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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT"

Tuesday, June 16, 1908

Pollowing the line of thought taken last Sunday and the Sunday previous, we reach this question: Is a theology necessary? We have seen that mankind have in all ages endeavored to find God and to explain Him, who is of necessity infinite, in terms which are applicable only to finite things. We have seen how the simple basic truths of Christianity have been overlaid with theories until it is difficult to de-

ends and facts begin. The re-sult is that many persons are disposed to disregard theology, the teachings of Christ and the theories of ecclesiastics as worthless efforts of human ingenuity, which obscure instead of making clear the paths of life which lead to the betterment of mankind. In these practical days men have little patience with isputations over questions which have no special bearing upon anything that tends to the alleviation of human misery, the development of virtue, or the motion of happiness. We judge of things by reults, wherein we follow the counsel of the Founder of Christianity, who advised His disciples to test things in that way. "By their fruits ye shall know them." History tells us that the study of theology and the formulation of creeds have not produced re-sults that have aided in the amelioration of the conon of society, but in too many instances have led to prosecution and bloodshed. On the other hand, here are countless cases in which some undefined and indefinable influence has entered into the lives of men and women, rendering them pure, noble and good, and eradicating all desire to do evil. We prove daily experience that a piece of iron by subjected to an electric current becomes magnetized. We know that the variety of Iron known as magnetic ssesses a quality which is permanent and can be imparted to another piece by placing them in contact. We do not know what this quality is. course we have a name for it, but all we know about is what it does. Yet we do not deny its existence ecause we are unable to set it apart by itself. Why, then, should we hesitate about admitting the actuality that spiritual force which has been proved over and over again to be capable of revolutionizing human nature, and is undeubtedly able to place the lives of those who are subject to it, on a better and higher plane than the lives of those who are not? The demonstration of the existence of what we call magnetism is not more complete than is the demonstra-tion of the existence of this spiritual influence over human lives. Therefore the claims of religion ought to rest upon facts, not upon theories. One purified

or woman is a more potent demonstration of the fact that there is "a Power that makes for righteousness" than all the fine-spun theories and ponderous arguments that can be found in the biggest theological library in the world. writer of St. John's Gospel speaks of "The Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." If we take this expression as meaning just what it says, we are forced to the conclusion that what it says, we are forced to the concustor that there is in our natures a guiding influence, which, if we trust to it and honestly follow it, will be suffi-cient to enable us to discern between the things that make for our peace and those that lead only to evil. sonable it is that this should be the case. All other

soul shining out through the life of some humble man

consolog It is that this should be the case. An other created things pessess within themselves the essentials of their perfect development. Environment may check the perfect formation of a crystal, a fruit or a flower, but the potentiality of development is present. Why should man, whom we believe to be the culmination of creation, alone he lacking in this guiding influence? There is a "kindly light" which causes the rose to bloom in its season. Why may we not believe that there is a "kindly light" which will show us how to live so that our natures may find their best development? But some may say that this is development? But some may say that this is arguing for a natural religion; in reply to which it may he answered that a true religion must be natural. For if it is not natural it must be artificial, as indeed very much of what passes for religious instruction is. There can be nothing super-natural. This that which is unusual or imperfectly understood. If only one apple ever fell from a tree to the ground we would regard the incident as supernatural. The phenomena of spiritual growth and development are just as natural as are those of material growth and development, and as a matter of fact we understand the reason of one no better or no less than we understand that of the other.

Therefore we say, do not disturb, yourself over theology. You cannot hope to comprehend the in-finite. There are hundreds of things in nature which you cannot hope to explain. But there is one thing that you do know, and it is that indwelling in you s a desire to be better than you are. This is "the indly light" which is meant for our guide. Follow it, and by and bye, perhaps, it will make many things plain to you which are now obscure.

MAKERS OF HISTORY

and as the latter was said to be a son of Zeus, Philip regarded himself as of divine ancestry. When his son Alexander reached the height of his fame, he brought the divinity nearer himself by declaring the King of the Gods to be his own father. Alexander was a man of remarkable qualities, apparently com-bining the qualities of a soldier and a statesman, although some students have denied his claims to be onsidered a constructive genius. Possibly his early eath prevented the full development of his powers. Macedon was never regarded as truly Greek, but Philip, who appreciated the culture and education which he himself lacked, had his son educated by Aristotle, but that great philosopher was able only to put a veneer upon the character of his pupil, who remained at heart a good deal of a barbarian virtues were many, but so were his vices, and in

each he went to extremes.

Alexander was born in 356 B.C. At the age of 16 he was made regent of Macedon in his father's absence; at 18 he distinguished himself in a victory over the Thebans, and before he was 20 he ascended the throne of Macedon, his father having died, and was chosen generalissimo by the Greeks in their proposed expedition against Persia. Local wars detained him in Europe, but in his twentysecond year he crossed the Hellespont with an army of thirty-five thousand men, and entered upon that wonderful series of campaigns, which overthrew ersia and changed the social and political complexion of Western Asia and Southern Europe. In his twenty-third year he completely defeated Darius at the great battle of Issus. The Persian king had a force of more than 300,000 men, but Alexander routed them with an army of less than one-sixth its number. He marched down through Palestine, capturing city after city, and entered Egypt, where he was hailed as a deliverer by the people, who had become wearled of Persian rule. He founded Alexandria in 331 B.C., of Persian rule. He founded Alexandria in 331 B.C., when he was 25 years of age. Hearing that Darius had gathered an army of 500,000 men to make an effort to regain his lost possessions; Alexander set out against him with a greatly inferior force, and meeting him at Arbela, gained a magnificent victory, after which Babylon and the other cities of Persia opened their gates to him. He entored Persepolis in triumph, and here he committed the greatest folly of his corner. Calcherating the capture of the city, he of his career. Celebrating the capture of the city, he gave a great feast, to which he allowed his generals to invite some of the women, who had followed the rmy. One of these, Thais by name, asked that

Alexander would permit her to set fire with her own hands to the great hall of Xerxes, in order to revenge the act which that Persian king had committed when he had taken Athens. Alexander consented, and the result was the destruction of the priceless building and many other palaces, although he strove to put out the flames. Recovering from the orgies, in which was at this time indulging, he set out to complete the conquest of Asia, pushing his successes so far to the north that he virtually was monarch of all Western Asia, even into the region now called Siberia. Two years later, his ambition being fired by the steries of the wealth of India, he undertook the conquest of that country. He was successful in acquiring possession of the Punjaub, but was forced to retreat owing to the discontent of his own troops, and before he reached the plains of Mesopotamia he had lost three-fourths of his men, principally through the privations of the journey through Afghanistan and Beluchistan. Repairing to Babylon, he held a great court, at which were ambas present from as far west as Spain, as far south as the African deserts, and as far north as Sythia. He began to lay plans for fresh conquests, but having been taken suddenly ill at a banquet, he died eleven days

afterwards, in the 32nd year of his age.

The character of Alexander has been explained in many ways, but there is no manner of doubt that his great weakness was his inordinate drunkenness. was this undoubtedly that led to his early death. If he had been able to control his appetites he might have become, in fact as in name, King of All Asia. He was a man of warm affections, and never tired of rewarding his friends. His treatment of Darius, whom he endeavored to rescue from death, and falling in the effort, paid the highest honors, shows him have had much nobleness of mind. Yet on occasion he was very cruel. He was a great friend of popular liberty, establishing free government in all the countries which he conquered. His plans for the betterment of the countries over which he ruled were conceived on a broad scale, although his early death preented him from carrying them into execution.

What is Alexander's place as a Maker of History? As the vanquisher of Persia, until that time the don inant world power, and by the substitution of Greek laws and Greek ideals for those of the more ancient civilization, he holds a conspicuous place, and, moreover, he caused Europe to know something of India and of the greatness of the nearer Asiatic countries The twelve years of his life were epochal, and in them greater changes were made in the relations of peoples to each other than had been accomplished in as many previous centuries. Those who have followed this series of articles will remember that, excepting India and China, the history of the world up to the time of Alexander had chiefly to do with Babylon Egypt, Media and Persia. Greece had never asserted herself as a world-power. The influence of Rome had scarcely been felt out of Italy. Persia threatened to ominate the world. But Alexander changed everything. His empire did not endure after his death, but the scepter of world-dominion was soon to pass from to Europe. Alexander paved the way for Asia to Europe. Alexander paved the way for Roman supremacy, and thus may truthfully be said to have influenced the history of mankind from his day to the present,

SOME NEW BOOKS

James Alexander has produced a book very much out of the usual order in "A Prisoner in Holy Orders," published by G. Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London. It is not easy to describe it. Professing to be a biography it consists of a series of anecdotes, all admirably told, interlarded with expressions of opinion on a variety of subjects, all very clearly expressed. The hero is one Stephen Helwyn, a clergyman of the Church of England, who is very much of a rover, a keen observer of things, a man of pronounced opinions and great independence of action. The first part of the book is a terrific satire upon the English clergy, and if all of the stories told are true the author ought and if all of the stories told are true the author ought in many instances to have given the names of the in many instances to have given the names of the persons to whom they refer; if they are not true, they either should not have been told at all or care should have been taken to make it clear that they are fiction. Part of the book is a decided Jeremiad in regard to the future of the British Empire and equally laudatory of the United States. The writer seems to be one of a new class who are carried away by the thought that British salvation can be found by the thought that British salvation can be found only in Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. However, he takes small comfort from this, for he reaches the conclusion that America will dominate commerce and "Rome and Ireland are to rule in conscience." In this instance the wish appears to be father to the thought. After a career of warying violssitudes Helwyn is arrested on a groundless charge of assault upwyn is arrested on a groundless charge of assault upon a girl in a railway carriage, is found guilty and sentenced to the minimum imprisonment by a judge that does not believe in his guilt, and after his term of imprisonent expires he finds nearly every avenue of usefulness closed to him. There is a sort of love story in the book, but its principal interest arises from the caustic criticisms upon the various aspects of modern society, but chiefly upon the Anglican church. It is in many respects an extraordinary book, but it would be more useful if the author were not so everlastingly cock-sure of himself.

"By Their Fruits" is a novel by Mrs. Campbell

"By Their Fruits" is a novel by Mrs. Campbell Praed, and is published by Cassell & Co., Limited, of London, Toronto and elsewhere. It is a story of in-tense interest and abounds in dramatic situations. tense interest and abounds in dramatic situations. The author has attempted something new in the way of fiction. The story is of twin sisters, whose names are the same only in reverse order. One of them marries a man of science, but, becoming dissatisfied with her life, persuades her sister to take her place, while she seeks happiness elsewhere. The resemblance of the sisters in appearance is not less striking than their difference in character. Aglaia-Pascaline is the real wife: Pascaline-Aglaia the other. The manner in which Pascaline persuades herself that it is her duty to take Aglata's place in a subtle piece of reasoning. The erratic career of Aglaia is sketched with great delicacy of judgment. The finale lacks. none of the elements of a dramatic climax. It is a

book of singular power and interest.

"Deep Moat Grange" is a novel by S. R. Creckett,
and is published by The Copp Clark Company, Ltd.,
of Toronto. Nobody ever reads a story by Mr. Crockett with any other expectation than of being interested, so it is hardly worth saying anything more about his latest production than that it is thor oughly readable, although exceedingly improbable. The author leaves a good deal to the imagination of his readers, which is rather a good thing. He does not think it necessary to clean up his mysteries as he goes along, and leaves most of them unsolved at the conclusion of the last chapter. It is a powerfully told tale, with many delightful touches on the lighter

side of life. It is well illustrated.

Lovell's Gazetteer of the Dominion of Canada, just issued by John Lovell & Sons, Ltd., of Montreal, contains, so the title page says, the latest and most authentic descriptions of over 14,850 cities, towns, villages and places in all the provinces and territories of Canada, together with Newfoundland, besides general information drawn from official sources as to eral information drawn from official sources as to the names, locality, extent, etc., of over 3,000 rivers and lakes, with a table of routes showing proximity of the railway stations and sea, lake, and river ports to the cities, towns, villages, etc. This is a tolerably large order, and in order to see how it has been filled it is only necessary to refer to a few places. Tried by this test, the Gazetteer measures up to the mark. More than this need not be said, except to Canada. It is a book of 1,050 pages, and the price is

Love Stories of History

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

THE BROWNINGS

Nowhere is the beautiful truth that God gives us happy compensation for our afflictions brought out more clearly than in the life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The story of her life introduces us first to a The story of her life introduces us list to a slender, frail child, whose physical incapacity made it impossible that she should feel the careless, irresponsible joy that is the natural heritage of happy childhood, and compelled her, instead, to turn her active, immature young mind to the cultivation of those mental qualities of which a normal child is scarcely conscious until she has left her care-free days-behind her. We are told that this precoclous little girl at the age of eight could read Homer in the original, and spent her time when away from study in the composition of happy little verses, which she read to her father and her friends. For her childhood was happy in spite of her illness and weakness. father loved her with an affection that was almost idolatry, nursing her and shielding her with all the tenderness of a mother. Nevertheless twenty years of age found her a complete invalid. At Torquay. where she had gone for her health, her brother was drowned before her eyes. The blow shattered her slight strength, and for years she lay almost helpless upon a couch in her room, where she was permitted to see only the immediate members of her family. But she was still indefatigable in her writing and studying, and during this time produced many of her

most wonderful poems. Then occurred the event for which all the previous years of her life seemed but the preparation. She met Robert Browning. Young, talented, with an acute sense of appreciation fer all that is finest and noblest in literature, himself a poet of no mean quality, Browning fell in love with Elizabeth Ber-rett, through the study of her verses. He read more therein than the mere lines, the embodied thought; he perceived as well the heart of the woman who wrote. He read behind the words, the noble character that gave birth to the lofty ideals of the poems, and he wrote to Miss Barrett, expressing his deep appreciation and admiration, and begging that he

night have the privilege of meeting her. Timid, sensitive, rebelling for the first time in her life against her frailty and what she considered her lack of personal attractions, she begged her importunate admirer to postpone his visit again and again. Finally she consented to an interview, and we can picture to ourselves, perhaps, the little, shrinking person upon the couch, who seemed scarcely em-bodied at all, with pale cheeks and bright, dark eyes and black, clustering ringlets, who held out a slender, trembling hand and spoke to Browning in a voice of wonderful sweetness.

Of him, of "her gracious singer of high poems," she thus wrote in her "Somets from the Portuguese," describing her first thoughts of him:

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely heart!
Unlike our uses and our destinies.
Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
A guest for queens to social pageantries,
Gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part
Of chief musician. What hast thou to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through The dark, and leaning upon a cypress tree? The chrism is on thine head; on mine the dew: And Death must dig the level where these agree.

But Browning's visits continued, and his love for the frail, gentle little lady grew, until there was no denying its utterance. And in the heart of her who had charmed him first with her poems, there sprang an answering passion, a passion that, try as she would, she had neither the strength nor the will to resist. She voiced her own abandonment of joyful acquiescence in the following beautiful words:

If thou must love me, let it be for naught Except for love's sake only. Do not say "I love her for her smile, her look, her way Of speaking gently, for a trick of thought That falls in well with mine, and certes brought A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"; For these things in themselves, beloved, may Be changed, or change for thee; and love so wrought May be unwrought so. Neither love me for Thine-own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry; A creature might forget to weep, who bore Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby. But love me for love's sake, that evermore Thou mayst love on through love's eternit

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The angers of this hand wherewith I write;
And ever since it grew more clean and white.
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "Oh list!"
When the angels speak." A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half-missed,
Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown
With sanctifying sweetness did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said "My love, my own!"

And love seemed to bring to the invalid new strength and a physical courage which she had not possessed before. She became secretly engaged to Browning and in the absence of her father, who strongly disapproved of her marrying at all, the wed-

Almost immediately afterwards they went to Italy, when they settled finally in Florence, feeling that in this place, famed for its sweet singers of love songs, and as the scene of some of the tenderest ro mances of history, they were in surroundings beautiful and congenial for the living of their own love

And here they dwelt for fifteen years, years that were full of almost perfect happiness. Here their little son was born, and here, when the fifteen years vere over, Mrs. Browning died. The love that had beautified her life has been an inspiration to the thousands since who have read her works. It runs like a golden thread through all her later poems, lending them a subtle beauty and charm. In one of the verses of the "Sonnets to the Portuguese" she describes her own pure passion for her husband with a beauty of simplicity and tender abandonment that is the very essence of poetry and rhetorical skill:

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace. I love thee to the level of every day's Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light. I love thee freely, as men strive for Right; I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise; I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith; I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath, Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death.

Browning outlived his wife many years, but until the last she was an "ever-living presence" to him,

forting him, guiding him, inspiring him. In speaking of her influence he used to say:
"She has genius; I am only a painstaking fellow; Can't you imagine a clever sort of angel who plots and plans, and tries to build up something—he wants to make you see it as he sees it, shows you one point of view, carries you off to another, hammering into your head the thing he wants you to understand;

and whilst this bother is going on, God Almighty turns you off a little star—that's the difference between us. The true creative power is hers, not

THE STORY TELLER

There can not be much satisfaction in "goin' around and lickin' the editor" when the latter not only makes copy out of the encounter but pictures himself as the hero as well. The following vivid penpicture is taken from the editorial columns of an lowa journal: "There was a blow. Somebody fell. We got up. Turning upon our antagonist, we succeeded in winding his arms around our waist, and by a quick manoeuvre threw him on top of us, bringing our back, at the same time, in contact with the solid bed of the printing-press. Then, inserting our nose between his teeth and cleverly entangling his hands in our hair, we had him!"

Not long ago there entered the office of the super-intendent of a trolley line in Detroit an angry citizen, demanding "justice" in no uncertain terms. In response to the official's gentle inquiry touching the cause of the demand, the angry citizen explained that on the day previous as his wife was boarding one of the company's cars the conductor thereof had stepped on his spouse's dress, tearing from it more than a yard of material. "I can't see that we are to blame for that," protested the superintendent. "What do you expect us to do, get her a new dress?" "No, sin, I do not," rejoined the angry citizen, brandishing a piece of cloth. "What I propose is that you peoply shall match this material."

"I don't know whether the 'pompadoured young lady who brings me my breakfast has been listening, or whether she thinks for herself," says the young man who takes his meals in a restaurant, "but she's getting to be almost funny. Yesterday I ordered liwer and bacon, and then I waited and waited till I'd committed everything in the morning paper to memory.

"'Come hither,' I said to her. I gave you my order half an hour ago. Do I get that liver?'
"She stopped chewing gum longer than I ever knew her to do before.
"You get it,' said she; 'but there were two orders in ahead of yours. You den't want your liver out of order, do you?"

At a certain county court the judge is, in his private capacity a very kind-hearted man. The usher of the court is aged—very aged—but as he had been a faithful servant for many years, he was retained in One morning he fell asleep in court, and began to

The noise he made naturally disturbed court proceedings, but the judge displayed great tact in dealing with the matter.

"Usher Jones," he called out loudly, "someone is

The usher woke up. He jumped to his feet and glared feroclously round.

"Silence!" he roared. "There must be no snoring in court!"

The ship upon clearing the harbor ran into a half-pitching, half-rolling sea, that became particularly noticeable about the time the twenty-five passengers noticeable about the time the twenty-five passengers at the captain's table sat down to dinner. "I hope that all twenty-five of you will have a pleasant trip," the captain told them as the soup appeared, "and that this little assemblage of twenty-four will reach port much benefited by the voyage. I look upon these twenty-two smiling faces much as a father does upon his family, for I am responsible for the safety of this group of seventeen. I hope that all thirteen of you will join me later in drinking to a merry trip. I believe that we seven fellow-passengers are most conlieve that we seven fellow-passengers are most con-genial and I applaud the judgment which chose from the passenger list these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are—Here, steward! Bring on the fish and clear away these dishes."

When Caruso was in Canada, he was offered four

When Caruso was in Canada, he was offered four positions—one in a church choir and three on newspapers as caricaturist, as elections will be on. But Caruso came too high.

Ralph Connor has been preaching in Toronto. Winnipeg papers say it was none too soon. Next Sunday a distinguished Methodist will address his congregation on the "Evils of Novel Reading."

A hyrrible outrage has been prepetrated! Some one has added the "illy" to Mr. Muir's song, The Maple Leaf Forever, and it is rumored that the flower of ancient France is now entwined with the shamrock and the rest of 'em. A patriot demands that the leek of Walas shall be substituted for that modest but insidious fleur-de-lis. So there you are! Lilies or leeks? It would be a nice subject for a "tercent" debate.

A socialist lecturing in Canada says that man was originally a fish. That's why the modern woman likes to be in the swim.

Canadian detectives are ever so humane. They simply hate to catch a murderer. They'd rather detect little boys buying cough candy on Sunday.

Lord Rosebery, who was sixty-one recently, is the principal figure in the following good story. It illustrates well His Lordship's justness:

On one occasion a young clergyman was a guest at a dinner at Mentmore, Lord Rosebery's seat in Purklyshershipship. After the tadies had left the table, Lord Rosebery

turned to the cleric and said:

"I have often wondered, Mr. —, what is the use or purpose in our great cathedrals, magnificent though they are."

The clergyman thought for a moment before he

replied:

"Sometimes a stranger to this district will point to your Lordship's mansion, and ask whose it is. When I tell them it is the home of one of the King's great nobles they are content. Yet it can be but seldom that every room in this enormous building is occupied. We don't grumble at the size of the house. A dignified position requires dignified surroundings."

There was a short pause, The other guests feared that their host might be angered; but he presently remarked:

That is a good answer and I thank you for it."

Once upon a time there lived a king who was very foolish. He thought he was better than any one in his kingdom; he thought he was wiser, and he wanted to be richer. Now there lived in his land a very rich man, who was known far and wide for his fine dinners, and when the news of this man's entertainments was made to the king, the foolish king sent for him in great writh.

was made to the king, the foolish king sent for him in great wrath.

"How dare you outshine me!" thundered his majesty. "For this you shall die."

"Please, my king, let me live, and I'll do your every wish." cried the rich man.

"On one condition will I grant your life," said the king, "and that is if you answer me three questions within the next three days. If your answers are absolutely correct and true, I will make you my prime minister; if not, off goes your head. Firstly, tell me to the very day how long shall I live? Secondly, how long will it take me to ride around the world? Thirdly, of what am I thinking?"

The rich man went to his home and consulted his books, and on the third day he again came before the king.

Secondly. If you rise with the sun and travel with

Secondly. If you rise with the sun and travel with the sun in its course, it will take you just 24 hours to travel around the earth.

"Thirdly. You think I'm not such a fool as I look." The king embraced the man and compilmented him on his wisdom.

"I see," he said, "it would be a pity to cut off a head so full of learning. Rise and be my prime minister and share your wealth with me."

WITH THE POETS

To An Apple Blossom

Sweet modest, fragrant, faded gem.
Whose tinted petals incense breathe,
In friendship's pure and holy wreath;
The rarest in that diadem,
I'll twine thee now a flower more sweet.
Than ever Cashmere's Valley knew,
Or bathed in balm the mountain's feet
That tow'rs o'er Oman's flood of blue.
Precious thou art for her whose hand
Hath picked thee from thy parent tree
And sent thee odor-winged to me.
Though thou art fading now, and e'en
To dust, for her, Love's Fairy Queen,
Shall rest in Friendship's sacred urn.
Life's brightest hopes like flowers must fade;
Fortune is fickle and unjust:
In sunshine now, tomorrow shade;
And soon, alas, all, all is dust.
Percy A. Gahan, in the June Canadian Magazine.

The Peak and the Bloom

A beautiful peak reared its head to the sky,
And a little flower bloomed at its feet, very shy,
The peak was patrician, and haughty, and said,
As it touched the white clouds with a toss of its head;
"Those travelers are coming to care and its head; "Those travelers are coming to gaze on my height And bask in my grandeur and bathe in my light; They'll leave the low valley, and scorn the pale flower, As they climb to my glory and sing of my power!"

It waited and waited, afar and alone, With its head in the shows of its difficult zone, While the travelers dismounted beside a clear stream At the base of the mountain to rest and to dream— And all that they told of at home the next day Was the beautiful flower that they saw by the way, So modest and gentle and dainty and shy. At the foot of the peak with the dew in its eye!

A Song of Beauty

Oh, sing me me a song of beauty! I'm tired of the stressful song,
I'm weary of all the preaching, the arguing right and I'm fain to forget the adder that under the leaf lies

curled,
And dream of the light and beauty that gladdens the
gray old world!
Oh, sing of the emerald meadows that smile all day
in the sun!

in the sun!

The sipple and gleam of the rivers that on through the meadows run!

The birds—let them sing in your singing and flash through the lines you write.

The lark with his lilt in the morning, the nightingale charming the night, The butterfly over the flowers that hovers on painted

All these, let them brighten and lighten the beautiful song you sing!
Though under the leaf the adder of death and of gloom lies curled,
Oh, sing, for a space, of the beauty that gladdens the gray old world!
—Denis A. McCarthy, in New York Sun,

The Lost Leader

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out aliver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple his heart had been proud.
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from
their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering—not thro' his presence;
Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire;
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels. One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins! let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad, confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantry
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge, and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!
—Robert Browning.

Love and I went wandering all on a summer day, The red rose gave us greating, the lilies lit our way, And high above each lucent pool, a mated bird sang clear:
"Love is the lord of life and death at the flowering of the year."

Love and I went wandering an Indian summer day, In every orchard apples burned, and every wood was Yet in a sheltered nook we heard a laggard robin "Love is the lord of life and death when flowers have come to fruit."

Love and I fared forth again all on a bitter day,
The good green world that laughed before all grimand icy lay;
And low beside a cottage-hearth we caught a fleeting "Love that has gone through life with me abides with

Love and I go faring on through fine or stormy weather,
Or smooth the way or rough the way we follow it
together.
And ever from the shining heights, a facry voice we hear:
"Love ruleth life and time and space—and love is al-

The night throbs on; O, let me pray, dear lad; Crush off his name a moment from my mouth. To thee my eyes would turn, but they go back. Back to my arm beside me, where he lay— So little, Lord, so little and so warm!

I cannot think that thou hadst need of him!
He was so little, Lord, he cannot sing,
He cannot praise Thee; all his life had learned
Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.

Give him to me—he is not happy there! He had not felt this life; his lovely eyes

Hast Thou an angel there to mother him? I say he loves me best—if he forgets, If Thou allow it that my child forgets And runs not out to meet me when I come

What are my curses to thee? Thou hast heard The curse of Abel's mother, and since then We have not ceased to threaten at thy throne, To threat and pray thee that thou hold them In memory of us.

See thou tend him well. Thou God of all the mothers. If he lack One of his kisses—ah, my heart, my heart, Do angels kiss in heaven? Give him back!

Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief, And tired of tears and cold to comforting, Thou are wise I know, and tender, aye, and good, Thou hast my child, and he is safe in thee.

And I believe—

An! God, my child shall go Orphaned among the angels! All alone, So little and alone! He knows not thee, He only knows his mother—give him back.