

from underneath the foot-lights we shall hear the orchestra of pleasure.

But we do not tremble for the result of the final act. As we hear the tread of the nations coming together on this great continent in '93, as we see the north clasping hands with the south, and the east kissing the west, comes a thought that the King will play the chief part in the last act of '93, conquering and winning all peoples unto Himself. The heavenly bridegroom coming to claim this kneeling bride of nations, and as the curtain falls we hear Him say, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee, and thy land shall be married."

RALPH TROTTER.

TO A 'WEEPING WILLOW' IN GRIMSBY CEMETERY.

Beneath the mossy bosom of the sod
With slow and reverent hands we laid to rest
Our loved ones side by side. Sweet thought of God
That raised thy head, child of our mother's breast!
Thy pendant frondlets droop so kindly o'er,
And sigh amid the sough of summer breeze;
While softly surging wavelets on the shore
Are murmuring sweetly minor symphonies.
Kind sympathizer, burden-bearer, friend,
Love like an Autumn mist rests on thy leaves,
In unshed tears! with ours thy love doth blend,
While the fell Angel gathers up his sheaves.
Thy beauteous fringe, thy heavenly drapery,
The sleeper mantles as love's mystery.

O. N. E.