## READERS REQUEST AND OFFER MANY OLD FAVORITE POEMS

page of favorite poems in The Orego-

me that call for the explanation that the page is intended to be devoted chiefly to the old favorites or semiobscure poems of other days rather who dared to bear the scorn of scorn, than to poems that have become popular in modern days and are at this time easily within the reach of all. Several requests have been received for poems that have been published within the past few years or which are still enjoying a current popularity, but it the intention to give requests for the enjoying a current popularity, but it is the intention to give requests for the closer ones preference over these.

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Som letters have been received asking explanations why poems that have been requested have not yet appeared. Efforts are being made to answer requests by the publication of the poems desired as rapidly as possible, but the limits of the page make it possible to reprint only a small number each week. Also we are relying chiefly for the manuscripts of poems for the page upon contributions from interested followers of its contents. Some of the requests that have been sent in have brought no responses from contributors and for that reason their publication has been postponed in the face of immediate contributions of other poems that have been received.

It appears necessary to call attention to the fact that a manuscript sent in written on both sides of the sheet will stand no show for immediate handling and that a manuscript legibly written or typewritten on one side of the sheet will stand no show for immediate handling and that a manuscript legibly written or typewritten on one side of the sheet will stand no show for immediate handling and that a manuscript legibly written on typewritten on one side of the sheet will stand no show for immediate handling and that a manuscript legibly written on typewritten on one side of the sheet will stand no show for immediate handling and that a manuscript legibly written on typewritten on one side of the sheet will stand.

Among the requests received in the

We build like corais, grave on grave,
But pave a pathway sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray.
But ever strength we borrow,
For where the vanguard sleeps today
The rear shall camp tomorrow."
J. D. Kandy, of Ariel, Wash, requests
the poem "Porto Rico," which he says
was published in some of the Eastern
papers in 1898. rs in 1898.

papers in 1898.

The name of the author and the text of "Kelly's Dream" is requested by another reader of the page.

Mrs. Palmer, of Albany, asks for the words of the song "Paul Vane," which she heard about 50 years ago. The song is an answer to "Lorena" and the first lives are all the page of the song is an answer to "Lorena" and the first lives are all the page of the song is an answer to "Lorena" and the first lives are all the page of the pag

lines are: "The years are creeping slowly by, dear Paul; The Winters come and go."

S. W. Walker wants the poem which he committed to memory to recite when a schoolboy. It begins: 'I am a Modoc chieftain and they call me Captain Jack;

And well ye know my war-whoop and my trusty rifle's crack." Mrs. A. B. Chase asks for "The Drunkard's Wife," which contains the

"Tell me I hate the bowl. Hate is a feeble word. I loathe, abhor, my very soul With deep disgust is stirred, Whene'er I see or hear or tell Of that dark beverage of hell."

Of that dark beverage of hell."

A reader in Bend wants the poem
"Why He-Wouldn't Sell the Old Farm"
and "The Story of the Empty Sleeve,"
both reminiscent of the Civil War."
"The Dying Callfornian" is a poem
sought by J. W. Bell, of Dallas,
"C. F. B.," contributing a poem, also
asks for the complete verses of the
poem running:

"Just beyond the harbor bar, There my bark is sailing far; O'er the world I wander lone, Sweet Belle Mahone."

Mrs. O. L. Barbur asks for the words of "Molly Darling" and the "Sailor's Grave," the latter containing the lines; "With a splash and a dash, the task was o'er
And the billows rolled as they rolled before."

Also she requests the words to "So-carry Settin" a Hen."

The poem, "Jack Dempsey's Grave," which was printed here some 15 years ago, is sought by Alex Maxwell, of Chelnis, Wash. 

Almost equal in popularity to "We Are Seven" and "Little Jim" has been Joaquin Miller's "Mothers of Men," or, as it is sometimes known, "The Bravest Battle," Copies have been received from Mrs. Roberta H. Wisdom, Mrs. Morey, of Lents; Verne Bright, of Beaverton;

Ruth Luce and others: MOTHERS OF MEN. By Josquin Miller.
The bravest battle that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when?

On the map of the world you will find It was fought by the mothers of men,

Not with cannon or battle shot, With sword or mightier pen; Not with wonderful word or thought From the lips of eloquent men.

But deep in some patient mother's heart, A woman who could not yield, ut silentity, cheerfully bore her part, Aye, there is the battle field,

No mashaling troop, no bivouac song, No banners to flaunt and wave, But, oh, their battles, they last so

From the cradle e'en to the grave. Yet faithful still, as a bridge of stars, She fights in her walled-up town--Fights on and on, in endless wars, Then silent, unseen, goes down,

Ch. spotless woman, in world of shame With splendid and silent scorn, Go back to God, as white as you came The kingliest warrior born.

(Note-The two concluding stanzas do not appear in all of the copies of the poem, the usual form being apparently

Another of Mr. Wood's contributions. which follows, will be fondly remem-bered by hundreds who learned to re-cite it in school years ago and who remember it in their school readers a generation back:

THE THREE CLOUDS. Across the blue sky together Flew three little clouds one day. The Sun they had passed at noontime,

The West was a league away. "Oh he is so slow," they whispered, "So slow and so far behind.
That we three can be first at the

If we only have half a mind!" So they hurried along together, They took hold of hands and flew, But alas, what a sad disapointme They afterwards learned anew.

For this they had quite forgotten As they hurried along through the

A. B. Wood, of Cottage Grove, has furnished us, together with several other selections, the following by

The past week has been a week in the years ago, has a striking application to the conditions that surround the present day: "THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE

Europe was never so entirely and terribly armed. Woe to him who sets Europe on fire now.—Von Moltke. And who the bravest of the brave, The bravest hero ever born? Twas one who dared a felon's grave, Who dared to bear the scorn of scorn.

Put up thy sword into the sheath,

or typewritten on one side of the sheet only will receive the most prompt attention.

Among the requests received in the past week is the following from Mrs. R. Luce, to whom we are indebted for a number of contributions to answer the requests of other readers. Mrs. Luce wants the full text of the poem which contains the following:

"Tis weary watching wave on wave, And yet the tide heaves onward; We build like corais, grave on grave, But pave a pathway sunward.

Mere beaten heads to the sheet of God, but for our gallant czar.

Our valiant king, our fearless queen, Yea, there would be an end of war. If but one could be heard or seen To follow Christ, and bravely cry. "Put up thy sword, put up thy sword." And let us dare to live and die As did command our valiant Lord. With sword commanded to its sheath. The peaceful olive boughs beneath!

Mrs. Ruth Luce has sent us "Papa's Letter," an old selection which heads."

Letter," an old selection which has been for years a prime favorite as a reading. The handbooks on elecution and the "Speakers" that have been in vogue have nearly all utilized the pa-thetic ballad:

PAPA'S LETTER.

was sitting in my study Writing letters, when I heard, Please, dear mamma, Mary told me Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed.

Want some ozzer fing to do. Witing letters, is 'on, mamma? Tan't I write a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy; Run and play with kitty now." "No, no, mamma, me wite letters, "Tan it 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded As I slowly shook my head, Till I said, "Fil make a letter Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses From his forehead high and white, And a stamp in sport I pasted 'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter, Go away and bear good news." And I smiled as down the staircase Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried Down to Mary in his giee. "Mamma's w'iting lots of letters; I'se a letter, Mary-see

No one heard the little prattle, As once more he climbed the stair, Reached his little cap and tippet Standing on the entry stair. No one heard the front door open,

No one saw the golden hair As it floated o'er his shoulders In the crisp October air. Down the street the baby hastened

Till he reached the office door. I'se a letter, Mr. Postman:

But the clerk in wonder answered:

"Not today, my little man."
"Den I'll find anozzer office,
'Cause I must do if I can." Fain the clerk would have detained

him.

But the pleading face was gone
And the little feet were hastening.

By the busy crowd swept on.

People fled from left to right a pair of maddened horses At the moment dashed in sight.

one saw the baby figure; No one saw the guiden hair. Till a voice of frightened sweetness Rang out on the Autumn air,

Twas too late—a moment only Stood the beauteous vision there, Then the little face lay lifeless, Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling, Brushed away the curls of gold, Saw the stamp upon the forehead, Growing now so key cold. Not a mark the face disfigured.

Showing where a hoof had trod; But the little life was ended— "Papa's letter" was with God.

"Only a Thin Vell Between Us," a pleasing lyric, typical of the verse produced a generation or so ago, is contributed by C. F. Barber. ONLY A THIN VEIL BETWEEN US.

Only a thin veil between us,
My loved ones so precious and true;
Only a mist before sunrise,
I am hidden away from your view.
Often I come with my blessing,
And strive all your sorrows to share,
At night when you're quietly sleeping,
I bits down you're quietly sleeping. I kiss down your eyelids in prayer.

Only a thin veil between us, Not many long years will it stay,
Tis growing more fleecy and golden.
As earth-life with you fades away,
And when you are thinking so sadiy
Or days all so joyous and free,
It is then I am nearest, my darling,
And ! bring sweetest comfort to

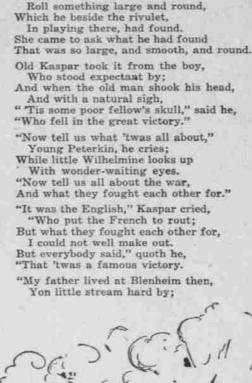
Only a thin veil betwen us,
Oh! can you not see me just now?
I bring you a crown of rare flowers,
With which to encircle your brow.
So long have " waited to greet thee,

So long have " waited to greet the And tell of the joys that are mine. Be true and be faithful to duty

Only a thin veil between us; Some morning the angels will come And then, in a bright land of beauty We'll gather with loved ones at home—
Home, beautiful home,
No longer in sadness to roam,
But safe in the kingdom of glory,
We'll dwell with our loved ones at

Joaquin Miller, which, although writ- in the second or third grade in the as any of the rag-time favorites of

by Robert Southey



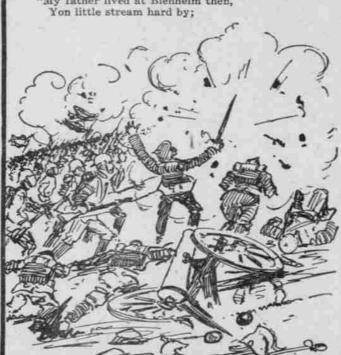
It was a Summer evening,

Was sitting in the sun, And by him sported on the green His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

Old Kaspar's work was done.

And he before his cottage door

She saw her brother Peterkin



They burned his dwelling to the ground, And he was forced to fly; So with his wife and child he fled, Nor had he where to rest his head. "With fire and sword the country round

Was wasted far and wide; And many a childing mother, then, And new-born baby died; But things like that, you know, must be At every famous victory. "They say it was a shocking sight

After the field was won, For many thousand bodies here Lay rotting in the sun; But things like that, you know, must be After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marborough won And our good prince Eugene.' 'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"

Said little Wilhelmine. "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he; "It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke Who this great fight did win."
"And what good came of it at last?" Quoth little Peterkin. "Why, that I cannot tell," said he,

"But 'twas a famous victory."

schools back in the old "Barnes Third Reader days":

WHICH LOVED BEST! "I love you, mother," said little Ben, Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on And he was off to the garden to swing, Leaving the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," gaid rosy Nell"I love you better than tongue can
tell";

to play.

"I love you, mother," said little "Today I'll help you all I cau; How glad I am school doesn't keep"; So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she fetched the And swept the floor and tidled the

Busy and happy all day was she.
Helpful and happy as child could be.
"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed

Out of a great collection of poen that have been written on the same theme, the following is one of the well-known favorites. It is contributed by Mrs. J. H. Behrendt, of Portland, who also kindly contributed copies of "Little Jim" and "We Are Seven," which the Well-known and "We Are Seven," which the well-known and the world with the well-known and already have been reprinted in this

WRITE THEM A LETTER TONIGHT. Don't go to the theater, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room tonight;
Deny yourself of the friends that call
And a good long letter write.
Write to the snd old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done
With folded hands and downcast eyes
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble: "Exuse my haste, I've scarcely the time to write," Lest their brooding thoughts go wan-

dering back
To many a bygone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest. And every breath was a prayer hat God would leave their delicate

To their tender love and care. Don't let them feel that you've no more

need Of their love and counsel wise; For the heart grows strangely sensi-

When age has dimmed the eyes It might be well to let them believe You never forgot them quite, That you deem it a pleasure when far Long letters home to write,

Don't think that the young and glddy friends
Who make your pastime gay.
Have half the anxious cares for you
That the old folks have today.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and longed

Be a day or an hour too late. For the sad old folks at home, With locks fast turning white, Are longing to hear from the absent So write them a letter tonight

The words of "Billy Boy" will bring back to the memory of many readers the jolly lilting melody to which it used to be sung in the days when it

the present day, The copy is sent by Mrs. O. L. Barber. BILLY BOY.

Oh, where have you been?
Billy boy, Billy boy.
Oh, where have you been, charming Billy? I have been to seek a wife She's the joy of my life, She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother,

Then she teased and pouted full half
the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went

Did she bid you to come in?
Billy boy,
Billy boy
Did she bid you to come in, charming

Yes, she bade me to come in-She's a young thing and cannot leave

Did she set for you a chair? Billy boy, Billy boy. Did she set for you a chair? charming

Yes, she set for me a chair— There were ringlets in her hair— She's a young thing and cannot leave

Can she make a cherry pie? Billy boy, Billy boy, Can she make a cherry ple, charming She can make a cherry ple
Quick as a cat can wink her eye.
She's a young thing and cannot leave
her mother.

Billy boy, Billy boy.
How old is she? charming Billy. Three times six, four times seven, Twenty-eight, and eleven, he's a young thing and canot leave her mother.

"Almost There," requested in a pre-vious issue, has been sent in by F. E. Briggs, of this city. The text of the is herewith given:

we almost there? Are we almost there?" Said a dying girl as she drew near home.
'Are those our poplar trees that rear
Their forms so nigh 'gainst the heaven's blue dome?"

Then she thought of her flowers and talked of the well.
Where the cool water dashed o'er the large white stone.
And she thought it would soothe like a fairy spell d she drink of that well when

the fever was on In her earlier days, when her bloom grew less.
They had borne her away to a kind-lier clime;
For she would not tell that 'twas only

That had wasted her bloom in its

sweet Springtime. But now she sighed for the quiet spot Where often she roamed in her childhood's hour, Though shrub and flowerlet marked it It was dearer to her than the gayest

And often she asked, "Are we almost there?"

Then quickly, more quickly they hurover each heart came a chill Yours And gone
And the quick puise stopped, they
were almost there.

Miss Elma Metager, of Gold Beach,

has sent the following copy of "The Two Words.' Miss Metager also kindly contributed a copy of the requested poem, "You Put No Flowers on My Papa"s Grave," but this has already been reprinted in a recent issue:

THE TWO WORDS.

One day a harsh word, rashly said, Upon an evil journey sped, And like a sharp and cruel dart, It pierced a fond and loving heart; It turned a friend into a foe And everywhere brought pain and wo-A kind word followed it one day. Flew swiftly on its blessed way: It healed the wound, it southed the pain And friends of old were friends again: It made the bate and anger cease

And everywhere brought joy and peace But yet the harsh word left a trace The kind word could not quite efface; And, though the heart its love regained. It bore a scar that long remained; could forgive, but not forget

Or lose the sense of keen regret Oh, if we could but learn to kno How swift and sure one word can go. How we would weigh with utmost care Each thought before it sought the air, And only speak the words that move Like white-winged messengers of love.

"IP." If you can keep your head when all about you Are losing theirs, and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men
doubt you.
But make allowance for their doubting.
too;
If you can wait and not be fired by If you can wait and not be tired by

too wise. If you can dream, and not make dreams your master; If you can think, and not make thoughts If you can meet with triumph and And treat these two impostors just the same; If you can bear to hear the truth How sadly, I remember, rose the morn-ing of the year! Twisted by knaves to make a trap for To die before the snowdrop came, and Or watch the things you gave your life

If you can make one heap of all your winnings And risk it on one turn of pitch-andtoss, And lose, and start again at your And never breathe a word about your If you can force your nerve and heart, and sinew To serve your turn long after they are And so held on, when there is nothing

to, broken.
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools.

If you can talk with crowds and keep And her eyes grew dim and her flushed cheeks pale.

And they strove to soothe her with useless care.

As her sighs escaped on the evening gale.

Your virtue;

walk with kings nor lose the common touch;

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you.

If all men count with you, but none too much; your virtue; If you can fill the unforgiving minute,
With sixty seconds' worth of distance
run,
Yours is the earth and everything

O, look! the sun begins to rise, the
heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and atl
of them I know. run, is the earth and everything And over each heart came a came to that's in it;
But when the light of her eyes was And—which is more—you'll be a man, my sou!

-Rudyard Kipling, in American Mag-

Among the contributions received in

THE MAY QUEEN. must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear; corrow'll be the happiest time of all

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that
I shall never wake
If you do not call me loud when the
day begins to break; But I must gather knots of flowers and buds and garlands gay. For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see

But Robin leaning on the bridge be-neath the hazel tree?

He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday—

But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be;
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad will woo me any Summer day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effic shall go with me tomorrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shephehrd lads on every side will come from far away—
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW YEAR'S EVE If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year;
It is the last new year that I shall ever see, Then you may lay me low in the mould and think no more of me.

To night I saw the sun set; he set and To night I saw the sun set; he set and left behind.

The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind:

And the new year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see

The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day; Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May, And we danced about the Maypole and in the hazel copse
Till Charles's train came out above the
tall white chimney tops.

the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops
come again;
I wish the snow would melt and the sun
come out on high;
I long to see a flower so before the day
I die. The building rook will caw from the windy, tall elm tree And the tufted plover pipe along the

fallow lea,
And the swallow will come back again
with Summer o'er the wave—
But I shall its alone, mother, within the
moldering grave, When the flowers come again, mother, when the howers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry, dark wold the Summer airs blow cool
On the out grass and the bulrush in the

You'll bury me, my mother, just be-neath he hawthorn shade, And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid. I shall not forget you, mother: I shall hear you when you pass. With your feet above my head in the

long and pleasant grass. I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now; You'll kies me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow; Nay, nay, you must not weep nor let your grief be wild: You should not fret for me, mother—

Good night, good night; when I have said good night for evermore And you see me carried out from the you see me carried out from the threshold of the door, let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green; I be a beter child to you than ever I have been. Don't let Effie co

She'll find my garden tools upon the Had cooled ten thousand parching About the parlor window, and the box

waiting;
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or being lied about, don't d glad new year, So, if you're waking, call me, call me

early, mother dear. CONCLUSION I thought to pass away before and yet alive I am,
And in the fields all 'round I hear the
bleating of the lamb.

now the violet's here It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun.

And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet his will be done! But still I think it can't be long before

And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!

O, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!

A thousand times I bles't him as he knelt beside my bed.

Men' whom the love of office cannot kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot kill; He show'd me all the mercy, for he

O, blessings on his kindly voice and on

his silver hair!

taught me all the sin;
Now, though my lamp was lighted late,
there's One will let me in. Nor would I now be well, mother, again For my desire is but to pass to him that

And there I move no longer now and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me that, ere this day is done,

the past week, Mrs. D. Irons, sending a copy of "We Are Seven," which has already been printed, contributes also Tennyson's "May Queen," which she first found in Wilson's Fourth Reader:

And what is life that we should mean? And what is life that we should moan? Why make we much ado?

Tomorrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year.

Of all the giad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day:

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother.

I'm to be Queen o' the May.

To the wishin the light of God, as I lie upon your breast,

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Forever and forever, all in a blessed

There's many a black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline.
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I came to the spot where the White Pil-And pensively stood by his tomb.

And in a low whisper a voice seemed to "How sweetly I sleep here alone.

THE WHITE PILGRIM.

"The tempest may how? and loud thun-ders may roll
And gathering storms may arise;
But calm are my feelings, at rest is my
soul,
The tears are all wiped from mine

The call of my Master compelled me . from home;
I bade my companion farewell;
left my sweet children, who for me
now mourn, In a far-distant region to dwell,

'I wandered a stranger, an exile from home, To publish salvation abroad; met the contagion and bunk in the My spirit ascending to God.

"Go tell my companion and children most dear

To weep not the loved one that's gone.

The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear

Hath kindly conducted me home."

called at the house of the mourner below.

I catered the mansion of grief,
he tears of deep sorrow did flow,
I tried but could not give relief. There sat a lone widow, dejected and

THE WHITE PILGRIMS WIDOW.

sad,
By affliction and sorrow oppressed.
And here were her children, in mourning arrayed,
And sighs were escaping each breast. spoke to the widow concerning her griof,
I asked her the cause of her woe
And why there was nothing to give her
relief
Or sooth her deep sorrew below.

She looked at the children, then looked up at me;
That look I can never forget,
lore eloquent far than a scraph can
be, There's not a flower on all the hills; I spoke of the trials she had met.

> "The hand of affliction falls beaviy I am left with my children to mourn:
> The friend of my youth is allent and
> low,
> In ronder graveyard alone. "But why should I mourn or feel to

complain
Or think that fortune is hard?
Have I met with affliction? The truly
his gain;
He has entered the Joys of his Lord. "His work is completed and finished below,
His last tear has fallen, I trust;
He has preached his last sermon and
met his last foe,
Has conquered and now is at rest."

"Small Beginnings," also contributed by Mrs. Eunice P. Athey, has been a great favorite and holds place of honor

SMALL BEGINNINGS

BY CHARLES MAC KAY.

A traveler through a dusty road strewd acorns on the lea; And one took root and sprouted up and And one stock root and aprouted up and grew into a tree.

Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in beats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse level its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stock a slove in its place a pleasing It stood a glory in its place, a plessing

A little spring had lost its way amid
the grass and ferm.

A passing stranger scooped a well,
where weary men might turn;
He walled it in and hung with care a
ladie at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but
judged that toil might drink;
He passed again, and lo! the well, by
Summer never dried,
Had couled ten thousand parching

tongues and saved-a life beside A dreamer dropped a random thought: 'twas old, and yet 'twas new; A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.

a watch-fire on the hill; But I should see the sun rise upon the It sheds its radiance far adown, and glad new year,

A nameless man, smid a crowd that
thronged the daily mart.
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a
transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust; it
Saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O
thought of random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but
mighty at the last.

The following by John G. Holland has been used to drive home innumerable public addresses, ranging from high school crations to political campaign speeches, and is still one of the most widely quoted selections in the English language. It was contributed by Mrs. Eunice P. Athey, of this city:

GOD GIVE US MEN.

Men whom the spoils of office carnot Men who possess opinions and a will:

Men who love honor; men who will
not lie;
Men who can stand before a dema-

And damn his treacherous fintteries Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private think-ing; without winking,

For while the rabble with their thumbworn creeds, Their large professions and their little deeds, Mingle in selfish strife, lo! treedens weeps. Wrong rules the land and waiting ja.

tico sleeps'