

**Birthday Party.**

On Thursday evening last, the 21st inst., the faculty and students of the Normal School, with the numerous friends in Monmouth of the respected principal, D. T. Stanley, thought to surprise that worthy by crowding in upon him *en masse*, to congratulate him on reaching another milestone in his life, *i. e.*, birthday. We do not know exactly the Prof.'s age, but judge him to be some where between 35 and 55 years by his appearance. But whatever age the Prof. is, he rounded this period of his life in good style, with more friends than he ever had before. The President thought at first, that it was only one or two friends that dropped in to congratulate him and his usual handshaking was kept up until his "dexter" must have been tired. But still they came until the house was full, all enjoying themselves hugely. President Stanley was decoyed into the center of the parlor, by the adroitness of Prof. Powell, when Prof. Yates addressed a few very appropriate remarks, when, at the conclusion of which, he handed the President a very nice, substantial testimonial, congratulating him in behalf of the faculty, students and friends outside of the institution. To which Prof. S. made a feeling reply, after which all returned to their homes, having enjoyed a very pleasant evening. The next morning in chapel the announcement was made that a pair of rubber overshoes was left on the porch at the Prof.'s, that must belong to Prof. Hawes, as no one else would need them so long except it would be to lie down in. We noticed, however, that Mr. I. M. H. claimed the shoes.

Among mementos was an original poem from Squire Percival, given below.

**PROF. D. T. STANLEY.**

Dear Stanley, so this is your birthday,  
You've arrived at the noon of your life;  
Felt a few of life's fast-fleeting pleasures,  
Felt a few of the knocks of its strife.  
Perhaps you've not been like a cornet  
Rushing on through the bright world's above,  
But like some star modestly gleaming  
You've emitted the lustre of love.  
A light which has guided the careworn  
And shown them the pits in their way,  
Which has beaconed them through this dull, dim world,  
And will guide to a pure, perfect day.  
Of a star we know not its internal,  
Of its throes, dark, volcanic within;

But we know from its pathway supernal  
Comes a light on this careworn world of sin.

Of a man's soul we know not its heavings,  
Its chafings from chains of duress;

But through all its cares and its grievings,  
It may send forth a halo to bless.

But why should I thus write unto you?  
On this your meridianal birthday;  
When wife and loved children surround you,

And "troops of friends" throng in array,  
May the blessings that throng you on this day  
Attend you through all coming time,  
Till you meet the glad dawn of the bliss day

Which heralds eternity's clime.  
R. C. P.  
Feb. 21, 1881.

**The Barber's Sign.**

As understood by the customer:

"What do you think;  
I'll shave you for nothing,  
And give you a drink."

As explained by the barber:

"What! do you think,  
I'll shave you for nothing,  
And give you a drink!"

**Woman's Christian Temperance Union of San Francisco.**

*The San Francisco Woman's Christian Temperance Union. To the Ladies of our City.—Greeting:*

You have heard of the sixty thousand homes in our land annually made desolate by rum; and some of you have had a glimpse into that desolation; for much of the "woe to them that follow after strong drink" comes on this side the grave.

Our Heavenly Father has pronounced a "woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken also."

Dear Friends, let us each ask the blessed Master, "Lord, is it I?" Did this besotted man, once the

pride of fond parents and the hope of his country, ever taste wine in my home, or once feel his blood stirred by the viands at my table? Aye, in some home and at many a table.

In the name of those who mourn their dishonored dead; in the name of those who are chained by appetite to a living death; in the name of those yet unhurt; in the name of a Nation's need; in the name of our homes; in the name of God, we earnestly entreat you to refrain from the use of any kind of wine or strong drink in the preparation of food, and from offering it as food

or drink to your visitors, especially on Thanksgiving and New Year's days.

MRS. H. H. LUSE, Chairman.

**THE QUEEN AT THE GRAVE OF PRINCE ALBERT.**

BY MARY A. HAMLIN.

Sad, dreaming heart, why list in vain  
To memory's sad, yet sweet refrain—  
At her fond shrine thy incense burn,  
For joys that never can return?

Oh, rather mount on Hope's bright wing,  
Far purer joys than earth can bring!

Hope, earth's dear singer, breaks away  
From scenes of sorrow and decay;  
Points from the spot where buried lies  
Our earthly treasures, to the skies;

Sings like a lark in upper air,  
Of where our buried treasures are.  
I list enraptured while she tells  
Of the dear home where Albert dwells;

Then dreaming still—fond memory flies  
To the dear spot where Albert lies,  
And lingers there till memory's chain,  
Binds me unto the past again.  
Then tender Hope again draws near,  
Wipes from my eyes each falling tear;

Half saddened by the scenes below,  
Her fluttering pinions plumed to go,  
Points to the home where angels are,  
And says, "No partings shall be there."  
Then o'er my heart her influence breaks  
Her dulcet voice my soul awakes;

She sings of home the spirits rest—  
I long to lean upon her breast,  
And mount with pinions light as air,  
To dwell where my loved treasures are.  
Half poised her glittering wings to go,  
She turns one lingering look below  
To the dear spot where Albert lies,  
Then plumes her pinions for the skies;

And as she mounts in upper air,  
Tells me my "treasure is not there."  
"Too frail the casket to contain—  
The jewel lent, 'tis recalled again;  
The earthly casket meets decay—  
The spirit dwells in endless day,  
Re-set the jewel that you love  
Shines in the diadem above!"

While listening still to hear her sing,  
She bore my Faith on upward wing;  
And sang more sweetly than before,  
"Jesus himself will be the door;  
For often have I heard him say—  
Come unto me—I am the way."

The gates of Heaven swing open wide,  
And Faith and Hope still side by side,  
Entered, and left the gates ajar;  
That I might view my treasures there,  
I saw them there, nor would again,  
Recall them to this world of pain.  
But oh, my raptured lips are sealed,  
To beauties which I saw revealed;  
For earthly joys cannot compare,  
With the bright glories which are there;

For it is all of Heaven to be  
With Him who purchased Heaven for me.  
Now Faith and Hope have gone before,  
And opened wide for me the door;  
And I am waiting to be there,  
Where my beloved treasures are.  
On Hope's bright pinion's upward borne,  
I sometimes get a glimpse of Home.

Now Faith and Hope have gone before,  
And opened wide for me the door;  
And I am waiting to be there,  
Where my beloved treasures are.  
On Hope's bright pinion's upward borne,  
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Where my beloved treasures are.  
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**The Palestine of To-Day.**

The old Palestine has gone. There are some signs that a new Palestine may come. It is almost startling to find steam mills at Nazareth, and to see the telegraph wire running between Abel and Gerizim, with the poles standing upon the ground once covered by the blessings and cursings uttered by the priests. Engineers are now making a survey of the country between the Red Sea and the Dead Sea, with the ultimate purpose of constructing a canal, if it should be found practicable, which should reach between these seas and then above the Dead Sea, through the Jordan valley, which will be flooded, and by the Sea of Galilee to Haifa, and thus make an English highway to India. The survey is to be made in connection with the Palestine Exploration Society, and will be useful, if nothing further is done, in accurately mapping out that part of the land.

It is thought that it will not be found expedient to construct the canal where the physical difficulties will be so great. But modern engineering has accomplished so great wonders that it is hazardous to say that this work will not be done. It will blot out the Palestine of our time, and change the country into a sea. But it would give profitable employment to men who need work which will stimulate and reward them, and introduce something of modern ideas and methods into a land which has little of them, and create an enterprise which might have great and good results. But a change which is surely practically, and, I trust, not far distant, would work far more efficiently for the good of the land.—Alexander MacKenzie.

**"Better in Every Way."**

"I am happy to say," writes a gentleman who had used Compound Oxygen, "that I am very much improved. I am using it principally for Bronchitis, but find that it is relieving other troubles, as much or more than Bronchitis. My digestion is better—sleep more refreshing—in fact am better in every way." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DR. STARLEY & PALEN, 1108 & 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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