

ONE SINGLE DAY

Is not so much to look upon. There
is some way
Of passing hours of such a limit. We
can face

A single day ; but place
Too many days before sad eyes—
Too many days for smothered sighs—
And we lose heart
Just at the start.
Years really are not long, nor lives—
The longest which survives—
And yet to look across

A future we must tread bowed by a
sense of loss,
Bearing some burden weighing down
so low,

That we can scarcely go
One step ahead—this is so hard,
So stern a view to face, unstarred.
Untouched by light, so masked with
dread.

If we would take a step ahead,
Be brave, and keep
The feet quite steady; feel the breath
of life sweep
Ever on our face again.

We must not look across—looking in
vain—

But downward to the next close step,
And up. Eyes that have wept
Must look a little way, not far.
God broke the years to hours and
days,

That hour by hour
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.

Should all the weights of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the
future, rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face
to face

At just one place,
We could not go ;
Our feet would stop, And so
God lays a little on us every day,
And never, I believe, on all the way,
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour.

—Cure and Care.

AS THE NURSES SEE IT

What a wealth or dearth of pleasure
the word "Summer" may mean. To
many it is the season when God's green
earth may be enjoyed for weeks or
months. Many children are at this time
planning wonderful experiments to be
realized when the summer holidays
bring the usual trip to the country or
lakeside, and preparations are perhaps
already in progress. But what a con-
trast is presented by the word to hun-
dreds of little children who have never
seen the green fields and cool rivers
that lie as yet in the recesses of their
imagination. To them, summer means
such long, hot days, and dirt and dust.

A few minutes' walk from the Mission
would take us to a street where, in a
one-roomed rear, about eight feet
square, a mother and four children are
living. A bed, stove and small table
compose the furnishings, with the ad-
dition of a box upon which Jackie has
been sleeping. The father is in a con-
sumptive sanatorium, and upon the
mother has fallen the problem of pro-
viding for her four little ones. Their
playground is a narrow lane, deep mud
in wet weather, hot and dusty in dry
weather, or a yard where a few old
wagons used by ragmen are kept, not
a single tree or blade of grass to relieve
the glare of the hot sun.

In a little narrow street near-by, an-
other family may be found living in a
tiny hovel, the kitchen having sunk
until everything is at an angle, remind-
ing one of a sea voyage. Here we find
several small children. Two of the boys
earn a little by selling papers, but the
income is very scanty. When school or
work is over, they may join the smaller
ones in the alley. On one side is the
wall of their little house, and on the
other ashes and garbage, the only shrub-
bery to be found in the ward. But not
only in the ward are the candidates for
fresh air found. South of Queen street,
a case recently visited, brought to light
a family living in a deplorable state,
no—not living, for such existence can
scarcely be called "living." A father
and two young boys occupying two
ooms, one as a sleeping apartment,
where a few old coats composed the
only bed they had. In the outer room

a little stove was found, one chair, and
half the remains of another, a basket of
garbage, and a box, the scanty meals
being served on a little table made of
rough boards. The mother is dead,
and the two little girls are being looked
after by neighbors. The father has
been unable to obtain steady work, and
has only been able to earn sufficient
to keep his boys from starving. One
could not help but think how that pale-
faced little lad wearing an old pair of
girl's boots would enjoy a few blissful
hours at some swimming hole. A few
blocks south of this, just off King street,
a mother was lying ill; from her room
she superintended the family affairs.
A little girl of nine years was doing the
washing and looking after the little
brothers and sisters. As meal time ap-
proached she began to watch for the
brother and sister coming home from
work, who are scarcely more than chil-
dren. Such is the life of many a child.
Are these little ones not to share in the
pleasures which are rightfully theirs?

One of the nurses, while walking
through the ward carrying a bunch of
flowers, met a little girl who looked
longingly at the bright-colored beauties.
How those big eyes sparkled when she
saw that she too was really to share
such treasures. A long-drawn, "Oh!
my!" and then the happy, dirty little
face was lost to sight in the flowers that
were "really truly" hers. Think what
rapture it would be for such a child to
revel in the beauty of a daisy field.

The more one sees of the daily life of

Hope's Quiet Hour

philanthropic economists in Massachu-
setts are successful that state alone will
add 100,000 to the aggregate. The
Woman's Massachusetts Homestead As-
sociation is planning to provide subur-
ban homes for the 100,000 dependent
spinsters and widows which that Com-
monwealth acknowledges possessing,
the plan being to have the state buy
tracts of land wherever available, divide
them into acre lots and then, through
a commission, supply each dependent
woman with a share of land.—*Saturday
Night.*

HERMIONE, THE WISE WIFE

ONE OF ROBERT BUCHANAN'S CLEVEREST
POEMS

Wherever I wander, up and about,
This is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no
doubt ;

I have a wife and she is wise,
Deep in philosophy, strong in Greek,
Spectacles shadow her pretty eyes,
Coteries rustle to hear her speak ;
She writes little—for love, not fame ;
Has published a book with a dreary
name ;

And yet (God bless her !) is mild
and meek.

And how I happened to woo and wed
A wife so pretty and wise withal
Is part of the puzzle that fits my
head—
Plagues me at daytime, racks me in
bed,



UNIQUE PICTURE OF AN ELECTRICAL STORM

Haunts me and makes me appear so
small.

The only answer that I can see
Is—I could not have married Hermione
(That is her fine name), but she
stooped in her wisdom and married
me.

For I am a fellow of no degree,
Give to romping and jollity;
The Latin they thrashed into me at
school,

The world and its fights have thrashed
away ;

At figures alone, I am no fool,
And in city circles I say my say,
For I am a dunce at twenty-nine,
And the kind of study that I think fine
Is a chapter of Dickens, a sheet of the
Times,

When I lounge, after work, in an
easy chair ;
Punch for humor, and Praed for
rhymes,

And the butterfly mots blown here
and there,
By the idle breath of the social air.

A little French is my only gift,
Wherewith at times I can make a shift,
Guessing at meanings to flutter over
A figtree tale in a paper cover.

Hermione, my Hermione !
What could your wisdom perceive in
me

And Hermione my Hermione !
How does it happen at all that we
Love one another so utterly ?
Well, I have a bright-eyed boy of two.

A darling who cries with lung and
tongue,

As fine a fellow, I swear to you,
As ever poet of sentiment sung,
And my lady-wife, with serious eyes,
Brightens and lightens when he is nigh,
And looks, although she is deep and
wise,

As foolish and happy as he or I !
And I have the courage just then, you
see,

To kiss the lips of Hermione—
Those learned lips that the learned
praise—

And to clasp her hands as in sillier
days ;

To talk and joke in a frolic vein,
To tell her my stories of things and
men ;

And it never strikes me that I'm pro-
fane,
For she laughs, and blushes, and kisses
again,

And, presto ! fly goes her wisdom
then !
For boy claps hands and is up on her
breast.

Roaring to see her so bright with
mirth,
And I know she deems me (oh, the
jest !)

The cleverest fellow on all the earth !
And Hermione, my Hermione,
Nurses her boy and defers to me ;
Does not seem to see I'm small—
Even to think me a dunce at all !

And wherever I wander up and about,
Here is the puzzle I can't make out—
That Hermione, my Hermione,
In spite of her Greek and philosophy,
When sporting at night with her boy
and me,

Seems sweeter and wiser, I assever—
Sweeter and wiser, and far more clever
And makes me feel more foolish than
ever,

Through her childish, girlish, joyous
grace,
And the silly pride in her learned face !
That is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no
doubt ;

But the puzzle is pleasant, I know now
why ;
For whenever I think of it, night or
morn,

I thank my God she is wise, and I
The happiest fool that was ever born !

* * *

Tommy came out of a room in which
his father was tacking down carpet.
He was crying lustily.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?"
asked his mother.

"P-p-papa hit his finger with the
hammer," sobbed Tommy.

"Well, you needn't cry at a thing like
that," comforted the mother. "Why
didn't you laugh?"

"I did," sobbed Tommy, disconsol-
ate.

* * *

One of the best stories in connection
with the history of the King's speech,
delivered at the opening of each fresh
session of Parliament, is told of George
IV. when Prince Regent and recalled by
a contributor to the current number of
the *Strand Magazine*. The prince, it is
well known, took his responsibilities
lightly, and on one occasion is said to
have bet Sheridan a hundred guineas
that either owing to the magnetism of
his personality or the flutter which the
occupants of the Lords' chamber were
in so little attention was really paid to
the verbal character of the speech he
was delivering that he could make any
interpolation he liked without it being
detected.

The bet was taken and the Prince Re-
gent agreed to introduce the words
'Baa, baa, black sheep' in the middle of
the speech.

"If anybody smiles or looks startled,"
he said, "I lose my bet."

This exploit actually came off and at
the close of a weighty allusion, com-
posed by Lord Liverpool, to Wellesley's
difficulties in Spain, the Regent cleared
his throat, said "Baa, baa, black sheep"
hurriedly, and went on without appar-
ently exciting any remark.

Sheridan related the royal audacity
to Canning.

"It is perfectly amazing to me," he
said, "that no notice was taken. Didn't
you hear him distinctly say 'Baa, baa,
black sheep?'"

"I did," rejoined Canning, "but as his
Royal Highness looked you full in the
face at the time I took it as a personal
allusion and my delicacy forbade me to
think more about it."