

When our Johnnie went off to the city,
With merchants whom all the world knew
To be sober and honest great people,
For dear grannie this all would not do,

Till she pulled Johnnie's sleeve in the twilight,
To be certain before he had gone,
And he smiled as he heard her sage question,
"Are you *sure* they are *meetin'* folks, John?"

And when Minnie returned home from somewhere,
Having left heart and happiness there,
I saw her close kneeling by grannie,
With dear old wrinkled hands in her hair.

Then amid the low sobs of the lover,
Came softly the tremulous tone,
"He wasn't like *meetin'* folks, Minnie,
My dear child, you are better alone."

Still, 'midst various knarl'd knotty questions,
As in choosing a husband or wife,
Dear old grannie would always put *her-one*,
Regarding relations in life.

And while now from the corner we miss her,
And we hear that reminder no more,
Still distinct, unforgotten, the echo
Comes back from the far away shore.

Until sophistry slinks in the corner,
Though charity high has her due,
Yet we *eel* if we want to *meet* grannie,
"Twere best to be *meetin'* folks too.

THE COMING DAY.

Day braver bards have dared to sing
Far off seem hours that swiftly bring
Yet while they wait with folded wing,
Forward, their glowing flush they fling.
Yes! cheerful omens gild the skies,
For hopeful hearts and peering eyes,