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| 1 " | 1,250 | | 1,250 00 |
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| 5 " | 250 | | 1,250 00 |
| 25 " | 50 | | 1,250 00 |
| 100 " | 25 | | 2,500 00 |
| 250 " | 15 | | 3,000 00 |
| 500 " | 10 | | 5,000 00 |
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| 100 " | 25 | | 2,500 00 |
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| 250 " | 5 | | 4,995 00 |
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THE SONG OF THE BOWER.

Say, is it day, is it dusk in thy bower,
Thou whom I long for, who longest for me?
Oh! be it light, be it night, 'tis Love's hour,
Love's that is fettered as Love's that is free.
Free Love has leaped to that innermost chamber,
Oh! the last time, and the hundred before:
Fettered Love, motionless can but remember,
Yet something that sighs from him passes the door.

Nay, but my heart when it flies to thy bower,
What does it find there that knows it again?
There it must droop like a shower-beaten flower,
Red at the rent core, and dark with the rain.
Ah! yet what shelter is still shed above it,
What waters still image its leaves torn apart?
Thy soul is the shade that clings round it to love it,
And tears are its mirror deep down in thy heart.

What were my prize, could I enter thy bower,
This day, to-morrow, at eve or at morn?
Large lovely arms and a neck like a tower,
Bosom then heaving that now lies forlorn.
Kissed with love-breath, (the sun's kiss is colder!)
Thy sweetness all near me, so distant to-day:
My hand round thy neck and thy hand on my shoulder,
My mouth to thy mouth as the world melts away.

What is it keeps me afar from thy bower,
My spirit, my body, so fain to be there?
Waters engulfing or fires that devour?—
Earth heaped against me or death in the air:
Nay, but in day-dreams, for terror, for pity,
The trees wave their heads with an omen to tell:
Nay, but in night-dreams, throughout the dark city,
The hours, clashed together, lose count in the bell.

Shall I not one day remember thy bower,
One day when all days are one day to me?—
Thinking, 'I stirred not, and yet had the power,'
Yearning, 'ah God, if again it might be!'
Peace, peace! Such a small lamp illumines, on this highway,
So dimly so few steps in front of my feet,—
Yet shows me that her way is parted from my way
Out of sight, beyond light, at what goal may we meet?

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

A GREAT CRISIS.

Halifax is calm. A great moral crisis has been passed. A great danger has been met, and yet the town is safe. A dreaded enemy has been admitted within the walls, and the citadel has not been stormed and captured.

We refer to the feminine baseball players. The announcement of their intention to visit Halifax caused a great commotion in that fortified summer picnic station for the royal navy. The great moral forces of the town were set in motion to guard against the invasion. A petition numerously signed was presented to the Mayor, praying him to close the city gates against the girls, and Aldermen were waited upon by committees from the churches in their wards and asked to support the petition. "What is the danger to be apprehended?" the Mayor asked, and the answer, shrieked rather than spoken, was: "What danger! danger enough! These females will show their lower limbs to the knee in running bases! Just think of that, Your Worship!" His Worship thought of it, and didn't seem to realize the danger. "Remember, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "that our people are no strangers to the sight of legs. We have had Highlanders here in barracks, who walked abroad in kilts, and ladies didn't stay within or turn away their faces. And then we must remember the amateur opera companies that have performed in the Academy in tights. It was not to the knee only that legs were shown there. What have we to fear from a sight of the black stockings of the baseball players after that?" The answer came promptly, indignantly and forcibly: "We are astonished at you! Mark the difference. The limbs shown at the Academy belonged to society ladies, while those to be displayed on the common belonged to wandering Chicago girls whose parents may have been divorced! Are you so obtuse as not to see the difference between society art and vulgar obscenity?"

The Mayor took time to think it over, common sense gained the victory over flimsy moral flunkeyism, and the girls were allowed to enter the city and play ball. The town is safe, youth has not been demoralized, the citadel has not been stormed. Halifax has bravely met a great danger and still survives intact. The meddlesome old hens that cackled so fearfully must now see how silly they were to make a fuss about so small a matter. Perhaps the owners of the Munton baseball grounds, taking courage from example, would not be silly enough to again refuse to permit the girls to play within their enclosure.

The world moves. Sense belongs to some by inheritance, and is learned by others only from experience and example.—*Chatham World.*

BOOK GOSSIP.

"Adopting an Abandoned Farm," is a bright story of experience in farming by Kate Sanborn. It is one of Appleton's charming summer series, attractively bound in two shades of green. In spite of all the trials of rustic life, the author concludes with a tribute to the healthfulness of the out-of-door life she was compelled to lead. Her experiences were very amusing, and are told in a racy and piquant manner. Unfortunately for the reputation of New England farms, the picture drawn for us is not encouraging to anyone who might have a leaning towards agriculture.

"A Matter of Skill," by Beatrice Whitby, is an amusing but very, very light story. It can be read in a few hours, and is well written. The heroine is a haughty girl, who though poor scorns the love of a young clergyman who adores her. She subsequently falls in love with a young man