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> MAKERS --OF--FURNITURE ANDOFFICE FITTINGS That Art Bette:

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

G107/2019

THE PERSONALITY

When does the personality of the individual begin? We are born; we develop; we die. What is it that is born, develops and dies? Here is an infant a few hours old. To all appearance it is a little complicated mass of matter, which automatically performs certain functions, chief of which is the exceedingly necessary one of taking food into its system. A puppy does the same thing, and so does a jellyfish. Is there in this infant a personality distinct from the little body? Does this personality develop with the years, and what becomes of it when the body dies? It is a remarkable thing that science, with all its achievements, cannot answer any one of these questions. It can tell us much of the processes of life, but it cannot tell us what life itself is, and it is absolutely helpless when it comes to defining what the human personality is. The observations of every one, old enough to make observations at all, lead to the conviction that individuality, or, as we have called it for want of a better term, personality, is not the peculiar attribute of mankind. Animals possess it, and when we endeavor to draw a line between the ersonality of animals and that of men, it is no easy matter to do so with certainty. Take the following stance: A resident of Victoria has a walk of early a mile from the car-line to his residence; he lso has a dog. On dark nights the dog comes to neet him at the car. On moonlight nights he does The dog was not taught to do this; he took up the habit of his own accord. He is by no means an affectionate dog, but quite otherwise. His chief trait of character seems to be a sense of responsibility. Wherein does the personality of this dog differ from that of a man? And let us be quite consistent—what will become of this personality when the dog dies? We are accustomed to draw a distinction between instinct and reason; but no one can establish where the line of demarcation is. If it is true that nothing that exists can be de-

stroyed utterly, it follows that this personality, or vhatever it may be that constitutes that which we mean when we speak of an individual, must continue, although not necessarily in the same form. This also must be true of the vital property of plant life. The idea that anything that is or has been, whether it is matter or force, can be annihilated is inthinkable. Having been, it must continue to be, although it may in the course of eternity assume an nfinite variety of forms. It is quite possible that the attributes which we share in common with the brute creation assume at death some other kind of existence; but have we a personality that is the property of humanity alone? And if so, has it such a separate entity that it can exist independently of the body? One of the objects of scientific psychical research is to get an answer to this question, for science refuses to accept the traditions of manking whether they are preserved in one form or another. The man of science properly pays no more regard, in a scientific investigation, to the teachings of any so-called sacred literature than he does to the guesses of a child, or his own intuitions and beliefs. He must cast all these things aside when he seeks to ascertain if the personality of mankind exists in an individual form after the process known as death. At present it may be said that the question is unsolved, although some persons, who have pursued their investigations in a scientific method, are persnaded that they have had proof of such existence. On the other hand, there are others who think they have discovered evidence of something, which they call by a variety of names, and seems to be a counterpart of the physical body. This is as far as investigation can be said to have gone with any degree of certainty. It has raised suggestions, which seem to have a strong semblance of probability, but has no certain word to speak as to the conscience existence of the human personality after death.

The argument from human consciousness has its limitations. It sounds reasonable enough to say, "I think, therefore I am." There does not seem to be any way of escaping that conclusion; but can we logically take a step further and say that "I am, therefore I shall be"? But if there are limitations to the arguments from consciousness, so also there are limitations to logic, and the experience of mankind shows that there are phenomena, which, to use the words of the Apostle Paul, "are spiritually discerned." From these the existence of a personality, distinct from the body and capable of being influenced by forces that are not physical can be inferred with as great certainty as anything else whatever can be inferred. The result of the whole matter seems to be it is true of man, that he is in one aspect of his being, the image of his Creator, and if the case, the personality must begin birth, and cannot end with death. At least it is for those who assert the contrary to prove their case.

SHOOTING STARS

Aerolites, meteors and shooting stars are only different names for the same things; when they fall to the ground they are called meteorites. They are described as solld bodies which enter the earth's atmosphere from points beyond it. Some of them reach the earth in a solid mass; others fall in the form of dust; others enter the atmosphere and pass out of it again. They are of various sizes. Some of them are so minute that they form dust showers; others are of considerable magnitude. Estimates of the size of the largest have led to the conclusion that many of them are over 200 feet in diameter, and others at least half a mile. Humbolt estimated that some of them might be a mile in diameter. They are comused of materials of various kinds, none of them different to what are found on the earth. Some are simply stones; others are chiefly iron. Nickel is found usually in combination with the iron. Meteorites have almost always a glazed surface, apparently due to the melting of the outside through friction with the air. It is this friction which makes them shine, by rendering them incandescent. Sometimes the heat is so intense that the meteors burst. Every one has seen this happen. Every one has also noticed meteors, which are dim when seen first, grow brighter and then die away. These are those that are supposed to pass through the atmosphere at too great speed and too far away to be drawn to the surface of the earth by the force of gravity. It is estimated that most of these are from fifty to seventy-five miles away, and their motion is estimated at from twentyfour to thirty-six miles a second.

The number of meteors is beyond computation. Observations extending over a number of years have led astronomers to conclude that there are at least one hundred belts of them circling round the Sun. In these belts there are myriads of meteors, and between the belts there are apparently an enormous number that move around the Sun independently. When, therefore, you see a meteor flash across the sky and disappear, you may be gazing upon a mass of matter a few hundred feet in diameter that is flying around the Sun in an orbit nearly 300,000,000 miles long, and the motion you see is that of this body through space. By careful observation over a few hours it is possible to see the motion of the Moon against the starry background, but it is apparently very slow; but the speed of these in s seen by us serves to give us some idea of the ter-fic rate at which the earth itself is being carried along through space. The earth, with all its seas,

As every one knows, a meteor has a bright body leaves behind it a luminous trail. No satisfactory explanation of this trail has ever been given. Meteors are rarely seen in the daytime, but they are doubtless of quite as frequent occurrence then as at night. Astronomers are inclined to think that meteors in the daytime often leave a trail of cloudy matter behind them.

The number of meteors that enter the earth's atmosphere cannot be calculated. In the great meteoric showers of 1833 and 1866 calculations were made which showed that at least a quarter of a million must have appeared in a single night. One writer, describing the "shower" of 1833, says the meteors fell like snow-flakes. The earth is, in point of fact, steadily bombarded by these visitors. That no single individual sees many of them is due to a variety of facts, one of which is that we can only see a small part of the celestial vault at one time. Yet they are more numerous at certain times than at others, especially in August and November. We have said that there seem to be a hundred belts of meteors, and it is supposed that in these belts the meteors are very irregularly distributed. The earth in its passage round the Sun dashes through these belts, and meteoric showers occur when, in the part through which the earth passes, meteors are numerous. The origin of meteors is unknown. That they were once part of a planet seems improbable. It has been sug-gested that they represent one of the stages in the formation of a planet, and will at some time in the future come together and form a planet. The most generally received explanation associates them with comets, but leaves their origin unsolved.

Various traditions of meteoric showers have come down to us from the past, and in a few instances. meteors have been preserved. The sacred stone of Mecca is a meteorite. A famous meteorite, a part of which, weighing over 200 pounds, was preserved in a Roman temple, fell several centuries before Christ. In the year of the discovery of America there was a wonderful meteoric shower. The greatest meteorite known to have fallen is in Brazil, and weighs seven Doubtless thousands of meteors fall into the The snowfields of the Arctic are sometimes found to be covered with meteoric dust. There are on record one or two instances where meteorites have destroyed houses, and others where persons have been killed by them, but such instances are exceedingly

MAKERS OF HISTORY

XXII. We have seen how Mohammed in A.D. 622 inaugurated that great movement, which in less than a century united the Arab tribes under one leadership and made them the most formidable military nation of their time. We have seen how Christianity friumphed at Rome and a powerful organization was founded in the Eeternal City, which became the centre of ecclesiastical and political power in Europe. We have traced in a general way the progress of the great Aslatic races across Central Europe, showing how the con-querors of the Roman Empire were themselves conquered by Roman institutions. We have sketched the career of Charlemagne who brought order out of the chaos, which ensued upon the overthrow of the Weschaos, which ensued upon the overthrow of the Western Empire and prepared the way for the muchabused feudal system. We come now to another epoch-making eyent, one that has been described as the greatest illustration of human folly the world has ever witnessed and yet had in the end a far-reaching and on the whole highly beneficial effect upon the progress of civilization and the development of liberty. The Saracens, as the followers of Mohammed came to be called, while zealous propagandists of their own

to be called, while zealous propagandists of their own faith, were more bent on conquest than on converting others to a belief in The Prophet, and, while pursuin their wars abroad, deemed it expedient to be tolerant at home. Therefore the Eastern Christians were permitted to worship God in their own way, and the frequent pilgrimages made from all parts of Europe to the Holy Sepulchre were not only allowed to proceed without interruption, but were encouraged for commercial reasons. But this was not to continue. About A.D. 1065, there came out of Central Asia a barbarous and warlike race, whom we call the Turks. They were easy converts to the precepts of Islam but refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the Saracenic Caliph. War ensued, and the Turks became dominant in Syria. Thereupon the condition of the Christians became greatly altered and a system of persecution began which has not yet wholly ended. Europe would have paid little attention to this, if it had affe Syrian Christians alone, but when it came to interference with the pilgrimages and the maltreatment of the pilgrims, many of whom were people of power and influence at home, there arose a clamor of revenge. Pope Gregory VII. planned to unite the powers of Christendom in a war against Mohammedanism, but even his great influence was unequal to the task. Nevertheless what the highest dignitary in Christendom failed to accomplish a poor and humble monk from the south of France was able to achieve. Peter of Amiens, known to the world as Peter the Hermit, a strange dwarfish, misshapen man, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and returned with a terrible story persecution of Christians and the defilement of the holy places. He found a willing listener in Pope Urbain II., from whom he received a commission upon the people to march for the rescue of Jerusalem from the hands of the Infidels. Journeying through the country on an ass, his powerful appeals stirred nations as nothing had ever done, and when a great conclave was called to decide upon what course should be adopted, the thousands of those present, after hearing what the Pope and the Hermit had to say, exclaimed as with one voice: "It is the Will of God," and the first Crusade was then inaugurated. This exclamation was adopted as the rallying cry of the Crusaders, who assumed as their emblem a small cross worn on the left shoulder, from which they took

The story of the Crusades-there were seven of them in all, the last taking place in AD. 1291—cannot be told here, for it would take many columns. For the most part the expeditions were badly planned and carried out with little wisdom, if with an abundance of valor. The first Crusaders who set out for the East in A.D. 1096, marched across Europe, doing no little fighting on their way with princes not in sympathy with the movement. They conceived their mission to be the extirpation of all heretics, and began with ose nearest at hand, namely, the Jews, whom they slew by tens of thousands. The supreme folly inspiring them was shown by the fact that a host numbering thousands, not knowing where to go, drove a goat and a goose before them and followed whatever course they took. Many of them proved to be magnificent soldiers and the story of their battles with the Turks and Saracens contains many records of valiant deeds. Jerusalem was taken by assault in A.D. 1098, and Godfrey of Bouillon, was made king. He declined to be crowned saying: "It would ill become me to wear a crown of gold where my Divine Master wore a crown of thorns." Up to this time nearly a million men from Western Europe had set nearly a million men from western Burope had set out for Jerusalem. Of these a quarter were slain in battles in Europe and an equal number fell before the swords of the Persians or perished from disease and famine. The second Crusade was undertaken in A.D. 1144, when a million and a quarter men marched across Europe to relieve the Christians who were hard pressed by their foes. This accomplished very little. Then Saladin appeared on the scene and continents and islands, files through space with at little. Then Saladin appeared on the scene and least half the speed of the less rapid of the meteors. wrested Jerusalem from its Christian King. This

gave rise to the third Crusade, in which Richard Coeur de Lion of England, played so conspicuous a part. Richard was successful in compelling Saladin to grant Christians liberty to make pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre, without being taxed. The fourth Crusade dld not reach Palestine, but founded a temporary Latin Empire in Constantinople. The fifth Crusade was in 1228, and resulted in the capture of Jerusalem, which was retaken by the Turks sixteen years later. Thereupon Louis IX. of France, set out on the Sixth Crusade, which was a complete fiasco. The seventh and last Crusade was led by Prince Edward, of England, afterwards Edward I. It was successful in a minor way, a number of cities being taken, but these surrendered to the Turks in A.D. 1291, and the remarkable series of expeditions was over. The effect of the Crusades upon the world must be left to another article, but what we have already said shows how good a title Peter the Hermit has to a place

among the Makers of History,
One other incident must be mentioned, namely the
Children's Crusade. In A.D. 1212, 30,000 French children, headed by a boy named Stephen, set out for the Holy Land. They were joined by 20,000 German children, led by a boy named Nicholas. They marched through Italy and when they came to the sea at Brindisi they were disappointed that the waters did not open as those of the Red Sea had for the Israelites. Many of the children grew weary of their journey before reaching this point, and returned home. Thousands of them died on the march. Thousands embarked on such ships as they could get and were lost at sea. Thousands were sold into slavery. Nothing better than this illustrates the marvellous frenzy which possessed the people of Europe for nearly two

Famous Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

LOUIS XVI. AND HIS MINISTERS

When word was brought to them of the death of Louis XV. the young king and queen, of pitiful memory, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, realizing the difficulties of the task of ruling the so-long misguided France, flung themselves upon their knees and weeping cried,

"Dear God, protect us, direct us, we are so young."

the nation, which had learned to disrespect the late king, and had been slowly awakening to the many evils resultant upon this weak ruling was eager and glad to welcome young Louise, then barely twenty years of age and in the joyful anticipation of happier times was ready to overlook their an-tipathy to the young queen, who had never been popular while a dauphiness, though her principal fault in the eyes of the nation was the fact that she was the daughter of that over-zealous and over-ambitious empress, Maria-Theresa of Austria.

At first, under the able administration of Turgot,

who was widely and deservedly esteemed. France seemed to be upon the border of better and more presperous times. But the condition of affairs made severe and drastic measures necessary, and great and precipitous innovations and changes in order to effect a betterment. effect a betterment. M. Turgot set to work at once to inaugurate a new system. He was an advanced man in every way broad-minded, capable and fear-less. He belonged to the school of philosophers in his contempt for old customs and in his belief in the natural rights of man. "We do not wish to renew old France," he used to say, "What we want is a New France, an enlightened France, which in ten years time we shall have." Turgot had the support of the philosophers and the good-will of the people. The respect and co-operation of those in power at court he did not have, and eventually his downfall was brought about through them, perhaps also through the instrumentality of the queen, who did not like the reforming minister because of his op-position to her extravagances. Marie Antoinette had not yet learned the wisdom that was to come with bitter experience of later years. "I retire," M. Turgot, without having to reproach myself with words were quite true. But, however powerful the minister, however capable of inspiring public confidence, the task of restoring order in turbulent France was quite beyond the capacity of one man in the short course of his life. Events then taking place

were the result of centuries of misdoing. After the short administration of several incapmen, the king called to his support M. Necker. The later was born in Geneva in 1732. He had followed the banking business at his father's request, though much against his own inclination. Forty years of age found him a very rich man, retired from active life with leisure to devote to the studies he loved. He had married a Swiss pastor's daughter, a very intelligent woman of many personal charms. She worshipped her husband and dia all in her power to further his interests in the society in which as M. Necker's wife she was bound to figure prominently. Buffon was among her very intimate friends and she remained in hs confidence until his death. His teachings and those of Rousseau exercised a great influence over M. Necker, who, like Turgot, was an advanced thinker and capable of fearless and unbiased judgment. There were diffi-culties in the way of Necker's appointment, one of the greatest being the fact that he was a Protestant and as such not entitled to hold office. Nevertheless, te king retained him as one of his advisers, though he never gave him the high position of comptrollergeneral, which Turgot and the other minister's had

From the first with great magnanimity, M. Necker lined to accept the salaries that went with his offices, and going totally against the advice of the late head of the government, he negotiated many new loans. Money flowed into the nearly empty treasury. The confidence of the people was restored. Necker suppressed useless offices, reduced obsolete and absurd appointments with their attached pensions, and reformed many of the posts at court.

Naturally the courtiers themselves were annoyed at the new order of things, and not only showed their unfriendliness to the director-general but extended their discourtesy to his wife. Therefore, the estimable Madame Necker determined to give her attention to matters of greater moment than scandals and intrigues. She opened a little hospital, supporting it herself, and by its orderliness, its liness, its system of government, set an example to the larger and older institutions, that had heretofore been in a pitiful state of unsanitation, their affairs being badly mismanaged.

In every other country except France the good and able qualities of M. Neckar were appreciated. Burke, in England, did not hesitate to eulogize him, and the great English statesmen's praise still further antagonized the courtiers against their master. They professed to see in the admiration of Burke a of proof of Necker's friendliness to England and disloyalty to France. Finally, so openly ed was this antagonism, and so vacillating the havior of the king, who was afraid to displease his courtiers, and anxious, yet afraid to second the reforms of M. Necker, that the latter wrote his resigna-tion to his monarch, and the resignation was accepted much to the delight of those at court, much to

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the surprise and indignation of the people. A few troubled years went by. France was laboring with reforms, but drifting steadily towards the Revolution. Louis XVI., sincere and honest, but weak to utter insufficiency strove with incapable hands to hold and guide the reins of government, but he grew more vacillating and less respected by the people every day. More and more resentful became the nation against Marie Antoinette, who antagonized where she most meant to please, who was misunderstood when she endeavored to act in all plainness and simplicity. No longer was she reverenced as "the queen," but was called by the title "the Austrian," applied to her as a term of reproach, to show that the people believed her sympathies against her husband's nation, and she herself a foreigner who could never become one of them. Soon the title "the Austrian" gave place to the insulting name. "Madame Deficit," which signified that the nation held the queen responsible for the emptiness of the treasury, the shortage of funds.

The notables had handed in their resignations. The court of Paris had become the scene of disgraceful quarrels, the arrest of two of the magistrates had ex-cited the passions of the populace. Biots ensued, duels were fought between the officers, who had arrested and dispersed the magistrates, and gentlemen, who resented the unfairness of such proceedings. There was grave trouble in the provinces which took example from the attitude of the Parisians. In the extremity of need the clergy were appealed to and they advanced a small loan which did little or no good. All'the resources were exhausted. Even the hospitals and charitable institutions had been despoiled. On August 25, of the year 1788, the king recalled M. Necker.

(To be continued)

THE STORY TELLER

Stella-Did she charge desertion? Bella-Yes, he refused to live in the auto.-New

Nurse (announcing the expected)-Professor, it's a little boy.
Professor (absent-mindedly)—Well, ask him what he wants .- Boston Transcript.

Robinson Crusoe named his man Friday,
"I wanted a week-end party," he explained.
Herewith joy reigned unconfined. -New York Sun.

"You can always tell an actor whose season has

not been prosperous," said Mr. Stormington Barnes.
"How?"
"He won't talk with you five minutes without, saying that the public doesn't appreciate art."—Washing-

"All Joshua wants," said Farmer Corntossel's wife, "is a chance to show what he can do."
"Yes," said the farmer; "I s'pose so. Josh is one of those people who never seems to get a chance to do anything except something they can't do."—Wash-

A colored lady was sitting inside a street car with a big basket full of clothes on her head. The conductor came in and said: "Lady, you can't come inside with that on your head."

The colored lady only looked up and said: "G'long, Dat's ma merry widow."

Tom-Of course the bride looks lovely, as brides Nell—Yes, but the bridegroom doesn't look altogether fit; seems rather run down.
Tom—Run down? Oh, yes, caught after a long chase.—Philadelphia Press.

We often hear of young men full of promise. Here a case of one who soon realized his destiny "Give me a litle time," said the literary young man, "and I will do something to arouse the country."

Three months later he had his chance. H
peddling alarm clocks in a farming community.

Like most minister's families, they were not extensively blessed with this world's goods. She, however, was the youngest of ten children until her father explained to her of the baby sister who had come in the night. "Well," she said, after due thought, "I pose it's all right, papa, but there's many a thing we needed worse."

Emily—Why are you waving your handkerchief?
Angelina—Since papa has forbidden Tom the house
we have arranged a code of signals.

we have arranged a code of signals.

Emily—What is it?

Angelina—When he waves his handkerchief five times that means "Do you love me?" And when I wave frantically in reply it means, "Yes, darling."

Emily—And how do you ask other questions?

Angelina—We don't. That's the whole code.—Har-

per's Weekly.

The English spoken by the "Pennsylvania Dutch," as the inhabitants of certain districts in the eastern part of the state are popularly known, affords some rare specimens of expression. A man who was passing a small house on the outskirts of "Sous Besselem"—that is the nearest possible spelling of the local propungiation—heard the dearlyter. ing of the local pronunciation—heard the daughter of the family calling her brother in to supper. "George," she said, "you come right in, now. Pa's on the table, and ma's half et!"

lady, accompanied by her small son, was making A lady, accompanied by her small son, was making various purchases at the Army and Navy stores in London. The boy grew tired.

"Who are you buying these for?" he asked.

"Why, for father," was the reply.

"Father in heaven or father in India?" the boy per-

The lady mentioned the remark to a friend, who, thinking it amusing, repeated it to an Englishwoman at church a few days later. The Englishwoman listened sympathetically. "Poor woman!" she sighed, "She was married twice."

Willie Brown was the proud proprietor of a small hen, which one day laid an egg. It was so very small, however, that Willie was greatly disappointed. His father, who kept a lot of curios in the house, had some fine specimens of the ostrich egg, one of which was found to be missing. Willie was taxed with the theft of the egg and asked where he had put it

had put it.

The boy pleaded guilty, and led his father to the house where he kept his small hen. Inside, opposite the nest, the father was astonished to find the missing ostrich egg, with the following notice posted "Watch this, and do your best!"

Among the deacons of a Presbyterian church in an Ohio town was a good old gentleman familiarly known as "Uncle Thomas." Although too deaf to hear, he was always in his accustomed seat at church, and his zeal in religious work was untiring. Owing to a shortage of song-books in the Sabbath school some additional ones were ordered by "Uncle Thomas," who apprised the pastor of their arrival, and the latter agreed to announce the fact from the pulpit on Sunday morning.

The pastor made the promised announcement among others, concluding with this one:

"Parents wishing their children baptized will please present them at the close of the service."

The good deacon jumped to his feet, and, in the loud voice peculiar to the deaf, bawied out, "Those who haven't got one can get them at my house for fifty cents a piece!"

As "Uncle Thomas" and his wife had always been childless, this startling information almost broke up the meeting and a wave of merriment swept the congregation that threatened to shake the church from its foundation.

WITH THE POETS

Our Fathers

(This poem was read at the opening of the first Provincial Industrial Exhibition of Nova Scotis October, 1854.)

Room for the dead! your living hands may pile Treasures of Art the stately tents within; Beauty may grace them with her richest smile, And Genius there spontaneous plaudits win. But vet, amidst the tumult and the din Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave: Place claim I for the dead—'twere mortal sin When banners o'er our country's treasures wave Unmarked to leave the wealth safe garner'd in the

The fields may furnish forth their lowing kine, The forest spoils in rich abundance lie, The mellowed fruitage of the cluster'd vine Mingle with flowers of every varied dye; Swart Artisans their rival skill may try, And, while Rhetorician wins the ear, The pencil's graceful shadows charm the eye, But yet, do not withhold the grateful tea these, and for their works, who are not here.

Not here? Oh! yes, our hearts their presence feel, Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal, And names, which, in the days gone by, were spells, Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells The spirit here our country's fame to spread, While every breast with joy and triumph swells, And earth reverberates to our measured tread, Banner and wreath will own our reverence for the

Look up, their walls enclose us. Look around, Who won the verdant meadows from the sea? Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound Through forests dense, o'er mountain, moor and lead Who spanned the streams? Tell me-whose works they be,

The busy marts where commerce ebbs and flows? quelled the savage? And who spared the tree pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws? Who made the land they loved to blossom like the

Who, in frail barks, the ocean surge defied, And trained the race that live upon the wave? What shore so distant where they have not died! What shore so distant where they have not uput in evry sea they found a watery grave. Honor, forever, to the true and brave, Who seaward led their sons with spirits high, Bearing the red-cross flag their fathers gave; Long as the billows flout the arching sky, They'll seaward bear it still—to venture, or to die

The Roman gathered in a stately urn The dust he honored—while the sacred fire, Nourished by vestal hands, was made to burn From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire, Honor the Dead; and let the sounding lyre Recount their virtues in your festal hours; Gather their ashes—higher still, and higher Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers, And o'er the old men's graves, go strew your choicest

Recognizance I would if I knew in pre-existence This hillside road, That wanders on by many an old and ivied And mossed abode.

Though like to none my feet have ever traversed,
Though like to none
My mind has ever pictured, with no strangeness
It leads me on.

I reach its crofts, its orchards and its pastures
That from it rise,
Its sudden turns, its long and leafy vistas, With no surprise. But with a sense as if familiar objects,

There seems to be
A greeting that is sweet with recognition For all I see.

I feel at home! the very lights and shadows
That on me fall,
The gentle airs that kiss my grateful forehead,
Seem blessings all.

I can but think that long before my spirit A body found, I tarried here, and here was oft delighted By all around.

-Ralph H. Shaw, in Boston Transcript. The Way to Wait O, whether by the lonesome road that lies across the

Or whether by the hill that stoops, rock-shadowed, to the sea. Or by a sail that blows from far, my leve returns to

No fear is hidden in my heart to make my face less No tear is hidden in my eye to dim the brightness I wear upon my cheek the rose a happy bride should wear.

For should he come not by the road, and come not by the hill. And come not by the far seaway, yet come he surely Close all the roads of all the world, love's road is open

My heart is light with singing (though they pity me And drop their merry voices as they pass my garden gate).

For love that finds a way to come can find a way to

-Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in Harper's Magazine. Old Friends

But are old friends the best? What age, I ask, Must friendships own, to earn the title old? Shall none seem old save he who won or lost When first were up, or ill-kept wickets bowled.

Are none old friends who never blacked your eyes? Or with a shinny whacked the youthful shin? Or knew the misery of the pliant birch? Or, apple-tempted, shared the Adam's sin?

Grave Selden saith, and quotes the pendant King, Old friends are best, and like to well-worn shoes, The oldest are the easiest. Not for me! The easy friend is not the friend I choose.

But if the oldest friends are best indeed. I'd have the proverb otherwise expressed— Friends are not best because they're merely But only old because they proved the best.

Brier Because, dear Christ, your tender, wounded arm Bends back the brier that edges life's long way, That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no harm, I do not feel the thorns so much today.

Because I never knew your care to tire, Your hand to weary, guiding me aright, Because you walk before and crush the brier, It does not pierce my feet so much tonight.

Because so often you have hearkened to My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now: That these harsh hands of mine add not unto The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow —E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahlonwake).