

The grief I mean is just, ye ken,
What wives bring on them noo and then—
A worry about things 'll men'
As weel as auld stockings.

I took my stockings, doon I sat,
And whiles I sighed, and whiles I grat;
But then I thought it better that
I darn my worn stockings.

I looked them a' ower, ane by yin,
Tae see if any o' them were dune;
Deed some o' them were unco thin
And threadbare auld stockings.

An hour or twa I had tae spend
Before I got me tae the end;
But it's hardly o'er "too late tae mend"
Guid hame-at-made stockings.

And lang before my task was dune
My troubles left me ane by yin;
And I was glad I had begun
Tae try and darn stockings.

Just dae your duty—that's the whole—
It'll help ye mony an ill tae thole,
Although ye only mend a hole
In faded auld stockings.

Noo may thae verses last all time,
For that I canna bring tae min'
That Shakespeare ever strung a rhyme,
The bliss o' darning stockings.

GETTYSBURG, U. S.

(Where many young heroes died, July 1, 2, 3, 1863.)

The morning stars were growing pale,
But still we slept, as soldiers sleep
Who know not fear, deep in the vale
Between the mountains dark and steep.

A quiet brooded o'er the camp,
And not a cloud was in the sky,
With soothing dew our brows were damp,
A sweet breeze fanned us tenderly.

It may have been a mocking bird,
Low trilling to the dawning day,
But every veteran dreamed he heard
His love sing as he sleeping lay.

Some loves were wives and maidens some,
And some were mothers sweet and fair;
And some were children left at home
Without a mother's tender care.

But, ah! how mournful was that strain,
That low, sad song in dreaming ears!
It rose and fell and rose again,
And died as if in sobs and tears!

Then brayed the trumpet, clashed the drum:
"Fall in!" Upsprang we all as one,
Bullets like bees began to hum,
And warm red blood like wine to run!

On which side fought we, shall I say?
(We fought so hard, with hearts so true!)
We may have worn the stainless Grey,
Or loyally the precious Blue.

Some fell, some lived, and all were brave,
For all had heard love sing that morn!
Oh woman, weeping by a grave!
Oh golden dream to tatters torn!

What without love is victory worth?
What is defeat if love be won?
Hearts of the South, hearts of the North,
Throb louder than the drum or gun!
MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE "DRINK-DEMON" DANGER.

These ingenious lines are too sadly true. They are read easily by naming the large letters one by one as they occur; but Z is named Ze. Try it: you will soon read every word. Learn it, and shun the DRINK DEMON from first to last:—

We N V not a drinking-man;
His habit E Z grows
To an X S, do what he can;
Naught can X L its woes.

'Tis very R D finds to stop,
Though off he will S A;
Then fail and C K whiskey shop
His tortures to L A.

His pocket always M T is,
And C D are his clothes;
He can't attend to N E "biz";
Red doth R A his nose.

Drink holds him in its I R N grip;
Soon deep he gets in sin;
Sure in the N D down will slip,
Filled with decay within.

Though of no use, he often takes
H U of cloves to quell
His breath, and then in D D makes
Those C Q know the smell.

His friends all have an I C way
When for their A D goes;
They can't X Q's his vile display,
And P T not his woes.

In K C has a wife to slay,
Her heart will A K lot;
The debts he O Z makes her pay,
And tears her H will blot.

S K P can't his doom avert;
Sick ere old A G lies;
The snakes he C Z tries to fight,
And without P C dies
H. C. DODGE, in *Detroit Free Press*.

THE DEAD OF WINTER.

On high the haughty huge-limbed hemlocks loom,
Fearless and calm, o'er wreaths of drifted snow,
Which, 'neath their shelter, erewhile, wind did blow,
When, almost, midday storm brought midnight gloom
Upon the wintry land. Now storm gives room
To true nocturnal dark, and all things grow
Death-peaceful 'neath the heavens bending low,
And starless as an eve of dreariest doom.
Yet gently whilst I wait a whisper stirs
Those sable boughs; stirs, sweet as call of bird
That on glad summer wing in orchard whirs,
Or as a thrush's note at twilight heard—
And, sudden, from sad skies, one starry ray
To silver turns the snow-wreaths, late so gray!