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The following poem by Jonathan Swift is a curious composition. Although at first sight it may appear unintelligible, a little study of it will enable the reader to understand what Tony had to say to Mary :-

#### TONIS AD RESTO MARE.

Air: "O Mary, heave a sigh for me."

O mare ave as i forme;
Forme ure tonitru;
Jambicum as amandum,
O let Hymen promptu;
Mihi is vetas an ne se,
As humano cribi;
O let mecum marito te,
Or cta beta pi.

Alas, plano moro meretrix,
Mi ardor vol uno;
Inferiam ure artis base,
Tolerat me urebo.
Ala me ve ara silicet,
Vi laudu vimin thus?
Hiatu as arandum sex—
Illue Ionicus.

Hen sed hen vix en imago, My missis mare sta;
O cantu redit in mihi
Hibernas arida;
A veri vafer heri si,
Mihi resolves indu:
Totius olet Hymen cum—
Accepta tonitru.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

#### GOD'S MUSIC.

GOD'S MUSIC.

Since over the world was fashioned, Water, and air, and sod.

A music of divers meaning
Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley and gorge and upland,
On storny mountain height.
He makes him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the cords with might.
He puts forth his hand to the ocean,
He speaks and the waters flow—
Now in a chorus of thunder,
Now in a cadence low.
He touches the waving flower bells,
He plays on the woodland streams—
A tendering song—like a mother
Sings to her child in dreams.
But the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the world began,
Is the manifold passionate music
He drawe from the heart of man?

-Temple Bar.

#### FOR THE CRITIC. LETTERS TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl,-I could preach a serman on adjustability and adaptability. A person, man or woman, that can adapt himself to circumstances has a "corner" on happiness, and the love of those with whom he stances has a "corner" on happiness, and the love of those with whom he mingles. But those who cannot shrink or swell to meet the changing conditions of this life are at a discount. I have had company during the past week. That is "what's the matter." To quote again—"l sin'ta-namin' of names"; but a woman who can't "sleep a wink" unless headed North and on a spring bed, or cord bed, a mattress or straw bed, with a big pillow or little pillow, a hard pillow or soft pillow, or no pillow at all; who is "perfectly m-is-erable" unless hades are raised or lowered to just such a point, and her chairs arranged in a certain form—who can't eat this or that or drink this or that—can't wear such and such things, and can't bear—anything! such a woman, I say, is of all specimens of humanity the most disagreeable and unendurable! You may have had such an one for a guest? I have, and may the kind Fates guard me from any more at present. The women who are so disagreeably unadjustable are as a rule those whose centre women who are so disagreeably unsajustable are as a rule those whose centre and circumference of life is self,—one whose name is best expressed by the pronoun 1. How different from such a one in your home, in fact any and everywhere, is the sunny-faced, genial-dispositioned person, who quietly and without seeming, adjusts herself to your methods of work—your cooking, your beds, your style of living. To be sure, we can't help our likes and dislikes, but we need not thrust them in people's faces, especially when we have a male avidance that such a preceeding will make them very various have ample evidence that such a proceeding will make them very, verly uncomfortable. I know you are wondering by this time "who in the world it could be" that has set me to sermoning in this fashion. But when I tell

it could be" that has set me to sermoning in this fashion. But when I tell you that a certain female relative on our father's side, who is rich, handsome and discontented, has been here you will wonder no more.

It used to be supposed that "old maids" were the only individuals guilty of idiosyncrasies; but the maiden women of to-day are not (old-time) old maids, but women with large hearts and broad minds, with heads full of useful, philanthropic plans, and no time or space for whims. They are so adjustable to their surroundings in this jarring, jostling world that no one thinks of terming them queer, odd, notional!

The young lady who has learned to live for a season comfortably in a Saratora trunk may later in life find use for this power of condensation in

Saratoga trunk may later in life find use for this power of condensation in a "love in a cottage;"—and she that can happily substitute a "dive off the edge of a wash-bowl" for the commodious bath-tub or a splash in the rolling surf, has not learned the art to no purpose; and she that can enjoy a picuic dinner on a tin-pail cover without fainting at the curious ants and bugs that are inspecting it is sure to find this power to adjust her sense of sight, taste and smell to good use in some of the queer and straightened circumstances that come to us all.

And you and I both know that she will stand a much better chance of getting a husband than the other kind; or if she remains single she will

make a most comfortable old maid.