

It may serve no purpose save to amuse an idle half-hour, for I know that my repeated asseverations will fail to win most people to a belief in the truth of so strange a tale, but I would like to think that some one among my readers will take it seriously enough to ponder the enigma,

and perchance solve it. It may not convince any one of the existence of apparitions. It has never convinced me. I am a staunch unbeliever in spiritualistic phenomena, and even this experience, which I consider extraordinary, has never affected my incredulity.

GABLE ENDS.

A CHOICE.

I'd rather live but one short day,
And die in love's dear name,
Than pass ten thousand lives away,
Without love's kindling flame.

I'd rather feel th' inspiring glow
That love itself can bring,
Than hear the praises that I know
A multitude might sing.

I'd rather speak what love inspires,
Than in ten tongues be heard.
I'd rather sing in love's sweet choirs,
Whose music needs no word.

All gain that wealth might bring to me,
I'd willingly forego,
If I from love should parted be,
Its pleasures ne'er to know.

For all that fame and wealth can give
Will vanish like a cloud.
One day I in their pleasures live,
The next I see their shroud.

So love is what I'd have alway,
So rich and full and free,
That if I only lived a day,
A lifetime it would be.

—E. BLANCHE BURNS.

ON A LONELY GRAVE ON KUSHAY-SIDE, ONTARIO.

I.

What chance, or mischance, left thee lying here,
Far from God's acre, far from that sweet sound,

The sabbath-going bell? The stately deer
Glance nervously, as though thy upheaved mound
Told of some mystery or dismal fate.
With fearful step, the ploughboy shuns the place,
When filled with awe, alone he passes late;
With eyes half closed, he runs with fear a race,
As, all forsaken to the woods and sky,
Thou in neighbored forgetfulness doth lie.

II.

Did some wild savage, in this distant land
Deal out to thee a sad, untimely doom?
Perchance a weapon in a loved one's hand
Sent thee, with but brief warning to the tomb.
Did strong hands tend thy cold, uncoffined form,
And, all in haste commit thee to the sod,
And through the summer's heat and winter's storm
Did leave thee here to solitude and God?
And wilt thou, then, still unremembered, lie
When the archangel echoes through the sky?

III.

Have all forgot? What, tho' the busy share
Doth, with rude ridge, a careless furrow trace,
And rough hands, with no thoughtful, loving care,
Swing the bright scythe o'er thy last resting-place?
The absent one, in distant Kotah's field,
Sighs o'er thy memory and thy lonely tomb,