A MOMENTS HALT

tolded arms that lay along the top though, we-all can scrouge up under vant. had declined the invitation to enter hitch up?" porch of the dingy log cabin.

commencement," he drawled, with a part of her pleasure. ... Of the unaccustomed word. "Teacher ter a moment he got up and moved sit on the porch." Bolton has wrote off to town for toward the door. "Yes, oh, yes, si as comin', and they say she can beat leave that tobacco. If a big shower curiosity for the moment. "Come lateness and the stillness of the hour. the man that killed hisself a-pickin' was to come up to-night, there'll right in and have a seat and set and the purity of the young voice in on a fiddle. Her brother is right have to be new fires lit. We-all down." smart of a songster, and he is com- can't go to the exhibition this night." She drew chairs for them out on shivered, as one who is suddenly

going to wear white frocks."

'Better come in!" he urged.

she said, "and do up Minnie May's mencement."

Bioney!" The baby gurgled delicious- way down the path again. woman heart, and, somehow, the girl By as the young mother snatched him The sun was getting almost to the from town understood. "These things Maced like their father, and with no critically. pleasant anticipations playing havoe "Taint so late but what I b'lieve returning and sitting down again. Out of the sun, out of the blast, with their accustomed calm, drifted I'll go up yonder way." wet sand over their bare feet.

hovered low in the sky and there hear it all!" Rosophy, that it did not much matter er, nohow." about bows for the children's hair, Her anger flared out at a sudden smile.

and they were shiny, new and white, shook. when she threaded her way ther than this?" among the crowd, with her three "The chillun-" well-dressed children!

bacco crop was in the barn, and Si of!" Little smoldery fires had to be made of masculine authority. when the showers came up, and the "That's enough now, Tildy Ann! throat in tune, for you are to sing." Forth and forever forward!—out ed mold might not appear.

self, was at his beck and call from With that he strode quickly away young people sang and played and apart the stalks on the sticks. She the clattering of mules' feet down the and wonder of it all. snatched moments in which to attend road, and recognized voices. the children or to rush home and pre- "It's a put-up job!" she muttered, up her violin and tuning it, "you are

gone to bed well worn out, but the to-night and leave me home." anticipated delight of the exhibition rose abruptly and looked betind her lit was not the words—they did not lifted her out of herself. As she at the tobacco, then shook her small mean so much to Tildy—but the mufroned the simple finery, or stitched fist at it. "You can burn up-you- sic of the boy's rich young voice patiently on little new garments, or you can mold into flinders, and I bore her music-starved soul high up she was picturing to herself, over and don't care which!" she said aloud. into heavenly places. She was liftover again, the stage with its vines "I don't tend no fires this night! ed out of herself and into the very and flowers, the children in their 'Twouldn't do me and the chillen no presence of all beauty-up above her white drawes, and the crowds of peo- good, nehow! If he was to sell it dull life, her flashes of longing, and Die under the dim lights of the coun- for \$500, I'd yet have to buy our so far beyond the hot anger that had schoolhouse. Carmel exhibition things with chicken and egg-money- blazed out against her husband that had been the one great annual hap and that old house fit to tumble as the beautiful song held her in its

and sit with the little group on the | She asked the question idly, and ing small heed to the lightning flashes | headlands of pearl, until a white rabent to snuggle mouth and nose in and the patter of the raindrops. diance bathed the wet earth and set "Yes, I've heard about it," replied the baby's neck. Work on exhibition There came a sound of scurrying the mocking-birds to piping in the Silas Fawcett, non-committally. But afternoon was a thing unheard of, steps, a breeze of girlish laughter, oaks. She was very happy, remem-Tildy, his small, work-worn wife, for it was the custom of the country and a masculine voice was at the bering the beautiful hours just shifted the heavy baby from shoulder people to go very early to the school- door, asking admittance. to lap, pushed aside gently the two house, since such crowds gathered "May we take shelter here upon self in a clear, thrush-like treble tow-headed satellites from about her there to have a seat at all, one your piazza?" asked a young man, such snatches of the wonderful song knees, and looked at Hiram in kindly must preempt it before night. Tildy with a smile scarcely less winning as she could remember.

tong emphasis upon the last syllable Si did not answer at first, but af- the house will shelter us if we may o'er," then humming gently, only to

th', and a girl that can say pieces He passed on out of the house, and the stoop, and the young man called awakened. she watched him go to the barn, sharp to the negro coachman to bring in He came slowly into sight of the "Huh!" ejaculated Si, indifferently. disappointment blanching her face and their "traps," and then drive the house. The barn doors were closed, He really was interested, but there tugging at her heart-as great a dis- horses across the road into the open but a tiny puff of smoke floated out was no need for him to show it. Til- appointment, perhaps, as had ever cowshed before the shower should through a ventilator. His lips da had edged her chair as near as come to her simple soul. The "crack- break. Tildy looked curiously down trembled and worked strangely while possible to the rail of the little stoop er" woman down in the Florida at the two mysterious black boxes he was stabling the mule, for he woods are not want to ask great fa- and the leather valise in the corner had caught sight of Tildy, sitting on "They're going to have dialogues vors of life. When pain and sorrow beneath the crumple of gay-colored the steps, her arms locked about her and things like they allus do, and visit them, they mutely accept what linen dust-robes. Plainly, these were knees, as she rocked herself back and some kind of a musterin' and drill- they must bear; and their years, as people from "town." Their words, forth, singing, "Last night I lay aan' with wreaths. Brother Jim's flat and monotonous as the wire- their very tones, as they laughed sleeping, I dreamed a dream so girls has just showed me theirs - grass plains beneath their waving and chatted together just outside her fairpink paper roses-and they are all pines, only now and then are varied door, betrayed as much and seemed "You there, Si?" she called, cheerwith oases of happiness-spots of to bring to her the essence of her ily. "Did you have much of a time?" Tildy drew a long breath of delight- brightness akin to the little mirrored own ineffable longing for something He flung himself down on a step beed expectation at the vision these lakes that shine out so unexpectedly different-something better than she low her. words evoked, but Si only grunted in their woods that one is fairly up- had ever known.

they say thar's goin' to be a tab- dren came in with the jasmines, but dy. bles, with red and blue and yaller she made the waxy blossoms into "May I sit in here with you? I am o'clock before they turned out. You Rights shining on it-'Rock of Ages.' stiff little bunches and laid them playing gooseberry out yonder with didn't miss much. No, I must be travelling. Just beside the dresses before she spoke. my brother and my friend-they do "I didn't miss anything that I

of their existence.

down the dull, narrow country road. home and keep care of it, but never seep on her knee. Tildy's big gray eyes were bright mind! By and by, when the buyers The young mother smiled and her into her radiant face. with excitement and she squeezed the some round in their fine buggies and eyes brightened. baby to her breast. "Mammy's got pay pappy whole heaps of pretty

mearts, you shall see that commence- cheerful, but it was an added drop the exercises. This rain makes it your pore little self, a-tendin' to my ment!" Her radiant gaze embraced of bitterness that Minnie Belle and impossible for us to get there in time, business. the two little girls. "Mammy'll Katie May cared so little, even with and we shall just start back to town | She laid her hand across his lips anake you some sweet cakes, and their Sunday frocks spread out so as soon as we can." some little apple tarts to carry along enticingly before them. It seemed "I was a-going to Carmel to hear "I'll never do the like again, honey she exclaimed, briskly, after the disappointment with her, and it half-lulled resentment rising afresh, tle, bit put away in the bank, and I a moment of rose-colored dreaming, would have comforted her to be ob- and then held in check by her uncon- am going to put up a nice little new "if you're going to town to-morrow liged to comfort her children. scious loyalty. She concluded, dul- house over in that oak thicket, where

trade her out in green ribbon to tie gentle animal shaking raindrops from the children, weren't you?" the girl He vawned and looked at her indifcare about it, and I reckon I'd think spare bed. She went over and stood time, for his rough-bearded cheek was Ferently. "Tie their hair?" he re- mighty small of Si if he was that a long while, looking thoughtfully at Yes-bows, you know, Si, for our co ruin, just to hear a commence- ing them on her hands, and smoothdittle girls to wear to the commence- ment! Come on, chillun! Let's go ing the little dresses. She held the back to the barn and help pappy."

"Huh! I ain't said they was going | She gathered the baby in her arms, face and when she turned again to to no commencement, as I knows of." gave a lingering look of admiration Tildy, her brown eyes were sweet But they are-sartinly we are, to the finery on the bed, and led the and tender. Woman heart had read

up to kiss him on the cheek before level of the circling belt of pines look so-nice!" she exclaimed. Jessie putting him down on the floor and about the clearing when Si swung Belt stood a moment in thought and murrying out to feed the little pigs himself down from among the raft- then went over and opened the vathat came squealing up to the gate, ers. He went to the door, pushed lise. Minnie Belle and Katie May, stolid- back his hat and looked about him "I wonder if you will let me give

out into the yard, and sat down to "O Si!" There was a pent-up tor- then let fall in a shimmery stream the construction of toad houses of the rent of joyful surprise in her voice. between her fingers yards of exquisite To where the monastery stood. "I'll run dress the chillun quick. If Dresden ribbon-tiny roses sprinkled There neither lute nor breathing fife, The two days intervening before we can't get a seat, maybe you can over an apple-green ground. Friday passed in a golden haze to drive the wagon up clost enough un- Tildy caught her breath and tears Tildy, although the dun-colored clouds der the winders for us to see and sprang into her eyes.

dreaming when Si came from town "Thar ain't no use in you and the for both, you see." with a paper of paris green to use on young 'uns going, Tildy. Somebody's "If you ain't disfurnishing your. the late tobacco, instead of the got to see that a low fire is kept gp self," protested Tildy, weakly. green ribbon, as proceeds from the in the barn, or this damp'll ruin the "Oh, no, I've plenty more." Jessie sale of the speckled hen; but presently tobacco. You ain't got no business deftly wove the ribbon into shape, she reflected, with her own sunny phi- going out in such threatenin' weath- stopping now and then to flick the

since they were to wear hats, any-clear conception of her husbandffls The clock struck eight loudly. Tilselfishness. Never before had she dy started up and then settled back O, little boots it thus to dwell And such hats! She had bought "talked back," but her gray eyes into her chair, with her lips drawn On the remote unneighbored hill! them with her hoarded egg-money, were blazing now, and her voice into a determined line. The house

with long pink streamers and bunch- "You're mighty pertickler all of a scarcely a sound except the patter of Unfearing and unshamed to go es of pink daisies. Ah, surely the suddent! How many times have I the rain. people at the exhibition would look hoed cotton and cane in worse wea- "Here, this won't do!" cried Jessie

was fretful and nervous over the cur- That barn fire must be tended. Til- in them! Come, Helen, you shall To laugh, to love, to live, to die, ang of it, for it meant a great deal dy could not go alone just with the give us the recitation you had for Ye call me by the ear and eye! to him, since he had not planted children, and she could outmatch him to-night, and an encore. Mrs. Fawcotton this year. There was much in an argument, so there was tothing cett was going all the way to hear to do in the barn this damp weather. for it but to take refuge in a show you if it hadn't rained. Come, re-

sticks of drying tobacco must be You dry up! This fire is all right to Thus in the big room of the shab- From prudent turret and redoubt, constantly shifted, so that the dread-last till eight o'clock, and then you by log house Tildy sat by the bed mend it. If a big rain comes, y.u whereon lay her three sleeping chil-

anorning to night, reaching her thin and presently Tildy, sitting flat on read. The little work-worn woman arms up to hold for him, or pushing the ground in the barn door, heard felt almost intoxicated with the joy

When night came on she might have am Hines made it up togethe; to 30 this entertainment will be at an end

rebellion, for Si's action in leaving the last strains died away, the first "Run you out to the big bush and her behind had come to her like a thought that came to her was of the pick you-all some Cape jesmints to lightning flash that revealed much, open barn doors, the fire smoldering earry," she said. "I'll make 'em calling to her memory a thousand into ashes, and the tobacco that was "I s'pose you all have heard that into posies for you. Si, you don't slights which her sweetness of tem- gathering mold in the damp. She the exhibition at Carmel school-house think it'll rain much, do you? I per had never considered twice, a snatched up a shawl and dashed out ts to come off Friday night?" Hiram wouldn't have them little hats sp'ilt thousand roughnesses and neglects, into the rain without a word. Hines leaned comfortably on his -not for a pretty! I reckon, when she had been his faithful ser-

rail of the weather-beaten fence. He them umbrellas. When you goin' to Night came on. Tildy lighted the long on the little porch, watching the lamp and undressed the children, pay- silver moon struggle from behind

some of his kinnery there to come "Tildy," he said uneasily, "it's her innate hospitality driving out for ever more." out and help in it. Dr. Belt's girl coming on to rain, and I dassent her anger, and even overshadowing Some powerful influence born of the

came in, and with a little laugh and them blue and yaller lights wouldn't 'No, I must mosey onward. Say, Tildy's lips quivered when the chil- a look about her, sat down near Til- work. I thought in my soul they ne-

Thought I'd stop and tell you what "Pappy says the tobacco might not want me. O you darling redwanted!"

I'd heard about the commencement."

spile if we go off and leave it, honheaded baby." She bent quickly over
Her little work-roughened hand slip He rolled the new word unctuously ey." She addressed the remark to and cuddled her radiant cheek down ped about his neck, and she laughed under his tongue, and then with a la- the baby, but kept her eyes upon the close to that of the drowsy, smiling happily. He caught her hand and conic "G'd evenin'!" strolled on little girls. "We'll just have to stay infant that Tildy was swaying to held it fast for a moment, then drew

its coat. "They're too little to exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon the you. It is your own, honey!" triffin' he'd go off and let his tobac- the finery, lifting the hats and turnwithered jasmines a moment to her

this to your little girls," she said,

"Yes?" said the girl with a laugh.

were occasional scurries of rain. Si's glance wandered, but his tone 'Well, then, I'll just tie it into two Where nothing speaks except the hell, sweet little sashes. There is plenty The unfraternal brothers dwell sweet little sashes. There is plenty The unfraternal brothers dwell.

baby's cheek with it and win a lazy

grew very quiet and there was O, to be up and doing, O

Belt, merrily, tossing the finished Whisper courage in my ear. sashes into the small mother's lap. With voiceless calls, the ancient earth "The chillun? You know good and "You two people out there have stop- Summons me to a daily birth. The first cutting of his small to- well my chillun is allus taken care ped talking, and I don't like these Thou, O my love, ye, O my friendssilences of love unless I have a share The gist of life, the end of ends-

Tildy, smiling and singing to her- shut these doors. You hear me?" dren and listened, while the friendly

"Now, Bob," said Jessie, taking angrily. "I just know him and Hirf to sing 'The Holy City,' and then She -would that the rain were also!"

By and by the rain ceased, the town people drove away, and Tildy sat gone, and she kept singing to her-

felt anxious to begin her prepara- than those of the two girls beside Si, riding through the pine woods, "They've took to calling of it a tions, since "fixing" was a great n. "Such a rain is coming up heard her voice carrying far on the ot we cannot go any farther, but clarified air, "Sing, for the night is break out again, sweet and shrill, "Yes, oh, yes, sir," replied Tildy, "Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna

the song, gripped Si Fawcett, and he

"Mighty shabby," he replied. "The on the brink before there is a thought | Presently one of the young women folks from town didn't get there, and ver would git through. It was one

her down upon his knee and looked

"Tildy," he began, and there was "You see," Jessie Belt proceeded, an unwonted vibration in his deep, to finish your little pink bonnet, money, we won't care 'bout no com- holding the warm baby hand between rough voice, "I feel as mean as a her two palms, "we were on our way dog-I shorely do! To think of me Mowered muslin. Bless your little She tried to make her tone very to Carmel schoolhouse to assist in off thar a-larkin', and you here by

but he drew it down again.

that she had no one at all to share you-all," began Tildy, eagerly, her -I never will. More, I've got a lit-I want you to carry that speckled "Shucks!" she said to herself, after ly, "It rained and I couldn't go." you've allus wanted it, and one thing en that keeps trying to crow, and a moment, and with the air of some 'Oh, and you were going to carry certain, if this tobacco crop turns

sprang up; the baby had stirred and called in his sleep.

hummed, as she bent over, hushing him, and Si, on the door-step, saw a slow flush of pink and opal steal up over the treetops and mingle with the silver dusk of the moonlit night. The morning was at hand .- Susie Bouchelle Wight in The Youth's Companion.

Our Lady of the Snows

She unrolled white tissue-paper and Across the moor and through the wood

Nor rumor of the world of life, Nor confidences low and dear, Shall strike the meditative ear. Aloef, unhelpful, and unkind, The prisoners of the iron mind,

Poor, passionate men, still clothed afresh With agonizing folds of flesh; Whom the clear eyes solicit still

To some bold output of the will, While fairy Fancy far before And musing Memory-Hold-the-Door, Now to heroic death invite And now uncurtain fresh delight:

In all the uproar and the press About my human business!

Where honor has the world to gain, Pour forth and bravely do your part, cite your prettiest! Bob, get your O knights of the unshielded heart!



if now the congratu- in the congratu- in the congratu- in the calmin and cheerfully until he is the calmin a



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And in the mellay charge amain. To fall, but yet to rise again! Captive? ah, still, to honor bright, A captive soldier of the right! Or free and fighting, good with ill? Unconquering but unconquered still!

And ye, O brethren, what if God. When from heav'n's top He spies abroad.

And sees on this tormented stage The noble war of mankind rage: What if His vivifying eye, O monks, should pass your corner by For still the Lord is Lord of might In deeds, in deeds, He takes delight: The plow, the spear, the laden barks The field, the founded city, marks; Cor. KING & VICTORIA ST., TORONTO He marks the smiler of the streets.

The singer upon garden seats; He sees the climber in the rocks: To Him the shepherd folds his flocks. For those He loves that underprop With daily virtues heaven's top, And bear the falling sky with ease, Unfrowning caryatides.

Those he approves that ply the trade, That rock the child, that wed the maid. That with weak virtues, weaker

hands. Sow gladness on the peopled lands,

shou! Spin the great wheel of earth about. But ye?-O ye who linger still,

Here in your fortress on the hill, With placid face, with tranquil breath. The unsought volunteers of death,

Our cheerful General on high With careless looks may pass you by. -Stevenson.

There is great danger of losing one's temper when arguing with anyone on some trivial matter. This is not only very unnecessary, but also decidedly bad policy. If you are taking the wrong side, it only does you harm to lose control of yourself, and if you are in the right, there is no occasion to do so. A lawyer once wittily put the matter thus: "Possession is nine-tenths of the law, self-possession

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