

'Tis true she rebuked ; but I also was heard,
 And reproof grew suspiciously less,
 Till, one day, her reply to a question I asked
 Had muchly the flavour of " yes."
 As the Board went no further than brotherly love,
 " Sister Alice " was ask'd to resign,
 And each pillow was wet with the tear of regret
 In the ward of Saint John the Divine.

When the north wind is high, and the curtains are drawn,
 In the firelight's calm, ruddy glow,
 I sit, and I dream of the hours that are fled
 To the shades of the dear long ago ;
 And the maiden who fills my post-prandial pipe.
 And whose cheek nestles close unto mine,
 Is the image of her who enraptured my heart
 In the ward of Saint John the Divine.

THE CYCLONE.

THE cyclone's an agitator,
 And a special ventilator,
 That works the bailiwick for all its worth.
 Oh, the sweet voluptuous ease
 Of its calmly go-as-you-please,
 As it mixes up the objects of its mirth.

And when its sighs are over—
 When the natives creep from cover
 And gaze with sadness o'er the festive scene,
 They know its gentle zephyrs
 Have worked their best endeavours,
 And left the land-marks few and far between.