

Is Might Right?

BY GOLDSMITH.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's grief began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: trade's impeding train
Usurps the land, and dispossesses the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every pang that folly pays to pride,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.

Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful
scenes,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green,
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Second Prize.

MISS RHODA COSGRAVE, WHITEWOOD, N.W.T.

Thomas Moore, the well-known Irish poet, was the only son of Mr. John Moore, a citizen of Dublin, Ireland, where the poet was born on the 28th of May, 1780. His home was essentially a home of love. His tastes and friendships formed almost in boyhood have tinged his principles and feelings throughout life, and his love of independence, enlarged by modern philosophy, did not limit all his hopes to the deliverance of Ireland. He celebrates liberty as the right of all men, as the charm of all countries. When ages will have passed away one will stand out in the page of Ireland's history—the greatest poet of the nineteenth century, Thos. Moore.

The Meeting of the Waters.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh, no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Eosa! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best.
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Remember Thee.

Remember thee! Yes, while there's life in this heart,
I shall never forget thee, all low as thou art.

More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee—great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea—
I might hail thee with prouder and happier brow,
But, oh, could I love thee more deeply than now?

No! Thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons;
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

Third Prize.

FRANK POLLOCK, ST. MARY'S, ONT.

Night.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, the author of the following poem, was born in England in 1792, and was drowned from his yacht in the Mediterranean in 1822. His verse is characterized by an ethereal beauty and melody that has won for him the name of the "Poets' poet."

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou movest dreams of joy and fear,
That make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight.

Wrap Thy form in a mantle gray,
Star inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she is wearied out.
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day had turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for Thee!

Thy brother Death came and cried,
"Wouldst Thou me?"
Thy sweet child, Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee:
"Shall I nestle near thy side,
Wouldst thou me?" and I replied
"No, not Thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead;
Soon, too soon,
Sleep will come when thou art fled,
When he came home to-day.
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night.
Swift be thy approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

Puzzles.

1-CHARADE.

If any day you go away
From home, you will agree
To go with speed you will only need
To take a 1, 2, 3.

When to a bill, or e'en your will,
Your name you would affix,
You can't deny that you'll rely
Upon a 4, 5, 6.

Now, if this "con" you work upon,
Its answer to define,
You'll get it pat, provided that
You only 7, 8, 9.

Three times three above you see;
Just place them in a line.
A simple part of mechanic's art
Is the answer, 1 to 9.
GEO. W. BLYTH.

2-CHARADE.

To Cousins all; "Xmas Greetings."

Just one year ago,
I did make a farewell bow;
But my love I could not sever,
So I'm back again forever.

'Twas in the May ADVOCATE,
That my "obit." from F. B. I read:
And the kind remarks from Miss Ada since
Have almost turned my head.

To FINAL off any danger ever ready,
I am PRIME again, dear mate;
"Never TOTAL, always forward,"
For my motto now I take.

May we then go on forever,
Ever cheering Uncle Tom;
Loving, helping one another,
Thus we'll have a grand "dom."
HY. REEVE.

3-CHARADE.

We were out hunting one day last month,
That is, my cousin and I;
When, tired of wandering through the woods,
We thought for FIRST ducks we'd try.
And so we borrowed a nice light boat,
Made to suit me—the rower,
And headed for the opposite isle,
About a mile from the shore.
On arriving at the other side
What should we behold
But a notice, standing stiff and straight,
In letters firm and bold.
And this is how the notice read:
"Any person or persons found
Trespassing on this property,
Or camping on this ground,
Shall be prosecuted according to law."
But we only laughed at it
And said, "just let them catch us."
Oh, we were not afraid a bit.
We landed where we thought we had
Seen COMPLETE like a mink;
We went across, and were coming back,
But what stopped us, do you think?
Why the watchman himself,
No SECOND more or less,
And we were forced to give him
Our names and address.
And then we went. But when
Out of sight we got,
We had a good laugh at
Being so nicely caught.

CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

4-DECAPITATION.

To Charlie Edwards and Lily Day:
There is a motto which tells us,
"Self-praise no honor is,"
But one would scarcely think so
When reading the "ads." of "biz."

Well, perhaps there's some truth in it,
But what I meant to say
Is, that self-depreciation
Is not a thing to pay.
And you have done exceeding well—
Being novices at the game,
You really make us veterans
Feel a little touch of shame.
You efforts will LAST rewarded be
By our dear Uncle Tom;
Your names he'll place at the head of the list
Of winners for this year's "dom."
So hold your heads up boldly,
Your merits do not ignore;
But make others recognize them now,
If they PRIMAL did before.
ADA ARMAND.

5-ANAGRAM.

Why had I no puzzles in last month?
Did anyone ask, I wonder?
The TOTAL was (don't blame me, pray.)
My naughty brother's blunder.
I gave him in time my letter to mail;
Then picture my dismay!
As he returned it unto me,
When he came home to-day.
But our column did not suffer,
As the puzzles there I see
Are as good, and many are better,
Than any sent by me.
And I must thank my cousins,
H. A. W. and Lily Day,
For all the many words of cheer
They've scattered o'er my way.
And I hope, now Harry's here again,
He'll not do as before,
Just stay a while, and leave us then,
His absence to deplore.
And now, as Christmas is so NEAR,
My greetings here I'll send,
May its very choicest blessings
On all of you descend.
ADA ARMAND.

6-LOGOGRIPH.

In a noun, composed of five letters, may be found
eight verbs:—A color, a beverage, an animal, a
fruit, an adjective, three other nouns, and a pre-
position.
LILY DAY.

Answers to November Puzzles.

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|-----------|-----------------|
| 4-MUSIC | 1-Pastime. |
| U L E M A | 2-Asbamed. |
| S E D A N | 3-Am-i-able. |
| I M A G E | 5-Never, nerve. |
| C A N E S | |

Names of those who have Sent Correct Answers to Nov. Puzzles:

George W. Blyth, Ada Armand, I. Irvine Devitt,
Addison and Oliver Snider, T. L. Simpson, George
Rogers, Alice Dawson, Frances G. Somerville,
Jessie Cumberland, Frank Milling, Charlie S.
Edwards, Lily Day, A. R. Borrowman.

Whom Not to Marry.

Never marry a man who has only his love for
you to recommend him.

It is very fascinating, but it does not make
the man.

The most perfect man who did not love you,
should never be your husband.

But, though marriage without love is terrible,
love only will not do.

If the man is dishonorable to other men, or
mean, or given to any vice, the time will come
when you will either loathe him or sink to his
level.

It is hard to remember amid kisses and praises
that there is anything else in the world to be
done or thought of but love-making; but the
days of life are many and the husband must be
a guide to be trusted—a companion, a friend, as
well as a lover.

Many a girl has married a man whom she
knows to be anything but good, "because he
loved her so."

And the flame has died out on the hearth-
stone of home before long, and beside it she has
seen sitting one that she could never hope would
lead her heavenward—one who, if she followed
him as a wife should, would guide her footsteps
to perdition.

Marriage is a solemn thing—a choice for life,
Be careful in the choosing.