

The Poet's Corner.

Thoughts on Death's Coming

BY MAGGIE MUNRO.

How many years will it be, I wonder,
And how will their slow length pass,
Till I shall find rest, in silence, under
The trees and the waving grass.

Many there be in the world who love it,
Who cling to its trifles and toys;
But I could never find ought to covert
Among its vanishing joys.

But once, indeed was my heart elated,
And pleased with a dream of its own—
A beautiful dream it was, but faded
Soon to be overthrown.

Death like a shadow, fell and darkened
The light that had shone so clear—
But oft since then have I vainly hearkened
And prayed for his coming near.

But he cometh not, and I vainly wonder,
How will the long years pass
Till I shall find rest and silence, under
The trees and the waving grass.

Too Late.

With many sad repentant tears,
I look back o'er the wasted years
Which, like a desert drear as night,
Lies stretched before my fancy's sight,
And wish with bitterness and pain,
That I could have them back again.

Though much of misery and woe
Has marked my journey here below,
Yet I would gladly turn me back
Across the rough, storm-beaten track,
And pray that God would me befriend;
That I my broken life might mend.

I might—who knows in days of old
Have cleaned the dross from out the gold;
Have separated chaff from wheat,
And escaped the turmoil and the heat
Of passion, sorrow, hate and strife,
And lived a holier, better life.

I might have tasted all the good
That falls to happy womanhood;
I might—but that has passed away
And I, a mourner old and gray,
Sit in life's twilight all alone
And weep for joys I might have known.

What could I do, if God should give
Another life for me to live?
Could I blot out the pain, the tears,
The disappointments, woes and fears,
And walk dry shod 'midst all the strife
That swells the woe of human life?

Ah, no! Perchance it may be well,
That I the story thus must tell;
Perchance the broken threads will be
United in eternity,
And I may find beyond the tide
The joys that earth to me denied.

Only One.

E. A. ROYDEN.

The world moves on at a rapid pace,
And I follow along in the surging crowd;
My gaze is fixed on a single face,
'Tis the one in life of which I'm proud.
Only one is the human throng
And yet the fairest under the sun,
Ah! what to me, as they pass along,
Wears the rust without that only one!

How proudly struts on the world's great stage
Each fiscal actor in the play;
From mincing youth to garrulous age,
There's never a one could pass away.
But the world must stop, and fold its hands,
And its turmoil cease and its toll be done,
And the drama end with the breaking bands,
And the final exit of only one.

But the world moves on at a steady pace,
And the ranks close up as one drops out,
And another fills the vacant place,
And with, to the end of time, no doubt,
A star may fall from the glittering sky,
And we carelessly note when its race is run,
A fellow mortal may drop and die,
And we little heed—it is only one.

To the world we may be only this—
A drop in humanity's surging sea,
But there are who will surely see only this
The words and the smiles of you or me.
However humble may be my lot,
I'm glad you are a pure love to have won,
To feel that I shall not be forgotten,
And die unloved—though I'm only one.

At Nightfall.

Slow fades the day; beyond the western
heights
The sunset fires have faded to ash-gray,
And through low leaning mists a young moon
lights
With dim gleams the so itary way.
Down dropping to the woodland dim and lone
As some bright starbeam that the winds have
blown
From the far East, a single glowworm
shines—
A golden light amid the shadowy place,
Through a soft wilderness of purple bloom,
Where twilight spills her silver moisture
cool
O'er tangled paths, and by the fringed pool.
A lonely traveller in the valley's gloom
Quickens his footsteps, for the wind's half
sigh

Dimly recalls some olden memory—
And through the dusk the glowworm's twink-
ling light
Brings tender visions of a hearthstone bright,
And love, and rest beyond the forest-alecia
"Welcome awaits me when my journey
ends."
He whispers to the shadowy night,—and so
heguilces
The long sad hours with dreams of home and
friends.

Patient With the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Past all the strife, the toll, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simply dying!

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits o'er,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to number
Our steep hill-path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillow-dreamer.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere lovers part for ever,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repeated rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience, when when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Knew love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

Things No Money Can Buy.

BY J. F. M.

Yes, Nellie, my dearest, I'm married!
The die is cast; the wedding is o'er;
The dink, the winking and rhyming,
The thank goodness, are ended at last.
The wedding is brilliantly o'er,
The groom about it grows dull;
The honeymoon, dearest, is waiting—
Are honeymoons over at last!

The wedding, of course, it was private—
A crush is no longer the style;
The thing now is cards of admission
And silken cordons in the aisle;
The breakfast ordered from Da-ton—
You know he is so recherche;
In short that most capacious of critics,
"Mrs. Grundy," found nothing to say.

My troussau, Pa swore it was rock-
solid;
The bills were quite steep, I confess;
But where is the comfort in marriage
If one must be stinted in dress?
My shawl is an India, undoubted;
In short, dear, my style is complete!
From the tip of the crown of my onyx
To the clocked baby-frog on my feet.

Yet, Nellie, remember, this letter
Not one other creature must see;
With all that a woman can wish for,
My life is dragged out with ease;
I'm tired of dressing and dancing;
I'm tired of party and ball;
And Nell, dearest Nell, isn't it shocking,
More tired of husband than all!

We dine off the daintiest dishes:
We live in the grandest of rooms;
We drive the best blood of horses
And keep the most stylish of rooms.
We shoo in the great world of fashion,
Too dazling for question or doubt;
Yet once a week in our parlor,
We flatter most miserably out.

We're nothing of interest to mention,
We're nothing of interest to hear;
We're nothing except what we hope for,
And nothing except to fear.
In short, he is a perfect husband
And I am a perfect wife,
Complimented to that style of stagnation
That's modernly called "wedded life."

Ah! Nell, dearest Nell, I've discovered
There are things no money can buy;
The music that comes from an eye,
The love—oh! that love, that's a dower
More precious than jewels or gold!
But I—well, I am a very poor bargain
And find I am miserably sold.

If We Had Known.

"If we had known!" How much there is in
the phrase.
Those centuries ago it was worn thread-
bare;
It rises to help in after days
When its too late our errors to repair.

"If we had known!" Across the mind it shoots,
The love that is in anguish keen;
And known her father's were thick boots
And kept a dog, how different would have
been.

"If we had known!" What useless words
are they!
If we had known, we moulder with a frown,
That bill collector would come round to-day.
"The certain we would have been" out of
town.

"If we had known!" We think of daily strife
Of walking round at night a child to please;
If we had known that he was married life,
We'd, well, least said is soonest mended is



EYES THAT SPEAK.

BY JOHN INBIE, TORONTO.

Give me the eyes that speak of love,
And sparkle in their gladness,
Like twinkling orbs of light above,
Dispelling care and sadness;
Which makes this earth a paradise,
Though humble be our dwelling,
And causing thoughts of love to rise
From hearts with fulness swelling.

Give me the eyes whose tears of grief
Are shed for our condoling,
Whose sympathy is sure relief
To hearts that need condoling;
More precious than the jewel rare
That glitters in its setting,
Are eyes that speak the love they bear,
All selfishness forgetting.

Give me the eyes that speak of peace
And shed a halo o'er us,
Whose beams can cause all strife to cease
And tune our hearts in chorus
To sing in unison, be strain
Which God hath set before us:
"Let peace on earth for ever reign,"—
Hark! angels join the chorus!

Give me the eyes of Faith to see,
Behind the clouds of sorrow,
My Father's hand still guiding me
On to the bright to-morrow;
And onward still, through good and ill,
His eye shall safely guide me;
All dangers past, safe home at last,
With Jesus close beside me!

HERE AND THERE.

A Ouzon City Indian, whose squaw would
not give him money with which to play
poker, killed himself by eating wild par-
mumps.

What is said to be the largest schooner
in the world will soon be launched at Bath.
She will have a coal carrying capacity of
2,600 tons.

The Philadelphia Press is authority for
the statement that in a cyclone in Ohio "the
boundary lines of several townships were
bent all out of shape."

Putty has become scarce and high since
the recent glass breaking storms in the
West. One druggist in Illinois has sold 600
pounds within a few days.

An entire family of negroes were found
dead in their cabin near Yorktown the other
day. Without doubt they were killed by
lightning during a heavy thunder storm that
passed over two days before.

A peculiar Parisian fashion which has
grown rapidly within the past few years is
the custom for women to go bareheaded out
of doors. The cap once worn by the labor-
ing woman is now seldom seen.

George Holyland, of Fork, Md., was
shearing a sheep the other day, when the
animal kicked and drove one of the blades
of the sharp shears into George's abdomen,
inflicting a wound from which he soon died.

"Mosquitoes have seldom been thicker in
Virginia than this spring," says the Millford
Chronicle, and it goes on to tell of an ewe
that was literally bled to death the other
night, the pests attacking its udder, which
was disinfected with milk.

Streator, Ill., has a cat that delights in

killing snakes; but she nearly met her
match the other day when she tackled a big
garter snake. It coiled about her body, and
the two rolled around on the ground until
the teeth and claws of the cat got her the
victory.

A dorky did a big business selling eggs
in Osborne the other day, at 60 cents a do-
zen. He was able to sell a good many at this
figure by offering, as an inducement to buy,
the privilege to the buyer of throwing them
at his head thrust through a hole in a can-
vas.

A barn was burned in Rockingham, Vt.,
not long ago, and a valuable horse was sup-
posed to have been burned too; but the
other day he was found in the possession of
a milkman of a neighboring town, who had
put his own old horse in the barn, stolen the
good horse, and set fire to the building to
conceal the theft.

A correspondent writes that a young
woman in Washington makes a good living
teaching American small talk to the young
attaches of the Chinese and Japanese Em-
bassies. Not long ago she taught six young
fellows precisely the same round of pretty
phrases, and at a recent ball they hovered
around a certain pretty girl, and all said the
same things to her.

A thunderbolt struck the house of Mrs.
Harvey Ford, on Fall Mountain, Conn.,
knocked a hole through the chimney, did
lots of damage to the interior of the build-
ing, tore the foot and head board from a
bedstead on which a baby was sleeping,
and yet did not awaken a person in the
house, not even the baby. It is thought the
innates of the house were stunned.

The latest small-boy story is about
George, aged 4, who, having had a slight
attack of prostration, was admonished by
his father, who, to impress the virtue of
truthfulness on his young mind told the
story of George Washington, closing with
the remark that George Washington was a
good boy and never told a lie. The young-
ster listened thoughtfully and then said:
"Papa, couldn't he talk?"

A Kingston family moved from their
house a month ago, and recently, the little
girl of the family and her mother went to
call on the lady who occupied the house they
vacated. While there the child saw a very
small baby that had arrived but a few days
before. She looked at it fearfully, and then
said: "Mamma, we moved so soon; we'd
have got that baby if we had stayed here."

Mr. A. H. Dayton of Springfield, Ohio,
bought a chicken—called—for a recent
Sunday dinner. The cook dressed it, and
found within three shelled eggs. They were
put into the frying pan along with the fowl,
and in a moment there were three separate
explosions like pistol shots, a chicken was
violently dashed against the ceiling, and
the cook was badly burned. It is suggested
that the hen had been feeding on dynamite.

A Westfield merchant went trout fishing
the other day, and, while whipping a moun-
tain brook, came face to face with a wild
cat, which he insists was six feet long.
They were not ten feet apart, and stood
staring at each other, the cat with apparent
ferocity, the man with undoubted fear. At
last the fisherman gave a despairing yell,
and the cat gave another, and then each
turned and ran at full speed.

The honest men are not all dead. One
turned up in Niantic the other day and
asked Dr. Munger to give him something
to eat and let him work it out. This was
done. Then he asked the doctor for a
pair of trousers and got them. A few
days after he returned and said: "He's
something I found in the hip pocket of the
trousers you gave me. They are mine—
this is yours." The "something" was
to be \$5.

During the eighteen years from
1855 the population of Russia
17 57 per cent, which gives
an increase of 0.918 per
cent of increase in Austria
the eleven years from 1860
figures are available)
Italy's annual increase
1871-81 was 0.60 per
(emitting Algeria and
annual rate of increase is
from 1860 to 1881 was
Great Britain and Ire-
land 1871 to 81 the annual
1.01 per cent. In Europe
Finland and the Do-
thirteen years from 1867
increase was 1.33 per cent.