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NO. 17.

Poetry.

Extracts from William Howitt.

Published by Request.
The soul of Homer was the soul of Greece;
Whatever lives in Greece was life in him.
In life he was a song he gathered all
The things of nature, and he made his
His friends and his enemies, with friends
And those who loved him, and his foes
And those who hated him, and his
And those who were his enemies.
And those who were his friends.
And those who were his enemies.
And those who were his friends.

Selected Story.

BLOWN AWAY.

There were three of them—Kitty, Mary and little Tommy—the children of the station master at Black River Junction, on the great Southwestern Railroad. The station stood alone on the open prairie, miles and miles from anywhere in particular. Black River flowed through the mountains, a hundred miles away to the North, and on clear days the snowy mountains could be seen glimmering in the grassy horizon. The line leading to the Black River met the Southwestern here, and thus it was that the place was called Black River Junction.

wires! Perhaps they could not hear her in all this din. Maybe they were inside the car out of hearing. She walked on toward the siding. Not a thing to be seen. She wondered if there had been a mistake. Perhaps the car was on the other side track. No, the rails were unobscured as far as she could see in every direction. What did it mean? What had happened? She staggered back into the station and started her husband with a cry of despair.

The station master ran out upon the platform and looked up down the line. Not a car in sight! It had been blown away by the terrible wind, was perhaps at this instant rolling swiftly onward with its precious load to destruction. What could happen to it? Would it meet a train, or run into a station. Would the children try to get out, or would they stay in the car until it was wrecked?

The woman she saw the engineer put his hand on the throttle valve. "I must warn. We are getting out of water, and perhaps we can learn something of the runaway." The sudden arrival of the solitary car was on the other side track. No, the rails were unobscured as far as she could see in every direction. What did it mean? What had happened? She staggered back into the station and started her husband with a cry of despair.

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THE WAR DEFENSES SOCIETY.
That ye have forgotten the light of the soul
That is beneath, the little old spirituality,
The last resource of knowledge, the human
Indefinite of the by-law course of earth.
"We should be all sides back" greatly think
We'd shut the door and lock the heavy door.
No doubt, but when, then, would it be your meat?
What! has it cost so much from age to age?
In youth, and manhood, and old age, and
To follow up the path of knowledge, to death.
And shall it cost so much to live to live?
On an eternal life? Nothing to make
Your Christian creed and practice agree?
Nothing to make you, in the eye of God,
What you are here claimed to be, and are not?
No words to grasp the feelings of your heart?
Is a profounder and more holy love?
As words of living love and truth of heaven?
But, say the world-wise reasoners, unsatisfied,
"Think so that we shall sit like sheep, and let
Be the leader of human battles on our islands
And seize our country, and our happy lands,
And reveal our souls, and our inner lands,
And strike to the heart that we have of life."
"If ye are wiser than this, then, let us see."
Whoso name ye place on your spiritual banner?
Why, is the very thing your spiritual banner?
Our Lord proclaimed an ever-lasting peace,
A peace of the fruits of love, a peace which men
Should ever, on a sad day, or a joyous day,
Have to intrude, and a peace which men
Should have an armed hand against another,
Should never more, like the Jews of old,
Dance, much less destroy, the temple of God,
Man's body, in which he dwells in mystery.
With the hushed soul, his offering, And this time,
Which was the law of heaven, now brought to earth,
Having dropped, he sought it with his feet.
That which he claimed from man, the human
Innate.

Keep Ahead.
One of the grand secrets of success in life is to keep ahead in all ways possible. If you once fall behind it may be very difficult to make up the headway which is lost. One who begins with putting aside some part of his earnings, however small, and keeps it up for a number of years, is likely to become rich before he dies. One who inherits property, and goes on year by year spending a little more than his income, will become poor if he lives long enough. Living beyond their means has brought multitudes of persons to ruin in our generation. It is the cause of nine-tenths of all the defalcations which have disgraced the age. Bankers and business men in general do not often help themselves to other peoples money until their own fund begins to fall off, and their expenditures exceed their receipts. A man who is in debt walks in the midst of perils. It cannot but impair a man's self respect to know that he is living at the expense of others. It is also very desirable that we should keep somewhat ahead in our work. This may not be possible in all cases, as, for instance, when a man's work is assigned to certain fixed hours, like that of the operatives in a mill. But there are certain classes of people who can choose their time for the work which they are called to do, and amongst them are some who invariably put off the task assigned them as long as possible, and then come to its performance hurried, perplexed, anxious, confused—in such a state of mind as certainly unfit them for doing their best work. Get ahead and keep ahead, and your success is tolerably sure.

The girls had leaned out of the door to see what had happened. Why, where was the platform? It was moving away. No, it was the car. It had left the siding and had rolled out upon the main line and was moving faster and faster along the road.
"Oh, we must get out! They are taking us away."
"No, no," said Kitty. "We must stay here till the brakeman comes round. I did not hear them when they took us on the train."
"There isn't any train," said Tommy looking up and down the line.
"Oh, it's the wind. It's a blowing the car away. We must put out the brakes and stop it."
This was a good plan, but how were they to carry it out? The brake wheel was on the top of the car and they were inside. Faster and faster rolled the car; it began to rattle and roar as if drawn by a swift engine. In a moment Tommy began to cry. Mary tried to look brave and Kitty started fast at the level prairie flying past. It was of no use. They all broke down together and had a hearty cry alone in the empty car as it rolled on before the gale.

The station master's wife rolled up her sleeves to put the house in order while the children were safely out of the way. The station master, feeling sure that the children were safe in the freight car, sat in his office nearly all the morning. At last the bells were rung and dinner put on the fire, and the mother wondered how the girls got along with their play house on the track. She threw a shawl over her head and went out on the platform. At once the wind blew the shawl over her face and she could not see exactly where she stood. Turning her back to the wind she began to call her children. How lonely the wind roared through the telegraph

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