

STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglenook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

## THE CROSS-WAYS.

Sibyl, her pretty, girlish face angry and mutinous, dashed from the room, slamming the door behind her. In the silence that followed, her last words still seemed to echo.

"It isn't fair—just because you're the oldest and have always had things that we should never have anything. It's our turn. How would you have liked it when you were eighteen? You've had your good times. It's just downright selfish of you not to let us have ours, and I'm going to get it out for once, so now!"

Virginia drew a long breath. It had been said out unquestionably. Going to the door, she turned the key. It had been coming for along time—some such crisis as this; now that it had come, she was going to face it without flinching. She seated herself before her dressing-table and looked steadily in the glass. Yes, it was true—she was not so pretty as she had been; the first girlish bloom was gone—gone to Sibyl and Evelyn.

"Point one," she said, slowly. "Virginia Crane, you are jealous of your little sisters."

"Point two. Sibyl is right. You've had your good times, and it is their turn. Point three. Something must be done at once. What shall it be?"

There was a long silence after the third point. Virginia was thinking. There were several things she might do. She could go abroad with the Clarendons. She thought that over a while, and then put it aside. "I won't shirk!" she declared. She could take up settlement work, for instance. That, too, she rejected.

"It wouldn't," she said, with grim humor, "be fair to the poor. They have enough to bear without having to help out the poor rich."

There remained one way, a very distasteful one, but she could do it—at least, she could give it a trial. She would study the art of being an older sister. It would not be easy for her to step aside gracefully, not half so easy as for some girls, but she could try; she could study it as she had studied over her music. For an hour she sat there, thinking it out. Then she opened her door.

"Sibyl!" she called.

Sibyl, half ashamed and half defiant, came hesitatingly.

"I've changed my mind about the concert," Virginia said. "You are right—it is your turn. I'll stay and entertain Aunt Gracia. And would you like to wear my string of pearls to your party?"

Sibyl stared in bewilderment, the color flooding her face. "Oh, Virginia," she gasped, "do you mean it? I—" impulsively she threw her arms about her sister's neck—"I was such a horrid pig!" she cried.

And suddenly to Virginia there came a strange thought. Suppose in the "good times" she was missing the joy of being a sister!

Rev. John D. Nutting, in the *Missionary Review*, writes:—Nearly 2,000 Mormon emissaries are quietly working from house to house all the time, in this and other lands, and their crafty, personal and persevering methods snare the souls of many who are lacking in clear doctrinal conceptions. With its immense tithing receipts Mormonism is almost without financial limitations, and with practical control over the lives of its youth, it can command all the workers it needs. None of these workers receive any salary, though friends provide the expenses frequently, and in their devotion to the cause which they represent, they are willing to undergo much hardship and suffering. Thus Mormonism is at work outside Utah, and its spread is amazing.

## THE THIBETAN EXPLANATION.

Everyone has heard of the Chinese myth explaining an eclipse, and the enormous dragon that stalks through the sky seeking to devour the sun; but the Tibetan legend is a little different, and very interesting as described by Sven Hedin, in his "Trans-Himalaya." After describing the eclipse, and the terror and depression with which it was received, he says:

Then I visited Hiaje Tsering with the corner pillars of my caravan. He sat at his lacquered table, drinking tea, and had his long Chinese pipe in his mouth.

"Why is it that it has just been so dark?" I asked him. "The gods of the Dangrayum-tso are angry because you will not allow me to visit their lake."

"No, certainly not. A big dog roams about the sky and often conceals the sun. But I and the lama Lobsang have prayed all the time before the altar, and have burned joss-sticks before the images of the gods. You have nothing to fear; the dog has passed on."

"Very fine!" I cried, and made a desperate attempt to explain the phenomenon. Robert held up his saucer to represent the sun, and I took two rupees to represent the earth and moon crossing each other's orbit. Hiaje Tsering listened attentively to Muhamed Isa's translation of my demonstration, nodded approvingly, and finally expressed his opinion that this might do very well for us, but that it did not suit Tibet.

## WISHING.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Ring-ting: I wish I were a primrose,  
A bright yellow primrose blooming in the spring;

The stooping boughs above me,  
The wandering bee to love me,  
The fern and moss to creep across,  
And the elm-tree for our king:

Nay—stay: I wish I were an elm-tree,  
A great, lofty elm-tree with green leaves gay;

The winds would set them dancing,  
The sun and moonshine glance in,  
The birds would house among the boughs,  
And ever sweetly sing:

O—no: I wish I were a robin,  
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;

Through forest, field or garden,  
And ask no leave or pardon,  
Till winter comes with icy thumbs  
To ruffle up our wings:

Well—tell: Where should I fly to,  
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell  
Before a day was over,  
Home comes the rover,  
For mother's kiss,—sweeter this  
Than any other thing.

"Life is a stewardship and not an ownership. It is a trust, not a gift. With a gift you may do as you please, but with a trust you must give an account. The gift may be kept, it may be destroyed, it may be given to another, it may be used for personal pleasure or profit. But a trust must be administered so as to merit the approval of the Great Judge."

Because God is everywhere—a token of his sovereignty—he is very near to each one of us—a token of his Fatherhood.

Missionaries were the first to give any information about the far interior

of Africa. They have given the world more accurate geographical knowledge of that land than all other classes combined.

## LA TOQUE.

The railroad towns of rapid growth are not in the west alone. La Tuque, on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, 127 miles from Quebec, is a wonderful example of this. Two years ago there was not a house there. To-day, there is a handsome well laid out, well built town with two churches, a school, a bank, a sulphite pulp mill, two saw mills, some very fine stores and a resident population of about 2,500. The Quebec Bank opened a branch there a few weeks ago, and in a very few days had \$60,000 on deposit. La Tuque is a divisional point on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and will have the shops for that division. It is also the terminus of the Tuque branch of the Lake St. John division of the Canadian Northern Railway, and the head of navigation of the river St. Maurice, which is navigable for steamers for seventy miles from La Tuque southward to Grand Piles.

But the principal advantage of La Tuque is its water power. The river St. Maurice, at this point, a magnificent river half a mile wide, falls ninety feet, making available for industries no less than ninety thousand horse-power. This is only partially developed, but already the Messrs. Brown of Berlin, N.H., the owners of the power, have built one of the largest sulphite pulp mills in America, and in a few days will be producing sixty tons of sulphite pulp daily and a paper mill will follow in the near future. These two industries will use only a very small portion of the power, so that there will, no doubt, be many other industries established, which will make of La Tuque a flourishing industrial town. A large flour mill is spoken of, to grind up the wheat to be brought from Manitoba and Alberta by the Grand Trunk Pacific, and as the level grades (four-tenths) of that road will carry grain at rates with which the canal navigation cannot compete, this should be an ideal spot for such an industry on a large scale, as it is also in close proximity to the ocean steamers at Quebec. La Tuque is evidently destined to be one of the most important manufacturing towns in Northern Quebec.

LEWIS CARROLL'S ADVICE ON  
LETTER-WRITING.

Lewis Carroll, the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, once wrote a little book, giving some excellent advice about letter-writing:

1. Before beginning a letter, read over again the letter to which you are about to reply.
2. Next address and stamp the envelope so that you may not miss the post.
3. Give dates and addresses in full.
4. Write legibly. Bad writing is often due to haste, but what right have you to save time at your friend's expense? Isn't his time as valuable as yours?
5. Do not fill more than a page and a half with apologies for not having written sooner.
6. Letters controversial or that may lead to irritation should be kept till the next day, and then read over again with a view to pacific modification. Of all such letters keep a copy.
7. Do not try to have the last word.
8. Cross writing makes cross reading.
9. Refer to your correspondent's last letter, and make your winding up, at least, as friendly as his; in fact, even if a shade more friendly it will do no harm.
10. When you would mail letters, carry them in your hand.

Pride—Do you think he was sincere when he said he loved you?

Dolly—I'm sure of it. He looked too foolish to be making believe.