

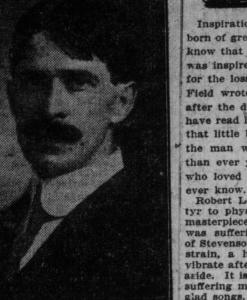
NON OMNIS MORIAR.

In the teeth of the Word that bars my track, In the swirl of the Ebb that sucks

me down. In the face of the storm that flings me back

me back On the wrath of a Deep grown mountaincus-walled, I. I. tide by tide, and tack by tack, As far as the chains will let me

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>



making his way to the front as a jour-" Somebody, who believes that the price nalist and story-writer. Born in Isling- of existence in Toronto City is too high -sends me the following: The Toronto Chick. Eggs are 55c a dozen in this city of ours. That sad-faced hen that lightly hops your fence and scratches up you. garden truck and swears back at you and hops away when you cautiously approach her is not to blame. What does she know of Toronto's high priced necessities. I met a little one-legged hen, who mothered a one lone chick;

the sweat from working over time upon her brow stood thick, "Sisters, and brothers, one-legged hen, how

that little boy Blue was dearer far to the man with the great human soul than ever you or I or anybody else-who loved the child in the song, will was warmed to life from a Toronto Here is a good story of how a man Robert Louis Stevenson was a man-

tyr to physical pain and some of his who assumed the virtue of knowledge, masterpieces were written when he was suffering intensely. Still, many but had it not, was shown in his true of Stevenson's poems have a light, dial colors. At his club-a middle-clais, one strain, a harmony that continues to -he was wont to create the impressvibrate after you have laid the volume aside. It is hard to understand how a ion that he was a complete master French. He was in the habit of bringsuffering man could write such sweet, ing Paris papers to the club, and would sit down in the club room pretending to be absorbed in their contents. Even And just when on this theme let.

once in a while he would smile feebly, as if he had been carried away by the me say that inspiration may be born of more than mere physical pain. jokes, and say audibly, "Bon-tres

One evening several gentlemen at an adjoining table had been observing his antics. At last one of them said— "I should like to know whether--really does understand French. I am

inclined to believe that he dosen't." "I suppose he must understand French," said another member. "No one would be such an ass as to carry on like he does if he didn't." "I'd wager a bottle of wine that he

doesn't. "And I'd bet against you if we could and brothers, one-legged hen, how manage to decide it." many may you be?" She laughed a .A friend who had been introduced laugh with bitter scorn and cocked to the club remarked, "Till find out." her eye at me. Said I "I came from He walked quietly over to - and country hills where many hens abound, and mother-hens with just one chick are seldom ever found." "Now, tell ne hen and tell me true, how ever can it with a "Tres bon !"

The bell tolls twelve-sym That ends a monarch's But, hark ! How joyous ri In coronation strain

SUN

light." rim darkness felt i And fled away

By Sam W. Sma

"The King is Dea

-"Long Live the

The last December sun is

Below the western sky,

And earth has quell'd her

To mark the Old Year

Above his brow, snow-sh

The cold, pale stars appe

Like mourning spirits of t

The cattle in the fields li

And flocks their silence-

While men seek vainly to Their thoughts that ban

The night drags slowly to

The clock-hands meet

yearn

And nature bates her by

To the grim hour of dea

Torch-bearers 'round his

"The king is dead ! Lot king !" The New Year, Nineteen Him whom we hall as pron High gifts to hopeful me

and then he died rich.

'He died rich !' Yet the

'How hardly shall they

riches enter into the kingd en.' 'It is easier for a

thru the eye of a needle,

rich man to enter the kinge

en.' He had a Bible; he

place of worship; he knew similar texts well; he had

explained; he professed

them; yet he ran the haza

one whom the Bible speak

emply as in danger of losin

for he made up his mind

and richer, and he died ve 'He died rich !' And y

that there were hundreds of heathens in the world, wi

or missionaries; he knew

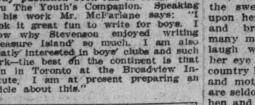
had only given a small scription to advance that

'He died rich!' Yet he round him were tens of th ing in ignorance, vice, i Close to that dingy' con that he visited so regular than fifty were the

than fifty years, there and courts, where evil trip one godless generation tra



But fleets of stell-made vessels plow thy mighty waters thru. We no longer hear the echo of the Indian and his oars, His father died rich, b much richer man than his succeeded in his enterpris a splendid mansion; he se family very respectably i



Our Canadian St. Lawrence

"The Holy Mountain."

<section-header><section-header><section-header><section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

Fun From Jacobs.

Tis sweet at set of sun to view thy silver mirror spreading wide. And see the mist of mantling blue float round the distant mountain side.

There is a mighty river running thru our golden land: Harbored along its maple shores where ocean vessels stand, No longer prowls the Indian with his little bark canoe,

That broke the silver silence of thy rippling, pebbled shores. Thy mission, oh St. Lawrence, is to float vessels on thy breast, With produce to all nations, from our prairies in the west.

Where the mighty cliffs look upward in their bright majestic glow, As pictured from thy pebbiy shores, two hundred years ago. On thy fair bosom, silver stream, the wild bird spreads his snowy sail, And round his breast the ripples gleam, as down he bears before the

At midnight hour as shines the moon, a sheet of silver spreads below, And from thy bosom the stars reflected, true witnesses of heaven laglow.

In fancy we hear the echo of the Indian's pliant oar.

As his little bark shoots outward from the shadows of the shore, And the dusky maiden whispers back to him a tale of love, With the silver ripples round them, and the canopy of heaven above. Yet again I hear the war-cry, and I see the maiden's tears, As the pages of tradition are turned back to former years. I can see our cities rise as our forests are laid low Since our pilgrimage was started, two hundred years ago.

Since far above thy majestic flow, there's been inspiring sights; We've seen the Indians, warning fires flare up against the night. Those early days in the olden time have tried the souls of men; A cabin in the wilderness was not safe from hostile band. But that era now has passed away, let our visions not turn back To the legends and traditions that followed the Union Jack. And tho broad majestic river to the eastward ever flow, And the breeze that floats the Union Jack brings peace on earth below.

56 Davenport-road, City, H. R. Barber.

unique, and the kind The Strand read-January Canadian Magazine. The Canadian Magazine for January begins the new year with a very im-portant and interesting article by Professor A. P. Celeman, of the Uni-versity of Toronto. It is entitled "The versity of Toronto. It is entitled "The Interglacial Beds at Toronto," and de-scribes in a popular manner the in-formation that has been obtained by scientists regarding the unusually in-scientists regarding the unusually in-

other in sin. There was no or Bible-woman for that rich man could easily hav one or more, but he did course was too busy to vis 'He died rich !' Yet he r

and many an application n on the ground that the many calls of this descrip could not give to all-he not afford it. Long before the rich m became very unhappy: I indeed, been really happy dave. The following extr by a merchant to a friend

rounded by immense weal posed to take supreme d

accumulation, may part other rich men: "As to myself, I live I Mave, constantly occupied passing the might witho I am wrapped in a labyrin and worn out with care. I fortune. The love of labor est emotion. When I rise ing, my only effort is to h during the day, that when I may be enabled to sle When the rich man we n not longer labor for mor "strange mania seized was, that poverty was cert upon him. The followin of an American millional to more than this one ca come possessed with an bis last illness, that he w poverty. He insisted that which was done for his co-be unou the most economic be upon the most economic would not even turn his lest the sheets shoul out, and he would able to replace them ! W

he left behind property to of two hundred thousand 'He died rich.' And he rich, some men praised be done, and has been don -Psalm xlix. And oth htm, encouraged, by the htm for his riches. Put after death, and in the a where riches profit not rich he dird, if he died with ance, without faith in Ch

