

## The Poet's Corner.

### A Domestic Episode.

"You've ceased to love, John; I fear  
A great change has come over you;  
You do not sit beside me, dear,  
And hug me as you used to do!

"You used to praise my eyes, my hair,  
And often kissed my lip and brow.  
When we sat on one rocking chair—  
Dear John, why don't you do so now!

"You used to call me your delight,  
Said you were proud my love to win,  
And kept me at the gate at night—  
Till I would come and call me in.

"You called me then your ownest own,  
Your posy pet—did you know;  
That happy time is past and gone—  
Ah, dearest, what has changed you so?"

John laid his paper on his knee,  
And bore a sigh and said: "I fear  
Whatever change there may be  
You've brought about yourself, my dear.

"This much, at least, you must confess,  
When my visits I would pay  
You did not meet me in the dress  
In which you'd been at work all day.

"Your hair was not in paper curls,  
Your slippers flapping on your feet;  
You were the prettiest of girls,  
With everything about you neat.

"A snow white collar then you'd wear,  
And at your throat a pretty bow,  
A flower of some kind in your hair—  
Now, darling, what has changed you so?"

### That Wife of Mine.

She met me at the door last night,  
All dainty, fresh and smiling,  
And threw her plump arms round me tight,  
In manner most beguiling.  
Then, in her sweet, impulsive way,  
She hugged me, as she kissed me,  
And told me how the live long day  
She thought of me, and missed me.

She helped me off with coat and hat,  
And led me, still close clinging,  
Into the dining room, and sat  
Down at the table singing.  
The meal was perfect; fresh-cut flowers  
Made the fire-light warm and rosy,  
Made all seem bright; swift flew the hours,  
And we were, oh! so cozy!

Then, after dinner she and I  
Sang the old songs together  
We used to sing in days gone by—  
My heart was like a feather!  
Our happiness made earth a heaven,  
And now, as I review it,  
I recollect 'twas past oblivion  
Almost before we knew it.

We sat there on the sofa then,  
She nestling close beside me,  
Softly she smoothed my hair, and when  
I kissed her, did not chide me.  
She fondly pinched my cheek, and so,  
Her dimpled hand upon it,  
She whispered: "Darling, do you know,  
I need a new spring bonnet!"

### The Earliest Fire-Fly.

BY THOMAS HILL, D. D.

Fearless little pioneer,  
Leader of thy race this year!  
Tiny spark of wondrous light,  
Wandering thro' the darkness night,  
Strangely pleasant is the sight  
Of thy vague, erratic flight.

Soon thy light will be but lost  
Mid thy fellows' brilliant host,  
When the meadow lands shall be  
Gay with mimic galaxy.

Finches prophesy the spring,  
Hobolinks its blossoms bring;  
But thy race, with bolder cheer,  
Say that summer now is here.  
Now the wild grapes fill the air,  
With a wealth of perfume rare;  
Flowers bloom beside the way,  
Joy and fragrance fill the day;  
Now the sunlight's long-haired hours  
Ring with song and glow with flowers,  
Leader of the glittering band  
Hops to follow thy command.  
Welcome, then, thou tiny spark,  
Gleam arising from the woodland dark.

Light thee, underground,  
Where thou yet hadst found;  
Light thee thus to soar,  
From the meadow o'er,  
Where the morning flame  
Of thy race came!

Light thee, light  
From the night  
Where thou know  
Thy glow  
Thy mark!

Wanderer! thus unto my sight  
With more than steller lustre bright!  
Ah! how gladly would I share  
Courage which can boldly dare  
Thus to mount on untired wing;  
Boldly thus thyself to fling,  
Whither heart within thee leads,  
Toward higher life and nobler deeds.

Thus thou op'nest to mine eye  
Scenes above this star-paved sky.  
He who guides thy feeble race,  
Pours on man a richer grace,  
Outward eye hath never seen  
Canaan's fields of living green;  
Outward senses hear no song  
Sung the eternal choir among;  
But the sun of God inspires,  
In his saints, those warm desires.  
And that strong unconquered will  
When he calls, they soar away,  
Free from all this mortal clay.  
Flaming true the joyous word:  
"Still together with the Lord."

### Long About Knee-deep in June.

Tell you what I like the best:  
"Long about knee-deep in June,  
'Bout the time the strawberries meke  
On the vines some afternoon  
Like to jee' get out and rest,  
And not work at nuthin' else.

Orchard's where I'd rather be—  
Needn't fence it in for me—  
Jee' the whole sky overhead,  
And the world underneath—  
Sorto' so's a man kin breathe  
Like he ort, and kind o' has  
Kibow room, so kinlessly  
Sprawl out on the grass  
Where the shadows thick and soft  
As the kisses on the bed  
Mother fixes in the loof  
Allus when they's company!

Jee' a sorto' lassin' there—  
Slazy 'at you peck and peck  
Through the wavin' leaves above  
Like a feller 'at's in love  
And don't know it ner don't keer:  
Everything you hear and see  
Got some so 'o' interest;  
Maybe find a bluebird's nest  
Tucked up there conveniently  
For the boys 'at's apt to be  
Up some other apple tree!  
Watch the swallows shoo' in 'past  
'Bout as quick as you could ast;  
Er the Bobwhite raise an whir  
Where some other's whistle is.

Ketch a shadder down below  
And look up to find a crow;  
Er a hawk away up there,  
'Fearantly froze in the air!  
Hear the old hen squak and squat  
Over every chick an's got  
Sudden like! And she knows where  
That 'at hawk is 'well as you—  
You jee' her 'o' your life she do  
Eyes a-gittarin' like glass,  
Waitin' till he make a pass!

Powwow! singin' to express  
My opinion's stood o' class  
Yit you'll hear 'em, more or less;  
Sapoonk gittin' down to bit,  
Woodin' out the longaneness;  
Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,  
In them baseball clothes o' his  
Sportin' round the crohard jee'  
Like he owned the premises,  
Sun out in the field can sin,  
But sit on your back, I guess,  
In the shade where glory is!  
That's jee' what I'd like to do  
Siddy for a year or two.

Plague of they ain't sompin in  
Work as kind o' goes agin  
My convictions I—long about  
Here in June especially!  
Under some old apple tree,  
Jee' a resin' through and through,  
I could git along without  
Nuthin' else at all to do  
Only for a wishin' you  
Was a gittin' there like me,  
And June was eternally!

Lay out there and try 'o see  
Jee' how lazy you kin be—  
Tumble round and soove your head  
In the clover bloom, or pull  
Your straw hat across your eyes,  
And peck through it at the skies,  
Thinkin' of old chums 'at's dead  
Maybe smilin' back at you  
In betwixt the beautiful  
Clouds o' gold, and white and blue!  
Month a man can rally love—  
June you know, I'm takin' of!

Karch ain't never nothin' now I—  
April's altogether too  
Brash for me! and May—I jee'  
'Bominate its promises—  
Little hints o' sunshine and  
Green around the timber land—  
A few blossoms, and a few  
Chip birds, and a sprout or two—  
Drap asleep, and it turns in  
'For daylight and snows agin!  
But when June comes—clear my throat  
With wild honey! Reach my hair  
In the dew! and hold my coat!  
Woop out loud! and throw my hat!  
June wants me, and I'm to spare!  
Spread them shadders anywhere,  
I'll get down 'nd wailer there,  
And obloood to you at that!

## LITERARY NOTES.

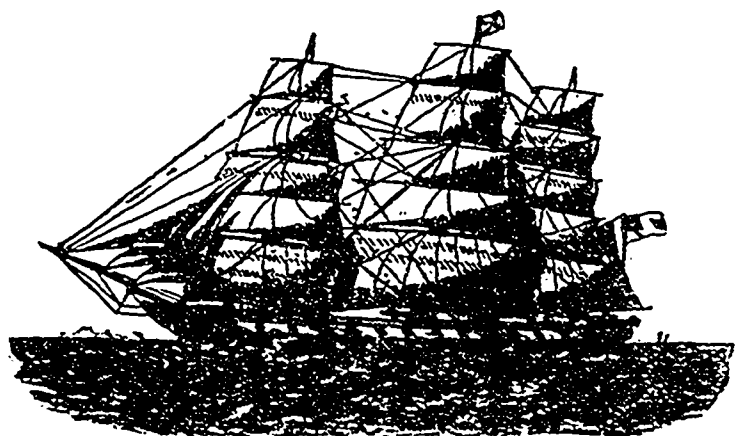
The June Penny is as bright as its name-  
make. The stories, poems and Flower  
Chorus are unusually attractive because of  
their timely import and seasonable add.  
The sketches, both historical and biograph-  
ical, are particularly notable, and the  
installments of an exceptionally strong  
character. Round the Family Lamp, (Mar-  
garet Sidney) is deserving of especial men-  
tion. Appropos of the month, it furnishes the  
Rose Game, a delightful out-of-door enter-  
tainment, and one that will be entered  
into with zest by the entire household. Il-  
lustrated, \$1.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co.,  
Publishers, Boston. Specimens free.  
J. T. Trowbridge's new serial, "The  
Kelp-Gatherer," is the leading feature of  
the June St. Nicholas. It is a story of boy-  
life on the Maine coast, with a strong flavor  
of adventure and a keen sense of boy-nature.  
"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is continued in a  
much longer installment than last month's,  
and we are told how that young nobleman  
learned to ride, and many other interesting  
items about him. "How shall we spend  
the Summer?" is a question more often ask-  
ed than satisfactorily answered at this sea-  
son; but the two articles, entitled "The  
Boys' Paradise" and "A Boys' Camp," will  
throw a great deal of light on this perplex-  
ing subject, especially for those city boys  
who like to "rough it" but whose parents  
prefer them to do so "with all the comforts  
of a home"; while those who prefer to pass  
their vacation in Europe can join Frank R.  
Stockton's "Personally Conducted" party  
and visit all the beauties and wonders of  
"Queen Paris." "Mother Idea" holds an  
idea for girls as well; and "The Satchel"  
contains a grotesquely amusing mixture of  
fairy tale and science by Tudor Jenks, and  
five illustrations by J. E. Kelly.

A finely engraved drawing from Houdon's  
bust of Benjamin Franklin is the frontispiece  
of the June Century, and several pages of  
"Unpublished Letters of Benjamin Frank-  
lin," edited by the Hon. John Bigelow, add  
to the literary interest of the number.  
These letters are a part of the "Stevens Col-  
lection" of Franklin's manuscripts now own-  
ed by the United States Government, and  
abound in the good humor and shrewd and  
kindly wisdom for which Franklin's writings  
are so famous. The Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley  
contributes a remarkable article on "Faith-  
Healing and Kindred Phenomena," which is

based on many years of inquiry on his own  
part and on much trustworthy testimony.  
His conclusions are opposed to the claims of  
Christian "faith-healers," and the article,  
altogether, offers a mass of curious and im-  
portant information. "Topics of the  
Time," in dealing with the question of the  
labor strikes, addresses "A Word of  
Sympathy and Caution" to law-abiding  
working-men; discusses "Two kinds of Boy-  
cott"; and broaches the question,  
"Who are the Guiltier?"—public officers  
who accept bribes, or the rich men who use  
money corruptly to further selfish interests.

The contents of "The Popular Science  
Monthly" for June illustrate the varied  
character of the field which that publication  
cultivates. The more than a dozen articles  
it contains concern as many different aspects  
of scientific thought; yet, while distinct in  
subject and treatment, they are as one in  
fidelity to the avowed purpose of the maga-  
zine, of extending knowledge and making it  
attractive. In the opening article, on  
"Evolution bounded by Theology," Mr. Le  
Sueur replies to a paper by Dr. Lyman  
Abbott on a similar subject in the "Ando-  
ver Review," with a denial of the insinua-  
tion, so often made by some theologians, that  
evolutionists are necessarily or naturally ir-  
religious. An important and interesting  
contribution to the history of our aborigines  
is made by Mr. Horatio Hale, in the "Eth-  
nology of the Blackfoot Tribes." Some  
interesting facts and experiments are relat-  
ed in Mr. Dalkoff's "What may Animals  
be taught?" A portrait and biographical  
sketch are published of Dr. George Engel-  
mann, one of the most distinguished of  
American botanists. The editor at his table  
discusses "The Labor Troubles," in the ad-  
justment of which he suggests that much  
good would come of greater frankness on  
both sides. New York: D. Appleton &  
Company. Fifty cent a number, \$5 a year.

A boy 12 years old was the important  
witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers,  
after cross-questioning him severely, said:  
"Your father has been talking to you how  
to testify, hasn't he?" "Yes," said the  
boy. "Now," said the lawyer, "just tell  
us how your father told you to testify."  
"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father  
told me that the lawyers would try and  
tangle me in my testimony; but if I would  
just be careful and tell the truth I could  
tell the same thing every time."



TO THE FOUR WINDS.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

Oh! cold North wind from the Polar seas,  
Thy breath congeals lake, brook, and  
river;  
You strip the leaves from the tallest trees,  
And make them bend, and sigh and  
quiver;  
O blow, South wind from the coral stand,  
Thy breath is sweet with the flower's per-  
fume;  
Thrice welcome thou to our cold North land,  
To cheer our hearts with the rose's bloom!  
O blow, East winds, with thy favouring  
gales,  
To speed our ships from the mother-lands;

And glad our eyes with the full-blown sail.  
That bring to our shores brave hearts and  
hands!  
O blow, West wind, with the fresh strong  
breazo,  
Prepare our frames for the frost and snow;  
Shake down the ripe fruits from off the  
trees,  
And tinge our cheeks with health's ruddy  
glow!  
God temper the winds for life or death,  
As ever the earth they sweeping go—  
He speaks in the zephyr's balmy breath,  
As well as when loudest tempests blow