

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

On Carmel's Height when stood the sear of eek,
 And seaward gazing, darksome cloud beheld,
 Precursor true of blessings long restrained
 By heaven's decree—now by his prayers regained,
 Methinks his faith took wings, each doubt was stilled,
 Ecstatic joy his glowing bosom thrilled,
 He knew that hour—as clouds more black and dense
 Assured the good—a patriot's recompense.
 Not such the feeling stirred within my breast
 At sight of cloud, which meets my anxious quest,
 Above my country low'ring, gathering might
 As each election trial writhes to light.
 Ah! no! for not of Heaven's returning smile
 It speaks; but monstrous, loath some guile,
 That calls to loyal cheeks the blush of shame,
 And sadly dims the glory of our fame.
 Nay, more, presages ruin of our ship of state,
 When shall have roll'd awhile the wheels of fate.
 Nor dream, my brothers, it will aught avail,
 Though wealth augment as in a fairy tale,
 Arts flourish, commerce spread in bounteous stores
 The fruits of every clime within our doors,
 New kingdoms rise within our wide domain,
 And harvests rich bedeck each smiling plain:
 How fruitless these to save, let history tell;
 Full many such have been which nought could quell
 Till ulcers foul—the lust for power, the greed
 And cunning craft of men of serpent breed,—
 Their vitals all consumed, and they, at last, became
 What they are still—a hissing and a shame!
 And such thy doom, my country; "Tekel" bright
 Is writ on yonder cloud as once in light;
 My heart is faint, my eyes are dim with tears,
 For, looking down the vista of the years,
 I see thy crown removed, thy spirit broke,
 Thy sons the willing slaves of foreign yoke.
 O treason foul! the dastard words recall,
 My faith triumphs o'er fears: such fate befall
 Shall *NEVER*: righteous *ten* had *Sodam* saved;
 We *millions* live,—the few alone depraved.
 E'en now, I see, ere breaks the threatening storm,
 At *toesti* sound, a noble phalanx form,
 Expel these moral puppers from our shore,
 Or force the rogues turn honest men once more;
 Erase from honor's scutcheon every stain;
 On judgment hall, on palace, hut, and fane,
 In words of flaming characters, inscribe—
 "Accursed be he who gives or takes a bribe!"
 And usher in our nation's "golden age,"
 (Behold with pride its glory-gilded page)
 When Canada, exalted high, shall stand
 Majestic, queen of nations; in her hand
 The two-edged sword of justice; and at her feet
 Her vanquished foes, while toes with friends compete
 Her praise to sing: all things, in rich supplies,
 That make a people good, and great, and wise,
 She gives, thus linking hearts to her anew;
 Her sons are men; her daughters good; all true
 To God, their country, selves, and children fair.
 And when these last in turn the sceptre bear,
 They still keep burning bright the former fires,
 And prove right worthy sons of noble sires!
 For none shall dare with selfish principles
 To stain the spotless fame th' Invincibles
 Then won; their name perpetual fount shall be,
 Whence every age shall nerve for victory;
 Though other kingdoms rise but to decay,
 Our empire's glory ne'er shall fade away;
 Through storms that rage, through earthquake's shock,
 It still shall stand—*was built upon a rock*.
 O heidom glorious! Destiny sublime!
 Arise, my fellow-men, and make it thine
 By such like deeds; there is none other way
 The gainful prize to win. *God speed the day!*

Belleville, Ont.

BEND.

MEMORIAL LITERATURE.

(By a Member of the Canadian Institute.)

II.—PIONEER STORY.

I was travelling last week up the Northern railroad, and, getting out on an up-grade, I walked on for some distance with a rather antiquated specimen of humanity from Penetanguishene. He came to Toronto, he said, to give some information as to the early records of the Simcoe district, but no one appointed him in the Memorial Committee, and so he retired in disgust. We became warm friends as soon as I informed him that I also had antiquarian tastes, with a collection of curiosities at home, that had hitherto miraculously escaped the scavenger. Betaking ourselves to the next station, we awaited the arrival of the train, and in the interim he beguiled the time by the following narrative:

Nine-and-forty years ago, he began, this country was not what it is to-day. I here informed him that the changes and other differences in the country would be assumed, and

that the story would probably have been acceptable to the Committee without going entirely through the last forty years. He said he would defer to my opinion, but not to that of the Committee, and, gulping down his resentment, proceeded:

Half-a-century ago, the journey from Penetanguishene to Toronto was no trifling task, but one could ride the whole way and not creep along or walk as they do now. The changes have not all been for the better. However, it is not with such things that we are concerned. On a bright day in August, in the year 1834, two young men were journeying south to Toronto. You can judge of them by their names—one a tall, athletic fellow, merry, brawny, and determined, but withal a merry twinklo in his sound eye. He was Hotspur McBean. The other was the elder, with a hat on him such as the leader of the Opposition wears while his enemy speaks. By right he was named Jago O'Kelly, but it seldom went that far. Jake was his, as often as not; and comrade McBean was better known by the name of Hops. Their destination was a lordly mansion on the west side of the Humber, and at a late hour in the afternoon they came in sight of the town hall at Parkdale, and debated whether or not they would risk the rickety bridge over the tempestuous waters of the Humber.

"There is a log cabin on the western limits of the city," said one to the other, "perchance as it is not yet seven o'clock on this Saturday, that some refreshments may be had therein. What say you comrade?"

"I say that you have forgotten the times and places of muddy York," rejoined Hops. "Know that the seventeen minutes change of time would, even now, have made us late, albeit the cabin you wot of had not been turned into the house for incurables."

"Enough," said the first speaker, and plunging wildly across the intervening railroad crossings and pitfalls they hurried west toward their destination. The shades of night closed in on our heroes—for they were both heroes—as they neared the rickety bridge before referred to. Snatches of conversation revealed the fact that a fair occupant of the lordly mansion had enslaved the heart of Hotspur, and that while he longed to dwell on the delights of the expected greeting, his companion became more silent and occasionally scowled around him in a way that terrified the bears, deer, ground-hogs and wolves that followed in a deadly procession behind them.

"'Tis well for you to lead," said the latter. "The path is not a safe one. Methinks the street-cars no longer use the tranway. Ha! the bridge."

The bridge indeed!

With one skilful push, poor Hotspur with half the railings of the bridge went down into the still, glassy waters below—his treacherous comrade meanwhile retracing his steps to a farm house to devise plans against the fair occupant.

"I fear that he will come not," said the president of Pure Milk Company to his charming daughter Iola, as they sipped their chocolate in the mansion referred to. The fair maiden said nothing, but continued the last novel of Zola and secured another of taffy-sticks while her companion smoked his cigarette.

The remainder of the story can be disposed of in paragraphs.

I forget now who sank into the glassy waters, but he reached the lordly mansion some minutes before the villain, and was afterwards sued for maliciously injuring the bridge.

Wet and disgusted, he searched the dairy farm, and borrowing the clothes of the gatekeeper, awaited the approach of his former comrade.

With one bound he clutched the approaching form and, in the darkness of the night, hurled him out into the lake.

He had mistaken the person, however, and Iola's bright-eyed boy of two years old, never again beheld his grandfather nor purchased a cigarette for him to smoke of an evening on his piazza.

The fate of Jago was never known, but a horse-dealer in the neighborhood narrates a story of two men going through the air into the lake. He probably lied.

"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late." "My dear sir," replied the lady graciously, "no pardons are needed. You can never come too late."

Some one asked a Marsellaise tenor why he sang only in concerts. "It is very simple," he replied. "One day I fell down stairs and broke my voice, and this is why I only sing in pieces."

Could anything be neater than the old darkey's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted she was too heavy? "Lor', missus," said he, "I'se used to lifting barrels of sugar."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Parvenu, talking about music at Mrs. Suddenriches' reception, "I just dote on them sympathy concerts, and my husband insists on our prescribing for the whole series. Ain't them Beethoven rapsodies real elegant!"

Uncle Lather is an intensely practical man. When he read in the newspaper the report of a murder case, in which it was said that "life's thread was severed by a razor," Uncle Lather exclaimed, "Didn't the blamed fool know that 'ud spile a razor?"

Washington Irving once said to a lady—"Don't be anxious about the education of your daughters; they will do very well; don't teach them so many things; teach them one thing." "What is that, Mr. Irving?" she asked. "Teach them," he said, "to be easily pleased."

A visitor in the country, seeing a very old peasant woman dozing at her cottage door, asks a little boy of six or seven, who happens to be playing near by, how old she is. "I can't say, sir," replies the child politely, "but she must be very old. She has been here ever since I can remember."

The Scotch joke is usually dry; in one case it was wet. An Aberdeen wit had a large, handsome gold-edged card placed high up on his door; in the centre of the card something was written in very small characters. The object naturally attracted the attention of the curious, and the near-sighted had to get very close up to it. Afterwards they found the value of the advice it contained, which was "Beware of the paint."

Among a personally conducted tourist-party of French and Italians stopping for the night at a Swiss hotel, one sat apart and apparently in grief. A lady, wishing if possible to relieve his sufferings, seized an opportunity which occurred to probe his wound. "Ah, madam," he exclaimed, "I am miserable, miserable, because I am poor! I am on my wedding tour and alone, because I was too poor to bring my bride with me."

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia; Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.