

come you, and they are really the only ones for whose opinions you need care at this juncture. Breathe a few fresh draughts of the pure, nerve-bracing air of the country and return to your work, re-invigorated, with Richelieu's motto as your watchword, "there's no such word as fail."

WAITING.

(Written for the "Glowworm.")

Ah! me. The day, for years desired, is spent—
This festival, that should my love restore.
O love-lorn heart, who wooed with blandishment,
Is lost to thee—is lost for evermore:
The reckoned time is o'er.

The beach the hour appointed knows, and yearns
To feel the cooling torrent on its breast;
Not once it ebbs, but duly it returns
At turn of tide, and will not be suppressed—
Untrue, my plighted guest.

The earth, how eagerly it waits the sun,
And doffs its garb of shadow to attire
In mantle green, with blossoms inter-spun,
And wakes to melody her matin choir,
When the faint stars expire.

All through the term of waiting have I kept
A patient vigil for the meeting day;
In dreams to him still faithful when I slept;
In sleepless watches sighing time away,
Expectant of to-day.

To-day, alas! is almost yesterday.
And he—false one—in absence lingers yet.
Nor comes his debt of promises to pay.
Could he in life that solemn pledge forget?
Or other fate have met?

O jealous heart, in mercy make excuse,
N'er let thy passions riot o'er this slight.
Why sharpen words to weapons of abuse?
Hope yet a little, till has taken flight
The eleventh hour of night.

Bethink thee of the neap tide's fickle flow—
How many leagues of strand await in vain
The sulky tides, that half way come and go,
Until by moon propitious swelled again.
Judge harshly not thy swain.

Remember seasons, too, of rain and gloom,
When clouds obscure the sun, and earth is drear;
Blame not the orb that should the sky illumine:
It shineth constantly; the atmosphere
The morrow maketh clear.

Who knows what hindrance may have thwarted
haste?
Oft trifles have a journey long delayed.
I'll trim the lamp within the casement placed,
Lest he shall say he in the darkness strayed,
And bide me, undismayed.

What sound was that—the opening of the gate?
A footstep? Yes. It halts—I hear a knock!
O Love! twice welcome, though thou comest late,
And chimes the midnight from the steeple clock.
I will the door unlock.
Toronto. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

PRINTERS' INK.

When we hear of men becoming many times millionaires by the use of printers' ink it is certainly attributing a prodigious influence to the printers' art, but we know it to be a just commentary upon the marvelous effects it has had upon the welfare of mankind at large, as well as upon the fortunes of single individuals. And this

as much through the noble reformatory sentiments it continually breathes among the world, as from the yet untold advantages it gives to business men, through the medium of constant advertising. Our Canada, owing to the constant and wholesome guidance of its public press, is continually gaining upon all other countries in morality, intelligence and prosperity—forever increasing the distance between our general happiness and theirs. Waifs of useful instruction are ever floating about in the great world of the press, for the proper schooling of the hearts and minds of all admitted to its teachings. Our country owes much to the press; much of its present character and unparalleled prosperity, to the cheap and endless circulation of sound moral instruction, which teaches and encourages men to be proud of doing right, ashamed to do wrong, and to value things more as they improve in reality, and not in mere outward appearance. You will find THE GLOWWORM a *multum in parvo* if you are seeking instruction or a profitable advertising medium.

REAL BEAUTY.

I presume I was too young to be sent off all alone in the cars, and that first trip, without escort, still stands out in my memory far more plainly than long journeys do. The distance was only from Lowell to Boston; but to me, the journey seemed as magnificent and as mysterious as are the cycles of the stars. Seated in the train, I waited for it to start. I had heard of railroad accidents, and rather wondered if this were the day for one.

Gradually the train filled up, and I was not entirely pleased when an elegantly dressed lady asked to sit beside me. I regretted this for two reasons. I was not sure that I ought to keep the place by the window; but far more I dreaded that someone would think I was under escort, and not alone at all. However, as she talked so pleasantly, and as her face was so very sweet and lovely, I was rather glad she was with me. Occasionally a gentleman behind us would speak to the lady. I knew he was a gentleman from the very tone of his voice; indeed, I think my little dog knows as much as this.

I wanted to look at the man whose voice seemed so genial and so refined; but, for a long time, I was able to avoid being so impertinent as to stare right around at him. At last an unusually jolly laugh almost forced me to turn around. When I did so, I started, and I felt all the expression of my features pass under a change. The face upon which I looked was seamed and ploughed up with great scars, till it seemed to fully realize my vague notion of the "Veiled Prophet" in Moor's wonderful romance. But, as the bird gazes upon the serpent that he dreads to see, so the same strange fascination held my eyes fixed upon the face that horrified me. Noting my very apparent fear, the lady spoke, and her sweet voice broke the strange spell that held me. "Does my dear husband's face alarm you? Why, when we were married, I thought him the handsomest man I ever saw, and to-day his face is far more beautiful than it was then. We were very happy in the cottage that we built. One night while my husband was

visiting a patient, our house took fire, and when he drove up the building was all in flames. Several had tried to rescue me, but the smoke and fire had driven them back. All said that rescue was impossible. My husband did not heed them. He bore me safely through the fire. His arms, his breast, his bowed head sheltered me. My flesh was scarcely singed. He saved me not only from the scars you see, but from an awful death. Do you wonder, then, that I love and admire him more and more each time I see what he has endured for me?"

Once more I looked upon the poor scarred face. Even as I gazed, the lines of horror faded, and in their stead I saw only the tokens of a heroic love, which scars could not mar nor fire destroy.

Many years have passed since I made my first trip to Boston, but this incident is still fresh in my memory; and often, over the vanished time, I look back upon the noble face, glorified by those grand scars.—Edward H. Rice.

TO START BALKY HORSES.

Following are six rules for treatment of balky horses which are recommended by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. People who are unfortunate enough to own such animals are recommended to give one or more of these rules a trial:

1. Pat the horse upon the neck; examine the harness carefully, first on one side, then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the most balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle until he is giddy. If the first dance of this sort doesn't cure him, the second will.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut the wind off until he wants to go, and then let him go.

4. The brain of the horse seems to entertain but one idea at a time, therefore continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve. If you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will generally have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore leg just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel it, and tie in a bow knot. At the first cluck he will generally go dancing off, and after going a short distance you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your farther drive.

5. Take the tail of the horse between the hind legs, and tie it by a cord to the saddle girth.

6. Tie a string around the horse's ear, close to his head.

EXPLAINED.

Maud (examining photo of Mr. Seppie Fittsade).—"Why, how very grey he's grown. He's not quite thirty yet, and his hair is positively white."

Ethel.—"That's easily accounted for. The grey matter of his brain is on the outside."