

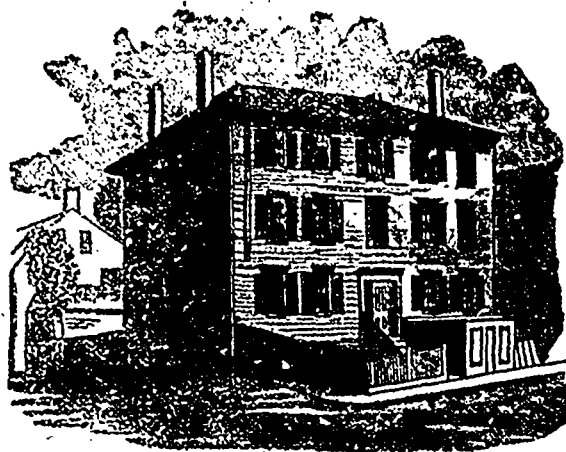


A POET'S BIRTHPLACE.

BY ISHART JORDAN.

A poet's birthplace, surely it should be
 Shut from the dusty street by shady trees
 Whence, all the day, come dulcet melodies
 On gentle winds that with strange sorcery
 Paint flowers in the thought, yet leave it free
 To image all things with divinest ease,
 The calm green hills, the blue-domed shining seas,
 And the fair vales of love's light fantasy.

But so it is not. In a dingy street
 With not a tree to keep it young, there stands
 The house wherein Malme's dearest son was born.
 Along its floors pattered his baby feet;
 Later he entered wondrous fairylands
 To find at last the gate of endless morn.



*The night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares, that infest the day,
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.*

Henry W. Longfellow

THE FIRST TO ENTER THE KINGDOM.

FOUR little heads bending earnestly over four clean half-sheets of paper, and thinking very hard. For it was Sunday afternoon, and the children had returned from church, and taken off their hats and gloves on that sunny day, and were spending the half hour before tea-time in drawing "Sunday pictures" for each other to guess.

The guessing was not easy work generally; for though Margery and Effie managed to draw something that might be guessed, Cicely's and Arnold's wonderful productions generally remained an enigma till explained by the small artists themselves.

They had gradually been through all the Bible stories that they knew, and neither had many of these pictures laid by among her treasures; for ugly as they were to outsiders, to her the quaint rendering of the familiar Bible stories was very suggestive, of the line of thought it had produced in each childish mind.

But to-day they had quite a new subject in hand, which Margery had suggested. "Let

us each draw the picture of our own heart," she said, "and mark truly inside what we liked best of what the clergyman said this afternoon in church for the children's catechising."

The others readily agreed, and soon each child had drawn a heart on the Sunday piece of paper.

Of course they could not manage the shape very well. But Margery drew one as near as she could remember to the charm which mother always wore on her watch chain, and Effie copied it, and then they both helped the younger two to draw theirs.

Then there was a pause. "What can I put in mine?" said Effie, who had not listened to the children's service one bit, having been quite engrossed with the gaudy attire of one of the Sunday school children who had sat near her.

And Cicely sat biting the point of her pencil in utter perplexity also.

"I can't remember anything," Margery, sighed little Arnold.

"Not remember!" said Margery, who always loved the children's service more than anything else in the week. "Why, it was all about 'When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him'."

"We can't draw that," said Effie, who could not remember having seen any picture on the subject to help her imagination. "We can't draw that, for we don't know what it will be like."

"Of course not," said Margery, who had gone over the subject in her mind on her way back from church; "but don't you remember how the clergyman said that though there would be such a crowd there when 'before Him shall be gathered all nations,' yet every soul would be judged *one by one*, and how it ought to make us very careful what we do or say; for the Lord Christ will take notice of 'every idle word' even, and all that we have done to each other, and even to poor animals and birds."

Arnold looked up anxiously. "Do you