

for them. For this purpose he corresponded with the Colonial Office, urging the claims of the Davises; but the reply received was that "the books were closed, and that it was thought unadvisable to re-open them again." So these "Army Bills" are still in the possession of some of the numerous and highly

respectable descendants of the original holders.

ERRATUM.—In the April number the place in which the Mordens settled was printed erroneously. It should have read Flamboro', —not "Flanders."

(To be continued.)

## THE THREAD OF LIFE.

BY JOHN C. PROCTOR.

Was it a myth of the ancient lays,  
A graceful fantasy—nothing more—  
That the Sisters spun a thread for man's days,  
And cut it short, when his time was o'er?

Or was it, like other legends of old,  
A truth half patent, and half concealed,  
As the chestnut lies in its brown-red gold  
With the kernel hid, and the rind revealed?

Methinks, as I look on the days gone by,  
And trace my wanderings o'er again,  
That the ancient myth was no pagan lie,  
And that Heaven spins for each life a skein.

Parti-colored indeed at the best,  
With all life's incidents in the strand,  
Joy and sorrow, and strife and rest,  
But placed unravelled in each man's hands.

And easy, ah me! how easy to wind,  
And bring to its end without snarl or knot,  
With a right beginning so plain to find,  
And never a break in any spot.

With Heaven's own beauty in the strands  
Skillfully harmonized into one.  
Like the rain-grey clouds of the sea-girl lands,  
That burn and blush and weep gems with the sun.

How fair in the far off cradle days  
The thread unwound without sin and pain,  
To the tender voice that sang baby-lays  
And the mother's hands that were holding the skein.

Till there came a black strand of woe, and then  
(God's blessing upon his honoured head),  
Dearest to me and first of men,  
My father held out his hand for the thread.

Ah me! for the happy days that are gone!  
That thread is twisted, and soiled and frayed,  
Now that I wind it off alone,  
Woe's me for the knots and breaks I have made.

Tangled and snarled, and the veriest sport  
Of my own caprices and mad desire,  
Were it not better to cut it short,  
And throw the remnant—where? in the fire.

Nay! shall I mock the patience that made,  
With a brute impatience mad to unmake;  
Take from the hands of the Devil his trade,  
And do the sin for the Evil One's sake?

Rather accepting my self-made travails,  
Hopefully down to my task I'll bend,  
What sin has unravelled, repentance unravels,  
And the thread has yet in the Heavens its end.