

TO HER LOVER.

I.

Sweet is your worship, dearest, to my heart,
I love to know you mine, both soul and body,
And hate the world that gladly would us part,
Luring your love with flattering joys and gaudy.

II.

But do I lift you nearer unto God,
My love, who say so tenderly you love me?
Am I your highest aim—a pretty cloud—
Or does your spirit rise, through mine, above me?

III.

For love is never love if its wings tire
Short of the glorious throne of the Eternal—
Are you content, love, or do you aspire
From arm-soved joys of earth to bliss supernal?

IV.

Is pity quickened: is your soul at strife
With wrong, and grown enamored of perfection?
What new thoughts, hopes, sensations fill your life?
Thus would I try the gold of your affection.

V.

My life! my love! in life be mine alone:
To none but me on earth your love be given—
But if your soul doth love me, sweet my own,
Let my soul be a help of yours to heaven.

Montreal. ARTHUR WEIR.

Between the Lectures.

Hearts may be honest, but they are always on the beat.

Every wedding ring that is worn is said to represent a man's impotence and a woman's folly.

The young man with a slender salary should choose for his bride a young woman of small waste.

Not every one is happy who dances, says the proverb. The man who has just stepped on a tack knows this full well.

Chorus of Massachusetts maidens—"The saddest words of tongue or pen—there's too many women and not enough men."

There is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young woman, but sometimes it is a very small one.

Dogs are not allowed to pick their company. That is why you often see a seventy-five dollar dog out walking with a fifteen cent man.

"When a girl gets mad and rises from a fellow's knee," says an exchange, "but thinks better of it and goes back again, that's what we call a relapse."

First Lady—"Has your husband quit smoking yet?" Second Lady (just returned from the far West)—"Well, he ought to by this time; he's been dead six months."

Don't try, if you are an ordinary man, to occupy two seats in a crowded horse car. Only women can do that and look as innocent as a lily-of-the-valley all the while.

The arrest of several men on a charge of embracery has demoralized the girls all over the country. They think it will make the young men too timid to do any hugging.

The reason that newly married men are called Benedicts is because they are supposed on their marriage to give up all bad bachelor habits to which they had "benedicted."

Percy Lovelace (a suitor)—"Do you think I can ever win Miss Fickle's love?" Cynical Friend (a former suitor)—"Never despair, my boy. What man has done man can do."

A Connecticut philanthropist has invented an illuminated keyhole that will enable men to go home at any hour of the night and be able to get in without rousing the neighborhood.

"You see," said meek old Deacon Edling, "when my wife wants a new shawl it's no use for me to object, 'specially when she looks at me, stamps her foot an' says, 'Deacon, I shawl have it!'"

Things one would rather have left unsaid: Lady of the house (archly)—"My husband's not at home, Mr. Goodenough. He's gone to call on some pretty women of his acquaintance." Caller—"Ah, I've given that up long ago!"

Bobby—"Ma, tell me what you do up there behind the minister in church every Sunday!" Ma—"I chant." Bobby (pouting)—"I don't think you're very polite. You never let me say 'I shan't' when I don't want to give anything away."

A cobbler in a country town, who, in addition to mending shoes, also professes to teach music, has the following sign over his door:

"Delightful task to mend the tender boot
And teach the young idea how to fute."

"What's that?" he asked his landlady as she placed his cup by his plate. "Coffee," was the prompt and decisive reply. "Ah," he innocently remarked, with an air of interest, "and what is it made of?" and there was silence around the table for the space of five minutes.

They were watching an enraptured love scene on the stage, when suddenly he bent forward and whispered in her shell-like ear. "When we are married, my own, we shall do like that, shan't we?" She blushed and hung her curly head, and in a soft, sweet voice replied, "Yes, Fred, but we must take care not to be interrupted like they are."

A WORD PICTURE.

I leaped far out my casement wide,
I looked abroad into the night,
I saw the river winding slow,
I heard the South wind sobbing low,
I saw the Lenten lilies blow,
The Lenten lilies tall and white.

A bare tree rose against the sky,
A wild bird winged its shadowy flight;
Its notes were hushed; but far away,
Beyond where meadows dreaming lay
And rose the mountains misty gray,
I heard the voices of the night.

Singing a love song to the morn,
A welcome to the marriage feast,
Arise! the echoes rang, and lo—
I saw the day break in the East.

A. M. D. G.