## Zoetry.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

WELCOME TO THE DUES AND DUCKING OF BDINBURGH.

I. The son of him with whom we strove for POWW-

Where will is lord thro' all his world do-

Who made the sorf a man, and burst his خوتوگور.

Has given our Prince his own Imperial flower. Alexandrowna And welcome, Russian flower, a people a pride,

To Britain, when her flowers begin to blow! From love to love, from home to home you

From mother unto mother, stately bride. Marie Alexandrowns. П.:

The golden news along the steppes is blown, And at thy name the Tartar tents are stirred;

Elburs and all the Caucasus have heard; And all the sultry palms of India know, Alexandrown

The voices of our universal sea On capes of Africa as on cliffs of Kent. The Macris and that Isle of Continent. And loyal pines of Canada murmur thee, Marie Alexandrowna

Fair empress branching, both, in lusty life!-Yet Harold's England fell to Normand's swords;

Yet thine own land has bow'd to Tartar hordes

Since English Harold gave his throne a wife, Alexandrowns For thrones and peoples are as waifs that

swing, And float or fall, in endless ebb and flow; But who love best have best the grace to know

That love by right divine is deathless king, Marie Alexandrowna.

And love has led thee to the stranger land. Where men are bold and strongly say their

See, empire upon empire smiles to-day, As thou with thy young lover hand in hand, Alexandrowns.

So now thy fuller life is in the West, Whose hand at home was gracious to thy DOOF.

Thy name was bleet within the narrow door; Here, also, Marie, shall thy name be blest, Marie Alexandrowna.

Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame again? Or at thy coming, Princess, everywhere. The blue heaven break, and some diviner air

Breathe thro' the world and change the hearts of men,

Alexandrowna.

But hearts that change not, love that cannot cease, And peace be yours, the peace of soul in

soul! And howseever this wild world may roll,

Between your peoples truth and manful peace, Alfred-Alexandrowns.

# Tales and Sketches.

# MY BIT OF ADVENTURE.

I had always wanted to be a heroine, but my opportunities were limited-most people's are, I believe, unless it be for the sort of heroism that possibly is the highest after all -that of being contentedly commonplace. Our horses never run away, our flues were not defective, and Thaddens' business was too absurdly prosperous to omit of my rushing to his arms with the pathetic aduration, "Mourn not the paltry gold ! While thou art left my woman's heart will crave no other wealth.' The sun-lighted, shadow-flecked days just slipped evenly by, one monotenously like an. other, I said to myself that very morning. Odd, isn't it? that the marked days of our lives come clad in such common garb ! The June breeze swayed the curtains at the window, and brought in the faint perfume of flowers and dreamy hum of insect life. The summer languor was in my veins : nevertheless all the ever-day hovsehold cares and countless small worries crowded up for their usual place in my thought. Baby escaped from the bed, and went on a pilgrimage to the balcony in scant attire, and must needs be captured and brought back. Cook announced in dismay the entire failure of a muffin enterprise; and was there time to make biscuit or waffles! Then when the daily conundrum of "what's for breakfast" had been solved once more, came Thaddens with his inevitable harrassing questions:

"What do you want ordered from down

town, dear ?"

"Send a roast and vegetables—some green peas. Surely there are peas in market by this time ?"

"Yes, Oh! wait a minute until I go and get a clean handkerchief.

Thaddeus makes a point of slways seking orders before he is half ready to hear them, and the making out of the morning list is a syen to myself.

curiously diversified performance.

"There !" returning with a flourish of fresh linen, "Green peas yes said, didn't you! Is that all ?"

"Why no, Theddous. A reast, you know, and I want some strawberries and..."

"See here, dear, seems to me this shirtfront don't sit exactly right, does it? By the way, Jenkins has some made after a new pattern; wender if I hadn's better order a dozen ?"

"Not unless you expect to live as long as the patriarchs; you have enough for an ordinary lifetime now. There are all those heavy muslin ence that you would have made because they were warmer, and the linen once that you wanted because they were cooler, and these others that open at the back-"

"Oh! well; I'll wait a few days. Some peas, you wanted, and a roast, wasn't it?" "And strawberries..."

"Exactly. Pity we don't live a little further south where we could get such things earlier. Frank's letter said they were luxuristing in fruits of all kinds. I declare, I don't believe you saw that letter, did you? And there was a note enclosed for you too. Must be here in my pocket somewhere. Really beg your pardon, my dear, for I've carried it nearly a week."

"Well" I accepted the stale document resignedly-"about the things to be sent up from town-"

"Ah! yes; strawberries: Let me see didn't you mention something else ?"

"I should think I did! Mest and vegetables. And, Thaddens, do send a man to look after that gas-pipe in the east room, it surely is leaking somewhere; and, please don't forget to stop and leave word about that carpet this morning."

"Whew! you don't expect a fellow to remember so many commissions, do you! Why, I haven't got it! Wonder if it is possible I left it at the office?"

Then followed a hurried search through improbable places, and sundry drawers had assumed the appearance of having went through a tornado, when the indomitable exploring party suddenly recollected that he had changed costs, and that the missing article was doubtless in "t'other pocket."

"All this hunt for nothing! What a bother! Don't believe I'll go after the thing anyway I can do well enough without it this merning. Peas and strawberries?"

"And meat, looking after the carpet and the gas-"

"Hold on ! I'd better write it down after all: that's the surest way." And thereupon he disappeared, and returning with the book remarked blandly: "Now tell me what is needed as speedily as you can, my dear, for I really haven't much time to attend to such matters this morning."

So my list had to be builded again "from turrent to foundation stone," or rather vice versa; Thaddons kissed the baby, straightened his necktie, observed in a half-congratulatory, easy way that women certainly have an easy time of it-"not to do, but order what they wish, and have it sent to them without taking any trouble about it"-and so took his departure.

I surveyed my once tidy drawers and sighed, mused upon Thaddeus' valedictory and laughed; heard him go whistling down stairs, and close the street door with a slam, and wondered whether he had been careful to see that it locked, or left it unfastened as he did shout half the time. I strongly suspected this last to be the state of affairs ; but notwithstanding the "easy time you women have of it, my dear," I experienced a singular feeling of exhaustion and disinclination to look after anything just then, and so sat still with Blossom in my arms.

By and by the blue veined lids began to droop over the baby eyes and that was a reason for sitting still longer. The wind fanned my cheek softly, played with the sunny rings of Blossom's hair, and awakened pleasant faraway shoughts in which street-doors were forgotten. I do not know how long a time had passed; the house must have been very quiet, for nothing disturbed by reverie, I had just laid the little alcoper in her crib beside me. and hent over it for a moment to mark the beauty of one tiny dimpled hand, when something startled me. It was no sound, only the sudden instinctive consciousness that some one was near me. For an instant I remained motionless; then there was a slight rustle in the room adjoining that in which I sat, a careful step, and as I turned my head towards the half open door connecting the two apartments, a pair of sharp grey eyes met mine.

I do not think I started, but the effect of that glance was like a breath from the north pole; I shivered and my hands grew cold as ice on that bright June morning. Mechanically, almost unconspiously, I surveyed the intruder—a stout form coarsely clad, a rough, bearded face, and an old cap pulled closely down over the shaggy hair, and the brown knotted hand on the door fearfully suggestive of strength. Oh, that neglected lock in the hall below! Why had I been so careless? What had become of cook and Bridget ? How could those heavy boots have ascended the stairs without me hearing them? What should I do? It seemed to me that I had ample time for thinking of a hundred things in that brief minute.

"What do you want?" I asked, trying to steady my voice. but it did not sound natural

"Don't trouble yourself, ma'am. I see what I came for, and I can get it without much bother," was the cool reply.

Little bother, indeed. The accomplishing of his scheme would be only too easy.

"I am not alone; I can call for help." began, half rising as I spoke; but the knowledge that there was only cook and Bridget to answer the call, intimidated me far more than my suggestion did him.

"It's no use. You needn't be troubling yourself, ma'am; just sit still," he responded, in the same guarded tone as before; and I sank into my chair again as if the words had been a most fearful menace. "I'll help myself to what I want," and he disappeared from the door.

It was a relief not to see him, even though I knew he was so near. But in a moment the dark face was thrust forward again with the ominous remark :- "I'll make a clean job of it, and be sure to leave no tracks, ma'am; so you needn't think of that."

It seemed useless to be thinking of anything; but I could not help my thoughts, and remembered, with unavailing chagrin, my watch and my chain left thoughtlessly exposed upon a toilet table; a roll of bills sent me the day before as treasurer of a benevolent society dropped loosely into a drawer; and various valuable possessions of Thaddeus' and my own lying in temptingly convenient places; there was little doubt that our burglarous visitor would "make a clean job of it." as he had said. I heard him moving cautiously about, rolling a chair out of his way, and an occasional rattle of some steel or iron implements knocking against each other. I was sure from the sounds that he had commenced in one corner where a small secretary of Thaddeus' was standing. It was locked, but that would make no difference. A slight noise as of hammering and boring reached me, and I wondered grimly that he had not demanded the keys, since he had been so kind to assure me that he would "leave no tracks."

Just then a sudden thought made my heart stand still in terror. What had that vague threat meant? "tracks!" no clue by which he could be discovered and brought to punishment? Was it probable, then, that he would depart with his booty, leaving me unharmed and free to give information, when I had seen his face so fully, and had so fair an opportunity to note dress and features? For the first time my vague dread and alarm took definite form as I comprehended that something worse than a robbery might befall; my very life was in danger.

I glauced about the room with the eagerness of desperation during those slow moving minutes. No weapon, nothing that could be made available at once, was in sight. Even Thaddeus' revolver had been banished from the apartment, lest the fearful thing should fire itself off in some way. Ah! the groundless fears of our hours of security, into what real peril do they sometimes lead us! I was defenceless, helpless. The open window near me overlooked only back-yards, the front room, with all the busy life of the city just below it, held the keen eyes and murderous hands from which I sought to escape.

If I could but reach the street ! only a few rods from me there was a door leading into an upper hall, and once there I might descend the stairs; but to reach it I must pass directly by the open door of the adjoining room, and risk detection from its occupant. There was no other hope; and as the clinking and grinding of his lawless work fell again upon my ear, warning me that what I did must be done speedily. I rose to my feet-slowly, that there might be no sound, not the slight. est rustle of my dress. I paused for an instant, glanced at my tiny, sleeping Blossom, and longed to snatch her in my arms and take her with me. But I dared not less herawakening cry should betray my movement : so I did what only a woman would have thought of doing at such a time-stooped and kissed the little sleeper, then nerved myself for the effort. Cautiously, silently, yet with my heart beating so loudly that it seemed as if the whole town might hear, I made my way toward the hall, crossed the open space before the door without once turning my head-I could not summon courage to look in that direction, even to discover if I were watched and so reached the stairway.

There was no stir, no sudden motion of pursuit, and I began to descend. Always before I had thought those stairs firmly built, and the carpet that covered them thick and soft: but that day every step had a voice of its own, and cracked and groaned as if it were in league with the enemy. Yet I reached the street door safely. It was locked. The man had evidently intended to prevent intrusion from without. But the lock turned easily, and in a moment I was on the steps, with the outer world of hope and help all about me. Marvellously enough, a policeman was near at hand, and promptly obeyed my summons. A few words explained the case, and he hastened into the hall. Just then Bridget appeared at the dining-room door, but started at the sight of the officer.

"Keep quiet !"

His peremptory tone silenced the exclamation on her lips, and I whispered:

"There is a burglar in the house." "Och! the saints defind us!" muttered Bridget, rolling up her eyes in horror. "What'll come of us all !"

Rapidly, but stealthily the policeman mount ed the stairs. I followed because my baby nary affairs of life.

was there, and Bridget for some undefined notion that she would be safest near me. I had never in my life fainted, but as the officer sprang forward into the dreaded room, everything grow dark about me, and I leaned against the wall for support. It was only for a few seconds; then my strength returned, and I began to wender that all was so quiet when the door was pushed back, and my policeman presented a puzzled face.

"I can't find a sign or trace of anyone." "I haven't seen a living soul about here anywhere ma'am," added another voice.

And looking in I saw the dark face and keen eyes of the stranger wearing an honest expression of astonishment, and the strong hand busied with no more deadly work than that of repairing the fractured gaspipe.

I wanted to faint then ; I tried to ; I would willingly have been unconscious for the next hour. But it was no use; and with those three pairs of eyes turned cautiously towards me, I stammered out an explanation which brought a cloud of profound disgust to the countenance of the disappointed official, and into the face of the workman first indignation and their amazement.

I had forgotten about asking my husband to send some one to see to the gas. I thought the door had been unlocked; and then you came up stairs so seftly---"

Bridget threw up her hands in a perfect paroxysm of merriment.

"Then, is that yer fine burglar, why shure I let him in myself, and told him where he was to go; and told him ye'd be jist in the next room if he wanted to ax yees anything, but not to bother yees wid stopping to knock or make a noise at the door, as baby had been troubled all night and was jist getting to

Indade I did ma'am. I thought you looked a little wild, but I didn't think;" and there he stopped and joined Bridget's demonstra-

The valiant knight of the mace took his way to the street again, telling the whole story-of course, while periodical shrieks, in the loud voices of cook and Bridget, came from below, and an occasional chuckle mingled with the sound of tools in the adjoining room for the next hour. But yet that was not to be compared to Thaddous when he came home to dinner. That man had a positively sublime genius for laughing when once he gets started, and he certainly was started that time.

"Oh, my most sagacious detective!" he gasped. "In the golden age when women are no longer debarred from the position for which their talents fit them, what a shining light you will be at police headquarters!"

Well, I sat in my room that night, and I felt my face grow hot as I thought it all over. I clenched my hand, and I wished I hadn't been such a ninny, and that the policeman had been a thousand miles away; that Thad deus wouldn't quite raise the the roof, and that the pipemender had been a burglar in good earnest, until a quaint remark of Aunt Betsey's floated into my mind, "Queer how some folks will mourn over a little blunder that makes 'em ridiculous in the sight of folks. more than over a sin that makes 'em black in the sight of Heaven."

Ah! but Aunt Betsey, Heaven will forgive our sins, while the world never pardons our blunders. Nevertholess, when a law-abiding citizen and Christian finds herself wishing that somebody else had been guilty of a crime so that she might have been guiltless of a misa little, and I subsided. But I felt a sort of reverential pity for absurd blunders since then. So many of them are only heroism on the wrong track.

#### A BIRD STORY.

Talking about the sagacity of birds, a curious anecdote is related of a pet raven. He lived many years ago at the Red Lion Inn, | and full of sweet perfume, so bloom those Hungerford, and was called Rafe. It was given in words of a gentleman who lodged at the inn. "Coming into the inn yard," says he, "my chaise ran over and bruised the leg of my Newfoundland dog; and while we were examining the injury Rafe not only visited him, but brought him bones, and attended on him with particular and repeated marks of kindness. The ostler of the inn informed me that the bird had been brought up with a dog, and that the affection between them was mutual, and all the neighborhood had been witnesses of their many reciprocal acts of kindness. Rafe's poor dog after a while broke his leg, and during the long time he was confined, Rafe waited on him constantly, carried him his provisions, and scarcely ever left him alone. One night, by accident, the stable door had been shut, and Rafe, deprived of the company of his friend the whole night : but the cetter found in the morning the door so pecked away that, had it not been opened in another hour, Rafe would have made his own entrance. My landlady confirmed this account, and mentioned several acts of kindness shown by this bird to all dogs in general, but particularly to maimed or wounded ones."

The best part of one's life is the performance of his daily duties. All higher motives. ideals, conception, sentiments, in a man are of no account if they do not come down and strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordiLINES ON THE DEATH OF JAMES EWART.

(Written for the Ontario Workman, )

Dear Jamie's gone, our darling one, We think of him with grinf; He was beloved by all he knew Although his stay was brief.

We've laid him in the grave so dark, And lonely is our home, For back to this sad wicked world Our Jamie ne'er will come.

We miss him at the evening hour. His face no more we'll see, Here, there will be a vacant chair, A saint in Heaven is be.

He is the first of our young band, Who sleeps beneath the sod, He now unites 'mong angels bright, In singing praise to God.

Oshawa, March 31st, 1874.

#### Gains of Gold.

A. J. A.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

They who know the truth are not equal to those who love it.

The universe is lodged as collateral security

to insure bliss to every sparrow that falls. There are only two kinds of ministers-

those born to minister and those born to be administered unto. Let there be in necessary things unity, in

everything charity; and then there need not be in everything uniformity. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be read by any good man without the strongest feel-

ing of shame and humiliation for the contrast between the picture of Christian principles there drawn and the reality he sees around Most people need all the strength which a high toned public opinion can give them to

keep them true to their conscience and their God; and that opinion is partly formed by what we do and what we are. Strive carnestly, then, to order your life with a wise simplicity. Be frugal in the shows, and generous in the substances of life. Set the example, so greatly needed, of wholesome moderation. Show that you care for character above all

When a finely-constituted nature wishes to go into baseness it has first to bribe itself. Evil is never embraced undisguised as evil, but under some fiction which the mind accepts, and with which it has singular power of blinding itself in the face of daylight. The power of imposing on one's self is an essential preliminary to imposing on others. Long habits of this kind of self-delusion in time produes a paralysis in the vital nerves of truth. so that one becomes habitually unable to see things in their verity and realizes the awful words of Scripture, "He feedeth on askes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand ?"

The following sentences are from the Vedas:

"Reflection is the path of immortality; thoughtlessness, the path to death. Those who reflect do not dio; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already." "He who knows that this body is like

froth, and has learned that it is unsubstantial as mirage, will break the flower-pointed arrow. \_ of Mara, and nover see the king of death." "As the bee collects nectar and departs

without injuring the flower or its color or perfume, so let the sages dwell upon earth." "As the lily on the rubbish grows beautiful

self-controls found growing unseen and unsung on the waste heaps of human misery."

"As an archer makes straight his arrow, so a wise man makes straight his thought, which it is difficult to turn."

I am well aware that in these days here worship, the thing I call here worship, professes to have gone out and finally ceased. This, for reasons which it will be worth while sometime to inquire into, is an age that, as it were, denies the existence of great men. Show our critics a great man, a Luthor, for example, they begin to what they call "account" for him; not to worship him, but to take the dimensions of him, and bring him out to be a little kind of man! He was the "creature of the time," they say; the time called him forth, the time did everything, he nothingbut what the little critic could have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work. The times call forth? Alas, we have known times call loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him: the time, calling its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck, because he would not come when called.

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