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TWO TOADS

Dear Mr. Editor,—

While seated at the rear of my home one evening recently my attention was attracted to a large toad that had hopped up quite close, and my mind was at once absorbed in contemplating it. There it sat in all its toad-like beauty (mind you there is beauty in all creation if we look for it), perfectly motionless except for the blink of an eye occasionally, and once or twice it brushed its mouth with a forefoot.

I did not speak to it, nor did it speak to me, but I wondered what action was going on in its mind, and I believe it would have spoken if it had had the power of speech.

While thus musing I was notified that two gentlemen had called to see me. Going into the living room I found an intimate acquaintance and his companion.

It is of the companion that I desire to speak. His collar and tie and shirt were immaculate. He wore a suit of clothes that was right up to the minute in style, as was also his hat, in fact, he was faultlessly attired, and rather handsome in appearance, but what action was going on in his mind was undiscoverable, for he was almost as mute as the toad that I left at the back door.

I tried in vain to draw him into our conversation, but an occasional yes or no was all the response I could get out of him. Then I wondered why he had come to our home, I wondered what could be his object in being so reticent and uncommunicative, and I wondered what manner of man is this anyway.

Someone has said that silence is golden, and someone else has said that a still tongue makes a wise head and so forth, but for my part I have no patience with such characteristics and to find myself in the company of such an one is decidedly uncomfortable and exasperating.

THE PIKER.

IN A NEGRO MAIDEN'S HEART

If you could see beyond the twinkling
In yon Negro maiden's eye,
Beyond the brown face sweetly smiling,

Deep within her heart could spy,
If you could gain the inmost portals
And the curtains gently part,
You'd thrill with awe-inspiring wonder
At the beauty of her heart.

Little rivulets of humour
Trickling through a sunny glade
Make a world of soft, sweet laughter
In the heart of a negro maid.
Heart's just crammed up full of sunshine;
Sprites of glee ahiding there
Funland elves aminglin' with them.
Fill that fairy garden rare.

And there's music, golden music,
Like a messenger, to say
All that tongue and hand, Suppressed
through the years, dared not convey.
Oh there's music, mournful music
From a nation's bleeding soul,
Plaitive strains of untold sorrow
In melodious passion roll.

And there's deep religious fervour,
Simple faith, that trusts unswayed
By the worlds wild throb and tumult,
Clinging closely, unafraid,

MONTREAL

At the great convention of the Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches held at Toronto last week the name of the Union Church was changed to Delisle Street United Church of Canada. The delegates from the above church were Rev. Chas. Este, Mr. and Mrs. G. Elliott and Mr. Stephens.

Mrs. B. Johnson met with an accident of falling down stairs a week ago, but we are glad to report her able to be out again at this writing.

Mrs. Edward Taylor of Green Ave., her daughters and grandchildren have removed to their summer home in the country.

Rev. Dr. Henderson preached in Bethel A.M.E. Church on June 7th and also held Quarterly Conference.

At the A.M.E. parsonage on Wednesday, June 10th, a son was born to Rev. and Mrs. J. Jones.

At 11 Woodstock Ave., on Friday, the 12th instant, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Coward.

The W. C. T. U. was entertained very nicely on Tuesday evening, 9th instant, by Miss Cully at the A.M.E. parsonage.

At the examination held at the Monument National of the Dominion Training School, Mrs. Potter of Acquaduct Street was awarded first prize in music and Mrs. W. Jackson, Richmond Street received the 2nd prize.

Delisle Street Sunday School are holding their annual tea-meeting on the 19th instant.

We regret to hear of the illness of Mr. Mays, formerly of this city, now of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mrs. Mays will be remembered as one of our faithful Sunday School teachers.

For the God, Who, through the ages
Kept the Negro in His Hands,
Still satisfies that longing
For a Soul that understands.

Oh the maidens heart is humble,
It just yearns and yearns to be
A little light a-beaming
For some sailor on life's sea;
Loves to do the humble duties,
Longs to mother and caress,
Hearthstone of her heart is craving
To administer and bless.

And an instrument of wonder
Doth that maidens heart enclose
That gives back loving sympathy
When touched by human woes,
So delicate that longing sighs,
And half-thought hopes, and trembling fears
Of others, chord a sweet response
So oft expressed in love and tears.

Little maiden, rich thy blessing,
Deep thy joy and deep thy grief,
Heaven sends thee bitter burdens,
Heaven also sends relief.
God of Heaven, in Thy mercy
From her brave soul ne'er depart;
Guard the dreams, the hopes, the longings,
Guard the Negro maiden's heart.

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