

OPPORTUNITY.

A full-sailed ship that comes from foreign shores
 With costly bales and still more costly hopes,
 The haven near, and in the tugging ropes
 The winds of home singing their old time lores,
 A fugitive abreast the city doors
 Pressed by a foe whose footfalls he can hear,
 Life, rest ahead, behind blank death and fear
 And drifts of darkness sweeping o'er the moors.
 The ship delays to list the mermaid's song ;
 The outcast turns to mock his enemy.
 A storm-cloud splits, a ship sinks in the sea ;
 An arrow whistles from an angry thong,
 Without the harbor sad waves fall and rise ;
 Abreast the city doors a dead man lies.

--L. P. N. S. in *Athenaeum Acadia.*

A WOMAN'S FACE.

Her soul looks out through hazel eyes,
 Where all the light of paradise
 In their pools of shadow lies.

Her lips are gates of constant song,
 Whence melody clear, rich, and strong,
 Pours its quivering tide along.

All her face is pure as night,
 When its orbs swim into sight,
 And her eyes are starry bright.

Sunbeams straying down the air,
 Fall'n upon her shining hair,
 Have left a crown of glory there.

Rests a nameless, saintly grace,
 Like a glory, on her face,
 As she moves from place to place.

From her dress sweet odors sway ;
 O'er her richest censers sway,
 Dropping incense on the way.

Round about her zephyrs sing,
 O'er her perfumed garlands fling ;
 In her footprints blossoms spring.

Low by hers my spirit bends,
 Unto her each thought ascends,
 All my life on her depends.

In her service I am free,
 For the bond is sweet to me ;
 Love is highest liberty.

—ROBERT MACDOUGALL,
in Presbyterian College Journal.