



THE CITY IN MOONLIGHT.

Dear city in the moonlight dreaming,
How changed and lonely is your face;
Where is the sordid, busy scheming
That filled all day the market place?

Was it but fancy that a rabble
Of money-changers bought and sold,
Filling with sacrilegious babble
This temple court of solemn gold?

Ah, no! poor captive slave of Croesus,
His hand-maid all the tolling day,
You, like some hunted child of Jesus,
Steal out beneath the moon to pray.

—Current Literature.

TIME FLIES.

On drives the road—another mile! and
Still
Time's horses gallop down the lessening hill
O why such haste, with nothing at the end!

Fain are we all, grim driver, to descend,
And stretch with lingering feet the little way
That yet is ours—O stop thy horses, pray!

Yet, sister, dear, if we indeed had
Time to win from time one lasting halting-place,
Which out of all life's valleys would
We choose,

And, choosing—which with willingness
Would we as children be content to stay,
Because the children are as birds all day;

Or would we still as youngling lovers
Kiss
Fearing the ardors of the greater bliss?
The maid be still a maid and never know
Why mothers love their little blossoms so.

Or can the mother be content her bud
Shall never open out of babyhood.

Ah! yes, Time flies, because we fain
Would fly.
It is such ancient souls as you and I,
Greedy of living, give his wings to him—
And now we grumble that he uses them!

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HEADACHES JES' FORE SCHOOL.

I guess my health is gittin' poor,
For every morning, jettin' as sure
(Especially if it's fine),
I get this awful shootin' pain
In my head, as a jes' crull'
Terrible 'till poor old study,
With headaches jes' fore school.

Ma thinks my mind is breakin' down
From learnin' so much.
She puts wet towels on my head,
An' choppin' up ice, an' such,
An' tries ter git me off ter bed,
But pa says it's no fool,
An' she says it's the only stuff
Fer headaches jes' fore school.

An' teacher, too, don't symp'ize
With boys we feelin' bad,
An' he says, 'Now, don't mope in,
She says, 'Now, don't mope in,
Ter make them sufferin' school work!
Young man, set on at stool
An' do them sums.' Huh! she makes
Of headaches jes' fore school.

'Tis kind' funny, though, how soon
I'm over bein' sick,
An' me an' Jim (Jim, he gets cramps),
We sneak off down 'till the creek
An' go in swimmin'. Gee! We got
A bully divin' pool.
An' sartin' good. Gosh! you bet they
Cure headaches jes' fore school.

Them headaches jes' fore school.

An' fashin', too. We got a raft
An' dandy books an' lines:
Ketch bluebirds, lots—an' sunfish, say!
Down underneath them pines
They bite like thunder! Settin' there,
Feet swashin', nice an' cool,
Pats nuthin'. Say, do you ever git
Them headaches jes' fore school?

—M. C. John, Chicago Chronicle.

NOTES.

The frequent awkwardness of having to venture a book under two flags, one on either side the water, has been especially noted of late in Mr. Allen's most recent Kentucky novel, known here as "The Reign of Law," and in England as "The Increasing Purpose," confronts author and publisher with a double difficulty. It is trying to settle on one expressive title, but in crossing the seas the author is very apt, in this day when penny-a-liners and coroneted dilettantes hob-nob in multiple rows on the book-stalls, to find himself some days too late in his choosing, and forced to launch his novel under a new, freshly-chosen title. Mr. Murray, the London publisher, has been through a rather vexing time with Mrs. Edith "The Touchstone," which we know as

der of 10,000 copies, a very unusual order from that colony, where the sale of books is necessarily limited. In this city the retail distribution continues brisk, the McClurgs alone selling an average of 100 copies a day. The publishers report that they are sending out a steady average of 2,500 copies a day.

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der of 10,000 copies, a very unusual order from that colony, where the sale of books is necessarily limited. In this city the retail distribution continues brisk, the McClurgs alone selling an average of 100 copies a day. The publishers report that they are sending out a steady average of 2,500 copies a day.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, whose story, "In His Steps," has made a sale of more than four million copies, has been making a special study of the servant girl question. A new story from his pen, entitled, "Born to Serve," is the result. It is a story of a girl who, in a manuscript, predicts that it will be as popular as any of his former stories. He will read the story in Berkeley Temple, Boston, on four successive evenings, during the week in December, and in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, where Dr. Hill is pastor, during the second week. The proceeds of the readings will be used to establish a training school for servants in Tokyo. The book will be published as a serial, beginning December 8th, in The Christian Endeavor World.

The new famous poem, which was recited by Captain Coghlan during his speech, was written under peculiar circumstances in Montreal in October, 1897. The poem as it was in the original consisted of thirty verses, not as published