

and experience. And so, as a matter of course, the results of our separate observations or experiments vary to the very greatest extent. This being the case, we are bound, in common fairness, to admit that, when our conclusions differ, it is most unphilosophical and uncharitable to abuse each other whenever the difference seems to appear. When any two of us make a fair start with a common object, with reference to a single indivisible subject; and employ the same experience, requirements and methods, then, and not till then, should we be dissatisfied with each other when the results of our efforts differ. As a general rule, there is, at least, a modicum of truth in the creed of every theologian or politician, and half the disputes in the world are due not so much to diversity of opinion upon a doctrine or dogma, as in the meaning of a word or expression.

Again, in employing any vehicle, factor or method, we invariably are influenced each by his or her preconception and idiosyncrasy. The old lady from the country doubtless is prepared to justify her conduct, and has no dread of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when she jerks at the snaffles of poor Dobbins. But her ideas must be essentially different as regards the treatment of a horse, both from those of him who holds a loose rein and trusts to obtain movement of the animal chiefly from an occasional chirrup, and of your true horsey man who gathers in the ribbons and judiciously plies the whip.

I wish to express a few thoughts in this connection upon poets. It is a somewhat usual supposition that writers of poetry are generally produced from the same mould, and that, putting aside everything connected with unpoetic life, they set forth in their quest of the ideal, adopting only the thoughts, words and methods peculiar to poets as poets. But, in reality, it is quite possible for persons engaged in most prosaic work to be poetical and to write poetry. Indeed, there is no good reason why one should not be at the same time a poet and say a collector of old bottles, a saw filer, a whitewasher, a scrubber or an umbrella mender. Permit me to cite a few examples, although I regret to say not from the ranks of any of those last enumerated.

The first bard from whom I select might fairly be classed among the transcendentalists, and, although his versification might be better, he is not wholly unsuccessful in creating a sympathy between two apparent incongruities:

LOVE AND PHILOSOPHY.

I.

'Twas at the Concord sages' school
We met one summer's day;
I guessed—and used no logic rule—
I guessed what she would say.
"Tis very warm"—this with a sigh—
"The sun that shines from thence,"
She said and pointed towards the sky
"Is rolling toward the Whence."

II.

I told her that it must be so
At least it seemed so there;
For there was I did not know
Of the Whatness of the Where.
About the only thing I knew,
When she was standing near,
Was that the sky was much more blue
In the Nowness of the Here.

III.

She smiled and said perhaps 'twas well
Those pretty themes to touch;
And asked me if the rule I'd tell
Of the smallness of the Much.

I told her that I did not know
That rule, but then I knew
A rule that just as well would go—
The oneness of the Two.

IV.

She blushed and looked down on the ground,
And said, "It can't be so;"
And then the whole earth turned around,
For my heart was full of woe.
"Unto the ceaseness of my End,"
I said, "I now shall go."
She murmured: "Don't you comprehend
The yesness of my No?"

I pass from the psychological to the material department of learning in The Old-Story, Scientific Version. Time—during the meeting of the British Association. Professor Edwin Jones to Angelina Brown, M.D.

At the Professor's ball to-night
Our orbits crossed; and still
Throbs on my arm of fingers light
The sweet magnetic thrill.
Like twin spheres through ellipses due,
A double constellation,
We moved to rhythmic music true,
In axial rotation.

The blood corpuscles in my heart
Were stirred to sweetest tones,
As into voice electric start
Pulses of telephones.

We met again, and yet again,
And, unlike gravitation,
The psychic force which made us fain
Increased by separation.

My senses you the more seduced—
Such cupid's master malice is—
When to your elements reduced
By chemical analysis.

"To iron in her blood is due,"
I said, "her cheeks rare roses;
Her silken tresses' golden hue
Chromate of lead discloses."

"To protoplasm her cells were wrought
From ethers' vortex rings,
While, for her rearing, sunbeams brought
Their wave of golden wings.

Her feelings may be all resolved
To cerebral attrition;
Mere energy," I said, "evolved
From brain decomposition."
In vain! With love I glow the more,
The more I analyze you,
Sum up your elemental score,
And but the higher prize you.

Then, speak automaton divine,
And save me from distraction;
Let our two lives in one combine
By mutual attraction!

Thanks, love; the sun withdraws his light
In cirrhous vapor masses;
His beam, which noon combines to white,
Through rainbow-glories passes.

Like him our spectrum let's extend
Past visual rays far-shining,
Nor know of love or life an end,
In new force-forms combining.

The next poet from whom I quote, has gained his inspiration in most unlikely places, the kitchen and the pantry. His similes, as you will perceive, are very largely well known comestables, while, from processes connected with the iron pot, the grid-iron and the spit he borrows many of his tropes, and is throughout as much of a cook as a poet.

An old Chef de Cuisine chants
An epicurean epic to the sun—
Nature's great cooking stove.

"Day is done brown and set away to cool;
And evening, like a salad fresh and moist,
And peppered with her muster'd stars comes on;
The moon, like a large cheese, cut just in half,

Hangs o'er the landscape most invitingly;—
The milky way reveals her silver stream
'Mid the blanc-mange-like clouds that fleck
the sky;
The cattle dun, sleeping in pastures brown,
Show like huge doughnuts 'mid the deepening
gloom,
How like a silver salver shines the lake:
While mimic clouds upon its surface move
Like "floating islands" in a crystal bowl.
The dews come down to wash the flower-cups
clean,

And night winds follow them to wipe them dry.

"On such an eve as this 'tis sweet to sit
And thus commune with nature as she brings
Familiar symbols to the thoughtful breast,
And spreads her feast of meditative cheer.
Day with its broils and fiery feuds is o'er,
Its jars discordant and its seething strifes,
And all its boiling passions hush'd to peace.
Old Earth, hung on her spit before the sun,
Turns her huge sides alternate to his rays,
Basted by rains and dews, and cooks away,
And so will cook till she is done—and burnt."

When earthly cooks who turn the spit, begin
to tire,
The fat will then be found a-dripping in the
fire;
And all the condiments dry as tinder,
With cooks and cooked, be burnt to cinder.

I close my selections with a beautiful little poem which has been aptly termed "a good example of what may be called solemn wit, which is none the less witty for its solemnity, and none the less solemn for its wit." The author is a punster, he makes indeed a triple pun, but, in doing so, he produces a charming example of pun, pathos and poetry.

Close nestled in his mother's arms,
His cheeks as red as roses,
With eyes of heaven's bluest blue,
And snubbiest of noses—
Close nestled in his mother's arms,
My week-old boy reposes.

Fast mouldering in his hillside green,
Where myrtles bloom and roses,
His baby brother sleeps, I ween—
No arm his form encloses—
Fast mouldering on his hillside green,
My wee, cold boy reposes.

Sweet slumberer in loving arms,
Dear dreamer 'neath the roses,
May I, as free from all alarms,
Rest when this brief life closes,
When mouldering on the hillside green,
This weak old boy reposes.

I. ALLEN JACK.

A LOTTERY TICKET.

INTRODUCTION.

In the fast-growing city of Toronto are to be seen, clustered thickly in some parts, dotted here and there in others, tall old-fashioned houses, once the homes of former magnates of the town, which have been ignominiously turned into tenement-houses for the very poor. They follow closely the fate of their old-time tenants, whose very names, once powers to conjure with, are now all but forgotten. Like the rings on the trunk of a tree which proclaim its age, these neglected habitations mark the growth of the city from its first beginnings to its present proportions.

Accustomed as one now is to the endless variety, quaintness of form, and fancifulness of decoration which marks the modern dwelling, these old houses even as they were in their prosperous days, softened by the home atmosphere pervading them, would have seemed stiff and ungainly enough; now, grimy with the accumulated filth of years, their blank facades relieved only by dilapidated shutters swinging loosely back