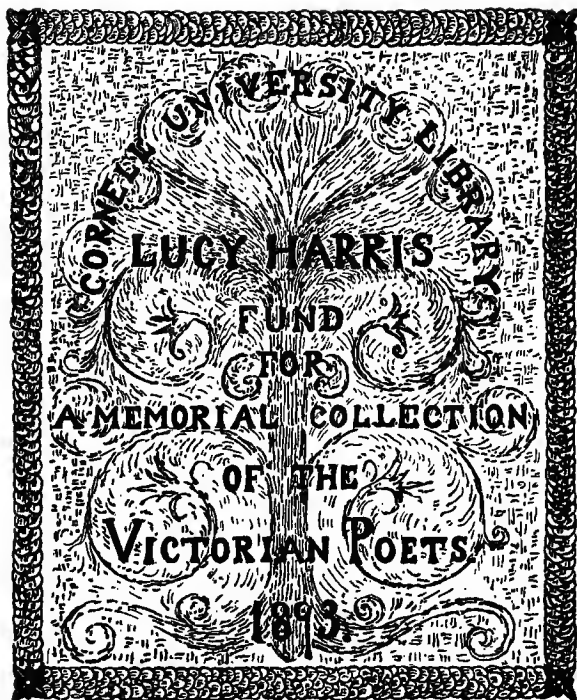




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THE ANCOATS SKYLARK.

The Ancoats Skylark

AND

.... OTHER VERSES,

Original and Translated.

BY

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.



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1894.

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TO
JAMES CLARK,
IN TOKEN OF A FRIENDSHIP OF MANY YEARS,
AND OF SYMPATHY WITH
HIS ZEALOUS LABOURS FOR BRIGHTENING AND BETTERING
THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF VERSE IS FRATERNALLY
DEDICATED.

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THE ANCOATS SKYLARK.

Perhaps it was difficult for people to understand the extraordinary ignorance of town children in such districts as he was referring to respecting the commonest natural objects. The other day he was inspecting a school in Ancoats, and the boys in the first class were repeating some poetry they had learnt about a skylark. He enquired whether anyone had ever seen a lark ; there was a silence, but a boy presently held out his hand to signify he wished to speak, and on his saying, "Well, where did you see a lark?" he answered, "In the public-house at the corner of the street, in a cage." He (Mr. Oakeley) thought, "Poor caged lark, and poor caged little lad."—*Speech of Mr. H. E. OAKELEY, H.M. Senior Inspector of Schools, at the opening of the Manchester School Board Central Higher Grade School, July, 1884.*

THE day was hot, the summer sun
Pierced through the city gloom ;
It touched the teacher's anxious face,
It brightened all the room.
Around him children of the poor,
Ill fed, with clothing scant,
The flotsam of the social wreck,
The heirs of work and want.
The sunlight glorified their rags
As he essayed to tell
The wonders of the country side,
Of clough, and burn, and fell.
For, as he spoke, the schoolroom walls
Kept fading from his sight.
He stood upon his native hills,
All bathed in golden light.

Once more he heard the skylark sing,
 Sing right at heaven's door,
 And fill the span of earth beneath
 With music from its store.

A summer cloud sailed o'er the sky,
 The sunlight passed away,
 The teacher saw his puny boys
 With city grime all grey.

“ And which of you has heard a lark,
 “ Or seen its fluttering wings,
 “ As o'er the hills of Lancashire
 “ It rises and it sings ?

“ Ah, no, the hills are far away,
 “ From Ancoats' toil and stress.
 “ The skylark, have you heard its song
 “ Or seen its homely dress ? ”

A silence fell upon the class,
 On all the listening ring,
 Then one said, “ Sir, I've seen a lark,
 “ And heard him loudly sing.”

“ And where, my little Ancoats lad,
 “ Did you the layrock see ? ”
 “ 'Twas in a wooden cage that hung
 “ Outside the ‘ Cotton Tree.’ ”

Alas, poor bird ! chained thus amidst
 The city's smoke and gloom,
 No more for thee the sunny sky,
 The wild flower's sweet perfume.

Alas, poor caged Ancoats boy !
 That freedom's song ne'er heard
 Trilled o'er the fells of Lancashire
 By this bright poet-bird.

Alas the teacher, who of hills
 The dear delight has known,
 And, now amidst the city slums,
 Is bound by walls of stone.

And yet the teacher finds it joy
 To help the laddish throng ;
 The boy is blithe, and strong of heart,
 The bird ne'er fails in song.

So may the teacher's magic art,
 The bird's melodious ditty,
 The sunshine of the boyish heart,
 Ne'er fade from out the city.

Until the time once more shall come,
 When free from bars and ties,
 The bonny layrock's song shall thrill
 Through all the Ancoats skies.

THE KINGDOM OF FRUGALITY.

One saying to a Philosopher, "could'st thou but please Dionysius, thou needs not eat herbs and roots;" the Philosopher answered, "could'st thou but eat herbs and roots, thou need'st not to please Dionysius." To the humble-minded temptations of greatness are no great temptations. (*Ralph Venning's "Heathen Improved,"* 25.)

THE courtier to the wise man said,
 "Could'st thou the ways of courts but learn
 "The favour of the king to earn,
 "Thou need'st not live on fruit and bread."
 "Could'st thou but live on fruit and bread,
 "No kingly favour need'st thou earn,
 "The ways of courts thou need'st not learn,"
 The wise man to the courtier said.
 In frugal wise his life who schools
 A realm of independence rules.

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

THE quaint old house stands clothed in white,
 In wintry robe of snow bedight.

The seed lies warm beneath the snow ;
 Within warm hearts are all aglow.

What thoughts throng to the house to-night,
 That shimmers in the moon's cold light.

There's one amid Australian folds
 Will think to-night of snowy wolds.

And one beneath the skies of Ind
 Will hear in thought the wintry wind.

And one upon dark Afric's strand
 Will see in dream his native land.

Wherever England's sons may roam,
 Their thoughts fly fondly back to home.

The brave old home that stands so bold
 Amid the blast and wintry cold ;

The brave old home that glitters white,
 In snowy robe, this Christmas night.

The house is emblem of the race—
 Has strength for beauty, use for grace.

Like England's hand, 'tis strong to hold ;
 Like England's soul, 'tis stout and bold.

Though snow and ice may wrap it round,
 The heart within is warm and sound !

THE LAMENT OF MOLUA.

In that curious compilation, the "Felibre" of Cengus, we read: "Maelanfaid, *i.e.* Abbot of Darinis, at Les Mo'r Molue is Darinis, *i.e.* *ubi* a great river *in mare exit*. He is that Maelanfaid who saw on a certain day a little bird a-wailing and lamenting. 'Ah my God,' quoth he, 'what has happened here? I vow,' quoth he, 'I will not eat food until it is revealed to me.' So while he was there he beheld an Angel (coming) to him. 'That is well, O Cleric,' said the Angel, 'let (this) not give thee grief any more. Molua Mac Ocha has died, and therefore it is that the living creatures bewail him, for he never killed a living creature, whether small or great. So that not more do the people bewail him than the other living creatures, and the little bird which thou seest.'"—*Calendar of Cengus*, Jan. 31st, Edited by Whitley Stokes, 1880.

MAE LANFAID, Abbot of Darinis, where
 The mighty river empties in the sea,
 Was walking rapt in holy thoughts and prayer
 When he beheld a small and lovely bird
 With feathers drooping, and all signs of woe,
 Who from a sad heart poured a plaintive song
 That shook and quivered with its inward grief,
 And struck Maelanfaid's kindly soul with woe.
 "What may this mean? and what has happened here?
 "I will not taste of food until I know
 "The meaning of the sad song of the bird."
 So he refrained from food, and in the night
 There came to him a vision beautiful,
 A shining angel, clad in light and flame,
 Whose face benign was full of holy calm.
 "Be not disturbed," the angel said, "nor grieve
 "As to the meaning of the bird's lament.
 "Molua is dead, and for him all the birds
 "And all the beasts make lamentations deep,
 "For he was one who loved them, great and small,
 "And never killed a creature, small or great,

" But left untouched the good God's gift of life.
 " So did all creatures love him ; all lament
 " That he departed from the earth away,
 " For love to all hearts is the master key,
 " By it the world was made, and is maintained,
 " And by it all things will again return
 " Back to their bright primeval innocence."
 The angel vanished, and Maelanfaid knelt
 To pray for the quick coming of the time
 When all shall own the golden rule of love.

GOD'S IMAGE.

From STATIUS.

With this thought of Statius may be compared the words of Santa Teresa de Jesus de Avila: "Consider what St. Augustine says, viz., 'That he sought God in many places, and came at last to find Him in himself.' Do you think that it is but of little importance to recognise this truth; to know that we need not mount to heaven to speak with our Eternal Father? . . . Neither do we need wings to fly and seek Him, for we have but to be still and to quiet ourselves to behold Him within ourselves. . . . Let us not then slight so gracious a Guest, but reflect how much it concerns us to recognise this great truth, viz., that God dwells within us and that we should dwell with Him."—*Tollemache's "Spanish Mystics,"* 1886, p. 37.

GOD hath no shape, nor can the artists' hands
 His figure frame in shining gold or wood,
 God's holy image—God-sent—only stands
 Within the bosoms of the wise and good.

THE SAYING OF ALI IBN ABI-TALIB.

WITH health of body and content of mind,
 And with ambition cast from out his heart,
He is the richest man, in sober truth,
 Although for lack of bread his life depart.

A PYRAMID.

An imitation of a sonnet written by NUÑEZ D'ARCE.

A KING, who wisht remembrance for his name,
 So that the world its sound would ne'er forget,
 By thousand shrinking slaves in blood and sweat
 Built up this mighty pyramid of fame.
 But vain and sterile soon his dream became ;
 His deeds has History refused to write,
 And Time, though old and blind, in rapid flight,
 O'erturns his statues, and blots out his name.
 The dust that on the hollow of his hand
 The traveller looks at with an aspect grave,
 Was it the dust of tyrant or of slave ?
 All things are changed beneath Time's potent wand.
 God doth for overmast'ring human pride
 Oblivion's Eternity provide.

 THE SALT OF CHARITY.

This story is told in the Talmud of Rabbi Jochanon ben Zacchai and the daughter of Nicodemus ben Gorion.

THE Rabbi in the Holy City's streets,
 Met, clothéd in the garments of the poor,
 The child of one whose wealth was known to all.
 And as she picked the scanty scattered grain
 From off the dusty pathway of the street
 He said to her, " Good daughter, why this trade
 " For one whose playthings once were made of gold ?
 " Where are thy father's boasted riches now ?"
 Then said the maiden with a saddened heart,
 " Amidst my father's store of corn and oil
 " (Alas ! that I who loved him have to say)
 " The salt was wanting that would keep it sweet.

" For things unsalted haste to putrefy,
 " And charity keeps riches from decay.
 " This did my father lack, and therefore I
 " Pick from the street the scattered grain for food.
 " 'Tis salt of charity keeps riches pure ;
 " So from my sorrow may a proverb rise,
 " And rich men be the stewards of the poor."

THE BLIND MAN'S WIFE.

This is suggested by a passage in "Les Misérables" of VICTOR HUGO.

I'M blind, but have your love, dear wife ;
 How strangely happy is my fate !
 Since none may have a perfect state :
 How glad beyond the most of life !

I know the need which you can fill,
 Your faithful and your constant part,
 And know you need me in your heart,
 That both may make one perfect will.

Give me your little hand, sweet wife ;
 That hand so weak ; and yet so strong
 To shield me from all careless wrong ;
 A reed, and yet my staff of life.

Unworthy centre of your life,
 I'm strong because infirm and weak ;
 I feel your lips upon my cheek,
 Your guiding hand, my own true wife.

The perfect love casts out all fear,
 And who is certain, is not blind,
 But carries in his constant mind
 A sun that shines throughout the year.

Your love is mine I have no fears,
 For me you walk and talk and sing,
 Your rustling robe an angel's wing,
 That makes sweet music in my ears.

The light of love can never fade ;
 For all there is of fair and bright,
 I would not change the perfect light
 That cheers my Paradise of Shade.

A PROVERB QUESTIONED.

“A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”—*Old Proverb.*

IS a bird in the hand worth two in the bush ?
 The free birds are joyful, the captive is sad ;
 Blythe sings the linnet, and blythe sings the thrush.
 Is a bird in the hand worth two in the bush ?
 Their gay songs answer with happy rush,
 Delighting the hearts of lass and of lad.
 Is a bird in the hand worth two in the bush ?
 The free birds are joyful, the captive is sad.

PLUCK AT A GOWN OF GOLD.

“Pluck at a gown of gold and you may get the sleeve”—*Scotch Proverb.*

PLUCK at a gown of gold and you may get the sleeve,
 For fortune waits upon the bold who promptly do
 and dare,
 Who put away all cant and foolish make-believe.
 Pluck at a gown of gold and you may get the sleeve ;
 Though weary step may fail, and weary heart may grieve,
 The constant spirit wins at last and triumphs o'er despair.
 Pluck at a gown of gold and you may get the sleeve,
 For fortune waits upon the bold who promptly do and dare.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "IMITATIO CHRISTI."

This was written on receiving "L'Imitazioni ta Cristu minn Tommaso da Kempis" (Malta, 1886) a Maltese version of the "Imitatio Christi," a book that has appealed to the most diverse minds, and has been translated into many languages. See "Story of the Imitatio Christi," by L. A. Wheatley (1891).

A SOLITARY monk within a cell,
 Whose walls did make an island of his life,
 Surrounded by the waves of war and strife,
 His hours obedient to the convent bell
 Until the grave had closed upon his corse.
 A life secluded from the haunts of men ;
 A soul that found an utterance, by the pen,
 For hope and sorrow, joy and sad remorse ;
 A soul that longed for purity, that taught
 Man's duty was to beat down pride and sin,
 To conquer passion, keep all white within,
 And shun a world with dark and evil fraught.
 Ages have passed, yet still, amid the strife,
 Is heard the music of that far-off life.

A "LEGEND OF GOOD SAINT GUTHLAC."

This legend forms the tenth chapter of the Anglo-Saxon version of the Life of St. Guthlac, which was published from the MS. Vespasian, D xxi., in the Cottonian collection by C. W. Goodwin, in 1848. The Anglo-Saxon is a translation from the Latin biography, written by Felix of Crowland, not later than A.D. 749. See also Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, 2nd Series, xii., p. 641.

FAR from the madding world and all its dreams ;
 Far from the strife of battle and of courts,
 From pride of prelates and from lust of gain,
 Amidst the wild fens Guthlac made his home,
 And dwelt within an island hermitage,
 Where holy thought and meditation pure

Filled up the measure of his daily life.
 Few were his wants, for in the hermitage
 His food of barley bread and water cold
 He ate in frugal wise ; with many prayers
 For those who in the angry world beyond
 Were seeking things that cannot satisfy.

And once there came unto his lowly roof
 One who had known him in the far off past,
 When Guthlac was a warrior bold, and strove
 With many for the mastery, and sought
 The prizes of ambition and of war,
 And all the gilded toys that mankind love,
 And wreck their souls in striving to obtain.
 But Wilfrith now had left the garish world,
 And for communion came to Guthlac's cell,
 And there they talked of holy things, and each
 Gave strength unto the other for the path,
 Thorny and hard, that each one had to tread.

Whilst thus they talked two swallows blithely flew
 From the bright air into the quiet cell,
 And filled it with the music of their song.
 They perched upon St. Guthlac's arms and sang,
 Then on his shoulders, and his knees, and breast,
 And fearless sang the joy that filled their hearts.

In silence Wilfrith watched the merry birds
 Until his wonder shaped itself in speech,
 "How is it, Guthlac, that the wandering birds
 Whose home is in this lonely wilderness,
 Thus lose their wildness and make friends with thee—
 Tamer than birds that freedom never knew,
 Born in the cage and kept from loftier flight?"
 "Dost thou not know," Saint Guthlac answered then,
 "That he who strives to lead a holy life,

" Who loves all things that God hath made and blessed,
 " By all those creatures is in turn beloved ?
 " They see no slaughter in his kindly eyes,
 " And love him for the love he shows to them.
 " For him the birds sing sweetest, and the beasts
 " Repay him with their grateful thankfulness.
 " Thus as the world recedes the creatures come
 " And teach him all their secret, sacred thought.
 " So since I fled from wicked worldly men
 " I hear the voices of the heavenly host,
 " And angel visitants make fair and bright
 " My little cot, and fill with music sweet,
 " Sweeter than kings can know, this lowly roof."

Then Wilfrith went his way, and took with him
 The key of love that opens every heart.

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

This was suggested by Mr. J. R. Weguelin's picture (No. 267) in
 the New Gallery, 1892.

AMID the springing grass and blooming flowers
 A maiden lies in indolent delight,
 And dreams a future full of rosy light,
 Whilst round her sweetly swoon the summer hours.
 A tall and sculptured Pan above her towers,
 She dimly sees the great god gleaming white,
 His sad and solemn eyes devoid of sight,
 Whilst from his flute a silent song outpours.
 In vision now she sees Love's dearest face,
 Who woos her with a passion-laden breath,
 And clasps her in a mystical embrace ;
 Yet Love shall never give her life his grace,
 For Fate her doom hath sternly fixed, and saith,
 " This maid shall be the bride alone of Death."

HEAD AND HEART.

From FR. BODENDSTEDT.

A HEAD without a heart makes evil blood ;
 Nor is a heart without a head much good :
 For he who would at happiness arrive
 Needs heart and head, and both of them alive.

LINCOLN AND THE BROWN THRUSH.

“We have been told by farmers in Central Illinois that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he (Lincoln) died.”—*Century Magazine*.

WHEN Lincoln was a boy
 The brown thrush sang full loud and clear,
 A song of hope that all might hear,
 A song of duty, a song of joy,
 When Lincoln was a boy.

When Lincoln was a man
 The brown thrush sang full sweet and sad
 A song of truth, both stern and glad,
 Of manhood and of manhood's plan,
 When Lincoln was a man.

When Lincoln freed the slave,
 The brown thrush sang its loudest strain,
 A joy that thrilled from heart and brain,
 A melody full strong and brave,
 When Lincoln freed the slave.

When martyred Lincoln died
 The brown thrush sang not for a year—
 Sang not of hope and duty clear,
 In sorrow laid its song aside,
 When martyred Lincoln died.



A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

A BABY sits beneath the garden trees,
 With wondering eyes and ever-eager hands,
 Grave as a sceptred queen who gives commands,
 Whilst fair spring blossoms rest upon her knees.
 Her weakness is her strength; its pleas
 Win her protectors kind in goodly bands,
 Link strong and weak in love's own golden strands,
 Makes service sweet as honey of the bees.

“A little child shall lead them;” true!
 Shall teach them mercy, sacrifice of will;
 For love divine within their hearts shall thrill,
 And with its magic power shall bring to view
 The long-lost Paradise; and mount and rill,
 And grimy streets, with Eden's grace endue.

 OWD DAN'S FIDDLE.

*Un jour tombe et se brise un mauvais violon,
 On le ramasse, on le recolle,
 Et de mauvais il devient bon.
 L'adversité, souvent est une heureuse école.*

—THEVENOT.

O WD Dan had a fiddle 'at hung upo' th' wo'—
 A quare bit o' timber as e'er met a bow;
 He played on it late and he played on it soon
 But rarely could manage to tickle a tune!

Said Dan, “We mun o' on us follow us trade,
 But aw doubt me it isno' for music tha'ert made.
 But what! if thae connot mak melody flow
 Thae looks varry weel as thae hangs upo' th' wo'.”

Bu' one day th'owd fiddle came down wi' a crash,
 "Bith' maskins," said Dan, "I doubt it's a smash,
 But tho' it's i' pieces aw'll do what I con
 For aw should be lonely beawt th' fiddle, bith' mon."

So he teed it wi' tatchin, an' patched it wi' glue
 And fettled it gradely as best he could do.
 He stroked it wi' th' bow—*an' eh! th' sounds at
 coom out—*

A foiner owd fiddle no gowd could ha' bowt.

It laughed wi' his joy and it wept wi' his woe,
 Owd Dan spoke his mind wi' his fiddle and bow.
 And yet this were th' very same bit o' camm'd wood
 'At before it wur' brokken did nobry no good!

Said Dan, "There's a heap o' booath fiddles an' men
 'At wanten a lesson or two now an' then;
 And mony a wise mon is a bit of a foo'
 Till he's bin in a class in Advarsity's Skoo'."

BENEVOLENCE AND GRATITUDE.

Imitated from the "Senilia" of TOURGENIEFF.

THE Virtues were invited once
 To banquet with the Lord of All.
 They came—the great ones rather grim,
 And not so pleasant as the small.

They talked and chatted o'er the meal,
 They even laughed with temperate glee,
 And each one knew the other well,
 And all were good as good could be.

Benevolence and Gratitude

Alone of all seemed "strangers yet,"
 They stared when they were introduced—
 On earth they never once had met.

A LESSON OF MERCY.

This legend appears in Rabbi Stern's "Lichtstrahlen aus dem Talmud," Kapitel xxxviii.

A CALF that to the slaughter-house was doomed
 Escaped its driver, and for mercy fled
 To Rabbi Jehuda, that holy man
 Of God whose praises are in every mouth.
 Jehuda drove it harshly back again—
 "Go thou," he sternly said, "and meet thy doom."
 And on that day a strange and sharp disease
 Crept through his veins and troubled all his soul.
 So passed the time until one summer day
 The Rabbi raised his eyes from off the Law—
 The Sacred Law wherein he ever read—
 And saw his servant-maid with angry eyes
 Young weasels carry forth to kill them all.
 "Nay, let them live," Jehuda mildly said,
 "For it is written in the Holy Book,
 'The Lord is merciful and good to all,
 His pity covers all that He hath made.'"
 So potent is the word of kindly love,
 Jehuda's illness from that moment ceased;
 With brain unclouded and untroubled soul,
 Prince of the Law, in Israel many a day,
 He taught the Gospel of the Mercy Seat.

 THE BIRD.

From VICTOR HUGO.

BE like the bird that on a trembling spray
 Alights and sings;
 Beneath his weight, should it give way,
 He spreads his wings.

MARY BLAND'S STORY.

(As told by a Good Templar Sister.)

WHEN first I left the pleasant country lanes,
 And came to dwell in gloomy city streets,
 I thought the light and glow of life had fled ;
 No longer trees, but endless lines of street,
 No longer flowers, but ceaseless brick and stone,
 No songs of birds high carolling to heaven,
 But here and there a prisoner in a cage,
 Who bravely sang the joys of freedom lost.
 I felt a prisoner too, but had no song
 To cheer me at my long and dreary work,
 Yet soon I found kind hearts to comfort me—
 A country waif thrown on the city sea.
 Within the workroom where my days were passed
 The girls were mostly kind, some gay, some sad,
 Some happy in their homes, and some, alas !
 Had homes that drink and dirt made miserable ;
 It was a mirror of the outside world,
 Save that our toil seemed ever without end.
 Ah ! little did the lovely ladies think
 Who wore the robes our flying fingers made,
 What headache and what heartache went with them,
 Till every stitch could answer with a sigh.
 Yet nature is more merciful than man,
 And man more merciful than womankind,
 And ofttimes laughter chased our cares away
 And we were happy as the birds and flowers.
 One spoke to me of the great city's sin,
 And asked me to unite with those who strove
 To stem the torrent of intemperance ;
 And so I went one night with her to join
 A lodge of Templars—men and women, who,

With speech and song, with kindly word and prayer,
 Sought to reclaim the fallen, and to keep
 The young from falling. Every city knows
 The wrecks of life that on its shores are cast,
 How glad would be my heart if I could save
 A sister from temptation ever near.
 I lingered in the market place to buy
 A bunch of flowers, for from my scanty wage
 I still would spare some few odd pence for these ;
 They called up for me pleasant country sights,
 And as their fragrance reached me, brought again
 The village memories I had left behind.
 Then in the passing crowd I saw a face
 That I had known within the village school ;
 Still lovely, but of innocence bereft,
 The face of one by sin made desperate,
 Who loathed her life and yet could leave it not,
 Whose laughter was a sadder sound than sighs,
 At once the victim and the curse of man.
 So quickly flashed the vision, that she passed
 Ere I could make a move to stay her steps ;
 Yet in that moment of quick destiny,
 She saw me and she knew me, ev'n as I
 Had recognised my lovely school-mate's face.
 I sought to speak with her, but when she saw
 I followed in her track, she fled in haste,
 Too proud to own her misery to one
 Whom she had known in purer, happier, days.
 I went on to the Lodge, and there became
 A living link within a friendly chain
 Encircling many lands, and everywhere
 A barrier 'gainst the constant curse of drink.
 When I had made my vow and had received
 A welcome warm from all my new-found friends,

There was a floral service in the lodge.
 Each one had brought a little gift of flowers,
 Until the room was full of scent, and glow ;
 Of roses rich and red, and lilies white,
 And marguerites in lovely purity,
 And primroses, and pretty daffodils,
 And buttercups so dear to childhood's heart,
 And many more, until the room was like
 A dream of happy England's garden land.
 And one spake of the message of the flowers,
 Their gift of beauty and of hopefulness,
 Their deep significance to those who look
 Beyond the veil, and seek to dimly know
 The deeper meaning of earth's loveliness.
 When this was ended, and the lodge dismissed,
 A party of us went to take the flowers
 To Ancoats Hospital, in Mill Street there,
 That in the house of suffering and pain
 They might make sunshine in a shady place.
 So through the wards we passed, and many eyes
 Looked up with grateful gleam to see our gifts.
 For pleasant it must be for those who lie
 On beds of pain and sickness thus to feel
 That there are those outside who recollect
 And fain would cheer their hard and darkened lives.
 "The factory and the 'public' these supply,
 "The cases which are daily treated here ;"
 So said the nurse, and, as we passed, our eyes
 Confirmed her story sadly ; for we saw
 The wounded soldiers of toil's army great,
 And the bruised victims of the Moloch drink ;
 Men shorn of strength ; women whose wounds were due
 To those who should have loved and guarded them.
 And little children too—God help them all!—

Safe here at least from angry blows and oaths,
 And from the cruel mercies of the slums ;
 And some there were, the light of happy homes
 Now mourning for their little ones away.
 And as we passed I saw again that face,
 The fleeting vision of the afternoon ;
 My village playmate—pretty Mary Bland.
 “ Brought in a little while ago ; she cannot live.
 “ Poor girl, she’s but a child ; but old enough
 “ In sin, for on her face you clearly read
 “ The sad, old story of a woman’s fall.
 “ They drink to drown their sorrow and to keep
 “ Remembrance drugged or else they could not live.”
 Then Mary saw us, “ Alice, is it you ?
 “ I saw you in the street this afternoon,
 “ And little thought that I should meet you here,
 “ I only thought to hide my wretchedness
 “ From you who knew me in those happier days,
 “ When far away from this accursèd town
 “ We learned our lessons at the village school.
 “ I have fallen low indeed, and but for drink
 “ I could not bear the life that I have lead ;
 “ Hell has no greater pangs than I have borne.
 “ Oh, Alice, look at me with pitying eyes,
 “ For I must pass away before my time ;
 “ The past is dark as death, and death is near.
 “ They have not told me, but my inner sense
 “ Tells me that I shall never see the morn.
 “ I have sinned I know, and yet sometimes I think,
 “ Had some kind hand been but held out to save,
 “ I had not perished thus before my time.
 “ When in the street I saw you buying flowers,
 “ It brought the old days back before my eyes,
 “ And once I thought that I would speak to you,

" And, if you pitied, try to turn aside
 " From this most miserable way of sin.
 " Yet when you sought me, pride rose up again,
 " And I fled from your kindly eye and hand.
 " I drank until the alcohol's hot fumes
 " Had killed my conscience and benumbed my brain.
 " Then in the crowded street I heard the crash
 " Of loud and angry wheels—a little child
 " Beneath the horse's feet—I snatched her forth,
 " But was struck down myself instead of her
 " (May her life be a happier one than mine!);
 " A roar like waves upon a stony beach,
 " A sudden shock of pain, a welcome sleep,
 " And I awakened in this pretty ward,
 " And when to-morrow's sunlight struggles through
 " The city fog and smoke, I shall be dead.
 " What, are you crying, Alice? Do not weep,
 " In death I may be happier than in life,
 " For God is merciful, though man is not."
 Then came the doctor, grave, and kind of face
 With warnings against talking, and a hint
 Of death not far away. Then Mary said:
 " I know that I must die before my time,
 " But life has been a bitter cup to me,
 " Nor do I mourn to put its taste away,
 " I know I shall not last to-morrow out.
 " This is a friend I have not seen for years,
 " Whom God has sent, a token from the past,
 " When I was still a pure and joyful child,
 " Let her stay with me now, until the end,
 " Which I can feel is quickly drawing near."
 And so they said good-bye and left me there
 To keep my vigil with the patient nurse.
 Then Mary faintly smiled and fell asleep,

Her hand in mine, and as I watched, methought
 The marks of all her misery passed away,
 And left her pretty Mary Bland again,
 The playmate known and loved in years gone by,
 The child of sweet, unsullied purity.
 Then Mary woke, and, smiling, said to me :
 “ Dear Alice, I have sweetly slept and dreamt
 “ That in the pleasant fields at home we both
 “ Were gathering yellow daffodils again ;
 “ Ah ! would that it indeed were only true !
 “ And all between were but an idle dream.
 “ Dear Alice, will you sing for me once more
 “ The little hymn we loved so well at home ? ”
 Then though my tears were sad and falling fast
 With trembling voice I sang again the hymn
 That little Mary’s clear and childish voice
 Had sung so oft in happy long ago :—

“ The daylight is dying,
 “ The night wind is cold,
 “ The Shepherd is calling
 “ His flock to the fold.
 “ He seeks out the lost one,
 “ He stills its alarms,
 “ And lovingly bears it,
 “ All safe in His arms.”

I could sing no more for tears, and she
 Passed into sleep and dreamland once again.
 Her mind was busy with her village life,
 And soon her voice rose clearly as she sang :

“ The daylight is dying,
 “ The night wind is cold,
 “ The Shepherd is calling
 “ His flock to the fold.

“ He seeks out the lost one,
 “ He stills its alarms,
 “ And lovingly bears it
 “ All safe in His arms.”

“ *All safe in His arms.* Alice dear, good-bye.”
 And so she died, and lay just like a child
 That seeks a loving mother’s kindly breast,
 And slumbers there in silent, restful peace.
 We scarcely knew when she had passed away.
 ’Twas now the Sabbath morning, and the sun
 Came struggling through the city fog and gloom.
 And as we looked upon the dear dead face,
 The little girl whom she had saved from death,
 And the girl’s father, came to ask for her,
 And stood to look upon the fair young face.
 “ She died to save my little lass,” he said,
 “ May she receive the mercy that she showed,”
 And when he knew that she was all alone,
 No friend or relative to bury her,
 “ She shall not lie within a pauper’s grave,
 “ But in our grave, beside my own dear wife,
 “ The mother of the child she died to save.”
 So Mary Bland was buried far away
 From the fair country home where she was born,
 And when I stand beside her silent grave,
 I hear afar the city’s hum and roar.
 And often when my foolish heart is sad,
 I take some humble flowers and seek her grave.
 And other loving hands have been at work,
 For often come the father and his child,
 And all the grave with fragrant flowers is sweet.

ON SOME BOOKS WRITTEN IN PRISON.

THESSE books are prison born, a ragged show,
 Yet dowered with light serene and ever pure,
 That shall for many centuries endure,
 And warm the world with brightest glow,
 What bitter tears, what agonising throes,
 What scorn was theirs, the steadfast few and fit
 Who strove for right and truth with faith and wit,
 Nor feared the galling chain of prison woe.
 These are the witnesses of courage high,
 Whose names are on the bead roll of the years ;
 Who from the bar of highest heaven look down
 Clad in white robes of saintly purity.
 Sweetness they have for toil, and rest for tears,
 And as they bore the cross they wear the crown.

ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

FROM UHLAND.

IF to departed spirits choice remains,
 To come again unto their native plains,
 Thou wouldst not come back when the moon was
 beaming,
 When all but sadness and desire are dreaming,
 No ; when a bright and sunny morning glows,
 When not a cloud upon the blue sky shows,
 When high uprears the grain of golden hue,
 Inwoven bright with flowers of red and blue,
 Then wouldst thou come again and take thy walk,
 And greet the reapers with thy friendly talk.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Imitated from ADDÆUS MACEDONIS.

ALKON'S ox is worn and old,
 It has gained him grain and gold ;
 Must it to the shambles go ?
 "Nay," says Alkon, "never so ;
 Long he helped me at the plough,
 I'll be grateful to him now—
 His declining days shall pass
 Knee-deep in the pleasant grass."

SPEAK, YE FOUR, WHERE DO YE DWELL ?

Imitated from AUGUST SCHWARZKOPFF.

FIRE so wild, where shall we find thee ?
 "In the valley seek a rock
 Strike with steel, and at the shock
 In a moment outspring I,
 There the bed wherein I lie,
 There seek and you shall find me."

Air, light air, where shall we find thee ?
 "Where leaflets tremble on the tree,
 Where the curling smoke you see,
 Where the down floats north or south.
 'Tis the breathing of my mouth,
 There seek and you shall find me."

Water bright, where shall we find thee ?
 "Mighty mountains cannot hide
 Flow of spring and force of tide,
 Where the roots of rushes grow
 You will find me, dig below.
 There seek and you shall find me."

Holy truth, where shall we find thee ?
 "Through the weary world I roam,
 No house have I, no place, no home.
 I knock, I call, but none reply,
 Therefore heavenward I must fly.
 There seek and you shall find me."

ADVERSITY.

From the Chinese.

'Sweet are the uses of adversity.'—*Shakespeare*.

THE flower unblown by summer winds,
 Breathes no sweet odours on the air ;
 The gem uncut by goldsmith's art,
 Delights us not with radiance fair.
 Unless the cold cut through the stem,
 Whence hangs the blossom rosy pale,
 How can the plum her perfume shed,
 And scent with fragrance all the vale ?

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.

From LEO. XIII.

THE sun's bright pencil's flaming tip
 Has drawn the image we descry—
 Drawn ample brow and smiling lip
 And tender light of beaming eye.
 O wondrous art, invention rare,
 A marvel subtle, strange and new !
 Apelles, Nature's rival, ne'er
 So beautiful a picture drew.

THE POWER OF THE HARP.

From J. C. ZENEA.

Juan Clemente Zenea was born at Bayamo, in Cuba. He lived at the Habana, and there, at the age of seventeen, not only wrote and sang in favour of the Republic, but was one of the soldiers of Narciso Lopez. This necessitated his residence in the United States, from whence he returned to Habana in 1857, but again abandoned his native land in 1865, because "he could not live as a slave." He went to Mexico, where his talents were appreciated, and where he met with a warm reception, which sank deeply into his heart. But the breaking out of an insurrection in Cuba called him away from his domestic happiness, to suffer and die for his fatherland. His talents made him dangerous to the Spanish authorities. He was arrested on board a vessel. In spite of a safe-conduct from the Spanish ambassador to the United States, he was thrown into a dungeon of the fortress of Habana, and there remained for eight months, without news of the wife and daughter whom he so passionately loved. It is asserted that by a refinement of cruelty, the 25th of August, 1871, was selected as the day for his execution, because it was his own saint day and the birthday of his wife. His deep reverence for the ties of home is shown in a poem addressed to his daughter, *Piedad*. So strong was the affection between the father and his child, that on leaving home on that fatal expedition, from which he never returned, he dared not take a formal farewell of her, but left whilst she was at school, sending to her from the vessel a "*Despedida*," speaking of the speedy return, when she should again be folded in his loving arms. His most characteristic poem is the "*Poder del Arpa*."

Forth the father went full early
 Seeking food to feed his young.
 Back he came with evening-shadows,
 Cold and grief his heart-strings wrung.

"Give us food, for we are hungry,
 Glad our hearts now thou art come,
 All the day we've fasted waiting"—
 Sorrow held the father dumb.

Then he bowed his head before them
 Full his soul of bitter thought ;
 " Bring my harp," at last he cried,
 And his wondrous harp they brought.

From its chords such sounds he drew,
 Hunger, sorrow, passed away,
 Fleetly danced the laughing children—
 Twinkling feet and laughter gay.

Danced until each joyous heart
 Dropped fatigued to pleasant sleep
 Dreaming each of fairy banquets—
 Leaving one to pray and weep.

" God in Heaven, who art our father,
 Hear a grief-worn father's sighs,
 Save my children from their sorrow ;
 Never more uncloseth their eyes."



THE YPRES TOWER AT RYE.

WHERE are the men that built the Ypres tower ?
 Salt of the sea, who held the French at bay ;
 Who had rough lives, sharp swords, and spirits gay,
 Though storm might rage or threatening tempest lower.
 No place was this for a faint-hearted bower—
 No place for dalliance or for summer play ;
 Its skies of blue, or-dark rain-laden gray,
 Saw nations struggle for the ocean dower.

The fair bride held her life in daily dread
 Of cruel sea, and still more cruel foe ;
 The angry wave and shining cutlass blow
 Were in the dream around her cottage low.

The glory and the danger both are fled,
 But still the Ypres rears its aged head.

THE SAYING OF RABBI ELIEZER HAKKAPOR.

This passage from the Talmud is given in a prose translation in Rabbi G. Gottheil's "Prayers for the Church Emanu-El, New York."

ALL men are born and so all men must die ;
 All men who die must also live again ;
 And entering life eternal must be judged.
 Remember therefore thy Creator now,
 He is the Counsellor, Accuser, Judge,
 And ever-present on the judgment seat,
 His name be blessèd, righteous doom to give.
 With Him no error is, no bribe avails,
 No rank can awe Him, nothing can be hid
 From the wise vision of the Perfect Judge.
 Thy thoughts and deeds all on the record stand ;
 Believe not Passion that the grave can be
 A place of refuge wherein thou canst hide.
 Without thy asking thou wert shaped and made,
 And born into the world without thy choice ;
 Thou livest not this life by thine own will,
 Without thine own approval thou must die ;
 And so without thy own consenting voice
 Thou must appear before the awful throne
 And give account of all things good or bad,
 The thoughts and words and actions of thy life,
 Unto the Holy One, the Supreme King,
 The Judge of All, bless'd be His Holy Name.

 THE POET AND THE WORLD.

From an Epigram addressed by DERZHAVIN, the Russian Court Poet,
 to Catharine the Great.

YOU seize a song-bird in your grasp :
 A panting, hopeless, quivering thing :
 You filch its freedom—life of life,
 And then you bid the captive sing.

WEE JESSIE.

I VISITED the County Gaol one day,
 And in their gloomy, separate cells, I saw
 The men who by the law's stern mandate are
 Secluded from the rest of human kind,
 To punish past and hinder future crime.
 And some were men of dark and narrow brain,
 Of want and circumstance the victims blind ;
 And some had lofty brows that spoke of power,
 Of education and the evil choice
 That made them sell their innocence and herd
 With felons in the prison-house of care,
 Where none may thrive—nor Innocence nor Guilt.
 And some were sad, some sullen, some were gay—
 Their gaiety the saddest thing of all.
 But one, I noted, more than others there
 A man still young, upon whose furrowed brow
 A deep and settled anguish made its home.
 The burden of his soul spoke in his face
 Like one who bore a fire within his breast.
 I asked what crime it was had brought him here,
 A prisoner in the very prime of life ;
 To pass long years of punishment ; perchance
 To leave but by the pathway to the grave.
 His was a tragedy in common life,
 A drama of the byways and the slums,
 Yet with its passion, heartbreak and remorse.

 He was a workman, with a wife and child ;
 A skilful workman, careless, kind of heart,
 Fond of a friendly chat and social glass,
 Who did not realise the downward slope
 He trod, until intemperance was reached.
 Yet there were pauses, struggles by the way,

Thoughts of his tender wife, his loving child,
That bade him break his shackles and be free.
Alas! temptation stood at every turn,
In houses licensed by unrighteous law
To be a pitfall and a deadly snare.
So John became a drunkard, and his home
Grew poorer daily ; food and raiment scant,
Because the money earned by hardy toil
Was spent in riot and intemperance.
One Sabbath day when all the world was bright
With rest and sunshine, John went forth from home.
The mills were closed, the forges silent now,
All work was at a pause upon this day ;
A world at rest to gather up new strength
And inspiration for the coming week.
One industry there was with little pause,
The open "publics" in whose reeking rooms,
Men's wealth and happiness were melted down.
And here, mid jests obscene, and foolish laugh,
John spent his time in drowning mind and soul.
But evening drew apace, and solemn bells
Proclaimed to all the hour of prayer and praise ;
Hymns rose like incense to the placid skies,
And men were called from sin to righteousness.
John heeded not these calls, but still drank on,
Until a sound of music in the street
Aroused a dreamy interest in his mind ;
He staggered to the door as there passed by
A temperance band with streamer in the wind.
He followed to their room, and heard the words
That breathed of hope, and woke within his soul
A thought of better things ; of home and child,
And of his patient and neglected wife.
They urged him then and there to sign the pledge,

To bind him from the fierceness of his sin ;
To give him strength when evil tempters came,
And make him one with them in all good works.
But cunning Pride now whispered in his ear
That he should stand in his own strength alone :
And Pride prevailed. Alas ! that it was so !
Yet from the meeting-room he went away,
Resolving on a new and better life ;
Resolved no more to taste the poison-glass
That tainted all his life with misery.
But careful England, mother of us all,
At every step puts pitfalls in the way
Of sorrowing sinners seeking upward paths.
John passed the drinkshops by with laggard feet,
And each was harder than the last to pass ;
The demon in his fevered veins cried out
Unto the demons in the garish vault ;
At last a boon companion took his arm,
And led him to the place of sacrifice.
John fell, alas ! as hundreds fall each day,
Because of many pitfalls at their feet ;
Temptations manifold empowered by laws,
Made by the Senate of a Christian land.
And when the " publics " belched their victims forth,
With rum and beer John's reeling brain was mad ;
And home he hied in fierce and savage mood ;
With curses stumbled to the narrow court,
With curses staggered up the rotten stairs,
With curses drove his wife into the street,
And smashed the only table in the room.
Then from her bed of straw awoke his child,
Wee Jessie, with the bright and golden hair ;
The pledge of love in happy bygone days,
When John was not a bond-slave unto drink.

The little one awakened with a start,
 And strove to kiss the father that she loved ;
 But he was now not man but savage beast,
 And held her in his cruel hands, aloft,
 Then dashed her fiercely down upon the floor ;
 Again and yet again he raised the child,
 And dashed her bruised and bleeding to the ground
 She gave one little cry—then silent lay
 In the last silence of a cruel death
 Caused by the father's hand, that should have been
 Her guide and guard from perils manifold.
 Ah, mourn not for the child, for she is safe ;
 Has fled " from grief and groan to golden throne
 Beside the King of heaven." Yea, she has fled
 From that dark hell on earth, a drunkard's home.
 But mourn for him who lies beside his child
 In drunken sleep, unconscious of his deed.
 There when the morning light had come at last,
 They found the murderer and his murdered child.

.
 He stood accused before the red-robed Judge,
 And told with tears the story of his crime ;
 How drink had cast his reason from her throne,
 And made him slay the child he loved full well.
 They did not hang him, but his sentence was
 Long years within the prison-house to pass.
 And there I saw him with the mark of Cain
 Plain written on his many-furrowed brow ;
 And bearing in his breast the fire of hell ;
 And in his eyes the vision of a child
 Whose golden hair was dabbled o'er with blood.

.
 How long shall these things be, O Lord, how long ?
 And when shall England put away the sin

That fills her homes with misery and woe ?
 Wee Jessie's blood steams upward from the ground
 Unto the everlasting Judgment Seat
 Against the traffic vile which armed the hand
 That slew her ; armed the father 'gainst his child ;
 Nor she alone, but many thousands more
 Call out for judgment on this trade accursed.

ON A PICTURE OF THE BO TREE AT ANURADHAPURA.

The traditionary locality in which Sakyamuni finally completed his philosophical system, received the name of Bodhimanda (the Seat of Intelligence) and the tree under which he sat when, in the phrase of his disciples, he began to turn the wheel of the law, became known as Bodhidruma (the Tree of Intelligence). When the Chinese pilgrim Hwen-Tsang visited the place more than a thousand years later, the tree was still standing, but it is now no more in existence. At the ruined city of Anuradhapura, in Ceylon, there is a Bo tree (*Ficus religiosa*), which is believed to be the oldest tree in the world. It is said to have been grown from a branch of Buddha's Bodhidruma brought to Ceylon by pilgrims, and planted B.C. 288.

GAUTAMA Buddha ! these two thousand years
 Thy words have echoed in the ears of men ;
 Yet Death, and Sin, and Passion, now as then,
 Grow rank and tangled in a world of fears,
 And rule mankind with changing smiles and tears,
 As when beneath the sacred Bo tree's shade,
 By Gods, and men, and demons undismayed,
 Thou grasped the moral law that moves the spheres,
 Nor recked of persecution, scorn, and jeers.
 And of that tree remains nor branch nor blade,
 The pilgrim's sacred wonder now to move,
 All earthly things decay and die and fade.
 But Karma's law still binds below, above,
 Heaven, Earth, and Hell, the Tiger, and the Dove.

HYMN.

This hymn, although not a translation, was suggested by a lengthy Hebrew hymn, which is printed in the Zunz Jubilee volume.

ALL creatures glad their voices raise,
To Him, who is the Lord of Days.

Our God is great, the Earth doth cry,
Our God is good, the Heavens reply.

Water and Fire His power proclaim,
And Stars sing praises to His name ;

The mountain peaks, the forest hoary,
Tell of His majesty and glory.

The floating cloud, the lowly sod
Acknowledge Him, the One True God.

Then let us join the gladsome throng,
And praise the Lord in joyful song,

Until our souls grow pure and fair,
That we may see His image there.

 BABY'S GRAVE.

These verses are founded upon the beautiful sonnet "In Morte d'un Fanciullo," by A. MAFFEI.

UPON the quiet lowly tomb
Where my sweet babe doth sleep,
Fair myrtle flowers and hyacinths
I lay, but dare not weep.

I dare not weep that she hath soared
Away from grief and groan ;

I dare not weep that she doth stand
Beside the Father's throne.

She did not die, but rather heard
 A message in the night ;
 A sweet, low voice that bade her seek
 The Father's Land of Light.

She could not breathe our air impure,
 Nor brook our world of vice ;
 But like a wand'ring angel soon
 Returned to Paradise.

THE FISHERMAN'S TAKE.

From AGATHIAS.

A STRAPPING fisher-lad, he hooked a wealthy dame,
 And quickly they were married, so steadfast was her
 flame,
 He who'd been poor and humble, was now both proud and
 high ;
 Said Fortune then to Venus, " Who did this, you or I ? "

WINE FOR GUESTS.

This was suggested by the epigram of Diogenes Laertes against
 the Pythagoreans.—Anth. Græc, app. v. 34, ed. Cougny.

DRINKWATER is a Temperance man,
 Unlawful thinks all wines ;
 Yet offers wine to ev'ry guest
 Within his house that dines.
 The evils that flow from the vine
 He paints in language strong ;
 And prides himself on going right—
 But leads the others wrong.

THE PARABLE OF THE WONDROUS VINE.

There is an alleged discourse of Jesus not recorded in the Gospels, but reported by Papias, who claimed to have heard it from St. John. We have this now only as quoted by Irenæus. In this Jesus is reported as saying: "The days will come in which vines shall spring up, each having ten thousand stems, and on each stem ten thousand branches, and on each branch ten thousand shoots, and on each shoot ten thousand clusters, and on each cluster ten thousand grapes, and each grape when pressed shall give five-and-twenty measures of wine. And when any saint shall have seized one cluster another shall cry, I am a better cluster, take me, through me bless the Lord. Likewise, also (He said), that a grain of wheat shall produce ten thousand ears of corn, and each grain ten pounds of fine pure flour; and so all other fruits and seeds and each herb according to its proper nature. And that all animals, using for food what is received from the earth, shall live in peace and concord with one another, subject to men with all subjection." Papias adds: "Now these things are credible to them which believe. And when Judas, the traitor, believed not, and asked, how, then, shall such productions proceed from the Lord? the Lord said, 'They shall see who shall come to these times.'"—The "Parable" has appeared in a Welsh translation, "Dammeg y Wynwydden Ryffeddol," by David Thomas (Alfryn).

When Christ the Lord was living on the earth,
 With His disciples listening to His words,
 He taught of that which will be, when the world,
 Subdued to righteousness, shall dwell in peace;
 When dew of heaven and fatness of the earth
 Shall fill the people with a wealth of food.
 "The days will come on earth," said Christ the Lord,
 "When vines shall grow with each ten thousand shoots;
 "Ten thousand branches spring from every shoot;
 "Ten thousand twigs from every separate branch;
 "Ten thousand bunches cluster on each twig;
 "Ten thousand grapes on every cluster grow;
 "Yet every grape when pressed shall freely yield
 "Its five and twenty measures full of juice,

" And when a saint shall take one in his hand,
 " Another cluster then shall cry, ' Take me,
 " A richer cluster, bless the Lord, through me.'
 " So shall a single grain of wheat bring forth
 " Ten thousand heads with each ten thousand grains,
 " And every grain shall have a yield of flour,
 " Fine, bright, and clear, a full ten pounds.
 " In like proportion shall the produce be
 " Of other fruits, of other seeds, and grass ;
 " The creatures living on these fruits, which are
 " The produce of the soil, shall in their turn
 " Become harmonious and peaceable,
 " To man subject in all obedience."

Now, when the Lord's disciples heard him speak
 Of all the wonders that on earth will be,
 When Love shall reign, and Hate and War be dead,
 When swords shall cease, nor man, nor beast shall slay,
 They marvelled at the Vision Beautiful,
 True only for the true believer's heart,
 Such was not Judas, full of evil thoughts,
 Who, unbelieving, said unto the Christ,
 " How shall such wondrous growths accomplished be ?"
 Then the Christ answered to the dark-browed man,
 " That shall they see who to these days shall come."
 What must we learn, then, from this parable ?
 We know the sin and sorrow of the past,
 We know the dangers of the present day,
 But not the glory of the time to come.
 Yet each with word and deed can haste the time
 When love shall reign and carnage cease to be ;
 When o'er the world a dove-like peace shall brood :
 When man and beast shall live their happy lives
 Without a tyrant and without a foe.

THE CHILD'S TOMB.

The folk-song current in Franche-Comté, from which this is taken, has been rendered by M. Henri Bouchot, in his book on that district, published in 1890. It is as follows :—

Ma pauvre enfant,
Qui es dessous la terre,
Ma pauvre enfant
Soulève donc ta pierre.

Chère maman,
Donnez-m'y ma chemise ;
Chère maman,
Bien fort souffle la bise.

Ma pauvre enfant,
Je n'ai pas la puissance,
Ma pauvre enfant,
A toi, toujours je pense

Chère maman,
J'ai les deux mains gelées,
Chère maman,
Et la langue séchée

Ma pauvre enfant,
J'irai dessous la terre,
Tout près de toi,
Pour réchauffer la pierre.

“ *MY poor child,*
“ *In thy grave alone,*
“ *My poor child*
“ *Raise up thy stone.*”

“ Oh mother dear,
“ I want my coat of green,
“ Oh mother dear,
“ The wind whistles keen.”

“ *My poor child,*
 “ *I have not the power ;*
 “ *My poor child,*
 “ *I think of thee each hour.”*

“ Oh mother dear,
 “ My hands are icy cold,
 “ Oh mother dear
 “ So stiff they will not fold.”

“ *My poor child*
 “ *We will not live apart,*
 “ *I'll creep into thy grave*
 “ *And warm thee on my heart.”*

THE POINT OF VIEW.

From SCHILLER.

TO one is fair Science a goddess and on the heights is her
 seat,
 To another a useful cow providing him butter to eat.

A CHANGE SUGGESTED.

From LUCIAN.

YOU walk so slowly, so quickly you eat,
 Why not run with your mouth, and dine with your feet.

ANOTHER.

YOUR feet are so slow and your teeth are so fast,
 Why not eat with the first and walk with the last ?



PRAISE THE LORD.

In the little village of Gardner Street, near Herstmonceux, Sussex, there is a house across which a creeper has been trained to form the inscription, "Praise the Lord," in words which almost cover the upper portion of the front of the building.

DOWN in Sussex, green and sweet,
 In village quaint of Gardner Street,
 Stands a dwelling, clean and neat.
 "Praise the Lord."

Such the legend read of all ;
 Tendrils trained against the wall,
 Say in letters large and tall,
 "Praise the Lord."

One who dwelt there in the past,
 Made the creepers safe and fast,
 Made them say in words that last,
 "Praise the Lord."

Sure he had a poet's brain,
 Silent branches thus to train,
 Till they sang a glad refrain,
 "Praise the Lord."

Breeze of Spring and April shower,
 Summer's bloom and Autumn's dower,
 Winter's snow and storms that lour,
 "Praise the Lord."

Childhood bright with toy and game,
 Manhood with its lofty aim,
 Age with bent and tottering frame,
 "Praise the Lord."

Gladness bids our hearts to praise,
 Sorrow, too, the song will raise,
 Death itself for ever says,
 "Praise the Lord."

NED.

THAT'S where Ned stood at seven year, a bonny lad an'
bowd,

Wi' breet blue ee'n an' merry laugh, an' tanglet curls o' gowd.
He made that notch—"Aw'm so hee now, an' when aw'm
grown a mon,"

Sez he, "Aw'll bring my mam my wage, an' addle o' aw con."

He ran i'th' lone to play a while, and laughed thro' th'
hedgerow green ;

His laughter filled my ears wi' joy, his bonny face my ee'n.

They browt him back wi' deadly hurt, and laid him upo' th'
bed—

We could no win him back to life, whate'er we did or said.

His sonds o' life were runnin' eawt, he noather groaned nor
cried ;

Bu,' "Kiss me mammy dear," he said, and turmt him reawnd
and died.

Aw clasped his honds upo' his breast, aw smooth'd his
gowden hair ;

An' theer he lay, my bonny lad—an angel deep i' prayer.

An' then my little lass wur born, when he wur three year
dead.

Her yure were dark, bu' in her een hoo favvored little Ned.

When first aw saw those pratty een, my own wi' tears wur
sad,

For as hoo nestled to my breast, aw thowt o' him, poor lad,

At lee within his little grave, so silent, still, an' cowd,

Not fowded in his mother's arm, bu' happed i'th' churchyard
mowd.

An' then aw thowt, if God be wise, He knows what's best
to be ;

An' in his own good time He'll join my little Ned an' me.

My little lass is grown up neaw, a woman grown and wed ;
We awtern every year an' day, *he's* olez little Ned.
 My little Ned is so hee now, at when aw coom to dee—
 Aw'st see him stond at heaven's gate, to oppen th' dur for me.

Not like an angel, fair an' breet, wi' wings an' crown an' o',
 Bu' th' merry-hearted lad o' mine aw lost so lung ago.
 Aw conno' spake my meanin' bu' only tell yo' th' part,
 Bu' if a choilt o' yors is dead, yo' known it i' your heart.

RICHES.

The passage from the Mohammedan writer, El Ghazzali, is quoted by Prof. D. S. Margoliouth, in "Christ and Islam." *Expository Times*, Jan., 1894. The "Woollen Garment" is an allusion to the material of the raiment from which the Sufis (*i.e.*, the "Woollers") take their name.

THUS saith El Ghazzali of Jesus Christ :—
 "The Master said when on the weary earth,
 'Hunger my only condiment has been ;
 'My inner garment fear, my outer, wool ;
 'The sun has been my warmth in winter days ;
 'The moon has been my candle and my light ;
 'For horse and chariot my feet alone ;
 'Fruits of the earth my only dainties are ;
 'Neither at morning, nor at ev'ning tide,
 'Is there one single thing which I call mine ;
 'Yet none is richer on the earth than I.'"

TOO MUCH.

FROM JULES VIARD.

HE wrote much but the end of it all was but sad,
 For the more he was known and the less fame he had

HYMN.

GOD of the people, throned above,
 O listen to Thy children's groan ;
 No refuge left them but Thy love,
 To Thee, O God, they make their moan.

Bowed down beneath oppression's yoke,
 And governed by a tyrant horde,
 Do Thou, Lord, break their galling bonds,
 And snap in twain their tyrant's sword.

Lord, bid that war and bloodshed cease,
 And bid that all mankind be free ;
 That all Thy sons, in holy peace,
 With work and song may worship Thee.

 VEGETARIAN LIFE.

SONNET ACROSTIC.

“They shall not kill in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord.”—*Isaiah*.

Vision prophetic that Isaiah saw,
 Earth had no brighter, fairer sight to show ;
 Guiltless of blood and innocent of woe,
 Ever did rule of love the ample law.
 They did not slay in all the holy mount,
 All gentle life was sacred and was free—
 Ranged in the air and sported in the sea—
 In man and brute they saw life's common fount,
 And in a chain of love bound all below,
 Nor child nor lamb lack'd a caressing hand.

Let us, then, make that holy mountain glow—
 Isaiah's vision of the righteous land—
 Free from all tyrant force, by blood unstained,
 Eden once more ! Lo ! Paradise regained.

THE SUN OF TEMPERANCE.

THE Sun of Temperance now appears
 To herald in a brighter day ;
 The shades of night are fleeing fast,
 The morning mists will roll away.

As yet we have not perfect light :
 The sky has many a darkling line.
 Thank God ! the sun is rising fast,
 And soon in highest heavens will shine.

And then its warm and genial rays,
 Shall touch the buried seed of good,
 And flowers that none had hoped shall rise
 By wayside road and frowning wood.

The children then shall hail its warmth,
 With gladsome song and happy glee,
 And peace and joy and health abound,
 And misery and intemperance flee.

Shine on, shine on, oh, Temperance Sun,
 And fill the world with love and light !
 Shine on, shine on, oh, Temperance Sun,
 Till every life and home is bright !



WISDOM AND FOLLY.

From LINIERE.

HE thought me a fool
 For my silence unbroken ;
 I thought he was wise
 Until he had spoken.

THE WEIGHTIEST TEXT.

This anecdote is given in Rabbi Stern's "Lichtstrahlen aus dem Talmud," Kapitel VII.

"This is the Book of the Generations of Adam. In the day that God created man in the likeness of God made he him; male and female created he them; and blessed them, and called them Adam in the day when they were created."—*Gen. v. 1-2.*

THEY asked Akiba, Rabbi wise and good,
 "Which is the weightiest text in all the law?"
 He answered slowly and with heart-felt voice,
 "Thou shalt thy neighbour love e'en as thyself."
 "There is a weightier still," Ben Asai said,
 "'This is the book that tells of Adam's race.'
 "For that declares the brotherhood of man."

BISHOP BALDWIN AND THE WIDOW.

The late Mr. Thomas Wright printed from the Arundel M.S., No. 52, f, 113 verso, the following anecdote: "Baldewynus abbas monachus, postea archiepiscopus, carnes non comedit, a quo quædam vetula quæsivit an carnes comederet, qui respondit se carnes non comedere. At illa, 'Falsum est domine, quia carnem meam comedisti usque ad ossa, et sanguinem meum potasti usque ad cor. Ecce quam macilenta sum! præpositi tui abstulerunt vaccam meam, quam unicam habui, qua sustentabar ego et pueri mei.' Cui archiepiscopus, 'Faciam tibi restitui vaccam, et cavebo mihi ab hujusmodi esu carniū.'" "Selection of Latin Stories," edited by Thomas Wright, Percy Society, 1842, p. 30. Mr. Wright conjectures the hero of this story to be Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1184, the preacher of the crusade in which Richard Cœur de Lion became famous. The anecdote is not given by Dr. Hook in his fine portraiture of Baldwin in the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," ii. 540. It is, however, quite in keeping with the character of the man.

ARCHBISHOP BALDWIN, he whose burning word
 Ran through all Europe like a flaming sword,
 Rousing the flower of Christendom to wrest
 Our dear Lord's tomb from pagan hands unblest,

Was born to pity and would never slay
 The creatures God had cheered with light of day.
 His frugal fare from fruit and herbs he took ;
 No wine he drank, but water from the brook.

In Summer once when evensong was ended
 He walked from church, by priest and knight attended,
 The people blessed him, as he gently trod,
 For on his brow they saw the peace of God.
 Forth from the hallowed fane he stepped, when, lo,
 A crone approached on halting feet, and slow.
 With feeble arm she strove to bar the way :—
 “ Dost thou eat flesh ? good Bishop Baldwin, say.”
 “ Not so,” he answered ; “ blood shall never stain
 “ My daily food gleaned from earth’s fruit and grain.
 “ God’s gift of life awakes my soul to praise ;
 “ But how could I my joyful anthem raise,
 “ With lips still reddened by the crimson tide
 “ Which flowed when one of His dear creatures died ?
 “ He wills not strife and death, but rather peace ;
 “ Therefore my prayer and life, that bloodshed cease.”

“ Fair speech is this,” she said, “ but ill accords
 “ Thine evil practice with thy goodly words.
 “ Thou wouldst not slay, yet darest thou to eat
 “ The widow’s substance as thy daily meat !
 “ No wine wouldst drink and yet wouldst rashly sup
 “ The blood of orphans in thy sinful cup !
 “ Thou hast consumed me wholly, flesh and bone,
 “ And drank unchecked my blood—nor mine alone,
 “ The cow, whose milk sustained my peaceful life,
 “ Thy reeve hath seized with words of wicked strife.
 “ I and my grandchild now must beg or perish
 “ ’Tis thus they are oppressed, thy love should cherish.
 “ And thou who wouldst not kill or bird or beast

“ On widows and on orphans makest feast.”
 Swift answered Baldwin : “ If thy words be true
 “ My reeve shall make thee reparation due,—
 “ Fourfold restore thy loss ; I could not sleep
 “ If any deed of mine made one to weep
 “ Whom God hath blessed with life. Go thou thy ways
 “ And I will solace thy departing days.”

THE FIRST ROSES.

For a fair maiden was blamed with wrong, and slandered that she had committed fornication, for which cause she was condemned to be burnt in that place ; and as the fires began to burn about her, she made her prayers to the Lord, that as truly as she was not guilty, He would by His merciful grace help her, and make it known to all men. And when she had thus said, she entered into the fire, and immediately the fire was extinguished, and the faggots that were burning became red rose bushes, and those that were not kindled became white rose bushes, full of roses. And these were the first rose trees and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw. And thus was this maiden saved by the grace of God. And therefore is the field called the field that God flourisheth, for it was full of roses.—SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE’S “ *Voyages and Travels*,” Chap. VI.

NEAR Bethlehem’s city stands the fairest field
 That any land on earth may ever show ;
 There first the roses white and red did grow
 Since Eden lost—and in prolific yield.
 A maiden pure in ages long gone by
 Unjustly slandered as unchaste of life—
 Justice and Judgment having fallen to strife—
 By stake and faggot was condemned to die.
 But the pure maid in agonising sighs
 Beseeches Him who is the Shield of Right ;
 The unburnt faggots turn to roses white,
 And those aflame as roses red arise.
 So was she rescued from a wrongful doom,
 And Eden’s flowers again on earth did bloom.

THE BIRTH OF ART.

The story of the Grecian maid's first essay at art-work in black and white has been variously told. One version is that of Athenagoras, who says: "Painting and sculpture are not so much as named till the times of Saurias, of Samos; Crato, the Scythian; Cleanthes, of Corinth, and Core. Drawing was invented by Saurias, of Samos, upon accidentally etching out a horse from his shadow in the sun. Crato, who invented painting, first made a coloured picture of a man on a whited board. Making of wax images was invented by Core, who, being in love, drew her lover's picture on a wall as he lay asleep; and her father, extremely delighted with the likeness, and happening to be a joiner by profession, cut out the features and filled them with wax. This was the original of the art, and the archetype is still preserved at Corinth." (Apologeticks translated by Humphreys, 1714, p. 173.) The story itself suggests a wider scope than this writer has given it. The elder D'Israeli, in his Arcadian romance of "The Lovers," in which he has sketched the birth of the pleasing arts, has rightly regarded the incident as forming a legend of the origin of design. He thus writes: "The lamp threw its solitary flame and strongly reflected the shadow of his face. Ye gods (exclaimed the fond maid), behold two Lycidases! Ye speaking features, can ye not for ever dwell on the wall? then would Lycidas not entirely quit me in his absence. How consoling even the shadow of what we love! Lycidas! thy shade would to me prove a tender companion. Fugitive and cherished shadow, live here when Lycidas roves in the circling mountains. She took up her sheep hook, and affectionately tracing the shadow of her lover, its sharp iron graved it on the wall. Lycidas turned, and the lines remained unmoved. He is for ever there (exclaimed enraptured Amaryllis). Lycidas awoke. 'Who is here, Amaryllis?' Thyself, thyself (she cried, in embracing him). Such was the origin of design." There is also an allusion to the matter in Polydore Virgil, "De rerum inventoribus" l. ii. cap. xxv.

FAIR Art is child of holy love,
 And draws her influence from above;
 'Twas love that gave her form and birth
 To tinge with radiance all the earth.

When love and all the world was young,
 When yet unheard was Homer's song,

Ere Phidias' art had taught the stone
 Of life to lack the breath alone,
 Within a Grecian city dwelt
 A girl who love's sweet ardour felt.
 A stalwart youth long wooed the maid,
 And kissed and with her tresses played.

Full tender is their love and soon
 Will Hymen see their nuptial noon ;
 But war begins, and he must go
 With valiant heart against the foe.
 For man, the dazzling glow of fight,
 For woman heart-break out of sight,
 He goes to-morrow and the maid,
 Weary at heart and sore afraid,
 Prays to the goddess fair of love,
 And offers up a white winged dove.
 Then home, where by the ruddy fire,
 Full weary sleeps her heart's desire.
 She takes the lamp once more to trace
 The charms of that beloved face—
 Ere yet the flickering flame can fall
 She sees his shadow on the wall.
 And taking in her dainty hand,
 From out the fire a charred brand,
 She traced the outlines of his face,
 Nor missed one line of strength or grace.

Thus art was born ; the blackened brand
 Full soon became a magic wand,
 And rescued beauty from decay,
 The glory of the night and day ;
 Earth's great and good, and speechless forms,
 Of strugglers in life's weary storms.

Her lover fell in that dire strife,
 And quenched was all her light of life.
 Remained for her sad heart and lips
 His picture saved from death's eclipse,
 His image rescued from the grave,
 The loved and lost, the good and brave.
 Alas for Koré ! Genius ne'er
 Could save from sorrow and despair.

THE LITTLE CHURCH IN THE WOOD.

The "Little Church in the Wood" is the name usually given to Hollington Church, near Hastings.

I SEE a little church with low-set spire,
 Encircled by a grove of ancient trees—
 With branches rhythmic to the passing breeze
 And now I hear from out the village choir,
 The songs of praise that to the heavens aspire,
 And mingled with these formal litanies
 The far-off murmur of the distant seas
 And the sweet scent of wild rose and of briar.

I pause entranced this scene of peace to mark,
 When 'mid the blue I see a rising lark ;
 He sings and soars and rises high and higher,
 A speck upon the sun 'tween day and dark,
 From lowly nest down in the grass and mire,
 He seeks the sun and basks him at its fire.

CO - O P E R A T I O N .

From LA FRESNAYE.

The original is that ascribed to Plato in the Greek Anthology.

THE lame beggar mounts on the blind man and cries,
 I'll borrow your legs and I'll lend you my eyes.

THE WILD DOVES OF ST. FRANCIS.

The legend of St. Francis of Assisi freeing the wild doves is told in chapter xxii. of the "Fioretti di S. Francisco," of which an English edition was edited by Cardinal Manning. The "Cantico delle Sole," or "Cantico delle Creature," was composed by Francis about the year 1224. but not in the manner here described. The circumstances under which the "Cantico" came into existence are explained in Sabatier's fine biography of the Saint, who was one of the earliest to use the Italian vernacular as a medium for poetry. The metre of the original is irregular, the verses varying from two to five lines in length. With some modifications to meet modern requirements, the version here given appears in the Rev. W. G. Horder's excellent collection of "Hymns Supplemental." It has also been set to music as a Cantata, by Mr. Joseph Knight.

FORTH from the little church St. Francis fared,
 And took his way amid the Umbrian hills,
 While the bright sun hung in the central blue,
 And all the world seemed made of sun and song.
 For the warm sunshine charmed each tree and flower,
 And the blythe birds that swarmed in happy flight,
 To give their sweetest colour, scent, and song.
 The birds, the bees, the sun, the trees, the flowers,
 All made a happy chorus to his ear,
 And filled his mind with sweet and holy thought
 Till meditation melted into song,
 And thus in happy Tuscan phrase,
 He sang this Song of all Created Things.

Praised be the Lord my God—
 Be glory, honour, fame ;
 We are not worthy, Lord,
 To breathe Thy holy name.

Praised by our Brother Sun,
 Who lights this earthly ball ;
 His burning rays declare
 Thy splendour where they fall.

Praised by our Sister Moon,
 By Stars as they appear,
 In Thy fair sky above,
 So beautiful and clear.

And praised be the Lord
 By our dear Brother Wind,
 By air, and cloud, and sky,
 Who give us food in kind.

By Water—Sister chaste —
 Humble, and fair, and free,
 And precious to the world,
 The Lord shall praised be.

Praised by our Brother Fire,
 For he is strong and bright ;
 And by his beauty's power
 He vivifies the night.

And praised be Thou, O Lord,
 By our dear Mother Earth,
 Whom Thou dost love and deck
 With fruit, and flowers, and mirth.

And praised be Thou by those
 Who pardon for Thy love ;
 For theirs is grief below,
 But crowns of peace above.

And praised be Thou, O Lord,
 By our dear Sister Death,
 For woe is theirs alone
 In sin who yield their breath.

But blessed then are they
 That love Thy word and will :
 No second death is theirs,
 No more of pain and ill.

Oh creatures of His power,
 Your thankful hearts upraise,
 And render to His name
 All service and all praise.

The song died on his lips that softly moved
 In silent communing with God. And then,
 A Tuscan peasant youth he saw who bore
 Tethered and bound a swarm of young wild doves,
 Poor prisoners who were doomed to sale and death.
 St. Francis, who loved all the things on earth,
 All gentle creatures that have breath and life,
 Felt in his heart a deep compassion born,
 And looked at them with eyes of tender ruth.
 "Oh good young man," he cried, "I pray that you
 Will give to me these poor and harmless birds—
 Sweet emblems they of pure and faithful souls—
 So they may never fall in ruthless hands
 That quench such lives in cruelty and blood."
 The youth had snared the birds within the woods,
 Was taking them to market, where their doom
 He knew was slaughter—sudden, cruel, death;
 Nor had one thought of pity moved his mind,
 And yet, when gentle Francis made his plea,
 It found an answer in the young man's heart;
 For use may blunt and thoughtless custom dim
 The mind to deeds of needless pain and death,
 Yet in each soul there is a secret cell
 Whose echo answers to the voice of truth.
 So the youth gave the wild doves to the saint,
 And wondered what the holy man would do
 With these poor captives from the woods and trees.
 St. Francis took them to his loving heart,
 And on his breast they nestled safe and warm.
 "Dear little sisters," said the holy man,

" Why did you let them take your liberty ?
 " Why place yourselves in peril of your lives ?
 " But you are safe from every danger now,
 " And I will care for you and build you nests
 " Where you may safely rear your little brood,
 " And live your lives as God would have you do,
 " Who is the Father of all living things."

The wild doves listened to his tender words
 As though they knew his meaning, and they did,
 For ever love begetteth love again ;
 And in his eyes they saw affection beam,
 And in his voice they heard their Father's voice.
 So the wild birds were tamed by love alone,
 And dwelt with Francis in his convent home,
 And there he built them nests that they might live
 Their free and happy lives without annoy ;
 Nor could the fowls be tamer than were these
 Bright denizens of woodlands wild and free.

And he who snared them in their native haunts
 Became a captive to the holy man—
 The slave of steadfast truth and righteousness,
 And in a world of cruelty and blood
 He preached the law divine of love to all,
 So that it sank deep down in many hearts,
 And blossomed in the deeds of daily life,
 In sweetness, kindness, patience, love to all—
 To all His offspring who is Lord of all.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

From A D'ELCI.

IN saddest scenes of tearful woe
 Lizzie's laughter shakes her curls ;
 Has she then a cruel heart ?
 No—but she hath teeth like pearls.

THE SANITARIUM, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

HERE, where of old the savage Indian fought,
 Where death and slaughter had their bloody parts,
 Now reigneth peace, and all those healing arts
 By which the good of man alone is sought.

A wondrous change from war to Sabbath peace :—

The sun is gleaming 'mid the leaves of green,
 And skies of blue, and happy birds are seen,—
 A trance of harmony without surcease.

Yet is the name well chosen—Battle Creek,

For here they push the battle to the gate
 Against disease and death, and vice and sin ;
 To help frail man with steadfast aim they seek,
 And strive to give him health and happy fate.
 Soon may they conquer and the victory win !

 A PRAYER.

THE smoke of the battle
 Hides Thee from sight,
 Strengthen our hands,
 Lord, with Thy might.
 Though eyes cannot see Thee,
 We know Thou art there,
 Watching our struggle,
 Hearing our prayer.
 When life has ceased,
 When the race is run,
 When the battle is fought
 And the victory won,
 Take us, oh Lord,
 To Thy mansions blest,
 Where the soldiers of God
 For ever rest.

DICKYBIRD.

DID you know Dickeybird, the paper-lad,
 Who sold the *Evening News* in Market Street ?
 The lad was lame but had a merry heart,
 Whistled and sang and hopp'd about the flags,
 As though there were no sorrow in the world.
 When they were waiting for the latest *News*,
 His mates would post him up against a door,
 And he would whistle them a merry lay,
 Or in a clear and childish treble sing
 Some song that in the Board School he had learned.
 The concert over, every boy would give
 A helping hand unto their "Dickeybird,"
 For so they named the wee, white crippled lad,
 And they all loved him in their own rough way.

One night, the papers done, the Dickeybird
 Stood selling matches at the Concert Hall,
 And as he piped his sweet and childish song
 A lady passing to her waiting brougham
 Said to the footman, "Bring him here to me."
 So John the footman, six feet high or more,
 Picked up the Dickeybird—his crutch and all—
 And placed him at the open carriage door.
 "You have a merry heart, my little man :
 "I would that mine were half as glad to-night.
 "Here's something for yourself—" a coin—"and this
 "Is for your song"—a kiss—"and this"—
 She took a rose from out her raven hair,
 And put it in his little hand. Then John,
 Mounted upon the box, remarked to Bob,
 "Miss Hilda does some most owdacious things."
 The Dickeybird stood speechless with surprise,
 Until the carriage vanished from his sight,

Then turned and sought his home amid the slums,
 And to his wondering mother told the tale
 Of the bright lady, scented and be-gemmed,
 Whose warm lips touched his own : whose hand
 Had placed in his a red coin and a rose.

“ We must not tell your father now of this,
 “ Or he will spend the money all in drink ;
 “ We’ll keep it secret, dear, and you shall have
 “ Some clothes to keep you from the winter cold.”

She kissed the lad, and put him warm in bed ;
 Shavings below, above him mended rags,
 And close beside his face the red red rose.
 Then waited for her drunken lord’s return.
 He came too drunk to quarrel or to fight,
 And so the household passed away to sleep.

In the dark night the fever passed that way,
 And touched the sleeping body of the child,
 Touched him upon his eyes, and brow, and limbs,
 Till all was full of pain and heaviness.

And when his weary eyes were open wide
 He saw the red rose in its beauty there.
 He drew it forward to his little face,
 Inhaling all its fragrance, and he thought,
 “ How sweet to live where the red roses grow,
 “ Nor fear the force of drunken father’s hand :
 “ How sweet its scent,” and so he fell asleep.

Then roused the father from his drunken rest
 And, muttering curses, staggered to his feet,
 And sought for drink or money, but found none.
 At last he saw the rose in Dicky’s hand :
 “ I’ll get a glass for that at th’ Angel there,”
 And snatched it from the fever-stricken child,
 Who still slept on low moaning in his sleep.

The mother, coming in from early toil,
 Found Dickeybird awake. "My rose," he cried,
 "Oh! who has stolen my red red rose from me?
 The flower the lady gave me. It is gone!
 And all my head and limbs are full of pain."
 She knew the thief who thus had robbed the child:
 But how denounce the father to his son?
 And still the boy moaned, "Oh, my red red rose."
 The Parish Doctor passing by the door,
 She asked him in, and he saw Dickeybird,
 And said, "The lad is doomed; he has not strength
 To kill the fever that is killing him."
 And still the boy moaned, "Oh! my red red rose."
 Whilst they were talking thus the man returned,
 And with a cunning leer upon his face
 Told how he'd "swapped the rose for two of gin."
 "You drunken wastrel," cried the doctor then,
 "You've robbed the boy as he lay dying here,
 "And perhaps you've carried fever with the rose."

And that same night the gaudy barmaid lay
 Bound by the chain of fever's molten fire.
 Poor Dickeybird grew worse, and death drew nigh,
 And still the boy moaned, "Oh! my red red rose,
 "The flower the lovely lady gave to me."
 There was no help—poor Dickeybird must die.
 And when his mother saw this, she arose,
 And taking all the money that remained,
 She sought for roses and the reddest bought,
 And heeded not its costliness; and then
 Back to the squalid chamber where he lay,
 His life quick floating on an ebbing tide.
 She placed the flower within his puny hands,
 And the soft fragrance reached the darkening brain,
 The heavy eyelids opened, and the soul

Looked forth in ecstasy. "My rose, my rose—
 "Oh, mother! I have found the rose again
 "The lovely lady gave me in the street;
 "It is so sweet; I'd like to live with you
 "Where the red roses grow." He spoke no more,
 But holding fast the rose within his hand
 Passed into sleep, and never woke again.

The barmaid died, and when the flaunting hearse
 Went down the miry street, somewhat behind
 There followed mourners carrying Dickeybird
 To his last nest within the graveyard cold.

The man still drinks, the woman still toils on,
 And hopes that Death will quickly end her care.
 And Dickeybird is silent evermore,
 Is silent with the silence of the grave:
 Or in some land where care and death are not,
 Amid red roses sings his joyous song.

NATURE TEETOTAL.

Anacreon with the Blue Ribbon.

THE thirsty Earth drinks up the rain;
 The Trees suck this in sap again;
 The Ocean, in his spacious bowl,
 Quaffs off the streams that to him roll;
 The mighty Ruler of the Sky
 Attempts to drink the ocean dry.
 These drink not wine, but water. Why,
 My friends, not also you and I?

A LEGEND OF HASTINGS.

The *Life* of Rahere, the founder of St. Bartholomew's Church and Hospital (written *circa* 1174-1189) contains a story of a "worshipful matrone" of Hastings, Cecilia—"Ceale" she is called in the English version—the wife of a wealthy shipmaster named Helyas, who, having brought his cargo safe to London, was praying at the newly-opened church in Smithfield at the very time that his house at Hastings was in danger of being swept away in a fierce conflagration. Cecilia, bereft of man's "counsell and helpe," commends herself to St. Bartholomew, and throws a thread round her house. The fire leaps over it, burns the houses on the other side, only "touchyng the pynnacles, leavyng them half brent." (*Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Church in London*, ed. by Dr. Norman Moore, 1886, p. cviii.)

CECILIA, standing at her open door,
 Sees Hastings town wrapped in devouring flames
 That leap exultant round the crackling frames,
 And unappeased seek still one victim more.

She thinks of Helyas wandering up and down
 At sea, and by the stormy tempests tossed,
 On ocean struggling or in ocean lost?
 Or safe perchance in famous London town.

What shall she do to save her husband's home?
 The scene of homely smiles and homely tears;
 His home and hers, which now, alas, she fears
 The rushing blaze will whelm in fiery foam.

Alone she stands—no hand is there to aid;
 Yet, though the earth be fire, the heavens are blue;
 Though men are false and fail, the saints are true
 And love to help when earnest prayer is made.

She prays unto Bartholomew the Saint,
 And girds the house with but a slender thread
 Her hands a-tremble and her soul in dread;
 Then to her chamber with her heart all faint.

Again she calls unto the Saint for aid—

The fire scarce touched the faith-protected cot,
 Though on it breathed the flames all red and hot,
 And e'en Cecilia's faithful heart dismayed.

(That selfsame hour the sailor husband brave
 Knelt at the shrine of Saint Bartholomew,
 With waxen taper, sign of worship true,
 And gratitude for safety from the wave.)

Houses on either side in ruins lay—

Cecilia's house untouched, save that the fire
 Had reached the pinnacles, and in its ire
 Balked of a victim burned them half away.

Amazed men saw the house unburnèd stand,
 Guarded and saved but by Faith's slender thread ;
 Great was the marvel that the wonder bred
 When Helyas came back to his native strand.

The age of miracles has long gone by ;

We smile at marvels told in monkish books,
 Yet drag them forth from out their dusty nooks,
 For Love, and Faith, and Duty never die.

No miracle is this for those whose creed

Holds that the saints who dwell in heaven above
 Look down on human trial, woe, and love
 And help us in the darkest hour of need.

Even those who doubt may love the legend quaint

Of good Cecilia, now eight centuries dead,
 Who bound the flames with faith's own slender thread.
 And prayer to great Bartholomew the Saint.

FOOD *VERSUS* PHYSIC.

This incident is narrated in the fourth section of the third book of the "Gulistan" of Sadi.

WHEN the great Prophet still was on the earth,
 A Persian king, who wished to honour him,
 Sent to the Arab land a skilful leech
 Well versed in medicine, and in all the arts,
 By which physicians stem diseases' force ;
 But days, and weeks, and months, and years went by,
 And no one came to test his skill and power.
 Then to the Prophet loudly he complained,
 And said, "The king hath sent me here to be
 Physician to the Prophet and his tribe,
 But no one comes to test my skill and drugs.
 Why am I held in scorn by you and yours ?"
 Then said the Prophet, "Skilled we know you are,
 "But still we have a rule within our tribe
 "Stronger than medicine or physicians' skill ;
 "We never eat but when loud hunger calls,
 "And we leave off ere appetite is o'er."
 "Now is the mystery clear," replied the leech,
 "For such a rule enforces constant health."
 And so he took his leave, and went away
 To seek a land where foolish custom reigned,
 And where excess brought many to the tomb.

ON A NEW VOLUME OF VERSE.

FROM DE CAZENAÏVE.

VERSES of yours and mine are in it,
 Verses by all our rhyming brothers,
 Smith surely never wants for wit,
 For he has all the wit of others.

MOSES AND THE LAMB.

This Legend is from the "Talmud."

WHERE Moses guarded Jethro's fleecy flock
 The land was barren, arid, desolate,
 With here and there a scanty pasturage.
 One day from deepest thought he was aroused
 To see a lamb, already far astray,
 That in the distance wandered from the flock.
 With hasty footsteps Moses followed it,
 But fast and faster ran the lamb astray.
 O'er mount and rock and vale and ditch it sped,
 Until it reached a river's cooling stream
 And in the water quenched its parching thirst,
 And laved delighted all its burning limbs.
 Then Moses said, "'T was thirst which caused thy flight.
 "I should have noticed it and solaced thee,
 "And spared thee, poor dumb creature, all this toil.
 "How weary now thy tender limbs must be :
 "Thou can'st not reach again the far-off fold
 "Unless I help thee as a shepherd should.
 "Poor weary lamb upon my shoulders ride,
 "And I will take thee to thy dam again."
 So, bending 'neath the weight, he took his way,
 O'er mount and rock and vale and ditch he passed,
 Sometimes with painful steps and slow ; but yet
 With ever present pity in his heart,
 Until he placed the lost one by its dam,
 Who welcomed back her truant child again.
 Then from the heavens he heard a voice that said :
 "Who loving service and compassion shows ;
 "Who brings the lost lamb to its mother's side ;
 "Who needs must aid each one that needeth help—
 "Deserves to have the leadership of men,
 "And shall be shepherd of the flock of God."

THE CHURCH OF THE LITTLE FAWN.

The "Church of the Little Fawn," is a modern reading of the traditional account of the foundation by St. Patrick of the Cathedral of Armagh, as given in the life of the Saint in the "Book of Armagh."

GLAD was the heart of Patrick on that day.

When Dairé came in brotherhood to him.

Thus said the chieftain to that holy man :

" When first thou cam'st, I churlishly refus'd

" To give the Hill of Willows for thy church ;

" And when I gave a lowly plot of ground

" Turned into it my noble steed to graze,

" (So taking back part of my gift to God).

" My heart was filled with murder when it died,

" And I sent forth to slay thee where thou stood.

" But scarcely had the vengeful vassal left,

" When I fell down as one that is stone dead.

" But my true wife, who knew the punishment

" Came from my sin against the Christian folk,

" Straight sent to stop thy slaying, and to beg

" Thy holy blessing for a sinful man.

" Thy prayers restored to life my steed and me,

" And I was grateful, but my wayward heart

" Betrays me into many sudden sins.

" In gratitude unfeigned I gave to thee

" The wondrous cauldron sent me from afar,

" The work of some great artist's mighty hand ;

" But yet my foolish heart was vexed to hear

" ' I thank you ' from thy lips, and nothing more ;

" No words of praising for that goodly gift.

" And then I took it from thee, and again

" ' I thank you ' were the only words provoked.

" Since loss and gain are both alike to thee,

" God must be with thee, and thou art His man.

" Thy soul is steadfast as thy Maker's laws.

" Lo, now my vassals bring again to thee

"The brazen vessel from beyond the main,
 "Keep it in Dairé's name, and for his sake
 "Whose soul thou hast subdued to better things."
 "I thank you" came from Patrick's lips again,
 And sweetly fell the words on Dairé's ear.
 "But not alone the cauldron shalt thou have,
 "But the high Hill of Willows for thy church.
 "No longer in the vale, but on the heights,
 "As is befitting for the Church of God.
 "And, as there is a force within my soul
 "That sometimes plucks me from the good I'd do,
 "Let us go forth and settle where to place
 "The church where thou and thine in prayer and praise
 "Shall worship God, who works His will with all."
 "I thank you," Patrick said, "and I thank God
 "That in your heart hath put this pious thought."
 Then they went forth, the chieftain and the saint,
 And with them white robed singers, fighting men,
 And Dairé's vassals, rough and rude of speech.
 On the hillside, and to the upland plain
 The glad procession moved, and Patrick's face
 Shone with prophetic peace and gentleness ;
 Then came they to a field wherein there lay
 A milk-white fawn beside its milk-white dam.
 The startled doe fled swift away ; the fawn,
 With piteous bleat, was caught by Dairé's men.
 "Let it be slain," they said, "and let its blood
 "Mark the high altar of thy holy church."
 "Not so," said Patrick, "give the fawn to me."
 And whilst they wondered, raised it in his arms
 As tenderly as mother holds her babe :
 "Here shall the altar be, but not with blood,
 "And not with slaughter shall its stones be marked.
 "God loveth all his creatures, man and beast."

Then came the doe back to St. Patrick's side,
 And rubbed against his robes as though she knew
 Her fawn was safe within those pitying arms.
 The chieftain marvelled much to see this sight,
 For life was little sacred in his eyes,
 Either of man, or of God's poorer sort.
 St. Patrick gently placed the little fawn
 Upon the tender grass beside the doe,
 And watched them gambol in secure delight.
 "Here will we build an altar to our God
 "Who loveth all His creatures, man and beast ;
 "In Paradise He placed them girt with love,
 "No bloodshed marked its stainless flowers and fruits,
 "And all were happy in the Father's love.
 "Here will we preach glad tidings of great joy
 "To bring again the Paradise of old ;
 "When love shall rule, and bloodshed pass away.
 "In all the holy mountain of the Lord
 "They shall not kill nor slay, but perfect peace
 "Shall reign among all creatures God hath made."
 They heard with awe, red Dairé and his train,
 These saintly words, but they were men of blood,
 Whose kindly hearts were choked by evil use ;
 A world of peace was far beyond their dream.
 To them, mankind was not one brotherhood,
 But angry tribes, the rightful spoil of war.
 Yet in their midst the Armagh Church was built—
 Church of the Little Fawn St. Patrick spared—
 Symbol that all of living kind are kin ;
 Bidding the good in every age to seek
 The binding of the earth in links of love—
 Not humankind alone—but bird and beast,
 That all may live their life and have God's joy
 Till all creation rest in perfect peace.

JOY.

Imitated from "CARMEN SYLVA."

The original is the following passage in the "Pensées d'une Reine" (Paris, 1882, p. 86). "Quand on est depuis longtemps sevré de la joie, on ne la demande plus, et lorsqu'elle frappe à votre porte, vous ouvrez en tremblant, de peur qu'elle ne soit pas la douleur travestie." Queen Elizabeth of Roumania's "Pensées" contain many fine passages and prose poems.

'TIS long since Joy hath left my home,
 And when she knocks, with trembling sighs
 I fear to ope the door to her,
 Lest she be sorrow in disguise.

T H E L E A F .

From ARNAULT.

FROM thy branch broken,
 Lying full low,
 Poor withered leaf,
 Where dost thou go?
 The storm struck the oak,
 Which alone was my stay
 And the breath of the winds
 Then bore me away
 From mountain to valley,
 From forest to plain,
 I go at their will,
 Nor do I complain.
 For the road which I travel
 Is that each one goes,
 The leaf of the laurel,
 The leaf of the rose.

THE COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

This was suggested by a passage in Dr. Anna Kingsford's "Dreams and Dream Stories," p. 21.

SAID one, who pausing read the Gospel scroll,
 " ' Be perfect as your Heavenly Father is.'
 " Such were the words that Jesus spake on earth ;
 " But how shall man obey this strange command
 " And reach perfection as the Highest One ?
 " What is perfection for the sons of men ?"
 " 'Tis wisdom," cried another in response,
 " For holy wisdom is perfection's sum."
 " Not so," then said another, " how shall man,
 " In his short life attain to such a height,
 " And know the wisdom of the hand that shaped,
 " Not this great world alone, but all the worlds
 " That belt the universe in ceaseless round ;
 " Wisdom that mass'd the earth and pour'd the sea,
 " That marks the sparrow's fall, the comet's flight,
 " And life and nature binds in changeless law ?"
 Another said, " Perfection is but truth."
 " Truth is perfection, but can finite man
 " See every facet of its diamond shape ?
 " Earth's truth is partial, Heaven's alone is whole."
 " The just alone are perfect ; justice is
 " The sum of wisdom and of truth and right ;
 " He who is just has learnt perfection's law."
 " Not so," then said another, " shall man take
 " Into his hand the vengeance of the Lord ?"
 Then one arose with humble reverent look,
 And bright soul shining through his ardent eyes,
 " Perfection is in love alone," he cried,
 " Who said ' be perfect,' said ' be merciful ;'
 " Be merciful even as our Father is,

" By love alone can man perfection reach ;
 " Not wisdom, and yet love is more than wise ;
 " Not truth, and yet its words are wholly true ;
 " Not justice, though its deeds are more than just.
 " It gives to justice wisdom, and to wisdom truth ;
 " It palpitates alike through star and flower ;
 " Through bird and beast and human heart alike.
 ' " It pities all that sorrow, and it helps
 " With word and deed all things that need its aid ;
 " It honours all, and holds none in despite ;
 " It heals the pain of old and festering wounds ;
 " Puts the lost lambkin by its mother's side ;
 " Abstains from all that injures or destroys
 " The brightness and the peace and joy of life,
 " And finds its own in every creature's joy.
 " By love alone can man perfection reach."
 Then cried they all with one consenting voice—
 " *Who said ' be perfect,' said ' be merciful,'*
 " *Be merciful ev'n as our Father is ;*
 " *By love alone can man perfection reach."*

PRIESTCLIFFE LOW.

The Low at Priestcliffe, Taddington, Derbyshire, is one of those explored by the late Mr. Thomas Bateman. It is said that farmers in want of bone manure obtained supplies from these ancient graves.

UPON the sloping side of Priestcliffe Low,
 Where now there wander slowly cattle sleek,
 Ere yet the first of Peverils knew the Peak,
 In the pre-Roman days so long ago,
 A chieftain famed for his death-dealing blow,
 Fear of the strong, protector of the weak,
 Whom death had made as woman, mild and meek,
 Was buried 'midst his vassals' tears and woe.

They laid him with due reverence in the earth,
 But grasping hands have since disturbed his rest,
 And spread his bones above the narrow field,
 To make the soil a richer harvest yield,
 So may his ancient valour have new birth,
 And glow for truth and right in modern breast.

THE PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

This prayer is given in Schlosser's "Kirche in ihren Liedern," and it will be seen that the rhyming Latin admits of almost literal translation.

O Domine Deus, speravi in te :
 O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me,
 In dura catena,
 In misera poena
 Desiderio te :
 Languendo,
 Dolendo ;
 Et genuflectendo
 Adoro
 Imploro,
 Ut liberer me.

O H, Lord, my God, I have hoped in Thee :
 Oh, Saviour dear, now make me free.
 In galling chains,
 In misery's pains,
 I have desired Thee.
 In anguish
 I languish ;
 On my bended knee
 I adore
 And implore
 Thou wilt make me free.



DRAWN BY
R. G. H.

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SAINT-MONACELLAS-LAMBS

SAINT MONACELLA'S LAMBS.

The scene of St. Monacella's retirement is the place named, after her, Pennant Melangell. The legend is given in Pennant's *Tours in Wales*. See also *Archæologia Cambrensis*, vol. iii., p. 139. 5th Ser., vol. xi., p. 139.

WITHIN the ancient Powysland they call
 The timid hares that swiftly run for life
Mwyn Melangell, "Monacella's lambs,"
 And tell of that fair Saint this legend strange.

When Christ the Lord, six centuries was dead,
 Brochwel, the Prince, aroused himself one morn
 While yet the sun was early in the sky,
 And rolling mists hung o'er the mountain side.
 "This day," he cried, "with merry horn and hounds,
 We'll hunt the hare in blythsome Powysland."
 And with the Prince rode chieftains stern and true,
 And lovely ladies, with dark glancing eyes—
 Eyes that for pity should be moist with tears,
 But now were swift to look on pain and death.
 And as the morning grew apace, the sun
 Shone in bright splendour burning up the mist,
 And bathed the hills and vales in radiant light.
 The joyful baying of the deep-mouthed hounds
 Proclaimed that they had found the hare at last.
 But swiftly as they ran, still faster ran
 The panting creature flying for its life.
 Across the plain it fled, and close behind
 The eager dogs, the courtiers, and the Prince,
 Who now outstripped his gallant retinue,
 And felt the inspiration of the chase
 Thrill through his being to its inmost core.
 But the swift hare, thus doomed to cruel death,
 Found refuge in a small and thorny wood,

Scarce larger than a thicket in its size.
 No horseman e'er could find a path therein,
 And Brochwel leapt from off his gallant steed
 And forced a passage through the branching trees
 Until he reached an open space, wherein
 A lovely lady, clothéd all in white,
 Knelt on the green sward, and with claspéd hands,
 Prayed heaven for mercy on a wicked world.
 The hare had found a harbour of defence,
 And, nestled 'neath the white fold of her robe,
 Turned towards the dogs an aspect undismayed.
 The Prince was startled by this vision fair,
 Emblem of pity in a ruthless world ;
 But soon the master passion took its way,
 With angry voice and gesture fierce, he urged
 The dogs to seize the hare—which peaceful lay
 Half-covered by the white robe's falling fold.
 The hounds, more reverent than the angry Prince,
 Shrank ever further from the kneeling maid.
 Nor could the huntsman, who had joined the Prince,
 Blow on his horn a single forward note,
 But spell-bound, gazed upon the white-robed form.
 Then heavenly awe fell on the Prince's heart,
 And sweet compassion entered in his soul ;
 No more he sought the timid hare to slay,
 But bowed his head before the Saint who thus
 Could tame the fierceness both of man and brute,
 And begged to know the secret of her power.

Strange was the story the white lady told
 To listening Brochwel, Prince of Powysland ;
 For she, whom we Saint Monacella call,
 The hermit fair, Melangel then was named—
 Melangel, daughter of an Irish King.
 She fled her father's court that she might 'scape

A loveless union with a noble fierce,
 And in this lonely place her spotless life
 To Chastity and Pity she had given.
 Here fed but by the kindly fruits of earth,
 Her thirst assuaged by the water brooks,
 Her home a welcome refuge had become
 For the bright creatures thoughtless man destroys.
 The birds sang sweetly round her lonely bower
 Their hymns to Mercy, and to Mercy's God.
 The wild hares gambolled tamely round her knee,
 And every dumb thing here lived out its day,
 Nor dreamed of torture or the deadly knife.

Brochwel, the Prince, came of a warrior tribe,
 His days to battle and to chase had given ;
 Yet here he saw a vision beautiful
 Of a white world where slaughter had no place—
 Where holiness and Mercy fair had met—
 Where Contemplation had not scorned to throw
 A shield, protecting e'en the humblest things
 To which the heavens had given the gift of life.
 So, though his hands were red with human blood—
 A warrior and a hunter from his birth—
 Brochwel a grant unto Melangel made,
 A tract of land to be for her and God ;
 A place of holiness, where hunted things,
 Whether of human kind, or of the brute,
 Should find their safety and might rest secure,
 Nor fear the hunter's horn, the butcher's knife,
 Or the wild vengeance that man wreaks on man.

And there Melangel lived her lonely life,
 And succour gave to all that fled to her.
 Yea, from her girlhood to her dying day,
 When old and feeble she gave up her breath—

Through those long years her hermitage became
 A picture of the paradise of God—
 A place of peace from war and bloodshed free,
 A symbol of the future, when the world
 Shall learn the message of the Carpenter,
 And love shall rule in Earth and Heaven alike.

THE WOOD.

This is imitated from Omulewski (Federow), quoted in "Revue Universelle Internationale," 15 Juin, 1884.

WE wander through a weary wood by night,
 The darkness deepens, stars their fires relight.
 Dumb is the darkness, and there is no sound,
 Save when a withered branch falls to the ground,
 Or when there flutters forth a veiled sigh.
 "What! sad, my dear one? Prythee tell me why?"
 "Ah! no, with thee I'm happy, but the stars
 Look down with fixed gaze from heaven's blue bars;
 Their look is not of sorrow, nor of mirth,
 But seems to beckon me from sinful earth."

Across the weary wood I march once more,
 And night again spreads out her sable store.
 Within my shrinking soul the shades are dread,
 As though I saw around the ghostly dead.
 My heavy heart is full of bitter gall,
 My eyes of leaden tears that do not fall.

"Oh, stars of midnight! send one pitying look."
 "No change of Fate the heavenly hosts can brook;
 And still our rays retain the former fires
 Such as beheld of old your earliest sires.
 All things remain, yea, even as of yore—
 (But where is she we saw with thee before?)—
 No change there is in stars, or time, or tide—
 Why is the maiden now not by thy side?"



THE SANDS OF WEEPING.

THE watcher by the Llanfairfechan shore,
 When the ebb tide has reached the lowest line,
 The ruined based of Helyg's palace walls,
 Slow crumbling through the centuries, still may see,
 Mute witness of a tragedy of yore.
 The story lingers yet on bardic lips,
 And this the fashion of that ancient tale.

Gwendud the fair, of all her father's court
 Was fairest, but as proud as fair was she ;
 Not the bright angel Lucifer who fell,
 Was prouder than this maid, Gwendud the fair.
 When Bleddyn came to woo the lovely maid,
 The boldest swordsman he in all the land,
 She would not listen to his tale of love.
 "Bleddyn," said Gwendud, "I will never wed
 "Save one who wears the bright and golden chain,
 "The torque that marks him one of regal state."
 When Bleddyn left her, sad at heart was he,

And as he strode in melancholy mood
 Far from the towers of Helyg's princely halls,
 He met a mystic woman in the road,—
 A woman who could read in Fate's dark page
 The mystery of the things that were to be.
 "Is this," she said, "the swordsman bold and brave,
 "Who is cast down by a proud damsel's frown?
 "Gwendud the fair will only wed with one
 "Who wears around his neck the golden torque,
 "And Bleddyn if he will take my advice
 "May quickly wear the torque and win the maid."
 Then Bleddyn answered, "How can that thing be?
 "A skilful swordsman I, but not a prince."
 Then the witch woman said to Bleddyn bold,
 "This very night the Saxon prince will leave
 "The court of Rhun the great, where he has been
 "A hostage for these seven summers past.
 "If you would win fair Gwendud seek him out—
 "This Saxon Herbert fair of hair and face,—
 "And be his guide from Caer Rhun's stately halls,
 "And by the wayside you may slay the lad,
 "And take the golden torque from off his neck,
 "And take the riches that he bears with him,
 "And wed with Helyg's daughter, Gwendud fair."
 Thus speaking evil counsel fled the witch,
 And Bleddyn took his way to great Caer Rhun,
 To be a guide unto the Saxon prince.
 As Herbert walked along by Bleddyn's side,
 While visions of his far-off Saxon home
 Filled all his youthful spirit with delight,
 They reached a brook beside a narrow pass,
 And near this gloomy Pass of the Two Stones
 Did Bleddyn slay the fair-haired Saxon prince.
 Then taking from his neck the golden torque,

He left the body by the swift brook side,
 And took his way to Gwendud's stately home,
 And told her all the sad and ghastly tale,
 How he for love of her had slain the boy
 Whose body lay unburied by the brook.
 She held the golden torque within her hand,
 And gazed on Bleddyn with dilated eyes
 Where pride, and love, and fear, and horror strove.
 "Go now," she said, "and bury this poor lad
 Whom thou hast murdered for the love of me,
 For if great Rhun should hear of this foul deed
 Thy life is lost and all thy labour vain."
 Then Bleddyn hastened to the reddened brook,
 And dug a grave close by the water side.
 But, as he bent him to the weary work,
 He heard a voice cry loudly "Vengeance waits."
 Full of remorse and fear then Bleddyn fled,
 And poured his anguish into Gwendud's ears,
 And begged that he might now return the torque,
 And make amendment for his evil deed.
 But she relented not, but bade him, "Go,
 And if the voice should cry, then ask it 'When?'"
 So Bleddyn with a weary heart returned
 And dragged the body to its narrow grave.
 Then said the voice once more in piercing tone,
 "Vengeance awaits." And Bleddyn, sad at heart,
 Then faintly ask'd, "When shall this vengeance be?"
 And like an echo from a far-off hill
 There came the answer, "In thy grandchild's days."
 With this reply he went to Gwendud fair,
 And she, to comfort him, who for her sake
 Had brought this sinful stain upon his soul,
 Said, "Bleddyn, do not grieve o'ermuch, for we
 By then may be within our quiet graves."

So Bleddyn wedded Gwendud, and they dwelt
 In Helyg's palace by the sounding sea.
 And Bleddyn was the bravest in the land,
 And ruled with justice and was merciful ;
 And Gwendud's pride was tempered by her love,
 And she was fair and stately, tender, strong,
 And all the people owned their kindly sway.
 And children grew around them and became
 Brave warlike youths and beauteous winsome maids.
 So passed the days and years, and Bleddyn's hair
 Grew white with age, but ever in his heart
 He heard the echo of the voice that cried
 " Vengeance awaits thee." And in Gwendud's heart
 The echo sounded of the voice that cried,
 And as her children's children touched her knee
 She feared for them the falling of the doom.

One summer day they made a feast for all
 Their daughters and their sons, and those whom they
 Had wedded, and the children who had come
 To make a sunshine in their lordly halls.
 Right blythe and happy were the guests who there
 Made gladsome merriment in Helyg's towers.
 And Bleddyn looked with pride on this fair tribe,
 Boys of his valour, girls of Gwendud's charm ;
 And Gwendud looked upon the merry throng
 And thought, " The punishment of pride will come,
 " For ' Vengeance waiteth,' said the warning voice."
 But nothing knew the laughing crowd of this,
 And faster, faster went the circling dance,
 And louder grew the sound of joy and song,
 And sweeter came the pulses of the harp,
 And deeper raptures fell upon the bard,
 Myrddin the skilful harper, as he sang.
 At last there came a wailing in the strain,

A sad foreboding of the griefs to be.
 "There is a curse upon this house," he said,
 "Vengeance awaiteth all its dooméd race."
 Then dark-browed Gwynhfwf who served him said,
 "More wine will cure thee of these solemn thoughts,
 "And thou shalt have the best our cellar holds."
 "More wine," said Myrddin, "but I bid thee watch,
 "Lest the salt water be amidst the wine,
 "For if the fishes in the cellar swim
 "The vengeance that awaits has found its time."
 She went light-hearted down the steps for wine,
 But quickly came she back with trembling feet,
 And her dark brow was pale with sudden fear—
 "The water is upon us, let us fly."
 Then Myrddin took her by the hand to fly,
 And as they turned, above the festal noise,
 Louder than song, and laugh, and harper's glee,
 Came the dull roar of waters on the walls.
 Strong were the palace walls, but stronger far
 The cruel waves that quickly broke them down,
 That drowned the maiden by her lover's side,
 That snatched the infant from the mother's breast;
 And overwhelmed in one quick ruin all
 The wealth and state of Bleddyn and his queen.
 And as they saw their children borne away
 In the wild whirl of waters : heard the scream
 Of those they could not save : still in their ears
 There rang the echo of the warning voice,
 That first from murdered Herbert's grave had come.
 Vengeance slow moving now had struck its doom,
 And Gwendud's pride had met its punishment,
 And Bleddyn's crime had wrought its bitter fate,
 And brought destruction not for him alone,
 But for the blameless children of his race.

Few were they who escaped from Helyg's hall,
 But Gwynhwar and Myrddin were of these.
 Through the dark night, and through the angry wave,
 They reached the shore and waited for the dawn,
 And when the morning light stole o'er the waves,
 Where once stood Helyg's palace, roared the sea.
 Then did the sad survivors raise their voice,
 And wailed for Bleddyn and for Gwendud dead,
 And for their children, and for those who sat
 Beside their board and ate their bread and salt,
 And served them loyally and now had died
 Amid the ruin of this ancient home.

And from that day they called this gleaming waste
 That glitters redly 'neath the ruddy sun,
 "The Sands of Weeping," and the moaning waves
 Sound yet an echo of that far off woe.

A HIGH TIDE AT HASTINGS.

A THOUSAND wavelets and a thousand waves,
 That leap and strive with never-ceasing roar
 And sing incessant o'er the pebbly shore
 A song of wrecks and myriad ocean graves.
 The sea leaps forward like a soul that craves
 The full fruition that comes nevermore.
 The moon—as in the primal days of yore—
 Rains liquid music on the sombre waves.

The rushing waters headlong onward dash
 Against the strong sea wall, in endless fret,
 And hurled aloft in many a futile jet,
 Fall back repulsed from their endeavour rash.
 So beats the tide of life on Fate's sea-wall,—
 With heaven's bright lamp of pity over all.

THOU ART LIKE A FLOWER.

From HEINRICH HEINE.

THOU art as yonder flower
 So pure, and fair, and kind,
 Yet when I see thy face
 Grief in my heart I find.

And fain upon thy head
 My hands would lay in prayer,
 That God will keep thee still
 So kind and pure and fair.

 THE SKULL.

This curious legend is quoted from El Ghazzali, by Professor D. S. Margolionth in "Christ and Islam." — *Expository Times*, September, 1894.

THUS saith El Ghazzali of Jesus Christ :—
 " One day, the Master, on the dusty road,
 " Kicked with His foot a ghastly skull, that lay
 " The scorn and horror of each passer by.
 " ' Speak ' said He, ' in the holy name of God,
 " What wert thou when thy bones were clothed with flesh?
 " ' Spirit of God ' the skull said, ' I obey.
 " In ages past a mighty king was I.
 " Great was my power, and greater still my pride :
 " And thus I sat upon my throne of state,
 " A golden crown upon my kingly brow,
 " My courtiers round me in a clustering crowd,
 " An inner ring, surrounded many deep
 " By men-at-arms, for strength and valour famed,
 " In armies vast, who at my lightest word

“ Would carry fire and death across the world.

“ Thus as I sat and mused upon my state,

“ My empire, and my treasure, and my power,

“ Death’s shining angel stood amid the throng,

“ And beckoned to me, for my hour had come.

“ Straightway my body fell apart, my soul.

“ Went forth unto the angel stern and bright.

“ Would that those armies had been but one troop!

“ And all that glittering court a solitude!’

“ Thus spake the skull in God’s most holy name.”

WISDOM’S AIM.

From DR. PAUL FÖRSTER.

WHATE’ER of good the Past can tell, to hear,
 With hopeful eye to view the Future’s trend,
 The Present serve in truth and without fear,
 It seems to me, is Wisdom’s aim and end.

THE BIBLIOMANIAC.

From PONS, DE VERDUN.

I think, my God, at last ’tis caught,
 Edition long and vainly sought;
 It has, book seventh, page the first,
 Erratum absent in the worst.

PROLOGUE.

For the entertainment in aid of the Seamen's Charities, given on board the S. S. "Arizona" (New York to Liverpool), Friday, June 23, 1893.

SWIFTLY we sail across the ocean foam
 And soon shall hail the harbour lights of home ;
 Far have we wandered, lovely sights have seen ;
 The City White, Niagara's crystal sheen,
 The gleaming stars of Detroit's midnight sky,
 Green hills and fairer vales have all passed by
 But stand in Memory's picture book for aye,
 Bright with the glamour of a summer day.

This for the past and future, now we stand
 Within the present, far from home and land.
 Across a waste of waters, wide and drear,
 The Arizona speeds without a fear,
 And they who guide her, strong in heart and hand,
 Will bring her safely to the wished-for land.
 Blythe as the bird that skims the snowy foam
 The ship flies straight unto the land of home.

Home ! where so many hearts beat high
 Rejoicing that our steps once more draw nigh ;
 Home ! where our dearest hopes are anchored fast,
 Where we must find our happiness at last.

But those who help us to our landward rest,
 When age shall come, themselves may lack a nest :
 With failing heart and dimming eye may find
 No port to shield them from the stormy wind.

Then give a brother's hand to-night to those
 Who shield us from so many stormy blows,
 Who give their strength and give their lives that we
 May safely sail the many-dangered sea.
 So in the future shall some sea-worn man,
 Safe in his cottage bless the happy plan
 That gives him home and rest and peace, and say
 "Thank the good Heaven that kind hearts beat always,
 "In helping others all my life was past
 "And others now, have helped me, too, at last."

What is the best that human life can give?
 To live in peace and help each other live,
 Take aid when needed with a thankful heart
 And when we can a generous help impart.

From out the sailor's home a cheerful ray
 Shall light and warm and brighten our life's way,
 Our hearts be better, beat with warmer glow
 For the small charity we now bestow.

A BLACK ACCUSATION.

From LUCILLIUS.

THAT Nora dyes the raven hair
 That ripples, wavelike down her back
 Is but a slander on the fair,
 I saw her buy it, and 'twas black.

EPITAPH ON DORAT DE CUBIERES
PALMAZEAUX.

From LA HARPE.

HERE lies a little man of a very common kind,
He'd three names, in his lifetime, and yet left none
behind.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF TRUTH.

The Right Rev. Shaku Soyen, the chief of the Zen denomination— which is one of the Buddhist churches of Japan—took part in the Parliament of Religions at Chicago last year. For Dr. Paul Carus he wrote a Chinese Poem, which is printed in the *Monist*, and of which the following is an English versification :—

MEN are many, and red or yellow, are black or white ;
No South, North, East, no West has the Way of Right,
You doubt? Behold the Moon shines in the firmament on
high,
And fills with all pervading light the whole of earth and sky.

DU SAGTEST, UND DU SAGTEST WAHR.

DU sagtest, and du sagtest wahr,
“ Die schöne Zeit geht immer schnell ;”
Wo du bist is die Zeit geschwind
Mit Sonnenschein fur immer hell.

Und glücklich will sein Leben sein
Was er nur hat vom Schicksal's schmerz,
Wer hat dein Bild in seiner Brust,
Und hat sein Bild in deinem Herz.

A PLURALIST.

FROM GROTIUS.

TWO Venuses, ten Muses, Graces four
Since Koré lives we must adore.

A MESSAGE.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.

Nach Wahrheit forsche,—
Schönheit liebe,—
Gutes wolle,—
Das Beste Thue!

LOVE the Beautiful,—
Seek out the True,
Wish for the Good,
And the Best do!

ON THE NINE BOOKS OF HERODOTUS.

FROM HERDER,

WITH Herodotus the Muses dined one day,
And each one left a book the host to pay.

THE MEASURE OF TIME.

FROM LUCIAN.

AN age is but one day when fortune's fair and bright ;
When fortune's black and dull, a long age is one night !

MAKING AN EXCEPTION.

From GROTIUS.

I WILL not write of epigram a line,
 Since every line provokes a fool ;
 Such was my law ; that foolish face of thine
 Has led to *one* exception of the rule.

BRANDY OR BREAD.

This was suggested by an epigram of Antiphilus in the "Anthologia Palatina."

THIS keg, now filled with flour, was first for brandy
 made,
 A brandy keg, the fountain sad of strife.
 Teetotal magic o'er its fate has brightly played,
 And deadly spirits turned to staff of life.

THE DOCTOR'S HARD CASE.

There is a *quatrain* of AMÉDÉE LATOUR, quoted in the *British Medical Journal*, which runs :

Le médecin savant et sans intrigue,
 A Paris meurt de faim,
 Ou, s'il arrive enfin,
 Savant ou non, meurt de fatigue.

UNSUCCESSFUL, full of learning,
 He will die for want of bread,
 If successful, full of earning,
 He will die of work instead.

THE SUN.

From CALDERON.

THE sun whose splendour falls
 On stately palace walls,
 From humble cottage roof
 Disdains to keep aloof,
 And turns the straw-thatch old
 To shining burnished gold.

HUMAN SORROW.

From CALDERON.

OUR earthly tears are but a dew,
 The breeze can scatter and the sun can'dry ;
 Oblivion comes to sorrowing souls,
 Even as slumber to the weary eye.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

From MANUEL M. FERNANDEZ.

DONOSTO to the public gave
 Old stories very badly told,
 Well printed in a portly tome,
 And bound in cloth and gold.

And those who read these limping lines
 No trouble had in finding
 The only gold about the book,
 For it was on the binding.

AN ITALIAN SERMON.

“Che cosa è uomo? L'uomo è rosa mattutina, peregrino e viandante e servo morte; la rosa mattutina sull' aurora s'apre, è fresca e bella; poi come il sole la scaldà un poco, subito cade e seccasi. Così è l'uomo un poco di tempo chiaro e fresco, e una febbre viene e hallo morto; è peregrino della sua patria del cielo, e qui è forestiero; servo de' morti s'intende, perochè l'uomo ignora si ricompera della morte. Va l'uomo a dormire, peròche se non dormisse morebbe; levasi dal letto, e vestesi perchè non gli faccia freddo, per paura della morte; va a desinare, per mangiare, acciò che viva, per paura della morte: bee perchè ha seté per paura della morte: e così dell' altre cose.”—(*From a Sermon by Franco Sacchetti, 1335-1410.*)

THE sunlight streamed through windows rich
 and bright,
 And bathed the pulpit in a golden flood,
 Wherein the preacher, pale, and sad of face,
 Stood as the Baptist stood in Jordan's stream.

“What,” said the preacher, “then is mortal man,
 And unto what shall we compare his life?
 He is but as the rose of morning prime—
 But as a traveller on a pilgrimage—
 Through all his life he is the Slave of Death.
 When morning dawns the rose is fresh and fair,
 But droops and dies beneath the sun's hot rays;
 So man is full of health and full of pride,
 The Fever comes and carries him to Death.

" A pilgrim and a stranger here he is,
 " A wand'rer from his heavenly fatherland.
 " The Slave of Death he is, and does not know
 " A ransom from the fear of Pain and Death ;
 " He sleeps—for if he slept not he would die.
 " He rises from his bed and clothes himself,
 " And guards himself from cold—for fear of Death ;
 " He eats that he may live—for fear, of Death ;
 " He drinks to quench his thirst—for fear of Death ;
 " And lives his life in fear—the Slave of Death."

*The sunlight streamed through windows rich and bright,
 And bathed the pulpit in a golden flood,
 Wherein the preacher, pale, and sad of face,
 Stood as the Baptist stood in Jordan's stream.*

A GIFT TO HEAVEN.

"In the Mercurio Peruano T. I. f. 305, there is a remarkable religious epigram, written by a Persian poet, there called Suzeno after he had been converted to Christianity. In the Spanish it forms a quatrain which it is beyond my skill to render in verse.

Quatro cosas, Dios mio.
 que en tu erario no tienes, te presento ;
 mi nada, mi necesidad, mi culpa,
 y mi arrepentimiento.

Four things, O my God, I offer Thee which Thou hast not in Thy treasury ; my nothingness, my wants, my sin, and my repentance."—
 (Robert Southey's "Omniana," vol. ii., p. 51.)

FOUR things thy treasure house not in
 Dear Lord I offer in my lost condition ;
 My nothingness, my want, my sin,
 And my sincere and sad contrition.

ANNA (NINON) KINGSFORD, M.D.

Born 16th September, 1846. Died 22nd February, 1888.

N o more her soft and silvery voice is heard
 I n pleadings for the tortured and the weak ;
 N o more her friendly aid the friendless seek,
 O r know her kindly hand and kindly word.
 N o more, no more ! Is all then passed away ?

K nowledge and genius swallowed in the tomb !
 I s virtue silenced in that dark and gloom,
 N ot piercèd by one bright consoling ray ?
 G rieve not that she has passed—the bright and brave ;
 S tarlike her soul shines o'er this earthly ball ;
 F rom her fair life sweet influences fall
 O n many lives, and wandering feet recall—
 R ecall from sin and error. Thus to save
 D ooms death to die, and conquers o'er the grave.

 ONE HOUR.

Suggested by the Sonnet "Le temps fuit, au loin emporté," of Henri-Charles Read.—See "Academy," No. 755, p. 270.

W E grieve the quickening step of Time away—
 Wing-footed Time that speeds through all delight
 Why should we mourn with tears the rapid flight
 Of this swift messenger of grave and gay ?
 Amidst an endless round of night and day
 What is one hour ? one hour, or sad or bright—
 One hour of darkness or one hour of light—
 Beneath Eternity's unending ray ?

Yet when two sweethearts, in the dawn of love,
 In summer time through leafy lanes do rove,
 When he looks in her calm and dreamy eyes,
 When she doth praise or with caress reprove,
 One hour, one idle hour, within that grove,
 Has then the value of the noblest prize.

ON MIRECOURT.

From the *Revue Anecdote*.

ON the glories of others
 He makes his repast,
 If he lived on his own
 He would have a long fast.

DUTY DONE.

SWEET in the wood a birdie sings,
 With feathers gray and brownish wings ;
 You'd hardly think so sweet a throat
 Could hide beneath so poor a coat.

Within the house a maiden stands,
 With homely face and homely hands ;
 And yet her goodness fills the place
 With more than beauty, more than grace.

And in his field the labourer's toil
 Wins harvest from the stubborn soil ;

And from the labour of his hand
Rise up the riches of the land.

As each one strives to do his best,
With work and song the world is blest ;
And from the sense of duty done
The joy of happiness is won.

