

platform. His fireman heard him utter a fierce "hell" as he reversed his engine and almost made it stand still. A sob rose from his over-charged heart as he again looked back and saw the brave girl grasp the "catcher" and fall with it against the side of the mail car.

Gerald—What of him?

The disappointed, grieved look on his face gave place to a frightful expression as he felt the handle of his "catcher" torn from his grasp and saw the girl whom he passionately loved clinging to it. When Gerald's strong arms drew Irene into his car, her small hands were bleeding from contact with the rough iron "catcher," but there was no terror in the brave face—only a smile, a beautiful, strong, womanly smile of surpassing sweetness. When the train crew, realising that a strange, uncommon thing had happened (the train having stopped), rushed back to the mail car, Gerald had placed the girl in a chair and was wiping the wounds on her white hands with his handkerchief, kissing them with fierce thankfulness.

They saw the great, wondering eyes resting on the face of Gerald. Then the lissom figure bent over and trembling lips met those of the eager face upturned to hers.

Conductor Sheridan softly closed the door of the mail car.

"Come away, boys. Oh! it was a strange, grand catch," he cried with a happy sigh. Bridgeburg, Ont.

RIISING AGAIN.



THE COMET.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' Salutation to the Halley Visitor in 1835.

The comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail.

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube
The comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back
"The Dream of Beelzebub":
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Toward the frozen pole,
And every mother's gossling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful dream!

Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare
That wreathed each wooded hill;
Stranger, if enough thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, oh, spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep.