SCRAP-BOOKS PROVE RICH FIELD FOR RARE OLD CLASSI

(The frigate Constitution, whose glorious record is known to all familiar with our naval history, was saved from destruction by the following beautiful lines of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, which caused the peo-ple to pause and reconsider their determination of breaking up the Nation's favorite. The copy used here was supplied by Lorne Kirk, of St. Faul.)

CAINCE the publication of this page Where only their conscience might S was begun in February we have reprinted more than 600 old poems, censure,

some well-known classics, others obscure contributions from old scrapbooks, others songs that the contributors declared they had never before seen in print.

A large proportion of these poems reprinted were sent in by contributors in response to published requests of other readers, and while we are re-

ceiving contributions continually we are also receiving requests for more old poems, in almost equal volume. A D. Allen, of Corbett, has written asking for the publication of "The Battle of Vickeburg," which begins:

"On Vicksburg's low and muddy grounds a wounded soldier lay, houghts were on his happy home a thousand miles away." His the

L. R. Alderman asks if it is possible to produre a copy of the old childhood

favorite: "Tom Twist was a wonderful fellow,

No boy was so clever or strong He turned ten double somersaults backward

And stood on his head all day long.'

Golda Adams, who has contributed several copies of verse asked by our other readers, requests for herself, "Maryland, My Maryland," and "Mathie Wumble," in which some of the words are:

"A mutual life with mutual joy, Two pretty girls and four fine boys, Religion once they did profess And walked in paths of righteousness; Whether this he right or wrong. This shall be answered in the song."

This shall be answered in the song." Golda Adams also requests "Paul Revere's Ride," which we reprint from a copy furnished by Mrs. E. J. Simp-son, of Buxton. This poem by Longfellow, is about an incident which occurred during the Revolutionary War. Paul Revere was born in Boston in 1755, and died there in 1818. He was of French Huguenot descent. He was an engraver and en-graved the plates for the Continental graved the plates for the Continental noney.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere. On the 18th of April in seventy-five; Hardly a man is now alive Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, if the British march

By land or sea from the town tonight, Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch Of the North Church tower, as a signal-

light-One if by land, and two if by sca; And I on the opposite shore will be, Ready to ride and spread the alarm

Through every Middlesex village and farm. For the country folk to be up and to

arm. Meanwhile his friend, through alley

and street,

and street, Wanders and watches with eager ears, Till in the silence around him he hears The muster of men at the barrack-

door. The sound of arms, and the tramp of

And the measured tread of the grena-

diers Marching down to their boats on the

shore. Then he climbed to the tower of the

church, Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,

To the belfry chamber overhead,

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and

ride. Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride, On the opposite shore walked Paul

Revere. Now he patted his horse's side, Now gazed on the landscape far and

near. Then impetuous stamped the earth, And turned and tightened his saddle-

girth; But mostly he watched with eager

search The belfry-tower of the old North

And only their God might view.

Theirs not the crimson glory Of the field where banners wave, And the physical courage of thousands Leaves but one remembered grave.

But they walked and slept with danger Like a shadow hovering near. A thousand miles from succor They had steeled their hearts to fear.

They clamored o'er untrod mountains, Where the mighty crags lay piled; They threaded their way through can-

yons, Shadowed, and dark, and wild.

They crossed o'er the burning desert, And saw but the blasted plain, Which the mirage, bright, prophetic, Showed as fields of waving grain.

They floated on unknown rivers, . Through valleys bright and green; Through breaks in the waving sky-

line Were the snow-topped mountains seen.

And they watched the shifting land-

scape, That lay mirrored there in the

stream, Till false and true commingled, As shadowy forms of a dream.

Set thick in each mountain valley-Reflected-the farmsteads shone, Telling mute tales of comfort, Where plenty reigned alone.

Begirt by gardens and garners And orchards blossoming bright, While a glow from a happy hearthside Shone out on a gloaming night,

They skirted the mighty forest, Which swept onward, swell on swell, The screen of its leafy branches So thick that no sunbeams fell.

Awearied, they sunk to slumber By the campfire's' flickering ray-o he warmed by feverish fancies As bright and as clear as the day. To

No longer mystic and silent In lis tangle of clambering vine-The mighty forest re-echoed The crash of the falling pine. The

D'er the rush and roar of the river Rose the whistle's shrilling blast. In the quiet harbor beneath them

Lay hulks of a shipyard vast. Triumphant through every danger, The toil and privations done. They told of the land of promise

Beneath the setting sun

In them we honor the manhood Of the sturdy ploneer, ourageous and self-reliant,

Unsullied by false veneer. -GEORGE H. NIXON.

"The Highland Bonnet" is sent b R. H. Southit.

THE HIGHLAND BONNET.

me, rax me doon that bonnet, lads, WI' bullets riddled through,

An' I will don it ance again, Though auld an' fail I'm noo, I wore it, lads, on twenty fields, An' last at Waterloo.

They tell me that the Government

Has doomed that bonnet braw, But surely Scotland better kens Than let these plumes awa'; Oor name an' fame these latter years

Are surely growin' sma'. Noo, look ye on that bonnet, lads,

Syne look ye, lads, on me. Nae wonder though I'm frail and white, This day I's ninety-three, An' three-score years an' aucht has

A wondrous change on me.

Then I could walk erect and firm, WI' martial step and true;

Ah! weel I mind the mornin', lads, We marched at Waterloo. I think I see the muddy rye iny's" legions

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down! Long has it waved on high, And many an eye has danced to see That banner in the sky; Beneath it rung the battle shout le: And burst the cannon's roar: The meteor of the ocean air Shall sweep the clouds no more. Her deck, once red with hero's blood, VEL Where knelt the vanquished foe, When winds were hurrying o'er the flood 1 1850 And waves were white below, No more shall feel the victor's tread, : = Or know the conquered knee: 1 Induiter 111 The harpies of the shore shall pluck -0-The eagle of the sea! SHE HORDU Oh, better that her shattered hulk Should sink beneath the wave-Her thunders shook the mighty deep, And there should be her grave. Nail to the mast her holy flag, inter-Set every threadbare sail, And give her to the god of storms, 88 The lightning, and the gale! 866 -----

Mrs. W. L. Joynt, of Aberdeen, and Mrs. And the plain old men who preached Mrs. R. H. Louttit, the following in M. Luke, of Portland: THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD. (From an old scrapbook; author not known.) The church and the world walked far

apart On the changing shore of time; The world was singing a giddy song

And the church a hymn sublime,

And the church a hymn sublime. "Come, give me your hand," said the merry world, "And walk with me the way"; But the good church hid her snowy hand And solemnly answered "Nay."

"I will not give thee my hand at all, And I will not walk with you; Your way is the way of eternal death And your words are all untrue."

And your words are all untrue." Nay, walk with me a little space," Said the world with a kindly air, The road I walk is a pleasant road And the sun shines always there. Nay,

Your way is narrow and thorny and rough.

rough, While mine is flowery and smooth; Your lot is and with repreach and toil, But in rounds of joy I move. My way, you can see, is a broad, fair And my gate is high and wide; There is room enough for you and me And we'll travel side by side."

Half shyly the church approached the world And gave him her hand of snow;

And the false world grasped it and walked along And whispered in accents low:

Your dress is too simple to please my taste; I have gold and pearls to wear; Rich velvets and silks for your graceful

form And diamonds to deck your hair."

The church looked down at her plain

"You give too much to the poor," said the world, "Far more than you ought to do; Though the poor need shelter, food and "O, it is grand no doubt," said he, "To fashion dreams of liberty; But thought is but a flag unfurl'd. olothes. Why thus should it trouble you? Which action bears throughout the world." Go, take your money and buy rich robes And horses and carriages fine, "And love, it is not well to frown When I must throw the gauntlet And pearls and jeweis and dainty food, The rarest and costliest wine. My children they dote on all such down;" And so they parted there, and he Went onward to his destiny. things, And if you their love would win You must do as they do and walk the way, 'O, woe is me," the maiden said. "I sure will find him 'mong the dead;" And kneeling low, disconsolate, She wept beside the palace gate. The flowery way they're in." Then the church her purse-strings tightly held And gravely lowered her head, and simpered: "I've given too muc On grim war fields her form was seen And slow her step, and sad her mien "He is not where the vanquish'd lie, And I must see him ere I die." away, I will do, sir, as you have said." So the poor were turned from the doc She followed where the victors led, in scorn; She heard not the orphans' cry; 'He is the foremost sure," she said, And she drew her beautiful robes aside As the widows went weeping by. And staved her feet where drum-beats roll. Within the ancient capitol.

And they of the church and they of the world Journeyed closely hand and heart, Rich men and maidens throng the door Whence issues the proud Emperor; But in the lists of high renown She hears not his name echoed down. And none but the master who knoweth 811 Could discern the two apart. Then the church sat down at her case

Were out of her pulpits turned.

the church And rented a prominent pew;

Then Mammon came in and supported

And preaching and singing and floral display Soon proclaimed a gospel new.

"O, woe is me," the maiden said. and said: And down the olden city sped; "I am rich and in goods increased; "I may not see my love again, I have need of nothing and naught to do And famine stalks in street and lane But to laugh and dance and feast.'

That letter tells half the story And heart, it is not my

DUTY.

An earnest ploader for the truth; And one walked with him earnest-eyed

Who'd look into his face with pride.

And he was strong in strength of will

And she was weak and question'd still And thus on all the wrongs they saw, One only will'd the sword to draw.

He was a fair and noble youth.

sends the following copy of "Grand-mother's Chest." copy of "The Bright Sunny South." for which one of our readers asked. THE BRIGHT SUNNY SOUTH.

and content.

The years of my childhood were

carelessly spent. From a broad spreading plain to a

Oh, father, dear father, for me do not

The' my body in some foreign country

may sleep, As for danger of war I expect for to share, And for sickness and death I intend

Oh, mother, dear mother, for me do not

For a mother's kind advice I forever shall keep;
Tou have taught me to be brave from childhood to a man,
Now I'm going in defense of my own native land.

Oh, sister, dear sister, I cannot hear

your woe. Your tears and your sorrow they

trouble me so, And now I must be going, for here I

I'm going in defense of my own country,

I left a dear companion, my heart's

Polar Star, She's more beautiful than others, more

precious by far, She embraced me when we parted and charged me not to stay. At the call of my country I hastened

The time will soon come, oh, how soon .

When from rebels and traitors our country will be free. When the war is all o'er and cur country shall be free. And will hasten to our loved ones still grieving to see.

THE BOYS.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We are more? He's tipsy-Young Jackanapes! Show him the door!

Gray temples at twenty? Yes! white if you please. Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the

mistakel Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake!

a flake! We want some new garlands for those we have shed. And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have told, Of talking (in public) as if we were old;

That boy we call "Doctor" and this

we call "Judge," It's a neat little fiction-of course it's

all fudge.

to prepare.

cannot stay.

away.

t In her drapings of satin and lacs, The pearls at her throat were no whiler The fair hands were laden with jewels, And gems in the golden hair. But the blue eyes!—ah, there was the story Of anguish and atter t

GRANDMOTHER'S CHEST. The bright Sunny South was in peace

There's a chest in the dim old garret That is hid 'neath a pall of dust, Aud curtained by dainty cobwebs That cover the signs of rust. 'Tis Grandmother's ancient helricom

deep rolling stream, Ever dear to my mem'ry, ever seen in my dream. And there untouched it stands, Since over her peaceful bosom They folded her snow-white hands.

But now they are going to search it, From sister and parents I once had to "Tho' my wife and my children were dearest to my heart; I never shall forget when I shook them Myrtie and beautiful May,

abries and beautiful may,
In quest of some quaint old garments
To wear in a mimic play.
So they shatter the dainty cobwebs,
And scatter the piles of dust
And turn the key in the ancient lock
That creaks with the grains of dust. And started in defense of my own native land.

But thoughts of threaticals vanished As they lifted the heavy lid And gazed on the wonderful treasures That through the long years have been hid. And the mirth of the girlish voices My father looked and when he bade me depart. My mother embraced me with anguish

of heart. Tet she kissed me and blessed me and told me to go. My houtful sister stood pale in her

Was changed to a smothered sigh, s memory wreathed each relic With a halo of years gone by.

They found a package of letters Worn and faded and old And among them softly nestled A curl of shining gold. And the dainty ribbon which bound them

them Was a lover's knot of blue That meekly whispered the story So old yet ever new.

And here was the crape and illusion, Lying side by side This for the sorrowing widow

And that for the blooming bride. One kissed the golden treases, One clung to the silvered hair,

And they found a golden circlet Lying close to the vell of snow, That was given with love's pure kisse

In the misty long ago. But the hand that wore it is silent, And the passionate heart is still That throbbed 'neath orange blossoms,

At the whispered words, "I will."

Worn at its dainty too, Embalmed with the tears and kisses

Rained on it long ago. There were toys and tiny garments, And one little silken curl, With a cross of pure-white lilles, And the name of the biby girl.

Then they found two old-time paintings

That each heart knew full well Were grandmother's fair twin daugh-

But the picture of dear little Bertha

curls.

right

Had roses instead of the pearls; Her dimpled cheeks vied with the

flowers. And sunshine seemed caught in her

The blue eyes were peaceful and ten, der, And sweet is the story they tell,

For true love was given to Bertha. And title and homage to Belle.

Then there was a letter from Willie, The darling first-born son, Written beside the campfire After the battle was done.

For Willie would lead the battle

In tomorrow's desperate fight.

Twas a letter of hope to mother And a prayer for the cause of the

ters, Bertha and beautiful Bello. Allke, yet, ah, how different Are the faces fair they view,

For each has a story written In the beautiful eyes of blue.

And they found a baby's slipper

Each tells its own sad story

Lying in silence there,

The siy world heard her and laughed To list the shouts of victory, Church vhite rob That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on As it rose above the graves on the hill And then at the dazzling world. the right; "Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are This hard-earned badge dyed crimson within Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and I think I see oor Highland lads By the blood of his loyal heart. He were it but once in battle, And blushed as she saw his handsom And there are duties nobler far And mockingly said aside: The church has fallen-the beautiful Stan' like a six-foot wa', The gleamin' bayonets in a line, you tonight? That's our "Member of Congress," we Where fever and where famine are." lip With a smile contemptuous curled. st111. When bravely he fell at his post, church In the first streak of dappled morn Prone in the dust, and weak and worn And dying, she and one was there, say when we chaff: There's the "Reverend"-what's his * name?-don't make me laugh. I will change my dress for a costller And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's An' feather bonnets a And the badge was brought home by Her shame is her boast and pride.' height A glimmer, and then a gleam of light! He springs to the saddle, the bridle he An' foremost in the Highland charge a comrade Thus her witnessing power, alas! The gallant Forty-Twa. the church with a smile of Said To her who loved him most: And the perilous times came in; The time of the end, so oft foretold-Of form and pleasure and sin. Who kneel'd beside her form in prayer Then her pure white garment drifted away grace, They found a quaint gold locket That grandmother used to wear, With its tresses of raven and sliver turns I hear the ringing' pibroch yet That boy with the grave, mathematical But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight That a' our pipers blew, While volleys crashed on ilka side 'Mid strains o' "Donald Dhu"; He was a fair and noble youth. look And the world gave in their place An earnest pleader for the truch Made believe he had written a wonder-A second lamp in the belfry burns! And she who lay there at his side Smiled up into his face and died. --DAVID MITCHELL, SMITH. That were clipped from grandpa's ful book Then the angel drew near the mercy That were cripped from grandpar hair. But the quaint old-fashioned treasures Were far too sacred for play. For a joy or a grief seemed blended With all that was laid away. A hurry of hoofs in a village street, A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the An' past us swept the noble "Greys," Beautiful sating and fashionable silks And the Royal Society thought it was seat For Scotland chargin' too. And roses and gems and pearls; And over her forehead her bright hair A shape And whispered in sighs her name, And the saints their anthems of raptrue! So they chose him right in-a good joke It was, too! dark. And beneath from the pebbles, in pass-Auld Britain then had routh o' men fell. A familiar old classic is the following ture hushed 'Mang these north hils awa', An' gladly wad hae gien them kilts An' feather bonnets twa ing, a spark Struck out by a steed that flies fear-less and fleet-Woven in a thousand curls. And covered their heads with shame. A voice came down from the hush of sent in by Mrs. H. H. Smith: "Your house is too plain," said the proud old world. "Let me build you one like mine, With a kitchen for feasting and parlor There's a boy, we pretend, with a three- : MOTHER'S FOOL. And so, as in sober silence They searched the old chest through, Grief came to the haughty dark eyes decker brain That could harness a team with a logical chain; When he spoke of our manhood in That was all And yet, 'through the gloom and the light, The fate of a Nation was riding that heaven. "'Tis plain enough to see," said the To stan' between her an' her foes, Trom him that sits on the throne, I know thy works and what thou hast said, "These of life; Defyin' nations a'. farmer's wife, boys will make their mark in And tears to the eyes of blue. With a sob and a stiffed murmur They closed the heavy chest for play, But sheep an' deer seem better gear Than honest, sturdy men; An' see the lads that kenn'd nas fear night: And furniture ever so fine." But, alas, thou hast not known And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight, syllabled fire They were never made to handle a hoe We called him "The Justice," but now And at once to college ought to go. There's Fred, he's little better than a And the treasures, like her who prized So he built her a costly and beautiful "That thou art poor and naked and Kindled the land into fisme with its he's "The Squire." Hae had to leave the glen. They're owre the seas an' far awa', bouse. Splendid it was to behold; er sons and her daughters met fre quently there. blind. Were left in peace to rest. With pride and ruin enthralled; he expected brids of the heavenly Groom heat. And there's a nice youngster of excel-But John and Henry must go to school." Ne'er to come back again. Her lent pith; Fate tried to conceal him by naming It was 12 by the village clock, When he crossed the bridge into Med-THE NAME OF OLD GLORY. "Well really, wife," quoth Farmer Shining in purple and gold. I'm wae to think o' Scotland noo, Is the harlot of the world! Old glory, say, who By the ships and the crew And the long, blended ranks of the him Smith! ford town. Thou hast ceased to watch for that blessed hope. Hast fallen from zeal and grace. So, now, alas! I must cast thee out And fair and festival-frolics untold, Were held in the place of prayer, And maidens bewitching as sirens of She's naething like the same. Brown, But he shouled a song for the brave It was one by the village clock, When he rode into Lexington. As he sat his mug of cider down, "Fred does more work in a day for Than both his brothers do in three. As when we smote those foreign hordes And daily won her fame. and the free-Just read on his medal, "My Country . He saw the glided weathercock Swim in the moonlight as he passed, And the meeting-house windows, blank Oor Scottish regiments noo, I fear, Are Scottish but in name. old. Who gave you, old glory, the name that you bear With such pride everywhere. · · of thee!" And blot thy name from its place." With world-winning graces rare. Book learnin' will never plant one's corn, Nor hoe potatoes, sure's you're born; Nor mend a rod of broken fenceand bare, Gaze at him with a spectral glare, As if they already stood aghast At the bloody work they would look You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun. But the angels laugh, tog, at the good he has done. They'll gladly offer bonnets, lads, An' guineas, too. I fear, To plant the men, ere a' be gane, Bedecked with fair jewels and hair all As you cast yourself free to the rap-turous air And leap out full length, as we're want-THE WATER THAT IS PAST. curls, Untrammeled by gospel or laws, To beguile and amuse and win from the Listen to the water mill, Through the livelong day, For my part, give me common sense, To plant the men, ere a' be gane, Where noo they've planted deer; Recruitin' will come badly on The children laugh loud as they troop How the clanking of the wheels Wears the hours away. ing you to? upon. But his wife was bound the roost to Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same, And the honor and fame so becoming world to his call, Where only grouse they rear Some help for the righteous cause rule, So John and Henry were sent to school. While Fred, of course, was left behind, Because his mother said he had no mind. And the honor and fame so becoming Who gave you the name of Old Glory? Yes, we're boys, always playing with You know the rest. In the books you Languidly the Autumn wind The angel of mercy rebuked the church And whispered: "I know thy sin;" Then the church looked sad and Stirs the greenwood leaves; from the fields the reapers sing, Binding up the sheaves; have read Ower late, I doubt, they'll maybe learn How the British regulars fired and fled. How the farmers gave them ball for That Lords an' forests braw re puir an' feckless substitutes For them that are awa. and anxiously longed To gather her children in. Who gave you the name of Old Glory? Old Glory, the story wa're wanting of the men? And a proverb haunts my mind As a spell is castball. From behind each fence and farmyard. When Britain's foes may crack he Five years at school the students spent; will never grind Then into business each one went, John learned to play the flute and Old Glory, the story we're wanting Shall we But some were away at the midnight always be youthful and With the water that has passed. An' ower her croosely craw. Chasing the redcoats down the lane, to hear Is what the plain facts of your christball. laughing and gay. fiddle. And others were at the play, Then crossing the fields to emerge Till the last dear companion drops Take the lesson to thyself. And parted his hair, of course, in the middle: While his brother looked rather higher than he what the plain facts of your tame for your name-just to hear it. Repeat it and cheer it, is a tang Then feather bonnets will be rife An' temptin' bribes be thrown, again Under the trees at the turn of the road, And only pausing to fire and load. So through the night rode Paul Revere: The lads will soon be gone. -JOHN S. RA again And some were drinking in gay sa-Loving heart and true, Golden years are passing by, Youth is fleeting, too: Learn to make the most of life. smilling away? loons. And the angel went away. And then said the world in soothing .tones: Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray! The stars of its Winter, the dews of its May! the spirit, And hung out a sign, "H. Brown, M. D." Lose no happy day. Time will never bring thee back As salt as a tear; "Your much-loved ones mean no Meanwhile at home their brother Fred Had taken a notion into his head; But he quistly trimmed his appie trees, And weeded onlons and planted peas, While somehow, by hook and drook, He managed to read full many a book. Until at last his father said. He was getting "book-learnin" into his head; And seeing you fly, and the boya marching by. There's a shout in the throat and a -JOHN S. RAE. harm, Merely indulging in innocent sports. Chances swept away. Leave no tender word unsaid, And when we have done with our To every Middlesex village and farmlife-lasting toys. Dear Father, take care of Thy children, AULD LANG SYNE. Love while life shall last-A cry of definite, and not of fear-A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door. And a word that shall echo forever-more! And aword that shall echo forever-more! And days o' auid lang syne? So she leaned on his proffered arm. the boys. And smilled and chatted and gathered -Contributed by Clara D. Mitchell. With the water that has passed." flowers, And walked along with the world, The following is from a collection of Uppings sent in by Mrs. W. L. Joynt, Work while yet the daylight shines, For, borne on the night-wind of the Man of strength and will; Never does the streamlet glide While countless millions of precious past, ugh all our history, to the last, Through all our history, to the last, In the hour of darkness and peril and we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet. souls Aberdeen: To the horrible pit were hurled! Useless by the mill. QUARRELS. Brown, rows thereof. Your preachers are all too old and Walt not till tomorrow's sun Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why Are we thrilled at the name of Old need. "He's the smartest boy in town!" There's a knowing little proverb Beams upon thy way: Il that thou canst call thine own For auld lang syne. plain." From the sunny land of Spain: But in Northland as in Southland Is its meaning clear and plain. Lock it up within your keart, The people will waken and listen to Said the gay world with a sneer; "They frighten my children with dread-The war broke out and Captain Fred Are we thru A hundred men to battle led, Glory? And when the rebel flag came down, hear We twa has run aboot the brass The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed. And the midnight message of Paul Revere. Lies in thy today. ower, intellect and health ful tales Which I do not like them to hear. May not, cannot last-The mill will never grind He went marching home as "General Neither loss nor lend it-Then the old banner leaped, like a sail Two it takes to make a quarrel; Brown." They talk of judgment and fire and With the water that has passed." Brown." in the blast, But he went to work on the farm again. And fluttered an audible answer at LEWIS AND CLARK. In the lights of imperial purple. Let their names on the night be But seas between us braid has roared LEWIS AND CLARK. One can hiways end it. And planted corn and sowed his grain, And shingled the barn and mended the And it spake, with a shake of the voice. And the doom of endless night; Oh, the wasted hours of life Try It well in every way, hey warn of a place that should not be Thus spoken to cars polite! will send you some of a better stamp, That have drifted by! Oh, the good we might have dons, Lost without a sigh! fence. fence, Till the people declared he had com- By the driven snow-white and the Still you'll find it true: In a fight without a fee flung; Sin' auld lang syne. These types of sturdy millions And here's a hand, my trusty flere, And gle's a hand o' thine, And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught. Whose deeds remain unsung. Love that we might once have saved By a single word; Thoughts conceived but never penned. mon sense. More brilliant and gay and fast, who will show how men may live as they list, Pray what could you do? living blood-red Now common sense was very rare. And the state-house needed a portion By the symbol conjoined of them all. If the wrath is yours alone Soon you will expend it— Two it takes to make a quarrel. Who Theirs not the shifting glamour, Where fortune's favorites bask; Theirs but the patient doing And go to heaven at last. Perishing unheard. For auld lang syne. Take the proverb to thy heart, Take, oh, hold it fastskyward cast, As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast, there; One can always end it. So the "family dunce" moved into town, Of a hard unlovely task. "The Father is merciful, great and And surely ye'll be your pint-atoup And surely I'll be mine; And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet. good, Loving and tender and kind; Do you think he'd take one child heaven The mill will never grind Let's suppose that both are wroth. Theirs not the pemp and splendor Of a court, where, wined and dined. Some man of a steadfast purpose And the people called him "Governor Or droop o'er the sod where the long With the water that has passed." (This is from one of my old scrap books, but some way have failed to And the strife begun; If one shall cry for "peace," Soon it will be done, Brown": And the brothers who went to the city school, Brown": Brown": So I came by the name of Old Giory. Sees a fateful treaty signed. And leave another behind?" If but one shall span the breach, He will quickly mend itthe author's name .-- Clara D. sa.ve Came home to live with "mother's fool." So she called for pleasing and gay di-Mitchell. -JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. "The Church and the World," re-quested recently, is furnished us by Theirs but the rigid adherence Two it takes to make a quarral duty set to do In a collection of clippings sent by Mrs. T. G. Haven, of Roseburg, Deemed gifted and great and learned, E. A. Ellis, of Newberg, furnishes a One can always end it.