

## THE QUIET HOUR.

## Between the Lights.

A little pause in life—while daylight lingers  
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,  
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,  
And calm, gray shadows veil the aching eyes.  
Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,  
Seen in the light of stars that long have set;  
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over,  
Draw near as if they lived among us yet.  
Old voices call me—through the dusk returning  
I hear the echo of departing feet;  
And then I ask with vain and troubled yearning,  
"What is the charm which makes old things so sweet?"  
"Must the old joys be evermore witholden?  
Even their memory keeps me pure and true;  
And yet from our Jerusalem the golden  
God speaketh, saying, 'I make all things new.'"  
"Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer,  
Stifle my love or give me back the past;  
Give me the fair old fields, whose paths are dearer  
Than all Thy shining streets and mansions vast."  
Peace! peace! the Lord of earth and Heaven knoweth  
The human soul in all its heat and strife;  
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,  
But the pure river of eternal life.  
He giveth life, aye, life in all its sweetness;  
Old loves, old sunny scenes will He restore;  
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness  
Shall vex thy soul and taint thine earth no more.  
Serve Him in daily toil and holy living,  
And Faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights;  
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving  
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

In the time of the French Revolution, when a number of workmen had met together in a club, talking about politics and religion very noisily and angrily, a *chasseur*, Brucker, who knew the character of the French people well, and the good effect which a few sharp, bold words often had upon them, mounted the tribune and made a bold confession of the Christian faith. Instead of making any apparent impression for good upon his audience, however, he was heaped with mockery, sarcasms and sneers, and at last retired to a corner, fully believing he had wasted his breath. To add to his discomfort, another orator ascended the tribune who tried his best to insult poor Brucker. "He has just been making a great parade of his faith," said this man. "What is that to us? Are we not all Christians? Undoubtedly, but we have no need to imitate all their follies. For my part, I am a Christian, but not in practice." At these words Brucker rose and asked the orator: "Citizen, what is your trade?" "I am a shoemaker, citizen," was the reply. "But not in practice?" rejoined Brucker. There was a burst of cries and bravos. Brucker's success was complete, and the shoemaker orator was obliged to descend from the tribune, and reserve his eloquence for another occasion.

It is in the evening quiet, when the children of our love and care are sleeping, their innocent dear little faces, with closed lids, appeal to the very best a mother's heart has to give. Why does that little worn shoe, and the string and the stick, and the tin covers, make the tears come as we sit alone and look at them? We have time to think now, and somehow life looks differently when seen thus than it does in the midst of works and care and rush, and we wonder how long we will be spared to be with them, how long they will be spared us, what and how their life journey will be—success or failure, happy or otherwise, and how much responsibility of their future rests on us. We are the better of thinking thus. All the great things of life are gained by *thought* and study, and without thought life becomes empty and useless. It would be well if we could all say with one who wrote:—

"I love to steal an hour away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of closing day  
In grateful, earnest prayer."

K. R. M.

## Live for Something.

Thousand of men and women breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them, none could point to them as their means of redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you live thus and die? O man, live for something! Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy.

—Dr. Chubb.

We must never be disheartened or cast down about our work, even if we see things go wrong; for remember the work is God's, not ours, and surely we can trust Him to look after it far better than we can do.

## MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

## Address to the Woodlark.

"Oh, stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,  
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;  
A hopeless lover courts thy lay,  
Thy soothing, fond complaining.  
Again, again that tender part,  
That I may catch thy melting art;  
For surely that would touch her heart  
Who kills me with disdain.  
Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind?  
Oh, no! but love and sorrow joined  
Sis notes o' woe could waken.  
Thou tellest o' never-ending care,  
O' speechless grief and dark despair;  
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!  
Or my poor heart is broken."

—ROBERT BURNS.

## Our Irish Letter.

DEAR CANADIAN SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

I am afraid this letter will not be interesting as I wished my others to be. There is literally nothing absorbing us but the one thing. If you would put yourselves in our place you would see the impossibility of feeling much interest in any other,



THE WOODLARK.

just for a little while at least. When the second reading of the Home Rule is well over, which it will be to-morrow, there will be a slight lull, and we outsiders will get some chance of seeing what the neighbors in other places are doing. They all appear to me to spend their time going to meetings just now; how their daily work goes on is best known to themselves; I fear the wives and children suffer—but enough. I see to-day that the perpetrators of that diabolical dynamite outrage last Christmas Eve, at the Exchange Court (where poor Inspector Cullen lost his life), are well-known and well-watched. I sincerely hope so, but I cannot see why something is not done beyond this deep knowledge and scientific watching. I like matter-of-fact "doing," but, then, I am only a woman, so not supposed to understand such things, perhaps neither I do; but I do know, that if I could put my hand upon the perpetrator of a horrible crime, and so saddle it upon the right shoulders, I should do it as surely as I hold my pen, and not be one scrap afraid either. It is a sin and shame to go to sleep swathed in "cautious" blankets, while we allow our "working" fellows (and this murdered constable in particular) to run into danger unprotected, and into death unavenged.

Easter Monday was a great day "intoirly" in dear dirty Dublin. Races here, races there, races

everywhere, and lots of "water" to drink. Don't you know the source of my parody? "Water, water, everywhere, but never a drop to drink." I think at the Leaperdstown races, which are held in this neighborhood, there was rather a scarcity of the water ingredient, to judge by the voices and singing on the cars as the holiday-makers returned in the evening. I saw a race once (at a good distance from the crowd we had our trap), and I thought it the very prettiest out-of-door amusement I had ever seen.

A very sad death took place in Dublin a few days ago. A lawyer, well known and respected, had had an operation (Tracheotomy) performed some years ago and a silver tube inserted; this tube, owing to a bad cough, collapsed, and he died at once and alone.

A petition has gone to London from Derry and the Northwest of Ireland, signed by 20,000 women, praying for the continuance of the union between Great Britain and Ireland. The document is 350 yards long. It was presented by the Marchioness of Londonderry in person to Her Majesty. Anent this document, I candidly say, I should not like to be the unfortunate statesman whose business it may be to read it to Queen Victoria. Perhaps she wades through these horrors herself as a rule, but I doubt her ability to do 350 yards of one.

It is lovely to "hear" summer coming in the shape of birds of song. A lady friend in Arklow writes me of having seen the chaff-chaff, and heard it singing about her home a few days ago, and a "wheat ears" has appeared on the sands close to the house also. What a cruel fashion it is wearing birds as ornaments. Even in my young and giddy days I did not like it. My daughter now is a member of a league got up in England by a cousin of hers—an anti-wing-wearing one—its real name is surprisingly clever one to judge by its sound, but having a way of my own I have christened it this.

Thank God, I see that the report of cholera having been in Canada was a false one. The scare came here, and there were huts put up on Kings-stown pier for the reception of patients from the sea, and are there still empty. We are a healthy people, our brains may be scant, as certainly our purses are, but we are wiry and able for much; but one thing I am not able for and that is, to make head or tail of the word "Kosmos;" and I am both too proud and independent to ask, because, you know, I ought to know, but I don't. It is the grandiloquent name for a monster bazaar which is to be held in Dublin shortly, in aid of the children's hospital. A new wing is wanted, and endowment for many more beds, hence "Kosmos." Tennis is coming again to the front. My young people are indignant at a new rule which has passed here, viz., one day each week, no ladies to play; the nobler sex to have it all to themselves. I think myself it is mean; they would not like to be shunted off their cricket field one play day each week, to give way to "ladies only." I think we should have tea on the ground that day and only that day, and not give one of them a cup of it, not one. Men love tea in Ireland.

Lady Fitzgerald held a splendid reception at the Vice-Regal Lodge yesterday, and afterwards there was a concert. One young girl delighted everyone with a violin solo, and Madame Melba sang. We had a people's concert in the Leinster Hall in the evening. I think the name people used in this sense very silly. Are not we all people? But I am a woman of very, very broad views on this subject. The old law of "handsome is that handsome does,"

always satisfies me. There was also a wonderful day for the people on Easter Monday, at Ball's Bridge. Those not "off to Leaperdstown early in the morning" went on to Ball's Bridge later in the day, and saw cycling, bicycling and tricycling, to their heart's content.

I read of a lady the other day climbing up to kiss the Blarney Stone. Now, I did the same when I was as young as my daughter is now, and it was never published. Was it not a shame that my exploit was as nothing in the eyes of the beholders? Better late than never, so I tell it now, and of how I won a wager of six pairs of gloves for doing it.

To-day I had a visit from a friend, a champion chess player a lady. She wins everything she goes in for from everybody. Imagine me having the audacity to ask her to play with me on Monday, and she is coming here to do so. I shall be proud to be beaten by her, and hope to learn a great deal in the process. Good-bye, dear friends, until next month.

Your sincere friend,

S. M. STUDDERT KENNEDY.

The popular superstition of overturning the salt being unlucky, originated from Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the "Last Supper," in which Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt.