

A PRAYER.

O Music! goddess of earth's holiest fane,
O soul of sympathy, O light of peace,
Thou knowest the aching hearts that ne'er can cease
To throb for lights of love that wax and wane.
Thou knowest the dark o'er-saddened dream; that wing
O'er saddened their silent way across the land of tears,
And thou alone canst know our secret fears,
And feel the pain regret and sorrows bring.
To thee in prayer we lift our hearts oppressed,
And crave a simple thing, a little rest;
For we are over weary of the strife
And all the discord of this strange, sad life.

O for the vague sweet harmony that fills
The dreamy stillness of the midnight hours,
When all the air seems charmed by lotus flowers,
And our tired spirits pass the western hills.
Then in the land that the immortals keep,
O let us rest, O grant us dreamless sleep.

J. B. MACCALLUM.

HOME ONCE MORE!

'Tis Christmas Eve! The snow-flakes fall;
The winds are lull'd to rest;
And through the ridges of rugged cloud,
The sun breaks from the West;
It crimson with its parting rays
The scenes I knew of old,
The scattered homes—the distant hills,
All catch its gleam of gold.

To-night, triumphant anthems rise
To hidden worlds above;
And millions offer grateful praise,
To Him who died for love.
Whilst one by one, yon cottage lights
Shine through the ev'ning gray,
The sleigh-bells jingle merrily
Along the country way.

And now, home music soothes my soul;
The snow-flakes faster fall;
And from the cheery parlor hearth,
The laughing voices call
To come and sit beside the fire
Where I used to sit of yore,
And tell them tales of Varsity,
Now I am home once more.

MAUDE PETITT.

YE PRAISE OF OLDE BOOKES.

In these ye moderne daies when as they singe
Their moderne ditties to ye poet's lyre,
Perchaunce their rollinge numbers often ringe
With ye true musick of ye minstrel quire.

But me is liever farre to sytte and pore
Upon ye auncient folio's yellowe page;
To sytte and conne ye magic verses o'er,
Writ by ye haunde of some immortall sage.

These aged tomes that breathe with lyfe of elde
Have cheered ye wearie houres of manie a wyghte;
For manie an hundred yeare have they ben helde
Of every bookish clerke ye chief delite.

Then why sholde I through newer pastures fare,
When here are meadowes well y-proved and rare?

W. HARVEY MCNAIRN.

A CHRISTMAS IDYLL.

A POOR old chimney-sweep stumbled wearily home-ward through the deepening snow. He had been at Mrs. Golds' mansion cleaning chimneys, you see. The Christmas bells were chiming in anticipation of the morrow, the crowds were hurrying, laughing, jostling; but no one heeded that old bundle of rags and soot, which the very snowflakes seemed to shun. Oh, why was it, that happiness had never come his way! Why had not Dame Fortune clawed the soot from his whiskers; or given him a pair of Dundrearys at least? He was despised, without friends, etc. Half-way up street, he heard the merry jingle of sleigh-bells, and the happy laughter of children. Looking up, he saw a two-seated sleigh, filled with boys and girls and fur robes. This sight, of course, made him sad, for it reminded him of the good old childhood days, when he used to go out to Grandpa's every Christmas to eat turkey and plum pudding, and get sick. And, oh! those presents he used to get! No presents now; no friends now; alas! generous, but ill-fated being!

He savagely kicked open the door of the miserable hovel he called home, and entered its bleak and desolate walls. Something lying on the old rickety table attracted his attention and his hand, at the same instant. It was a mysteriously shaped parcel, kind of long, you know, but not oblong. Something was written on the wrapping paper. He rushed to the window like a man whose time is precious, and read in the dying light. This is what he read:—

"A present from Mrs. Gold, to Mr. Chimney Sweep."

A present, and for him! He greedily looked it over; he felt its outline. Did you ever see a cat play with a mouse? He struck a melodramatic attitude and drew a knife. He cut the cord and tore the unwilling covering from the precious enclosure.

It was a manicure set.

J. R. PERRY.

GIRL WANTED!

MANY and of diverse complexion are the tales of the Club. Timothy Vivian tells most of them, but one he will not tell. How he underwent the purifying ordeal of initiation, and, through mortification of the flesh, became one of the elect, I do here chronicle.

It was about four o'clock one Saturday afternoon of May when a door on Temperance street opened, and two young men appeared, one seemingly urging the other to go forth. The first, a tall youth in a long overcoat, was resisting somewhat, and his face wore an expression of intense nervousness and unrest. The other, who kept pressing him down the steps, was dark, stubby, fuzzy on the upper lip, and of an eager and ingenious countenance.

He slapped his friend on the shoulder. "It's got to be did, old man," he said. "If I could have worked it at all, I'd have got you in in some less ostentatious manner. But really, though, you won't be noticed so—" Here he suddenly underwent a spasm. His eyes shut rigidly, and he held his lips together with a mighty effort. His whole face was set with that pained expression which commonly precedes a very explosive sneeze. His throat puffed in and out like a rabbit's nose. "O, my sainted auntie!" he feebly groaned; then turned and staggered into the house.

The other, the Timothy Vivian aforementioned, laughed weakly, pulled himself together and made an attempt at the casual and distraught. He squared his shoulders and started off towards Yonge street. Then one could see the back of his long tailed overcoat. On it was pinned a card of the size seen in boarding-house windows. It bore, in two-inch capitals, this plain and unadorned inscription: "GIRL WANTED." It was seen almost immediately by a boy with a parcel. He gaped a moment, then ran after him.