

SONNET.

I EVER knew thou wouldst depart from me—
 That while my love was at the full high tide,
 Thine own was ebbing to the far off sea,
 And so I kept me closely by thy side,
 And strove with clinging arms to hold thee back ;
 But thou didst free thee, and afar didst stray,
 Leaving the bare waste sands of life's dull track
 Stretching their gloom beneath the noontide ray,
 O'er which my thoughts, like mournful sea-birds flight,
 Must wheel and circle evermore,
 Mourning the day that took thee from my sight—
 Living thy tones and gentle kindness o'er ;
 Until, across the vast and mighty main,
 Thou'lt come to claim this faithful heart again.

M. McG.

St. John, N. B.

MAYFLOWERS.

A subtle fragrance fills the wood,
 And 'neath its hood
 Of drifted snow
 Each Mayflower hideth, all aglow.

Blushing from March's stormy days,
 Upon its face
 Sparkling and clear,
 It doth the tears of April bear.

So from the storms and trials of life—
 Its fiercest strife—
 We may come forth
 With rarest virtue, noblest worth.

Sweeter is it because has past
 O'er it the blast :
 More worthy we,
 If faithful 'mid life's storm we be.

OLGA STEWART.

Halifax, N. S.

HOW TO PUN.

It may be as well to give the beginner something of a notion of the use he can make of the most ordinary words for the purpose of quibbleism. For instance, in the way of observation—The loss of a hat is always felt ; if you don't like sugar you may lump it ; a glazier is a panes-taking man ; candles are burnt because wick-ed things always come to light ; a lady who takes you home from a party is kind in her carriage, and you say "*Nunc est ridendum*" when you step into it ; if it happens to be a chariot, she is a charitable person ; birds'-nests and king-killing are synonymous, because they are high trees on ; a Bill for building a bridge should be sanctioned by the Court of Arches as well as the House of Piers ; when a man is dull, he goes to the seaside to Brighton ; a Cockney