

Another Five-Minute Recitations

I. Poetical—Serious and Dramatic

THE "INJUN"

YOU will curse the cold when you're seeking gold
When the blizzard's holding forth.
You will sell your soul for the whiskey bowl—
Up there in the frozen North.
Say! You want a tale of the Northern Trail?
Where primitive laws are might.
There's a boy and a gal whom this befell,
There's a couple of hounds who've gone to dwell—
If the coyottes have left their souls—in Hell,
And an "Injun" whose heart was white.

Highball Ben raised a drinking den
But his daughter, she ran the show;
I never heard tell of a purtier gal—
I guess there ain't many just so.
But he treated her like a brutal cur,
To the lowermost depths he'd sunk;
His heart was as clean as a foul machine,
And his soul was the soul of a skunk.

Bet your shirt where there's drink and "dirt"
That an "Injun" ain't very far,
And we had a rat of a lean Chilcat
Who went by the name of "Lone Star."

He'd a walked him lame for a drop of "Flame"
 But he'd never have turned on a pal,
 And I reckon a part of his cunning heart
 Was softened for old Ben's gal.

When great Bud Lee was making free—
 He'd cleaned out his pile of dust—
 In a drunken spell he seized the belle,
 At his kiss she screamed disgust.
 Then I heard a crash and saw the flash
 Of a knife in the Chilcat's grip.
 And down went Bud with an echoing thud,
 With the grey of his pants died red with blood
 And a half-foot of steel thro' his hip.

The yells in the bar to lynch "Lone Star"
 Made him shrink in the corner cowed.
 They'd have strung him high but the "tinhorn" boy
 Pulled his guns on the maddened crowd.
 Bud, carried away, swore the "red" should pay
 Ere another day's sun had set.
 But two months passed and we reckoned at last
 That Bud had forgotten his threat.

It chanced one day that Ben got "gay"—
 He was plying his whip like a brute.
 The gal, it was plain, was faint with the pain,
 When in strolls the tenderfoot.
 With a face dead white he took in the sight,
 Then he turned round and closed the door;
 For a second he gazed like a man near crazed,
 Then he knocked the cur down on the floor.

Ben lay there like a maddened bear
 Then he got on his feet and cursed.
 He tried to grip the gun at his hip
 But the boy got his toy out first.

" This country's free, I reckon," says he,
Tho' I ain't learnt its ways right thro',
But get this well, you struck that gal,
And as sure as you'll end your days in Hell,
I'm doing the same to you."

He reached for the whip but chanced to slip,
And the old man snatched at the gun,
Then the boy got his fist round the bully's wrist—
For a minute or two there was fun.
It was sheer brute strength that would win at length
And both panted loud with the strain.
Then Ben pulled hard, the shot missed by a yard
And scattered the window pane.

Now as far as the track outside the shack
The " Injun " had trailed the boy.
As he stood by the door from behind the store
Came Bud with revenge in his eye.
The redskin's look would have filled a book
As he drew out his knife from its sheath,
And he didn't shun the threatening gun,
He only just showed his teeth.

Bud let fly but the shot went high
And the " Injun " sprang in tooth and nail
To drive his dart thro' the drunkard's heart,
And Bud hit the boneyard trail,
While the random bead, as the fates decreed,
Crashed right thro' into the den.
Tho' the crack of each gun rang out as one,
The course of the lives of two hounds were run—
Bud's shot drilled a hole thro' old Ben.

Ben raised his hand, for he couldn't stand,
And the shooter falls yards away,
And he drops in a heap for his long, last sleep,
While the boy looks on in dismay.

He still stood there with a stricken stare
 When the Sheriff arrives at a run,
 Who takes in the scene with a smile serene
 And he picks up the youngster's gun.

"This is yours, I guess? It's a shot the less,
 It's about closed Ben's affairs.
 Waal—you ain't to blame, but there's rules to the
 game
 So you'd better get slick with your prayers."
 Then the door crashed back and into the shack
 Walks the "Injun," as calm as could be.
 He gives a glide to the Sheriff's side,
 And he passed him the gun of Bud Lee.

"That kill old Ben!" he gazed at the men
 From thence to the broken pane.
 Sheriff looked at him, and his face was grim,
 Then he looked at the gun again.
 "Waal, I'm glad that's through—and it's luck for
 you;
 Boys, pass that rope round here.
 This guy, I guess, in a minute or less
 Will give us a show that's a sure success,
 A dance on the atmosphere."

They bound him fast and he grinned till the last—
 That's the creed of the infidel.
 He had told a lie and the boy wouldn't die,
 So he saved him to please the gal.
 And he went to his fate in the happy state
 Of a man who's done what's right.
 So I'll always vow when the most is said,
 Tho' a tyke of an "Injun's" crafty bred,
 Tho' his soul and his hide are a dirty red,
 There's a part of his heart that's white.

JAMES J. HANNON.

By kind permission.

“THE FISHERMAN ”

“WHAT hast thou brought from the sea, my man,
Out of the fog and the foam and the night?”

“I have brought thee millet for thy dish,
And dainty mackerel silver white.”

“Why art thou dazed with a look of dream,
Lit with a wondering light of the eyes?”

“I have seen the darkling paths of the deep
And the ripple touched by the pale moonrise.”

“What hast thou seen that is new and strange,
What hast thou heard that thou listenest yet?”

“I have seen the light at my masthead gleam,
I have heard the waters that stirred my net.”

“Something more thou hast seen and heard,
Something more in the moonbeam white.”

“Her hair like a seaweed darkened round,
But the eyes that shone were wells of light.”

“What was it came to the rocking boat?
Who was it bent to thy seeking clasp?”

“She was fair as the dream that I followed once,
She was false as the foam when I strove to grasp.”

“O husband, look in mine eyes and say—
Has she made you hers—or you still are mine?”

“I can only see her snowy breast
And the tangling hair and the eyes that shine!”

“Come from the chilling air of dawn,
Come to the table and take thy meat.”

“Her breath is upon me as I walk—
Her breath is the taste of all I eat.”

“Come, and the parson shall set thee right—
 Come, and I’ll place our babe on thy knee.”
 “God help thee, woman—she called me first,
 And hers is the face that she lent to thee.”

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

*With the Author’s permission, from “Songs of Wind
 and Wave” (Blackwood.) All rights reserved.*

HIS MOTHER

NURSE—’ere, what was it the doctor said—
 Recoverin’ rather slow,
 Yer kiddin’, I seed ’im shake ’is ’ead
 An’ knowed as I got ter go,
 Now, strite, wen is it—yer fear ter-night,
 Ah, well—there’s somethink I want ter write.

It’s ter mother ; ’er as ull feel it wust,
 Yer know ’ow they carry on,
 She’d five ov us wunst, an’ I was fust,
 An’ the other four’s orl gone,
 As far as dyin’ I aint no cur,
 But it knocks me aht wen I think ov ’er.

I s’pose ’twas keepin’ no other kid
 She made such a lot ov me,
 I sent ’er a trifle, too, I did—
 Not arf wot it ought to be.
 Them fun’s ’ull pension ’er now, in course,
 So yer might p’raps say as I ain’t no loss.

But I want yer ter write as if wer
 An’ orl that I ought to be ;
 I’m a little tin gawd on wheels ter ’er,
 An’ it pleases ’er praisin’ me,
 Say “gallant soldier an lovin’ son”
 An’ chap wot ’is little bit ’as done.

An' write down big as I 'ad no pain
 But went easy in my bed—
 Ah, nurse, there's them aches come on again,
 I'll be thankful wen I'm dead.
 D'yer think yer could get a book ov 'ims
 An' send it ter 'er, an' say, it's Jim's.

It troubled 'er always I warn't the sort
 As went in fer 'ims an' such,
 An' done the things I 'adn't ought,
 But the 'arm I did warn't much;
 In course wot I done I stand to now—
 I might 'ave done worsen any'ow,

So, Nurse, if you'd put in a word or two
 As would comfort mother more,
 Jes say as the papers and such like do,
 "Not lost, only gone before."
 If Gawd's the sort as 'e ought ter be
 'E won't go partin' my mother from me.

OWEN OLIVER.

VIVE LA FRANCE

FRANCELINE rose in the dawning grey,
 And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
 For her man, Michael, had holiday,
 Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle side,
 And with baby palms folded in hers she cried,
 "If I have but one prayer, dear crucified
 Christ—Save France.

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
 Carry me safe to the meeting place,
 Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
 Save him for France."

She crooned to her boy, oh! how glad he'll be
 Little three-months-old to set eyes on thee!
 For "Rather than gold would I give," wrote he,
 "A son to France."

Come now, be good, little stray sauterelle,
 For we're going by-bye to thy papa, Michel;
 But I'll not say where, for fear thou wilt tell,
 Little pigeon of France.

Six days' leave and a year between!
 But what would you have? "In six days clean
 Heaven was made," said Franceline,
 "Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,
 To the marching troops in the street she came,
 And she held her boy like a taper flame.
 Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and grey with grime
 Silent they march like a pantomime;
 But what need of music, her heart beats time,
 Vive la France.

His regiment comes, Oh! where is he?
 There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see.
 "Is that my Michel to right of thee?
 Soldier of France."

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell,
 "Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—
 And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
 Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
 Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,
 As she lifted her boy to the flag and sobbed,
 "Vive la France." ANON.

THE PARSON'S SON

*THIS is the song of the parson's son, as he squats in his shack alone,
On the wild, weird nights when the Northern Lights
shoot up from the frozen zone,
And it's sixty below, and couched in the snow the
hungry huskies moan.*

"I'm one of the Arctic brotherhood, I'm an old-time pioneer.

I came with the first—O God! how I've cursed this Yukon—but still I'm here.

I've sweated athirst in its summer heat, I've frozen and starved in its cold;

I've followed my dreams by its thousand streams, I've toiled and moiled for its gold.

"Look at my eyes—been snow-blind twice; look where my foot's half gone;

And that gruesome scar on my left cheek where the frost-fiend bit to the bone.

Each one a brand of this devil's land, where I've played and I've lost the game,

A broken wreck with a craze for 'hooch,' and never a cent to my name.

"This mining is only a gamble, the worst is as good as the best;

I was in with the bunch and I might have come out right on top with the rest;

With Cormack, Ladue, and Macdonald—O God! but it's hell to think

Of the thousands and thousands I've squandered on cards and women and drink.

“ In the early days we were just a few, and we hunted
and fished around,
Nor dreamt by our lonely camp-fires of the wealth
that lay under the ground.
We traded in skins and whiskey, and I've often slept
under the shade
Of that lone birch tree on Bonanza, where the first big
find was made.

“ We were just like a great big family, and every man
had his squaw,
And we lived such a wild, free, fearless life beyond the
pale of the law ;
Till sudden there came a whisper, and it maddened us
every man,
And I got in on Bonanza before the big rush
began.

“ Oh, those Dawson days, and the sin and the blaze,
and the town all open wide !
(If God made me in His likeness, sure He let the devil
inside.)
But we all were mad, both the good and the bad, and
as for the women, well—
No spot on the map in so short a space has hustled
more souls to hell.

“ Money was just like dirt there, easy to get and to
spend.
I was all caked in on a dance-hall jade, but she shook
me in the end.
It put me queer, and for near a year I never drew sober
breath,
Till I found myself in the bughouse ward with a claim
staked out on death.

“Twenty years in the Yukon, struggling along its
creeks ;
Roaming its giant valleys, scaling its god-like peaks ;
Bathed in its fiery sunsets, fighting its fiendish cold,
Twenty years in the Yukon . . . twenty years—and
I’m old.

“Old and weak, but no matter, there’s ‘hooch’ in the
bottle still.
I’ll hitch up the dogs to-morrow, and mush down the
trail to Bill.
It’s so long dark, and I’m lonesome—I’ll just lay down
on the bed,
To-morrow I’ll go . . . to-morrow . . . I guess I’ll
play on the red.

“ . . . Come, Kit, your pony is saddled. I’m waiting,
dear, in the court . . .
. . . Minnie, you devil, I’ll kill you if you skip with
that flossy sport . . .
. . . How much does it go to the pan, Bill? . . . play
up, School, and play the game . . .
. . . Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy
name . . .”

*This was the song of the parson’s son, as he lay in his
bunk alone,
Ere the fire went out and the cold crept in, and his blue
lips ceased to moan,
And the hunger-maddened malamutes had torn him
flesh from bone.*

R. W. SERVICE.

*From Songs of a Sour-Dough. By permission,
T. Fisher Unwin Ltd., Publishers.*

TO MY SON

LITTLE son, when you are grown
 Strong enough to stand alone,
 All your mother's love and tears
 Cannot help you down the years ;
 All the sin your father knew
 Lies in wait to trap you too.
 Learn the lesson while your young—
 Shut your ears and guard your tongue.

I have seen an idle jest
 Strike a woman in the breast,
 Kill the laughter in her eyes,
 Twist the tongue of her replies.
 Bitter words recalled too late
 Turn the tide of love to hate,
 Guard your lips, my little son,
 Lest you weep as I have done.

I have seen a wanton word
 Lightly uttered, lightly heard,
 Garbled, twisted out of truth,
 Rob a man of all his youth.
 Broken faith and blinded eyes
 Follow hard on senseless lies.
 Son of mine, go shut your ears,
 Lest you too should know my tears.

When you make a man a friend
 Trust him blindly to the end,
 Let no word or woman's whim
 Break the faith you have in him ;
 Sound the depth of feeble sneers,
 Guard your lips and shut your ears.
 Little son, learn charity,
 Lest you weep alone, like me.

DION TITHERADGE.

By kind permission of the Author.

A THANKFUL SOUL

I TAKE life jest as I find it,
If it's hot I never mind it;
Hunt around fer shady trees
An' jest whistle up a breeze!
If it's snowin',—why I go
Jest a-skimmin' 'crost the snow!
(Ever try how good it feels
In a wagon off the wheels?)
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

Folks say this world's full o' strife;
That jest livens up my life!
When the good Lord made it He
Done the best fer you an' me,—
Saw the sky had too much blue,
An' rolled up a cloud or two.
Give us light to sow an' reap,
Then throwed in the dark fer sleep.
Every single drop o' dew
Twinkles on a rose fer you.

Tell you! this world's full o' light,—
Sun by day an' stars by night;
Sometimes sorrow comes along,
But it's all mixed up with song.
Folks that always make complaint
They ain't healthy,—that they ain't!
Some would jest *live* with the chills
If it warn't fer doctors' bills!
Always findin' fault with things,—
Kill a bird because it sings.

I take life jest as I find it,—
 Hot or cold, I never mind it.
 If it's a sunshiny day
 That's my time fer makin' hay ;
 If it's rainin', fills my wish,—
 Makes the lakes jest right fer fish.
 When the snow falls white as foam,
 Then I track the rabbits home.
 Spring or winter, summer, fall,
 I'm jest thankful fer 'em all !

FRANK L. STANTON.

HOW GOOD ARE THE POOR !

'TIS night ; within the close-shut cabin door
 The room is wrapped in shade, save where there fall
 Some twilight rays that creep along the floor,
 And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken chest,
 A few white dishes glimmer ; in the shade
 Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains dressed,
 And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

Five children on the long, low mattress lie—
 A nest of little souls, it heaves with dreams :
 In the high chimney the last embers die,
 And redden the dark room with crimson gleams.

The mother kneels and thinks, and, pale with fear,
 She prays alone, hearing the billows shout ;
 While to wild winds, to rocks, to midnight drear,
 The ominous old ocean sobs without.

Poor wives of fishers! Ah! 'tis sad to say
"Our sons, our husbands, all that we love best,
Our hearts, our souls, are on those waves away,
Those ravening wolves that know not ruth, nor rest.

"Terrible fear! we seek the pebbly shore,
Cry to the rising billows, 'Bring them home!'
Alas! what answer gives their troubled roar
To the dark thoughts that haunt us as we roam?"

The dawn was whitening over the sea's verge
As she sat pensive, touching broken chords
Of half-remorseful thought, while the hoarse surge
Howled a sad concert to her broken words.

"Ah! my poor husband! We had five before.
Already so much care, so much to find,
For he must work for all. I give him more.
What was that noise? His step? Ah, no! the wind!

"That I should be afraid of him I love!
I have done ill. If he should beat me now
I would not blame him. Does not the door move?
Not yet, poor man!" She sits, with careful brow,
Wrapped in her inward grief; nor hears the roar
Of wind and waves that dash against his prow
Or the black cormorant shrieking on the shore.

Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets
Noisily in the dawn-light scarcely clear,
And the good fisher, dragging his damp nets
Stands on the threshold, with a joyful cheer.

"'Tis thou!" she cries, and, eager as a lover,
Leaps up and holds her husband to her breast;
Her greeting kisses all his vesture cover;
'Tis I, good wife!" and his broad face expressed.

How gay his heart that Janet's love made light.

"What weather was it?" "Hard." "Your fishing?"

"Bad.

The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night,
But I embrace thee, and my heart is light.

"There was a devil in the wind that blew ;
I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line.

And once I thought the bark was broken, too ;

What did you all the night long, Janet mine?"

She, trembling in the darkness, answered, "I!

Oh, naught—I sewed, I watched, I was afraid.

The waves were loud as thunder from the sky,

But it is over." Shyly then she said :

"Our neighbor died last night ; it must have been

When you were gone. She left two little ones,

So small, so frail—William and Madeleine ;

The one just lisps, the other scarcely runs."

The man looked grave, and in the corner cast

His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea,

Muttered awhile and scratched his head—at last :

"We have five children, this makes seven," said he.

"Already in bad weather we must sleep

Sometimes without our supper. Now! Ah, well—

'Tis not my fault. These accidents are deep ;

It was the good God's will. I cannot tell.

"Why did He take the mother from those scraps

No bigger than my fist? 'Tis hard to read.

A learned man might understand, perhaps—

So little, they can neither work nor need.

“Go fetch them, wife ; they will be frightened sore,
If with the dead alone they waken thus.
That was the mother knocking at our door,
And we must take the children home to us.

“Brother and sister shall they be to ours,
And they will learn to climb my knee at even.
When He shall see these strangers in our bowers,
More fish, more food will give the God of Heaven.

“I will work harder ; I will drink no wine—
Go fetch them. Wherefore dost thou linger, dear ?
Not thus are wont to move those feet of thine.”
She drew the curtain, saying, “*They are here !*”

VICTOR HUGO.

MY DAUGHTER JEAN

I LOVE my little daughter Jean
Because her face is always clean,
And underneath her pinafore
Her frock is never smudged or tore ;
Tears on her face are rarely seen,
She's always good is Clarice Jean.

Of course there are some days, I know,
When things are not just always so,
When boots and buttons go awry
And ribbons make their wearer cry,
While Edna says—you should have seen
How very cross was Clarice Jean.

But when she goes to bed at night
And mother comes with candle light,
Slipping softly on the stairs
To hear the children say their prayers
Before they creep the sheets between,
How loving, then, is Clarice Jean.

Her flannel trousered knees are bent,
 Her hands are clasped, her bonnie hair
 Lies on her neck, till she has sent
 Her love to God in solemn prayer ;
 To Him who listens all unseen
 And watches over Clarice Jean.

She prays for all the folks she knows—
 Father and Allan far away
 From where the mountain heather grows,
 Pat and Pete on holiday,
 And friends she's made where'er she's been
 Are not forgot by Clarice Jean.

She prays for all the soldiers' lives,
 The workers and the sailors stern,
 The orphans and the lonely wives
 Whose loved ones never will return,
 And Heaven's very still I wean
 When God bends down to Clarice Jean.

But soon upon the pillow white
 Is laid her heavy little head ;
 She soundly sleeps till morning light
 While angels hover round her bed,
 So from my heart these words I mean,
 God bless my little daughter Jean.

R. W. JENKINS.

From "The Bookman." By kind permission.

AN OLD SHOE

A POOR old shoe ; there are thousands such,
 And each much like a man.
 All shapes and sizes just like us,
 White, black, or tan.

Provided with a tongue, you see,
Each one has a sole.
When broken down, they're patched afresh,
And healed to make them whole.

How like a man this lonely shoe,
No use without a mate ;
Dirty—often buttonless,
The bachelor's usual fate ;
But no, I'm not mistaken,
For once there was a pair
Who in their bright and polished youth
Trod the ground like air.

But in their worn and wrinkled age
Their usefulness departed,
Like couples at the workhouse gate
The poor old souls were parted.
This lonely shoe without reward
Uncomplaining—undemanding,
Has guarded some men's footsteps,
Supplied his understanding.

His constant companion,
Oft trodden in the mud,
A trusty slave, now worn out—
Worn out for his master's good.
Merely shoes, but how like men
For their infinite variety,
Some slowly plod their lonely way,
Some shine in high society.

Some honest leather,
Some, alas, of paper nearly half ;
Strong ones made of bullock hide,
Soft ones labelled calf.
Like men in youth, they are well tanned,
They're hammered to the last.
In them the maker puts his "awl,"
Ere on the world they're cast.

Just like woman now and then,
 Cut low and tightly laced,
 With dainty bows marked "latest style"
 In public view well placed.
 Some heavy and unyielding,
 Squeaking without reason ;
 Some made to bear the brunt of time,
 Some just to last a season.

What boots it—we must go our way
 Come sun, or wind, or rain,
 And if the road be rough or smooth
 This shoe would not complain.
 And so a lesson we should learn
 And follow to the close,
 For there comes a time to man and shoes
 When they must turn up their toes.

And when this shoe comes to the last
 'Tis mended up like new,
 But past healing quite—our souls take flight,
 Then we are men—dead too.

ANON.

By arrangement with Wilbert Gamble.

JIMSIE

JIMSIE was his mother's pride—
 She dearly loved her Jimsie ;
 A' nicht gang to wreck beside
 If things were richt wi' Jimsie.
 On the rest she looked as fules,
 Sent him to the best o' schules,
 Cookies, nits, an' sugar bools
 In pocks were bocht for Jimsie.

Silence reigned when Jimsie spak,
 The oracle was Jimsie ;
 Nane could beat him in the crack
 His mother said o’ Jimsie.
 Jimsie got the best o’ fare
 Others jist what he could spare,
 An’ the cosy, cushioned chair
 Was aye gi’en up tae Jimsie.

When he grew to man’s estate
 His mother lost her Jimsie ;
 Grief she thocht her heart wad break—
 The sodgers noo had Jimsie !
 He turned oot the worst o’ scamps,
 ’Mangst them played sic deevilish pranks,
 That they banished him the ranks—
 Wae’s me for favoured Jimsie.

At his mother’s fire again
 Sits guid-for-naething Jimsie,
 Though he’s gi’en her muckle pain
 She clings as fond tae Jimsie.
 Some can love yet no reveal
 A’ the love their hearts may feel ;
 Having not that sacred seal
 Was hoo she spoilt her Jimsie.

JOSEPH TEENAN.

By kind permission of Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell.

“ A BOY’S LESSON ”

WATCH well thy heart, for from within there springs
 The first beginning of all hateful things.

From one bad thought, as from a little seed,
 Grows a wrong wish and then an evil deed :

Checked, it will die ; encouraged, it will be
Hard to uproot as is a forest tree.

When a good thought comes, keep it with great joy :
Its holy presence will the bad destroy.

One good thought brings another, and yet more :
The wise and humble lay them up in store.

Their coming tells us God is very near :
Our secret wishes to His eyes are clear.

When a wrong thought comes, lift thy heart and cry,
“ Lord Jesus, help,” and the foul thing will fly.

He is at hand to save from guilt and shame
All those who trust in His victorious Name.

Cleanse me, O Lord, till pure and sweet within,
Thou may'st see in me not one stain of sin.

K. D.
By permission.

ROSAMOND

ONLY a languorous touch in the hot summer air,
Drowsy with sun—not a cloud in the blue of the sky.
Green o' the trees, and the scent of the flowers every-
where

And just you and I.

Wandering idly together in Arcady's land
Happily, gaily a-down ; like two children at play,
Only a look in your eyes, and a touch of your hand
And the world slipped away !

Dusk, and no sound but the nightingale's passionate
trill.

Just you and I 'neath the trees, and the stars up above.
Only our hearts that beat wild with the rapturous
thrill

Of wonderful love.

.
Only the chill of a dawn that breaks cheerless and grey,
Only the throb of a heart for an hour that has fled,
Only the dull, aching pain of a desolate day
And a dream that is dead.

VALENTINE.

Specially written for this volume.

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA

MY heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana ;
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana ;
When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana :
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana ;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
 Oriana,
 Ere I rode into the fight,
 Oriana :
 While blissful tears blinded my sight
 By star-shine and by moonlight,
 Oriana,
 I to thee my troth did plight,
 Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
 Oriana :
 She watch'd my crest among them all,
 Oriana :
 She saw me fight, she heard me call,
 When forth there stept a foeman tall,
 Oriana,
 Atween me and the castle wall,
 Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
 Oriana :
 The false, false arrow went aside,
 Oriana :
 The damned arrow glanced aside,
 And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
 Oriana—
 Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
 Oriana !

Oh! narrow, narrow was the space,
 Oriana,
 Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
 Oriana.
 Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
 The battle deepen'd in its place,
 Oriana ;
 But I was down upon my face,
 Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana.

How could I rise and come away,
Oriana?

How could I look upon the day?
They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana—

They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana!

O pale, pale face so sweet and meek!
Oriana,

Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana:

What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana?

I cry aloud; none hear my cries,
Oriana.

Thou comest atween me and the skies,
Oriana.

I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart unto my eyes,
Oriana,

Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

O cursed hand—O cursed blow,
Oriana!

O happy thou that liest low,
Oriana!

All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
Oriana;

A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
 Oriana,
 I walk, I dare not think of thee,
 Oriana.
 Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree.
 I dare not die and come to thee,
 Oriana,
 I hear the roaring of the sea,
 Oriana.

TENNYSON.

BANNERMAN OF THE DANDENONG

I RODE through the Bush in the burning noon
 Over the hills to my bride,
 The track was rough and the way was long,
 And Bannerman of the Dandenong
 He rode along by my side.

A day's march off my beautiful dwelt,
 By the Murray streams in the West;
 Lightly lilting a gay love-song
 Rode Bannerman of the Dandenong,
 With a blood-red rose on his breast.

Red, red rose of the Western streams
 Was the song he sang that day—
 Truest comrade in hour of need—
 Bay Mathinna, his peerless steed,
 I had my own good grey.

There fell a spark on the upland grass,
 The dry Bush leapt into flame—
 And I felt my heart go cold as death
 And Bannerman smiled and caught his breath,
 But I heard him name Her name.

Down the hillside the fire-floods rushed
On the roaring eastern wind—
Neck and neck was the neckless race,
Ever the bay mare kept her pace,
But the grey horse dropped behind.

He turned in the saddle—"Let's change, I say,"
And his bridle rein he drew.
He sprang to the ground—"Look sharp," he said,
With a backward toss of his curly head,
"I ride lighter than you."

Down and up—it was quickly done—
No words to waste that day;
Swift as a swallow she sped along,
The good bay mare from Dandenong—
And Bannerman rode the grey.

The hot air scorched like a furnace blast
From the very mouth of Hell—
The blue gums caught and blazed on high
Like flaming pillars in the sky—
The grey horse staggered and fell.

"Ride, ride, lad—ride for her sake," he cried.
Into the gulf of flame
Were swept, in less than a breathing space,
The laughing eyes, and the comely face,
And the lips that named Her name.

She bore me bravely, the good bay mare,
Stunned, and dizzy, and blind;
I heard the sound of a mingling roar,
'Twas the Lachlan River that rushed before,
And the flames that rolled behind.

Safe—safe, at Nammoora gate,
 I fell, and lay like a stone.
 O love!—thine arms were about me then,
 Thy warm tears called me to life again,
 But—O God! that I came alone!

We dwell in peace, my beautiful one
 And I, by the streams in the West,
 But oft, through the mist of my dreams, along
 Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong,
 With the blood-red rose on his breast.

ALICE WERNER.

*By kind permission of the Publishers,
 Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell.*

THE FACE IN THE GLASS

HAVE yer ever sat down and looked in the glass,
 And regretted the day you was born?
 Have yer ever turned round and said, "Ain't I a
 ass?"
 When you're feeling fat-'eaded, forlorn.
 When yer look at yer eyes, what was once mother's
 prize,
 And find that they're bleary and red,
 Don't yer cuss Father Time and the beer and the
 wine,
 And *all things*, and wish you was dead?
 When yer see a line here and a crow's foot just
 there,
 And yer think of the time it was smooth,
 And what once was a dimple is now a d—— pimple,
 And yer mouth just a meaningless groove.

And yer hair, what was once mother's joy to caress
 Very seldom now sees brush and comb,
 And the place where yer live is a dingy recess,
 But yer pig there and call it yer 'ome.

Does yer wife ever say—"Matey, don't 'ave no more
 booze,"

And yer promise yer won't, but yer do ;
 And when yer wake up from a dead drunken snooze,
 Do yer find yer wife's skin black and blue ?
 If yer see all these things, and you've got some pluck
 left,

Do the one thing you're fit for—that's *die*.
 Here's me last drink on earth—and by God, but it
 burns! ! !

Still . . . I won't drink no more, Sal—good-bye!

HARRY J. CLIFFORD.

By kind permission of the Author.

FIVE YEARS AGO

FIVE years ago, in this city inn
 We passed a pleasant day ;
 Four merry friends who ate and drank,
 And were blythe as birds in May ;
 We scratched our names on the window pane,
 There they stand in the sheen,
 And prove to me, if to nobody else,
 What fools we must have been.

One of them borrowed my cash (a dove
 That never returned to the ark),
 The second was jealous of my fame
 And stabbed it in the dark ;
 The third made love to a bonnie wee maid
 Dearer to me than life ;
 Wooed her and won her, behind my back,
 And made her his wretched wife.

And here I sit in the cosy inn
 While the bright wood-splinters blaze,
 And drink my pint of claret alone,
 And think of the bygone days,
 And wonder which of my three false friends
 I hate or despise the most ;
 Surely not him who borrowed my cash,
 'Tis gone—'tis a bodiless ghost.

Surely not him who stole my wife
 That was not my wife. God wot !
 But might have been, to my dire distress,
 Had she fallen to my lot ;
 I think I hate with the deadliest hate
 The fellow who slurred my name—
 Shaking my hand, eating my bread,
 And murdering my fame.

SIDNEY CARTON

LEFT ALONE

THE winter night was chill and dark,
 The snow lay on the ground,
 The silver chimes rang out the hours
 With clear and startling sound ;
 The warm light from the public bar
 Streamed full upon the way,
 And made the darkness gloomier,
 And killed the dying day.

Within a man, unkempt and flushed,
 Harangued the noisy crowd,
 Who hung upon each foolish jest
 With laughter, long and loud.
 There all was warmth and merriment,
 But just across the way,
 High up above the narrow street,
 Two babes knelt down to pray.

Their little lips were blue with cold,
Their clothing torn and thin,
And through the cracked and broken panes
The wind came rushing in.
Hand clasped in hand they lisped these words :
Oh, dearest Lord, to-day
Send back our father from the man
Who lives across the way.

He used to be so good and kind
And never said us nay,
When after work we climbed his knee,
So glad with him to play.
But now he never kisses us,
His voice is harsh and thick,
And when we play he makes us stop
And beats us with his stick.

He cried so when dear mother died
And we were left alone,
And all night long we listened
As we heard him sigh and moan.
But now he never seems to care
And, worse, he doesn't pray :
Oh, make him good, and save him from
The man across the way.

Again the song and laughter came
A down the narrow street,
A good and evil angel passed
Each other, still and fleet.
One went within the golden gates
The bearer of a prayer,
The other gathered up the words
That shocked the silent air.

Their prayer was ended ; supperless,
Upon a ragged bed,
The weary little children laid
Each aching curly head.

The evening star in pitying mood
 Sent down a silver ray
 That helped to cheer their loneliness
 And drove black night away.

Now sharper grew the frosty night,
 And brighter burned each star,
 And still the merry laugh rang out
 From that bright public bar.
 Like fragile blossoms sweet and pale
 Exposed to every blast,
 They slept their sleep of innocence,
 While time was fleeting fast.

A heavy step is in the room !
 With flushed and aching head
 And staring eyes the father flings
 Himself upon his bed.
 For hours he sleeps ! the children still
 Lie motionless close by ;
 He, waking, finds no meal prepared
 And shakes them angrily.

He shrank to feel their chilly touch ;
 Then wild and shrill a cry
 Rings out into the silent street
 Up to the startled sky.
 A pitying angel in the night
 Had carried them away
 To join the happy boys and girls
 Who 'mid Heaven's brightness play.

No cold, no hunger now was theirs,
 No tears henceforth would stain
 Their cheek ; in Heaven there is no cold,
 No hunger, and no pain.

The father sat in mute despair,
Like Cain he longed to flee,
Far, far away to some lone spot
Where none his guilt would see.

For was he not a murderer?
Uncared-for and unfed
His little helpless children died
Within their lonely bed:
His soul was filled with deep remorse,
He vowed that, from that day,
His foot should never tread again
The house across the way.

He kept his word, but never smile
Was seen upon his face;
His comfort was in visiting
His children's resting-place:
A simple little pauper grave,
O'er-grown with grass and flowers,
Where, weeping hot and silent tears,
He loved to sit for hours. A. STEVENS.

THE TWO BROTHERS

IN Palestine long years ago—
So runs the legend old—
Where Kedron's sparkling waters flow
Across their sands of gold,
And Mount Moriah lifts his head
Above the sunny plain,
Two brothers owned, as one, 'tis said,
A field of golden grain.

And when the autumn days had come,
And all the shocks and sheaves
Stood waiting for the "harvest home"
Among the withering leaves,

The elder brother said one night :
 “ I’m stronger far than Saul,
 My younger brother ; ’tis but right
 That I should give him all
 These sheaves that grew upon the plain
 We own together, so
 I’ll put with his my stacks of grain,
 And he will never know ! ”

Scarce had he left the sheaves of wheat
 When quietly there came
 Across the field, with stealthy feet,
 And errand just the same,
 The younger lad, who said : “ I see
 My brother Simon’s need
 Is greater far than mine, for he
 Hath wife and child to feed ;
 And so to him I’ll give my sheaves,
 It is but right, I know,
 And he will never think who leaves
 These wheat stacks on his row ! ”

Next morning when the brothers twain
 Began to count their store,
 Behold, each found his stacks of grain
 To number as before !
 “ Why ! how is this ? ” in great surprise
 Each to himself then said :
 “ I’ll watch to-night and see who tries
 These tricks when I’m abed ! ”
 And so, half-way across the plain
 They met—each one bent o’er
 With shocks and sheaves of golden grain
 To swell his brother’s store !

Good Saul and Simon ! Would to-day
 More brothers might be found
 Who seek each other’s good away,
 And in kind deeds abound.

ANON.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

AWAY from the town, in the safe retreat
Of a rare old garden, sunny and sweet,
Four little happy children played
In and out of the light and shade,
Through a long summer's blissful prime,
Once on a time.
Between the garden borders neat
The gravel-walks stretched warm and wide.
The diligent brown-coated bees
Were ever astir
Among the roses and lavender
And the great dark pansies, yellow-eyed,
And the faint sweet-peas.
But the children on their tireless feet
Flitted about in the pleasant heat
Like the butterflies,
Nor ever cared to stray outside
Their Paradise.
Round the old garden was a wall ;
Snapdragons crowded along the ledge,
Crimson and tall,
And in every niche and crevice small
Tiny mosses uncurled.
And though the children would often try,
And even stand on tip-toe to look,
They could hardly see over the top at all.
But there was one corner not quite so high,
And above it, against the farthest edge
Of the beautiful sky
(The part that was golden and green and red
In the evenings, when they were going to bed)
A row of poplars shook and shook ;
And the children said
The poplars must be the end of the world.

On one of those happy summer days—
 When the garden borders were all ablaze,
 And the children for once felt too hot to play,
 Though all their lessons were done,
 But lay
 On the grass and watched a delicate haze
 Quiver across the brooding blue
 Up to the sun—
 Something happened strange and new.
 For a beggar pushed open the garden door
 And stood in the flooding sunshine bright
 Full on the wondering children's sight ;
 A pale-faced woman young and footsore,
 With a baby boy on her arm.
 Her ragged dress was all powdered grey
 With the dust of the road.
 She fixed a long, bewildered gaze
 On the quaint old garden gay,
 Then with a sudden smile and a nod,
 She pointed in rapt delight
 To the place where, cool and shimmering white,
 The lilies shone—
 Touched the baby and said, " Ah ! plaze,
 If it wouldn't do them flowers no harm,
 Children, will yiz give him *wan*,
 For the love o' God ? "
 The children stared, an awe-struck band,
 At the stranger pair.
 Then the youngest ran, and with one bold twist
 Of his firm little wrist
 He wrenched a thick lily stem in two,
 And put it, with all its blossoms fair,
 In the beggar baby's hand.

" Ah ! acushla," the woman said, " there's few
 In this hard world like *you*.
 I've a long, long way to thtravel yet,
 Beyond them high threes over there,

But I'll not forget
To pray for you and yours everywhere,
Never fear.
Good evenin', God love ye, dear."

"She's gone," said Cissy; "how queer she spoke!"
Whispered Dickie, "Oh, Tom, you've broke
The best lily: whatever *shall* you do
When gardener sees the empty space
There where it grew,
And father has to be told?"
"It was for the love of God, you see,
I did it," said Tom; "so maybe He
Won't let them scold."
"We know now," said Will,
"There's world the other side of that hill."

FRANCES WYNNE.

*From "Whisper." By kind permission of the
Publisher, Mr Elkin Mathews.*

A CHRISTMAS WISH

I'd like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting-house full of toys,
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For the poor little girls and boys;
Up the street and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one,
Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jack-knife
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair.
And eyes that open and shut;

One would ask for a china set,
 With dishes all to her mind ;
 One would wish a Noah's ark,
 With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll's cook-stove
 And a little toy wash-tub ;
 Some would prefer a little drum,
 For a noisy rub-a-dub-dub ;
 Some would wish for a story-book,
 And some for a set of blocks ;
 Some would be wild with happiness
 Over a new tool box.

And some would rather have little shoes,
 And other things warm to wear ;
 For many children are very poor,
 And the winter is hard to bear ;
 I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
 And a thousand stockings or so,
 And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
 To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels
 And a candy of every kind,
 And buy all the almond and pecan nuts
 And taffy that I could find ;
 And barrels and barrels of oranges
 I'd scatter right in the way,
 So the children would find them the very first
 thing
 When they wake on Christmas day.

EUGENE FIELD.

*By permission and arrangement with
 John Lane, Publisher.*

THE FIVE-SHILLING FEE

MY mither was wae for my faither was deid,
And they threatened to tak the auld hoose ower her
heid;

Her earnings were scanty, the meal it grew dear,
I, the eldest o' five, could whiles see the tear
Glisten bricht in her ee, as she cam hame at e'en,
Half-hid as it didna just want to be seen;
I spak na a word, but ma hert it would ache,
And I wisht I were big for my puir mither's sake.

The farmers around wanted herds for their kye,
And ma mither said she had ane that wad try;
I min' how I trembled wi' half-fear, half-joy,
When a farmer ca'd in for to look at the boy.
He bad me stan' up, an' he thocht I was wee,
But ma blithe, honest face, he said, pleased his ee;
He wad tak me and try me a half-year and see,
For a pair o' new shoon and a five-shilling fee.

We were glad to hear tell o't, a bargain was struck,
An' he gied me a saxpence o' erles for luck;
Ma trousers and jaicket were patched for the day,
And ma mither convoyed me a lang mile away.
Wi' chairges and warnings 'gainst a' sort o' crimes,
And rules she laid doon I thocht hard at the time—
Gin the kye should rin wrang I was never to lee,
Tho' they sent me awa without shoon or ma fee.

Syne I set to ma wark, and I pleased richt weel,
For a wag o' the hand I plied hand or heel;
But ma troubles cam on, for the fences were bad,
An' the midsummer flees gar'd the cattle run mad,

And the cauld blashy weather sair drenched me wi'
 rain,
 Whiles *wae* thochts o' leevin' would steal through ma
 brain;
 But wi' courage I dashed aye the tear fra ma ee
 When I thocht o' ma shoon and ma five-shilling fee.

Syne Martimas brocht me ma lang-look'd-for store,
 And proudly I coonted it twenty times o'er.
 Some years have now passed in a fortunate train,
 But I never have felt such a rapture again.
 The sailor just safe thro' the wild breakers steered,
 Proud Waterloo's Victor when Blucher appeared
 N'er felt what I felt, when I placed on the knee
 O' a fond-hearted mother my five-shilling fee.

M. R. (*adapted*).

HIS GIPPSLAND GIRL

NOW money was scarce and work was slack
 And Love to his heart crept in,
 And he rode away on the Northern track
 To war with the world and win;
 And he vowed by the locket upon his breast,
 And its treasure, one red-gold curl,
 To work with a will in the farthest West,
 For the sake of his Gippsland girl.

The hot wind blows on the dusty plain
 And the red sun burns above,
 But he sees her face at his side again,
 And he strikes each blow for love;
 He toils by the light of one far-off star
 For the winning of one white pearl,
 And the swinging pick and the driving bar
 Strike home for the Gippsland girl.

With aching wrist and a back that's bent,
With salt sweat blinding his eyes,
'Tis little he'd reck if his life were spent
In winning so grand a prize ;
And his shear-blades flash, and over his hand
The folds of the white fleece curl,
And all day long he sticks to his stand
For the love of his Gippsland girl.

When the shearing's done and the sheds cut out
On Barwon and Narran and Bree,
When the shearer mates with the rouseabout
And the Union man with the free ;
When the doors of the shanty, open wide,
An uproarious welcome hurl,
He passes by on the other side
For the sake of his Gippsland girl.

When summer lay brown on the Western land
He rode once more to the South,
Athirst for the touch of a lily hand
And the kiss of a rosebud mouth ;
And he sang the songs that shorten the way,
And he envied not king nor earl,
And he spared not the spur on his dappled
grey
For the sake of his Gippsland girl.

At the garden gate when the shadows fell
His hopes in the dusk lay dead ;
"Nellie! Oh, surely you heard that Nell
Is married a month," they said.
He spoke no word ; with a dull, numb pain
At his heart, and his brain awhirl,
He turned his grey to the North again
For the sake of his Gippsland girl.

And he rung the board in a Paroo shed
 By the sweat of his aching brow,
 And he blued his cheque, for he grimly said
 "There is nothing to live for now."
 And out and away where the big floods start
 And the Darling dust showers whirl,
 There's a drunken shearer that broke his heart
 Over a Gippsland girl.

W. H. OGILVIE.

*By kind permission of the Publishers,
 Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell.*

TRAVELLERS

COME, let us go a-roaming,
 Dear heart, the world is wide,
 And half its paths are still untrod,
 And half its joys untried.

The way that led to winter
 Will lead to summer too ;
 For all roads end in other roads,
 Where we may start anew.

Who, when Hope's dead, would linger
 To weep beside her bier,
 And let the shadow of a night
 Make darkness through the year.

Life is not all unhappy
 Because the day has died ;
 To-morrow waits behind the hill,
 Dear heart, the world is wide.

A. ST JOHN ADCOCK.

*By kind permission,
 from "Songs of the World War," by
 Cecil, Palmer & Heywood.*

THE CHANGED CROSS

IT was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought of these as given to me—
My trial tests of faith and love to be—
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to His might
Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—My cross I cannot bear.

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight,
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see—
One to Whom all the others bowed the knee—
Came gently to me and I trembling lay,
And "Follow Me," He said, "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, He led me far above,
 And there, beneath a canopy of love
 Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
 Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,
 A little one, with jewels set in gold ;
 Ah this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
 For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
 But, all at once, my frame beneath me shook ;
 The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
 But far too heavy was their weight for me.

“ This may not be,” I cried, and looked again
 To see if there was any here could ease my pain ;
 But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
 Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
 And grace and beauty seemed in it combined ;
 Wondering, I gazed, and still I wondered more
 To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh ! that form so beautiful to see
 Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me ;
 Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colours fair,
 Sorrowing, I said—“ This cross I may not bear.”

And so it was with each and all around—
 Not one to suit my need could there be found ;
 Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down
 As my Guide gently said—“ No Cross, no crown.”

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart ;
 He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
 “ Be not afraid,” He said, “ but trust in Me—
 My perfect love shall now be shown to thee.”

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there—in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey—
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest ;
And, as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognised my own old cross again.

But oh ! how different did it seem to be
Now I had learned its preciousness to see ;
No longer could I unbelieving say
“ Perhaps another is a better way.”

Ah no ! henceforth my own desire shall be
That He who knows me best should choose for me ;
And so, whate'er His love sees good to send
I'll trust it's best, because He knows *the* end.

By Hon. Mrs CHARLES HOBART.

TROUBLE

SURE, this world is full of trouble—
 I ain't said it ain't.
 Gee! I've had enough and double
 Reason for complaint.
 Rain and storm have come to fret me,
 Skies were often grey;
 Thorns and brambles have beset me
 On the road—but say!
 "Ain't it fine to-day?"

What's the use of always weepin',
 Makin' trouble last;
 What's the use of always keepin'
 Thinking of the past.
 Each must have his tribulation—
 Water with his wine.
 Life! it ain't no celebration,
 Trouble, I've had mine.
 But to-day is fine.

It's to-day that I am livin',
 Not a month ago.
 Havin', losin', takin', givin'
 As time wills it so.
 Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
 Fell across the way;
 It may rain again to-morrow,
 It may rain—but say!
 "Ain't it fine to-day?"

ANON.

THE DIFFERENCE

She's only twelve years old,
The sweetest little maid you ever saw,
With laughing eyes and tangled curls of gold,
 Dainty and slim
 In every limb.

We're sweethearts, I and she,
And now and then, when to the house I go,
She loves to come and sit upon my knee,
 And nestle up to me ;
 She's twelve—I'm thirty-three.

In five years' time she will
Be seventeen, and as you'll allow,
Most likely she'll be ten times sweeter still.
 And yet—and yet
 My one regret

Is that those five years may change her—not me.
Perchance she may not quite so readily
Delight to come and nestle on my knee.
Demure and shy she may perhaps have got
When she is seventeen and I am thirty-eight—
 But I hope not !

VALENTINE.

*From "The Blue Magazine."
By kind permission of the Author.*

THE ANGELUS BELL

During the campaign in Italy, the writer was billeted for a time in a monastery. One day during his stay the old lay-brother who acted as bell-ringer made a mistake in the time, and rang the mid-day Angelus at about eleven o'clock, to the consternation of the monks and the amusement of the villagers. The following verses were the result.

COME all ye good people and list while I tell
 A story concerning an Angelus bell,
 Which ring-a-ding ding
 A good brother did ring
 Throughout summer and autumn and winter and
 spring,
 At six and at noon and at six every day,
 So that all ceased their work for a moment to pray,
 And the musical song
 Of his ring-a-ding dong
 Gave such pleasure to all round about that ere long
 Most people said one extra "AVE" as well
 For the Brother-in-Charge of the Angelus bell.

Now this Angelus ringing does not require brains,
 To do the job well you need only take pains,
 And I wish to point out
 That without any doubt
 At a glance there seems nothing to worry about ;
 You ring three times three, and you finish with nine,
 And this doesn't give one many chances to shine ;
 But the merit, my friends,
 Of the whole thing depends
 On being *Punctual*, for slackness in this respects
 tends
 To upset the whole house and the neighbours as
 well,
 Most of whom set their clocks by the Angelus bell.

It was just on this point that our Brother excelled
To such an extent that mere justice compelled

All who knew him to state

“ Brother Henry is *great*

At being punctual—for years he has never been late ! ”

So they made him bell-ringer-in-chief, and with pride

He continued to manage his bell till he died ;

Not a hard job, it's true.

(But between me and you

It matters but little what one has to do.

Many folk get to Heaven by just doing well

Something easy—like ringing an Angelus bell.)

But just as Rome wasn't all built in a day,

So virtues must grow in the very same way,

And I will not pretend

That our bell-ringing friend

Was always as good as he was in the end ;

For the story contained in this legend will show

How even his progress in virtue was slow.

Let us read on and hear

How his saintly career

To an untimely finish once came very near.

How into disgrace of the direst he fell,

All through carelessly ringing his Angelus bell.

One night about ten, on retiring to rest,

Being unusually tired he was quickly undressed,

And—his prayers being all said—

He jumped straight into bed,

And was “ off ” just as soon as he laid down his head.

But very soon after he woke in a fright

To discover himself in a curious plight,

For up in the sky

He was flying so high

That the Earth underneath he could barely descry.

‘ I can only suppose that I'm dead, ’ said he—“ well,

I wonder who'll ring to-day's Angelus bell ! ”

On arriving at Heaven he knocked at the door,
 And on seeing St Peter bowed low to the floor:
 "Your pardon," said he.
 "Brother Henry—that's me—
You know—the bell-ringer of 'Mont Paradis'—
 I was there for some years—and I just died to-
 night—
 I should like to come in, I—I hope it's all right?"
 But the Brother's heart sank
 As St Peter looked blank
 And remarked: "You are not on my list. To be
 frank,
 I remember the name, but I *think* I heard tell
 Of some trouble concerning an Angelus bell.

"But excuse me," he added, "I'll just have a look,
 It is probably entered up here in my book;
 Now just let us see
 Under 'H' it will be,—
 Letter 'H,' here we are—Brother Henry, q.v.
 On May the fourteenth, nineteen-eighteen, I find
 Entered here an offence of a serious kind:
 Without reason or rhyme
 You proceeded to chime
 Your Angelus summons an hour before time—
 Simple folk said, 'Our clocks must be wrong, we can tell
 It is noon by the sound of the Angelus bell.'

"Now I'm sorry to say that we've no room in Heaven
 For men who think mid-day is five-to-eleven;
 But I'll telephone quick
 And enquire of Old Nick
 If *he* wants the inventor of such a sad trick."
 "Oh, please don't do that, Sir!" the poor Brother
 cried—
 Too late! The door banged, and there—close by
 his side,

(He was ready to choke
 With the brimstone and smoke)
 Stood The One-Not-Referred-To by really nice folk.
 "Help!" yelled Brother Henry, "oh how could I tell
 All this would be caused by my Angelus bell!"

"Aha!" cried Old Nick, "so I've got you at last,
 I have watched you, my boy, for some little time past.
 I daresay you *meant* well
 With your horrible bell,
 But we use good intentions for pave-stones in Hell!
 Now, without wasting any more time, you must know
 I've prepared a fine torture for you Down Below;
 All Eternity long,
 With a-ring-a-ding dong,
 You must chime by a clock that is always quite wrong,
 And, surrounded by demons and fire, smoke and smell,
 You will clang what will NOT be an Angelus bell!"

Having uttered this amiable greeting, Old Nick
 Gave our poor Brother Henry a terrible kick.
 As face downwards he fell
 The good man gave a yell—
 And *awoke*—to the sound of the "getting-up" bell.
 "It was only a dream," gasped the Brother, "I vow
 All the same I have learned a good lesson, and now
 I hereby declare,
 And I solemnly swear,
 For the future to watch with most scrupulous care,
 To be timed to the tick so that all men may tell
 The right time by my punctual Angelus bell."

This promise he kept, and the legends all state
 From that day he was never too early or late.
 With his ring-a-ding ding
 He continued to ring
 Through the summer and winter and autumn and
 spring.

He became a great saint and achieved quite a fame,
 As the Patron of Punctual People—by name
 Brother Henry ; and long
 After this when the song
 Of the bell would be heard with its ring-a-ding dong,
 Pious people would utter a prayer as well
 For the soul of the Saint of the Angelus Bell.

JOSEPH A. ROONEY.

By kind permission of the Author.

SHADOWS

SHADOWS are but for the moment—
 Quickly past ;
 And then the sun the brighter shines
 That it was overcast.

For Light is Life !
 Gracious and sweet,
 The fair life-giving sun doth scatter blessings
 With his light and heat—
 And shadows.
 But the shadows that come of the life-giving sun
 Crouch at his feet.

No mortal life but has its shadowed times—
 Not one !
 Life without shadow could not taste the full
 Sweet glory of the sun.

No shadow falls but there, behind it, stands
 The Light.
 Behind the wrongs and sorrows of life's troublous
 ways
 Stands RIGHT.

JOHN OXENHAM.

By kind permission of the Author.

COMPENSATION

AS the stream pursues its course
 So live from day to day,
 O'er the smooth or stony ground
 Let nature guide thy way.

As we sow, so shall we reap,
 Due measure must be paid.
 Law compensative decrees
 Things equal shall be made.

As the sun throws forth its power
 So give the world thy best ;
 Do the good that comes thy way,
 And leave to God the rest.

ENID BAIRD.

By kind permission.

WIDDECOMBE ON THE MOOR

THE devil came to Widdecombe
 With thunder and with flame ;
 He left behind at Widdecombe
 A terror and a name ;
 And this, the moorland voices tell,
 Is how the devil came.

The autumn flashed with red and gold
 Along the Devon lanes ;
 The tangled hedges of the wold
 Were rich with yellow stains,—
 The torrents of the moorland old
 Were turbulent with rains.

There came a stranger to the inn
And sought to know his way—
To Poundstock on the moor he came
In sombre black array ;
He asked the road to Widdecombe—
It was the Sabbath-day.

He shouted loudly for a drink—
His sable steed he stroked ;
And when he tossed the liquor down
It boiled and hissed and smoked ;
Like water on a red-hot iron
The hissing liquor soaked.

“ Good woman, will you be my guide
To Widdecombe on the moor ? ”
With trembling accent she declined—
She said the road was sure.
She saw a cloven hoof strike out
As he spurred away from the door.

Low on the mossy cleaves and tors
A boding trouble lay—
A ceaseless murmur of the streams
Came through the silent day.
The stranger rode to Widdecombe,—
Full well he found the way.

The folk were gathered in the church
To hear the evening pray'r,
And if 'twas dark enough without,
'Twas threefold darker there ;
And on the gathered people fell
A shudder and a scare.

Now is the time, oh kneeling folk,
 To pray with fervent fear,
 For the enemy of the soul of man,
 Devouring fiend, is near,
 And evil thoughts and base desires
 Unbind his fetters here.

Sudden upon the moorland kirk
 The crash of thunder broke—
 A noise as of a thousand guns,
 With many a lightning stroke—
 A blackness as of blackest night,
 With fitful fire and smoke.

It seemed the Day of Doom had come ;
 The roof was torn and rent,
 And through the church from end to end
 A fearful flame-ball went.
 It seemed the dreadful day had come
 In wild bewilderment.

The stranger came to Widdecombe—
 He tied his horse without ;
 He rushed into the crashing door
 With fiendish laugh and shout ;
 Through the door the fiery stranger came,
 Through the shattered roof went out.

Men prayed with terror and remorse—
 In frenzied fear they cried ;
 And one lay dead with cloven head,
 His blood besprinkled wide—
 And one was struck so dire a stroke
 That of his hurt he died.

Down through the roof the turret came—
The spire was twisted stark,
A beam came rushing down between
The parson and the clerk—
And fearful was the sudden light,
And fearful was the dark.

Then fell a deep and deathlike hush,
And through a silence dead,
“Good neighbours, shall we venture out?”
A trembling farmer said—
“I’ the name o’ God, shall we venture out?”—
For the fearsome time seemed sped.

Then up and spake the minister
With white yet dauntless face :
“’Tis best to make an end of prayer,
Trusting to Christ His grace ;
For it were better to die here
Than in another place.”

So in the kirk at Widdecombe
They finished evening pray’r,
And then at last they ventured out
Into the autumn air.
Brightly the jagged moorland lay
In sundown calm and fair.

The devil came to Widdecombe
With thunder and with flame,—
He left behind a shattered kirk,
A terror, and a fame ;
And this, the moorland voices tell,
Is how the devil came.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

*With the Author’s permission, from “ West Country
Verses.” Blackwood. All rights reserved.*

A HELPING HAND

ON the lowest round of the ladder I firmly planted
 my feet,
 And looked up at the dim, vast distance that made
 my future so sweet.
 I climbed till my vision grew weary ; I climbed till
 my brain was on fire ;
 I planted each footstep with wisdom—yet I never
 seemed to get higher.
 For this round was glazed with indifference, and that
 one was gilded with scorn,
 And when I grasped firmly another, I found, under
 velvet, a thorn.
 Till my brain grew weary of planning, and my heart-
 strength began to fail,
 And the flush of the morning's excitement, ere
 evening, commenced to pale.
 But just when my hands were unclasping their hold
 on the last-gained round,
 When my hopes, coming back from the future, were
 sinking again to the ground—
 One who had climbed near to the summit reached
 backward a helping hand ;
 And refreshed, encouraged, and strengthened, I took,
 once again, my stand.
 And I wish, oh, I wish that the climbers would never
 forget, as they go,
 That, though weary may seem *their* climbing, there is
 always someone below.

E. HIGGINSON.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO-DAY?

WE shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have you done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after-awhile,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build large mansions towering so high,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But, here and now, do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our soul must ask,
"What have we done to-day?"

AMERICAN.

THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY

IT ain't the funniest thing a man can do,
 Existing in a country that's quite new ;
 Nature has moved in first a good long while,
 And fixed things up exactly her own style.
 Well, when first I invested in this retreat
 Things, to my mind, seemed frightfully incomplete ;
 But nature seemed quite cheerful all about me,
 A-carrying on her different trades without me.

But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,
 And brought my wife and plunder right along.
 My girl wife—she was brave as she was good
 And helped me every blessed way she could.
 She learnt a hundred masculine things to do
 And aimed a shot gun pretty middlin' true ;
 Although, in spite of my express desire,
 She'd always shut her eyes before she'd fire.

Well! neighbourhoods were counties in those days,
 The roads didn't have accommodating ways,
 And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see,
 And much less talk to anyone—but me.
 And finally I thought I could trace
 A half heart hunger peering from her face.
 Then there'd a misty jealous thought occur,
 Because I wasn't earth and heaven to her.

One day I came home unusual late,
 Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate ;
 And when I went to milk the cows, I found
 They'd wandered from their usual feeding ground,
 And maybe left a few long miles behind 'em,
 Which I must compass if I meant to find 'em.
 Flash quick the stay chains of my temper broke,
 And in a trice these burning words I spoke :

“You ought to have kept the animals in view
And drove 'em in—you'd nothing else to do ;
The heft of all our life on me must fall,
You just lie round and let me do it all.”
That speech, it hadn't been gone half-a-minute
Before I saw the cold, black poison in it,
And I'd have given all I had, and more,
To have only got it safely back indoor.

Boys flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds :
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Things you may think may sometimes fall back
 dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

Next morning, stone-faced but heavy hearted,
With dinner-pail and sharpened axe I started
Away for my day's work ; she watched the door
And followed me half-way to it, and more,
And I was just a-turning round at this
And asking for my usual good-bye kiss,
When on her lips I saw a proudish curve,
And in her eye a shadow of reserve.

So with a short good-bye I shut the door,
And left her as I never had before.
All day the memory of last night's mistake
Bothered me with a dull and heavy ache ;
But when at noon my lunch I came to eat,
Put up by her so delicately neat,
Choicer somewhat than yesterday's had been,
I found some sweet-eyed pansies she'd put in.

Tender and pleasant thoughts I knew they meant—
It seemed as if her kiss to me she'd sent ;
So once more I began, her humble lover,
And said, “ To-night I'll ask forgiveness of her.”

I came home rather early on that eve,
 Having contrived to make myself believe
 By various signs I sort of knew or guessed
 A thunderstorm was coming from the west.

Half out of breath my cabin door I swung,
 With tender heart-words burning on my tongue ;
 But all within was desolate and bare :
 My home had lost its soul, she was not there.
 A pencilled note was on the table spread,
 And these are something like the words it said :
 "The cows have strayed away again, I fear ;
 I've watched them pretty close ; don't scold me,
 dear.

"And where they are I think I really know,
 I heard the bell not very long ago.
 I've hunted for them all the afternoon ;
 I'll try once more, I think I'll find them soon.
 Dear ! if a burden I have been to you
 And haven't helped you all I ought to do—
 Then let old time memories my forgiveness plead,
 I've tried to do my best, I have indeed."

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue
 Some swift-blown raindrops to the window clung,
 And from the clouds a rough, deep growl pro-
 ceeded—
 My thunderstorm had come now 'twasn't needed.
 Through my small clearing dashed wide sheets of
 spray
 As if the ocean waves had lost their way ;
 Scarcely a pause the thunderbattle made
 In the deep clamour of its cannonade.

And she, while I was sheltered dry and warm,
 Was somewhere in the clutches of this storm.
 My dog, I seized him, dragged him to the wall,
 And placed his quivering muzzle to her shawl.

“Track her, old boy”—he started through the
wood,
I followed him as faithful as I could.
All night we dragged the woods without avail—
The ground was drenched, we couldn't keep the
trail.

So weary and worn with toil and labour spent
Back to what used to be my home I went ;
But as I neared our little clearing ground—
Listen!—I heard the cow-bell's tingling sound.
My cabin door was just a bit ajar,
It gleamed upon my glad eyes like a star.
“Brave heart,” I said, “for such a fragile form,
She's made them guide her homeward through the
storm.”

Such pangs of joy I never felt before ;
“You've come,” I shouted, and rushed through the
door.
Yes, she had come, and gone again—she lay
With all her young life crushed and wrenched away.
She lay, the heart ruins of our home among
Not far from where I'd killed her with my tongue.

Boys flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds :
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back
dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

WILL CARLETON.

ONE OF CHRIST'S LITTLE ONES

IT was at dusk of an autumn day
 That one of Christ's little ones threaded her way
 Through the crowded streets of the city's din.
 The clothes about her were ragged and thin ;
 The little face peeped from the hood so torn,
 And, like the old clothes, it was weary and worn.
 Thousands and thousands passed the way
 That the little one took going home that day ;
 The minister, dressed in his good warm clothes,
 Passed her right by. How little he knows,
 When he prays for white robes his people to clad,
 That one of Christ's lambs wanders naked and sad.

Hundreds of children, by baptism given
 To the Good Shepherd who waiteth in Heaven,
 Sunday-school children who often rehearse
 "Suffer the children"—that dear little verse—
 All passed on their way ; not one of them knew
 That she was one of Christ's little ones too.
 Not long ere the little girl passed from sight,
 Into an alley—where even the light
 Was ashamed to be found, and just gave one peep
 In the early dawn when the rich were asleep ;
 Then up a rude staircase the tired feet sped,
 And she threw herself down on an old straw bed.

Down her pale cheeks fell the tears, one by one,
 As she said to herself : "Why, what have I done
 That I am a beggar, with my clothes all torn,
 My feet so cold, so weary, so worn ;
 Tramping the streets from morning till night
 For a few little pennies to buy me a bite ?"
 But the childish grief was soon forgot,
 For that sad little one, though she knew it not,

With tears in her eyes had fallen asleep,
And angels were watching, Christ's foundling to keep.
Yes, angels had come up those old back stairs,
And over Christ's little one watched unawares.

Sweet is the sleep of children, I ween,
In their warm little cribs, their faces just seen,
When nestled above the clothes tucked so tight,
With a kiss on the cheek of a mother's "Good-night."
But prettier far looked that dear little head,
When angels pillowed the old straw bed.
The morning grey through the dingy glass
Stole its faint rays—the night had passed.
The beggar girl woke: "Oh, mother dear!
Do you know somebody's been here?
Two smiling ones; they were dressed in white,
And round their heads they wore wreaths of light!

"They came in this room and they didn't seem hurt,
When their dresses swept through the sand and dirt;
And they passed not by like the ladies in town,
Holding their clothes lest they'd touch my gown.
And, mother, they bade me not beg to-day,
They are coming to-night to take me away.
They live in a place where the streets are all gold,
Where the children's feet never ache with the cold.
And they have to cross a river so wide,
For the city is built on the other side.
On their wings they'll carry me all the way,
So I'll not be tired, you know, to-day!

"They told me we'd pass through a pearly gate,
But I thought outside I'd have to wait,
For, mother, my clothes are all tattered and thin,
And I could not think they would let me in!
But the smiling ones said that a dress of white
Would be waiting for me when they came to-night."

And the little one waited, but not in vain,
 For, true to their promise, the angels came.
 Through the dark alley they softly stepped,
 While weary workers soundly slept,
 And they took from those haunts of woe and sin,
 One of Christ's little ones home to Him.

ANON.

THE PRICE HE PAID

I SAID I would have my fling,
 And do what a young man may,
 And I didn't believe a thing
 That the parsons have to say.
 I didn't believe in a God
 That gives us blood like fire,
 Then flings us into hell because
 We answer the call of desire.

And I said : " Religion is rot,
 And the laws of the world are nil ;
 For the bad man is he who is caught
 And cannot foot his bill.
 And there is no place called hell ;
 And heaven is only a truth
 When a man has his way with a maid,
 In the fresh, keen hour of youth."

.
 So I had my joy of life :
 I went the pace of the town ;
 And then I took me a wife,
 And started to settle down.
 I had gold enough and to spare
 For all of the simple joys
 That belong with a house and a home
 And a brood of girls and boys.

I married a girl with health
 And virtue and spotless fame.
 I gave in exchange my wealth
 And a proud old family name.
 And I gave her the love of a heart
 Grown sated and sick of sin!
 My deal with the devil was all cleaned up,
 And the last bill handed in.

She was going to bring me a child,
 And when in labour she cried,
 With love and fear I was wild—
 But now I wish she had died.
 For the son she bore me was blind
 And crippled and weak and sore,
 And his mother was left a wreck—
 It was so she settled my score.

I said I must have my fling,
 And they knew the path I would go,
 Yet no one told me a thing
 Of what I needed to know.
 Folks talk too much of a soul
 From heavenly joys debarred—
 And not enough of the babes unborn
 By the sins of their fathers scarred.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

*Reprinted, by permission, from "Poems of Purpose," published
 by Messrs Gay & Hancock, Ltd., London.*

THE DEEIN' BEGGAR

WHEN deep the snaw had wreathed the muir
 An' the wintry win' was swellin',
 The beggar, blin' an' auld an' puir,
 Socht shelter in oor dwellin'.

Oh he had seen a better day
 Ere freen's an' fortune fled him,
 But noo nae freen' on the earth had he
 But the little doug that led him.

We took him frae the angry storm
 An' the cauld blast whaur we fand him ;
 We made his bed baith saft and warm
 An' we row'd his plaidie roond him.

You've kindly opened me your door,
 Sae sune as e'er ye heard me,
 Tho' I am auld an' blind an' puir—
 But heaven will yet reward ye.

Sae bring your bairnies here to me,
 Let nane o' them be missin',
 An' tho' I've naething mair to gie,
 They'll get an auld man's blessin'.

He blessed the bairnies ane by ane,
 "May puirtith ne'er oppress ye,"
 An' oh be guid whan I am gane,
 An' God hissel will bless ye.

You'll a' be kind to Collie here,
 An' share wi' him your coggie ;
 Sae fare ye well, my bairnies dear,
 An' my doggie! Oh! my doggie.

He turned him round, he spak nae mair,
 Nae kindness could restore him ;
 To God he breathed a silent prayer,
 An' the shades o' death cam' o'er him.

Adapted.

THE CALL OF THE WIND

A MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY

THE wind still calls down the mountain pass,
It sighs like spirit spent,
It echoes the wail of a mortal cry
That screams despair to the blackened sky
As it whirls down the steep ascent.
I see the face of a girl, and alas!
I grope my way here, content.

I have killed a man on the mountain side,
He lays in a hut to the east.
And a woman tortured by shame and dread
To-night will murmur a prayer for my head,
And the world will be rid of a beast.
Alone with the wind and his soul he died,
A cur in the guise of a priest.

The girl she was young—it is ever the same—
With eyes that were deep and sincere.
The priest's desire was a sinful one
And the parents smiled—it had oft been done,
And why should they interfere?
But the girl was filled with loathing and shame:
She hid in her nameless fear.

He found her, hiding away out there,
She refused his desire again.
So he seized her tight in his ardent lust,
While she kicked and screamed in mad disgust,
But her cries were all in vain.
He carried her off up that rock-strewn stair
Till he came to his own domain.

This girl was an angel, her thoughts were as pure
As her soul was gentle and great.

We had pledged ourselves to a solemn vow
And should have been happily wed ere now,
Were it not for this trick of fate.
Now a pain that the years could never cure
Consumed me with rage and hate.

I searched for her over hill and dale,
Over mountain and crag and plain.
The parents said naught of the priest or church
And I broke my heart in a hopeless search,
I wore out my soul with pain.
I have passed thro' the years like a broken flail,
To be mended and used again.

He turned her out when her bloom was gone,
In the heart of this bitter gale.
As I passed on my way bowed down with care,
With her head in her hands I found her there,
Spent, broken and horribly pale—
A priceless gem, smirched and trampled on.
She told me her ghastly tale.

I could not see as to me she clung,
My fury had left me blind.
I stood on that path where but few have trod,
And I swore an unquenchable vow to God,
In the stress of my tortured mind.
It echoed and hung like a thing unstrung
In the call of the mountain wind.

I turned my steps up the path again
With the heart of a raging beast ;
I swore, as I trudged thro' the awful night,
This damnable crime the law would not right
Should be righted by me at least.
I would rid the world of a blot—a stain.
I knocked at the door of the priest.

“Would he come to a man in a dying state,
Who wished to confess his past?”
I invented a traveller taken ill,
But the priest refused, for the wind blew shrill,
And he shivered beneath its blast.
Then I told him the man was rich and great,
And he nodded assent at last.

As he came from the house with its glare of light,
In the gloom he could scarcely see.
I'd have killed him then, but my knife was
shut,
So he rode on my mule till we reached the
hut,
On the threshold he turned to me.
“There is death,” he said, “in the wind to-night.”
I said, “Death and Fatality.”

As I locked the door he turned in doubt,
And the fear in his voice I heard.
“What does this mean?” and his colour fled.
“I am going to kill you, senor,” I said.
And he knew that I meant each word.
I told him the tale of the girl without ;
He went ashen, but never stirred.

When I moved towards him he screamed in dread,
Then he threatened, he pleaded, and swore.
“Let me see a priest ere I die,” he moaned.
SO I PASSED HIM A MIRROR, he sobbed and
groaned,
And sank in a heap on the floor.
And he fought like a fiend till his breath had fled,
And I came out and barred the door.

.
The wind still calls, it will never rest,
And it sighs like a spirit spent.

It rises and falls on the startled air,
 With a scream of death that is ever there,
 While I stand on the steep ascent,
 To press a broken flower to my breast,
 And murmur a sigh of content.

JAMES J. HANNON.

By kind permission.

THE ORPHAN MAID

NOVEMBER'S hail-cloud drifts away, November's sun-
 beam wan
 Looks coldly on the castle grey, when forth comes
 Lady Ann.

The orphan by the oak was set, her arms, her feet
 were bare,
 The hail-drops had not melted yet amid her raven
 hair.

"Good dame," she said, "by all the ties that child and
 mother know,
 Aid one who never knew those joys—relieve an
 orphan's woe."

The lady said: "An orphan's state is hard and sad
 to bear;
 Yet worse the widowed mother's fate, who mourns
 both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped since, when
 from vengeance wild
 Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled, Forth's eddies
 whelmed my child."

"Twelve times the year its course has borne," the
wandering maid replied,
"Since fishers on St Bridget's morn drew nets on
Campsie side.

"St Bridget sent no scaly spoil; an infant, well-nigh
dead,
They saved and reared, in want and toil, to beg from
you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady kissed: "My husband's
looks you bear;
St Bridget and the morn be blessed! You are his
widow's heir."

They've robed that maid so poor and pale, in silk and
sandals rare;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail, are glistening in
her hair.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND

NOT now, but in the coming years—
It may be in the better land—
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mystery explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

Why what we long for most of all
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall.
Up there, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds, instead of sun,
 Were over many a cherished plan ;
 Why song had ceased when scarce begun ;
 'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

God knows the way ; He holds the key,
 He guides with unerring hand ;
 Sometime, with tearless eyes, we'll see ;
 Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

Then trust in God through all thy days ;
 Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand ;
 Though dark thy way, still sing and praise ;
 Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

By arrangement.

JESSIE CAMERON

“JESSIE, Jessie Cameron,
 Hear me but this once,” quoth he.
 “Good luck go with you, neighbour’s son,
 But I’m no mate for you,” quoth she.
 Day was verging toward the night
 There beside the moaning sea,
 Dimness overtook the light
 There where the breakers be.
 “O Jessie, Jessie Cameron,
 I have loved you long and true.”—
 “Good luck go with you, neighbour’s son,
 But I’m no mate for you.”

She was a careless, fearless girl,
 And made her answer plain,
 Outspoken she to earl or churl,
 Kind-hearted in the main,
 But somewhat heedless with her tongue
 And apt at causing pain ;
 A mirthful maiden she and young,
 Most fair for bliss or bane.

“Oh, long ago I told you so,
I tell you so to-day :
Go you your way, and let me go
Just my own free way.”

The sea swept in with moan and foam
Quickening the stretch of sand ;
They stood almost in sight of home ;
He strove to take her hand.
“Oh, can't you take your answer then,
And won't you understand ?
For me you're not the man of men,
I've other plans I've planned.
You're good for Madge, or good for Cis,
Or good for Kate, maybe :
But what's to me the good of this
While you're not good for me ?”

They stood together on the beach,
They two alone,
And louder waxed his urgent speech,
His patience almost gone :
“Oh, say but one kind word to me,
Jessie, Jessie Cameron.”—
“I'd be too proud to beg,” quoth she,
And pride was in her tone.
And pride was in her lifted head,
And in her angry eye,
And in her foot, which might have fled,
But would not fly.

Some say that he had gipsy blood,
That in his heart was guile :
Yet he had gone through fire and flood
Only to win her smile.
Some say his grandam was a witch,
A black witch from beyond the Nile,
Who kept an image in a niche
And talked with it the while.

And by her hut far down the lane
 Some say they would not pass at night,
 Lest they should hear an unked strain
 Or see an unked sight.

Alas, for Jessie Cameron!—

The sea crept moaning, moaning nigher,
 She should have hastened to begone—

The sea swept higher, breaking by her :
 She should have hastened to her home

While yet the west was flushed with fire,
 But now her feet are in the foam,

The sea-foam sweeping higher.

O mother, linger at your door,

And light your lamp to make it plain ;

But Jessie she comes home no more,

No more again.

They stood together on the strand,

They only, each by each ;

Home, her home, was close at hand,

Utterly out of reach.

Her mother in the chimney nook

Heard a startled sea-gull screech,

But never turned her head to look

Towards the darkening beach :

Neighbours here and neighbours there

Heard one scream, as if a bird

Shrilly screaming cleft the air :

That was all they heard.

Jessie she comes home no more,

Comes home never ;

Her lover's step sounds at his door

No more for ever.

And boats may search upon the sea

And search along the river,

But none know where the bodies be :

Sea-winds that shiver,

Sea-birds that breast the blast,
Sea-waves swelling,
Keep the secret first and last
Of their dwelling.

Whether the tide so hemmed them round
With its pitiless flow,
That when they would have gone they found
No way to go ;
Whether she scorned him to the last
With words flung to and fro,
Or clung to him when hope was past,
None will ever know :
Whether he helped or hindered her,
Threw up his life or lost it well,
The troubled sea for all its stir
Finds no voice to tell.

Only watchers by the dying
Have thought they heard one pray
Wordless, urgent ; and replying
One seem to say him nay :
And watchers by the dead have heard
A windy swell from miles away,
With sobs and screams, but not a word
Distinct for them to say :
And watchers out at sea have caught
Glimpse of a pale gleam here or there,
Come and gone as quick as thought,
Which might be hand or hair.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

*From "The Poems" of Christina G. Rossetti,
by permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*

THE TWO ORPHANS

'YES, sir; we lived home till our mother died,
 'N' I'd go a-walkin' with Jim, 'cause he cried
 Till night-time 'ud come, 'n' we'd go up to bed
 An' bofe say the prayers 'at she taught us to said—
 Didn't we, Jim?

"'N' pa ud stay late, 'n' we used to call
 'Cause we thought we heard 'im downstairs in the
 hall;
 An' when he came home once he fell on the floor,
 'N' we run'd an' hid behind ma's bedroom door—
 Didn't we, Jim?

"She told us, our ma did, when she's sick in bed,
 'N' out of the Bible some verses she read,
 To never touch wine an' some more I can't think,
 But the last words she said was to never to drink—
 Didn't she, Jim?

"But our other ma, what our pa brought home
 there,
 She whipped little Jim 'cause he stood on a chair
 'N' kissed our ma's picture that hung on the wall,
 'N' struck me for not doin' nothin' at all—
 Didn't she, Jim?

"She said 'at we never had no bringin' up,
 'N' stayed round the house 'n' et everything up,
 'N' said 'at we couldn't have no more to eat,
 'N' all 'at we's fit fer was out in the street—
 Didn't she, Jim?

"We said 'at we hated her—didn't we, Jim?
 But our pa—well, we didn't say nothin' to him,

But just took ma's picture an' bofe run'd away,
 'N' that's what Jim's cryin' 'bout, out here to-day—
 Didn't we, Jim ?

“ Mister, don't feel bad, 'cause Jim's cryin', too,
 Fer we're goin' to hunt 'n' git somethin' to do ;
 'Cause our ma 'at died said to work an' to pray
 'N' we'd all be together in glory some day—
 Didn't she, Jim ? ”

BEN KING.

THE SPARROW'S CREED

THREE little sparrows in the snow
 Just on the sill,
 Who came almost an hour ago,
 And wait there still.

They look inside and peck the pane,
 The sparrow's prayer.
 They look and peck, and wait again,
 What do I care ?

Have I not prayed and been denied,
 Met no reply ?
 Why should the birds be satisfied
 Sooner than I ?

Why should I heed their hungry plea
 For crumbs or crust ?
 I will give them when God gives me,
 And that is just.

But not a sparrow leaves its place
 Upon the snow.
 They look inside with eager face,
 But will not go.

They are so sure that I will hear
 Who heard before.
 Having received, they feel no fear
 In asking more.

You gave us once, their glances say,
 And will again.
 And still they watch and wait and pray
 Outside the pane.

My hungry heart and selfish will
 Are brought to bay
 By sparrows on the window sill
 More wise than they.

I ask, then murmur, then despair.
 They ask and wait,
 Sure of an answer to their prayer
 Early or late.

The doubting shadows turn and flee,
 My eyes grow dim.
 Shall sparrows have more faith in me
 Than I in Him?

Whose loving kindness made me whole
 In all the past.
 Whose bounty has endowed my soul
 From first to last.

I scatter out the food they ask
 With lavish hand.
 Their creed it is an easy task
 To understand.

Pray and wait, and wait and pray,
 Sure of reply ;
 And Faith comes back to her olden sway,
 Though happy sparrows fly away
 Fuller than I.

REBECCA EASTERBROOKS.

*From "The Bottom Plank of Mental Healing,"
 by permission of The Power Book Co.*

DARK DAYS

"COME in, come in, sir ; it's blowin' a perfect gale to-
 night.
 Hang your coat up by the door, then come to the fire
 —that's right—
 Things is kinder untidy—haven't much furniture yet ;
 But the shack is shelter, at least, from the wind, and
 snow, and wet !
 Yes, times is hard, an' I rec'on there won't be much
 to show
 For our last year's work on the farm, with the price
 of wheat so low.
 An' the wife's bin sick a long time—had the lay-grip
 real bad.
 Got kinder all tuckered out—bin workin' too hard, she
 had.
 I've jist bin fetchin' the doctor—that's him now gone
 upstairs.
 He didn't ask for cash right now, or inquire about my
 affairs.
 Ef he had, the Lord knows what I'd 'a' done—we
 haven't any, you see.
 There's no one here to do the work but Sue an' baby
 an' me.

Hadn't no money to hire a girl. She tried to manage
 alone.
 Terr'ble hard on her, it was—she's just wasted to skin
 an' bone.
 She'd a good home in Ontairy—never had to work so
 hard ;
 Not to work, as she's done out here, in house an'
 stable an' yard.
 It's rough on a man, this climate, when poorly clothed
 an' fed,
 An' housed in a shack so cold that the breath smokes
 round your head.
 Gosh! an' I couldn't help it. I would have to go to
 town
 With a load of wood er hay for Smith er Jones er
 Brown.
 Tryin' to earn a dollar er two, to keep the wolf from
 the door
 An' buy the things we needed, cos we couldn't git
 tick at the store.
 A' while I was away she'd have to look after the
 stock,
 Chop out the water-hole at the crick when 'twas frozen
 up like a rock.
 Drive the cattle to water—an' she only a little thing—
 Hardly up to my shoulder, yet she would laugh an'
 sing
 An' try to make light of her labour, because it
 worried me!
 But it told on me, all the same, an' now she's down,
 you see.
 I'm terr'ble anxious to hear what the doctor'll have
 to say.
 'Course, it's only a cold—she'll be up in another day.
 But it's so queer not to see her round—nervous-like,
 I feel.
 Ef times jis wasn't so hard, I'd make some kind of a
 deal

An' git her East to her folks—jis wouldn't that be a surprise!
 But I'm helpless with these mortgages—chattel and otherwise.—
 Well, doctor, how does she seem? Guess I was wrong in my head
 To be so scared this mornin', doctor.—My God, she's dead!"

ANON.

DIDN'T THINK O' LOSIN' HIM

ALWAYS wuz abusin' him—
 Rough an' rougher usin' him,
 Love an' all refusin' him,
 Though his tears 'u'd fall.
 Didn't think o' losin' him—
 Not at all!

He, poor feller, he'd jest sigh,
 With a waterin' o' the eye—
 Say: "It's all my fault," an' try
 T' stave 'em off awhile.
 "Some day I'll lay down an' die—
 Then they'll smile."

An' he did. God's sometimes heap
 Kinder ter his poor lost sheep
 Than the ones 'at has their keep.
 So, one darkened day,
 He jest told him: "Go to sleep,"
 In His own kind way.

Then the poor, sad, tearful eyes
 Smiled their thanks to God's own skies

With a kind o' sweet surprise—
 An' the heart grew still.
 Said one of 'em : " Thar he lies ;
 'Tis God's will."

Always wuz abusin' him—
 Rough an' rougher usin' him,
 Love an' all refusin' him,
 Though his tears 'u'd fall.
 Didn't think o' losin him—
 Not at all!

FRANK L. STANTON.

THE MASTER OF RAVEN'S WOE

THE wail of a woman's voice,
 And the cry of a new-born child—
 The snowy drifts were eddying far,
 The night was bitter and wild ;
 And ever above the wind there came,
 And over the snowdrifts piled,
 The wail of a weary woman's voice,
 The cry of a little child.

In his large arm-chair the master sat
 And cowered above the flame,
 For he heard the wail of that weary voice,
 And he knew that it called his name.
 And it smote his soul with a deadly chill,
 Though the fire was blazing high,
 Though the curtains close were shutting out
 The strife of the troubled sky.

In his large arm-chair he sat, and gazed
 On the fire with reddened eyes ;
 And ever along the wind there came
 Those strange, unearthly cries.

And he shouted, "Keep the woman out!—
Let her not come in, I say!"—
While the servants shuddering in the hall
Were like enough to obey.

"By God!" he muttered, "am I a babe
To be scared by a coward's fear?
'Tis a roughish night, 'tis a dismal wind,
Yet the dead cannot come here."
But ever above the storm there came,
And over the snowdrifts piled,
The wail of a weary woman's voice,
The cry of a little child.

"Let her not come in!" he shouted again,
While the women shrieked with fear,
For that dreary cry on the driving gust
Seemed coming terribly near;
And he drew his chair more close to the blaze,
And cursed the wind as it blew,
But the wind laughed loud in the creaking panes
At the secrets that it knew.

Nearer and nearer the crying came,
Till it seemed at the very door;
And the master quailed as he heard the voice,
And cursed and muttered the more.
Then a bitter gust of the howling wind
Along the corridor passed,
And the door was suddenly driven wide
With a blow of the icy blast.

From his huge arm-chair the master sprang
With the cry of a frightened hound;
And he faced to the door where the woman stood
In the snowflakes eddying round.

Her face was pale as a face long dead,
 A ghastly, terrible white ;
 No word she spake, but her eyes shone forth
 With a strange, unearthly light.

None other saw what the master saw,
 None other heard what he heard ;
 None other knew what the master knew,
 In the shadows chill and blurred.
 But there in his bitter trial's hour
 He stood with madden'd dread—
 Alone with the ghost of a bygone deed,
 Alone with the risen dead.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

By kind permission. All rights reserved.

THE KEY

THE strong man bowed his head,
 In agony of soul he wept,
 And prayed as our dear Lord
 Had prayed, when His disciples slept.
 The altar lights burned low ;
 Without the church the harvest moon
 Shone forth, piercing the gloom
 Within, and on the priest alone.

A halo gathered round
 That saintly form on bended knee,
 Near by an angel stood
 And held within his hand a key.
 A voice of wondrous tone
 Broke through the stillness of the night.
 "Be of good cheer," it said,
 "The darkness soon will turn to light.

"The way of Calvary
 Is rough, but you have played your part,
 Bearing with Him the cross,
 Now rest within His sacred heart.
 Those tears for sinners shed,
 And prayers that from your soul outpour,
 Have gained for you a just
 Reward, the Key to Heaven's Door."

ENID BAIRD.

By kind permission.

NO TELEPHONE IN HEAVEN

"NOW I can wait on baby," the smiling merchant said
 As he stopped and softly toyed with the golden,
 curly head.

"I want 'oo to tall up mamma," came the answer, full
 and free,

"Wif yo' telephone, an' ast her when she's tummin'
 back to me.

"Tell her I so lonesome 'at I don't know what to do,
 An' papa cries so much I dess he must be lonesome
 too;

Tell her to tum to baby, tause at night I dit so 'fraid,
 Wif nobody here to tiss me, when de light bedins to
 fade.

"All froo de day I wants her, for my dolly's dot so
 tored

Fum de awful punchin' Buddy gave it wif his little
 sword;

An' ain't nobody to fix it since mamma went away,
 An' poor 'ittle lonesome dolly's dittin' thinner ever'
 day."

“My child,” the merchant murmured, as he stroked
 the anxious brow,
 “There’s no telephone connection where your mother
 lives at now.”
 “Ain’t no telephone in heaven?” and tears sprang to
 her eyes.
 “I fought dat God had ever’fing wif Him up in de
 skies.”

ANON.

THE VAGABOND

DUN’ ’no’ at all about the “what an’ why,”
 Can’t say I ever know’d ;
 Heaven is to me a fair blue stretch o’ sky ;
 Earth’s just a dusty road.

Dun’ ’no’ the names o’ things and what they are ;
 Can’t say’s I ever will.
 Dun’ ’no’ ’bout God—He’s just the noddin’ star
 A’top the windy hill.

Dun’ ’no’ ’bout Life, it’s just a tramp alone
 From wakin’ time till doss.
 Dun’ ’no’ ’bout Death, it’s just a quiet stone
 All over grey wi’ moss.

And why I lives and why this old world spins
 Are things I never know’d ;
 My mark’s the gipsy fires—the lonely inns,
 And still the dusty road.

ROGER QUIN.
By kind permission.

THE DREAM SHIP

I USED to dream in the days gone by
Of some ship on a far-off sea,
That was sailing home from distant lands
With riches and fame for me.
I used to dream of the things I'd do,
The places to which I'd roam,
The things I'd see, and the things I'd buy
On the day that my ship came home.

But the days slipped by, and she never arrived,
And I think that I railed at fate.
Yet railing, still dreamed of a luck that would turn,
And turning, put all things straight.
Anxiously watching the vessels that rode
On the crest of the white-capped foam,
Waiting, full many a weary day,
For a ship that never came home!

Dear old ship, you are still on the ocean!
You're a long way overdue!
But I've had other ships come home since then,
And I don't think I fret for you!
For they've brought me things no money can buy
And they've built a new world for me.
So, all things considered, perhaps it is best
That you have remained at sea!

VALENTINE.

*Specially written for this Volume.
By kind permission of the Author.*

ROCK OF AGES

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Thoughtlessly a maiden sang ;
 Fell the words unconsciously
 From her girlish, gleeful tongue ;
 Sung as little children sing,
 Sung as sing the birds in June,
 Fell the words like light leaves sown
 On the current of the tune :
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Felt her soul no need to hide,
 Sweet the song as song could be,
 And she had no thought beside ;
 All the words unheedingly
 Fell from lips untouched by care,
 Dreaming not that each might be
 On some other lips a prayer :
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me—
 'Twas a woman sung them now,
 Thoughtfully and pleadingly,
 Every word her heart did know.
 Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
 Beats with weary wings the air ;
 Every note with sorrow stirred,
 Every syllable a prayer :
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me—
 Lips grown aged sung them now,
 Trustingly and tenderly ;
 Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,

Let me hide myself in Thee.

Trembling though the voice, and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully,

As a river in its flow ;

Sung as only they can sing

Who life's thorny ways have pressed ;

Sung as only they can sing

Who behold the promised rest :

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me—

Sung above a coffin lid ;

Underneath so restfully,

All life's cares and sorrows hid ;

Nevermore, oh storm-tossed soul,

Nevermore from wind and tide,

Nevermore from billows roll

Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes,

Closed beneath the soft grey hair,

Could thy mute and stiffened lips

Move again in pleading prayer ;

Still, aye still, the song would be :

Let me hide myself in Thee.

ANON.

TAM I' THE KIRK

O JEAN, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congrega-
tion,

Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frae its iron
mou',

When abody's thocht is set on his ain salvation,
Mine's set on you.

There's a red rose lies on the Buik o' the Word afore
 ye
 That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o' day;
 But the lad that pu'd yon flower i' the morning's
 glory,
 He canna' pray.

He canna' pray; but there's nane i' the kirk will heed
 him,
 Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side o' the wa',
 For nane but the red rose kens what my lassie gi'ed
 him,
 It, an' us twa.

He canna' sing for the sang that his ain heart raises;
 He canna' see for the mist that's afore his een,
 And a voice drowns the hale o' the psalms and the
 paraphrases,
 Cryin, "Jean—Jean—Jean."

VIOLET JACOB.

"Songs of Angus." By kind permission.

SCANDAL

A WOMAN to a holy father went,
 Confession of her sins was her intent;
 And so her misdemeanours, great and small,
 She faithfully rehearsed them all;
 And, chiefest in her catalogue of sin,
 She owned that she a tale-bearer had been,
 And borne a bit of scandal up and down
 To all the long-tongued gossips of the town.
 The holy father, for her other sin,
 Granted the absolution asked of him;
 But while for all the rest he pardon gave,
 He told her this offence was very grave,

And that to do fit penance she must go
 Out by the wayside, where the thistles grow ;
 And gathering the largest, ripest one,
 Scatter its seeds ; and that when this was done
 She must come back again another day
 To tell him : his commands she must obey.
 Feeling right glad she had escaped so well,
 Next day, but one, she went the priest to tell.
 The priest sat still and heard her story through,
 Then said, " There's something still for you to
 do :

Those little thistle seeds which you have sown
 I bid you to regather every one."
 The woman said, " But, father, 'twould be vain
 To try to gather up these seeds again ;
 The winds have scattered them, both far and
 wide,
 O'er the meadowed vale and mountain side."
 The father answered, " May I hope from this,
 The lesson I have taught you will not miss ;
 You cannot gather back the scattered seeds,
 Which, far and wide, will grow to noxious weeds ;
 Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown
 By any penance be again undone.

ANON.

A LIQUID PEARL

OH ! I donno the darkness from mornin' light,
 Nor mid-day from twilight dim,
 Till the sisters' voices, so clear an' bright,
 Are raised in the wesper 'ymn ;
 For the Bosches they didn' 'arf do it slick,
 W'en they put it acrost me 'ead—
 They just put out me eyes, an' snuffed me wick
 W'en they sent me ter Blighty—an' bed !

But just w'en the pain was the 'ottest 'ell
 A lady sits down by me cot,
 An' the touch ov cool fingers soon made me well,
 For me pore 'ead no longer was 'ot.
 She took 'old ov me 'and, an' she w'ispered low,
 Like the sound ov an angel's song :
 " Gawd 'elp you, pore chap! It is 'ard, I know,
 But the pain will be passin' ere long ;

" An' there's 'appiness, even for you, at larst,
 W'en the clouds won't be allus so black !
 Gawd keep you, an' grant, w'en your sufferin's
 past,
 A share ov life's sweetest things back !"
 An' sudden, like dew at the dawnin' ov day,
 There splashed on me ole, mangled cheek,
 A big pearly tear ov sweet sympathy,
 An'—so 'elp me, boys, I couldn't speak !

An' she soon passed away, but I 'eard a bloke say :
 " It's 'er Majesty, boys! It's the Queen !"
 Well! that knocked me as silly as any 'ole jay,
 But I thanked Gawd that I 'adn't seen ;
 For she knoo I woz blind, an' 'er 'eart was so kind
 That she gave me that pearl that's so dear.
 No such treasure again on this earth will I find,
 As that gem wivout price—just a tear !

GEORGE JOHNSTONE.

By kind permission.

TODDLES

(To Nancy)

COME, Vagrant Muse! let's lilt a lay
 To Toddles, dear wee Toddles ;
 Oh! lease me on the happy day,
 When first I saw ye, Toddles ;

Pattering with paws that never tire,
 Roon' "Cinderella" by the fire,
 The sicht wad ony bard inspire
 Tae pen a verse tae Toddles!

Whaur were ye born? In Lilliput?
 Oh teeny, weeny Toddles;
 Ye're just an animated smut;
 Sae black's ye're coatie, Toddles;
 O' poms, ye shairly rank the least,
 A perfect nievefu' o' a beast,
 Yet there's a heart within ye're briest,
 Wee rampin', kindly Toddles!

Affection's shinin' in ye're een,
 Perplexin', pawky Toddles;
 There's humour, sense, an' wisdom keen
 In ilka glance o' Toddles;
 The canine wishes, hopes, an' fears
 Speak in ye're twitchin' stumps o' ears,
 An' when fair Nancy's form appears
 A prood, prood dog is Toddles!

When next ye nestle on her knee,
 Oh enviable Toddles!
 Convey a wireless wish frae me
 In ye're ain lingo, Toddles;
 That when she leaves her father's care,
 Anither's hoose an' hame tae share,
 May health an' happiness be there,
 An' her wee comrade, Toddles.

Your gentle mistress lo'es you weel,
 Wee Toddles, lucky Toddles;
 Ye're sic a fussy, dear wee deil,
 She canna' help it, Toddles;

When by yersel's, naebody near,
 She doubtless whispers in ye're ear
 The name o' ane what's very dear,
 An' shares her heart wi' Toddles!

An' when in peacefu' years to come,
 Wee petted, pampered Toddles;
 Bring dearest pets to her new home
 To steal her love from Toddles;
 When happy youngsters, sweet an' fair,
 Are rompin' roon' their grandad's chair,
 May he, the Actor, stootly swear:
 "Ye mauna' tease Auld Toddles!"

ROGER QUIN.

By arrangement with Mr Sturrock Campbell.

WHAT CAN A LITTLE CHAP DO?

*WHAT can a little chap do
 For his country and for you?
 What CAN a little chap do?*

He can play a straight game all through;—
That's one good thing he can do.

He can fight like a Knight
 For the Truth and the Right;—
That's another good thing he can do.

He can shun all that's mean,
 He can keep himself clean,
 Both without and within;—
That's a very fine thing he can do.

His soul he can brace
 Against everything base,
 And the trace will be seen
 All his life in his face ;
That's an excellent thing he can do.

He can look to the Light,
 He can keep his thought white,
 He can fight the great fight,
 He can do with his might
 What is good in God's sight ;—
Those are truly great things he can do.

Though his years be but few,
 If he keep himself true
 He can march in the queue
 Of the Good and the Great,
 Who battled with fate
 And won through ;—
That's a wonderful thing he can do.

And—in each little thing
 He can follow THE KING,
 Yes—in each smallest thing
 He can follow THE KING,—
 He can follow THE CHRIST, THE KING.

JOHN OXENHAM.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE ACTOR'S GIFT

IN Lyons, in the mart of that French town,
 Years since, a woman, leading a fair child,
 Craved a small alms of one who, walking down
 The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance and
 smiled

To see behind its eyes a noble soul ;
 He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
 This chance of pearl to do another good ;
 So he waited, sorry to refuse

The asked-for penny, then aside he stood,
 And, with his hat held as by limb the nest,
 He covered his kind face and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
 Of commerce where the singer stood was filled,
 And many paused, and, listening, paused again
 To hear the voice that through and through them
 thrilled ;

I think the guardian angel helped along
 That cry for pity woven in a song.

The singer stood between the beggars there
 Before the church ; and overhead the spire,
 A slim, perpetual finger in the air
 Held toward heaven, land of the heart's desire,
 As though an angel, pointing up, had said,
 "Yonder a crown awaits the singer's head."

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
 Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
 Her kiss upon the hand of help. 'Twas noon,
 And noon in her glad heart drove forth her tears.
 The singer, pleased, passed on, and softly thought
 "Men will not know by whom this deed was
 wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage.

Cheer after cheer went up from that wild throng,
And flowers rained on him. Nought could assuage

The tumult of the welcome, save the song
That for the beggars he had sung that day
While standing in the city's busy way.

Oh! cramped and narrow is the man who lives

Only for self, and pawns his years away
For gold, nor knows the joy a good deed gives,
But feels his heart shrink slowly, day by day,
And dies at last, his band of fate outrun ;
No high aim sought, no worthy action done.

But brimmed with molten brightness like a star,

And broad and open as the sea or sky,
The generous heart. Its kind deeds shine afar,
And glow in gold in God's great book on high ;
And he who does what good he can each day
Makes smooth and green, and strews with flowers, his
way.

ANON.

A PASSWORD

HAVE you got a new idea?—

Pass it on!

Tho' it doesn't seem worth while,

Pass it on . . .

It may fall on fallow soil, all prepared for fertile
seeds ;

It may be the inspiration that the other fellow
needs ;

It may broaden his horizon—spur him on to greater
deeds ;

If you've got a new idea—

Pass it on!

If you have a knotty problem—

Pass it on!

Don't give up or lose your grip—

Pass it on . . .

Tho' the question may have stumped you or the
ghost be hard to lay,

It may strike the other fellow in a very different
way ;

And the answer that eludes you may stand out as
clear as day.

When you think you're "up against it"—

Pass it on!

ERNEST B. MCCREADY.

THE ETERNAL QUEST

I SOUGHT for peace amid the throng
That follows fast the syren's song ;
In pleasure's halls I vainly strove
To rest my soul on passing love ;
And for an hour of song I seemed
To gain the heaven of love I dreamed,
When passing, like a summer's day,
It bore my hope of peace away.

I sought in war, in war to find
Some vent to ease my troubled mind,
Where in the rage of sword and fire
I might forget my soul's desire ;
And for awhile, amid the fray
I laughed the thought of peace away,
When passing, like a wintry wind,
It left my saddened soul behind.

I left the scenes where rivals meet
And sought the soul's serene retreat,
Where holy choirs, with songs, upraise,
Uplift the soul to prayer and praise.
And now I know the joy is mine,
That flowing from a love divine,
When pleasures cloy and passions cease,
Shall lull my soul to perfect peace!

ALFRED H. MILES.

By permission of the Author.

LIGHTLY SPOKEN

JUST what is happening every day:
A gathering cloud on a sunny way,
All the fault of a careless word,
Lightly spoken and dumbly heard,
Feathered shaft with a fatal art,
Winging its path to a tender heart.

Strange how often we wound our own,
Scornful of glance and bitter of tone;
Strange how loosely in hand we hold
Treasures of peace more worth than gold,
When, half in earnest and half in jest,
We grieve and hurt whom we love the best.

Little it matters which was wrong
If the discord drop in the tuneful song.
Little it matters which was right
If the shadow blot the household light.
When both are hasty and each is proud,
Both are to blame for the passing cloud.

Then let it pass : 'tis the wiser way
To kiss and be friends, nor mar the day
With the evil blight of a bootless strife,
To stain the spirit and dim the life ;
Let the lips that breathed and the ears that heard
Take heed henceforth of the thoughtless word.

ANON.