

Imagination Plays a Part

Like many other gifts, imagination is a good servant and a bad master. A person with little or no imagination has little understanding and no sympathy. On the other hand, a person whose imagination has passed beyond control leads a miserable existence. Facts and probabilities give way to fancies and remote possibilities. Hopes are indulged which have no foundation, and terrors are given way to which have no real cause. Imagination may be of immense assistance in adding to the beauty and unselfishness of life, but when unrestrained it may serve to distract these very qualities.

Probably insufficient attention is paid to this subject, especially with children, in whom imagination is rapidly developed, and in whose life it plays a large part.

A moment's thought will convince us of the early age at which we begin "to imagine," or, if we have forgotten, a brief study of any youngster will quickly recall it. By far the greater number of people have by the aid of imagination clothed certain abstract ideas in definite, concrete forms, and have done this when so young that it is impossible for them to remember the time when these things first took shape.

The most vivid imaginings are as a rule those which a child produces absolutely and apart from the suggestion of others. Under this head come the imaginary child-friend of whose existence the grown-up people are unaware until the real child is overheard talking to it and calling it by name, and the marvelous religious conceptions which children not infrequently create for themselves. A very little girl was missing one summer evening, and a search had to be instituted through the garden and grounds before she was discovered some way from the house, entirely alone and evidently extremely happy. On being asked what she had been doing, there was no trace of alarm, at having strayed away or for fear of being scolded for her escapade; she simply looked up and said: "Oh, mamma, I have had such a beautiful walk with God!" Very wisely her mother said nothing, but just gathered her up in her arms and kissed her as she carried her homeward. Now, what has that child imagined? Who can say? It is almost sacred ground, and one fears to tread. The thought occurs that we older folk have doubtless set up a screen between ourselves and the unseen world—a thick covering of earthly thoughts and interests and desires—such as does not exist with those little ones whose angels do always behold the face of the Father which is in heaven.

Next in importance to the unsuspected imaginings are those to which a sensitive child gives way on the slightest hint. Here one comes to more practical matters, where those who have to do with children have much to answer for. It is impossible to gauge the limits of imagination once started. It is equally impossible to determine at how early an age a suggestion of any kind may bear fruit. A lady once said that her childhood was one long misery owing to a vivid imagination of the terrors that awaited her for having committed some fault when a mere baby in the nursery. It was not, she said, that much had been said at the time, but there was some suggestion of an awful unknown punishment, which her childish brain worked upon and developed until she tired not to be left alone, and became a thoroughly morbid and wretched little being. No one knows how much of the whole tendency of a human life may depend on a chance word which sets a child's imagination working, and too great care cannot possibly be exercised by those with whom children have to do.

Not infrequently an apparent falsehood can be traced to an over-vivid imagination, and in this case should the child be punished for lying great injury may be done to that sense of justice which it is all important to preserve.

Above all things it must be remembered that a sensitive and imaginative child is easily scared. Instances will occur to the mind of most people where a severe and hasty accusation has brought about an untrue confession. A child is partly afraid to contradict, and partly, perhaps, has its imagination so stirred by the convincing tone of the accuser, that for the moment it is really uncertain whether it committed the fault or not. But this is very sure, that the memory of the false accusation will abide for life and embitter many a solitary time and wakeful hour.

Happiness is an essential atmosphere for the upbringing of a child, just as sunshine for the rearing of a plant, and happiness is to a large extent dependent in childhood upon imagination. It is true that the most vivid fancies seem to spring up unbidden, but it is also true that it is possible in a large degree to influence the kind of imagination. A child whose parents are occupied entirely with themselves and their own affairs and have no sympathy with child-like fancies will shrink up into itself and have a stunted moral and physical growth; the terrified child will grow up amid horrible imaginings; it is only the child to whom gentleness and sympathy are as the very air it breathes who will imagine happy and beautiful things, and live to enjoy the fulfillment of them here and hereafter.

Parson Rusden's Fight

On his return he called upon the curate, who was looking far from handsome. In order that he might not hurt his feelings by looking him straight in the face, Mr. a Beckett took a chair by the window, and pretended to look into the street.

After inquiries as to Mr. Rusden's health had been duly answered, the Vicar quietly asked for some explanation of the event of the previous day. It was given in full, the curate interspersing his narrative with many expressions of self-condemnation.

"Of course I must go," he added; "and I shall never be able to make you understand how sorry I shall be to leave you."

For the moment the idea was welcome to Mr. a Beckett—but for the moment only.

"No," he said, kindly; "you need not go. I never thought of such a thing till now. Remain and live it down."

"I should like to remain," said Mr. Rusden dubiously; "but ought I to do so? It is very good of you to offer to keep me. I am afraid if I went no one else would have me."

"Perhaps not," said the Vicar, with a smile, "so that settles the matter." But even as he spoke he remembered the shame he had felt that very morning as he crossed the marketplace.

"I can't show my face here," said the curate ruefully, "How can I get up in the pulpit and preach?"

"Take three weeks' holiday, starting off to-day, and you will feel better on your return."

"But my work?" said Mr. Rusden, to whom this suggestion was extremely welcome.

"I will do your work."

"Talk about heaping coals of fire," said the curate—"you are doing it indeed." He cleared his throat, and added nervously, "Perhaps you would not mind looking at that sketch now?"

"Of course I shouldn't," answered Mr. a Beckett.

The drawing—the dream of color—was produced. The Vicar held it in his hand and was silent, repressing a strong inclination to laugh, and in his effort to keep his countenance his face became actually stern. Mr. Rusden watched him anxiously, feeling the silence terrible. Then, by degrees, an awful suspicion dawned upon him.

"Is it a daub?" he asked at last.

Mr. a Beckett considered that the time was come for telling the truth.

"Yes," he said very gently; but had revenge been his object, he could not have attained it more completely.

The bells were ringing for service on the Sunday after Mr. Rusden's return. He had arrived late on Saturday night, and had not seen the Vicar until he met him in the vestry. It was arranged that the curate was to preach, although he felt serious misgivings as to facing the somewhat scanty congregation. His face was now as handsome as ever, and not a trace of the conflict remained on it. As he passed through the village he noted an unusual stir, and was surprised to see groups of miners all in their Sunday clothes.

"I suppose they are going off on some excursion," he said to himself, carefully avoiding them, whereas formerly he had always given them hearty greetings. In truth, he felt more ashamed of himself than ever. On nearing the church door, however, one man intercepted him, and said: "Be you a-going to preach this morning, Parson Rusden?"

"Yes," returned the curate, hurriedly.

"Ah, we heard as much yesterday."

Mr. a Beckett greeted him kindly and looked at him keenly for a moment, but made no remark.

The service had just begun when a tramping of feet was heard, and the entire body of miners marched up the aisle, and, after some difficulty, seated themselves. This amazing sight diverted the attention of the congregation, who had never seen one of the men in church before. They behaved, however, very reverently, and listened to the sermon with marked interest. It was a very short discourse, and treated principally of the shortcomings of professing Christians, and the sorrow resulting from their errors.

The Vicar hurried out to the miners after the service, in order that he might express his gratification at their attendance. He would greatly have liked to ask why they came, but thought he would let well alone. Mr. Rusden remained in the vestry. The unusual addition to the congregation was soon explained.

"Tell Parson Rusden," said one of the men, "that he needn't be down in the mouth because of that three fight. We are all right-down glad that bully Gibson found his match and had a licking; and we all came to church on purpose to show Parson Rusden we took his part."

"Will you come again?" asked the Vicar, genially.

"Yes," replied the man, after considering for a moment, "we will. A man what can fight like he did must have real grit in him, and we'll come again."

Mr. a Beckett went home and mused over the strange mysteries of human nature. Because a man could fight, these people would come to hear him preach forgiveness and forbearance!

The next day Mr. Rusden came to call at the Vicarage. He seemed strangely silent and ill at ease.

"Rusden, my dear fellow," said the Vicar kindly. "I must tell you my

news. Since you went away I have become engaged to be married."

Mr. Rusden offered his hearty congratulations, and asked if there was any further news.

"Well, no," said Mr. a Beckett, who did not choose to say that scarcely a day had passed since Mr. Rusden had gone on which the great dignity of the Church had not come to call and urge him to get rid of his disreputable curate.

"The miners met me as I came out of church," said Mr. Rusden at length.

"Ah!" returned the Vicar.

"And I never felt so ashamed in my life as when they congratulated me on—that dreadful success of mine, and told me they were coming to hear me again. To think of all the work you have done amongst them being unacknowledged, and my disgraceful conduct bringing such unlooked-for results!"

"The moral is a bad one," said Mr. a Beckett, laughing, "so we will change the subject."

"No," said the curate, "not yet. It didn't seem right to me that I should not only get off scot-free—owing to your goodness—but be made a hero of into the bargain, when I ought by rights to have been turned out of the place; and so, seeing that my painting was at the root of the whole business—" He stopped.

"Well, what did you do?" asked Mr. a Beckett, kindly.

"It won't seem anything to you, but it was a sacrifice to me," said the curate, his face flushing. "I threw all my sketches into the fire, and vowed I would never touch a brush again."

The Vicar shook hands with him; and from that time the influence of the Reverend Michael Rusden became paramount with the miners of Rodesley.

WONDERFUL "BLOW HOLE."

Australia Has a Natural Phenomenon That is Unique.

What is known as the "Grand Blow Hole" has recently attracted much attention among tourists. It is a singular rock formation of the Australian coast. This promises to become one of the most famous as well as one of the most pleasant resorts in New South Wales; it is situated on the coast some seventy miles south of Sydney.

The center of this district is Kiama, which is described as a picturesque and thriving town surrounded by a rich agricultural country, and which has been built upon an ingenious flow of basalt that has solidified and crystallized into huge columns of what is popularly called "blue stone." This formation is seen to perfection on the west coast of Scotland and north of Ireland at Fingal's Cave and other places, and those who are acquainted with the rugged appearance of the coast in these places can form a good idea of the appearance of the New South Wales coast at this point.

The famous "Blow Hole" here situated in the middle of a rocky headland running out into the sea forms a truly wondrous sight. With each successive breaker the ocean spray is sent shooting up into the air sometimes as high as 300 feet to 400 feet, descending in a drenching shower and a distant thunder which can be heard for many miles around.

This "Blow Hole" is a singular natural phenomenon, and consists of a perpendicular hole, nearly circular, with a diameter of about ten yards across, and has the appearance of being the crater of an extinct volcano. This is connected with the ocean by a cave about 1000 yards in length, the seaward opening of which is in all respects similar to Fingal's Cave in the north of Ireland, the same perpendicular basaltic columns forming the side walls of each. Into this cave towering waves rush during stormy weather, and as the cave extends some distance further into the rock than the "Blow Hole," on the entrance of each wave this cavity becomes full of compressed air, which, when the tension becomes too great, blows the water with stupendous force up to the perpendicular.

SCENT DRINKING.

"Let me most fervently warn all your lady readers against the deadly habit of drinking or sipping scents" says a leading doctor, referring to the now prevalent vice.

"Generally, merely in order to do something daring, a young schoolgirl will take a sip at her mother's scent bottle. The habit grows. It is only natural it should, since when a woman is, as she thinks, innocently sipping the juice of some sweet flower, she is in reality drinking a form of alcohol much more deadly in its effects than her husband's most daring drink.

"Perhaps when I tell you that more than half the serious mental and physical breakdowns among society leaders which come under my notice can be traced to this secret scent drinking, your readers will take warning and stop now immediately. I would rather foster a love for cold gin in my own daughter than one for the finest scent ever manufactured. The hold of the former over her would be comparatively easy to conquer, but once let the craving for scent clutch a woman, and only the grave can cure her."

DUNDEE'S PLUCKY POSTMASTER.

How He Worked the Telegraph Instruments Long After the British Had Retreated.

Mr. H. H. Paris, postmaster at Dundee, Natal, has written home a graphic account of his experiences. After describing the fighting at Glencoe, he proceeds:

"As you know, we lost over two hundred killed and wounded in storming the hill, and the Boers also lost more than we did. Unfortunately our own shells killed a number of our own men who were eagerly climbing the hill. I went over the battlefield and saw the dead and wounded.

"I saw Gen. Penn Symons brought in mortally wounded in the stomach. He was suffering intense agony, and said, 'Oh, tell me, have they taken the hill yet?' That was at 10.20 a.m., and the hill was not taken for hours later. After the doctors had injected morphia, his pain was easier, and he said he would be with the column on the following day. Instead of that he is under the sod.

"On the following afternoon I went up the hill with the burial party and saw our dead. There were eight officers awaiting burial lying side by side in an outhouse on the farms including Lieut. Col. Gunning, Lieut.-Col. Sherston, Capt. Pechell and others; and in the next outhouse were twenty-two men exhibiting the most frightful wounds. In one house on the other side of the hill about eighty wounded Boers were lying with only one doctor to attend to them. They were very downhearted, and said they had no idea that our artillery fire was so terrible.

"On the evening of the 21st we received orders to leave the town and proceed to the

SOUTH AFRICAN COLLIERIES.

My staff and I were about the last to leave, and we got off on a three miles' walk. It was a pitch-dark night and no lights were allowed. About halfway we were stopped by our outposts, who demanded the password. I replied that I did not know it, but that I was the postmaster. The password was given to us, and further on we were again stopped. Here I asked to see the officer in charge and was led into a dirty colliery store, where I found him with his head bandaged up, drying his trousers before a wood fire. It appeared that he had fallen down a well in the dark. I told him I was willing to go back and work the instruments, if they thought it was safe, but he advised me to go forward instead of back.

"Journeying through slush and a pitilessly cold rain, we came to the machinery shed of the collieries. We were ordered up a steep ladder to a room alone. Here we stumbled over sleeping bodies, because no lights were allowed, and, finally, we wedged ourselves in, lying on the bare floor on a night that seemed to wither one's marrow. At 3.30 a.m., we were again ordered to get up, and we made the best of our way to the new camp, which was at Rowan's farmhouse, about a mile away. When we arrived, there was nothing to eat, and we found hundreds of civilians huddled together, shivering. When daylight came they broke open the cupboards in search of food, and a little tinned fish was found.

"Major-Gen. Yule then took up his position in this house, and he sent for me, asking me to go to the office with a message, stating that the Boers had surrounded us. He required reinforcements from Ladysmith, and expected they were near at hand; in fact, he was going to Glencoe Junction to meet them.

"As I rode in the Boers were shelling the town with 40-pounders. The shells went whizzing over the office, and you may be certain I got the messages sent as soon as possible.

"I also ascertained that no reliefs were being sent, which surprised Gen. Yule very much. Previous to starting I was given a biscuit and some corned beef, which I ravenously ate as I rode along. Altogether we were at the office

FOUR DIFFERENT TIMES

during the day, having to travel the distance in full view of those 40-pounders.


"At 7 a.m., the General asked me to go in with another telegram, adding that he wished us to destroy all military messages that had been sent. I replied that my staff and myself would go in, but I pointed out that we did not desire to be abandoned, and I asked him if he could let us know when they were retreating to Ladysmith. He said that he quite understood the position, and that if they decided to leave Dundee he would send a mounted orderly to inform us.

"As we could not get horses we walked into the town, and we did as requested, whilst we also kept up telegraphic communication with Pietermaritzburg. The Postmaster-General wired congratulating us on sticking to our posts to the last. The camp field telegraph staff had bolted the day before.

"At 11.30 p.m., a friend, who is a guide to the military, rode up very excitedly, saying he had come to inform us that the troops had gone, and that their last wagon was then moving down the street. The General had forgotten about us.

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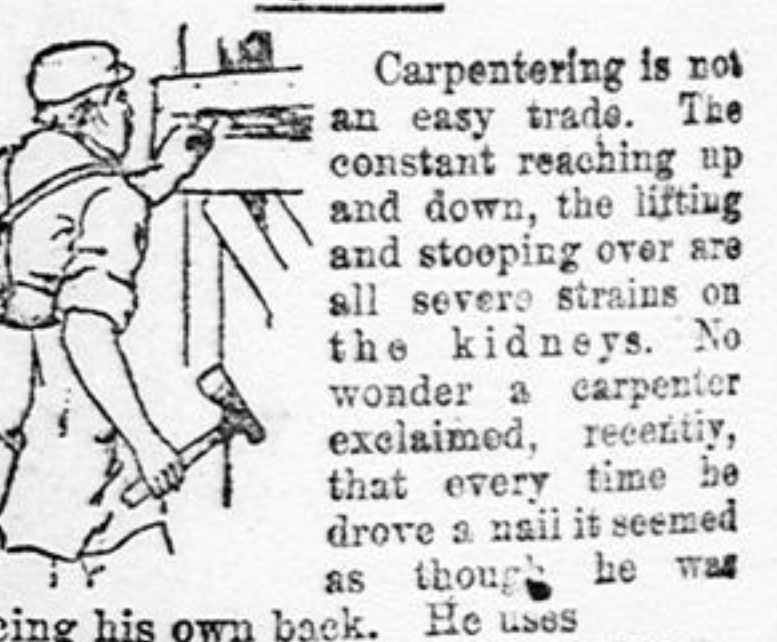


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Carpenters' Kidneys.



Carpentering is not an easy trade. The constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over are all severe strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter exclaims, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was piercing his own back. He uses
DOAN'S Kidney Pills
now on the first sign of Backache and is able to follow his trade with comfort and profit.

"I have had kidney and urinary troubles for more than three years with severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I could not stoop without great difficulty, and I had severe neuralgic pain in both temples. Seeing the advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. They have given me quick relief, removing the pain from the back and sides, and banishing the neuralgic pains from my head. The urinary difficulty is now entirely gone. I feel fresh and vigorous in the morning, and am much stronger in every way since taking these pills." CLARENCE E. SMITH, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Ont.

and walked throughout the night, toiling through slush, mud, and rain, over a very bad, hilly road.

"We caught up the camp a mile and a half past Beitah where the artillery had drawn up into position, to cover us. Some of the men of the Royal Irish Fusiliers shared their rations with us, and we were very grateful to them.

"We travelled mostly at dead of night, so that the Boers should not see us. They were endeavouring to cut us off, but this move was frustrated by a column from Ladysmith sent to our relief. We had little ammunition, and toward the end of the journey the men were put on half rations.

"I shall not dilate further on the miseries and discomforts of that jolting journey. Suffice it to say that I hope never to have such another experience; yet I would not have missed seeing the battle for anything."

QUEENS AND TYPEWRITERS.

The Queen of England has a great dislike to typewritten communications, and does not allow any documents that are supposed to emanate from the Sovereign to be sent out typewritten. The Czarina, on the other hand, has taken a great fancy to the typewriter, and is the owner of a machine with type-bars of gold and frame set with pearls.

ENGLAND'S ARMY SYSTEM.

THE INDUCEMENTS TO BECOME A SOLDIER OF THE QUEEN.

Not Especially Glittering at First Sight. But There Are in the Common Soldier's Aspirations.

"The difficulty now," said a veteran who was accosted by Chamber's Journal at every business point of ranks because of his reliable comfort—time for taking a long rest, ever there is a well-dressed soldier. One telling lies to them. They know they're doing well. Still they do not look decent-looking, looking sprig of class, the calling the toiling lower eager—to take. But lately a ranks, and so real medical university. You failed at Sandhurst, spirit, sickened, spect of a curfew fellows out of a desire to see; decent laborers, tire their lives or spree, are all.

AT THE young soldier pecks to-day the past year made to the number of total of the of India, is establishments India is last year. Tommy his uniform the same youth has about 250 in the soldier of to-day merrations, equivalent ings a w creases a promotio pages, a his own week, m ily set diers, there is tion, if of the pores artisan great e ings a color pence. £1, 8 s geant- a super and 6 as the ion, as the ro ALL

are of dier, know machi fiore man made in of in shill that vary to two sold sol if the ent vary Priv 8 p day 1 s and ed g war 5 of ing vic clat the ter ch the m 18

Mr. A. visiting lately, a Mrs. E. house at seated ed Mr. R. lumber h tends bu Mr. A. visiting Mr. W. harr. In Durham, pins next Mr. J. out his purchase The top here from scaling is Richard doing a w this winte life of tra We not correspond he wanted It is sur some peo cil with of stand. No looking for first before

Beautiful sleighing by the re Miss L. Ceylon H A br daughter

payment of £18. This is carried charge by indulgence. - But there are "side-shops" in army—if we may so dub the aux branches of it—of which the never hear, because, though belonging to them are regularly ed as soldiers. their duties are