

FARGIVENESS.

A preacher has lately been telling the people of an English city that there can be no such thing as forgiveness of sin, and the newspaper correspondents have thought it worth while to telegraph his opinions across the Atlantic. He is not the first man to say this, and he will probably not be the last. His idea is based upon what he claims is the law of cause and effect, and he is unable to understand how anything can interfere with the operation of that law. If his reasoning is admitted, he must logically go a step further and contend that men are simply so many automata, going yet a step further, he would have to conclude that there was no use for preachers, for what would be the use of preaching to a miscellaneous collection of animated machinery? The trouble with these blind leaders is that they only think half way. If a man were simply a chemical composition, and life only the operation of certain chemical laws, there would be no use in discussing anything as to human motives, human responsibility, sin or forgiveness; but there is a world which chemistry does not touch, and it is in this region that we must look for proof of the possibility of transgressing law and the power of forgiveness. These invisible and impalpable things are as real as are the stones beneath our feet or the sky overhead. They have their influence upon our lives; they are our lives. What Shakespeare calls "the muddy vesture of decay that closely hems us round" is only the physical manifestation of life.

Human experience is worth more than all the logic in the world. It teaches that there is such a thing as forgiveness. If a man shall say that he is not conscious of his ability to sin, he has not reached the stage when he can contemplate the possibility of forgiveness. The fact that the preacher referred to of any one else may be able to say with perfect sincerity that he is not conscious of these things proves nothing, except that he is not so conscious. It does not prove that millions of other people have not felt them both. Unless we set aside all human testimony as worthless, we must admit that there is such a process as repentance which is followed by a consciousness of forgiveness. Countless people have affirmed that they have had this experience, and their whole lives have been influenced by it, and they claim that any person may have it, and that forgiveness is the necessary result of repentance properly exercised. We are not now discussing whether or not repentance and forgiveness play any part in a future life. We neither affirm nor deny anything in that regard. We are dealing solely with a phase of human experience, and we claim that there is quite as good proof for the assertion that wrongdoing can be repented of and can be forgiven, so that it shall no longer mar our lives, as there is for any law in the physical universe. Physical laws are deduced from invariable sequence, and it seems to be established that the experience known as forgiveness invariably follows a proper repentance.

It is too late in the day to claim that man's nature cannot be changed so that whereas he may have rejoiced in what is evil, he begins to rejoice in what is good only. No one, who has been at all observant and has lived to middle life, can fail to recall numerous instances of that kind. There are thousands of people who can say with the Psalmist "As far as the East is from the West, so far hast Thou removed our transgressions from us." If any one cannot say this, he has no right to question the truth of such an assertion when made by others. A blind man is not warranted in questioning that others can see.

The preacher referred to objected that to claim that there can be forgiveness is to cast doubt upon the law of cause and effect. It may be called a law. But such is not the case. Such a claim only implies that there are causes and effects, which are not material. No one holds that if a man lives a foolish life and thereby poisons his whole physical system, he can obtain forgiveness for this sin against himself, and thereby be restored to the health and strength which he sacrificed. We are not going to enter into a discussion of what may be accomplished in the way of physical cures by faith and faith alone, which is quite beside the question. It may be admitted that as an inviolable rule "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," so far as his physical life is concerned. After a life of excesses he may gain wisdom, but he can never regain the strength which he chose to throw away. For some sin there can be no forgiveness; but the spirit which prompted the excesses can be taken away; its degrading influence upon the soul of the man can be removed, the consciousness of spiritual guilt can be wiped out, and the unworthy of God and His Universe may look up to heaven and say: "I am forgiven. There can come a time in a man's life when he will feel like David in the famous allegory, which so few people read nowadays, that a man has rolled off his shoulders, and that he is once more a free man. The chains that bind us to a mistaken past can be broken. There is such a thing as God's liberty in which every man may dwell, if he so desires.

MARIA THERESA

Maria Theresa was one of the greatest characters of the Eighteenth Century, an era which produced many able rulers, warriors and statesmen. She was born in 1717 and died in 1780. Her father was Charles VI, who was Holy Roman Emperor from 1711 to 1740, and was the last descendant in the male line of the Hapsburg family. In her own right Maria Theresa was Queen of Hungary and Bohemia and Archduchess of Austria. She married in her nineteenth year Francis, afterwards Emperor, and in his own right Duke of Lorraine, which duchy he exchanged for that of Tuscany. She made him co-regent of Austria, but permitted him to exercise only nominal powers. He was elected Emperor in 1745, but gave his attention chiefly to the empress's wealth, leaving public affairs in the hands of his wife.

The House of Hapsburg was one of those noted families which were founded some ten or more centuries ago in the valleys of Switzerland. It came into prominence in the Eleventh Century, and gained power to such an extent that Rudolf, the third Count of the name, was elected Emperor of Germany in 1273. This prince may be regarded as the real founder of the Hapsburg prestige. There is no family in European history with a more illustrious record. Twenty members of it have held the high title of Holy Roman Emperor, and the present representative of the family is Emperor Maximilian. The ill-fated Emperor Maximilian of Mexico was a Hapsburg. Members of the family have ruled over Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Spain, and the Netherlands, besides numerous dukedoms and principalities. The daughters of the house have sat on many thrones. It was not, therefore, a matter of surprise that when Charles VI saw that there was danger of the male line of the family becoming extinct after an unbroken line, covering four centuries, as it in fact did in him, for the present member of the House is sprung from Maria Theresa, he should have sought to secure the succession to his daughter. To this end he promulgated what is known as the Pragmatic Sanction, the influence of which upon the politics of Europe was so profound that all other pragmatic sanctions have been completely cast in the shade by it, and when the term is used without any qualifying expression, the decree of Charles VI is always meant. A pragmatic sanction is a formal decree by a sovereign by which he seeks to fix or alter the fundamental law of the land. There have been several such in European history. Up to the time of this proclamation by Charles VI the law of Austria limited the descent of the crown to the male line, and Charles, in order to make secure the rights, which he sought to confer upon his daughter, asked and obtained the guarantee of England, France, Russia, Prussia, and Holland, but upon his death all the powers, except England, repudiated the agreement and what is known as the war of the Austrian Succession was precipitated. This began in 1741 and continued for four years. All Europe was engaged in it, and it extended to America and India. The taking of Louisburg, Cape Breton, was one of the British victories in this prolonged conflict, from which we may say that the existence of Canada as a part of the British Crown is directly connected with the action of the Emperor Charles in seeking to secure to his daughter the succession to the Austrian throne. Thus is history intertwined. Few Canadians have ever appreciated that the future of their country was at one time bound up with the future of the House of Hapsburg. The war left Maria Theresa in full possession of the rights conferred upon her by her father. During these hostilities the young queen showed herself possessed of great courage and administrative powers, and when peace came at last, she devoted herself with praiseworthy diligence to financial reforms and the encouragement of agriculture, manufactures and commerce. She reduced taxation, but strengthened her forces. The Seven Years war followed shortly after, having been precipitated by the Queen in the hope of recovering Silesia, which had been given to Frederick the Great at the treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1745. For a time it seemed as if she, in alliance with France and Russia, would prove too powerful for the great Prussian, but through the incapacity of the French generals and the treachery of Russia, her plans were defeated. She made peace, and once more set about the rebuilding of her country. In 1765 she was left a widow, and her son was elected to the honorable position of Holy Roman Emperor. After seven peaceful years she joined with Russia and Prussia in the partition of Poland. Then she forced the Sultan of Turkey to yield her up some territory adjoining Austria. Later during the war of the Bavarian Succession, she acquired new territory to the north-west. Indeed so great was her success in diplomacy and so commanding her influence that a league of German princes was formed to set some limit to the expansion of her realm. Shortly after this her active and turbulent

career was brought to a close by death.

Maria Theresa is described by some of her biographers as a masculine woman, and undoubtedly she possessed many of the qualities usually looked for rather in men than in women, but as the mother of sixteen children, ten of whom lived to take an active part in the affairs of life, she must also have been endowed with maternal instincts. Two of her sons lived to fill the office of Holy Roman Emperor, one was grand duke of Tuscany, another grand duke of Modena and another elector of Cologne. Her daughters married into grand ducal and royal houses, but the only one of them whose name occupies a conspicuous place in history is Marie Antoniette, the wife of Louis XVI, of whom we shall have something to say next Sunday.

Estimates of the character of this remarkable woman greatly vary. One writer says of her that she was a fond wife and loving mother; others speak of her as combining the attractions of woman with the energy of a man. I speak of her as kind, others as cruel. The truth probably is that the various portrayals of her nature have all been influenced by the feeling which her ambition aroused. The only one of them which is at hand, and may be considered as that of a contemporary is that given by the Princess Maria Theresa de Lamballe in the opening chapter of her memoirs of Marie Antoniette. She tells us that the dominant character of the great queen was ambition, and to this she sacrificed everything; that she consulted no ties of nature in the disposal of her children, regarding the beauty with which her daughters were so plentifully endowed, simply as a political asset. "Her very carresses were scarcely given, but for display, when the children were admitted to be shown to some great personage, and if they were overwhelmed with kindness it was merely to create a belief that they were her constant care and the companions of her leisure hours. When they grew up they became merely the instruments of her ambition. The princess relates that when Josephine, one of Maria Theresa's daughters, was married to the Duke of Parma, her mother asked her if she would not use her influence to secure for Austria dominion over Italy; and when the young bride refused, her mother told her to go and pray in the tomb of her ancestors for guidance. On the day previous one of the royal princesses had been laid in the tomb, having died of smallpox, and the princess Josephine contracted the disease and died. Her mother then caused another daughter to marry the duke, who at best was only half-witted. The Princess de Lamballe seeks to create the impression without actually saying so, that this tragic event was a plot concocted that the unhappy victim might contract a fatal disease and thus remove her from the path of her mother's ambition. It must be remembered, however, that the Princess de Lamballe was passionately fond of Marie Antoniette and that the sad life of that beautiful woman caused her to take a prejudiced view of every one who contributed to her unhappiness.

It doubts exist as to the character of this queen, none are entertained as to her personal appearance. All writers agree that she was exceptionally beautiful. Luisa Muhlbach, who wrote history and historical novels in the middle of the last century, thus describes her as she appeared when addressing the representatives of the people of Hungary, who at the conclusion of her speech rose to their feet and exclaimed: "Great queen, we will all die for thee!" Though thirty-five years of age and the mother of thirteen children she was still beautiful, and the Austrians were proud of the excess of her beauty. Her high thoughtful forehead was shaded by a profusion of blonde hair. Her large starry eyes were of that peculiar grey, which changes with every emotion, at one time seeming to be of heavenly blue, at another the darkest and most fascinating brown. Her profile betokened pride, but every look of haughtiness was softened by the exquisite beauty of her mouth. Her figure, loftier than is usual with women, was of faultless symmetry, while her bust would have seemed to the eyes of Praxiteles the waking to life of his dreams of Juno.

Rhys Davids, from whose lectures on Buddhism most of the information contained in these articles has been taken, tells us that the following poem conveys very beautifully the kind of feeling that animated the Arhats of old.

"Tis self whereby we suffer, 'Tis the greed To grasp the hunger to assimilate All the earth holds of fair and delicate, The lust to blend with beautiful lives to feed And take our fill of loveliness, which breeds This anguish of the soul Intemperate, 'Tis that self that turns to harm and poisonous hate The calm sea of love that Arhats lead, Oh! that 'twere possible this self to burn In the pure flame of joy contemplation, Then might we love all loveliness, nor yearn With tyrannous longings; undisturbed Greeting the summer and the spring's return, Nor walling that their bloom is fugitive."

Ancient Teachers of Religion and Philosophy

By N. de Bertrand Luyt.

THE GOSPEL OF BUDDHA.

The Buddhist doctrine teaches that there is nothing either divine or human, either animal, vegetable or mineral; that is permanent. Some things may last for hundreds of thousands of years and others for a few hours only, but what has had a beginning, so in the end, the Buddha, must also have an end. It is ignorant and foolish to believe that after death the soul of a man will still live in a conscious state, according to Buddhism this is the worst of superstitions. A man should not consider himself as an individual at all. The very fact that he has become an individual means that he is born to limitation, to ignorance, to error and to sorrow. Birth itself is fraught with pain. "We keep when we are born and every day shows why." No separate entity can escape from chance, disintegration and at last from death. It is very difficult for us to think that we are not separate from all

things and beings who have existed in the past, and all things and beings who will have their existence in the future. Our own joys and griefs are, to us, so very important that if we do not consider ourselves to be the centre of the universe, we are, at all events, and all of our thought in planning ways and means whereby we can be assured of our happiness and comfort forever and ever. The Buddhist gospel teaches that such ideas are the most part erroneous, that we are utterly blinded by our ignorance as to our separateness from anything that has gone before or anything that shall be in the future. We are no more separate than "a bubble in the foam of an ocean wave is separate from the sea, or than a cell in a living organism is separate from the organism of which it forms a part." A man may think he began to be ten, twenty or thirty years ago. To a certain extent this is so, but in a wider, truer sense he has been (in the causes of which he is the result) for countless ages in the past, and those same causes (of which he is the temporary effect) will continue in other like temporary forms through countless ages yet to come. In that sense alone, according to Buddhism, each of us has after death a continuing existence.

"No! It is not separateness you should long for," says the Buddhist, "it is union, the sense of oneness with that, now is, that has ever been, that is the sense it is to be enlarged the horizon of your being to the limits of the universe, to the boundaries of time and space, that shall lift you into a state beyond, outside all mean and miserable care for self."

In Buddha's discourse to his first converts, in describing what should be their mode of life in order to attain the Buddhist ideal of Arhatship, he said: "Vertly, O recluses, suffering originates in that craving for the gratification of the passions, or the craving for a future life, or the craving for success in this present life; therefore, whoever would gain the higher wisdom must follow the Noble Eightfold Path. That is to say:

"Right views (free from superstition or delusion).
"Right aspirations (high and worthy of the intelligent worthy man).
"Right speech (kindly, open, truthful, pure).
"Right conduct (peaceful, honest, self-control).
"Right livelihood (bringing hurt or danger to no living thing).
"Right effort (in self-training and self-control).
"Right mindfulness (the active mind).
"Right rapture (in deep meditation on the realities of life)."

Those who enter upon this Path must, gradually break what the Buddhists call, the Ten Samyojanas or Fetters, which bind the soul to the bondage of self. So long as a man considers himself to be a permanent individual, and is accustomed to use the expression "I, this is mine, this is mine, without a full knowledge of his limitations, so long is it impossible for him to make any progress along the line of Buddhist self-culture and self-control. The Buddha himself was a man of doubt, every man who would attain wisdom must have no doubt as to his own ability to bring about his salvation. That is the first step, the breaking of the fetters, which need no explanation. The fourth fetter is the fetter of sensuality. The Buddhist objects strongly to asceticism, however, and according to him, the use of ways well clothed and fed. The idea seems to be that the mind should be allowed neither to dwell upon the suppression or the gratification of these things. The Buddha himself was a monogamist, but celibacy and abstinence from intoxicating drinks were necessary conditions of Arhatship. A very rigid rule, the latter for the constant use of the bath with which the hermitages were provided. The next fetter which the converted man has to break is ill-will, "so that the world above, below, around and everywhere, does he preclude with love, far-reaching, grown great and beyond measure." The last five fetters may be taken altogether, the love of life, the love of earth, the love of pride, self-righteousness and ignorance.

Having broken these fetters and having acquired as an habitual frame of mind the eight characteristics of the Noble Path, the convert has attained Arhatship, the Buddhist ideal of life.

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The late James McNeill Whistler was standing bareheaded in a hat shop, the clerk having taken his hat to another part of the shop for comparison. A man rushed in with his hat in his hand, and, supposing Whistler to be a clerk, angrily confronted him. "See here," he said, "this hat doesn't fit." Whistler eyed the stranger critically from head to foot, and then drew out a pocket watch. "Well, neither does your coat," he said. "What more, if you will pardon my saying so, I'll be hanged if I care much for the color of your trousers." "Everybody's Magazine."

THE STORY TELLER

The Young Idea

Little Girl (after a domestic scene with her mother)—The best thing for us to do, mamma, is to agree to a separation.—Tit Bits.

Preference
The Court—Six years' penal servitude. You'll get a chance to learn a trade, my man.

Burglar Judge, couldn't I be permitted to learn a trade by correspondence?—Liverpool Post.

Literal
"How do you define the phrase, 'As black as your hat'?" a father asked his son, and the latter had just used the expression.

"Well," replied the youth, "I should define it as darkness that might be felt."—Cassell's Journal.

Volunteer Discipline.
"To illustrate," said Capt. Timberlake, "the first day the troops came I issued post orders to the guard. The sergeant-major told the first sergeant of the Alabama troops how many men would be expected to furnish the first sergeant's hunt on one of the other sergeants, and the following dialogue took place:

"First Sergeant—'I do.'
"Jim—'Well I ain't going to do it.'
"First Sergeant—'Oh, well, if you feel that way about it, I'll get somebody else to do it.'—Charleston News and Courier.

Comforting.
A lady who had recently moved to the suburbs was very fond of her first brood of chickens. Going out one afternoon she left the household in charge of her eight-year-old boy. Before her return a thunderstorm came up. The youngster forgot the chickens during the storm, and was dismayed, after it passed, to find that half of them had been drowned. Though fearing the wrath to come, he thought, best to make a clean breast of the calamity, rather than leave it to be discovered.

"Mamma," he said, contritely, when his mother had returned—"Mamma, six of the chickens are dead."
"Dead?" cried his mother. "Six? How did that die?"
"The boy said his chance."
"I think they died happy," he said.—Harper's Weekly.

Tail Stories.
A couple of witty fellows were conversing together recently, and their arguments finally occasioned a bet between them. Each agreed to tell a peculiar incident, and the reader of this column episode was to receive the stakes. No. 1 began and said he knew a woman who was "turned into wood." "Impossible!" said No. 2, "explain yourself!"
"You see," was the reply, "the woman was placed on a vessel, and then she was a board."

"Very good," said No. 2, "but listen to this: I once knew a man who had been deaf and dumb for twenty years, but last week he regained speech in one minute."
"Nonsense," replied No. 1, "but proceed."

"Well," replied No. 2, "the man I mean went into a bicycle shop with a friend, and coming across a statue of a wheel and spoke."—Tit Bits.

A Voice From the Dead
The Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial, which has just been making the flesh of all of us creep, ought to go to Ireland for a lesson in prevention. It was the practice until quite recently, when funds were short, to expose the body of the corpse before the door of the house in which the death had taken place. Then, passing by, desirous that the dead should have a right good burying, dropped money on the ready plate, and so made adequate provision. This afforded time for a revival, if revival were humanly possible. Sad to say, however, the practice led to imposture. Needing a holiday instead of his "wake" a man would lie out and die, and thus it happened that the man was stretched flat before a cabin door, and the familiar receptacle invited the gifts of the charitable. A lady passing dropped in a shilling, and stooped to gather up fivepence change. "Arrah, ma'am," expostulated the corpse, "be generous wance in your life, and don't mind the change!"—Tatten.

Evils of Procrastination
An Irishman who was traveling in England for a dry goods firm was once showing a line of sample dress goods to a merchant who was woefully slow in making up his mind.

He handed them and rehandled them, until the commercial traveler was at his patience end. Finally the merchant asked if the goods shown were fashionable.

"They were when I first began to show them to you," replied the traveler, "but I'll be hanged if I can tell you now."

It is said that the buyer was so pleased with the answer that he pardoned the rudeness of it and became a steady customer.—From the Strand Magazine.

Keep Her Busy

A prominent physician of Baltimore tells of an amusing experience of the party who was married. I took pains to reside in a small town where by far the majority of the workers were coal miners. I was greatly disgusted by the unsanitary conditions prevailing in their cottages," says the doctor, "and among other things I tried to explain to each household the importance of maintaining a wholesome atmosphere in their sleeping rooms. I laid in a stock of thermometers, which were distributed to the households where they were needed. I took pains to point out to each family in turn, just how the thermometer would indicate the proper degree of temperature.

"As I was making the rounds one day I inquired of the woman at the head of one establishment, wherein I observed my thermometer proudly displayed

played at the end of a string, whether she had followed my instructions.
"Yes sir," answered she. "I'm very careful about the temperature. I watch the thing all the time as it hangs up there."
"What do you do when the temperature rises above sixty-eight?"
"I take it down, sir, and put it outside till it cools off a bit."—Harper's Weekly.

An Impression.
"Ah, I have an impression!" exclaimed Dr. McCosh, the president of Princeton college, to the mental philosophy class. "Now, young gentlemen, continued the doctor, as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?"

No answer.
"What, no one knows? No one can tell me what an impression is?" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class.

"I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An impression is a dent in a soft place."
"Young gentlemen," said the doctor, removing his finger from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day."—Judge.

His Sympathy.

This story is well in keeping with the spirit of the age. A Bronx man tells it about his little boy. The neighbor's young hopeful had been very ill, and Willie and the other youngsters in the block had been asked not to make any noise in the streets. The neighbor's door bell rang one day, and she opened it to find Willie standing bashfully on her front steps.
"How is he today?" he enquired in a shy whisper.

"He's better," thank you, dear, and what a thoughtful child you are to come and ask.
While she stood a moment on one foot and then burst forth again, "I'm awful sorry Jimmy's sick."
The mother was profoundly touched. She could find no further words to say, but simply kissed him. Made still bolder by the caress, Willie began to back down the steps, repeating at intervals his sorrow for his playmate's illness. At the bottom step he halted and looked up. "If Jimmy should die, he asked, "kin I have his drum?"—New York Tribune.

An Important Point.

"E. H. Harriman," said a New York broker, "talked the other day of the decline in the value of securities. He said we must be careful not to legislate too hastily against the country's vested interests, or the prosperity of these interests, and with it the country's prosperity, would be imperiled."

"He illustrated his meaning with a story. There was a school teacher, he said, who exclaimed impatiently one afternoon:

"Johnny Jones, what are you tumbling with there?"
"Johnny hung his head and was silent. But the tell-tale of the class spoke up.
"It's a pin he's got, ma'am."
"Well, take it from him," said the teacher, "and bring it here to me."
"That was done, and the child in a mollified voice, the teacher said:
"Now, Johnny Jones, get up and recite your history lessons."

"But Johnny did not obey. He blushed, hung his head and sat still."
"Johnny," said the teacher, rise, I tell you."

"Then the little fellow blurted out distressfully:
"I can't, ma'am. That there pin you took is what holds my trousers up."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Example

There is a certain young lawyer in New York who always adorns himself with about a yard of green ribbon on St. Patrick's Day, and who, like the rest of his countrymen, generally has a ready answer. Not long ago a small group of his friends were endeavoring to tease him upon the subject of Irish bulls.

"Who but an Irishman would ever get off a thing being backward about coming forward?" one demanded with mock scorn.

"Well, and what is the matter with that?" the young lawyer demanded, "proposition of a Not long ago a small crowd roared."

"You are Irish all right, Dan," one of them gasped.

"Didn't you fellows ever consider the proposition of a man rowing a boat?" Dan coolly followed.—Harper's Weekly.

George and Others.

Once a Scotsman was visiting New York, and coming across a statue of Washington, stood gazing at it.

Just then a Yankee came up and said to Sandy:
"There's a good man. A He never passed his lips."

"No," said the Scotsman. "I suppose he talked through his nose, like the rest of you."—Spartan Moments.

Blotbs—"He says he would rather fight than eat." Blotbs—"That's what comes of marrying a cooking school girl."—Philadelphia Press.

She—"I understand that you camped out in the rain one night without any bedding?" He—"Oh, no. We had plenty of bedding. The storm was a wet blanket on our pleasures, and the rain came down in sheets."—Somerville Journal.

Church—"That man is an end seat hog, all right!"
Gotham—"How do you know?"
"Because," he tried to get the end seat away from me!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Dauber—"This is a portrait of Judge Blank. What do you think I ought to get for it?" Criticus—"Oh, about six months."—Chicago Daily News.

"A dial ring," said the curio dealer. "A French dial ring of the eighteenth century. You can tell the time with it."

The ring of gold was beautifully chased, and where the stone sparkles usually there was set a tiny sundial.

"All you have to do," said the dealer, "is to stand in the right way, holding the dial so that the sun strikes it, and a tiny shadow will tell you the hour."

"Such a ring he concluded, 'is more a curio than an accurate timepiece. It is only good in the locality it is made for, and even there, unless it is set toward the right point of the compass, it will be several hours out of the way.'"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CURRENT VERSE

DRUMMOND'S UNPUBLISHED POEM

It seems that our charming Canadian guest of a few years ago, Dr. Drummond, the poet, who has immortalized the "habitant" dialect, gave to his friend, Walter Brachet, the trout painter (they were fond companions of the fishing pool), while here in Boston last, a copy of the verses, which he recited in the studio with tears streaming down his face, and which, because they commemorate the poet's own son, Mr. Brachet has thought too sacred and intimate ever to allow published in the lifetime of the author. They are published here as an affectionate tribute to the gifted lover of things "both great and small!"

The Dream

Las' night 'en I'm sleeping I dream a dream,
An' a wonderful one it seem—
For I'm off on de road I was never see,
Too long an' hard for a man like me,
So ole he can only wait the call
Vesper or later come to all.

De night is dark an' de portage dere
Is narrow, w'at los' de way, de way,
Black bush aroun' on de right an' ler,
A step from de road, an' you los' de way,
De moon an' de star above is gone,
Yet someth' tell me I mus' go on.

An' off in front of me as I go,
Light as a drest of de fallin' snow,
Who is dat little boy dancin' dere?
Can see hee white dress an' curly hair,
Can almost touch hee so near to me,
In an' out dere, an' dere, an' dere.

An' den I hearin' a voice is say,
"Come along, fader, don't no way,
De boss on de camp is 'sen' for you,
So you, little boy is 'sen' to guide you
It's easy for me, for de road I know,
'Cos I travel it many a year ago."

An' 'os Mon Dieu! W'en he turn head
An' I seein' de face of ma boy is dead,
Dead w'at de young blood in hee vein,
De before me he come again,
W'it de curly hair an' de dark blue eye,
So lak de blue on de summer sky.

An' now no more for de road I care,
An' slipp'ry log lyin' ev'rywhere,
De swamp in de valley, de mountain,
De climb it jus' as I use to do,
Dere step on de road, for I need no ree,
So long as it's dere, de little w'ite dress.

An' I foller it on an' wance in a w'ile
He turn again w'at de baby smile,
An' say, "Dear fader, I'm here, you see,
We're bote toger, jus' you an' me,
W'at de curly hair, but to me it's light,
De road we travel so far tonight."

"De boss on de camp w'ere I always stay,
Since ever de tam I was away,
De welcome de nocce de tam I wait,
But love de children de bos' of all—
So dat's de reason I spik for you,
An' som' tonight for to bring you home."

Lak de young Jesu w'en He's here be low,
De face of my little son look jus' so—
An' off hee on de word I see,
De w'ite dress fading among de tree—
Was it a dream I dream las' night
Is gone away on de morning light?

—Boston Transcript.

The Doves

Reasoning at every step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way.
While manner things, whom instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,
And heard the voice of love;
The turtle thus address her mate,
And sound the list'ning dove.

Our mutual bond of faith and truth
No time shall disengage;
Those blessings of our early youth
Shall cheer our latest age.

While innocence without disguise
And constancy sincere,
Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
And mine can read them there;

Those lips that wait on all below,
Shall ne'er be felt by me,
Or gently felt and only so,
As being shared with thee.

When lightning's flash among the trees,
Or kites are hovering near,
I fear lest thee alone they seize,
And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,
And prove the truth of love;
Resolved an union form'd for life
Death never shall divide.

But oh! it fickle and unchaste
(Forgive a transient thought!)
Thou art the circles of life,
And scorn thy present lot.

No need of lightning's flash on high,
Or kites with cruel beak,
Denied the endearments of thine eye,
This woid'd heart would break.

Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,
Soft as the passing wind,
And I recoiled what I heard,
A lesson for mankind.

—William Cowper.

A Summer Cloud

One morn a little, lary cloud
Came pouting 'er the hill,
She had been sent at early dawn
The pools and brooks to fill.

But being tired that sultry day
She lolled here and there,
And sometimes watched her shadow
Glide across the grassy lea