

FACE THE SUNSHINE.

Though yesterday was dark with gloom,
When sorrow shadowed all thy way,
Till suffering and anguish rose
Cloudlike to hide and blot out day,
And through thy heart swept loud refrain,
A tempest's song of grief and pain,

Seek not today to close thine eyes,
Nor backward look when earth's bright glows
Seem cruel mockery that comes
To follow smilingly thy woes,
While darkness lends thy soul relief
And gives sad welcome to thy grief.

Lift up thy tired, bowed head, dear one,
To face once more the shining light
That slowly, but so surely will
Dispel thy spirit's lengthened night.
Look up with dim, tear-blinded eyes
To see today's fair, dazzling skies.

Grief's darkness waits to hide all else
But self's strong, urgent claims,
Toward others will the chastened hopes
Of brightened hearts send out their aims.
Not now, but sometimes will the years
Show thee the joys sunlit through tears.

Ere long the bruised and storm-tossed buds
Of struggling hope will show their hue,
With pure, sweet fragrance will unfold
Their blossoms and will find anew
The life and strength of all that lies
Beneath the glow of heaven's fair skies.

Turn toward the warmth of God's great love
To find new impulse for thy will
Till thou canst bid the jangled tones
Of sorrow's discord to be still,
While clouds of yesterday will roll
Beyond the dawn that greets thy soul.

—MARY FRENCH MORTON.

THE CHAMPION WHO WAS DELAYED.

Apropos of the "knock out" blow recently administered Bryanism, THE CONSERVATIVE reproduces from George Ade's Fables in Slang, the following, entitled, "The Fable of the Coming Champion Who Was Delayed."

In a certain Athletic Club which rented two rooms over a Tin-Shop there was one Boy who could put it All Over the other Members.

He knew how to Jab and Counter and Upper-Cut and Bore in with the Left and Play for the Wind. He had Lumps on his Arms and a good Pair of Shoulders, and every one in the Club told him he had the makings of a World-Beater. He used to coax Grocery Clerks and Grammar-School Children to put on the Gloves with him, and then he would go around them, like a Cooper around a Barrel and Trim them right and proper.

His friends would stand and watch him make Monkeys of these anæmic Amateurs, and gradually the Conviction grew within them that he could Lick anybody of his Weight. The Boy believed them when they told him he ought to go after the Top-Notchers.

He gave up his Job in the Planing Mill and became a Pugilist. The Proprietor of a Cigar Store acted as his Manager, and began to pay his Board. This manager was Foxy. He told the Boy that before tackling the Championship Class it would be better to go out and beat a lot of Fourth-Raters, thereby building up a Reputation and at the

same time getting here and there a Mess of the Long Green.

In the same Town there was an Undertaker who had Sporting Blood in his Veins, and he sought out the Manager and made a Match in behalf of an Unknown.

The Boy went into Training in a Stable. He had a yellow Punching Bag, a Sponge, a Bath-Robe and several Towels. Two Paper-Hangers who were out of Work acted as his Trainers. They rubbed him with Witch Hazel all day, and in the Evening the Boy stood around in a Sweater and Talked out of the corner of his Mouth. He said he was Trained to the Minute, as Hard as Nails and Fit as a Fiddle, and he would make Mr. Unknown jump out of the Ring.

As the Day of the Battle approached it came out that the Unknown was a Scrapper who had been fairly Successful at one Time, but had ceased to be a Live One several Years before. He was imported especially for this Contest with the Coming Champion.

When he arrived in Town it was evident that he lacked Condition. He had been dieting himself on Pie and Beer, and any Expert, such as the Cigar Store Man, could tell by looking at him that his Abdomen was not hard enough to withstand those crushing Body Blows such as the Boy was in the Habit of Landing—on the Punching Bag. Accordingly the Word went around that the imported Pug was too Fat and had bad Wind.

It began to resemble a Cinch.

The Manager went out and bet more Money, and the Coming Champion was Nervous for fear that he would kill the Has-Been if he connected too strong on the Point of the Jaw. He thought it would be better to wear him down with Short-Arm blows and make him Quit. He had read that it was Dangerous to punish a Physical Wreck, who might have Heart Trouble or something like that. The Boy was a Professional Pugilist, but he had Humane Instincts.

When the Boy came to the Train which was to carry the Participants and the Spectators to the Battle Field he was attended by four Comrades, who had Ice, Beef Tea, Brandy, Alcohol, Blankets and other Paraphernalia. They made a Couch for him in the Baggage Car, and had him lie down, so that he might conserve all his Strength and step into the Ring as fresh as possible. The so-called Unknown had no one to Handle him. He sat Alone in the Men's Car, with a queer Telescope Valise on his Knees, and he smoked a Cigarette, which was in direct Violation of all the Rules of Training.

At last the Company arrived at the Secluded Spot, and a Ring was staked out.

The Coming Champion was received with Loud Cheers. He wore a new

Pair of Gymnasium Shoes, spotless Trunks, and around his Waist was an American Flag, presented by his Admirers in the Athletic Club.

In a few Moments the Imported Scrapper came into the Ring, attended by the Sporty Undertaker. He wore an old Pair of Bike Shoes and faded Work Trousers, chopped off at the Knees, while his Belt was a Shawl-Strap. He was chewing Gum.

After he put on the Gloves he looked over at the Coming Champion and remarked to the Undertaker that he (the Coming Champion) seemed to be a Nice Young Fellow. After which he Yawned slightly, and wanted to know what Time they would get a Train back to Town.

The Bell rang, and there in the Center of the Ring stood the Tottering Has-Been and the Coming Champion.

The Has-Been was crouched, with his Head drawn in, turtle-fashion, his Legs spraddled, and oh, the hard, vicious Expression on that Face, as he Fiddled Short and looked intently at the Coming Champion's Feet. This was a very confusing and unprofessional Thing to do, as the Boy had not been accustomed to boxing with People who looked at his Feet. He wondered if there was anything the matter with his Gymnasium Shoes.

In a Moment or two he saw that the Physical Wreck was afraid to Lead, so he did some nimble Foot Work, and his Gloves began to describe Parabolas—then all at once somebody turned off the Sunshine.

They threw Cold Water on him, held a Bottle of Ammonia to his Nose and stuck Pins in under his Finger-Nails.

At last his Eye-Lids fluttered, and he turned a dim and filmy Gaze on his faithful Seconds gathered about him.

"Oh, how the Birds sing!" he murmured. "And see! The Aurora Borealis is trying to climb over Pain's Fire-Works."

"Cheer up!" said the Manager. "He took a Mean Advantage of you and Hit you when you wasn't Looking."

"Ah, yes, it all comes back to me. Did I win?"

"Not quite," replied the Manager, who feared to tell him the whole Truth. "You say he hit me?" asked the Coming Champion.

"Yes."

"With a Casting?"

"We could'nt tell. He was in such a Hurry."

All this Time the Victor was sitting on the Station Platform with the Undertaker. He was Remarking that it seemed to be a very Purty Country thereabouts, and he'd often wished he could close in on enough of the Gilt to buy him a nice piece of Land somewhere, inasmuch as he regarded a Far-