

Only a Day.

BY W. E. HARRIS.

(CONTINUED FROM AUGUST NUMBER.)

We next saw the night rapidly approaching upon the mellow twilight, like some dark visaged warrior borne along on his dusky steed, and then silently unfold his mantle, which fell like a pall over land and sea; shutting out from our view the last glimpse of the departed day, the lingering rays of which seemed to have remained thus far, like beckoning phantoms vainly awaiting the return of a lost splendor.

If one is charmed by the bright and beautiful day, I think he will be doubly inspired when he sits quietly contemplating the falling night. One sees the objects before him apparently stealing away into uncertain darkness until lost to view.

There is something grand, yet awful, about nature's darkness, and it is deeply interesting to note the varied manners in which its approach is hailed by different classes of people. Some look to its coming with a sigh of relief; feeling that it will assist them to gain sweet repose after having borne their burden through life's confusion for another day; another of nervous temperament looks upon it with dread and suspicion, as the chosen time for thieves and murderers to walk abroad on their unlawful missions, and reminds himself that his doors and windows must be securely fastened in their casements; still another poor unfortunate mortal, overwhelmed by disease, will turn his weary eyes with horrible apprehension towards this unwelcome guest, whose advent to his sick room marks the beginning of a seemingly interminable space through which he will pass, vainly courting the presence of reluctant Morpheus, the god of dreams.

Whilst we are engaged with such thoughts as the above we are suddenly aroused by hearing the city clocks strike off the hour of twelve.

The curtain falls and we are aware the play is ended for another day.

Yes! Another day has been borne out on the fast running tide of time, to mingle with and lose itself in the flood of the eternal years that have passed.

I arise and walk wearily out of this great edifice wherein I have beheld realistic acting and scenery, such as no other house of amusement has ever been able to treat its patrons to.

Fearing that some of my readers who have not carefully read this rather extraordinary article, may feel curious to know where the city is situated, which holds such a fabulous play-house, I think it may be wise to add a few words by way

of explanation to the above.

The play house is the great world about you, the scenery is that of nature which surrounds it all, the actors are you and I, who are now playing our parts under varying circumstances day by day, and in to-day's newspaper you will recognize the printed programme of yesterday's play.

The events I have cited allegorically in the foregoing chapters were simply the more tragic, or interesting ones in an ordinary day.

I have entitled my article "Only a Day." I think I can hear some of you say "A most unusual day!" but I say No! not at all!

I have told of no event whose interest would spread beyond the few individuals immediately concerned; I have written of no battle, no earthquake, no commotion amongst the heavenly bodies, no! not of one event which would make this day memorable in the pages of the world's history. Then should this fact not bring home to your minds the seriousness and solemnity of life, under its most favorable or ordinary circumstances? While our minds are upon the great things of life will it not be well for you and me to form an unflinching resolution, that with God's help, we shall fill some great part in this play which will go on until the end of time?

THE END.

An Ingenious Answer.

This proposition to furnish electric light to the land of the Pharaohs recalls the story of the ingenious little girl who was present at Sunday-school one day when the Golden Text happened to be the verse, "I have set Thee to be a light of the Gentiles." In answer to the teacher's questions as to what various kinds of lights there were, several youngsters suggested "lanplights," "gaslights," etc. But when the little girl was asked what she could suggest as a light for the Gentiles, she cried out, "Israelites!" The Israelites were, indeed, a kind of an illuminating centre in the land of Egypt, in spite of the plague of darkness which came once for their sake.

Costly Burial.

The majority of intelligent persons are more or less indifferent as to the disposal of their bodies after death, but it may be safely asserted that not one would be found to express a wish that his or her body should be carefully preserved in a polished oak or elm brass-mounted coffin and in a walled grave or vault. It is the result partly of tyrannical custom and partly of leaving all to the undertaker. The latter has been shorn of much of his

former profits derived from the sale of scarfs and hat bands and the hire of palanquins, plumes and other trappings of woe. The polished coffin and brass furniture and the surviving relics of the "funerals completely furnished," of the past age, and are clung to with an affectionate tenacity by those whose interest it is to have them continued.

But the undertaker is, after all, what the public make him. The courage and persistence of a few individuals swept away the costly and useless trappings of woe; only a very little more courage is required to substitute cheaper and perishable coffins for the pretentious upholstery exhibited in the coffin of the day. If the upper classes would set the example and make perishable coffins fashionable, it would soon spread to the working classes, who are still tempted to spend upon a coffin and a burial money which would be more wisely expended in providing additional comforts, and even necessities for the living.

—London Lancet.

Tell Her So.

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,

Tell her so!

Prove to her you don't forget
The bond to which your seal is set;
She's of life's sweets, the sweetest yet—

Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue,
Such is her troubles, same as you,
Show her that your love is true—

Tell her so!

In former days you praised her style,
And spent much care to win her smile;
'Tis just as well now worth your while

Tell her so!

There was a time you thought it bliss
To get the favor of one kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss—

Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake—
You feel it, dreaming, or awake—
Don't conceal it! For her sake,

Tell her so!

You'll never know what you have missed
If you make love a game of whist;
Lips mean more than— to be kissed!

Tell her so!

Don't act, if she has passed her prime,
As though to please her were a crime!
If e'er you loved her, now's the time—

Tell her so!

She'll return for each caress,
A hundred fold of tenderness!
Hearts like her's were made to bless!

Tell her so!

You are her's, and her's alone;
Well you know she's all your own;
Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—

Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold—
Richer beauties will unfold!
She is worth her weight in gold!

Tell her so!