

Meditations of a Hindu Prince.

All the world over, I wonder in lands
that I never have trod,
Are all the people eternally seeking for
the signs and steps of a God?
Westward across the ocean, and north-
ward ayont the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and
what do the wisest know?

Here, in this mystical India, the deities
hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree tops,
or the gusts of a gathering storm;
In the air men hear their voices, their
feet on the rocks are seen,
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message,
and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever
the censer swings,
As they bow to a mystical symbol, or
the figures of ancient kings;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the
endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of
cowards loth to die.

For the Destiny drives us together like
deer in a pass of the hills;
Above is the sky, and around us the
sound of the shot that kills;
Pushed by a Power we see not, and
struck by a hand unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and
press our lips to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and
the rock frowns hollow and grim,
And the form and the nod of the demon
are caught in the twilight dim;
And we look to the starlight falling afar
on the mountain crest—
Is there never a path runs upward to a
refuge there and a rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and
which is the faithful guide?
The haven, ah! who has known it? for
steep is the mountain side,
Forever the shot strikes surely, and ever
the wasted breath
Of the praying multitudes rises, whose
answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the
fruit of an ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the warfield,
and women who died in flame;
They are gods, these kings of the fore-
time, they are spirits who guard our
race;
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with
a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and
the legion of muttering priests,
The revels and rites unholy, the dark,
unspeakable feasts!
What have they wrung from the Silence?
Hath ever a whisper come
Of the secret, Whence and Whither?
Alas! for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the words of the English,
who come from the uttermost sea?
"The Secret, hath it been told you, and
what is your message to me?"
It is nought but the world-wide story
how the earth and the heavens began.
How the gods are glad and angry, and
a Deity once was a man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities
where the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who
girdle the earth with a spell,
They have fathom'd the depths we float
on, or measured the unknown main—"
Sadly they turn from the venture, and
say that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and
where shall the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water,
and what if the mirror break?
Shall it pass like a camp that is struck,
as a tent that is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve,
and at morning are level and lone?

Is there nought in the heaven above,
whence the hail and the levin are
hurled,
But the wind that is swept around us by
the rush of the rolling world?
The wind that shall scatter my ashes,
and bear me to silence and sleep
With the dirge, and the sounds of lament-
ing, and voices of women who weep?
—Sir Alfred Lyall.

A Woman's Work.

A year book published in Northfield,
Vt., has the following rhyme on the
cover:

"Men work from morn till set of sun."
They do.
"But a woman's work is never done."
Quite true.
For when one task she's finished some-
thing's found
Awaiting a beginning all year round.

Whether it be
To draw the tea,
Or bake the bread,
Or make the bed,
Or ply the broom,
Or dust the room,
Or floor to scrub,
Or knives to rub,
Or table set,
Or meals to get,
Or shelves to scan,
Or fruit to can,
Or seeds to sow,
Or plants to grow,
Or linens bleach,
Or lessons teach,
Or butter churn,
Or jackets turn,
Or polish glass,
Or plate or brass,
Or clothes to mend,
Or children tend,
Or notes indite,

But I must stop, for really if I should
Name all the orts, take me a day it would.
—New York Sun.

Paying for the Auto.

"We must have a car," declared mother,
"Those upstart De Peysters have one.
We'll pay for it some way or other,
As every one seems to have done."
Poor father demurred, but quite vainly,
For mother was hot on his trail,
So pa bought the motor, a big yellow
bloater,
That looked like the Overland Mail.

Then ma and the girls started touring,
While pa gave his trousers a yank,
And hustled like crazy securing
Extension of time from the bank.
He mortgaged the farm and the horses,
He mortgaged the oats and the hay,
The chickens he'd wake up and give them
a shake-up
To make them lay twice in one day.

He took brother Jim out of college,
And set him to work with a flail,
For money is worth more than knowledge
When debts must be met without fail.
Poor pa slaved from Monday to Monday,
And got up each morn with the sun,
To pay for the motor ma wanted to tote
her,
Because the De Peysters had one.
—William Wallace Whitelock, in New York
Times.

Home and Homemaking.

I WILL.

I will start anew this morning, with a
higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my
ruthless neighbor's creed;
I will cease to sit repining while my
duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining, and
my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the
things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that
elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the
paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when
another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my
rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive
to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread be-
fore me, rain or shine—
I will cease to preach your duty and be
more concerned with mine.

—S. E. Kiser.

"It is the duty of every one of you to
make at least one person happy during
the week," said the Sunday School
teacher. "Have you?"
"I did," said Johnny, promptly.
"That's nice. And what did you do?"
"I went to see my aunt, and she's al-
ways happy when I go home again."

Save Money On Your Cement Silo

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