

THE XXIII PSALM

You may not recall it by the number. It is the Psalm beginning: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." Perhaps you may not even recall it now, and if you cannot, that is to say, if you are not sufficiently familiar with the Psalms of David to be able to recall at least some parts of them, you have missed one of the greatest opportunities that are open to men. Experience is the best of all teachers, so we are told, but it need not be our own experience. If we are wise we will try to profit by the experience of others, and nowhere will you find a better record of the mental, moral and spiritual experience of men than in the Book of Psalms. If you are fond of literature, there you will find something unsurpassed elsewhere. Take the Psalm just referred to. Take that magnificent expression of faith beginning: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Take that other expression of confidence uttered in the depths of despair, the conclusion of which is: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within and without? Hope thou in God, for I shall meet Him, who is the help of my countenance and my God." There is nothing in Shakespeare, Homer, or any of the secular poets, which can compare with the immortal writings of the great Hebrew.

But some one may say that it is well enough to talk to women and children about the Lord being their shepherd, but that such thoughts need no place in the mind of a vigorous man. There never was a more foolish error. The man who goes down town with his trousers nicely creased, with a cigarette in his fingers, and stands around talking to the pretty girls of his acquaintance, may think he knows something about life; but David had more experience in a week than such a man could hope to get in a hundred years. A business man may lead a very strenuous life, but compared with that of David the careers of most of us are commonplace. David was a self-made man. He was a shepherd boy and he rose to be king. He was full of personal courage of the quality we call pluck. He was a splendid soldier, an accomplished musician, a man of great personal attractiveness. Many people are misled in their ideas of David, because the story of his life is told in the Bible, and they fancy that his career was one in which miracles and other mysterious things played the most prominent part, he himself being only like a chip carried along on the irresistible current of divine decrees. Dismiss all this sort of thing from your mind. Read what he wrote just as you read what Kipling writes. Read it, not because it is in the Bible, but because in the Psalms one of the strongest characters, whose name is to be found in history, tells the experiences of a life crowded with stirring events, and at the same time one which covered almost all gradations from deep grace to sublime spirituality.

Now what is the lesson which he teaches in the XXIII Psalm? The editors of the King James version, or some other authority, give as a subtitle to this Psalm: "David's Confidence in God." That is correct enough, but it puts the lesson too far away. When you come to think of it, if there is a God, every one must have confidence in Him. It would be rank absurdity to suggest lack of confidence in the Power, "in whom we live, move and have our being." It would be as absurd as it would be not to have confidence in the law of gravity, and be afraid to drop a stone for fear it might fly up instead of going down. The lesson of the Psalm is nothing so self-evident as that men should have confidence in God. It is a statement of actual experience, not the propounding of a theory. There is a saying that "our worst troubles are those that never happen." We, or rather many of us, have a habit of burdening ourselves with loads of wholly needless worry. Trouble cannot come to us fast enough, so we go out and look for it, and if we fail to find any that is real nice and fresh, we hunt through our memories for some mouldy old troubles and bring them out to ponder over. Then this there can be no greater folly. The responsibilities of life are burden enough as they come up from day to day. When you have done your best, throw all thought of the matter aside, so that your mind will be fresh to tackle the next problem. There is no living man, who can fight over again all his battles of the past, fight in advance all the possible battles of the future and be in good trim to fight the battles of the present. Wellington would not have won at Waterloo if he had gone back to fight Quatre Bras over again.

The Psalm referred to misleads some people. They get an idea that if they wait and worry long enough some power will lead them into "green pastures and beside still waters." But David does not say anything about that. He does not tell about something that is going to happen to him, but of something that is actually happening—something which he calls restoration of soul. Let us take an illustration: Somewhere in a forgotten

corner is a picture. It is covered with dust and cobwebs. To all appearance it is worthless junk. But some one takes it, cleanses it from the accumulations of years, and the result is that, instead of merely a spoiled piece of canvas, we find we have a masterpiece of art, which catches the sunlight and glorifies everything near with its wondrous coloring. The soul of the picture has been restored. So may the soul of man be restored. It may be cleansed from corroding care; it may be freed from the cobwebs of disappointments; it may be fitted to catch the sunlight of divine love and shed a radiance around it. This seems to us to be the lesson of the Psalm—restoration of soul. When we have attained this, then the whole world will look different to us. Then we will see that we are being led into green pastures and beside still waters, and we can look unmoved even upon "the valley of the shadow of death." Then we can exclaim with David: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

Now this restoration of soul is not a very difficult thing. It is attained not through any miraculous process. It does not call for the laying on of hands or any other ecclesiastical function. It is derived from the subordination of self. Put yourself in the background. Do not worry about yourself at all. Of course you have had disappointments. The man has not lived who has not had many of them. Of course you have been badly used. Until we reach the millennium, to be ill-used at times will be the common lot of men. But the worst ill-usage is that which we give ourselves; the worst disappointments are those which we conjure up out of our own imaginations. As a rule we are better off without the "what-might-have-beens" of life. Live in the present. That is the best recipe for restoration of soul. Bend your thoughts and energies on today's work, on today's claims upon your love, upon today's opportunities for doing good. Then shall your soul be restored. Then shall you see around you pastures green with hope and waters still with "the peace that passeth understanding."

A BREAK IN THE RECORD.

Those readers, who recall what was said in these columns a few weeks ago about Semiramis and last Sunday about Helen of Troy, may remember that these women were accorded places among the deities. The same is true, though to a less degree of Dido, of whom we give a short sketch this morning. Some writers, whose claims to recognition are somewhat conspicuous from their scholarship, have been led to suggest that these persons were not real, but only the personification of certain natural forces and mental influences. But it is one of the peculiarities of a certain kind of scholarship that it not only invents theories but also a type of humanity, of which we have no evidence whatever, if we decline to accept their theories. They argue in a circle. They tell us that certain myths can be explained by supposing that men were mentally constituted at one period in the world's history in a certain fashion, and evolved certain ideas, and then having in this way explained away every semblance of original truth in mythology they ask us to believe that because mythology originated in this way men must have possessed the supposed characteristics. For example, they tell us that men were so constituted at one time that they would naturally conjure up a deity out of the thunder; then they tell us that because men conjured up a deity out of the thunder, they must have possessed the characteristics, which they suppose them to have possessed, the characteristics necessary for such conjuring. By this process of reasoning anything whatever can be proved, no matter how absurd it may be in point of fact. We fancy that if instead of trying to work out theories, scholars, who deal with myths, would confine themselves to ascertaining facts, we would all be a good deal the wiser about remote periods in history. The prominent people in the twilight of history all have their names surrounded with mythical qualities which are something more than mortal. There is little essential difference between the qualities assigned to the different individuals. What is told of Semiramis, if names were omitted, might be very well confused with what is told of Helen, and to a less degree with what is told of Dido. Now let us step aside from the argument to take an illustration from another field of research. Professor Muller tells us in one of his books, that the name for the common house cat is the same in many languages, now very distinct from each other. From this he deduces two conclusions. One is that all these languages had a common origin, at least in part, and the other is that at a time before the dispersion of the people, who were the ancestors of those now using the word "cat" in one or the other of its variations, cats were domesticated. In like manner we may argue that the fact that people, so widely separated as the Babylonians, the Carthaginians and the Greeks possessed the same myths and applied them to individuals, is proof that these several peoples derived their mythology from a common source, and that in their minds these myths were originally associated, not

with gods, but with persons. In other words, what we called mythology, is not something evolved from natural phenomena—and it seems absurd to suggest that widely separated people would evolve the same ideas from the same things, especially as there is no proof whatever that any people ever evolved anything of the kind—but is a shadow memory of prehistoric days, that is of days long antedating the time of which the earliest records of Egypt, Phoenicia or Babylon group to relate anything. If we find a group of nations preserving myths identical in substance, although differing in names and details, it seems not unreasonable to suggest that they derived them from the same source, and that the source was one of actual fact rather than one of poetic fancy. Coming near home, we have the myth of the Skagit Indians, which says that they were made from the sea weed. The Skagits are different in appearance from the other coast Indians, and are apparently of a different origin. It seems much more sensible to explain this myth by supposing that it means that their ancestors were cast ashore when journeying from some foreign land, than that they evolved such an origin from pure fancy, or from the observation of natural phenomena. We seem warranted, therefore, in suggesting that the mythology of Greece, Rome, Phoenicia, Babylon and even that of the Jews, for they had their mythology just as other people, were all derived from a common source, namely, the recollections of the survivors of a very ancient epoch in the history of mankind. If we go among the nations of the north we will find another set of myths. If we examine the mythology of the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindus and such of the people of Central Asia about whom we know anything in that way, we will find another set with the same evidence of similarity of origin, and if we compare these various sets of mythology we will find sufficient points of resemblance to justify the conclusion that, no matter how diverse they may now appear, they were very likely all of one origin.

If we can imagine that at one time mankind had reached a high stage of civilization, and that this was followed by a period of disaster, it will seem easily possible that the memory of the ancient days would be preserved by those who survived the disaster, distorted, doubtless, exaggerated, of course, and rendered nearly unintelligible, and yet preserved in some fashion. In this way the memory of real men would easily be changed into myths of gods. Later, when progress began and great men and women came to the front, what would be more natural than that the legendary accounts of their doings would be confused with the mythical recollections of the people of a by-gone age?

We suggest that there is a break in the records of humanity; that at one time the race had made great progress, but that the destruction which came upon it was so terrific that not only were all records destroyed, but men were so long in recovering from its effects that even the memory of the former greatness of the race became perverted into stories of gods, goddesses and a host of lesser creatures, endowed with superhuman attributes. Geology tells us that there may have been such a period of disaster, and we have some evidence that before the disaster men lived and attained some progress. We suggest also that the stone implements and the like, and the grotesque carvings on the rocks found in widely separated localities, are not the work of the real Antediluvians, to use that word for want of a better one, but of the struggling survivors of the great catastrophe. Ancient myths may be the only record of the people, who in the days before the reign of the Ice King enjoyed the delights of a world wherein there was perennial summer.

DIDO

While some doubt has been thrown upon Dido as an historical personage, and while the legends of her career are conflicting, we think the weight of evidence is in her favor. Indeed there does not appear to be any special reason for supposing that she was merely a character in the historical fiction of the Carthaginians. We may safely give the people, who founded a great nation, which for years reigned all the power of Rome, with having a moderate amount of common sense, and seeing that they preserved the name and recollection of the deeds of Dido, it is tolerably safe to assume that one of the earliest queens of the country, if not its founder, was the person so-called. The legend is that she was daughter of a king of Tyre, and was married to a perfect Hercules. The successor of her father caused her husband to be slain, apparently with the view of possessing himself of his wealth, whereupon Dido fled from the city, taking her husband's treasures with her, and going as far as the Bay of Tunis, there built a city upon land which she bought from the king of Numidia. The story, with which most people are familiar, goes on to say that she purchased from the king as much land as could be enclosed by a bull's hide, and then cut the hide into fine threads and thus enclosed a large piece of territory. Of course doubt had been thrown upon the accuracy of this tale, but however, the facts

may have been, Dido founded Carthage, and at once the city became prosperous. There are two accounts of her death. One says that, in order to avoid marriage with the Numidian king, she erected a funeral pile, and after she had stabbed herself was burned to death. The other account is that given by Virgil, who says that she committed suicide because Aeneas, who was fleeing from Troy, and stopped at Carthage en route to his uncertain destination, would not marry her. The latter account seems inconsistent with such data in regard to Carthaginian history as have come down to us, for Aeneas lived fully two centuries before Carthage was founded. The city grew very rapidly in importance. Two hundred years after the date to which its foundation is ascribed, it had become not only a very rich and powerful commercial city, but was able to check the western progress of Grecian power, to conquer Sicily and Sardinia, and to extend its territory along the African coast as far west as the Straits of Gibraltar, and even beyond. Five centuries before the Christian Era, Carthage was the most powerful state on the shores of the Mediterranean. Shortly after this date the growing power of Rome precipitated the collisions between the two nations. These extended over more than a century, the end coming in 146 B.C., when the city was taken after six days of fighting in its streets. Then the Romans set to work to destroy it and for seventeen days labored at the task without intermission. The history of the site of the great city since that time has no bearing upon this article.

Dido is representative of one of the earliest western migrations of which we have record, and of a people, whose share in the progress of the human race has been exceedingly great. Her father was, as we have said, king of Tyre which city was in existence, according to Herodotus nearly 5,000 years ago. It was the chief city of Phoenicia, which country included what is now known as Palestine. The Phoenicians called themselves Canaanites, the popular name for them being that given to them by the Romans. Unfortunately what we know of these people we have learned chiefly through their enemies, the Jews and the Romans. Hence the accounts of their manners and customs, which have come down to us, are not impartial, to say the least. There is, however, sufficient evidence to warrant the statement that they were at one time the leading nation of the world, as we commonly understand the term, which excludes Persia, India, and China from consideration. Oscar Browning, writing of these people in the Encyclopedia Britannica, says of the Phoenicians: "It is probable that a nation, which gave its language to the Hebrews and its alphabet to the Greeks, and which, after profoundly influencing both these factors of modern civilization, consolidated an empire, which for four hundred years held its own against the preponderance of Greece and Rome, possessed a greater individuality of development than has usually been accorded to it." They seem to have been fire-worshippers in religion, although this cult was overlaid with many importations from surrounding peoples. In contrast to the people of the North, who held their great religious festival at the Winter Solstice, the Phoenicians set apart the Summer Solstice for the observance of their most impressive ceremonies. They were skilled artisans, especially in metallic work, of which for more than five centuries they held almost a monopoly in the lands of western Asia and those surrounding the Mediterranean. It was their skill in this art, which gave them their wonderful supremacy in commerce, in which department of industry they had no rivals and practically no competitors. The popular idea of the Canaanites is that of an abominable people, given over to the worship of false gods, whose destruction was at one time the principal business of Jehovah. Of course this is in many respects an erroneous idea. They were a strong and progressive people, and when we appreciate this fact, we will cease to wonder at the disposition of the Jews to fall in with their ways. In everything that represented material advancement they were far the superiors of the people whom Joshua led against them. Referring again to their special industries it may be mentioned that they monopolized the manufacture of glass, although the story of their having invented it is doubtless incorrect, as the art is much older than Phoenicia. They were proficient in making bronzes and in engraving upon precious stones they had no rivals.

It is impossible to trace with any degree of satisfaction the history of this people before their wars with Egypt, which took place about thirty-four hundred years ago. Beyond that date everything seems wrapped in mystery. We do not know where the Canaanites came from, although there are some things which suggest that they belong to the same racial family as the Jews. Even the Bible narrative is confused in its references to them. All we know with certainty is that more than twenty centuries before the legendary founding of Rome, the people represented in after years

by Dido were settled by the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and had already attained to prominence. In culture. The dawn of Grecian history saw Phoenicia already an established nation. Long before the call came to Abraham they were a commercial people, and even Egypt cannot claim a greater antiquity for her civilization. We see, therefore, in Dido a representative of one of the oldest civilizations of which there is any record. Her place in history is that of the leader of a great western migration, the first, indeed, of which we know anything. The movement which filled Germany, France and England with alien races, and which later led to the occupation of North America—a racial movement which is without historical parallel, was antedated by Dido by several centuries. She is the first person, of whom we know, who felt the glamor of the west. It is true that her West was to us the East, and that her expedition to found a city stopped half way between the land of her birth and the ocean, but she deserves a lasting place in human memory as the first leader of men to follow the setting sun to seek fame and fortune.

THE STORY TELLER

At an inquest held at Southend a day or two ago the coroner found it necessary to reprimand some of the jury on account of their inebriated condition. At a later inquest the police were careful to select only teetotallers.

While Miss Camille Clifford (the Hon. Mrs. Bruce) was driving at Deal her horse fell dead from heart disease. Miss Clifford, who was unhurt, was very much affected by the death of her horse, which she said, had been her pet and had followed her about like a dog.

A visit has been paid to Brizham, the "mother of British fisheries," by Mr. Z. Matuzaki, Secretary of the Bureau of Fisheries, Department of Agriculture and Commerce, Japan, to obtain information concerning the apprenticeship system on fishing smacks, methods of travelling, and compilation of fishery statistics.

A portion of the library of Mr. E. S. Willard, who is giving up his country house, will be sold at Sotheby's shortly. The sale will include a practically complete collection of first editions of the works of Swinburne, many rare pamphlets and poems and French and German translations of "Atlantica in Caidon," "Chastelard," "L'aus Veneris," etc.

In connection with a scheme initiated by Lady Wimborne to encourage poultry rearing in Dorset, a deputation of farmers has been selected to visit Denmark, under the guidance of her Ladyship's eldest son, the Hon. Ivor Guest, M.P.

In the parish church at Wickham Market, in conformity with his wish, a memorial tablet has been erected to Lieut.-Col. John William Garnham, R.A., who died of wounds received in the Boer War. The tablet is placed in a room which was the birthplace of the late Col. Garnham, and which, after attaining to high rank in the army, his desire is that this record shall serve as an example to other boys in his native parish.

John Armstrong, a Newbegin farmer, expects a windfall of £1,200, the income of his brother who died intestate in America, where he emigrated forty years ago. Armstrong is believed to be the only living relative of some years ago. Armstrong found a large number of sovereigns in the rocks at Newbegin which had been washed ashore from a wreck.

Wearing old clothes and a pair of clogs, Dr. Mercer, rector of St. Paulinus' church, Lostock hall, near Preston, works and pick and shovel the ruins of a Roman villa, which he has connected with the Father Turner Memorial Hall.

Costing £10,000 and standing 12 feet high, with pinnacles containing forty figures of celebrities of the Victorian era, the bronze statue of Queen Victoria, which Lord Ashton has presented to Lancaster has, by his wishes been unveiled without ceremonial at dead of night.

Claims amounting to several thousands of pounds have been lodged against the Lestrain County Council by land owners in respect of the burning of the slopes of Slieve-na-Allia Mountain, situated in the district were the no-rent campaign is in full swing. The fire is stated to have been caused maliciously.

At Farnham (Kent) Mr. Guy Tassell has been appointed clerk to the commissioners of Levels, an appointment which has been filled successfully by his father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather, and his great-great-grandfather. The period thus covered goes back to the beginning of the last century.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has discharged from Limerick Prison, unconditionally, Timothy Flanagan, who was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for acting as chairman of the Carafin District council, he being legally disqualified through a hard labour sentence imposed in 1902. Flanagan was sentenced last May, and went to jail rather than pay the fine, which was £12.

The new armored cruiser Warrior was recently subjected to inclining experiments at Milford Haven, with a view to demonstrating the accuracy of the designer's calculations as to the ship's stability. For the purpose of the novel experiments 100 tons of pig iron were placed on the upper deck and moved to each side of the ship alternately.

Tenby was thrown into a state of great excitement by a fracas between members of the Glamorgan Imperial Yeomanry and the South Wales Borderers. The latter were at present undergoing their annual training near the town. The dispute arose in a public house, and was followed by a fight outside. The Yeomanry were joined

by about fifty additional members of their regiment, and the handful of militiamen were severely maltreated.

Lord Wimborne has intimated with regard to his scheme of small holdings on the Canford Estate that he will be prepared to build on each plot a shed, with accommodation for a cow and a pig where required, and on the larger plots will, if the tenants prove satisfactory, be prepared to build a cottage in addition. A further rent will be charged for such buildings at the rate of six per cent. on the outlay.

The laying of memorial stones in connection with a Wesleyan chapel proposed to be erected in the Dorset village of Cussey St. Michael, was followed by a remarkable scene of enthusiasm, over 100 persons—men, women and children—laying for bricks for which privileges they subscribed towards the building fund sums ranging from 1s. to £1. The effort brought in £100.

Mr. Knox—I believe Kicker's wife thinks more of her dog than she does of him.

Mrs. Knox—I suppose the dog grows less.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Tourist—What do you do, my good man, besides renting canoes to tourists?

Ruralist—Oh, I write life insurance and sell flowers.—Chicago News.

"The president of this road," remarked the man in the corner of the smoking compartment, "is one of those old-fashioned railroaders. He began as a brakeman. Instead of riding over the line in a private car to inspect it, he walks over it."

"I don't blame him," declared the man.—Baltimore American.

"You don't have any of those rambling old farm houses in Kansas," said the eastern tourist.

"No," responded the dejected one, "when our farm houses get ready to go anywhere they haven't time to ramble."—Ex.

Die But Once.

The teacher was telling of the effects of cigarettes smoking on the heart, and added, "People with weak hearts often die."

A deeply interested boy asked her: "How often do they have to die before they stay dead?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Doubt.

"That was rather slighting," said Senator Beveridge of a certain speech. "It was like the speech of the old Adams butler."

"When I was a boy in Adams county, Judge Bill was taken very ill. The doctor called regularly, but the Judge kept getting worse, and finally the crisis came."

"The morning after the crisis the doctor rang the Judge's bell at sunrise."

"I hope your master's temperature is lower than it was last evening?" he said to the butler, anxiously.

"It's not so sure about that," the man answered. "He died, sir, in the night."—Fittsburg Press.

For Whom He Prayed.

A very nice and gentle minister accepted a call to a new church in a town where many of the members bred horses and sometimes raced them. A few weeks later he was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Gray.

"Willard and gladly he did so for three Sundays. On the fourth, one of the deacons told the minister he need not do it any more."

"Why?" asked the good man with an anxious look, "is she dead?"

"Oh, no," said the deacon. "She won the steeplechase."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Smart Saleslady.

"Well," said the proprietor, "I see you have at last sold that ugly hat we expected to have in our hands."

"Yes," replied the saleslady, "I got a middle-aged woman to try it on yesterday and then told her that it would not do for her because it was intended for a young woman."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Back Talk.

"It's too bad," said the judge, caustically, "that the defendant should have chosen you for counsel. You know nothing about law."

"Well, you know," replied the young attorney, "perhaps my client realized that I don't need to in this court."—Philadelphia Press.

The Coming Storm.

Billy ran from the head of the stairs where he had taken in the gist of the talk at the dining table below. In the nursery he found his younger brother.

"See, Jimmy," he cried, "my mother goin' to give it to daddy after the company's gone."

"How do you know?" demanded Jimmy.

"Why," answered Billy, "he's told her three times hand runnin' she was mistaken about somethin', and she only said, 'Why, darlin'."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Hashington's Difficulties.

Boast—You can divide a chicken with mathematical accuracy, Mrs. Hashington.

Mrs. Hashington—Dividing it is easy enough. I wish I could multiply it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Stung.

Athlete—Tell me why it is you don't favor me.

Boston Girl—Because you are a football player; and I don't care for out-of-door sports!—Brooklyn Life.

Done Again.

Gunner—Poor old Uncle Dandelion got bunked in Rome.

Gunner—That so?

Gunner—Yes, he paid £20 for a "genium" lock of Nero's hair.

Gunner—What then?

Gunner—Why, when the old man returned home he hunted up an ancient history and discovered that Nero was bald.

Feminine Consistency.

"What is Luella going to take as her graduation essay theme?"

"A woman's career versus marriage."

"What kind of a career is she planning for?"

"Oh, she isn't planning for a career. She is making the loveliest arrangements for a rose wedding in July."—Baltimore American.

CURRENT VERSE

The Song of the Driftwood.
Here's to the home that was never,
never ours; that away
Cut for us awry, awry, ages are the
bird's.
Set the teeth and meet it well, wind up
Like a lion in the face look the Never-
more!

Here's to the love we never
meant to win!
What of that? A many shells have a
most amazing peace!
Some are mated with the gold in the
light of day;
Some are buried fathoms deep in the
sea away.

Here's to the selves we shall never,
never be!
We're the drift of the world and the
tangle of the sea.
It's far beyond the Pleiad, it's out be-
hind the sun
Where the rootless shall be rooted when
the wander-year is done!

—Jessie McKay, in Everybody's.

Old-Fashioned Believer.
I'm a up an' down believer—never had
a bit of doubt,
Or tried to take the Gospel an' turn it
wrong side out!

I never ax no questions, or feel that
I'm in an' out with Jonah, an' on
good terms with the whale!

I'm a up an' down believer—for they
say it's the only way
Had family pra'r for breakfast an' din-
ner every day!
Knew soldiers' all them wives I
never so condemn!

Though I will admit I wonder how he
got along with them!
It don't hurt me that Job had holla, an'
axed for his release.
I kin bear his great afflictions with the
best of will; an' peace!
An' as fer Joshua keepin' of the sun
this side the line,
He knowed what he was doin' an' it's
no affair of mine.

I allus take the Gospel as I find it low
an' high!
I never had a quarrel with a rainbow
in the sky!

For what am I?—A creature that is
mighty weak and small,
So I jes' shake han' with Jonah, an' I
swallow whale and all!

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Violet.
O, faint, delicious springtime violet!
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to
let

A thought of sorrow free.
The breath of distant fields upon my
face,
Blows through that open door,
The sound of wind-borne bells, more
sweet and low

And sadder than of yore.
It comes after from that beloved place,
And that beloved hour,
When life hung ripening in love's golden
grace

Like grapes above a bower.
A spring goes singing through the ready
grass,
The strings of my head,
Drowned in the sky—O pass, ye visions,
pass!

I would that I were dead!
Why hast thou opened that forbidden
door?

From which I ever flee?
A vanished joy! O love, that art no
more!
Let my vexed spirit bet

O violet, thy odor through my brain
Hath searched and stung to grief
The sunny day, as if a curse did stain
Thy velvet leaf.

—William W. Storrs.

Early Morning.
When steals the gloom of early morn,
Sweet tinting the eastern sky,
With colors from Aurora's brush,
Brighter than sold or Tyroa dye.

The balmy breeze with scented breath,
All freighted with the song of birds,
Low whippers from the leafy bower,
And lowing of the distant herd.

Through ambient air the sunshine's
Rouses from sleep the drowsy earth,
While nodding flowers obedience make,
And with sweet incense greet its
birth.

On river's bank the lily sweet
Drinks fragrance from the mountain
stream,
Whose flashing waters wildly leap,
Bathed in the sunshine's fitful gleam.

The pale mists on the distant hills,
Reluctant leave their ancient seat
As coy and shy they fade away
Before the morning's tripping feet.

A wealth of beauty floods the sky,
A wealth of fragrance fills the air,
And nature, gladdened, lifts her voice
To banish darkness and despair.

—Robert Stark, Toronto.

Songs of Seven.
There's no dew left on the daisies and
clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and
over.

Seven times one are seven
I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no
better;

They are only one times one,
O moon! in the night I have seen you
sailing,
And shining, so round and low;
You were bright, ah, so bright! but your
light is falling—

You are nothing now but a bow,
You, moon, have you done something
wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?

I hope if you have you will soon be for-
given,
And shine once again in your place.
O velvet be, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!

O brave marsh-mary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!
O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!

O cuckoo-pit tell me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell.
And show me your nest with the young
ones in it;

I will not steal them away;
I am old, you may trust me, I'll net, I'll
am seven times one today.
—Jean Ingelow.

To Daffodils.
Fair daffodils we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon;

Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.