

PERHAPS A TRUE VISION, I DO NOT KNOW.

(Written for THE COURIER.)

WHILE I was wrapped in slumber there came a vision to me. I saw a man pass wearily through the world. He groped his way amid doubts and fears. He dreamed of a heaven and a God beyond this mortal life, but he did not know—he simply hoped. But he was kind to his fellow creature. He never reproached the sinful but only pitied and tried to help them. He gave of his worldly goods to those who needed, and was always poor; he could not bear to lay up money, and to live in luxury while there were women and children about him starving and cold.

He did not selfishly try to get rich so that he might help the poor, and thus gain a great name and be flattered by the world, but he gave all he had day by day, and only kept that which was needful for his own sustenance. He visited the sick and afflicted and brought them cheer and comfort. He did not pray, for he did not know whom to pray to, but he worked and loved and suffered. He was often discouraged; his heart was often wrung with ingratitude, but his soul was full of a great love that could never die. He preached no sermons, promulgated no new truth, but simply worked for the good of humanity.

I saw him plod onward through the years, his eyes often turned heavenward searching for a light he never found. I saw his hair grow white and his face take on life's story written in wrinkles. I saw him totter at last like an old tree and fall to rise no more.

But behold now! I saw the heavens open. This same man clad in robes of glistening white with a wreath of bay upon his head was led before a great white throne whereon sat the great Christ. And I heard a voice say, "Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was athirst, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in. Naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me."

And then I heard the man say: "When saw I Thee hungered and fed Thee? or athirst and gave Thee drink? When saw I Thee a stranger and took Thee in? or naked and clothed Thee? Or when saw I Thee sick or in prison and came unto Thee?"

And then the voice made answer: "Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren ye have done it unto me."

And I saw the man pass into a great heaven and on his face was written wonder and great surprise.

Again I saw a rich man pass through the world and he was what the world calls fortunate. He was always comfortable; never denied himself anything, and was loved and revered by many. He grew rich, but his riches came from the poverty and the suffering of others. He gave liberally and the world thought him generous. But he gave only what he could well spare; he never denied himself that he might aid anyone. He built a great church and was always in his pew on Sunday, and he prayed much and was thought to be one of the best men of his time. His life was strewn with roses; he was self-satisfied; he had no doubts; he felt that he was near to heaven and that the gates would soon open to receive him. At last he lay down to die amid all his luxurious surroundings. His breath went out with a gentle sigh and his pale form was wreathed with flowers.

But I saw beyond the white form on the flower wreathed bier. I saw this man come unabashed before the great white throne and look up expectantly into the face of the Christ; but there was no answering look of recognition. Then I heard a voice full of sadness say: "Depart from me thou cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was an hungered and thou gavest me no meat; I was athirst and ye gave me no drink. I was a

stranger and thou took me not it; naked and thou clothed me not; sick and in prison and thou visited me not."

Then the man answered: "When saw I Thee an hungered or athirst or a stranger or naked or sick or in prison and did not minister unto Thee."

And the voice said: "Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as thou didst it not unto the least of these, thou didst it not unto me." And the man was led away and I saw no more.

I prayed

And the wind blew my words hither and thither
Blew them away I knew not whither,
When my prayer was done.

I toiled

And my life was filled with a wonderful blessing
Sweet peace and content my heart was possessing
When my toil was done.

—WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

ON THE DECLINE.

A Scotch elder was asked how the kirk was getting along. He answered: "Aweel, we had 400 members, then we had a division and there were only 200 left; then a disruption, and only ten of us left; then we had a heresy trial, and now only me and Brother Duncan are left, and I hae great doots o' Duncan's orthodoxy."

SOME PRONUNCIATIONS.

Are you up on pronunciation of all hard words? Here's a little list. Run it over and see if you'll learn anything new:

adobe, a-do-ba
algebra, not bray
Oyer, o-yer, not oi yer and terminer
relieve, re-le-a-vo
finance, fi-nans
financial, fi-nan-shal
apparatus, ap-a-ra-tus, no rat here
diphtheria, dif-the-ri-a
fjord, fe-ord
bouillon, bool-lyon
meningitis, i-tis, not e-tis
cicerone, che-cha-ro-ne
proscenium, pro-se-ni-um, not sen-i-um
either, ether, i-ther secondary
depot, de-po, not Jay-po
Goethe, ge-te, e as in her
Kossuth, kosh-oot
Carnegie (Andrew), kar-neg-i
Gerardi (Admiral), qu-rar-de
Juarez, who-a reth, once president of Mexico
Boleyn (Anne) bul in, u as in pull
Llewellyn, loo-el-in
Caprivi, ka-pre-ve, ex-chancellor of Germany
Hohenlohe, ho-en-lo-e, present chancellor of Germany
Cholmondeley (The Earl), chum li
Gil Blas, zhel blas
Don Quixote, don ke-ho-te
Hawaiian, ha-wi-yan
Liliuokalani, le-le-wo-ka-la-ne
Edinburg, edn-bur-o
Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet) blue a
La Gascogne (steamer) gas-kony
Paderewski (pianist), pa-de-ref-ske
Munkacsy (painter) moon-ka-che
New Orleans, or-le anz
Mont Blanc, mon blon
Sebastopol, sev-as-to-pol
Champs Elysees, shon ze-la-za
Pere Hyacinthe, p-air ya-sant
Casimir-Perier, kas-i-mer pa-rya, ex-president of France
Cœur d'Alene, kar da-lan, Indian tribe in Idaho
Bjorstjerne Bjornson, byern-ste-er-na byrn-son.