

*Poetry.***ESTRANGED.**

I SEE about the city street
My friend of other days,
And coldly we, like strangers, meet,
In outward words and ways.
But if we, by some sudden chance,
Encounter face to face,
The whitened cheek and quailing glance
Our daily mask replace.

Then, longing for the close warm grasp
Renounced so long ago,
Each hand, with one mute, eager clasp,
Might banish pride and woe.
We look into each other's eyes,
We question without speech;
We pause, and doubt, and lose the prize
Once more within our reach.

So, growing old, a separate road
We travel day by day,
Each heart alone with life's dull load,
Goes struggling on its way.
Oh lost, lost love! though lost, still ours,
Oh silent constancy!
Hard fate so rudely crushed your flowers,
They bloom no more for me.

Montreal.

MILÉTA.

SOUL'S UNREST.

WHEN smiles are brightest oft the deepest sighs
Escape unsummoned from the sorrowing heart;
Whilst laughter lingers sometimes there will start
Tears all unbidden to the loveliest eyes;
In merry moments old-time ghosts will rise
And make with unseen touch old heart-aches smart;
The happiest hour is roughly torn apart
By some remember'd wrong in mute surprise.
Though buried long and low the sins of youth
Eternal justice by her stern decrees
Their spirits will raise and rob the soul of ease
When coward conscience doth confront the truth.
Yet this consoling balm to each is given
By true repentance man may enter Heaven.

ANARANTH.

SONNET.—LOVE'S MIDNIGHT.

THE midnight bells chime slowly on mine ear
And I do wonder in the pausing-time
If thou, to whom is consecrate my rhyme,
Wilt ever learn the truth that lurketh here.
We dread to lose the hearts we hold most dear
And these I love—if love be not a crime—
For art thou not perfections very prime
And all thy nature pure as crystal clear?

The last sound sinks in echoing distress
Adown the silence of the sable vault
And with it dies the hope that did exalt
My heart's desire and thy sweet loveliness.
O! gloom of night! why bearest thou away,
As fear takes hope, the gladness of the day.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

SONNET.—REGENERATION.

THE eloquent appeal of thy sad eyes,
That look'd with soft reproach upon my sin,
Has stirr'd up all the good that in me lies
And all my life anew I do begin.
Name but the task that thy sweet love shall win,
My soul will to the hazard equal rise
And, disregarding all the world's harsh din,
Will aim to re-obtain its Paradise.
I will forswear the ways that made me fall
In thy weak estimation of my worth,
And love's true impulse, taking second birth
From thine indulgence, shall re-conquer all.
Love is the pardoner of errors past
And promisor of all earth's joys that last.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

THE MANIA FOR AUTOGRAPHS.

SHAKESPEARE's question, "What's in a name?" is quite satisfactorily answered in the pages of "A Catalogue of Autograph Letters," which Mr. W. E. Benjamin, of 744 Broadway, New York, has prepared. This little pamphlet of 48 pages is very entertaining reading; always eminently suggestive, sometimes indeed pathetic even.

The mania for the collection of autographs is doubtless the most rational expression there is of that persistent desire for rarities and curios which stirs the emulation and cultivates the dilettante soul of the virtuoso. It is a mania that is fast becoming a science. Perhaps it betrays one of the ways in which the influence of the Oriental civilizations is making itself felt upon our western mind; for did not the Arabs, too, think it necessary, if not incumbent upon them, to preserve every scrap of paper which they found, lest the name of Allah should be dishonoured by neglect? At any rate, it is a curious and an interesting characteristic of cultivated society, this desire to collect autographs. It can conduce to no evil; it may possibly tend to much good. At the worst, it is only an escape valve in this modern monstrous machine of our civilization for the steam of sentimentalism.

But if it is a science, it is a deceptive one. There are laws in it that as yet we know little of. It would be a dangerous thing, in our present limitations, to attempt to rate worth by the price which single signatures or holographs bring in the dealers' hands or in the auction room. Thus the fame of Anne, Queen of England, to turn to the catalogue before us, is the same as that of Balzac. Mr. Benjamin offers the signatures of these worthies for \$10 each. But Lord Bolingbroke, the prime minister of the weak-willed Queen, surpasses both in eminence, if one may trust this catalogue, for his name is valued at \$21. Signatures of Boswell and Campbell are worth \$17.50. Edmund Burke, greater than either, brings \$5, while Bulwer is rated at \$1 less. Carlyle strikes a happy mean between, and may boast of \$4.50 of fame. Great is the fall to the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," whose signature brings but 75 cents; but misery loves company, and Mrs. Howe has many to console her; such persons as Miss Alcott, Gen. N. P. Banks, Mr. Gladstone, Alexander Hamilton, the Pole Kossuth, Mathews the actor, and Lord Macaulay, none of whom is valued at more than \$1, and the last of whom is worth but 35 cents. This last valuation, however, is really not surprising in an age that follows Matthew Arnold wherever his critical judgment carries him. Colley Cibber's signature, written upon a theatrical bill of supplies, is to be had for \$11.35; an entire letter of Coleridge is worth \$18; but Cowper evidently is a greater man than the author of "Christabel," for \$19 is required for an epistolary holograph of his; \$125 is the price set upon an entire original manuscript of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The signatures of Dr. Holmes and of Sam Houston are each to be had for \$1.75, and that of "Bob" Ingersoll for but 50 cents less. But at the head of the list are three famous love letters written by Kents to Fanny Brawne. The first is valued at \$150; the second at \$125; the third at \$75. Here are perhaps half a dozen pages that speak of love for \$350! How fast many a struggling better half might become rich if he or she could but sell, at even half this rate, the love letters of his or her forgotten partner.

The perusal of this pamphlet will be fruitful of much amusement. Cynicism will thrive upon it. We must confess too many things are lacking in it. It is woefully incomplete. To appear on these pages, therefore, is not an absolute index of dignity or worth. There's much in a name; there's money in a name. But one may be famous without one. And who would not rather die unknown to fame than have his autograph sell for 15 cents after he is gone? Many with names are but nominally famous.

A YOUNG man "who can milk and take care of furnace" advertises in the New York Herald for a situation. Some milk-man should hire him. The pumps could be given a rest with a man on the place who can milk a furnace.