

Verse Old and New.

The Builders.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between.
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble where they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those currents where the eye
Sees the world, as one vase plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

—Longfellow.

The Sea King's Burial.

(The old Norse Kings, when about to die, had their body laid into a ship, the ship sent forth with sails set, and a slow fire burning in it, that once out to sea, it might blaze up in the flame, and in such a manner bury worthily the old hero at once in the sky and in the ocean.—Carlyle's "Hero Worship.")

"My strength is failing fast,"
Said the Sea King to his men.
"I shall never sail the seas
Like a conqueror again;
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins
Raise, oh, raise me from my bed;
Put the crown upon my head;
Put my good sword in my hand,
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides
Steadily.

If I can not end my life
In the crimsoned battle strife,
Let me die as I have lived,
On the sea."

They have raised King Balder up,
Put his crown upon his head;
They have sheathed his limbs in mail,
And the purple o'er him spread;
And amid the greeting rude
(Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore—
All the energy of yore
From his dim eyes flashing forth—
Old Sea Lion of the North,
As he looked upon his ship
Riding free;

And on his forehead pale,
Felt the cold, refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound
Of the sea."

They have borne him to the ship
With a slow and solemn tread;
They have placed him on the deck
With his crown upon his head,
Where he sat as on a throne;
And have left him there alone,
With his anchor ready weighed,
And his snowy sails displayed
To the favoring wind, once more
Blowing freshly from the shore,
And have bidden him farewell
Tenderly,
Saying: "King of mighty men,
We shall meet thee yet again,
In Valhalla, with the monarchs
Of the sea."

Underneath him in the hold
They had placed the lighted brand;
And the fire was burning slow
As the vessel from the land,
Like a stag-hound from the slips,
Darted forth from out the ships.
There was music in her sail
As it swelled before the gale,
And a dashing at her prow,
As it cleft the waves below,
And the good ship sped along,
Scudding free;
As on many a battle morn
In her time she had been borne,
To struggle and to conquer
On the sea.

And the King with sudden strength
Started up and paced the deck,
With his good sword for his staff,
And his robe around his neck.
Once alone he raised his hand
To the people on the land;
And with shout and joyous cry
Once again they made reply,
Till the loud, exulting cheer
Sounded faintly on his ear;
For the gale was o'er him blowing
Fresh and free;
And ere yet an hour had passed
He was driven before the blast,
And a storm was on his path
On the sea.

"So blow, ye tempests, blow,
And my spirit shall not quail:
I have fought with many a foe,
And in this hour of death,
Ere I yield my fleeting breath—
Ere the fire now burning slow

Shall come rushing from below,
And this worn and wasted frame
Be devoted to the flame—
I will raise my voice in triumph,
Singing free;
To the great All Father's home
I am driving through the foam,
O'er the sea.

"So blow, ye stormy winds,
And ye flames ascend on high
In easy, idle bed,
Let the slave and coward die!
But give me the driving keel,
Clang of shields, and flashing steel;
Or my foot on foreign ground,
With my enemy around!
Happy, happy thus I'd yield,
On the deck or on the field,
My last breath shouting, "On
To victory!"
But since this has been denied,
They shall say that I have died
Without finching, like a monarch
Of the sea."

And Balder spoke no more,
And no sound escaped his lip;
And he looked, yet scarcely saw,
The destruction of his ship;
Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
Nor the glare upon the sky;
Scarcely felt the scorching heat
That was gathering at his feet,
Nor the fierce flames mounting o'er him
Greeditly.
But the life was in him yet,
And the courage to forget
All his pain, in his triumph
On the sea.

Once alone, a cry arose,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet,
With the flames on every side.
"I am coming!" said the King,
"Where the swords and bucklers ring—
Where the warrior lives again,
Where the weary finds repose,
And the red wine ever flows;
I am coming, great All Father,
Unto thee!
Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong, true hearts of yore,
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea."

—Charles Mackay.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE

"Here I Am, Dear!"

LAST summer a Manchester commercial traveller was married and was given a month's holiday. He and his bride spent their honeymoon in a quiet resort.

One evening, as they entered the dining-room and sat down, as usual, in a secluded corner, the young husband noticed a very good customer at a table near by.

"Say, dearest," he whispered, "there's Mr. Jones over there. You won't mind if I go over and dine with him, will you? Think how fine it will be if I go back from my wedding trip with a smashing big order."

The little bride agreed, rather ruefully. The commercial traveller hurried over to Jones, shook hands with him, and ordered his dinner, which included roast lamb. Then he began to talk business.

He was so earnest about it that he didn't notice when the waiter removed his meat dishes and placed dessert before him. Then suddenly he looked down at his plate and exclaimed:—

"Why, where's my lamb?"
A little voice over in the corner piped out, "Here I am, dear."

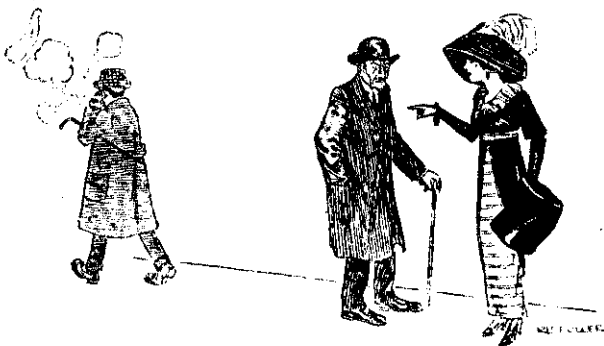
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Forgiveness Impossible.

Channing Pollock, the author, and the Messrs. Schubert have been exchanging courtesies. The other evening at a banquet Mr. Pollock said: "I read plays for the Schuberts for two years—may God forgive me!?" Whereupon the Schuberts replied: "God may forgive him, but we never will—either for those he recommended or for those he turned down."

The Process.

A revival was being held at a small coloured Baptist church in southern Georgia. At one of the meetings the evangelist, after an earnest but fruitless exhortation, requested all of the congregation who wanted their souls washed white as snow to stand up. One old darky remained sitting.



She: "There! Look at that! And John said he would not smoke after the first of the year."
"He's not smoking. That's just one of those cigars he received for Christmas."

"Don't you want y' soul washed white as snow, Brudder Jones?"
"Mah soul done been washed white as snow, pahson."

"Whah wuz yo' soul washed white as snow, Brudder Jones?"
"Over yander to de Methodist church across de railroad."

"Lawd God, Brudder Jones, yo' soul ca'n't washed—h't were dry-cleaned."

Up-to-date.

A customer in a butcher's shop stood gazing at some small alligators in an aquarium. Having turned the matter over in his mind, the customer approached the butcher and exclaimed, "I suppose a body might as well be dead as out of style. Give me a couple of pounds of alligator."

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Who He Was.

A small boy with a rather lost and Jonesome appearance walked into the county clerk's office at the court house. He gazed about him for a time and finally approached Deputy Henry Smiley. "Please, sir," the lad said timidly,

No Such Luck.

A certain man stayed out much later at night than his wife liked, and as he would never tell her where he had been she got their little boy to ask him.

One morning at breakfast the youngster said, "Dad, where were you last night?"

"Well, if you must know, I was sitting with a sick friend."

"Oh! Did your sick friend die?"

"What an absurd question! Of course he didn't die."

"Oh, but did you hold your sick friend's hand?"

"No," answered the father, "how foolish you are! Of course I didn't." And then he added with a far-away look in his eyes, "I wish to Heaven I had. He held four aces."

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She Told Him.

During dinner a young Frenchman was seated next to a fine-looking young woman who was wearing a gown which displayed her beautiful arms. "I am a near not being here to-night," said she "I was vaccinated a few days ago and it gives me considerable annoyance." The young foreigner gazed at the white arms of the speaker. "Is that so?" he replied. "Where were you vaccinated?" The girl smiled demurely and said, "In Wellington."

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Genius.

An artist who spent a great part of his life in the Latin Quarter tells of the frugality of a Frenchman who lived on a pension of five francs a week, involving a curious system, which the French man thus explained:

"Eet is simple, varie simple! Sunday, I go to see house of a good friend, an zero I dine so extraordinary and eat a varie much I need no more till Vednes day. On that I have at my restaurant one large, varie large, dish of tripe and some onion. I abhor ze tripe, yes, and ze onion also, and together they make me so ill as I have no more any appetit till Sunday. Eet is varie simple!"