



IN MEMORIAM.

(J. F., Died July 6th, 1889.)

"Why weepst thou?" the Angel of the Lord  
 Asked of the woman Mary, ling'ring near  
 The empty Tomb,—"Thy Master is not here  
 For He is risen, fulfilled is His word."  
 When from earth's bondage, like an uncaged bird,  
 A white soul took its flight—with quickened ear,  
 Quickened by grief, the watchers seemed to hear  
 A voice, with pity for their anguish, stirred:

"Why weep ye? In my Father's House above  
 Have I, his risen Lord, prepared his place,  
 And now have brought him home; rest, peace and love  
 In Paradise are his—there, every trace  
 Of earth-born tears I tenderly remove  
 With mine own Hand, from every ransomed face."  
 Montreal, Sept. 4th. HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

CHERRYFIELD, Aug. 30th, 1889.

O Sympathetic Editor:

What boots singing? This is what the poet saith, when  
 he sees his ideal floating away from him, as he vainly  
 catches at her skirts, and she is gone—a faded shred remain-  
 ing. I have just ceased to copy a little song; and I  
 think, as I look at it, I am foolish to send it, and you will  
 be foolish to print it; but, of course, I should be sad if you  
 didn't. So here goes! (for we are doing mad things every  
 day)—and with it the last of four precious poems entrusted  
 to me by Vivien, which may not be better than the others,  
 but is better than mine. She ought to feel free to come to  
 your shop now, if she ever will. But if I mourn the  
 vanishing muse, or groan because the matter-of-fact world  
 treads hard on me, I catch a glimpse of—whom? Why it is  
 Daphne, at the end of that wood-lane! Run, Apollo! or  
 you will never catch her! How well Browning's lines in  
 "Sordello" will fit on to that face!

Glance

The berry through, divine Apollo's choice,  
 His Daphne!

How the tresses curled

Into a sumptuous swell of gold and wound  
 About her like a glory! even the ground  
 Was bright as with spilt sunbeams; breathe not, breathe  
 Not!—poised, see, one leg doubled underneath,  
 Its small foot buried in the dimpling snow,  
 Rests but the other, listlessly below,  
 O'er the couch-side swings feeling for cool air,  
 The vein-streaks swollen a richer violet where  
 The languid blood lies heavily; yet calm  
 On her slight prop, each flat and outspread palm,  
 As but suspended in the act to rise  
 By consciousness of beauty, whence her eyes  
 Turn with so frank a triumph, for she meets  
 Apollo's gaze in the pine glooms.

But this would only fit in part, since you gave us but a  
 face, and a fair face too; yet in the lines there's poetry,  
 life, movement! And now step out of the way all you  
 who have sour noses, for I am about to scatter some in-  
 cense. I took that little gem right to my heart—that one  
 about the children I mean, in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED  
 of two weeks ago, and also the blind-girl poem, and that  
 Idyll of Mr. Murray's. Now I wish you would print more  
 of the same kind when you have no better. And where is  
 Arthur Weir? He gives us none of the songs we look for;  
 and there are other silent ones we want roused up. Who's  
 killed these Cock Robins? I hear there have been critics  
 abroad: Be they sparrows?

I am happy to know that the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED  
 is getting a fair foundation under it, and trust that it is being  
 buttressed and walled up with a good permanent list of  
 subscribers. Columbus found a way to make an egg stand  
 on end; and I have no doubt that you will find a way to  
 make a good illustrated journal to flourish, rather than sub-  
 sist, in Canada. That you may do this will be the aim and  
 prayer of others besides

PASTOR FELIX.

THE JOY OF INNOCENCE AND THE JOY OF REDEMPTION.

The hosts around th' eternal throne

Began a louder song

When, girt by Eden's flowery zone,

Man joined th' adoring throng;

When bowing lowly, pure and calm,

On the unstained sod,

The morning hymn, and evening psalm,

Rose from his heart to God.

O matin song, too soon unsung!

O folding clouds of doom!—

Where now sweet Innocence, and young,

'Mid Eden's flowery bloom!

But hark! clear human notes above

Th' angelic hymnings rise!

The Ransomed sing Redeeming Love!—

New Joy is in the skies!

Now sin and strife shall vex no more,

And Joy's bright wing shall be

In rainbow-beauty spread to soar

Forever fresh and free:

Now nobler, sweeter, loftier strains  
 May rise, from lips of ours,  
 O'er Glory's "wide-extended plains,"  
 Than once from Eden's bowers.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

RESURGAM.

How they so softly rest,  
 All, all the silent dead  
 Unto whose dwelling place  
 Now doth my soul draw near.

—Longfellow.

I.

Ah! why should we dread  
 That quiet sleep  
 Down, down in the deep  
 Confines of earth,  
 Where never a dream  
 Can disturb the charm;  
 And never a gleam  
 Of the sun can warm  
 Our lips into grief or mirth?  
 What a tranquil rest  
 For the eyes that weep,  
 For the feet that keep  
 Hurrying to and fro!  
 What a pleasant home  
 For those who come  
 Homeless and cold,  
 To the yielding mold,  
 From the ice, and frost, and snow!

II.

Dreamless slumber! perfect rest!  
 Oh! God knoweth what is best!  
 Weary wanderer, tired waif,  
 He will keep ye just as safe  
 In the earth?

As amid the want, and blight,  
 Hungry day, and hungry night,  
 Ill of land, and ill of wave,  
 From the womb unto the grave,  
 On the earth!

Happy sleepers! happy dead!  
 Warm, and quiet; clothed and fed;  
 While we toil, and rave, and rush;  
 In a peaceful, holy hush  
 'Neath the ground.

Ye are waiting, still, and calm,  
 For a touch of God's right palm;  
 When ye from the south and west,  
 From the ocean's vast unrest,  
 From each mound;

From the pit, where low and high  
 Mingled by the plague-fiend lie;  
 From the lowly pauper's patch,  
 From the church where angels watch,  
 Set in stone;

From the Alpine glacier, and  
 The lost grave in Arctic land;  
 From the fields where traitors sleep,  
 From the fields where heroes keep  
 Vigil lone;

From the north, and from the east,  
 From the maw of jungle-beast;  
 From the urn, and from the knife,  
 Bursting into wondrous life,  
 How they come!

Scattered dust, and scattered bone,  
 Burnt upon the Druid-stone;  
 Burnt and tortured at the stake,  
 For the gentle Saviour's sake;  
 How they come!

Thou—thou tiny thing, who ne'er  
 Moved, or breathed, come now, and bear  
 Life immortal! Come, and know  
 Of a God who watched thee grow  
 In that home

Underneath the mother-heart;  
 Even thou, wee thing! thou art  
 Precious to the Maker,—see!  
 Yon white soul who waits for thee!  
 How they come!

III.

Nought He has made is lost.  
 Ah! how the bones unite  
 Under His touch!  
 Women we loved, and gave  
 Unto the greedy grave;  
 Children who at the breast  
 Stiffened, and went to rest;  
 Rising, burst into such  
 Glorious being! Freed  
 From all early stains,  
 From all mortal pains,—  
 Spurning the sod.  
 Happy dead! happy dead!  
 Why should we mortals dread  
 That tranquil sleep, which is  
 Only the gate to bliss,  
 Beauty eterne, and God!

VIVIEN.



"NONE but the brave deserve the fair." And even the  
 brave can't live with some of 'em.

ARDENT lover: Will you marry me, Helen? Young  
 widow: No, George, I think not. And why? Well, you  
 see, I love you, and I want to continue to love you.

DOCTOR: I see just what's the matter with you. You  
 need something strengthening. Eat a plate of oatmeal,  
 boiled, every morning for breakfast. Patient: I do, doctor.  
 Doctor (equal to the occasion): Then leave it off.

FATHER: So you have been studying grammar. Then  
 perhaps you can tell me the difference between the regular  
 and irregular verbs. Paul: Oh, yes. You get a good deal  
 more bad marks on the irregulars than on the regulars.

KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.—"Is there anything I can  
 do for you?" asked Mrs. Cumso, tenderly, when her hus-  
 band was suffering from sea sickness. "What do you  
 want?" "I want the earth," gasped Cumso, as he again  
 leaned over the rail.

TED was invited out to tea with his mother one day, and,  
 among other dainties, a saucer of orange gelatine was set  
 before him. It was a new dish to the little fellow and he  
 eyed it disparagingly a minute, then said, very politely: "If  
 you please 'um, thank you. I rather guess you can have it  
 back—it keeps wagging so!"

CIVILITIES BETWEEN DEAR FRIENDS.—Miss Garling-  
 house, dining with her friend (sweetly): What perfectly  
 lovely coffee you make, Laura! I don't think I ever tasted  
 any that was just—just exactly like it, you know. Miss  
 Kajones (still more sweetly): I always use genuine coffee.  
 So glad you like it, Irene, dear.

HE: My dear Miss Angel, will you not partake of just a  
 little pale, pink cream and one bonbon, which I fear will  
 not be so exquisite as you are accustomed to in Boston?  
 She: What a break! I'm not from Boston. I live in  
 Kansas City. He: Well, I'm a fish! Here, waiter,  
 bring us a double order of pork chops and some turnips  
 with the peeling on.

NOT FOR SPORT.—Grocer (to clerk): What are you  
 doing there, Henry? Henry: I am picking the dead flies  
 out of these dried currants. Grocer: You just let 'em  
 alone. Do you suppose that I am running this business for  
 fun? Do you think that I come down here early at morn-  
 ing and toil all day just for the spirit of the thing? You  
 let those flies alone.

MAMMA'S EXACT WORDS.—Willie (regretfully): I'd like  
 just awfully to kiss you, Gracie, but I 'spect it wouldn't do.  
 You know your mamma said you mustn't never kiss the  
 boys. Gracie: Yes, that's what she said. I 'member just  
 as well: She says to me, she says: "Gracie, don't you  
 ever let me see you kissin' the boys." Mamma, she's gone  
 over to Mrs. Bilby's.

It is asserted that swine have so much fat over their  
 nerves that they can hardly feel pain. This accounts for  
 the serenity of the railroad hog. You are pained to see him  
 make a hog of himself, but now that we know that he feels  
 no pain himself, we extend to him our hearty congratula-  
 tions. If ever we feel for him hereafter it will be with a  
 club.—Boston Transcript.

A YOUNG man, with a glass eye, took summer holidays  
 in Aberdeen, and was to share his bed with another lodger.  
 The first night he happened to be home before his bedfellow  
 and was sound asleep in bed when that individual arrived.  
 His bedfellow, on observing this, was heard to remark:  
 "I'm doobtin' I'll have to shift my quarters, for I can never  
 think o' lyin' wi' a fellow wha sleeps wi' ae e'e an' watches  
 wi' the ither.

HE WASN'T BASHFUL.—Mrs. Prim: Good morning,  
 Tommy. Did your mother send you in? Tommy (aged  
 eight): No'm. I thought I would like to make a call.  
 Mrs. Prim: That is very nice, I am sure. But you musn't  
 be bashful on your first call. Can't you raise your eyes  
 from the carpet? Tommy: Oh, I'm not bashful, but  
 mother says your carpet is so ugly it makes her sick to look  
 at it, and I thought I would come in and try it myself.

"NELLIE," said the mother to her four-year-old little  
 one, who was sitting quietly in a distant corner of the  
 room, "what are you doing?" "Drawing a picture on  
 my slate," replied Nellie. "A picture?" rejoined the  
 mother, glancing over her shoulder. "Yes, and a pretty  
 one." "What is it?" "It's my kitty," said Nellie.  
 "But it looks more like a tree!" "Yes, I made it so that  
 my left hand wouldn't know what my right hand done.  
 And I guess it don't, do you?"

A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT.—He was a hardfaced  
 working man, and he wanted to have his wife's portrait  
 taken. While the photographer was arranging his camera  
 the husband sought to give some advice to the companion  
 of his life regarding her pose. "Noo then, Betty," he  
 said, "be shair and keep yer face stracht an' no' be  
 laughin'. Think seriously or ye'll spile the pictur'.  
 Remember that yer father is in prison, an' that yer brother  
 has had to compound wi' his creditors, an' jist try to  
 imagine what wid hae become o' ye if I hadna taen pity  
 on ye." If Betty didn't look serious after that it certainly  
 wasn't his fault.