

## Poetry.

## THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

BY ARTHUR E. W. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

If you go over desert and mountain,  
Far into the country of sorrow,  
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,  
And maybe for months and for years;  
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting  
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,  
You shall certainly come to the fountain  
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely  
For piteous lamenting and sighing,  
And those who come living or dying  
Alike from their hopes and their fears;  
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,  
And statues that cover their faces.  
But out of the gloom springs the holy  
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion  
So gently and lovely and listless;  
And murmurs a tune so resistless  
To him who hath suffered and hears—  
You shall surely without a word spoken,  
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,  
And yield to the long curb'd emotion  
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes  
Your face, as though some one had kissed you;  
Or think at least some one who missed you  
Hath sent you a thought—if that cheers;  
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,  
May pass for a tender word spoken:  
—Enough, while around you there rushes  
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,  
Brim over, and baffle resistance,  
And roll down bleared roads to each distance  
Of past desolation and years;  
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,  
And leave you no Past and no Morrow:  
For what man is able to master  
And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

But the floods of the tears meet and gather;  
The sound of them all grows like thunder:  
—O into what bosom, I wonder,  
Is poured the whole sorrow of years?  
For Eternity only seems keeping  
Account of the great human weeping;  
May God then, the Maker and Father—  
May He find a place for the tears!

## Correspondence.

Editor ARCTURUS:

A METHODIST clergyman, in a recent sermon delivered in this city, objected to the holding of funerals, the delivery of milk and hack-hiring on Sunday.

I suppose he thinks such things are sinful because they are done in pursuit of an ordinary calling. In other words no work must be permitted on Sunday. I take it that what he called "work" he believed to be a sin in the eyes of God, of whose will he professes to have a full and complete revelation. Hence it is his duty not only to abstain from "work" on Sunday himself, but to compel his fellow-citizens to do the same. The logical result of this reasoning is that in future all Sunday driving, etc., must cease, except in cases of "absolute necessity," whatever those words may mean.

Now, I, for one, object to the outailing of any of these pursuits by law. Is it advisable or right, on principles of religious toleration or natural justice, for a majority of Toronto's citizens to force on a thinking and respectable minority, regulations which are the outcome of peculiar religious views? The acts complained of are not wrong in themselves, but are to be restrained only because it is imagined that they are displeasing to an Infinite Deity, whose only command on the subject refers to our *Saturday* and not our *Sunday*. If the "moral wave" means a wave of religious intolerance the Blue Law had better be re-enacted at once.—JOSHUA DAVIDSON.

## AMY'S COUSIN.

BY AMY.

LET me begin with the very first mention of me which occurs in "Locksley Hall." It is that my "cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young." I pass over that with the observation that I was a year and a quarter older than my soulful cousin. "And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung." Now, do just consider that. He hasn't said a syllable about his being in love with me. O dear no! I began, of course. The idea of pretending that the first thing he noticed was that I was making sheep's eyes at him! So like a little conceited wretch of a schoolboy, who deserves nothing better than to be whipped and sent home to bed! And that is exactly what my cousin was at the time to which he refers. Then he says he told me how all the current of his being set to me, and how I blushed. Gracious heavens! What girl with the most rudimentary knowledge of how to flirt with her cousin would have the smallest difficulty in producing a blush when he uttered such idiotic expressions? Besides, every one knows that trying very hard not to laugh makes one's face very red. But observe what follows. There am I, blushing and "Saying 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong; saying 'dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping, 'I have loved thee long.'" Notice particularly that even he, in the paroxysms of his ridiculous puerile jealousy, dare not so much as suggest that there was even the pretence of an engagement between us. I understand the world has changed very much in the last few years; but if cousins aged respectively nineteen and a quarter and eighteen mayn't go through this sort of thing without incurring the risk of an action for breach of promise, I can only say it is not nearly so good a place for girls as it was in my time. But he parades the walks we used to take "many a morning," and even the kisses that were allowed him. Much kissing he would have got if I had ever dreamt he was going to turn out such a perfect little sneak!

Next he gets on to the time of my marriage, which happened naturally enough some two years after all this childishness was over. He reviles me for being "falsar than all fancy fathoms, falsar than all songs have sung, Puppet to a father's threats and servile to ashrewish tongue." As if I wanted any threats to make me delighted to marry a model squire, excellent sportsman, and prince of good fellows. Nor do I think that to call his aunt a shrew was a nice return to make for all the kindness she showed in letting him stay at Locksley for all his holidays and allowing him to talk as much nonsense as he liked to his cousin. But do consider the vanity, the perfectly infantile vanity, of the lines that come next. He wants to know whether it is well to wish me happy, "having known ME to decline On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine." Really the expression "having known me" speaks for itself. Is it possible for the conceit of any merely human puppy to go further? As to my husband, he says in so many words "thou art mated with a clown." The meaning of this is that my husband, being a grown-up man, did not waste his time in imagining sickly nonsense about the Parliament of Man, and the war-drum throbbing no longer, and that sort of rubbish. As to the war-balloons which are to precede that delightful consummation, I dare say my husband would have taken a great deal of interest in them; only he came into his property and resigned his commission in the Engineers a good many years before balloons were used in war at all. This part of the poem is extremely juvenile and silly; but what follows is much worse. For I have always been sorry that my cousin could ever have been so entirely lost to every consideration of propriety, and I am afraid I must say of decency, as to imagine for himself discreditable scenes at which, if they or anything remotely resembling them had ever taken place, no person but me and my husband could possibly have been present. After which, having perhaps grace to feel a little bit ashamed of himself, he falls a-cursing like a very coal-heaver—cursing everything he can think of, in the most abusive language to which he can lay his tongue, in a manner certainly not suggestive of a nicely-balanced temper.

Not content with informing me that my husband is a drunken sot, and that I shall have to become as much like him as possible,