

(FOR CANADA.)

THE LESSON OF THE WEED.

A SKEMING weed, unsightly, coarse,
Within a garden fair,
Unfit companion for the flowers rare
Just bursting into bloom.
Pluck out the bold intruder;
For a fairer growth make room.

A gentle voice, entreating, sweet,
Pleads for the doomed weed's life,
And holds in check the sharp, uplifted
knife,
So near the fated stem,
Whose jagged leaves seem pleading
hands
Touching her garment's hem.

A respite given, the soft voice speaks:
"I know it is not meet
To mar the beauty of this loved retreat
With rank unloveliness;
But let me wait the coming bloom,
The future fruitfulness."

The knife is stayed, the weed is spared;
June roses bloom and die;
The garden withers 'neath July's hot sky,
Revives 'neath August showers;
And yet the spared one shows but
leaves—

Where are the promised flowers?

September days—hope almost gone,
When, lo! a bud appears,
In mute appeal 'gainst further taunts
and jeers:

What will the blossom be?
Will patient tendance, loving care,
Their due reward now see?

From out its waste of dew-dipped leaves,
Like a shy child in tears,
Into the strange, new life around, it peers
And fears to raise its head;
A zephyr's kiss—a sun's caress—
Lo, all its fears have fled!

A perfect flower! a glorious bloom!
From out the tangled green
She raises her fair head, the garden's
queen;

"In perfect, purple state"
O'er all her fair domain she reigns,
Shy, modest, yet elate.

And one who erst had known the weed,
Despised, condemned, now heard
The fame of its rare beauty, and was
stirred

To inmost depths of heart:
With the Great Gardener he had toiled,
Striving to learn His art.

Within the plot of garden ground
He for the Master tilled
Were strange, unsightly growths, that
oft he willed

To pluck out by the root,
So little promise did they give
Of bloom, of seed, or fruit.

Then came this message borne to him
On blossom-scented breeze
Judge not by leaf, or branch, or stem,
nor seize
Too quick the hasty knife
To sever from its anch'ring root
An undeveloped life.

In God's great human garden plot,
A wealth of beauteous leaves
Not always shows forth the golden
sheaves.

Nor upright stem or shoot,
Or lavish wealth of branches yields
The luscious, mellow fruit.

But oft a twisted, tortured stem
Will on its summit bear
A mass of beauty and of fragrance rare;
And oft the golden fruit
Will bear to earth, with its rich weight,
Some leafless, withering shoot.

ERIK.

(FROM SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

CAPTAIN JOE AND JAMIE.

A STORY OF THE TANTRAMAR TIDES.

HOW the wind roared in from the
sea over the Tantramar dyke!

It was about sunset, and a fierce
orange-red gleam, thrusting itself
through a rift in the clouds that blackened
the sky, cast a strange glow over the wide,
desolate marshes. A mile back rose the
dark line of uplands, with small, white
farm-houses already hidden in shadow.

Captain Joe Boulthée had just left his
waggon standing in the dyke-road, with
his four-year-old boy on the seat. He
was on the point of crossing the dyke, to
visit the little landing-place where he
kept his boat, when above the rush and
whistle of the gale he heard Jamie's
voice. He hurried back a few paces
before he could make out what the little
fellow was saying.

"Pap," cried the child, "I want to get
out of the waggon. 'Fraid Bill goin' to
run away."

"Oh, nonsense!" answered Captain
Joe. "Bill won't run away. He doesn't
know how. You stay there, and don't be
frightened, and I'll be right back."

"But, pap, the wind blows me too
hard," piped the small voice, pleadingly.

"Oh, all right," said the father, and
returning to the waggon he lifted the
child gently down and set him on his
feet. "Now," he continued, "it's too
windy for you on the other side of the

dyke. You run over and sit on that big
stick, where the wind can't get at you,
and wait for me. And be sure you don't
let Bill run away."

As he spoke the captain noticed that
the horse, ordinarily one of the most
stolid of creatures, seemed to-night pecu-
liarly uneasy; with his head up in the
air he was sniffing nervously, and glancing
from side to side. As Jamie was trudging
through the long grass to the seat which
his father had shewn him, the captain
said, "Why, Bill does seem scary, after
all; who'd have thought this wind would
scare him?"

"Bill don't like it," replied Jamie; "it
blows him too hard." And, glad to be
out of the gale, which took his breath
away, the little fellow seated himself
contentedly in the shelter of the dyke.
Just then there was a clatter of wheels
and a crash. Bill had whirled sharply
about in the narrow road, upsetting and
smashing the light waggon.

Now, utterly heedless of his master's
angry shouts, he was galloping in mad
haste back toward the uplands with the
fragments of the waggon at his heels.
The captain and Jamie watched him
flying before the wind, a red sceptre in
the lurid light. Then, turning away
once more to see to his boat, the captain
remarked, "Well, laddie, I guess we'll
have to foot it back when we get through
here. But Bill's going to have a licking
for this!"

Left to himself, Jamie crouched down
behind the dyke, a strange, solitary little
figure in the wide waste of the marshes.

Though the full force of the gale could
not reach him, his long fair curls were
blown across his face, and he clung
determinedly to his small, round hat.
For a while he watched the beam of red
light, till the jagged fringe of clouds
passed over it, and it was gone. Then,
in the dusk, he began to feel a little
frightened: but he knew his father would
soon be back, and he didn't like to call
him again. He listened to the waves
washing, surging, beating, roaring, on the
shoals beyond the dyke. Presently he
heard them, every now and then, thunder
in against the very dyke itself; upon
this he grew more frightened, and called
to his father several times; but of course
the small voice was drowned in the
tumult of wind and wave, and the father,
working eagerly on the other side of the
dyke, heard no sound of it.

Close by the shelter in which Jamie
was crouching there were several great

"Our Clubbing List" gives you lower
rates on periodicals than any other.
See for yourselves, page 17.