

More dense than eclipse of the sun.
 While Cupid's "Good-bye" is heart-rending
 To all who are caught in his mesh.
 Reviewing past conquests afresh.
 Spinsters, bachelors, glance back o'er the outline
 The Scripture expounder removing
 From associations dear and otherwise,
 Find the "Good-bye" spells joy, also sorrow,
 And to new pastures he hies.
 Sometimes the tenant says "Good-bye,"
 The landlord the meaning takes in,
 And hurries away to a justice
 Who interprets, court sits, plaintiff wins.
 The dear ones who pass down the valleys
 Whisper "Good-bye," our spirits are fled.
 And life, with its myriad interests,
 Is epitaphised with the dead.
 The boy says "Good-bye" to his boyhood,
 Too often to ape the man.
 In politics, club's foolish pastime,
 Elevated by thoughts that he can
 Play adept at imitation.
 What matters how worthy the aim,
 The predominating standard they issue
 Is man's power and how to attain.
 The future assumes roseate hues,
 But, alas, is recorded in cook-books,
 Revellings in strange Irish stews.
 With grief overwhelmed, the mother
 Gives her boy to his Country and God,
 Enduring with never a murmur
 His grave 'neath the foreign sod.
 "Good-bye" when uttered by room-mates
 Severs ties fitting tighter than cloaks
 Causing a new disease to develop,
 Properly diagnosed a lump in the throat.
 To all who with life have been vested
 "Good-bye" as a legacy falls.
 The king receives it as a coronet,
 The pauper accepts it as a pall.
 The Irish emigrant's "Good-bye Mavournan,"
 The air of the Scot's "Auld Lang Syne,"
 Whilst crossing the bar with the English
 Miss Canada's Maple Leaf joins in line,
 While America's eagle tra la la las us
 With a graceful swoop of the wing;
 France Adieus, and from all foreign nations
 The ode to "Good-bye" millions sing.

—Mrs. W. J. Thomas.