HOW STRANGE IT WILL BE.

How stringe it will be, love - how strange when

we two
Shall be what all lovers become?
You rigid and faithless; I cold and untrue;
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you;
Our pet names grow rusty with nothing to do;
Love's bright web unravelled, and rent and worn

Love's bright through through.
And life's book, left empty—ah, hum!
Ab, me!
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when the witche y goes, Which make me seem lovely to day: When your thought of me loses its coleur de rose; When every day serves some new fault to dis-

And wonder you could for a moment suppose— When you find I've cold eyes, and an everyday

I was out of the common-place way; Ah, me! How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, love-how strange when

With just a still touch of the hand; When my pulses no longer delightfully beat, At the thought of your coming, and sound of your feet; When I watch not your coming far down the

long street; When your dear loving voice, too, so thrillingly weet,

Grows harsh in reproach or command;

Ah, me! How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when we willingly stay How strange it will be when we winningly say Divided the weary day through; Or getting remotely apart, as we may, Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say, Or coolly converse on the news of the day, In a weardsome old married-folk sort of way! I shrink from the picture-don't you?

Ah, me! How strange it will be!

Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and cold, As so many others have done; If we let our love perish with hunger and cold; If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its gold; If we choose to live wretched and die unconsoled.

Twill be strangest of all things that ever were told

As happening under the sun!

Ah, me! How strange it will be!

MRS. MUFFIN'S MISGIVINGS.

He was a genteel young man of pleasant open countenance, intelligent and polite. Most boarding-house keepers would have admitted him at first sight as a most eligible candidate, but Mrs. Muffin had misgivings that must be allayed before a decisive answer could be

given.

"My boarders is a mighty particular set," she said, "and I have to be careful who I take or some of 'em is sure to get huffy and leave. I can't say as I so much object to music myself, but some folks won't stand it no way at all. I have wante not leaving to have on the fiddle. hope you're not learning to play on the fiddle,

hope you're not learning to play on the fiddle, are you?"

"Oh, no," said the young man.

"Vell, I'm very glad to hear you say so. That would never do at all. You might as well try to keep boarders on one kind of meat as to put a green hand with a fiddle in among 'ein. Do you blow any sort of horn?"

The gentleman shook his head.

"Well, then, tell me, do you belong to the Festival chorus? I had one of 'em but he had to mosey. His rehearsals almost ruined my prospects, and I had to send him away. I felt bad about it too, for he was a light feeder and never grumbled. You never sing? Well that's pleasant. I didn't much think you did, but it's best to be on the safe side. I hope you don't practice on the 'cordeon?"

"Oh, no."

"I was almost broken up by one of them brain-rackers getting smuggled into the house once last Summer, and it makes me cautious. Four of my best boarders left before the first week was out, and nobody would have dreamed of any harm in him either. He was a real innocent solemn looking young man, with blue eyes, as quiet as a body could want, till he got into his room all alone with that cordeon, and then, mercy, what a villain he

with blue eyes, as quiet as a body could want, till he got into his room all alone with that 'cordeon, and then, mercy, what a villain he was. I And that wasn't the worst of it either by a good deal. He not only drove away nearly all my bourders, but got in debt to me for five weeks' board, and then st.ped.

"I tell you, sir, we have to be careful, and that's why I've made beld to ask you so many quest ons. I'm very glad to hear, though, that you don't waste your time that way, and if you'll promise that you'll not so much as bring a jewsharp into the house, I'm sure I shall be very glad to have you make your home with us. I know there's lots of people who claim that music is soothing and elevating, and all that sort of thing, but it's a mistake, sir, a mighty big mistake, so far as boarders are concerned, any way. They'll put up with a good deal in the way of having things warmed over, but they won't stand music no way you can fix it up, and get away from it as quick as they wou'd from the small-pox."

For the Torcul.

WHY MOUNT HECLA BURNS.

In the Norland, legend says, Plain loved hill that stood upon it, From its grandly swelling base To the cloud that formed its bonnet; Each to each was kind again. For (as freedom is love's fountain), The mountain loved the sweet champaign And the champaign loved the mountain.

But the warm plain loved not lightly-Locked and flung its arms around, CI pped and clasped the mountain tightly. Clung and held it to the ground; When plain's heart grew all too fond

Warmth grew heat and heat gave flashes, Till lava seethed, and burst beyond

And drenched them both in fire and ashes. L'ENVOY.

Steed needs free head to whom you give the rewels. [bowels. Great hearts have oftimes wild fire in their

For the Torent. ENRIQUE-ISMS.

H. D.

-The favorite musical instrument of a fisherman is a try-angle.

-You need not go to sea to see 'retch-ed pcople. Is not a miser able to make himself more misera ble on land?

-Professor of languages to pupil :- "What's hunger in French?" Sharp scholar:- "Don't know sir, and never care to learn."

-If the world is round how can it ever come to an end ?- Current conundrum Easy enough. Can't the end come 'round also?

The most novel feature about Great Britain. It produces more writers of standard fiction than any country in the world.

Emerson says-"character gives awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs." What an awe-ful character Ralph Waldo must have. NEW YORK CITY.

Hanlan's (and everybody else's Lament

On the Island drear, deserted, Perched upon a dry, hard stone, Sat the prince of all the scull, rs. Sad, dejected and alone ; Tears were glistening on his eyelids, And a cloud was on his brow. As he mouned in piteous accents Who will care for Hanlan now?

Who will back him 'gainst all comers? Who will glory in 1 is fame? Who will give him graceful prestige By the favour of a name Linked unto his own and giving Passport whereso'er he go?
Who will be a father to him?
Who will care for Hanlau now?

Who will be his generous patron, Standing by him day and week, Answering all addresses for him When he feels too full to speak? Easing him of all the trouble. But to simply make the bow; /here can such a friend be equalled? Who will care for Hanlan now?

O, this world is full of changes. And the best of friends must part— But to lose this noble Consul Wrings the city's heart of heart; Every manly cause and calling In our midst will feel the blow. Colonel Shaw is going to leave us Who will care for Hanlan now?

-Grin.

An effort is being made to erect a public drinking fountain on the Market Square. Happy thought.

THE new clock on the front of the Sheffield House is in its place and will be found a timely convenience. At least that is our hour opinion, hence we make a minute of it. Who seconds the motion?

Yesterday was "The Oaks" day in England. A Cockney residing in this city says, "The first of April would be the most appropriate 'Hoaks' day.

The Freeman quoting from a Halifax paper, says:—"To say that Miss May Howard as 'Galatea' the Animated Statute, looked beautiful would hardly convey the idea.

An Animated Statute is good.

In this number we commence a series of contributions under the heading of Enrique. Isias, by "Erratic Enrique," the brilliant paragraphist of the N. Y. Duily News, and an occasional contributor to the Danbury News.

NOTMAN'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO. - Messrs. Notman, the eminent photographers, whose commodious premises were destroyed by the great fire, have now the finest and most complete suite of rooms for photographic purposes that can be found in Canada. They are situatthat can be found in Canada. They are situated in Judge Ritchie's Building, on Princess street, and have been arranged, during the construction of the building, under the direct supervision of Mr. Hammond, the gentleman who has charge of the St. John branch.

The reception room is situated on the ground The reception room is situated on the ground floor, and is neatly fitted up. From this room you ascend to the next flat, which is a waiting-room, connected with Mr. Hammond's portrait coloring apartment. On the next flat are situated the dressing, operating, and fluishing rooms, which are fitted up with all the latest photographic improvements. There is a splendid light for taking photos, and the manager says he can guarantee to turn out work which can not be surpassed, if equalled, in America. can not be surpassed, if equalled, in America. We wish them success, and hope their liberal display of enterprise may be amply rewarded.