

## He is Veteran Scribbler

As well as I can remember, these are the words: "Ladies and gentlemen, Lord Macaulay, one of the great masters of English prose, wrote a series of poems, which he has pleased to call 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' The most remarkable of these poems is the 'Lay of Horatius.' I think that it is unnecessary for me to say that I have never read Horatius, but I have read Macaulay's poem, which has defended the bridge of Rome against the entire army of Lars Porsenna, while the city fathers cut down the structure and saved their capital. I will simply say that the poem may be divided into four stanzas, the first contains an account of the gathering of the Tuscan army, the second depicts the leaders and around Rome on the approach of the enemy; the third, describes the flight of the bridge and the

Bellew arose, went over to the second table, took a sup of water, and returned. "I am not going to wait," he determined to break the spell, he cast upon us, and to prepare us for anything that might serve later. When he felt that we had all recovered from the effects of his immortal reading, he said, "I was told, I am sure, that he would read 'Bells.'" Could poor Poe have refused to listen to that reading, I believe that he would have gone mad, for, in his wildest flights of fancy, he never could have conceived of "Bells." As we heard the first chime, The ringing of the sleigh-bells, the booming of the minute-gun, the sea, the "land alarm bells," we received the closest attention. The reader was close to the entrance, and we were all looking at him. Bellew reading, to a small audi-

Carry your interior crosses in  
face. Exterior crosses without in-  
terior ones would cease to be crosses,  
they would only be continual victo-  
ries, with a flattering experience of  
our invincible strength. Such crosses  
dead poison our heart and charm  
our self-love. To suffer well, we  
must suffer in weakness and feel our  
weakness; we must not ourselves  
without any resources within our-  
selves. We must be on the Cross  
with Jesus Christ, and say as He  
said: "My God, my God, why hast  
thou forsaken me?"

"Know, citizens," he destined.

A German spoke as follows at a temperance meeting: "I shall tell you how it was: - I put my hand on my head; there was von big pain; then I put my hand on my body; and there was madder. There was very much pains in all my body; then I put my hand in my pocket; and there was headings. Now there is no more pain in my head. The pains in my body are all gone away. I put my hand in my pocket and I shall

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