

An Unwelcome Godspeed.—A Scotch newspaper relates that a beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Langside, author of Tullockgorum, said to him by way of thanks, "Oh, sir, I houp that ye and a' your family will be in heaven the nicht." "Well," said Skinner, "I am very much obliged to you, only you need not have just been so particular as to the time."

Reforming a Parrot.—A Pittsburger, who spent a part of last summer in England, tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of a parish in Penzance. A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot, which somehow, acquired the disagreeable habit of observing at frequent intervals: "I wish the old lady would die." This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it. "I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours." The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other, the bad bird remarked: "I wish the old lady would die." Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added: "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!" The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.

OTTAWA, April 29th, 1899.

JOHN R. REID, ESQ.,  
Manager Eastern Ontario,  
Ottawa.

DEAR SIR,  
Thanks for the Company's cheque handed me this day in settlement of my 15 year Endowment policy, 30220.

In view of the fact that the exact day of maturity is not till May 1st, the promptness of payment speaks well for the Company as I have my cheque in hand two days in advance, so that on the exact date of maturity I may present my cheque and receive my money. Allow me to add also that I am well pleased with my results.

S. LAPORTE.

## HER WORLD.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. *San Francisco News-Letter.*

Behind them slowly sank the western world,

Before them new horizons opened wide,  
"Yonder," he said, "old Rome and Venice wait,

And lovely Florence by the Arno's tide,"  
She heard, but backward all her heart had sped,

Where the young moon sailed through the sunset red,

"Yonder," she thought, "with breathing soft and deep,

My little lad lies smiling in his sleep."

They sailed where Capri dreamed upon the sea,

And Naples slept beneath her olive-trees;  
They saw the plains where trod the gods of old,

Pink with the flush of wild anemones.  
They saw the marbles by the Master wrought

To shrine the heavenly beauty of his thought.

Still ran one longing through her smiles and sighs—

"If I could see my little lad's sweet eyes!"

Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed,

Her baby lying warm against her breast:  
"What does she see?" he whispered,

"can she guess  
"The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed?"

"Ah, no," she said, "she shuts him safe from harms,

Within the love-locked harbor of her arms.  
No fear of coming fate could make me sad  
If so, to-night, I held my little lad."

"If you could choose," he said, "a royal boon,

Like that girl dancing yonder for the king,

What gift from all her kingdom would you bid

Obedient Fortune in her hand to bring?"  
The dancer's robe, the glittering banquet-hall,

Swam in the mist of tears along the wall,  
"Not power," she said, "nor riches, nor delight,

But just to kiss my little lad to-night!"