

POETRY.

EMBLEMS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

An evening-cloud, in brief suspense,
Was hither driven and thither,
It came I know not whence,
It went I know not whither.
I watch'd it changing in the wind,
Size, semblance, shape, and hue,
Fading and lessening, till behind
It left no speck in Heaven's deep blue.

Amidst the marshall'd host of night,
Shone a new star supremely bright;
With marvelling eye well pleas'd to err,
I hail'd the prodigy:—anon,
It fell:—it fell like Lucifer,
A flash, a blaze, a train—'twas gone!
And then I sought in vain its place—
Throughout the infinity of space.

Dew-drops at Cay spring, dock'd a line
Of gossamer so frail, so fine.
A fly's wing shook it: round and clear,
As if by fairy fingers strung,
Like orient pearls, at Beauty's ear,
In trembling brilliancy they hung
Upon a rosy briar, whose bloom
Shed noctar round them and perfume.

Ere long, exhaled in limp'd air,
Some mingled with the breath of morn,
Some slid down singly, here and there,
Like tears by their own weight o'erborne;
At length the film itself collapsed, and where
The pageant glittered, lo! a naked thorn.
What are the living? Hark! a sound
From grave and cradle crying,
By earth and ocean echoed round,—
"The living are the dying!"

From infancy to utmost age,
What is man's line of pilgrimage.
The pathway to Death's portal.
The moment we begin to be,
We enter on the agony:—
The dead are the immortal;
They live on expiring breath.
They only are exempt from death.

Cloud-atoms, sparkles of a falling star,
Dew-drops, or films of gossamer, we are;
What can the state beyond us be?
Life?—death?—Ah! no—a greater mystery:—
What thought hath not conceived, ear heard, eye
seen;
Perfect existence from a point begun;
Part of what God's eternity hath been;
Whole immortality belongs to none
But *Hiz*, the first, the last, the Only One.
The Mount, near Sheffield, Eng. June, 1887.

MISCELLANY.

PET BIRDS.

I hate what are called pets; they are
a great nuisance, for they will die, and then
such a lamentation over them! In the "Fire
Worshippers" Moore makes his Hinda say

"I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me—it was sure to die."

Now Hinda was perfectly correct, except in
thinking that she was peculiarly unfortunate.
Every one who keeps pets might tell the same
tale as Hinda. I recollect once a Canary bird
died, and my young people were in a great
tribulation, so to amuse them we made them
a paper coffin, put the defunct therein, and
sewed on the lid, dug a grave in the garden,
and dressing them out in any remnants of
black we could find for weepers, made a pro-
cession to the grave where it was buried. This
little divertissement quite took their fancy.—
The next day one of the youngest came up to
me and said "Oh Papa, when will you die?—
A strange question thought I, quite forgetting
the procession of the day before. "Why do
you ask, my dear?" "Oh, because it will
be such fun burying you" "Much obliged to
you my love."

There is much more intellect in birds than

people suppose. An instance of that occurred
the other day, at a slate quarry belonging to a
friend from whom I have the narrative. A
thrush, not aware of the expansive properties
of gunpowder, thought proper to build her
nest on a ridge of the quarry in the very cen-
tre of which they were constantly blasting the
rock. At first, she was very much discompos-
ed by the fragments flying in all directions, but
still she would not quit her chosen locality;
she soon observed that a bell rang whenever a
train was about to be fired, and that, at the no-
tice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In
a few days, when she heard the bell, she quit-
ted her exposed situation, and flew down to
where the workmen sheltered themselves—
dropping close to their feet. There she would
remain until the explosion had taken place,
and then return to her nest. The workmen,
observing this, narrated it to their employers,
and it was also told to visitors who came to
view the quarry.

The visitors naturally expressed a wish to
witness as curious a specimen of intellect; but
as the rock could not always be ready to be
blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung
instead, and for a few times, answered the
same purpose. The thrush flew down close to
where they stood, but she perceived that she
was trifled with, and it interfered with her pro-
cess of incubation; the consequence was, that
afterwards, when the bell was rung, she would
peep over the ledge to ascertain if the work-
men did retreat, and if they did not, she would
remain where she was, probably saying to her-
self, "No, no gentlemen; I'm not to be rous-
ed off my eggs merely for your amusement."

Some birds have a great deal of humour in
them, particularly the raven. One that be-
longed to me was the most mischievous and a-
musing creature I ever met with. He would
get into the flower-garden, go to the beds where
the gardener had sowed a great variety of
seeds, with sticks put into the ground with la-
bels, and then he would amuse himself by pull-
ing up every stick, and laying them in heaps
of ten or twelve on the path. This used to
irritate the old gardener very much, who would
drive him away. The raven knew that he
ought not to do it, or he would not have done
it. He would soon return to his mischief, and
when the gardener again chased him (the old
man could not walk very fast) the raven would
keep just clear of the rake or hoe in his hand,
dancing back before him, and singing as plain
as a man could, "Tol de rol de rol! tol de
rol de rol!" with all kinds of mincing gestures.
The bird is alive now, and continues the same
meritorious practice whenever he can find an
opportunity. If he lives long enough I fully
expect that he will begin to pun.—*Cay:ain
Marryat.*

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.—You cannot give
greater offence to any man, now-adays, than
to tell him he is 'no gentleman.' There were
a green-sprat merchant and a hly-white mus-
selmonger, in Fetter Lane the other night,
quarrelling—about 'some trick not worth an
egg-shell," as the philosophic Prince of Den-
mark might say. 'You're a nasty, dirty, ugly-
noggad, lying warrmint, you are, you scamping
unhang'd thief!' said the spratman. "Goo
on, goo on, I don't valy thee nor thy jaw—no,
not that ere!" retorted the musselmonger,
snapping his finger and thumb at the sprat-
man. 'And wot's more,' rejoined the sprat-
man, by way of capping his climax, 'and
wot's more, you're no gentleman.' In an in-
stant, dab! came the fishified fist of the mus-
selmonger against the unmannerly mouth of
the spratman, and down the spratman went
with his behind in the cold mud, surround-
ed by shoals of his scattered sprats; whilst
the indignant musselmonger stood over him
with a 'take that!'—and, if so be you routs

another on 'em, say I'm no gentlemna agin—
and that's all.—The spratman, however, did
not want another of them; he seemed to have
quite enough of the first; and so he remained
silent, sitting in the mud, and quietly gather-
ing together his scattered sprats; while the
rampant Mr Gentleman musselmonger strutted
away beneath his broad basket of that 'quosey
food' the *mytilus edulis*, hawling at the very
top of his voice, ere's 'yar lilly white musholls!'
as stiff in the opinion that he was an 'Eng-
lish gentleman,' as any tenant in houses, lands,
&c. from the Roman conquest unbroken.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.—It is a curious
fact that the 'Maiden,' an instrument by which
criminals were beheaded in Scotland, was in-
troduced into that Country by Earl Morton,
and that nobelman was the first person who
suffered by it. Monsieur Guillotine, a French
surgeon, who gave his name to an improvement
of the 'Maiden,' died also by his own inven-
tion: and Deacon Brodie, a man of genteel
birth and manners, in short the Machiath of
his day, and who was executed about thirty
years ago for robbing the Excise-office in
Edinburgh, made the first experiment of the
powers of that drop which he himself inven-
ted, and which is now in general use through-
out Great Britain. Ancient history also bears
witness to the same species of retribution, in
the well-known story of Phalaris and the bra-
zen bull.

A DISINTERESTED PARTY.—A looker-on at
a public house on fire was very anxious that
the engines should play on a particular spot
where there seemed no danger—his perseve-
rance induced a fireman to ask the reason.—
'I have a lung score on the wainscot,' was
the reply.

A HINT TO THE SEDENTARY.—Speaking,
reading aloud and singing, are useful kinds of
exercise, and it is supposed that this is at least
one cause of the greater longevity of clergy-
men, public speakers, teachers in universities,
and schoolmasters; and Dr. Andrew pleasant-
ly observes that one reason why women re-
quire less bodily exercise than men is, that
they are in general more loquacious. Hence
those sedentary artificers, who, from habit, al-
most always sing at their work, unintentionally
contribute much to the preservation of their
health.—*Henderson on the Preservation of
Health.*

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—The accession of
the Queen to the British throne has caused va-
rious alterations in law forms and proceedings.
In one writ which came down to this city a
mistake was made in the date as follows:—
"In the year of our Lady 1837," instead of
"our Lord."—*Western Luminary.*

SMALL POX.—Remarkable proof of the va-
lue of Vaccination.—In the Brig Hannah Ca-
hoone, at Plymouth from Nova Scotia, on her
passage out in May from Plymouth, two of the
crew who had not been vaccinated, died of
small pox—eleven who had been escaped.—
Providence Journal.

A MUSHROOM, measuring 8 inches in diam-
eter, two feet in circumference, and four inches
round the stalk, was gathered in the Yowlamb
Close, Stapleford, by Mr. Stewartson, on Sa-
turday last.—*Nottingham (Eng.) Review.*

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