

OVER THE RIVER.

BY NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with rindlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sand,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be,
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale,
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning
hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye,
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somehow, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved that have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

N. Y. *Com. Adv.*: Miss Skiff was married in San Francisco the other day. We wish her much canoe-bial happiness, provided the bridegroom hasn't already dug-out for parts unknown.

Danielsville *Sentinel*: What kind of leather should a baby's cradle be lined with? More-rock-o, of course.

N. Y. *Com. Adv.*: "Have you a Chaucer?" asked a young lady, looking in at a bookstore. The polite young clerk replied, no, he never used it; but there was a tobaccoist's just two doors above.

The recent Sioux war cost the government \$2,312,500. And yet, we suppose if you should put the whole Sioux nation up at auction, it wouldn't bring \$115.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Burdette, the above item seems very ingenious but why didn't you make it 115 cents?

When does a man become a "burning" poet? When he's a versifier.—*Com. Advertiser*.

"Ma, are we cannibals?" asked a little Eighth street girl of her mother the other morning. "Why, my child, what do you mean?" "Oh, nothing, only I heard you say to Bridget: 'Boy legs for breakfast.'"—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

Fishes may be great drinkers, yet we never heard of one dying of spontaneous combustion.—*Norristown Herald*.

The following punny and timely lines are from the N. Y. *Graphic's* A 1 paragraph:

The Turkish God is a bloody myth,
Born in Arabian story—
Perhaps not quite a figure of speech,
But a sort of Allah-gory.

"Spring" warblers should take warning from the "Young Poet's Lament," which we find in the N. Y. *Com. Adv.*

'Twas ever thus, from childhood's time,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I ne'er sent in a little rhyme
But what it was returned next day.

I never offered e'en a verse,
A poem, ballad, or a sonnet,
But what, and off with muttered curse,
The editor sat down upon it.

In reply to several threatening messages sent into this office, we desire to explain that the man who takes thrashings for articles in this paper is out of town on a furlough.—*Rome Sentinel*.

It would be a cheap, and at the same time, pleasing reflection for the savings bank depositor to feel that confidence was the only thing he had lost in the officials.—*Puck*.

They have begun to post circus bills on the grave stones out in the wilds of the West. Should the custom become general, and reach out its arms to embrace the civilized world, it will find men, if death has not changed their disposition, mean enough to get up and demand a complimentary ticket for the privilege.—*Fulton Times*.

A Boston paper says: "A butterfly was caught at the South End yesterday." It may be safe enough to catch a butterfly at the south end, but when you go to grab a wasp, you want to catch it at the northeasterly end, shifting westerly toward the head.—*Norristown Herald*.

A new Boston paper is named the *Friendly Grasp*. When the Sheriff lays hands on the editor, for debt, maybe he will think there isn't much in a name after all.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

PUZZLERS' KNOTS.

Edited by ELISWORTH, P. O. Box 3421, Boston, Mass.

Contributions and answers are cordially invited from all interested in whatever pleases the young, and also from every reader of the *TORCH*, and the Puzzle fraternity in general. All communications for this Department should be sent to its Editor at the above address.

42.—CHARADE.

My first is known a beverage,
That's often sipped at night;
Yet its effects were never known
To make the drinkers fight.

My second is a well-known vowel,
And found in every school,
'Tis also found in heroine,
And doubled in a fool.

My third you'll find in *Telegraph*,
But not in *Globe* or *News*,
'Tis also found in every brick
That builds the monster flues.

My fourth like love is often crossed
And always found in civil,
'Tis also found in church or school
But never seen in evil.

My fifth and last you'll easy see
By looking at a chair,
'Tis also found in every horse,
(And last year in our Mayor.)

The Ribbon Boys oft use my whole
To promenade the street,
If none can guess my famous name
I'll tell them when we meet.

C. H. DAIG.

43.—UNION JACK PUZZLE.

Across—A boy's name; laborious; noisy festivity.

Down—A legal officer; to reverse; a number. Diagonals—Good will to men; a tricking fellow.

P. M.

44.—WORD SQUARE.

An inhabitant of stagnant pools; the nest of a bird of prey; a cover; a pattern.

PASSEPARTOUT.

45.—HALF WORD SQUARE.

Active; single; finish; a syllable; a beverage.

SHAKES PIER.

47.—RHOMBOLD PUZZLE.

Across—A kind of fruit; to beautify; repeating pain; eminent; the post at the foot of a stair case.

Down—A consonant; equally; to be contentious; to fret; a plant; false hair; not many; a syllable; a consonant.

(ANSWERS IN TWO WEEKS.) DATE FIT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH 23.

30.—Joseph Shaw Knowles.

31.—Wit is the flavor of the mind.

32.—Sonnet.

33.—Elope, elope, poles, pole, ole, Leo.

34.—L A O C O N

E L E V E

A C O

R

A O N

M A P L E

A M A S S E D

PRIZE WINNERS.

First prize.....VIOLA..... Four Solutions.

Second prize...PASSEPARTOUT... Three Solutions.

Third prize.....CAMBO..... Two Solutions.

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

N. V., St. John.—Your solutions to Nos 30, 31 and 32 are right, but received too late to secure a prize. Charade is very good, and will soon appear. Please favor us often.

M. J. McG., St. John.—The three answers you send are right. Please send us some "knots" for our knotters to solve.

P. M., Portland, N. B.—Thanks for puzzles received. They are of the first water, and your frequent contributions to our columns will be heartily welcome.

CHARLES H. DAIG, St. John.—Yes, all kinds of "knots," arithmetical puzzles included, if found worthy will have a place in this department. Please send yours along. Your charades are very good.

PASSEPARTOUT, Coldbrook, N. B.—You notice you have received the second prize, which will be mailed to you regular ly for the time named. Thanks for "knots." They will appear.

DATE FIT, St. John.—Your list of answers was received too late for a prize. Correct, however. "Knots" are excellent. Please continue.

VIOLA.—Your solutions are all correct, and first received. We are pleased to note your interest in our column, and trust it will continue.

CAMBO.—Thanks for early response to our invitation. Glad to know you intend to contribute regularly.

ST. J.—Correctly solves Nos. 30 and 33. Contributions are accepted. Your Prize Charade will soon be published.

"OTTAWA," Ottawa, Ont.—Thanks for first-class Arithmetical Puzzle. It will appear in our next. In the meantime please favor us with more of the same order.