

Judge Not.

(Verses by the New Zealand poet, Thomas Bracker.)
(T. P.'s Weekly, London.)

Not understood. We move along assunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life? And then we fall asleep—
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall and live and die—
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the
age—
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they often go—
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
The ruthless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroys years of friendship and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight—
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day,
How many cheerless lowly hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away—
Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;
O God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee—
And understood.

JOHNVILLE, N. B.

Carlton County Settlement—Sketched by a
Loving Hand—Its Prosperity and
Contentment.

(Boston Pilpot.)

Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flow,
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave the shanty small,
While fades the autumn day
We'll toast old Ireland, dear old Ireland,
Ireland, boys! Hurrah!

—T. D. Sullivan.

I don't think there can be a wholesomer or
more interesting place to live for a healthy-
minded Irishman outside the dear old sod
than Johnville. Let me tell you why.

Everybody in this province is familiar with
the history of the settlement. The people of
St. John, more so than others, for the late
Bishop Sweeney and Monsignor Connolly got
most of their settlers from there, and nearly
every family in the parish at present has
friends or relatives in the parent city.

It was all virgin soil when opened up. And
the stories of the first comers, some of whom
are still living, give one, first and last, the
conviction that they were blessed at least
with the possession of a tremendously clear
grit, if with little else in their outfit. The
whole land was practically "forest primeval."
Now it is a succession of big, prosperous
farms, even to the hilltops; reminding one in
summer time of Ferguson's wonderful picture:
"There is honey in the trees when her misty vales
expand,
And her forest-paths in summer are by falling
waters fanned.
There is dew at high noon-tide there, and Springs
in the yellow sand,
Of the fair Hills of Holy Ireland."

The country is full of rolling hills and deep-
bosomed valleys, and everywhere there are
babbling, brawling, pebbly brooks, as crystal-
line and flashing, as clear and translucent as
any in which beautiful Banba of the Streams
sees her skies reflected.

They are full of trout, too, and without the
frequent and hateful legend—relic of defunct
feudalism, or moribund landlordism—"Tres-
passers Notice." And the hunter is in his
element. Moose, caribou and deer are plenti-
ful in the "back settlements." Parties from
Boston, New York and Philadelphia hunt
successfully every fall in the woods of Canaan.
Smaller game is abundant. I have shot duck,
rabbits and foxes on the farm, and as for
partridge, any baseball player could knock
them over with a stone if a doubtful close-
season ordinance forbade his shooting them.

The winter time has its compensations.
There is always plenty of snow, and as every
boy and girl, man and woman can drive a
horse or pair of them, the roads are almost
always in capital order. Whenever a high
drift occurs it is side tracked by the first comer
whose simple expedient of throwing down a
fence and making a bee line for anywhere he
likes in the next is heartily commended in
proportion to his mathematical success by his
followers. This sort of thing, simple as
it appears, strikes me as eminently calculated
to keep alive a very desirable "pioneer spirit."

As wood is plentiful enough to burn at
\$3.00 a cord, we can afford to laugh at the
mercury when it flirts around 20 degrees
below, as it is doing those days. And instead
of paralyzing social functions, it appears only
to give them a livelier snap and spirit, for
whist parties and dances are in full swing all
the season.

But to my mind the chief attraction and
charm of Johnville lies in the people. I wish
I could enumerate one-half of the reasons
why they appeal so strongly to all my moods,
my predilections and my prejudices. Perhaps
all is said when I say they are

"Kindly Irish of the Irish,
Neither Saxon nor Italian."

They have all the best traits and character-
istics of their blood and race, with no more
than the natural and necessary admixture of
the "ginger" which saves them at home and

abroad from being commonplace and Philistin-
ine, whatever else they may become. They
are the souls of hospitality and loving kind-
ness. With the older generation the sweet
Gaelic tongue survives, and (Gelett?) Burgess
or George Ade could profitably borrow
epigram, aphorism or fable from their un-
lettered lips.

To one out of touch with it for years, it
comes like a new vision of "Tir-na-nog," a
draught to the thirsty soul from the Foun-
tain of Youth. He finds the almost forgotten
by familiar phraseology instinct with the
literary finish, compact with the intelligence
and sharp as the fabled "Sword of Light,"
which all tell so strikingly of a civilization
and a genius that had reached its fullest
bloom before ever a Saxon had set foot in
Britain or a Frank had crossed the Rhine.

Among their other traits our people keep
their traditional love of social enjoyment.
They are very fond of dancing. It would do
anyone's heart good, not a dyspeptic or a
born pessimist, to see the amount of innocent
enjoyment they can get out of the terpsi-
chorean string. I have had the pleasure of
witnessing such sights in San Francisco and
Chicago, where they have the best Irish
pipers in the world, but we of Johnville,
with our one or two fiddlers and reed organ,
can make the rafters ring as merrily as any
cosmopolitan "Feis" of them all.

It is a pity, though, that the young people
will not cultivate step-dancing more gener-
ally. My friend, Dr. Henebry, the great
Gaelic scholar, has given a description of the
Irish reel, "surging and rising and falling,"
"coaxing and cheating and calling," with the
mixed tumult of a fair and battle field, that
would "put a heart under the ribs of death."
And the poet, Waller, sings:
"Now Felix McGee puts his pipe to his knee
And with flourish so free sets each couple in mo-
tion.
With a cheer and a bound the boys patter the
ground,
And the maids move around just like swans on
the ocean.
Checks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's;
Now coyly resting, now boldly advancing,
Search the world all round, from the sky to the
ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish Lass dancing."

It is a pity, I say, that Irish dances are no
longer "fashionable," not, understand, the
epileptic peasuring and contortions to
which we are treated in most of our so-called
Irish plays.

Yet another of our Johnville character-
istics is this, with which I will conclude.
We are pre-eminently Irish on Sundays.
There is a literal illustration of Sullivan's
song week after week in all weathers, and
the procession of teams, single and double,
is one of our "sights" every Sunday. Those
people never miss Mass. There is not a
Shaughtrau among them. One is irresistibly
reminded of the beautiful little ballad—
"And happy and bright are the groups that pass
From their peaceful homes for miles,
O'er fields and roads and hills to Mass
When Sunday morning smiles,
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel
As low they kneel to pray;
Ah! dear old Ireland, good old Ireland,
Ireland, boys! Hurrah!"

Just to round out the picture and throw a
bouquet to a friend, I might add that for all
the years Father Chapman was here, and
which they love to recall, the years of
struggle with the wilderness, they had the
typical "Soggarth Aroon" as their head, the
man of their hearts, who could shoot, snow-
shoe, skate, swing an axe or break a pair of
horses with the best.

And they all marched faithfully to the polls
on election day and deposited their un-
purchasable ballots for the sacred cause of liberal-
ism. It is whispered that the "resources of
civilization" are not altogether so unknown
and powerless nowadays. I refuse to believe
it. We are bad enough. God knows, but we
do not naturally buy or sell votes. The
worst that can be said of us is that we are
apt pupils.

And Davy Crockett's appeal, I think, as
an election persuader, would do more than
money in Johnville even to this day: "Ain't
I the flower o' the forest? I'm all brimstone
but the head and ears, and that's aquafortis.
I've got the closest shootin' rifle, the best
coon dog and the biggest bear-tickler and the
ruffest rackin' horse in the district."
(REV.) WILLIAM DOLLARD.

The Kestrel and The Sparrows.

A young Owlet once saw a Kestrel being
mobbed by a flock of Sparrows, who flew
after him, chattering, scolding, swearing,
and calling him every bad name in the ornitho-
logical Dictionary.

"That Kestrel must be a very wicked Bird,
Mamma," said the Owlet to her parent.
"Do you hear all the bad things they're say-
ing about him?"

"Nay, my child, they are not abusing him
because he is wicked," answered the mother
owl.

"Why, then, mamma?" demanded the in-
quisitive Owlet.

"Oh, merely, my pet, because he has made
himself a bird of mark in the forest, while
they themselves remain unnoticed and obs-
cure."

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Mrs. Hayes' Second Letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime
ago I wrote to you describing my symp-
toms and asked your advice. You re-
plied, and I followed all your direc-
tions carefully, and to-day I am a well
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genuineness cannot be produced.

Felled by His Own Card.

General Budde, Minister of Railways in
Germany, is never more happy than when
looking personally after the perfect fulfill-
ment of all rules.

Some time ago he was travelling incognito
to Hamburg. In his compartment a coun-
tryman entered and at once proceeded to
light an enormous and rank cigar. General
Budde remarked to him that the rules of the
road prohibited any one from smoking in a
compartment without the consent of other
occupants. The smoker did not seem to
understand, and continued to exhume fumes
like a small volcano. Upon finishing his
cigar he immediately lit another. The gen-
eral by this time thoroughly vexed, exclaim-
ed: "I am well acquainted with the rules of
the road because I am the Minister of Rail-
ways!" At the same time he handed his
card to the smoker. The latter condescend-
ed to cast a glance at it and stuck it in his
pocket, without ceasing for an instant to ex-
hale enormous puffs of smoke.

When the train stopped the countryman
silently got out. General Budde by this
time was overcome with anger. Calling one
of the station officials, he told him to go the
countryman and learn his name, as he intend-
ed to have him arrested. Asked his name,
the smoker of the big rank cigars pulled from
his pocket a card—that of General Budde—
and handed it to his questioner, who, upon
glancing at it, at once gave most respectfully
the military salute. Afterward, returning
to the general, he said: "I believe, my dear
sir, that you would do well not to insist about
that man breaking the rules of the road.
You couldn't arrest him, anyhow, seeing as
it is the Minister of Railways himself"
The general did not insist.

Bad Judge of Birds.

An Irishman, taking home a goose for his
Sunday's dinner, went into a public house
for a drink, and, placing his goose upon the
table, was proceeding to satisfy his thirst,
when a seedy looking fellow, seizing the
goose, made off with it. Pat at once started
after him, and caught him by the neck.
"What did you do that for?" "Sure," said the
man, "I took it for a lark." "Did ye?" return-
ed Pat; "an' faith, ye would make a bad
judge for a bird show!"

A Scottish parish minister was one day
talking to one of his parishioners, who ven-
tured the opinion that ministers ought to be
better paid.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the
minister. "I am pleased that you think so
much of the clergy. And so you think we
should have bigger stipends?"

"Aye," said the old man; "ye see, we'd get
a better class o' men."

A little girl, whose parents were members
of the Presbyterian church, came home one
day in a state of bewilderment because the
teacher had told the class that Jesus was a
Jew. "Well, my dear, so He was," said the
mother. "But, mother," retorted the girl,
"how can the son of God be a Jew, when God
is a Presbyterian?"

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