

and be baptised." St. Nicholas' merits being thus appended to, the man was restored and the Jew became a Christian. The letter is described in Belvo's Anecdotes of Literature. The curious may gather much interesting matter concerning the manners of the times from these singular narratives, which were much more sought after than the sacred Scriptures, from the fact that the clergy viewed the perusal of such works in preference to searching the Scriptures, as is seen in the mandate of Berthor, Archbishop of Mentz, issued in 1480, against translating the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue.

The Poet's Page.

Why Truth Goes Naked.

BY R. D. GREEN.

Falsehood and Truth, "upon a time,"
One day in June—delicious weather,
(Twas in a distant age and clime.)
Like sisters took a walk together.
On, on their merry way they took,
Through fragrant wood and verdant meadow,
To where a beech beside a brook
Invited rest beneath its shadow.
Now, while in voluble discourse,
On this and that their tongues were running,
As habit had them speak—perforce
The one is frank; the other cunning.
Falsehood, at length impatient grown
With scandals of her own creation,
Said, "Since we two are quite alone,
And nicely screened from observation,
Suppose in this delightful rill
With all around us so propitious,
We take a bath?" Said Truth, "I will—
A bath, I'm sure, will be delicious!"
At this her robe she cast aside,
And in the stream that ran before her
She plunged—like Ocean's happy bride—
As naked as her mother bore her.
Falsehood at leisure now undressed,
Put off the robes the limbs that hamper.
And having donned Truth's snowy vest,
Ran off as fast as she could scamper.
Since then the subtle maid, in sooth,
Expert in lies and shrewd evasions,
Has borne the honest name of Truth,
And wears her clothes on all occasions;
While Truth, disdaining to appear
In falsehood's petticoat and bodice,
Still braves all eyes from year to year,
As naked as a marble goddess!

To Mary.

M. A. MAYLAND.

Sweet Mary, if this feeble pen
Could all my dearest thoughts unfold,
Nor slack nor stay,
Till close of day,
My love for thee would scarce be told.
For as to storm-tossed barque the star,
That through the drifting cloud is seen,
The light that lies
Within thine eyes,
Unto my longing soul hath been.
To thee, dear love, within my heart
I'll build a sacred, secret shrine;
For here below,
Too well I know,
I may not be thy valentine.
Stratford, Ont.

A Christian Home.

BY DR. MONTAGU.

A Christian Home! no dearer words are known,
On earth none heavenlier, and none more our own;
For where its love-enclustered columns rise,
All best affections, blended, meet our eyes.
Of worldly strife the tumult and the din,
Cross not the threshold as we enter in.
The doubts and sceptic darkness gathering stern
The light dispels; faith's golden years return,
As when by sin unsolled, from sorrow free,
We said "Our Father" at a father's knee.
All else has changed, youth's promise, manhood's too,
To others hardened, to ourselves untrue.
Life's treasures vainly lavished, idly lost;
Too late to draw the stakes or count the cost!
So kind, so pure, so noble I long ago
We might have been I did the years find it so?
But here lost youth returns, and manhood's powers
For good, for purity, once more are ours.
Here and forever, with no wish to roam
We keep the kindred hope of Heaven and Home.
Toronto.

A Stranger.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

An old man went by the window,
Shrunk and bent with care;
He'd a scythe swung over his shoulder
And white were his beard and hair.
My little one earnestly watched him
Up the hillside climb—
Then said, in a tone of conviction,
"Mamma, that was Father Time!"

The Worker Gone.

J. A. KNOWLES.

I.
Ambitious, o'er fretting, yet never regretting
The weariness labor did cause;
Content to work on till the prize he had won
Of his fellowmen's grateful applause.
II.
And is it not right that those who stem fight
And give up for our good their life's pleasure
Should, when life's race is run, when the day's toll is
done,
Sleep smilingly, knowing the treasure
Of a nobler fame, attached to their name,
Will reward the discharge of their duty?
And when laid in their grave no need be to crave
A marble shaft carved into beauty
III.
To attract to their life, amid earthly strife,
Attention from each generation;
Men will think oft with love of him who's above,
So worthy of their veneration.
IV.
Who told truth to their heart which ne'er will depart,
Since to them they have lessened life's sorrows;
And their faces smile sweet as they hope him to greet
Should God call them home on the morrow.
V.
Their griefs they'd forgot, in the songs which them
taught,
How to lay all their cares on Another,
Who came down upon earth, to win by his birth,
A share in men's grief as their brother,
Toronto.

Sympathy.

BY R. D.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.
Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore,
Oh, never was maid so deserted before,
From life, and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for sympathy!
At length spoke the lass, "twixt a smile and a tear,
The weather is cold for a watery bier,
When the summer returns we may easily die;
Till then let us sorrow in sympathy."

Temperance.

BY M. C.

Fatal effects of luxury and ease!
We drink our poison, and we drink disease,
Indulge our senses at our reason's cost,
Till sense is pain, and reason hurt or lost.
Not so, O temperance, bland I when ruled by thee
The brute's obedient, and the man is free.
Soft are his slumbers, balmy is his rest,
His veins not boiling from the midnight feast.
Touched by Aurora's rosy hand, he wakes
Peaceful and calm, and with the world partakes
The joyful dawning of returning day,
For which their grateful thanks the whole creation
pay,
All but the human brute: 'tis he alone,
Whose works of darkness fly the rising sun,
'Tis to thy rules, O temperance! that we owe
All pleasures, which from health and strength can
flow;
Vigor of body, purity of mind,
Uncoloured reason, sentiments refined,
Unmixed, untainted joys without remorse,
Th' intemperate sinner's never-failing curse.

"Gaudemus Imitur."

GEORGE MURRAY.

Children of Folly!
In harmony sing:
Sour melancholy
Away will we fling.
Pleasure has never
Caused tears to o'er flow:
In our path ever
Bright flowers it will sow.

Let us hereafter
Abandonate sighs—
Only in laughter
True happiness lies.
Sweet is wooing
Ere maidens are won—
"Billings and cooing"
Is excellent fun!

Old age is hurrying,
Barren of sport;
Let us cease worrying,
Time is too short;
All is uncertain,
'Tis vain to preface:
To-morrow Death's curtain
May drop o'er life's stage.

The Truth Seekers.

Eternal youth is pushing upwards still!
Is the load lighter from the toll of ages?
Does it get near the summit of the hill?
And will ye toll on ever, O ye sages?
When to the top the giant mass is taken
Will it fall back and crush you? nay to know
Perchance were worse than this sad work and pain,
To push on! Push on! O mortals onward go!
Immortal Love is watching o'er each pang—
Though ye are blind—from life's obscurity—
When on the verge the quivering mass doth hang,
Love will appear and your poor hearts be free!
What do we know—if 'tis not love is near?
What hope have we—but that love will awake
The sullen surges of life's ocean drear,
A glorious sunrise? Break, O morning, break!

And Thus a Gentle Woman's Life.

Down in our hawthorn meadow, where
I sometimes stray,
I hear a lone brook, out of breath,
Running away
To hide from all the prying eyes
Of garish day,
And, under covert reeds and rushes,
Singing its lay.

Yet God's sweet sky beamed in its face
And on it went;
Music as out of wings and winds
To it was lent;
Fragrance of mountain and deep woods
Was in its scent,
And God's own flowers grew on its banks
In glad content.

And thus a gentle woman's life
Unknown abroad,
May bless some still, secluded nook
Seen but of God—
With tender flow of healing waves,
By angels stirred,
With fragrance of celestial bloom
In deed and word,
And music of the angel's harp,
Set to life's chord.

The Signpost.

If you sit down at set of sun,
And count the acts that you have done,
And counting find
One self denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if through all the living day,
You've cheered no heart by joy or nay;
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face;
No act most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing lost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

Behind a Fan.

Just for a moment, in arch surprise,
With brows upflung in mock surprise,
Comes one swift glance from saucy eyes
Behind a fan.

Then sandal-wood and a bit of lace,
Winked with artless airy grace,
Securely guards a blushing face
Behind a fan.

Ah, I love her! She knows how well!
Does love for me in that bosom dwell?
What fluttering thoughts now makes it swell
Behind a fan?

O longing heart, cease throbbing so!
She speaks, my love, so sweet and low
That I am sure she won't say "No"
Behind the fan.

For Baby's Sake.

BY FRANK E. WATHERLY.

Do you remember that morn in May, dear?
Birds were singing and now is aglow,
Out in the woods we kept the day dear—
Baby's birthday a year ago—
Chasing the butterflies o'er the clover,
Plucking the flowers a crown to make,
For she was queen the whole world over,
All was happy—for Baby's sake.

But the sunshine passed and the dark clouds
drifted,
Fell a shadow our lives between,
And Baby's sweet little face was lifted,
Wondering what could that shadow mean.
"Father, kiss mother," Baby faltered;
Oh, we wept till our hearts must break,
As the old, old love came back unaltered,
All forgiven—for Baby's sake.

Baby's gone to the golden weather,
Over the shining mountain's brow;
Through the dark mist we walk together,
We have only each other now.
Put your hands into mine and pray, dear,
Pray that soon—morn will break,
That God will be—us and show the way, dear,
Safe into heaven—for Baby's sake.

The Monarch.

BY BIRCH ARNOLD.

Not he who leads the conquering host,
Nor mounts the highest throne,
Nor wins the loudest praise of man,
Though he achieve alone.

Not he who braves the battle's front,
When treason fierce assails,
And dare's the deadly cannon's mouth,
When only hope prevails.

Nor he who smites with all his powers
The falsity of heart,
That lurks in subtle reasonings,
Or smiles in fancied art.

But he who strikes the foe within,
The part of self that keeps
The noble aspirations drowned
In mournful slumber.

Who hears afar the angel's call,
And Titan-like he strives,
Unlaid in mortal agony,
He reads the iron gyves,

And stands at last a soul confessed,
Unfettered, free, and grand;
The victor over self, becomes
The greatest monarch of the land.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

BY FANNY BARROW.

Golden head so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes—half shut, half opened
Lying out her evening prayer.

Well she knows what she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying him her "soul to keep."

Half asleep—and murmuring faintly
"If I should die before I wake,"
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly,
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Oh, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer
Children's myriad voices, floating
Up to heaven, record it there.

If of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Hailing to the throne divine.

When at last the words are uttered,
"Earth to earth, dust to dust,"
My freed soul, on faith uplifted,
Faith, and hope, and perfect trust.

Would approach Him, humbly praying,
All the children clustering round—
"Jesus—Father—take Thy servant,
Give to her Thy children's crown."

Love is Blind.

BY H. L. WATSON.

Said the ancients "Love is blind!"—
Never you believe it!
'Tis a fiction most refined
Can you not perceive it?
Meant to charm away all fear
Is a tribute to the ear.

Love is known to be a wit;
When his straying fingers
Over idle eyelids flit,
An illusion lingers—
By some magic undefined
Presto is love's victim blind.

Caliban instantly wears
All Apollo's graces—
Vanity assumes sweet airs,
And deceit grimaces;
For the eyes that cupid closes
Never know the weeds from roses.

Dawn.

On the upturned face of the quivering sea
Shimmered the dawn;
White bars of light stole up in the sky,
And the night was gone.

Was gone—with the fear of a followed fawn,
And with hurrying feet,
To find in the shades of the forest glades
A safe retreat.

The legions of stars that had watched wearily
Crept out of sight;
Uprose the helm of advancing Day,
And fast fled the Night.

A fresh wind blew from the edge of the sea,
From the gates of the East,
That plashed the tide on the feet of the land,
And in the light increased.

And the glittering tips of a myriad spears
Shot up from the sea,
With guldons and pennants and lances of light—
A splendor to see.

A hundred flags were upheld in the sky,
And unfolded there—
Banners of light that glimmered and gleamed
In the morning air.

Then from the glowing East uprose
The kindly sun,
And the sea grew gold as a stool for his feet
To rest upon.

Fishing.

KELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Maybe this is fun, sitting in the sun,
With a book and parasol, as my angler wishes
While he dips his line in the ocean brine,
Under the delusion that his bait will catch the fishes.

'Tis romantic—yes! but I must confess
Thoughts of shady rooms at home somehow seems
more inviting.
But I dare not move. "Quiet there, my love,"
Says my angler, "for I think a monstrous fish is
biting."

Oh, of course it's bliss, still how hot it is!
And the rock I'm sitting on grows harder every
minute,
While my fisher waits, trying various baits,
But the basket by his side, I see, has nothing in it.

It is just the way to pass a July day
Arcadian and sentimental, dreamy, idle, charming.
But how fierce the sunlight falls, and the way that
insects crawl
Along my neck and down my back is really quite
alarming.

"Any luck?" I gently asked of the angler at his task.
"There's something pulling at the line," he said,
"I've almost caught it."
But when, with a bilated face, we our homeward
steps retrace,
We take the little basket just as empty as we
brought it.