

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth.

"The Old Homestead."

When skies are growing warm and bright,
And in the woodland bowers,
The spring-time, in her pale, faint robes,
Is calling up the flowers.
When all with naked little feet,
The children in the morn
Go forth, and in the furrows drop
The seeds of yellow corn
What a beautiful embodiment
Of ease, devoid of pride,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With its doors set open wide!

But when the happiest time is come
That to the year belongs,
When all the vales are filled with gold
And all the air with songs,
When fields of yet unripened grain
And yet ungarnered stores
Remind the thrifty husbandman
Of anpler threshing floors,
How pleasant, from the din and dust
Of the thoroughfare aloof,
Stands the old-fashioned homestead,
With steep and mossy roof!

When home the woodsman plods with axe
Upon his shoulder swung,
And in the knotted apple tree
Are scythe and sickle hung;
When low about her clay-built nest
The mother swallow trills,
And decorously slow the cows
Are wending down the hills,
What a blessed picture of comfort,
In the evening shadows red,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With its bounteous table spread!

And when the winds moan wildly,
When the woods are bare and brown,
And when the swallow's clay-built nest
From the rafter crumbles down;
When all the untrod garden paths
Are heaped with frozen leaves,
And icicles like frozen spikes
Are set along the eaves,
Then, when the book from the shelf is brought,
And the fire lights shine and play,
In the good old-fashioned homestead
Is the farmer's holiday!

But whether the brooks be fringed with flowers,
Or whether the dead leaves fall,
And whether the air be full of songs,
Or never a song at all,
And whether the vines of the strawberries,
Or frosts through the grasses run,
And whether it rain or whether it shine
Is all to me as one.

For bright as brightest sunshine,
The light of memory streams
Round the old-fashioned homestead,
Where I dreamed my dream of dreams.

"Nobody's Child."

PRUEBE CARY.

Only a newboy, under the light
Of the lamp-post plying his trade in vain;
Men are too busy to stop to-night,
Hurrying home through the sleet and rain.
Never since dark a paper sold;
Where shall he sleep, or how be fed?
He thinks as he shivers there in the cold,
While happy children are safe in bed.

Is it strange if he turns about
With angry words, then comes to blows,
When his little neighbor, just sold out,
Tossing his pennies, past him goes?

"Stop!" some one looks at him, sweet and mild,
And the voice that speaks is a tender one;
You should not strike such a little child,
And you should not use such words, my son!

Is it his anger or his fears

That have hushed his voice and stopped his arm?
"Don't tremble," these are the words he hears;
"Do you think that I would do you harm?"
"It isn't that," and the hand drops down;
"I wouldn't care for kicks and blows;
But nobody ever called me son,
Because I'm nobody's child I s'pose."

Oh men, as ye careless pass along,
Remember the love that has cared for you;
And blush for the awful shame and wrong
Of a world where such a thing could be true!
Think what the child at your knee had been
If thus on life's lonely billows tossed;
And who shall bear the weight of the sin,
If one of these "little ones" be lost?

William Cowper,

born 1731, was the poet of the religious revival of the eighteenth century. His most important poem is *The Task*, in which praise of the quiet country life which he loved is mingled with reflections upon religious and social topics, and satirical touches upon the fashionable vices and follies of his time. He was of a highly sensitive nature, and was subject to fits of melancholy, which cast a gloom over his whole life. The chief characteristics of his poetry are clearness, simplicity and fidelity to nature. He departed this life in 1800, leaving behind him noble foot-prints in the paths of time.

The Negro's Complaint.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Africa's coast I left forlorn;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But though slave they have enrolled me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture me to task?

Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there One who reigns on high?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from His Throne the sky?
Ask Him if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means that duty urges
Agents of His will to use?

Hark! He answers—wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which He speaks.
He foresees what vexations
Africa's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrant's habitations
Where His whirlwinds answer—no.

By our blood in Africa wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain;
By the miseries that we tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main;
By our sufferings, since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart;
All sustained by patience taught us
Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the colors of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feeling
Ere you proudly question ours.

"Human Frailty."

Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day;
Woven with pains into his plans
To-morrow rends away.
The bow well bent and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string
And it revives again.
Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out the weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his heart we view;
And, while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

Robert Burns,

born 1759, died 1796, is commonly called Scotland's greatest poet, and was positively the most popular writer of lyrics in the English language. The greater number of his poems are written in his native Ayrshire dialect, which, however, he frequently exchanges for English, especially in his more serious strains. He is the poet of freedom, as well as of beauty. So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchmen, it will thrill under his spirited poem entitled "Bannockburn, or Robert Bruce's Address to his Army." His "Man's a Man for A' That," "Man was Made to Mourn," and many others of the same type, will endure while the language lasts. He was a Scotchman. His variety of poetry is equal to his originality: humorous, gay, tender and pathetic come all in a breath. The comic slides easily into the serious, the serious into the tender, and the tender into the pathetic. The following three verses are taken from "Man was Made to Mourn":

Oh, man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mispending all their precious hours,
Thy glorious, youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the way;
Licentious loves and burn;
Which tenfold force give nature's laws
That man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate;
In pleasure's lap caressed;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blessed;
But, oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn
That man was made to mourn.

Oh, death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest;
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn!
But, oh! a blessed relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

"Song of Death."

'Tis evening on the battle field, the wounded and dying of
the victorious army are supposed to join in the song.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun!
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave!
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but no,
No terrors hast thou for the brave!

Thou strikest the poor peasant—he sinks in the dark
Nor saves even the wreck of a name;
Thou strikest the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honor—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh, who would not die with the brave?

Puzzles.

1—DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In the "summer time" so gay,
Amongst the "autumn leaves" I play;
In the "winter's chilling blast,"
Merry springtime's here at last.

In the whispered fond "good night,"
In the morning's "early light,"
With the "merry birds" I sing,
As they fly upon the wing.

Hidden 'neath these lines doth lie
A day we all should glorify;
'Tis hallowed for its sanctity,
For it gave us all our liberty.

FAIR BROTHER.

2—CHARADE.

One day I spied the ADVOCATE
With puzzles FIRST galore,
Though of puzzles there were many
Of puzzles there were more.

Now I thought it was SECOND crime
To join this happy band
Of puzzlers, if Uncle Tom
Should take me by the hand.

Some of them may be wealthy,
Without a LAST some more,
Some stay awhile, then go away,
Of steady puzzlers we have four.

Miss Armand and Miss Lily Day,
Mr. Edwards and Fairbrother,
But there! I did forget Fred Hall,
You'll not find such another.

Henry Bobier and G. W. Blythe,
Quite forgot them too.
I see Minnie May's essayists have done wrong,
Not so with Uncle Tom's crew.

They are COMPLETE of such things,
I am very glad to say,
But I think I am taking up space which might
Be used in a better way.

ADA SMITHSON.

3—ENIGMA.

It's taken with us when we die;
What some almost possess;
What the miser gives away,
He can do nothing less.

The prisoner says it in defense,
When placed before the bar;
What some may be to others,
Who perfect strangers are.

What no one cares to work for;
What everyone should owe;
What you now stand in need of;
I trust it may be so.

Now, as the first of April is here,
Don't put yourselves about;
For should you fail to guess this,
You will be nothing out.

GEO. W. BLYTHE.

4—DECAPITATION.

Come all ye honest puzzlers,
Who to the Dom belong,
Send in your little bits of verse,
And help the cause along.

Come let us see, for ninety-three,
Who doth comprise the crew;
As we speed along, "mid breakers strong,
In the ADVOCATE canoe.

With "Uncle Tom," our captain long,
"Miss Armand" as first mate;
And a boat so tried and trusty
We'll get WHOLE, I calculate.

"Miss Lily Day" stands at the helm,
"Miss Fairbrother" is cook;
"Sir Henry Reeve," you'll all perceive,
Doth keep the log (or book).

The cabin-boy's a "Blyth" young man,
Who answers "Beck" and call;
"Miss Smithson" to the bos'n said,
Come up first, you, "Fred Hall."

Friend "Bobier," too, a jolly tar,
Is in the foremost watch;
But "Edwards," last three months have flown,
Hath slipped beneath the hatch.

FAIR BROTHER.

5—CHARADE.

One day as Patrick was sitting COMPLETE a load of hay;
The Waverly novels by Sir Walter Scott reading;
Ada Armand came PRIME that way,
Said she, "A riddle I've got, Sir Pat, for you to solve to-day."

"My time I cannot waste," said he,
"In solving a trick for you just now";
But still her trick she pressed SECOND him
She said, "He must or else there would be a row."

HENRY REEVE.

6—ANAGRAM.

I saw a man in a prison cell
And asked him the reason why;
He answered low "My being here
Is just the work of one fly."

ADA ARMAND.

7—DIAMOND.

My first is in our photograph;
My second is a deed;
My third up near the house-top
May often be perceived;
My fourth is a geometrical figure;
My fifth an animal wild;
My sixth may be a measure;
My seventh's in "reconciled."

ADA ARMAND.

8—ENIGMA.

I roll, dance and prance along,
I rage, I roar in noisy song,
I'm white and black and sometimes blue,
Perhaps green is my usual hue.

J. FRED. HALL.

No. 9.

My first is one of our fairest flowers;
My second's a space of twenty-four hours;
My whole's a puzzler of fame,
I'm sure you all have heard her name.

I. IRVINE DEVITT.

Answer to March First Puzzles.

1—Patrick, a trick, trick, rick. 2—In-sat-i-ate—insatiate.
3—Sir Walter Scott—Waverly Novels. 4—Ada Armand. 5—
Cannot.

Names of Those Who Have Sent Correct Answers to March 1st Puzzles.

Henry Reeve, Henry Bobier, Oliver and Addison Snider,
Thos. W. Banks, I. Irvine Devitt, Agatha Prudhomme, Geo. W.
Blyth, Edith Fairbrother, Ada Smithson, A. R. Borrowman.