

GOD IS LOVE.

I say to thee,—do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—
That he and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;
That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish,—all are shadows vain,
That death itself should not remain;
That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;
Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue forth in heavenly day;
And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, on perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last;
And, ere thou leave him,—say thou this,
But one word more, they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,—
Who will not count it true, that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move,
And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,—

Despite of all which seems at strife,
With blessing,—all with curses rife,
That this is blessing, This is Life!

—Author unknown.

THE SHARK WHO FORCED
THE FIGHTING.

"Mebbe you think you know a lot about sharks," said the captain, turning on the boarder who had on a broad-rimmed straw hat.

"I did not say you did," quietly returned the boarder. "Only in a book, I—"

"Hang your books, they don't know nuthin neither," interrupted Captain John, testily. "I seen all kinds o' sharks—man-eaters an' hammerheads, an' baskers, an' any amount like them thar grey sharks, kind er big dog-fish. They wouldn't harm a soft-shell crab." He jerked his hand contemptuously towards the still, green water that stretched from the end of the pier.

A sharp dorsal fin and a long grey shape were in plain sight only a few hundred feet away. All the summer boarders and most of the inhabitants of Sawville had gathered on the pier to watch the unusual visitor, who had taken fancy to the pretty harbor for the last few days. He had raced up and down the bathing beach, and cavorted, and shown his heels, so to speak, like a colt in a pasture lot, and lately he had just lumbered on the surface of the water, with his piratical-looking fin sticking straight up into the sunlight as if awaiting some encouragement to get moving once more.

"Ef you folks want ter go in bathing agin," said the captain, "don't be skeered. Go right in. He wouldn't harm ye. All hem-lock! he'd run if ye said 'Scat!' ter him, and he thought ye meant it." Here the captain paused and looked at his listeners compassionately.

"Scat!" said some one in the crowd. But the shark didn't move.

"He doesn't think you mean it," remarked the man in the straw hat. "Let the captain try. Go ahead, cap; talk to him."

"Them kind er sharks," began the captain again, as if explaining his position, "is all cowards; ef you frighten 'em they'll run from here to Hattarass, and never stop to see what started 'em."

"Get out and start him," said the young man who said "Scat." He had a bathing suit under his arm, and wore a wilted collar.

"By tar, that's jess what I'll do," said the captain. "Jim fetch my boat. No, I don't want no one to go with me," as several volunteers stepped forward. "I'll go it alone an' it won't be nuthin' ter be proud on when I've got through."

Every one stepped closer to the edge of the pier as the captain approached the quiet, grey shape.

"Now's the time; holler at him," shouted some one. But the captain did not reply, and gave the boat two or three hard strokes, and then stood up, with an oar balanced in both hands.

Probably, like some human beings, that shark did not like to be waked suddenly. It makes people mad, and why not sharks?

At any rate he paid no attention to the boat gliding towards him, and moved not so much as one little shiver of his fin.

Now, Captain John was so close to him that he might have stroked his great rough back by leaning out of the boat. But the captain had no such kindly intention, and it is not on record whether he said "Scat" or not.

What he did do was this. He stood up on a thwart and brought his oar down, whack; on the back of the sleeping eight-footer.

And what happened then upset the captain altogether, and must have disturbed his theories on sharks, for the long grey shape slowly backed off, like a ferry-boat that has missed her slip, and then, suddenly putting on full steam ahead, rammed the little boat full amidships. Over went the captain with a rattle, and up went a shout from the shore.

Then the shark backed off again, and then

his disturber, getting up from the bottom of the boat, tried to slip his oars. He had started the shark all right enough.

But again the captain's calculations were all mixed up, for the "kind er big dog-fish" came on like a Whitehead torpedo, and banged right into the boat a second time. Over went the captain, and the shark drew off for a fresh try. Now the captain got one oar out and anxiously measured the distance to shore by a glance over his shoulder.

"Look out, there!" called some one from the excited crowd.

On came the shark, but he did not hit the boat this time. His gleaming shape left the water, and he jumped plump into the little craft. Over and over went the hunter and his enemy, until suddenly the latter caught Captain John such a clip with his powerful tail that before he knew where he was the old man was in the water, and the big fish commanded the situation. Sturdily the captain struck out for the shallow beach, which he reached in safety, puffing like a high-pressure tug.

But the harmless grey shark? A few heavy flounders and over went the boat, and he was in the water, too. But by this time a number of other boats had put out, and he was surrounded. Some one had a revolver, and between bullets and oars he soon turned his white waistcoat up to the sky, and gave up the uneven fight, but "game to the last," as they say of everything that dies doing its best.

The next day the boarder with the straw hat met the captain (who had grown dumb on the subject of fishes in general, and big ones in particular). "Well, cap," said the boarder, "you were right yesterday, but you made one mistake."

"Waal?" growled the old fisherman. "You shouldn't have got in the way of that shark when he started for Cape Hatterass. I once read in a book—"

"Oh, g'long!" said the captain. "I was a two-legged fool; that's all there was to that. Ye can't tell nuthin' about sharks."—James Barnes, in *Harpers Young People*.

Montreal Police Question.

A. J. F., Montreal correspondent to the Week, Toronto, writes as follows:—

Judge Dugas found it necessary to say something about second-hand shops the other day. They are depositories for stolen goods. Some people think them good places. He does not, and he thinks this class of trade should be confined to one block of buildings, so that a policeman might be placed at each corner to arrest thieves who came to dispose of stolen goods. There are from five to ten complaints every day about the way this class of business is carried on. Of course all second-hand dealers are not alike: some are good and some are bad. Some expose the goods so that they may be seen, but many conceal the property and deny possession when recovery is sought by the detectives. Of late the second-hand stores have increased alarmingly and stolen property is invariably found in them. A speedy means should be devised to protect the public from this growing evil. There is no doubt that if the market for second-hand goods were closer watched there would be fewer burglaries.

The prisoner had been convicted of outrage upon a child and he was brought before Judge Wurtele for sentence. Under the new Thompson Code his crime was, in the discretion of the judge, punishable by the scaffold. When the prisoner was put in the dock he saw, and the court officials and spectators saw, that Judge Wurtele had assumed the black cap which denotes a death sentence. The prisoner stood aghast, and that awful stillness which precedes the passing of a death sentence upon a criminal filled the court room. Would the judge impose the extreme penalty of the law? He removed the black cap, and the spell of painful emotion was broken. No; he was reluctant to impose the death penalty, and would substitute a sentence of ten years in the penitentiary instead. It was a strange and unusual scene but it is to be hoped that it will prove an effectual warning to the perpetrators of such crimes. It is not many years ago that Judge Rose, in a similar case at Ottawa, regretted that it was not within his power to pass the death sentence.

The investigation into the condition of the police force is creating a great deal of interest in this city. The public are hardly satisfied with the way in which it is being conducted. In the first place, there is a decided objection to the enquiry committee being composed entirely of aldermen, some of whom are altogether too familiar with the police department. There was a strong feeling that the government should appoint the commission and that some of the leading citizens outside of the council should be appointed on said commission. But the city attorney held that outsiders could not legally be appointed on the commission of enquiry and that the government in the first place had not the power to appoint a commission to enquire into Montreal civic matters. The law says that the matter under consideration must be "of public interest," that is a matter in which parliament is concerned. Has the government any control of the police of Montreal? The attorney holds not. Then there is a section in the charter that the council or its

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committees may institute enquiries into the truth of representations made to the council respecting matters within its jurisdiction. It is also maintained that any committee composed of others except aldermen would not have the power to hear witnesses, and that even a royal commission would be going beyond the law, which especially insists that aldermen are to try such cases. This was a disappointment to the better class of citizens who have not much confidence in the majority of the members of the council. Some of the aldermen who wish to shield the police are doing all they can to retard the investigation and it is a question whether the object the citizens desire will be achieved.

Here and There.

Miss Lofty: But why, Count Frederigo, should you desire to marry me? Think—you can hardly speak English so that I can understand you. Count Frederigo di Francipanni: Oh, my love, vat Englis' do I need to casha da check for you?

The Police Magistrate: You admit that you assaulted this man? Then I am afraid that I must give you a severe sentence. The Prisoner: Your Honor, he is my next door neighbour, and he starts his lawn mower going at seven o'clock every morning. Prisoner discharged.

Lord Tuffnutt.—You have nothing to grumble at; you were a rich American girl, I am an impoverished English nobleman with a proud title. You bought me with your wealth. I was what you call, in shopping, a bargain! Lady Tuffnutt.—Pardon me! Not a bargain—a remnant.—Puck.

Only 906 persons in a million die from senility, while 1,200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 27,000 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping-cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus and 7,000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are deemed pretty accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.—Medical Age.

A system of electric lighting is being put in at Juneau, one of the best known of Alaskan settlements—a place of 2,000 inhabitants. When completed this will be the first central electric light plant in the Territory. Electricity, however, has been used for some time in a limited way in the Alaska mines. Water power is abundant everywhere, and the current is generated on the streams and carried to the mines by cables.

The old song tells us that "mistakes are apt to happen in the best of families," and many times we fail to turn them off by the lack of quickness of wit. Many instances are recorded of noted men making a joke of what might otherwise have been an awkward occurrence. Lord Coleridge was noted for this and for always having the right word at command. At one time while reading lessons at the Oxford Chapel, he read the second lesson first. At its conclusion, seeing his mistake and realizing that he could not say in orthodox fashion, "here endeth the first lesson;" neither could he call it the second lesson, amused his hearers by announcing: "Here endeth the wrong lesson."

There was a deacon in a certain church, says an American paper, into whose pew, one Sunday a drunken man staggered and sat down. The preacher was discoursing about prevalent popular vices. Soon he exclaimed: "Where is the drunkard?" The drunken man was just far enough gone to think the call personal, so rising heavily, replied, "Here I am," and remained standing while the drunkard's character and fate were eloquently portrayed. A few minutes later the preacher reached another head of his discourse, and asked, "Where is the hypocrite?" Gently nudging his neighbour, the drunkard said, in an audible whisper, "Stand up, deacon, he means you this time. Stand up and take it like a man, just as I stand! It will do you good!"

Lessing was subject to the most extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his knocking at his own door one evening, the servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognizing his master in the dark, he called out: "The professor is not at home!" "Oh, very well," replied Lessing; "no matter, I'll call another time." On another occasion, having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on the table. "Of course you counted it?" said one who knew him. "Counted it?" said Lessing, rather embarrassed, "no, I forgot that."—The Argonaut.

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