn., and she is powerful tail lashed out, breaking the a hunter of the most accomplished sort. boy's leg. It was two hours before Unlike most cats, which prefer to do they were found and brought up in a their hunting indoors, to prey upon was crushed beyond surgery, and the ary bird when the cage has been carelessly left open, this tabby is a thorough lover of outdoor sport. She accompanies her master wherever he and yellow, and fifteen feet long. Such goes abroad with his gun, and is said to show in all cases the most remarkable intelligence. She is fat and sleek River in the interior of the island, I as a butter-fed baby, providing most watched a number of wild hogs com-ing to the water to drink. Suddenly ing" sparrows when she is not engaged head of a snake arose above the in her duty as a sportsman's assistgrass and a hog squealed. A python ant, although her master is so fond and proud of her that he sees to it three feet high at the shoulder, and that, in the absence of a meal of sparthrown two coils around the body. rows, she has all that the most luxurious cat could want for her daily nog seemed to lengthen, and when the meals. It may be mentioned that in snake uncoiled, I saw only a strip of meat, nothing distinguishable but the game. Nothing disturbs the cat once head. I shot the snake. It was 12 she has ferreted out the whereabouts feet long and over 7 inches through, of a bird. Noises of all sorts fail to and yet its coils had crushed the bones distract her attention in such a moment. Rigid and crouching, she awaits the crack of the gun before pouncing upon her prey, and but for a slight nervous twitching of her tail, no one would guess that she was a living animal. The singular part of it all is that she has never been trained for been born in her, just as poetry is born wounded and brought to the ground.

The Lieutenant's Pie. Mr. Edmund Kirke, writing in the dote which was told to him by one erness, and were really suffering for man smiled, and gently assisted were passed, and foraging was in order. On that day Lieut. Wickfield, of an Indiana cavalry regiment, commanded the advance guard, of 800 men. About noon he came upon a small farmhouse, of the foreign legations at Washingwhose appearance indicated that there might be some food upon the premises. according to the Star, not because he Halting his squad, he dismounted, and with two of his subordinate officers,

entered the dwelling. Assuming a stately demeanor, he accosted the mistress of the house with a demand for food for himself and can friends about the matter, he said: staff. To her inquiry as to who he about, serving up all they had in the place with profuse expressions of loy-

away with the body of Confederates that Grant was pursuing. The lieutenant and his squad feasted to their hearts' content, and then demanded what was to pay. "Nothing," said the and could only say: mistress of the house, who protested that as a loyal woman she could not ze time." think of accepting pay from the defenders of the country. With this, Lieut. Wickfield and his staff went on their way rejoicing.

Gen. Grant had halted his forces a

inquired if the good people there would cook him a meal. Grant and his staff have just been house, except one pumpkin pie."

is your name?" "Selvidge," replied the woman, now Grant, tossing the woman a half-dol-

The man's first impulse was to hold Grant rode on some fifteen miles to rustle. Roger would put down

ed sensation, and many supposed that the enemy was upon them. The parade was formed ten columns deep, and nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and after the usual ceremon ies the assistant adjutant-general read the following order:

"Headquarters, Army of the Field, Special Order.—Lieut. Wickfield, of the Indiana cavalry, having on this day eaten everything at Mrs. Selvidge's, at the crossing of the Ironton and Poca-hontas and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieut. Wickfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of 100 cavalry and eat that pie also. U. S. GRANT.
"Brigadier-General Commanding."

At seven o'clock the lieutenant out of camp with his 100 men, amid cheers of the entire army. This escort returned to camp about midnight, reporting that Wickfield had eaten whole pie, and had appeared to relish

Grant-Can it be possible that Hawkins is in love with that fat girl. Hobbs -No, I don't believe he's in love. He's

esda?" asked Auntie, who noticed an "Yes'm," replied the 4unusual lisp. Rev. T. W. Williams, of Texas, tells of a colored pastor who demanded his

"Have you lost another tooth, Beth-

I can't preach heah and meet trouble we never have a long

Mrs. O'Flaherty-They say it's not polite to be helped twict, Mr. Dunnigan; but ye'll take another piece of my cake, won't ye?" Mr. Dunniganit's the hoight o' politeness to ate sicond piece o' such cake as this.

Professor-Gentlemen, instead of the ordinary recitation this morning I will substitute a written examination. (Great excitement; two men near the door cut during the disturbance.) I venience I will have you sit two seats apart. Although I have implicit conworld, however, who has no use for a fidence in your honor, I will divide the proud possessor of a cat that does the alternate row a different question. You will please bring your note books to my desk and leave them there, lest they get in your way and interfere with your writing. While the examination goes on I will stroll around the room, not for the purpose of superrats and mice, and an occosional can- vision, but simply to benefit my liver. The examination will now begin.

> A Frenchman having eaten plum I am a sigh that moans among the pudding for the first time was so delighted with it that he asked his English hostess for the recipe, which, of course, she gave him. He carried it Of autumn winds must quickly bear home, gave it to his wife, and at the time gave her an enthusiastic account of the delicacy.

Not long afterward the desert came on the table in a soup tureen, and was ladled out into soup plates. "What is this, my dear?" asked the

Frenchman. "Ploom pooding," answered his wife. He laughed at her; and she produced the recipe, which, as she declared, had been strictly followed. And so it had been, for the English lady had omitted all mention of the cloth. The ingredients had been put, according to directions, into a pot of boiling water, had been cooked for the prescribed time, and had come out-soup.-Youths Companion.

A zealous, popular and well-known this occupation. It seems to have minister in New York had recently a rather curious and amusing experience, in poets. She can tell in an instant He relates it, although the laugh is whether or not her master's shot has against himself. One Sunday, a few been true, and has never been known weeks ago he was ascending the steps to chase after a bird that was not of his Fifth Avenue church, when he was asked by an old lady who did not know him, to help her up the steps. With his usual courtesy he complied with her request. On reaching the top step she halted breathlessly and asked Atlanta Constitution, relates an anecdate which was told to him by one "The Rev. Mr. Blank," he replied, givof Gen. Grant's staff officers. The oc- ing his own name. "Oh, dear," exclaimof Gen. Grant's staff officers. The oc-currence took place early in the war, in southwestern Arkansas, while Grant's troops were on a march through a wild-troops were on a march through a wild-troops were on a march through a wildfood. This state of things lasted for down the steps, remarking, as he reachtwo days. Then a few scattered houses ed the last step, "I wouldn't go in either, if I weren't the preacher.' Candid for both of them.

A young European, attached to one has wearied of social pleasures, but because in trying to speak English he finds himself, to use his own expression, "putting in ze foot."

Talking with one of his new Ameri-"I talk to ze ladees and smile and was he answered, "Brigadier-General be agreeable, and all at once ze grow Grant," and at the sound of that name quiet and look at me so var' queer. all the members of the family fled exclaim, 'What haf I done?' and ze ladees zey make answer. 'It is not what you haf done, monsieur, but what you They were all women, the men being oh, so decayed."

"'Decayed?' said his friend. "You "Decayed?' said his friend."

don't mean that. Oh, I see, you mean to say you are mortified.' The attache was cast down "Haf I not told you I spike bad all Some one gives the following account

of a dog's heroism: This is a dog few miles back for a brief rest, but he cook noticed that in the last ten days soon resumed his march, and about Roger had developed a terrible ap-the time that the lieutenant was out of petite, and was not satisfied with one sight he rode up to the house, and bone, but shung around until he got two or three, and then he would start off with them in his mouth. The cook "No," came from a gruff female voice thought he buried them, so he deteron the inside of the closed door. "Gen. mined to follow him one day and find out what he did with them. He followhere and eaten up all we had in the ed him over to the barn, and close to the barn there is an old havrick with a "Indeed!" said the general "What fence around it, and there in the corner was a poor, little miserable dog. He was one with whom we were not acventuring to open the door. quainted, and therefore we called him "Well, madam, I want that pie," said a tramp dog. He was blear-eyed and quainted, and therefore we called him skinny, and so poor that when his tail wagging its tail in delight, while its lar. "Please keep it for me, I will send wagged in appreciation of Roger's bringing him these bones, his joints The woman took the money, and would make a noise like a sand-paper down his chin tightly, to prevent his where the army was to camp. There bones in front of the dog, make a little throat being torn open, while he cauthe various regiments were notified of dog talk, and sit down and watch the tiously felt for his knife. He found his a full parade at half-past six. This poor little tramp commence to eat them knife, and as he drew it a slight grat- was so unusual that it created a decid-

The following poems are translated from the Armenian by Miss Alice

Complaints.

(Written a short time before demise.) Farewell to thee, O God, to thee, O Ye twain that shine above my soul on

My spirit from the earth must pass awav! I go to add a star to yonder sky.

What are the stars but curses of sad souls, Souls guiltless, but ill-fated, that To burn the brow of heaven? They only To make more strong the fiery armor

bright Of God, the source of lightnings! But, ah me! What words are these I speak? With O God, and shatter the presumptuous

thoughts That fill me-giant thoughts and in-

Thoughts of an altom in thy universe Whose spirit dares defy its mortal And seeks to dive into the depth of heaven, And climb the endless stairway of the

Hail to thee, God, thou Lord of trembling man, Of waves and flowers, of music and of light! Thou who has taken from my brow the

And from my soul the power of soar-

ing flight; Thous who hast spread a cloud before mine eyes. And given these deathly flutterings to my heart. bidd'st me smile

Of the dark tomb, to which I must depart! Doubtless thou hast for me a future

er and praise: But, if my last breath here below mus Speechless and mute, breathed out in mist and haze-

Of boundless light of fragrance, pray

then, instead of any heavenly life To greet me when my earthly span is o'er, May I become a pallid lightning flash, Cling to thy name, and thunder ever

Let me become a curse, and pierce thy Yea, let me call thee "God, the pitiless! Ah me, I tremble! I am pale as death, My heart foams like a hell of bitter-

Dark cypresses-a withered leaf, the strife away. Ah, give me but one spark, one spar of life!

What! After this brief, transitory dream Must I embrace for aye the grave's cold gloom? O God, how dark a destiny is mine! Was it writ out with lees from the

Ah, give my soul one particle of fire! I would still love, would live, and ever live! Stars, drop into my soul! A single Of life to your ill-fated lover give!

black tomb?

Spring offers not one rose to my pale The sunbeams lend me not one smile of light. Night is my bier, the stars my torches The moon weeps ever in the depths of night.

Some men there are with none to weep for them; Therefore, God made the moon. In shadows dim Of coming death, man has but two de sires— First, life; then someone who shall

mourn for him.

In vain for me the stars have written The bulbul taught it me with silver tongue: In vain the zephyrs breathed it, and in My image in the clear stream showed me young.

about, The secret leaves forbore to breathe or stir Lest they should break my reveries di-Ever they suffered me to dream of her In vain the flowers, the dawn of spring, breathed forth

In vain the groves kept stlence round

Incense to my heart's altar, from the Alas, they all have mocked me! All the Is nothing but the mockery of God

Repentance. (A day later.) Yesterday, when in slumber, light and

couch I lay. While on my panting cheeks two roses burned And on my brow sat mortal pallor gray-Then on my soul, athirst for love, there

Drenched in cold sweats, upon my

My mother's sobs, who wept beside my bed When I unclosed my dim and weary I saw her tears of pity o'er me shed.

sacred last remembrance, or death's shore: All her great sorrow in that kiss was And it was I who caused her anguish sore!

felt woon my face my mother's

Ah, then a tempest rose and shook my A storm of bitter grief, that blasts and sears: Then I poured forth that torrent dark. My God, Forgive me. I had seen my mother's