

WHENCE AND WHITHER.

From what unfathomed source does mortal man
Acquire the power that gods themselves might fear?
Whence comes the magic that renews again
The fleshly form of human beings here?
Why should imperfect human flesh and blood
Possess the power to bring a soul to life—
To launch upon earth's wild, tumultuous flood
A being destined to its endless strife,
Not knowing if its course be smooth and bright,
Or through the terrors of a starless night?

Whence comes the breath of life, O child of mine,
That makes thee more than mere unknowing clay?
Are we, though human, yet in part divine,
Doomed to this lower world for but a day?
This thing that is—that yesterday was not—
So fraught with hope, so burdened with despair,
Would I could know, O child, thy future lot,
And see the skies above forever fair!
Great God! the waves of fear about me roll,
For I am author of a human soul.

Almighty God, if Thou canst hear my prayer,
If Thou dost ever listen when we call,
Thou art round about us like the air,
Or throned in splendor far above us all,
Though for myself I may not claim Thy ear,
Though I must wander through the pathless wild,
Though I must know the power of doubt and fear,
Guide and protect, O God, through life, my child:
For every stroke that brings it grief and pain
Must find its echoes in my heart again.
—F. L. ORTON.

PROS AND CONS.

Written for the Ocala Banner:
Silence in court! the cry rang out,
Over the room; the voice of the judge stout,
Came echoing out upon the street,
Bark about the jury, quivered o'er the prisoner's lonely seat.
Then in sonorous commanding peal,
Busking the lawyers' pleas, of woe, or weal,
To the jury he spoke in warnings bold!
Weigh well the pros and cons of this case, as told!
Put yourself in the place of the others,
Let justice, who is Love, hold the scale for the prisoner.
Then reach into your hearts,
For the key to unlock and impart,
Truth, to the motive and the deed,
Of the erring one, who's cry for mercy heed.

Could you pierce the doubts about us
See with Faith, Hope's blessing here,
You would not turn from there
Under sin's curse,
Though they fell in their blind despair!
Could you read the wounded heart of pain,
Would you so brotherly chide another,
Driving them to worse vice and shame?
Rather remember, forgiveness, and we forgive each other.
Could you know the care and crosses,
Crowded around the prisoner's way,
If you knew the temptations, and the losses,
Silently, sadly fought, day by day,
Weaving its spell of mystic pain,
Leaving on the life, sins stain,
You'd lamently sentence, at Love's demand.
Though the prisoner plead guilty at Law's command,
Life's roads have many tangled crossings,
Joy, but a wall of woe, though we do not uphold wrong-doing,
We would so judge as our Father may judge,
And reap His blessing, instead of a cross;
Remembering we too, must stand eternal,
Before our Savior's tribunal,
And hear "with what measure ye mete—"
It shall be measured to you again."
Comes the righteous judgment from God's mercy seat.
The judge's charge to the twelve is made,
Silence, as they come into the room!
Horrible moment! Joy and sorrow, stay the doom!
Almighty, help, in this terrible strife,
Heed ye, the divine command, "Love one another."
And sorrow becomes joy, at the good for the prisoner.
—M. P.

The Georgia Campaign.

Hoke Smith and Clark Howell, rival Georgia gubernatorial candidates, engaged in a joint debate the other day. We learn from the Atlanta Journal, Mr. Smith's newspaper, that after the debate Howell's friends carried his political remains away in a dustpan. From the Atlanta Constitution, Mr. Howell's newspaper, we gather that only a small grease spot marked the place where Smith struck the platform. Nothing like a joint debate for settling things. — Toledo Blade.

If there is any virtue in publicity Governor Vardeman, of Mississippi, ought to be able to tell us all about it.

It behoves you to use the best fertilizers on your crops. Favorite Fertilizers are honestly made, and will give the best results. Lang, Swarts & Co., agents for Ocala.

It is said that Senator Depew changed his seat in the senate the other day six times in as many minutes.

It is said that Mr. Roosevelt now listens with evident pleasure to the siren song of still another term.

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