RELIGIONIST OR POET.

At the present day the religionist the poet draw to themselves more of the public attention than all other men. To be therefore, a Talmage, or ustin is a sufficient ambition youth of Saxon blood. To be or both of these, in ministure. ot considered as a distinction at all religionist is one who possesses reon; a poet is one who posses Religion is that sentiment try. entertain toward God ; poetry is sentiment we entertain toward another. In other words, religion etry are each love, or a feeling otten of love. Poetry is here ned the significance it bears in

s line : "The poetry of earth is dead." It is the "society, friend d love, divinely bestowed upon poken of in Alexander Selkirk definitions of religion and of are correct, more people are religionists or poets than might at first seem. Webster gives four definireligion ; one of them is to the effect that religion is a form of worship, as the religion of Moham-medans. In this article, religion indicates the feeling which inclines us worship God, rather than the form of worship a people may adopt. This atter meaning is that which obtains in the line of Burns' : "Compared with this how poor's Religion's pride."

Religion being that sentiment we entertain toward God, the connecting link between the human and the divine (the former, flesh ; the latter, spirit) is the soul. Hence a dog or horse, having no soul, can never know God; having no mind they can never know of God. A man sesses a mind as well as a soul. With his mind he may know of God, by reading or hearing of Him ; but it the man desires to know God he must know by means of the soul. This is referred to by Lamarcine, in a verse of his poem. Hymne de Enfant, as fol-

"On dit que c'est toi qui fais naitre ; Les petits aiseaux dans les champs, Qui donnes aux petits enfants Une ame sussi pour te connaitre !"

Which, ireely rendered, might thus ad : They say that it is Thou who d'st also create the tiny birds in the lds, who did'st also give to little children a soul by which to know Thee. Thus religion has to do entirely with the soul ; and religion has not been born in him whose soul does not know the Great Soul. In like man ner, postry is of the soul and not of the mind. Poetry is that sentiment we entertain towards one another that sentiment is love, or a feellog b votten of love. Therefore a great et, as Shakespere, is one with a at soul, namely, a large soul, with a at capacity for loving. We indeed at capacity for loving. And, in Dryden's critique on Shake-spere, this passage: "Shakespere, and perhaps then, of all the moderns-and, perhaps of all the ancients-had the larges and most comprehensive soul." Re

ligionists and poets, consequently, are parallel in this respect, that they are nearer being Talmages and Austins in proportion as they have much or little

We are sometimes curious to know in the case of new converts, how pro minent they will be as religious work ers ; in other words, we would know how great or strong their religion will Also, when we know of a young be. man (or, sad to relate ! a young woun an,) writing poetry, we desire to be able to estimate that person accurately and determine how great a poet he (or poetess she) will be. Both religion and poetry depending on the measure of the soul, and the mind being an index of the soul, we determine their religious or poetic power by determin ing how broad are their minds. There fore, if Talmage were of a mediocre mind, he would not be above medio crity in religion. If Austin were feeble minded, he would not be poet-laureate of England. His mind ndexes his soul-volume. If Austin is not a religionist, and should becom converted, it would be judged from the grasp of his mind, how deeply he imbibe at the Cleansing Foun tain. Many confount soul and mind as Byron, "When coldness wrans this suffering clay, ah ! whither strays the immortal mind ?"

eyes were glued to the page once more HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD. nd she made no response. "Oh!" she fairly shrieked. "Did you e they brought her warrior deal

they more swooned nor user anid, er maidens, watching, said, watching, said, watching, said, watching, said, said and sa Then they praised him, soft and low, Called him worthy to be loved, Truest friend and noblest foe, Yet she neither spoke nor moved. Stole a maiden from her place,

Lightly to the warrior stept, Took the face cloth from the face, Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Bose a nurse of ninety years, Set his child upon her knee; Like summer tempest came the tears-"Sweet, my child, I live for thee." —Alfred Lord Tenny

in Tonawanda. I wonder if it isn't in-

tended for York? Cousin Ann Jackson

used to visit in York. Why don't they

make the postmark plainer, I wonder?

I believe it's Indianapolis, after all!

Then it's from Eleanor McPherson.

whose husband you met last summer

in Canada. It isn't Indianapolis; it's

Lacon. That's where Lilias Marshall

lives. That isn't an L, either. No; it's

New Philadelphia, Ills. I can make

it out now. Don't you remember? Uncle

Abner Beasix went out there in the

grindstone business. I wonder if any-

thing has-oh, pshaw, it's-what is it?

It's R: R-o-m-oh, now I see-R-o-m-e,

Rome. Why, it must be from-oh, dean

me, it isn't Rome, either. I can't make

And she turned it over and looked

married. I expect she wants to-

it out at all."

the back.

from.

know.

impatience.

said:

"Oh, have you?" he interjected with mild sarcasm. "Shall I go and pack your trunks while you finish that let-**** Mrs. Middlerib's Letter ter?

"I don't see how they can do it," she said, after an interval of silence. "Why don't you look at the postmark, Story of a Wife Who Exasperated Her Husband Unintentionally. then?" he growled. "Maybe that would tell you.'

She read on, silent and unimpressed for two or three lines further, and Mr. Middlerib paused with his coffee cup raised half way to his lips, as his then with an exclamation of as wife took the letter from the servant. ment said: She turned it over once or twice, "How very low!" gazed earnestly at the address, and "Ah, well," her husband snarled,

tally as you read.'

firm, decided tones.

"I'm glad to learn something about "I wonder who it can be from?" She that letter at last. It's about your unlooked at the stamp. cle Marcus' family, isn't it? "I can't make out the postmark," Mrs

She did not hear or heed. She glued ber eyes to that precious letter and Middlerib said, carefully studying that guide to the authorship of letters. "It went on ejaculating at irregular intervals: isn't Perrysville. It looks something like "H'm!" Tonawanda, but I don't know anybody "Oh, that must be lovely!"

"It can't be the same!" "I never heard of such a thing!" "Oh, my goodness

wrathfully. "Who is the letter from, and what is it all about? Either read

aloud or make your comments as men

"I've half a mind to go," she said, in

Finally she concluded the persusal of the important document, sighed and with profound and exasperating deliberation folded it carefully and replac ed it in the envelope. Mr. Middlerib looked at her in blank

amazement. "Well, by George," he said, "you are a cool one! Here I've waited full 15 minutes to learn what that blessed let-

ter is about, and all I know about it is that you couldn't make out the postmark. By George, woman"-"Why, whatever is the matter with you?" she exclaimed, with unfeigned . "Here it is if you want to see it. I didn't suppose you cared to hear

nournfully at the receiving stamp on "Didn't want to hear it!" he shouted. "What do you suppose I waited here "It was received here at 7 o'clock and missed my train for if I didn't this morning," she said finally. "Now,

want to hear that blessed letter?" where would a letter have to come "Why. it isn't a letter at all," she from to get here at 7 o'clock? If you said in the tone of a superior being knew that, we could tell where it came

commiserating measureless and inex cusable ignorance. "It's a circular "Let me look at it." said Mr. Middle from Wachenheimer's about their milrib, who was beginning to fidget with linery opening next Thursday"-The bang of the street door cut off "No," replied the wife, turning back to the postmark once more. "I can see what it is now. It's Spartansburg, Ky alone and that her husband was the Sarah Blanchard went there after she angriest man in the state. "And what had occurred to yex

isn't Spartansburg, either; it's Gridley. him." she said to her neighbor, who That's where Cousin Janie Buskirk dropped in during the morning, "I can't lives. Her husband went out there and for the life of me imagine. Everything bought a grist mill. I wonder if she's about the house had gone on smoothly coming on this summer? I hope, if she and I can't recall a single irritating indoes, she won't bring the children. But it isn't from her, either. I think that it strange animals," she sighed, "and s Mount Pleasant-oh! it's from Aunt Harriet Murdoch, and I know they've ries and peculiarities."-London Evenall been killed in that dreadful cyclone ing News. I can't open the letter, my hand trem-

Do you know the last thing Popularity of Franklin Benjamin Franklin has received one said to her when she moved out west? said- It isn't Mount Pleasant, ei sort of monumental tribute to a dether. There are only five letters in it. ton. More towns and postoffices hav

I can't make anything out of it.' "Perhans," said Mr. Middlerib, with been named after him than after any slight tinge of sarcasm in his inflecother man, even Washington himself tion—"perhaps we'd better send after although the bestowal of the name the carrier who brought it. He may Washington on the capital of the country transcends, of course, any of the "But it is so tantalizing," complained similar honors accorded to Franklin.

Mrs. Middlerib, "to receive a letter and en not be

THE ATHENS REPORTER, MARCH 7, 1900

CALTE \sim Aman with a thin head of hair is of hair is a marked man. But the big bald spot is not the kind of a mark most 5 men like.

Too many men in their twenties are bald. This is absurd and all unnecessary. Healthy hair shows man's strength. To build up the hair from the roots, to prevent and to cure baldness. use-

It always restores color to faded or gray hair. Notice that word, "always." And it cures dandruff. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"My business calls me out among strangers a great deal. I would actually feel ashamed every time I would take off my hat, my hair was so thim and the bald spots showed so plainly. I began the use of your Hair Vigor less than three months ago. Today I find I have as fine a head of hair as I ever had, t tell everybody what I used, and they say 'it must be a wonderful remedy." GRO. YEARL, Dec. 14, 1898. Chicago, Ill. We have a book on The Hair and Scalp which we will send free upon equest. If you do not obtain all the enefits you expected from the use of he Vigor, write the Doctor about

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. ~~~~~

War Lessons.

The London Mail-that most enter prising of British papers-has summed up the lessons of the war so far. They have taught the government the im portance (1) of increasing the proportion of mounted forces, (2) developing the rest of the sentence, and Mrs. Mid- the artillery force and supplying it dlerib became aware that she was with guns of great range and shell power, (3) of adding to the transport facilities, and (4) of improving the dress and personal equipment of the men. "Not since the Crimea," says the Mail, "has England encountered a white enemy, and this is the first occasion, with the exception of the cident or circumstance. Men are Spanish-American war, in which strange animals." she sighed, "and snokeless powder has been employed there is no accounting for their vaga-by both combatants." All this suggests the utter worthlessness of the ar nual gatherings and reviews in which the British forces have participated

These have not partaken of th realness of campaigning when life and gree second only to that of Washing- national honor are at stake.

Dominion Ballots.

In Dominion elections in tutare the simple white paper ballot will be used. with the exception that there will be none but horizontal lines between the

ies of candidates. The vertical line

dividing the name from the space for

THE OLD COW-BELL

To John T. Dickey, my esteemed friend, is the simple verse most faithfully ascribed. You may boast of classic music with its grace notes and its swells, st about your grand pianos and your high toned chiming bells, Of your horns and barps and organs tuned up to the highest C, But the old time metal cow bell somehow has a charm for me It restores to me fond memories, cheers my wanderings to an' fro, Takes me back to home and mother, to the happy long ago, To a little rustic cottage, to the meadows in the I'm a boy just for the moment, listening to that old cow-bell

I remember the log stable, with its boarded gables grey. Where beneath the eave the swallows built their cosy nests of clay ; I remember the old farm-barn and the shel with opening wide, Where the sheep would stamp defiance at the collie by my side The old corn crib and hay ricks and the unthreshed stooks of grain. Oft I fancy J can see them standing 'long the narrow lane ; And there steals a longing o'er me for those scenes I loved so well When I ran to hunt the cattle, list'ning for the old cow bell.

I remember the old chapel, standing on the shady knoll, The old dam and water-mill and the old time "swimmin' hole." Where we'd burn our backs to blisters running naked in the sun There we'd gather in the twilight when the day's hard task was done. How I long to see my playmates, grasp their little sun-burnt hands, Meet them on the village green where the dear old school-house stands, Scamper o'er the bills and meadows, through the woodlands, down the dell, Run away and drive the cattle, listen to the old cow-bel

Yes, it calls me back to childhood, to companions young and gay, To the old farm and the homestead with its roof moss-grown and grey ; To the maples and the elms, where the song bird built her nest, To that little turret bed-room, there to take a pleasant rest ; To the old friends and the best, to that girl sweet-heart so shy, Oft I fancy we are strolling through the woodlands she and I-As we pluck the nodding daisies, gather ferns a-down the dell. From the pasture-lands old brindle gently tinkles the cow bell.

Often when the bay was making and the cattle had not come Twould be late ere I would scamper off to hunt and bring them home Hat in hand I'd run with fleetness, my young heart so filled with fear, Halting here and there a moment that old cow-bell just to hear-Calling "co-boss" in my fleeing, thinking it would serve to scare. Casting many glances backwards lest things catch me unaware. How my heart would beat with gladness as upon my ears there fell Just the faintest tinkle, tinkle of the old time metal bell

How it filled my beart with courage, that faint tinkle from afar, As the strains of martial music spur the soldiers on to war ; Through the thickest bush and bramble, fearlessly then I would go Just to hear that tinkling cow-bell, then I leared no woodland foe Soon the cattle would be wending down the long and narrow lane, I behind them blithe and merry, whistling on in sweet refrain. Could I but return to childhood, to those scenes I loved so well, Be a boy, go hunt the cattle, listen for the old cow-bell

Ab, the years have been so varied since I left that cottage home, Still those childhood scenes they cheer me as afar I whither roam And a longing sweet steals o'er me, back through many years now fled beneath the rafters, to that little trundle bed, To the old friends 'round the homestead, to a boy so blithe and gay, Sharing in a mothers kindness 'round her knee at close of day, Scampering o'er the hills and meadows, through the woodlands down the

Run away to drive the cattle, listen to the old cow bell.

You may boast of classic music with its grace notes and its swells, Boast about your grand pianos and your high toned chiming bells, Of your horns and harps and organs tuned up to the highest C, But the old-time metal cow bell somehow has a charm for me

CRAWF. C. SLACK.



ever? The writhing man at the other end of the table said he never had, but he would if this intellectual entertainment lasted much longer. "It's too bad." murmured Mrs. Middlerib, turning a page of the letter without raising her eyes. "Well, what's too bad?" he broke out

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TRESSILIAN

A Kingstopian has received a letter from a friend in Des Moines, lowa, which states that that city has decided to test the virtues of prohibition. It has a population of 80,000 people, and enjoys the distinction of being the only city in the world under prohibition All its hundreds of saloons are now closed, and it will be interesting to watch the result. Unless the manufacture and importation of liquor is prohibited as well as the sale-and it s unlikely that it is-the test will not be a fair one.

Do You Know ?

That some literary men do wrong when they do write.

That the lay of the hen is more valuable than the song of the lark. That the man who takes the cake thinks that it is no more than his just desert.

esert. That many Aman would have a etter wife if he wosn't such a poor usband. better husband.

husband. That you can always around upon a man who isn't afraid to be the don't now" occasional

Thirty-six places in the United States, in as many states and territories, bear is from." the name of Franklin simply, and 34 "Did you ever try opening a letter to

ascertain these facts?" asked her hus-

The lady looked at him with an expression of speechless disdain upon her 27 Jacksons in the country, 30 Washfeatures and half whispered, "If that isn't like a man," as though any woman ever looked into a letter until she had guessed all round her circle of 23 the name of Jefferson and 22 the relatives and friends and clear through name of Jackson. the United States postal guide to decide whence and from whom it came. This particular postmark, however "blind" for the most ingenious was to expert to decipher, and at last, with a deep sigh and a little gesture of despair, Mrs. Middlerib yielded to the inevitable and resignedly opened the letter, pausing once or twice in the act, how ever, to look longingly back at the tan-

talizing postmark.

sity.

hand

"H'm!"

"I wonder if that is so?"

great honor. This was in 1778, during the Revolutionary war. The town of Wrentham, Mass., was divided, one part of it taking the name of the cele brated diplomatist and philosopher. In recognition of the honor, Franklin pre-

sented the new town with a bell for its church .-- Youth's Companion.

"At last," groaned her husband, who The Manila Pig by this time was burning up with curi-One of the curious sights to an American visiting the Chinese and native

But she laid the envelope down and quarters is the ever present pig; but, as looked at it a little while before she turned to the unfolded letter in her pigs are not allowed at large, they have an ingenious method of tying the pigs by the ears. They cut a Her husband by a desperate effort hole through the pig's ear, one-half to controlled his rising wrath, and in a an inch in diameter. Through this hole they insert a rope, with a large voice hoarse and strained besought to read the letter, as it was late, knot on one end. This rope securely confines the pig's liberties about the and he should have been down town half an hour ago. premises. The same sights are seen She did not answer. She opened the often on the native boats and even on letter, turned the first page to look for the swell steam launches plying en the end of it, went back to the first Manila bay. Transporting pigs through page, settled herself in an easy posi- the streets of Manila always attracts a crowd, although the sight is comtion and said:

"Well, I will declare!" Then she read mon. The legs of the pig are tied toon in silence and Mr. Middlerib ground gether securely, and the pig is then his teeth. Presently she said: suspended on a long pole resting on the shoulders of two native carriers. She read three or four more lines The pig, with his legs up and head

with eager eyes and noiseless lips, and down, makes about as much noise suddenly exclaimed: while in transit as the pig under a "I don't believe it!" gate in Missouri and never fails to hold Then she resumed her voiceless pethe crowd.-Manila Freedom

rusal of the document and a moment later astonished her husband by look-The Only Word She Had. ing up at him and asking:

"Don't tell me you won't," said an east side citizen to his 5-year-old

Mr. Middlerib replied in , mocking daughter. tones that "it must be se or the post-"Well, papa, what must I say whe mark wouldn't have said it;" but her I mean I "C?"-Ohio State Journal.

the cross will be done away with, and others bear names into which the word there will be two counterfoils to the enters in combination, such as Frank linton, Franklinville, Franklin Falls, ballot. These will bear the same num and so on. As against this there are ber, and one will be exhibited, so that the agents of the candidates may see ingtons and 25 Jeffersons. the number. Upon the marked hallot Thirty-one counties bear the name of being returned the returning officer Washington, 24 the name of Franklin will tear off the second counterfoil which will show whether the ballo was the one which was given the The naming of the first town for Franklin was regarded by him as a voter. 4 That when a young woman no long er takes an interest in what other

women wear it's time to call in the doctor

That it looks like a waste of money to buy wood carpet when one can have the bare floor for nothing.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient." But some stubborn people wait until " down sick " before trying to ward off illness or cure it. The wise recognize in the word "Hood's' assurance of health.

For all blood troubles, scrofula, pim-ples, as well as diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the effective and faultless cure.

Biod Purifier—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, and find it beneficial for my-self and baby. It purifies the blood and strengthens the system." MRS. HENEY WALL, Clinton, Ont.

Wall, omton, on. Strength Builder-" Myself, wife and children have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it strengthened us. It relieved me of a lame back." DAVID McGROBER, caretaker,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

cure liver ills; the nor

Hood's Pills

CURES EFFECTED WITHOUT AN OPERATION,

CURES EFFECTED WITHOUT AN OPERATION. THE MOST RELIABLE and Successful Authority in the treatment of Rupture without an or eration. He who makes a specified on the free." Stop wasting time and money in useless edicats ensewhere, but so to one whose lifelong study has tangent him what to do. Here you not had exteribre enough to justify you in adopting some change for the bestro? If you systemed to be determined is the best time—"incut week may be toolate." LET NO ONE DESPOND: Do not be determed now become discouraged. This is the very time you should make one wone with momental target and the week may be toolate. The state of the bestro? If you systemed to be determed now become discouraged. This is the very time you should make one wone with momental target and the the excitons of these ever fail to bring their just reveard in due time. THE FACTTHAT YOU may not be (AT FIREKENT) in a finaled was and be to hur you should make one wone wone wone should not here you from consulting Specialist. ADVICE IS FREE, and this alone may wrove very valuable in your case.—Read dates carefully and tell your friends of this visit.—Send two ends the fafflic-tion in some way —there is no other affliction to which man is helf that so completely unfils him for two in some completely. By a Varicocele—the universal tendency of these conditions us to grow were and more completed. WARLOOSE LE (faise rupture of the so values of the not fease the information is to grow were and more completed. All CONE CLE (faise rupture of ense of the of the may be information is to grow were and more completed. All CONE CLE (faise rupture of the so was one set of formation is to grow were and more completed. All CONE CLE (faise rupture of the so was one set of formation is to grow were and more completed. All Points and here assessfully treated. All letters of enquiry containing stamp, will have prompt attention. Letters should be addressed J. Y. Egan, Specialist, P.O. Box Stat Torono, Ont.

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We guarantee its merits superior to any other iron, and claim it is the only suc-cessful self-heating iron on the market to-day' It is almost indianaeable It is almost indispensable in Tailor Shops, Hand Laun-dries and Millinery Estab-lishments. No waiting for irons to get

No fire needed in the stove or range. No walking between the ironing table and stove to change irons or stimulate the

The construction iron is verv simple and being nickel-plated and highly pol-isted it presents a handsome appearance and is easily moved on the table.

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