

5. And thus we see in history's firmament
 Some brightest stars with darkest shadows blent,
 But yet some few have long withstood time's flight
 And seem with age to give the brighter light.
 So with the star whose history now we trace,
 Whose light has ever shone for freedom's race,
 Caused dark oppression's iron hands be bound,
 And in its stead fair Liberty be crowned---
 Gave light for the oppressed of Europe's kings
 To seek a home which naught but blessing brings.
 So will it ever---as 't'has always always shone,
 This glorious star---the life of *Washington*.

6. If to the record of this star we turn,
 We soon the cause for great effects would learn---
 The reason why no shadow e'er dared cloud
 A light---the glory of a nation proud.
 We there would read in characters of light
 Of one who dared defy detested *Might*;
 Of one who's very life seemed made by fate
 To conquer wrong and ope' fair freedom's gate.
 No shadow there to dark a long life's reign,
 No shadow there to mark ambition's stain.
 Ay! But, instead, each bright ray is but one
 Of the reflections of a good deed done.
 So search this life through childhood, youth and age,
 No blot you'll find to mar the record's page,
 Though first to enter into freedom's strife,
 Also the first to seek a peaceful life.
 Winning the first place in a people's heart,
 His memory in their lives became a part.

So to our country's Father praise we give,
 His memory and his deeds---*Long may they live!*

SNEEZING.

SITTING down this morning to choose a subject and collect my thoughts for an article bespoken by the *FREE LANCE*, the first thing I am prompted to do is to sneeze. Now were this some foreign country, say Italy or Spain, and I surrounded by a number of natives, doubtless each one of them would immediately doff his sombrero, and making his profoundest, politest obeisance, wish me all manner of good luck in days to come. With those simple sons of superstition a sneeze is an affair of great moment. What we regard as nothing more than the precursor of a troublesome cold, or possibly the forerunner of "la grippe," has from remote antiquity been looked upon by many as an

evident token of divine favor or of divine displeasure.

Having said thus much, it occurs to me that perhaps I might as well keep on and make this my present theme. If Shakespeare is right in saying that there are "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," why may there not be at least a short essay in the sneeze, even though it may have lost, in emigrating to this country, its power to confer upon its subjects either good or evil fortune?

Our wordy-wise men who make the dictionaries and grammars for us define this commonplace act as "the rapid and audible ejection of air through the nose," or as "the violent emission of air, with moisture, audibly, through the nose." A sneeze, then to be a genuine, orthodox sneeze, must not only bring the nasal organ into exceptional prominence, but it must be something rapid. This is very essential. It must get in its work in short metre to be a success. No dilly-dallying will answer. The true sneeze is "sudden in its impression and hasty in its conclusion," like the hornet. It must also be violent in its nature. No respectable, well-educated sneeze will ever handle its victim with gloves. Its object is the dividing asunder of joints and marrow. It is nothing if not violent. And furthermore all eminent scholars who have devoted time, thought and patience to the elucidation of this great subject insist that in order to pass muster the sneeze must be audible. A silent sneeze is no good whatever; be it as sudden in its onset as the bolt of Jove and as violent as a cyclone, the sneeze that is not audible to the bystander who is not stone deaf is a dismal failure and deserves to be ostracized from good society.

That sneezing has in all time been a universal accomplishment (or affliction, if you prefer) is shown not only by the superstitious reverence paid to it in all lands, but also by