

Is "War the Only Thing That Has No Good in It?"

They say that "war is hell," the "great accursed,"
The sin impossible to be forgiven—
Yet I can look beyond it at its worst,
And still find blue in Heaven.

And as I note how nobly natures form
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and the storm
Perchance makes battle, too!

The life He loves is not the life of span
Abbreviated by each passing breath,
It is the true humanity of Man,
Victorious over death.

The long expectancy of the upward gaze,
Sense ineradicable of things afar,
Fair hope of finding after many days
The bright and morning Star.

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt be-
side
The trampling of the surge.

And now, not only Englishmen at need
Have won a fire and unequal fray,
—No infantry has ever done such deed
Since Albuera's day;

Those who live on amid our homes to dwell
Have grasped the higher lessons that endure,
—The gallant Private learns to practice well
His heroism obscure.

His heart beats high as one for whom is made
A mighty music solemnly, what time
The oratorio of the cannonade
Rolls through the hills sublime.

Yet his the dangerous posts that few can mark,
The crimson death, the dread unerring aim,
The fatal ball that whizzes through the dark,
The just-recorded name—

The faithful following of the flag all day,
The duty done that brings no nations thanks,
The Ama Nesciri* of some grim and grey
A Kempis of the ranks.

These are the things our commewal to guard,
The patient strength that is too proud to press,
The duty done for duty, now reward,
The lofty littleness.

And they of greater state who never turned,
Taking their path of duty high and higher,
What do we deem that they, too may have learned
In that baptismal fire?

Now that the only end beneath the sun
Is to make every sea a trading lake,
And all our splendid English history one
Voluminous mistake.

They who marched up the bluffs last stormy week
—Some of them, ere they reached the mountain's
crown,
The wind of battle breathing on their cheek
Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers—not like those whose race is run—
Fast, fast asleep amid the cannon's roar,
Them no reveille and no morning gun
Shall ever waken more.

And the boy-beauty passed from off the face
Of those who lived, and into it instead
Came proud forgetfulness of ball and race,
Sweet commune with the dead.

And thought beyond their thoughts the Spirit
lent,
And manly tears made mist upon their eyes,
And to them came a great presentiment
Of high self-sacrifice.

Thus, as the heaven's many colored flames
At sunset are but dust in rich disguise,
The ascending earthquake dust of battle frames
God's pictures in the skies.

—The Archbishop of Armagh in The London
Times,
The heading of a remarkable chapter in the
"De Imitatione Christi."

A Cycling Trip to Temiscouata.

BY W. O. RAYMOND, JR. ST. JOHN.

One fine July morning three St. John boys left the Indiantown wharf for Fredericton in the steamer Victoria. On our arrival at Fredericton, about three in the afternoon, we mounted our wheels and took the road for Woodstock. The day was perfect for riding, the road was good, and in an hour and a half we reached the Elmwood hotel in Upper Kingsclear 16 miles from Fredericton. Here we were given a good supper for the modest sum of twenty-five cents. Our only adventure thus far occurred just before we reached the hotel. We heard shouts as we were riding quietly alone and two farmers armed with pitchforks suddenly appeared in the neighborhood pasture in hot pursuit of a big black bull. A moment later his lordship came flying over the fence in the prettiest fashion and turned towards us. Not being particularly desirous of cultivating his acquaintance we turned our wheels as he approached and retired in good order but in lively fashion.

On looking back we found the men with the pitchforks were between us and the bull. We rode back to them and they began to drive the animal up the road. After slow progress for about half a mile we enquired "How far is this brute going?" To which the men replied, "His home is about three miles from here, but this fellow has a roving commission and may go to Woodstock."

We made several unsuccessful attempts to pass the creature but he always faced us and bellowing loudly lowered his horns in such a menacing way that we were not willing to dispute his claim to a monopoly of the Queen's highway. The situation was getting serious, but at length to our relief he took another jumping fit and went over the road fence into an apple orchard, a proceeding which probably afforded greater satisfaction to us than to the farmers. The way was once more clear and we were soon enjoying our supper at the Elmwood hotel.

After disposing of this to our satisfaction we again mounted our wheels and proceeded six miles over a very hilly road to Smith's in Lower Prince William, where we passed the night. My bed was an old four poster, so high that I fairly had to vault into it. Slept all right however, got up bright and early, shook the feathers out of my neck and dressed. We had a regular country breakfast—porridge, pancakes, cream, etc., the charge for bed and breakfast thirty cents.

From Lower Prince William we had a tiresome ride of nine miles over a very hilly road, the dust was simple terrible. The Barony Flats afforded a welcome relief for the next three miles. Soon after we arrived at the wonderful gorge at the mouth of the Pokioik. The rocky walls on either side are barely twenty-five feet apart but seventy feet in height and accurately perpendicular, and within this canon the water makes a series of leaps and boils and foams. It was such a beautiful and fascinating spot that we were reluctant to leave it.

As we were travelling leisurely we stopped for dinner at the trim little village of Meductic at the mouth of Eel River and arrived at Woodstock early in the afternoon. Here I separated from my companions who returned a few days later to St. John.

After a few days, spent very pleasantly with relatives, I was visited by an old friend, a most enthusiastic cyclist, whom I shall in this story designate as George. We arranged a trip to Grand Falls which was afterwards extended to Lake Temiscouata.

Leaving Woodstock at 10 o'clock on the morning of the twenty-second of July we proceeded via Lakeville and Centreville through what is perhaps the finest farming region in the province. The road was good though somewhat hilly. Our first day's riding was notable for accidents to our wheels, the only ones, however, that we encountered on our tour. The most serious of these was the bursting of the valve on my front wheel and a bad puncture in my companion's tire. These disasters necessitated our proceeding to East Flossenceville for repairs. We had an experience in the use of our pumps in the course of the day that we were not likely soon to forget. From East Flossenceville we had a fine level road to Andover where we arrived about nine o'clock in the evening. We got to Grand Falls the next day in time for dinner. The road from Andover was very hilly and as we were constantly climbing our progress was slow. We spent the early part of the afternoon viewing the falls. My friend persuaded me to ride on to Edmundston. He said he wished to see the people and improve his French accent. I had no particular desire to see the people and had no French accent worth improving, but at last agreed to accompany him for the sake of the trip.

Below Grand Falls the English element predominates but above it the French, so that we seemed in riding towards Edmundston to be suddenly transported into another country. As we whirled along over a smooth and level road we met many of the French inhabitants. They seemed darker and more

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slightly built as a rule than the English.

Everywhere we stopped we got a most hospitable welcome, and all along the road people would stop their work to look at us and call out "Bon Jour," sometimes we would do the "Bon Jouring," and then we always got as a reply "Good Day." This we did not take as a compliment to our Parisian accent. Occasionally we passed little girls who looked very dainty tripping along with their dancing yellow hair. Although, as a rule, the Acadians are dark, many of their children have fair hair. Now and then we would come across some old gentleman taking his ease on his verandah with his shoes and stockings off. In this country most people instead of putting slippers on when their out door work is done sit in their bare feet in the summer evenings; this is economical and convenient.

Once or twice we passed a rude shrine erected by the way side. There was usually a cross of wood with a place in front for kneeling and in a niche above the figure of the Virgin; the whole enclosed by a neat picket fence. The most elaborate one that we saw was a representation of a bleeding heart and a cross made of brass surrounded by a handsome railing.

To be Continued.

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Dated at Woodstock, 25th Sept., 1899.
FRANCIS M. KEARNEY,
Administrator

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says:

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