

"Yeas 5, nays 193," was the result the clerk announced.

The Speaker declared the bill defeated, and the house and galleries literally went wild. Cheer after cheer arose, mingled with the strain of "Home, Sweet Home;" members leaped from their chairs to wring the hands of their fellow-members; hats and books were thrown up in a reckless melee; some men's eyes were wet, while women openly wiped away their tears.

For in all of Watha's young days no parliament had witnessed such a complete moral victory; and men's hearts were stirred as forever and forever in all time what is pure and just will have supernatural power to stir the best in men whose veins are filled with the strong, red blood of the men of Watha.

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### "A Thunder Storm."

BY OWEN CARL HODGSON.

It is evening. The sky is overspread with inky black clouds which grow denser and more grewsome as you watch them.

To the westward, distant rumblings are audible. The storm nears us. Rain begins to fall, drop by drop, then in torrents. The thunder breaks tumultuously over our heads; peal upon peal follows, interspersed only by vivid flashes of lightning.

On the opposite side of the street, a little boy stands in the doorway. His light blue eyes dance with eager anticipation as he watches the lightning, and his golden curls