

LITERATURE



EVENING.

I know the night is near at hand. The mist is low on hill and bay.

Yes I have had, dear Lord, the night. When at thy call I have the night.

THE STOCK IN THE TIE-UP.

I'm workin' this week in the wood-lot; A hearty old job, you can bet;

And morn, she slaps open the oven, and pulls out a heppin' full tin.

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I look 'cross the table to brother, and morn she looks over at me.

I tell ye, the song o' the fire and the chirrupin' hies o' the tea.

The roar of the wind in the chimney, they sound dreadful cheerful to me.

But they'd harrer me, plague me, and fret me, unless as I set here I knew

That the critters are munchin, their fodder and bedded and com table, too.

These bikkies are light as a feather, but boy, they'd be heav'nly lead

If I thought that my horses was shiv'rin', if I thought that my cattle warn't fed.

There's a man in the neighborhood 'round me who prays som' w'ader than I.

They wear better clothes, sir, on Sunday—chip in for the heathen Chinese.

But the cracks in the sides o' their tie-ups are wide as the door o' their pew.

And the winter comes in there a-howlin' with the sleet and the snow pellin' through.

Step in there, sir, ar' a mornin' and look at their critters! 'Twould seem

As if they were blers or engines, and all o' them chuck roll o' steam.

I've got an old-fashioned religion that calculates Sundays for rest.

But if there warn't time, sir, on week days to hacten a tie-up, I'm blest!

I'd use up a Sunday or such-like, and let the durned heathen folks go.

While I fastened some boards on the Intel to keep out the frost and the snow.

An empty trifle light as air! How much more forcible it sounds— A pension of two hundred pounds!

The crown of bays may wither—ah! My own is looking somewhat serene— And what is Paine?—a bubble, faint!

The tendency to identify an author's creations with the men and women with whom he is brought in contact or who are familiar to the public, has extended to Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, and the latest attacking the marriage of Ford, the statement that Miss Kibler, now Mrs. Ford, was the original "Janice Meredith." There is, however, internal evidence that this was not the case.

Another Hope's new novel "Quilts" which has never appeared as a serial, either here or in England, is to be brought out by the New York house of the Frederick A. Stokes company.

No better indication of the trend of present day fiction could be found than the fact that Mary E. Wilkins, so long one of the most prominent and successful American realists, has in her latest book, "The Heart's Highway," turned unmistakably to historical romance.

An interesting little anecdote is told about how David Harum became a writer. It is rather pathetic. It seems that Mr. Westcott, the author was the kind of a man who could do pretty much anything—paint a picture, plan a house or compose a sonata—but he became ill, and realized that he might not live long, and would leave his family with little or no money, he was desperate.

The appearance of the name of Mr. Alfred Austin in the civil list as the recipient of a pension of £200 has been the subject of a good deal of comment in the press.

An entertainingly chatty volume of the "Personal Recollections" of H. S. Fyfe, published by Cassell & Co., is a collection of memories and things in Europe, especially England and France, and extend back to the time when in other matches were novel, and the holds in new dances. There are stories of many of the celebrated men of the middle of the century—Thackeray, Charles Reade, Douglas Jerrold, Cruskamb, Hans von Bülow, Ross, the revolutionist Bakunin, Mazzini, and others—and these anecdotes, together with the glimpses given of the lives, make pleasant reading.

Heaven's Distant Lamps, is a volume of poems of comfort and hope, arranged by Anna E. Mack, editor of "Because I Love You." Miss Mack has already shown herself possessed of a most discriminating literary taste, as well as a profound acquaintance with the masterpieces of the poetry of our language by her remarkably popular collection of love poems, the widely-known "Because I Love You." She has now used her talent in an even more noble and sympathetic way by compiling an almost faultlessly complete and well chosen collection of poems of comfort and hope, happily named from a quotation, "Heaven's Distant Lamps." The contents are arranged in thirteen sections, each prefaced by a short quotation, the sentiment of which gives the key-note to the poems of that division. Thus the theme of the first section is seen to be bereavement, of the next comfort, then submission, prayer, resignation, and so on, each division being strong in its tone until the closing division which is given up to poems of the resurrection and paradise. It would be very difficult to find a nobler set of authors, or a wiser selection of extracts from their verse, and certainly no such anthology of comfort, trust, and hope has ever been prepared. The appearance of the volume in its dress of white, blue, and gold is strikingly attractive, and we may be sure that it will be eagerly welcomed as a gift and especially welcomed and prized as a token of sympathy.

Mind for October comes to hand with an exceptional amount of interesting contents. "The Prophet, An Apostle of Progress" is one of the most important; "Nerves and Morals" is an article which all would do well to read and study

carefully. "The History of Superstitions" is another equally important. "The Dynamics of Thought" presents some fundamental truths on the subject of the power of thought and importance of metaphysical knowledge, and the rest of the number is made up of an equally valuable number of articles dealing with mental and spiritual science.

The October Arena has for its opening number a symposium entitled "The Menace of Imperialism," consisting of an article "The Antithesis of True Expansion," by Hon. E. V. Long, ex-chief justice of New Mexico, and "The Place in History of Imperialism," by George Warren Kenney, U. S. Senator.

"The Lost Train" by Alvan Milton Kerr is the opening story in this week's number of the Youth's Companion, and is one of the best stories that have appeared in the magazine for years.

Mrs. Rowe has made of "Two Little Street Singers" a story so far above the average that it found its way into the book for children as to deserve special mention. The little singers are "Kate" and "Jimmy," who pass for the children of "Tommy" with whom they are pennies by singing and dancing through their tambourines. Rita, a beauty and Jimmy's mainstay, has a home for the little girl with a country spinster and her aged mother. But neither is common thick and fast to Rita's friends in the country and brave Jimmy in the city. All these tangled threads, together with the mystery of the children's lives are happily straightened out, and the genuine rather than the mere artificial happiness of the final happiness all the more appreciated.

Between Hoer and Briton. This ought to be the juvenile of the year, although it will, of course, be hard to come up to the "Old Glory" books. It is written in a lively and bold, and one in which the eyes of the world are centered. It relates the experiences of two boys, cousins to each other, one an American and the other an English, whose paths are engaged in the Trans-Atlantic air line, and other interesting incidents. The scene opens in Texas on a cattle ranch, from whence it is transferred to South Africa, where the cousins meet and spend two long years on a hunting trip after big game the war between the Boers and Britons suddenly breaks out and while endeavoring to join their parents the boys find themselves placed between the great armies and their thrilling experiences are brought out in Mr. Stratemyer's best style.

The operations of both armies are given from the commencement of the war to the fall of Pretoria, including a rapid sketch of the history of South Africa from its settlement by the Dutch to the present time, all given in a manner to please boys without being tedious. Great care has been given to the geographical and historical setting, and the book has every element which should make it popular.—Lusk & Shepherd.

Yes, I've got a little brother. Never asked for him from mother. But he's here. But I suppose they went and bought him. For last week the doctor brought him. Ain't it sweet?

When I heard the news from Molly, Why I thought at first 'twas jolly; 'Cause you see I just finished my mamma would let him play with me.

But when once I had looked at him, I cried out: "Oh, dear! Is that him?" They said, "Yes, you may kiss him!" Well, I'm sure I'd never miss him. He's so small, it's just amazing. And you'd think that he was blazin', and his nose is like a berry. And he's bald as Uncle Jerry. On the head.

He's no kind of good whatever, And he cries out: "If he'd never, Never be born!" Won't sit up—won't arrange him. Oh, why doesn't father change him. At the shop?

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The Young Woman's Journal for October has for its opening number a poem entitled, "Galilee" by Hyacinth, prettily illustrated with photographs of the historic spot commemorated by the life of St. Peter the Apostle.

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