

The child who had called for her mother began to sob out that she was afraid to die alone.

"Come here, Molly," said Sene. "Can you crawl around?"

Molly crawled around.

"Put your head in my lap, and your arms about my waist, and I will put my hand in yours—so. There! I guess that's better, isn't it?"

But they had not given them up yet. In the still unburnt rubbish at the right some one had wrenched an opening within a foot of Sene's face. They clawed at the solid iron pintles like savage things. A fireman fainted in the glow.

"Give it up!" cried the crowd from behind. "It can't be done! Fall back!"

—then hushed, awe-struck.

An old man was crawling along upon his hands and knees over the heated bricks. He was a very old man. His gray hair blew about in the wind.

"I want my little gal!" he said. "Can't anybody tell me where to find my little gal?"

A rough-looking young fellow pointed in perfect silence through the smoke.

"I'll have her out yet. I'm an old man, but I can help. She's my little gal, ye see. Hand me that there dipper of water; it'll keep her from choking, maybe. Now! Keep cheery, Sene! Your old father'll get ye out. Keep up good heart, child! That's it!"

"It's no use, father. Don't feel bad, father. I don't mind it very much."

He hacked at the timber; he tried to laugh; he bewildered himself with cheerful words.

"No more ye needn't, Senath, for it'll be over in a minute. Don't be down-cast yet! We'll have ye safe at home before ye know it. Drink a little more water—do now! They'll get at ye now, sure!"

But out above the crackle and the roar a woman's voice rang like a bell:

"We're going home to die no more."

A child's notes quavered in the chorus. From sealed and unseen graves, white young lips swelled the glad refrain—

"We're going, going home."

The crawling smoke turned yellow, turned red. Voice after voice broke and hushed utterly. One only sang on like silver. It flung defiance down at death. It chimed into the lurid sky without a tremor. For one stood beside her in the furnace, and his form was like unto the Son of God. Their eyes met. Why should not Asenath sing?

"Senath!" cried the old man out upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now, from his gray hair to his patched boots.

The answer came triumphantly—

"To die no more, no more, no more!"

"Sene! little Sene!"

But some one pulled him back.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Lord Strathcona: Nothing is so necessary to success as a knowledge of human nature.

Sir William McDonald: Without a good physical basis skill and will are no good.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward: The acid of envy eats out all happiness from the heart.

Agnes Deans Cameron: A home that has cost nothing in the way of sacrifice is usually only a mere stopping place.

John Kendrick Bangs: I do not like a man who gives his hand in a half-hearted way. I never know what to do with it.

Dr. McIntyre, M. P.: The people of Western Canada are a reading people, and man for man write more letters than Easterners.

Mark Twain: Lawyers never quarrel over the estate of a man who leaves nothing but a good name.

Andrew Carnegie: Progress must come from within. No distribution of wealth will alter human nature.

Lord Grey: I think everything in this world would be better if the right sort of woman had a share in its management.

Sir Conan Doyle: The lower the intellectual capacity, the higher the development of that lowest and strongest of human passions—gambling.

Rev. Dr. Sparling: Just because they cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear a lot of men never try to make anything.

Principal McDiarmid: The care of the body is of much greater importance than the knowledge of the world's circumference.

Dr. Mills, Principal of the Ontario Agricultural College: When called upon to speak begin to say something as soon as you get on your feet. As soon as you are done saying it, sit down.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier: The human mind is tenacious of its opinions, whether they are founded on fact or fiction. Indeed, it often clings most tenaciously to the least defensible.

President Roosevelt: There is in most men that instinct which is one of the best heritages from boyhood—the instinct for fair play and for giving everybody "a chance."

Police Magistrate Daly: We have here the longest railroad, the best fisheries, the greatest mines, and the biggest wheatfields in the whole world. And better than all, we have the most contented and happy people.

Thompson Seton: I am going to write a scathing article about the outlandish shapes of women's hats just as soon as we learn why a man buys a high crowned soft hat and then punches it full of dents.

Sir Gilbert Parker: When at last the great Canadian poet arrives we shall probably behold in him a good, hard-headed, sensible citizen. We earnestly hope that the weary, long-haired, minor poet, with his absurd affectations, may soon disappear altogether—he is getting scarce.

Dr. Osler: There is a great deal of ill-health which deserves not sympathy or pity, but criticism and condemnation, and a worship of good health, including works as well as faith, might with advantage be made a feature of the national religion.

Archbishop Matheson: The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost and stifled in the hurry-scurry of the world, or swamped in the slough of indolence.

Elbert Hubbard: The most striking difference between the feminine and the masculine growl is that a woman maintains a feeble and continuous querulousness about detail; whereas a man indulges in violent, periodical outbursts, generally on equally trivial subjects.

Lady Grey: The secret of happiness in every life is to be doing what you feel you can do best, and to have your own inglenook. To do what you can do best includes the entire gamut, from housekeeper to social queen, though I should like to turn the gamut upside down by putting the homemaker at the top instead of the bottom of the scale.

Premier Roblin, at Portage la Prairie: Speaking of agriculture, I am safe in saying there is no source of wealth that can be so confidently relied upon as agriculture. We admire the man who is mercantile or professional, but there's only one spurce of wealth. Portage la Prairie is enjoying its wealth at the present time not through the efforts of commercial, financial or professional enterprise, but through the farmer on the plains, who gets \$20,000 for his crop. He adds that much new wealth to the community.

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