



THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

[For the Pictorial Times.]

See where the dwarf acacia's branches shower  
Their milk-white blossoms on a sodded grave;  
Bury me there at sunset's holy hour;  
The Bride of Death would slumber  
Where the grey shadows wave.

Tell me not now of gems and orange blossoms,  
Of golden marriage bells, so passing sweet,  
Of flashing eyes and palpitating bosoms,  
And music softly eniting  
To swiftly glancing feet.

Tell me not either of the nameless blessings  
That consecrate the cares and toils of home;  
Maternal thrills at infants' fond caressings,  
Murmurs of love that gushing  
From husbands' heart-deeps come.

I am the Bride of Death! No earthly lover  
May place the ring upon this cold white hand;  
The stark swart Angel's pinions o'er me hover,  
Chilling my hopes and pointing  
Into the shadowy land.

Behind me in the world I leave no token,  
No rosy child to hsp a mother's name;  
Naught save a wealth of love unknown, un-  
[spoken,

And memory untarnished  
By guilt or blame.

The darkness deepens in the misty valleys,  
The acacia's blossoms strew my Mimi's grave,  
A dreamy stillness haunts the funeral alleys;—  
The Bride of Death is sleeping  
Where the grey shadows wave.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

[For the Pictorial Times.]

## AFTER MANY YEARS.

It was the first appearance of the world famous actor, Arnold Henshaw in Montreal. The theatre was crowded and as the curtain fell a storm of applause broke from the admiring audience. Such triumphs were no novelty to the hero of the hour, for was he not the idol of New York and London, his talents being equally recognized on both sides of the Atlantic, but to-night the approval of his audience was specially sweet to him for this was his native city, and it was his first visit to it since he had become famous. After it was all over, Arnold Henshaw sat alone in his luxurious room in the Windsor, musing upon the past and the many changes since he had last looked upon the city on the St-Lawrence, a poor boy helping, as best he might, the struggles of his widowed mother to eke out an existence. Caring little for the bustle of life around him he had been looked upon as stupid and unpractical, then he had obtained a situation in a great city of America and set off to make his fortune, but alas, dry goods in Boston were not to be the stepping stone to that end, for he found his work and companions uncongenial enough, and it was for his mother's sake alone, that he remained at his post.

However, life became sweeter to him for he made two friends.

Place aux Dames. Amanda Russel was the only child of a violinist, broken down in health and pocket, and she to his disgust, had taken a situation in the snare store as Arnold, where they became friends and almost lovers. His second friend was an Englishman, who finding the struggle for existence too severe at home, had brought his talents to, he hoped, a better market, but he was one of the many who never get into the sunshine; fortune always thrusts them into the dark shadows. It was a great delight to Arnold to hear Newton Gregory talk of the time when, young and full of hope he looked forward to success. His voice, his glorious voice would

bring him wealth and fame but alas! his "chance" had never come. They read together and struck by Arnold's powers of mimicry and pathos, undertook to teach him elocution. And now Arnold's life began only when the day's work was done; those evenings he did not spend with Gregory he was at the theatre and Amanda was no longer first in his thoughts. The rift widened, and when Arnold left New-York commencing his new vocation they were almost as strangers. The dreary amer sighed at the episode of his life passed before his mind's eye, and his head rested heavier on the shapely hand, a single diamond gleaming on the long taper finger. Since three days his career had been one long excitement of success, his talents quickly recognized had enabled him to make the last days of his mother's life comfortable and happy. Newton Gregory was dead and no traces of the old violinist and his pretty daughter were to be found, when after long absence he enquired about them on his return to New-York. Every tie that bound him to the past was broken; what of the future? He knew that the clever and beautiful actress he had wooed so warmly in the play that night would listen gladly were he to repeat those vows in her ear alone, but though he admired her greatly it was not love he felt. Again he sighed and rose to find it was the small hours of the morning and so buried his reflections for a while in sleep. The sun shone brightly next morning and the snow covering the square was sparkling like diamonds. Arnold Henshaw and a friend were breakfasting when the latter remarked, "it is a bad arrangement having two stars drawing at the same time; Mademoiselle Rusil, sings at the Queen's Hall tomorrow night; of course you have heard her." "Never," replied Arnold, "she has either come to a city I have just been leaving, or as at present I was acting and unable to go; American is she not? I believe so, she is a lovely woman by Jove: Alfred Towers went on in a burst of enthusiasm, her eyes are as magnificent as her voice." They passed on to other topics and Arnold thought no more of the beautiful singer. Late

that night he caught sight of a woman's figure turning into a room not far from his own, and impelled by a strong impulse asked of a waiter who stood by "Who is that?"

"Mad'sel Rusil just arrived."

The next afternoon a sleigh with a splendid pair of horses stood in front of the hotel, and Arnold Henshaw waited impatiently for his friend Towers who had promised to accompany him on a drive. Time passed but no Towers appeared and Arnold tempted by the brightness of the sun, started alone. Away went the horses, the bells sounding merrily as they sped along so fast along broad streets, lined with fine mansions, while the air was musical with the sound of many sleigh bells. And now he is on the mountain road where the tall trees stand grim and bare, and the pure white snow lies around their roots like a shroud, a covering from which they shall arise again clothed in fresh beauty. The rapid journey through the clear air was most exhilarating and it was with a feeling of regret that Arnold began to think of turning homeward, when he suddenly saw a sleigh in front of him and in a few seconds, as it seemed, the horse made a swerve to the side of the road, and the sleigh upset. The startled animal ran off dragging the sleigh after him, while the driver who was not hurt quickly recovered himself, and went off at full speed in pursuit leaving a dark heap of furs lying in the road. Arnold Henshaw came up immediately and found, to his horror, a woman's inanimate form under the buffalo robe. He gently raised her in his arms and her wrappings fell aside, while a pair of beautiful dark eyes slowly opened and gazed upon him.

"Amanda!" "Arnold!" she faintly exclaimed and then with an expression of pain, she relapsed into unconsciousness. In a very short time she was safely sheltered in the hotel and her injuries attended to.

It is needless to say that Mademoiselle Rusil was unable to sing at the concert, and although the recovery was speedy, it was some time before she appeared in public again, and then but to bid farewell to her many admirers, and when the summer days grew long Mr and Mrs Arnold Henshaw sailed for Europe on their wedding journey.

C. H.

## ONE-THIRD DOWN.

During the great speculation in town lots in 1835 and 1836, in Mississippi, Dr T., of Vicksburg, went in largely, investing all the cash funds received in his lucrative practice, and, as usual, paid one-third cash, the balance in six and twelve months, with interest, these being in the usual terms of buying and selling. One day, when the doctor was deep in town lots, he had to answer the call of an aristocratic patient, for whom he hastily prescribed a box of pills, and, allowing his mind to return to the town lots, was on his way out, when the question was asked how the pills were to be taken; to which the doctor replied: "One-third down—the balance in six and twelve months, with interest!"

ANXIOUS MILLIONAIRE.—Then, sir, I have your consent to pay my addresses to your daughter. Ah! if I only thought I could win her affection!

EAGER FATHER.—Why not, my dear sir, why not? Plenty of others have succeeded.

HUSBAND.—What are you reading, my dear?

WIFE.—A long letter from mother.

HUSBAND.—Has she anything in particular to say?

WIFE.—I don't know. I have n't got to the postscript yet.

## THE WAY IT'S DONE.



IS face is pale and sad,  
His clothes are tattered and torn,  
And he sitteth there  
In a broken chair,  
A being most forlorn.

He groans and shakes his head,

He heaves a heavy sigh,  
For his mind's distrougth  
With some dreadful thought,  
And a tear is in his eye.

You ask me who he is  
And why he's sitting there,  
With frightful frown  
And look cast-down,  
Clutching his raven hair.



He is only a Comic Artist  
Who drops those burning tears;  
For amid the gloom,  
In that attic room,  
He is getting some funny ideas.

## AT THE FIFTY-CENT TABLE D'HOTE.



Guest (who has been elegantly served with almost nothing): Now, waiter, that I have struggled through eleven courses of cut glass, silver and air, I begin to feel hungry. Bring me some corned beef and cabbage, and a glass of plain every-day water.



Customer: ARE YOU SURE THIS BREAD IS FRESH, BAKER?  
Baker: WELL, I SHOULD SAY SO—IT'S TO-MORROW'S.

"Two heads are better than one."  
This was written before three-storey bonnets came in fashion.