Shadow Faces.

'Tis said that down the dimly-lighted aisle
Of some old world cathedral strangely borne,
On quivering wings that are unseen the while,
The ancient song of dedication morn
Still weirdly lingers in the stately pile.

So in the inmost chamber of my soul
The shadowy forms of radiant faces dwell,
Which, when the shades of darkness gain control,
Break through the slumbrous dream and them dispel.

The face of one I love—that perfect face—
So wondrous in its strength of purity;
Those eyes of blue, that gentle stately grace,
Which one might hope in angel forms to see;
O thou whose name too sacred is to voice,
Whose face thus lingers near a shadow star,
I watch thy gentle radiance from afar,
And make thine upward way my nobler choice.

And now, amid the shadow and the gloom,
My wayward fancy paints a tender face,
Whose soft brown eyes from out my soul would chase
Each other thought than those that are of home;
And o'er that gentle face there seems to play,
As from some world unseen, a holy light,
That out the deeper density of night
Would weave the glory of a Sabbath day.

O thou that wert the source of life in me,
More sweet and hallowed far than any other
Is thy pure life, and thus most reverently
I whisper low the sacred name of mother.

Again night wavers, morn eternal breaks
And out the shattered gloom a haloed head
Comes forth; the flesh that wraps my spirit quakes,
And I a captive heavenward am led.
The joyous chant of angels fills the air,
That in an early day spoke "peace on earth."
I see their faces radiant and rare,
I hear the story of a wondrous birth.

* * * *

The sun is dead, the trembling stars die out;
A world rolls through the gloom a mighty hearse,
The solemn whisper that a God is dead
Low echoes through a startled universe.

* * * *

Earth disappears, immortal music falls
Upon my ears from choiring throngs that come
Expectantly to welcome from afar
A mighty conqueror returning home.

* * * *

O glorious vision of a wondrous life,
Thou hast my soul almost to heaven enticed;
I feel no wonder when the angels say,
The face is that of him that is the Christ.

O matchless face, my guiding star to be;
O face that now my guiding star hast been;
O haloed face, most wondrous of the three,
That bid me seek a brighter goal to win.
O shadow faces linger in my soul;
Stay with me through the wasting of the years,
And when death's solemn waters round me roll
Let fall thy gentle radiance on my fears.

—STUART LIVINGSTON.

Hamilton, January, 1887.

The Sunday Fisherman.

(From Tid Bits.)

This man above, on fishing bent,
One Sabbath morning left his tent.
The Tent,

He took his can, and very quick
He dug his fish-worms with a pick.
The Pick, The Worms,

In case some fish of size he'd get,
He took along his landing net,
The Landing Net,

As fishermen get hungry, too,
Of pretzels he procured a few.
The Pretzels,

Some lines he took along on spools
To teach them to the finny schools.
The Spools,

He had some entertaining books
Of highly tempered Limerick hooks.
The Hooks,

And thus prepared, he got a boat,
And out upon the stream did float.
The Boat,

Some bites he straight began to get,
It was the gallinippers bit
The Gallinippers

One of his lines spun off the reel;
He landed in the boat an eel
The Eel,

Then quickly it began to rain,
But his umbrella was in vain.
The Umbrella,

Above his head the thunder crashed,
And all around the lightning flashed.
The Lightning,

The storm blew, and the boat upset,
That man went down into the wet.
The Upturned Boat,

And as he sank the bubbles rose,
Smaller and smaller toward the close.
The Bubbles, O O o o

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

Now these are more or less principles of human nature. They may not be universally true, probably nothing is—that is, as we define and understand truth. But they apply to the majority of those cases which fall strictly within their limits. Among others they applied rather strikingly to Ernest Kershaw. Eva's desertion struck his belief in womanhood to the ground, and soon his religion lay in the dust beside it. Of this his life for some years after that gave considerable evidence. He took to evil ways, he forgot his better self. He raced horses, he went in with great success for love-affairs that he would have done better to leave alone. Sometimes, to his shame be it said, he drank—for the excitement of drinking, not for the love of it. In short, he gave himself and all his fund of energy up to any and every excitement and dissipation he could command, and he managed to command a good many. Travelling rapidly from place to place in South Africa he was well known and well liked in all. Now he was at Kimberley, now at King William's Town, now at Durban. In each of these places he kept race-horses; in each there was some fair woman's face that grew the brighter for his coming.

But Ernest's face did not grow the brighter; on the contrary, his eyes acquired a peculiar sadness which was almost pathetic in one so young. He could not forget. For a few days or a few months he might stifle thought, but it always re-arose. Eva, pale queen of women, was ever there to haunt his sleep, and, though in his waking hours he might curse her memory, when night drew the veil from truth the words he murmured were words of love eternal.

He no longer prayed, he no longer reverenced woman, but he was not the happier for having freed his soul from these burdens. He despised himself. Occasionally he would take stock of his mental condition, and at each stock-taking he would notice that he had receded, not progressed. He was growing coarser, his finer sense was being blunted; he was no longer the same Ernest who had written that queer letter to his betrothed before disaster overwhelmed him. Slowly and surely he was sinking. He knew it, but he did not try to save himself. Why should he? He had no object in life. But at times a great depression and weariness of existence would take possession of him. It has been said he never prayed; that is not strictly true. Once or twice he did throw himself upon his knees and pray with all his strength that he might die. He did more, he persistently courted death, and, as is usual in such cases, it persistently avoided him. About taking his own life he had scruples, or he perhaps would have taken it. In those dark days he hated life, and in his calmer and more reflective moments he loathed the pleasures and excitements by means of which he strove to make it palatable. His was a fine-strung mind, and, in spite of himself, he shuddered when it was set to play such coarse music.

During those years Ernest seemed to bear a charmed existence. There was a well-known thoroughbred horse in the Transvaal which had killed two men in rapid succession. Ernest bought it and rode it, and it never hurt him. Disturbances broke out in Sikukini's country, and one of the chief's strongholds was ordered to be stormed. Ernest rode down from Pretoria with Jeremy to see the fun, and, reaching the fort the day before the attack, got leave to join the storming party. Accordingly, next day at dawn they attacked in the teeth of a furious fusillade, and in time took the place, though with very heavy loss to themselves. Jeremy got his hat shot off with one bullet and his hand cut by another; Ernest, as usual, came off scatheless; the man next to him was killed, but he was not touched. After that he insisted upon going buffalo-shooting toward Delagoa Bay in the height of the fever-season, having got rid of Jeremy by getting him to go to New Scotland to see about a tract of land they had bought. He started with a dozen bearers and Mazooku. Six weeks later he, Mazooku, and three bearers returned—all the rest were dead of fever.

On another occasion, Alston, Jeremy, and himself were sent on a political mission to a hostile chief, whose stronghold lay in the heart of almost inaccessible mountains. The "indaba" (palaver) took all day, and was purposely prolonged in order to enable the intelligent native to set an ambush in the pass through which the white chiefs must go back, with strict instructions to murder all three of them. When they left the stronghold the moon was rising, and, as they neared the pass, up she came behind the mountains in all her splendor, flooding the wide valley on every stone and tree. On they rode steadily through the moonlight and the silence, little guessing how near death was to them. The weird beauty of the scene sank deep into Ernest's heart, and presently, when they came to a spot where a track ran out loopwise from the main pass, returning to it a couple of miles farther on, he half insisted on their taking it, because it passed over yet higher ground, and would give them a better view of the moon-bathed valley. Mr. Alston grumbled at "his nonsense" and complied, and meanwhile the party of murderers half a mile farther on played with their assegais, and wondered why they did not hear the sound of the white men's feet. But the white men had already passed along the higher path three quarters of a mile to their right. Ernest's love of moonlight effects had saved them all from a certain and perhaps from a lingering death.

It was shortly after this incident that Ernest and Jeremy were seated together on the veranda of the same house at Pretoria where they had been living before they went on the elephant-hunt, and which they had now purchased. Ernest had been in the garden watering a cucumber-plant he was trying to develop from a very sickly seedling. Even if he only stopped a month in a place he would start a little garden; it was a habit of his. Presently he came back to the veranda, where Jeremy was as usual watching the battle of the red and black ants, which after several years' encounter was not yet finally decided.

"Curse that cucumber-plant!" said Ernest emphatically, "it won't grow. I tell you what it is, Jeremy, I am sick of this place; I vote we go away."

"For goodness' sake, Ernest, let us have a little rest; you do rattle one about so in those confounded post-carts," replied Jeremy, yawning.

"I mean, go away from South Africa altogether."

"Oh," said Jeremy, dragging his great frame into an upright position, "the deuce you do! And where do you want to go to England?"

"England! no, I have had enough of England. South America, I think. But perhaps you want to go home. It is not fair to keep dragging you all over the world."

"My dear fellow, I like it, I assure you. I have no wish to return to Mr. Cardus' stool. For goodness' sake don't suggest such a thing; I should be wretched."

"Yes, but you ought to be doing something with your life. It is all very well for me, who am a poor devil of a waif and stray, to go on with this sort of existence, but I don't see why you should; you should be making your way in the world."

"Wait a bit, my hearty," said Jeremy, with his slow smile; "I am going to read you a statement of our financial affairs which I drew up last night. Considering that we have been doing nothing all this time except enjoy ourselves, and that all our investments have been made out of income, which no doubt your respected uncle fancies we have dissipated, I do not think that the total is so bad," and Jeremy read:

"Landed property in Natal and the Transvaal, estimated value	£2,500
This House	940
Stock—waggons, etc., say	300
Race-horses	

I have left that blank."

"Put them at £800," said Ernest, after thinking. "You know I won £500 with 'Lady Mary' on the Cape Town plate last week."

Jeremy went on:

"Race-horses and winnings	£1,300
Sundries—cash, balance, etc	180
Total	£5,220

Now of this we have actually saved and invested about twenty-five hundred, the rest we have made or it has accumulated. Now, I ask you, where could we have done better than that as things go? So don't talk to me about wasting my time,"

"Bravo, Jeremy! My uncle was right, after all, you ought to have been a lawyer; you are first class at figures. I congratulate you on your management of the estates."

"My system is simple," answered Jeremy. "Whenever there is any money to spare I buy something with it, then you are not likely to spend it. Then, when I have things enough—waggons, oxen, horses, what not—I sell them and buy some land; that can't run away. If you only do that sort of thing long enough you will grow rich at last."

"Sweetly simple, certainly. Well, five thousand will go a long way toward stocking a farm or something in South America, or wherever we make up our minds to go, and then I don't think that we need draw on my uncle any more. It is hardly fair to drain him so. Old Alston will come with us, I think, and will put in another five thousand. He told me some time ago that he was getting tired of South Africa, with its Boers and blacks, in his old age, and had a fancy to make a start in some other place. I will write to him to-night. What hotel is he staying at in Maritzburg? the Royal, isn't it? And then I vote we clear in the spring."

"Right you are, my hearty."

"But I say, Jeremy, I really should advise you to think twice before you come. A fine upstanding young man like you should not waste his sweetness on the desert air of Mexico, or any such place. You should go home and be admired of the young women—they like a great big chap like you—and make a good marriage, and rear up a large family in a virtuous, respectable, and Jones-like fashion. I am a sort of wandering comet without the shine; but I repeat I see no reason why you should play tail to a second-class comet."

"Married! get married! I! No, thank you, my boy, look you, Ernest, in the words of the prophet, 'When a wise man openeth his eye and seeth a thing, verily he shutteth it not up again.' Now, I opened my eye and saw one or two things in the course of our joint little affair—Eva, you know."

Ernest winced at the name.

"I beg your pardon," said Jeremy, noticing it; "I don't want to allude to painful subjects, but I must to make my meaning clear. I was very hard hit, you know, over that lady, but I stopped in time, and, not having any imagination to speak of, did not give it rein. What is the consequence? I have got over it; sleep well at night, have a capital appetite, and don't think of her twice a week. But with you it is different. Hard hit, too, large amount of imagination galloping about loose, so to speak—rapturous joy, dreams of true love and perfect union of souls, which no doubt would be well enough if the woman could put in her whack of soul, which she can't, not having it to spare, but in a general way is gammon. Results, when the burst-up comes: Want of sleep, want of appetite, a desire to go buffalo-hunting in the fever-season, and to be potted by Basutus from behind rocks. In short, a general weariness and disgust of life—oh, yes, you needn't deny it, I have watched you—most unwholesome state of mind. Further results: Horse-racing, a disposition to stop away from church, and nip Cape Sherry; and, worst sign of all, a leaning to ladies' society. Being a reasoning creature, I notice this, and draw my own deductions, which amount to the conclusion that you are in a fair way to go to the deuce, owing to trusting your life to a woman. And the moral of all this, which I lay to heart for my own guidance, is, never speak to a woman if you can avoid it, and when you can't, let your speech be yea, yea and nay, nay. Then you stand a good chance of keeping your appetite and peace of mind, and of making your way in the world. Marriage indeed! never talk to me of marriage again," and Jeremy shivered at the thought.

Ernest laughed out loud at his lengthy disquisition.

"And I'll tell you what, old fellow," he went on, drawing himself up to his full height, and standing right over Ernest, so that the latter's six feet looked very insignificant beside him, "never you speak to me about leaving you again, unless you want to put me clean out of temper, because, look here, I don't like it. We have lived together since we were twelve or thereabout, and, so far as I am concerned, I mean to go on living together to the end of the chapter, or till I see I am not wanted. You can go to Mexico, or the North Pole, or Acapulto, or wherever you like, but I shall go too, and so that is all about it."

"Thank you, old fellow," said Ernest, simply; and at that moment their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a Kafir messenger with a telegram addressed to Ernest. He opened it and read it. "Hullo," he said, "here is something better than Mexico; listen:

"'Alston, Pieter Maritzburg, to Kershaw, Pretoria. High Commissioner has declared war against Cetywayo. Local cavalry urgently required for service in Zululand. Have offered to raise small corps of about seventy mounted men. Offer has been accepted. Will you accept post of second in command? you would hold the Queen's commission. If so, set about picking suitable recruits: terms, ten shillings a day, all found. Am coming up Pretoria by this post-cart. Ask Jones if he will accept sergeant-majorship."

"Hurrah!" sang out Ernest with flashing eyes. "Here is some real service at last. Of course you will accept."

"Of course," said Jeremy, quietly; "but don't indulge in rejoicings yet; this is going to be a big business, unless I am mistaken."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HANS PROPHESIES EVIL.

Ernest and Jeremy did not let the grass grow under their feet. They guessed that there soon would be a great deal of recruiting for various corps, and so set to work at once to secure the best men. The stamp of man they aimed at getting was the colonial-born Englishman, both because such men have more self-respect, independence of character, and "gumption," than the ordinary drifting sediment from the fields and seaports, and also because they were practically ready-made soldiers. They could ride as well as they could walk, they were splendid rifle-shots, and they had, too, from childhood, been trained in the art of travelling without baggage, and very rapidly. Ernest did not find much difficulty in the task. Mr. Alston was well known, and had seen a great deal of service as a young man in the Basutu wars, and stories were still told of his nerve and pluck. He was known, too, to be a wary man, not rash or over confident, but of a determined mind; and, what is more, to possess a perfect knowledge of Zulu warfare and tactics. This went a long way with intending recruits, for the first thing a would-be colonial volunteer inquires into is the character of his officers. He will not trust his life to men in whom he puts no reliance. He is willing to lose it in the way of duty, but he has a great objection to having it blundered away. Indeed, in many South African volunteer corps it is a fundamental principle that the officers should be elected by the men themselves. Once elected, however, they cannot be deposed except by competent authority.

Ernest, too, was by this time well known in the Transvaal, and universally believed in. Mr. Alston could not have chosen a better lieutenant. He was known to have pluck and dash, and to be ready-witted in emergency; but it was not that which made him acceptable to the individuals whose continued existence would very possibly depend upon his courage and discretion. Indeed, it would be difficult to say what it was: but there are some men who are by nature born leaders of their fellows, and who inspire confidence magnetically. Ernest had this great gift. At first sight he was much like any other young man, rather careless-looking than otherwise in appearance, and giving the observer the impression that he was thinking of something else; but old hands at native warfare, looking into his dark eyes, saw something there which told them that this young fellow, boy as he was, comparatively speaking, would not show himself wanting in the moment of emergency, either in courage or discretion. Jeremy's nomination, too, as sergeant-major, a very important post in such a corps, was popular enough. People had not forgotten his victory over the Boer giant, and besides, a sergeant-major with such a physique would have been a credit to any corps.

All these things helped to make recruiting an easy task, and when Alston and his son Roger, weary and bruised, stepped out of the Natal post-cart four days later, it was to be met by Ernest and Jeremy with the intelligence that his telegram had been received, the appointments accepted, and thirty-five men provisionally enrolled subject to his approval.

"My word, young gentleman," he said, highly pleased, "you are lieutenants worth having."

(To be continued.)

The Bee's Sting a Useful Tool.

From lengthened observations, Rev. W. F. Clarke, of Guelph, has come to the conclusion that the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging, but its use by that wonderful creature as a tool. Mr. Clarke says he is convinced that the most important office of the bee's sting is that which is performed in doing the artistic cell work, capping the comb, and infusing the formic acid by means of which honey receives its keeping qualities. The sting is really a skilfully contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful of honey. This explains why honey extracted before it is capped over does not keep well. The formic acid has not been injected into it. This is done in the very act of putting the last touches on the cell work. As the little pliant trowel is worked to and fro with such dexterity, the darts, of which there are two, pierce the plastic cell surface, and leave the nectar beneath its tiny drops of the fluid which makes it keep well. This is the "art preservative" of honey. Herein we see, says Mr. Clarke, that the sting and the poison bag, with which so many of us would like to dispense, are essential to the storage of the luscious product, and that without them the beautiful comb honey of commerce would be a thing unknown. This is certainly a most wonderful provision of nature.—*Iron.*

A Specimen of Australian Reporting.

The following is a cutting from a Queensland paper: "Matthews started on foot, alone, to walk over the range to Thornborough, but, overcome with grief and whiskey, lay down on the banks of the Barron River to sleep. Now, the alligators of the Barron River are both numerous and ferocious. They assimilated Matthews, with the exception of one leg, which was recognized by the boot on it. This, after having been identified, was afforded Christian burial in the Cairns Cemetery, the funeral being largely attended. There it still reposes, while the balance of Matthews is wandering about the Barron River as an alligator."

The Pink of Propriety.

A 5-year old friend of ours, starting out for a children's party the other afternoon, remarks to the maid who is taking him to the place of entertainment:

"Well, I've made up my mind to be a perfect gentleman to-day; I don't mean to kick a single girl."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Dacoits in Burmah are quick to catch an idea and ingenious in applying it. They chop down a tree, hollow it out, cut down several miles of telegraph poles, and wind the wire round the tree, and their cannon is finished.

A long line of Chicago horse cars was stopped the other day because some needles blocked the way. There were, however, a good many of them—6,183,000, weighing 2,500 pounds. The box which contained them was on a truck and for some time resisted the efforts of a dozen men with crowbars to move it. The needles had just arrived from the establishment of William Clarke & Sons, in Redditch, England, which was founded in 1679. It is said that 500,000,000 needles are annually imported to the United States, the Chicago agents of this single house handling more than a third of them.

A man at Tulare, Cal., deeded a piece of property to his wife in consideration of "love and affection in hand paid."

A full-blooded Indian, 39 years old, was ordained a deacon in an Episcopal Church in Minneapolis last week.

Chang, the Chinese giant, has returned to Shanghai after making the circuit of the world.

AMAZONS OF THE HOUR.

How Some Girls in New York Develop the Biceps and Grow Beautiful.

There is near Central Park a gymnasium for girls. The young women wear blouses, short skirts and trousers, and go through all the performances that men do. Their proficiency becomes very great. One case will illustrate what a young woman can learn to do. A girl was promised a sealskin sacque by an admirer if she would learn to turn a back somersault. She set diligently at it, and practiced until she was able to perform the feat. The gymnasium is liberally patronized and is in every way a success. A look inside of it is enough to convince anybody that there is "room" for the gymnasium. The hall is filled during the sessions. Some girls are swinging on the trapeze, others are climbing ropes, others are vaulting, turning cartwheels and the like, and others are pounding sandbags to work up their muscles. The exercise often converts delicate girls into strong and healthy ones, it is claimed. Boxing has become almost a craze among the fashionable girls. One thing said in commendation of it is that it imparts self-possession and confidence. The idea is rather novel, but, after all, it is not unreasonable. Fencing has long been practiced by society girls, and ought to accomplish as much as boxing is improving their bearing. Nearly all, or at any rate a good share, of the belles play billiards, which are declared to be healthful and also to improve the judgment. The claims for the different things may seem rather absurd, but they nevertheless have many believers. There are dozens of riding schools, but they are not new like some of the other things. They are very popular, though.—*New York Notes in Brooklyn Union.*

The Measurement of the Year.

The length of the year is strictly 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49 seconds, and seven-tenths of a second—the time required for the revolution of the earth round the sun. About 45 B. C., Julius Cæsar, by the help of Sosigines, an Alexandrian philosopher, came to a tolerably clear understanding of the length of a year, and decreed that every fourth year should be held to consist of 366 days for the purpose of absorbing the odd hours. By this rather clumsy arrangement the natural time fell behind the reckoning, as, in reality, a day every fourth year is too much by 11 minutes, 10 seconds, three-tenths of a second, so it inevitably followed that the beginning of the year moved onward ahead of the point at which it was in the days of Cæsar. From the time of the Council of Nice, in 325 A. D., when the vernal equinox fell correctly on the 21st of March, Pope Gregory found in 1582 A. D. that there had been an over-reckoning to the extent of ten days and that the vernal equinox fell on the 11th of March. To correct the past error he decreed that the 5th of October of that year should be reckoned as the 15th, and, to keep the year right in future—the overplus being 18 hours, 37 minutes and 10 seconds in a century—he ordered that every centennial year that could not be divided by four (1700, 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200) should not be bissextile, as it otherwise would be, thus, in short, dropping the extra day three times every four hundred years. While in Catholic countries the Gregorian style was readily adopted, it was not so in Protestant nations. In Britain it was not adopted until 1752, by which time the discrepancy between the Julian and Gregorian periods amounted to eleven days. An Act of Parliament was passed dictating that the 3rd of September of that year should be reckoned the 14th, and that three of every four centennial years should be leap years. The year 1800 not being a leap year, the new and old styles now differ twelve days, our 1st of January being equivalent to the 13th old style. In Russia alone of Christian countries is the old style retained. The old style is still retained in the treasury accounts of Great Britain. In old times the year was held to begin on the 25th of March, and this usage or piece of antiquity is also still observed in the computations of the Chancellor of the British Exchequer. So the first day of the financial year is the 5th of April, "Old Lady Day."

A Remarkable Family.

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Nickerson, of Shag Harbor, N. S., aged respectively 87 and 83, live with their only son, Mr. Theodore Nickerson, and across the street directly opposite lives his only son, Mr. Charles Nickerson, who has an only son named Adelbert. This lad takes a meal daily with his grandfather and grandmother, great-grandfather and two great-grandmothers, as Mrs. Theodore Nickerson's mother is living with them, aged 84. As the six sit around the table their united ages are 377, and the lad is only 12 years. Only a few yards from their door is his great-great-uncle, Mr. Nehemiah Nickerson, aged 83 years, living with his only son, who has an only daughter, and only child.—*Cape Sable Advertiser.*

Just as Good.

"Must be pretty cold out your way," he observed to a farmer who had just come into market with his whiskers full of frost.

"Yes, tolerable."

"What did your thermometer register?"

"I hain't got none."

"I should think you would want to know how cold it was."

"No, I don't keer much. I kin allus tell by touching my tongue to the axe whether it's last summer or this winter."—*Detroit Free Press.*

What We Are Coming To.

Scene in hotel twenty-five years hence.

Guest to porter—Can you tell me what time it is?

Porter—Yes, sir. It's half-past 12. That'll cost you 50 cents, please—*Merchant Traveler.*

"I don't care!" exclaimed the young woman behind the counter, when she heard of the marriage of an old acquaintance to a rich codger old enough to be her father; "they sneer at me because I am a saleslady, but I'd rather be a saleslady that a lady that is sold."

A family in Norwich, Conn., is named Skeesucks.

The woman who marries a man for his pocketbook should not expect to find his heart inside.