

The charms of the homestead remind us
again,
Which span on our life, truer man to embrace ;
Has time ceased such to trickle down this
hardened face.

One thought for our school days, where great
values were sought ;
Come, Oh ! tell me if since, have we such
values taught ;
With hearts for companions truer than
these,
So faithful contented, and mindful to
please ;
Examples remind, such samples were true,
Good are they and worthy ; I extend them
to you.

Yes ! backward and forward, souls and
minds are still rooked ;
Painted deep in time's mirror, the spirit each
image is locked.
They whisper us words, old ships have a
maat,
They bring back to the soul the life of the
past ;
From skill as a boy through practise of
years,
They tell us of failings of our nonsense and
fears.

They point out our sorrows, when our loved
ones had fled ;
They picture in fancy, many dreams of the
dead ;
They tell in old age the cost of our gold,
When death is anearing, and fears rise un-
told ;
They journey along in mind and in soul ;
Whilst death is as certain, as to ashes the
coal.

Unreconciled shadows, oft drift up by the
way ;
Half mingling our gladness, through our
life's little day ;
Protrayed in the heart, the mind and the
world,
This banner of sadness rises unfurled ;
Sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in show-
ers,
Thus souls become beautiful, beautiful
flowers.

Still, friends, we look backward, our minds
are divided,
From truth or from sin, where the spirit
abided ;
From scenes in the east to scenes in the
west,
But the home of our birth we recognize
best ;

Wherever we go, wherever we roam,
We all think with an author, there's no place
like home.

A Verse on Spring.

Spring is trickling in the waters,
Spring is whispering in the flood,
Spring is painted on the landscape,
The spring is promised in the bud,
O'er the meadow and the ploughed land,
Where the wintery winds hath swept,
We can see her fast appearing
Where long the frosty snow had slept.

See you bank across the roadside,
See it now whittled with the breeze,
See the rain descending on it,
Yea see it dripping from the trees,
Hear the robin, queer his whistle,
Whilst thronged the chirping sparrowsing.
Every voice seems tuned with welcome,
For welcome is the voice of spring.

The Bigamist.

His love is undecided and by beauty won ;
Deep are his attractions through conver-
sations run ;
So thoughtless, with each gem, a wife he
knows,
A gifted bigamist through life he goes.

Worthless character is within his bosom
found,
With tempting pride the liar's wealth doth
he expound ;
Great in lands of fiction, he castles builds ;
What careth he when such his aim fulfills.

Delight is made, through show of style and
fancy dress ;
Thus ambition mistakes the man of external
guess.
His many suits are borrowed, still unpaid,
A rogue is he, where truth shines out por-
trayed.

Woman with heart, for wealth by him is oft
deceived ;
With name disgraced, her life this devil
deep hath grieved ;
This a proverb, still lights love's path and
way,
He first to love is not the love to stay.

See thou, love is not found, where riches
rule the man !
For such at heart how many, so speak,
think and plan ;
Where ere is wealth, the souls must be con-