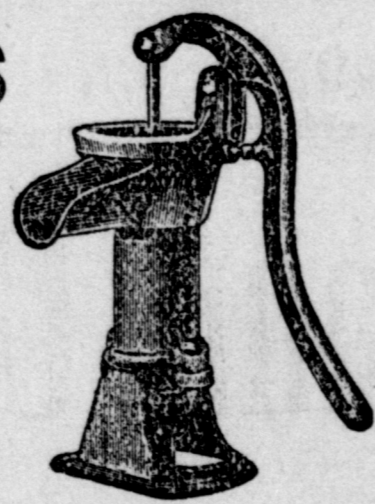


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Poetry.

LIEF OLSEN.

N. E. T.

Lief Olsen was a Northern bold A jolly old buccaner. He scoured the seas and heaped up gold— A robber for many a year.

In his trim little vessel he sailed the seas, By a crew of pirates manned; And wafted along by gale and breeze, He visited many a land.

And woe be to the merchant bark That crossed the rover's track; She at once became his gunners' mark, A prize for his greedy pack.

And often some ship from the Spanish main With gems and silver and gold; To her owners did never return again, Her secret the pirate ne'er told.

But sometimes the safety of his crew. Hung by a slender thread; For ships were hunting the private too, To stamp out the life he led.

No tidings e'er came from a foundered ship, For mercy did no man thank; Each mariner falling in Olsen's grip Took a walk off the deck on a plank.

Thus merrily on through life he went, Getting bolder on every trip, Until one day with his strength well spent, He attacked a well-armed ship.

The stranger the stronger vessel proved, Though the pirates fought and swore Like demons as on the deck they moved Half up to their knees in gore.

At length o'erpowered and put in chains, The master and his crew Had lost control of ill-gotten gains And had reason their life to rue.

For slowly on to an English port And British justice too, To be the cause of the hangman's sport, Was carried this captive crew.

But never did death meet bolder folk Than Lief Olsen's pirates grim; On the scaffold their leader a cursing spoke And his comrades applauded him.

Dim is the memory of bygone days, Gone is Lief Olsen's gold; But our hearts still cherish, with fondest praise, His deeds of daring so bold.

FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT COELUM.

People of Douglas Harbor, And of Lower Scotchtown too, Pause in your work a moment, And hear "A Sufferer" through.

Weeks ago you remember, There appeared in our GAZETTE Verses about "that mailman," (And I hope he'll "catch it" yet.

I know you are quite aware The opinion I express Was echoed by the people, As many a one confessed.

Yet here comes one among us, Who thinks he knows it all, Stand by my fellow creatures, And see this "Subscriber" fall.

I want to ask a question, "Subscriber" did the "shoe fit" For you defend "that mailman" Just like a "Government Grit."

You call me "personal," eh? What right had you to suppose, "That mailman" I referred to, Was your man of sockless toes.

But since you've asked the question, You should know this, however, Our mailman never arrives With feet out to the weather.

That man that I've referred to With the mail, O, never walks! So how could this hasten him? This "gift of a pair of socks!"

It is time our mails of late, Come nearer the "promised time," But with good road, and "threads" O! It were folly to decline.

But now there is a rumor The "go-(out)" afflicts him much, For March has brought North-easters, And winds have a frosty touch.

I'll tell you this "subscriber" Your friend of the chilly feet, Is going to suffer too Through your own and his defeat.

I hardly think you belong To our neighborhood at all, Perhaps in the town you dwell The "town of wornwood and gall.

You hint I'm a "poetess" Then "your trouble for your pains," You'd better stick to your subject, And just quit your calling names.

And now, farewell "subscriber," By the time we meet again, These mailmen will be fighting Their "duty" and April rain.

A SUFFERER.

Douglas Harbor, March 14th.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge), a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address,

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York.

Sallie—"If a boat's feminine, the shore must be masculine." Callie—"The idea!" Sallie—"Yes; or why should she hug it?"

Scriptural Reading.

Jesus called His disciples unto Him and said: I have compassion on the multitude. Matthew 15, part 32.

We have the narrative or incident of Jesus feeding five thousand people with a few loaves and fishes recorded in the four gospels. Though they differ somewhat they all mean the same, but only Matthew speaks of this miracle of Jesus feeding five thousand people with seven loaves and a few fishes. Can we not see with our glasses, in this miracle, the great compassion of our God toward us His needy creatures, for in Him we live more and have our being. Jesus, as a man doubtless was the poorest or claimed to have less of this world's wherewith than any of the four thousand which he fed, for we hear Him saying the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head. All the world, the gold, the silver, the cattle upon a thousand hills were His, though He did not require to make use of anything in His great store house. The seven loaves and fishes were probably brought there by some persons for their own use. Jesus the Son of Man, also the Son of God, born of a woman, required food for the physical body, and not claiming anything here below, He often was hungry and weary, though He told His disciples on one occasion that He had bread to eat that they knew not of. The bread and fishes, like the widows cruce of oil, in the hands of the Prophet, increased or multiplied in His hands, as He gave thanks and brake and gave to His disciples, and they to the multitude, and after they had all eaten much more remained than He had at the beginning, yet, very few knew or believed that He was Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Mary, the Son of Man, and Son of God in Heaven, the Lord of Life and Glory. Full of sympathy, the many diseased and helpless were the objects of His compassion. He made manifest His great compassion, in feeding five thousand people on one occasion. We see His compassion in the cure of the nobleman's son at Capernaum, and in healing the centurion's servant. We see His love and compassion in curing a woman with an issue of blood, and in giving a dumb man his speech. We see His compassion, in giving the blind their sight, and in curing the lepers. Do we not see His compassion in healing the ear of Malchus, the servant of the High Priest the last miracle before His crucifixion. Can we not see His great compassion in raising Jairuses' daughter to life, and in raising the widow's son from the dead. Can we not see and realize His compassion in raising Lazarus from the grave. In these and a great many other ways did Jesus manifest His love and compassion, His life-giving and saving power to the world. We must remember that our loving Father gave the Son of His love and compassion to be born of a woman, to live thirty-three years in our world, preaching His own gospel, as man never preached, feeding the hungry, healing the sick, and raising the dead to live. Because of His great compassion on this hungry and sin cursed world the Father gave His loving Son to us without reserve, to die for our sins and save us from an eternal death. The multitude did not refuse to accept the food for the body, so we as needy and depending mortals should not refuse the Bread of Life from His compassionate hands. We say to ourselves, I feel unworthy, I have rejected His offered mercy. I have merited His displeasure, how can I give my heart to God, at this stage of my life, or at the eleventh hour. When a man by the Holy Spirit is brought to see his sad condition, it indicates the fact that he is in trouble on account of his sin. There is hope for such a one. Though he might have been a drunkard, a blasphemer and a thief, Jesus will have compassion on him. Lost soul can it be that you are worse than the thief on the cross. Jesus had compassion on him. Are you worse than the murderers that crucified our Lord. He had compassion on them, for He prayed while suffering and dying, while the nails held him, and the rocks rending, and darkness covering the earth, "Father forgive them." Oh, the cruelty of man to the Son of God, to the loving and compassionate God of Life and Glory. Although His life here was a pattern for us, yet some of us if not all are very unlike him. We see the cruelty of man to his fellow man. There wasn't much compassion in the thieves that stripped the poor man coming down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and left him half dead. There wasn't much compassion in the priest, who came that way saw him, and passed by on the other side. In the parable there wasn't much compassion in the man who had his own debt cancelled or forgiven when he took the man who owed him an hundred pence by the throat, saying pay me what thou owest. We should always and in all cases be merciful not only to our fellows but even to beasts under our care. In short, our religion is lifeless, comparatively speaking, if our cat or dog doesn't fare the better for it. There wasn't much compassion in the Jews of Antioch and Iconium when they stoned Paul out of the city. There wasn't much compassion in the multitude that beat Paul and Silas and chained them to the stocks for preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God and Saviour of Man. There wasn't much compassion in King Herod when he killed James the brother of John with the sword and

because it pleased the Jews proceeded to take Peter and put him in prison. Man, by nature, today is nobler than when Cain killed his brother Abel, for we have learned from God's word experience and observation. Jesus had compassion on the multitude for we are told they all did eat. His power and compassion was, and is today unlimited. Jesus, as God, could have fed thousands, yea, millions more, with the same few loaves and fishes. So in a spiritual sense, He has ever been, from the open windows of heaven, in answer to prayer, handing down and diffusing His grace into the hearts of all spiritually hungry souls, and yet His great store house of love, mercy, and grace, is full to overflowing of His compassion.

T. E. BABBIT.

Gibson, March 20th, 1899.

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JAMES W. JEFFERY,

Secretary of School Trustees.

Dated January 11th, 1899.

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