

THE GIANT AND THE GIRL.

The Russo-Japanese Outbreak Celebrated in Verse.

CLEVER CONTRIBUTION OF REV. DR. C. K. HARRINGTON, BAPTIST MISSIONARY OF YOKOHAMA, A NATIVE OF SYDNEY, N. S.

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PART FIRST.—THE DUET.
I saw one stand
In the wild North Land,—
Burly and big was he,—
He set one foot on the eastern strand
One foot by the western sea,
Burly and bulky and big was he,
Bearded and brawny and broad.
Now I'll take what I will,
Quoth he, and ill
For the man who prates of fraud
And quoth he, there is harm
In the swing of my arm
To whom my march would stay.
When I whirl my mace
What man from his place
Shall rise to turn me away?
They were venturesome men
To encounter me when
I have set my hand on the prey!

And I looked to the East, and I look-
ed to the West,
And I looked to the South and
the North.
And never a man with the heart in
his breast
To adventure a finger forth.
But each to his neighbor waxed bold
to say,
In a quiet incident al and casual way
If I were not so terribly busy to-day
I should smite that Giant swa-th.
Or at least I'd say Shoo!
To the big Bugaboo,
And make him unhand all his
pelf.
But you know how it is with
yourself.

Then I saw one stand
In the Morning Land,
Slender and slim was she;
Smooth was her face,
And a girl's her grace,
As she stood by the sheen of the
sea;
Smooth and slender and slim and
slight,
Check of the sunrise and eyes of the
night;
But girls are for love, and men are
for fight;
Is the heart of the Maiden a heart
of might—
The Maid of the Isles of the Sea?

She looked to the West, and she
looked to the East,
Ans she looked on the Giant come
forth to feast;
Is there never a man of mail, quoth
she,
To make yon braggart quail? quoth
she;
I'm not but a girl,
But I feel my lip curl
To hear such a cowardly tale, quoth
she;
My hand may be light,
And my arm may be slight,
But I yield to no churl,
For to parry and smite
Is one of the lessons they taught me
so well.
And my steel is the blade
Which the good smith made,
In the brave old days ere the Taikun
fell,
The Soul of the Samurai, quoth she.
When this sword shall flash
That man will be rash
Who will venture his heel too high,
quoth she.

I am Lord of the North
Whence the frost comes forth,
And the bitter wind and the snow
quoth he;
At my good right hand
Shall winter stand;
We'll be ill to overthrow, quoth he.
The Maid of the Isles
Will husband her smiles
quoth he;
When the glass is at twenty below,
quoth he;
From the Arctic night
Where Death stalks while
The bitter blast shall blow, quoth he
And maiden or man
Let meet it who can!
We'll smite to the death the foe,
quoth he.

The strength of the Main
Shall my cause maintain,
Quoth she, I am child of the Sea and
the Sun.
No foe can I shun.
The South is with me
And the heart of the Sea,
And summer might and mild quoth
she.
At the shout of the Gale
Yon's cheeks may pale,
When the Deep is roaring wild, quoth
she.
And by Stroke of the Sun
Have fields been won,
And the shield of the mighty defiled,
quoth she.

I trust, quoth he, in sinew and thew,
In my shoulders brawny and broad,
quoth he.
I trust in the wild, white storm
which blew,
Whose pitiless stroke
The Corsican broke;
And eke I trust in God, quoth he.
I wield the sword
Of the Ozar and the Lord,—
The Gods of the Orthodox Church,
quoth he.

The night of the Pagan,
Shall crumble like Dagon,
When the incense is drifted,
And the Ikons are lifted
Each to his own little perch quoth
he.

I trust, quoth she, that the God of
Might,
If a God there be, is a God of Right
He can teach it is said, if the heart is
white,
The hands to war and the fingers to
fight.

Thro' the arm of a girl His arm
can smite.
I know him not, but if God there be
God of the Land and God of the Sea,
Lord of the hosts of Earth and
Heaven.
Lord of the Stars and the Planets
Seven,
He will fight for them that fight
for me.
For God Most High must be God
Most True,
And from holy Heaven thro' the
stainless blue
His eyes the heart can search, quoth
she.
Of a man or a matter. And verily
To the flame of His eyes my cause
I trust.
For my hands are clean and my
quarrel just.
So I lean on the Lord, the Lord of
truth,
If a God who is really God may be.
It may hap He is not the God, for-
sooth,
Of the Holy Orthodox Church, quoth
she.
And if else, I trust in my trusty
Electer,
In my Star of Fate, and my little
Spectre
That walks in the mirk of War, quoth
she.
And in Hachiman, Mars and Thor,
quoth she.
My hand may be slender; my heart
is stout,
And knows not to shout at the bat-
tle shout,
However the fray be, quoth she.

INTERLUDE.
Now heed thou my words, my
speech hath savour,
Thou who wouldst find in
once favour,
As surely His message, as true
flavor,
As the word of a Priest, by
Sacred Laver—
If He finds one who stands
With his hands in his hands
For the Just and the Right,
With his face to the Light,
And does his straight duty
With main and with might,
Tho' a pagan thrice over
God chooses him Knight,
God counts him his lover,
God finds in him beauty,
God reckons him white.
But unless there is truth in the heart
of a fellow,
He counts him a heathen, a white
or a yellow,—
As the Book itself teaches, from cov-
er to cover.
'Tis little He cares
For priests or for prayers,
Be they prayers of paper or prayers
of breath.
For the wheel that turns,
Or the incense that burns,
Or the white man's shibboleth,
He reckons of worth
In Heaven or earth
The loyal soul that conquerors Drath
For neither a cult of Stones and
Sticks,
Nor a cult of Ikon and Crucifix,
Is matter to Him of the least satis-
faction.
Who would make Him his fellow in
any ill action,
And with praises profane His white
glory besmirch,
Finds His rod and His staff are but
ferule and birch,
Tho' his standing be good in the
Orthodox Church.
As a word from the Lord
Is the Saying assured,
In the heart of thy heart is its
token.
Quotheth hath heard and hath
spoken.

PART SECOND.—THE DUEL.
Am I fallen, alas! so low quoth he,
To be beard by such a foe, quoth
he.
And to meet blow for blow
From a rosy-cheeked lass, with her
tresses a-flow?
Then have at thee! Know
That thy flesh I'll bestow
On the bird and the beast. To the
Fiend you go,
And to the ill angels that wait you
below!
But she showed her white teeth,
As a mischievous smile set her face
all a-wreath,
And her hand stroked Electer asleep
in his sheath;
And her lip was all curl,
To see him so surly.
And she answered, Sir Burly,
Do you not think it early
To be counting your spoils
And the fruit of your toils?
Better look to your foils!
To boast when you gird on
The Isles. To his face
I defy who defeth,
Or Gog, or Goliath.
'T would not be the first time
A Giant had a worse time
For being a bit of a brag, quoth she.
I'll have my sling with me,
And I think to bring with me
A pebble or two in my bag, quoth
she.
But it is ill to rely
On an old fangled thing
Like a stone and a sling.
In an up-to-date war,
Or on sea or on shore,
One needs as good weapon as money
can buy.
So the East strung my bow,
And the West shaped my arrow—
I doubt if your bigness has seen its
"marrow,"—
No clumsy wrought flint from bar-
barian barrow,

But a stinging steel barb from the
forges of Yarrow,
With its feather a quill from the
campus of Harrow.

I heard the West landing,
The East all applauding,—
For fighting is fine
When its over the line.
And one suffers no fear of marauding,
But my heart cried God bless her,
And deign to possess her
In the curve of His hand, tho' she
be no Confessor!

And the Great Gray Hawk was true
to her,
And the White War Pigeon flew to
her,
And the Raven gave his clue to her.
The fish of the sea they schooled for
her,
E'en the Earthquake Carp he cooled
for her,
His hot heart, which he ruled for
her.

The summer rains did fall for her,
The waves of the sea were all for her
And all the winds they blew for her.
The very lightning ran for her,
The very worms they spun for her,
And the rice and the flax they grew
for her.
They brought all that hands could
hold,
They piled her lap with better than
gold.
She must not suffer hunger or cold,
Quoth they, till the end of the fray
he told.

And never such harvest was known
to man
Since the ancient days of Inari San.
Even blustering Winter grew mild
to her,
His face was the face of a child to
her.
Each old Gaffer Gray
Who stood watching the fray
Up in Manchury Land, was heard fre-
quently say:
The Maid of the Isles
Must have wondrous wiles,
The heart of old Winter himself she
beguiles;
He's as genial as Santa Claus each
times she smiles.
No mention appears
In a cycle of years
That are set in my journal
Of a season so vernal.
And, indeed, it is told that when
winter felt surly
The chill of his frown always fell on
Sir Burly!

So the battle was joined
And I heard the steel clashing.
The blue sparks were flashing.
Now help and protect her,
Each Star and each Spectre—
Achilles and Hector!
Nay, Thou, no Respector
Of persons or peoples,
Fagions or steeples!

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SIR G. PARKER TALKS DEFENCE.

Canada Has a Moral Obligation to
Aid Great Britain.

Montreal, Aug. 26.—Ever an ardent
Imperialist his life in England and
service in the Mother of Parliaments
have made Sir Gilbert Parker the
Canadian novelist a still warmer
advocate of the Imperial way of
thinking, especially along the lines
made famous by Mr. Joseph Cham-
berlain. During his present visit to
Montreal, Sir Gilbert has spoken at
several of the receptions to Prince
Louis and has freely explained his
views on this subject which he still
further emphasized in an interview he
yesterday accorded the press.

In fact Sir Gilbert has much changed
from the Canadian novelist. He
has assumed the avordupois, the
manners and the method of thinking
and talking—of the homme d'etat and
prefers discussing the affairs of the
Empire, especially with regard to
Canada, to talking mere literature.

Prince Louis' visit to Canada the
famous novelist regarded as some-
thing more than a simple exchange
of courtesies, or an occasion for os-
tentatious municipal shows and the
wearing of glittering uniforms. He
regarded it as a strong argument for
Canada increasing its share in the de-
fence of the Empire.

"Today," said Sir Gilbert, "the
Canadian agriculturist realizes that
his products must cross the seas to
find a market, and that it is owing to
the weight of the British Navy that
they can do so in perfect safety from
foreign aggression. They welcome
this Admiral Prince not merely as a
scion of royalty, but as one whose
life is devoted to guarding alike the
honor and commerce of Great Brit-
ain and this Dominion. Recognizing
this fundamental fact can they hesi-
tate to contribute something to the
cost of this protection? Of course
Canada is under no constitutional
obligation to do this, but can it be
said that there is no moral obliga-
tion?"

Sir Gilbert's idea of meeting this
obligation, is in the building and
manning of coast defenses, and then
in building cruisers for the Imperial
Navy. This he thought better than
direct contribution to the British
treasury with representation at West-
minster.

PROF. MAVO'S REPORT.
"Ponderous pedantry," was Sir
Gilbert Parker's characterization of
Prof. Mavor's recent report of the
British Board of Trade on the North-
west and its capacity for wheat pro-
duction, in which that political-econ-
omist, rather threw pure cold water
on the idea that Canada could ever
export sufficient wheat to supply
Great Britain's needs. In fact Sir
Gilbert considered that Prof. Mavor's
report had been made very much to
suit the ideas of the British Board of
Trade, and he felt confident that the
Canadian Government and the C. P.
R. would lose no time in proving to
the world that their proud boast of
Canada, the Granary of the Empire
was well founded.

NERVOUSNESS, A CALAMITY.
Many who don't realize what lies
beyond, treat an attack of the
"nerves" with indifference. Others
consider it will soon pass away. But
in every case nervousness is a calam-
ity. Only one remedy will cure—Fer-
rozene—a nerve strengthener that
acts through the blood. First, it
gives you appetite—you eat plenty.
This fills the blood with nourishment
for the inner nerve cells. Energy and
strength is instilled into every part
of the system. You get well—keep
well—nervousness forever departs, be-
cause you've used Ferrozene. Price
50c. per box of fifty tablets at all
dealers.

Mrs. Robert Jamison, keeper of a
boardng house on the east side of
Paterson, N. J., was scalded about
the hands and face Friday, by the
explosion of a large huckleberry pie.
The pie had been baked without air
holes in the top, and was placed
upon the dinner table steaming hot
after the boarders had seated them-
selves. When the boarding mistress
sank a knife into the crust the pie
burst open with a report that could
be heard all over the house.

The handsome silver cup presented
by Commodore Minot of the East-
ern Yacht Club, for a race among
Nova Scotia yachts, was sailed Fri-
day at Halifax, and was won by the
Gloria, brought from England by H.
C. McLeod, general manager of the
Bank of Nova Scotia.

Aug. 25.—Yesterday the new Epis-
copal church at Queenstown, was
consecrated. The clergymen present,
besides His Lordship Bishop King-
dom, were Canon Richardson, of Trin-
ity church, St. John, Rev. Messrs.
Spencer, Goddard and Gillies.
After the dedication the Bishop de-
livered an address using as his text,
Cor. 16-22, "If any man love not the
Lord Jesus Christ let him be An-
athema Maranatha." On the evening
before the consecration, Canon
Richardson preached an eloquent
sermon from John 1-9, "That was
the true light which lighteth every
man that cometh into the world."
He discussed it from three headings:
1. The light dispels the darkness and
cleans the soul. 2. It reveals the
man as he is and shows him what
God intended him to be. 3. It gave
the man new inspiration to do better
work.

Miss Blanche Slipp of the Victoria
Hospital staff, Fredericton, is spend-
ing her vacation with her cousins,
the Misses Slipp.

Mr. E. P. Vanwart and friend Miss
Folkens of Sussex, are visiting Mr.
Vanwart's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J.
S. Vanwart.

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Sexual Weakness, Mental and
Physical Exhaustion, Nervousness,
Impotency, Effects of Abuse of
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Infertility, Insanity and an early grave. Price
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cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain
package on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet.
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Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Fred-
erickton by all Druggists.

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AND
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