

TWILIGHT AND LILIES.

OUT on the river we peacefully glided,
In ripples soft-flowing the waters divided,
The gates of the west were all crimson and gold,
And down through the valley the gray shadows rolled.

Pond lilies nestled in cradles of green,
Each floweret gleaming in soft silver sheen,
Dew on the iris bloom gathered in pearls,
In pale purple chalice, on downy white curls.

Like the rush of sweet music in soft southern climes,
The low trill of a bird and the mystical chimes
Of vesper bells fell on the still evening air,
And twilight and lilies were never so fair.

Starry worlds shone in a calm, cloudless sky,
The deep river flowed without murmur or sigh;
Voices were hushed and the flowers were sleeping,
Through the lone woods where the shadows were creeping.

A waning moon rose and a wind from the shore,
Balmy and warm, swept the dark river o'er—
A rapture of bliss o'er my thrill'd senses crept—
I looked at my love—and she snored as she slept!

BISMARCK'S speech, which was at first thought a genuine "*Pax Vobiscum*," was probably only the preliminary shake-hands before the fight.

MR. PYNE, M.P., recently arrested at the door of the British Parliament now realizes the poet's remark:—"We look before and after and *pine* for what is not."

"ONLY A JOKE."



Sarah Jones, Miss Isabella Irving. "Only a Joke" is a pathetic story of a young couple struggling against poverty and adversity. The hero has married the girl he loves without the consent of her father, whom he has never seen, and who refuses to recognize his daughter after her marriage. Becoming desperate in consequence of his continued ill-luck, Dick finally decides to make an appeal to his father-in-law, and does so by letter. Soon after the rise of the curtain Ercylin acquaints his wife with what he has done, and asks her forgiveness for having subjected her to the trials and anxieties that have attended their married life. At the same time he tells her of a gleam of hope for the near future, the result of having seen two old college friends who, on meeting him accidentally, ignored his seedy appearance and asked what they could do to help him. One of these men had formerly



owed Ercylin a grudge, but at this meeting appeared particularly cordial, and offered to get a play of Ercylin's accepted at a theatre in which he (Cameron) was interested. At this moment Dolly Ercylin (the wife) recollects that two letters arrived that morning and hands them to Dick. They select one to be opened first and this purports to be from the manager of the theatre in question, accepting Dick's

play. By the sudden change in their prospects the young people are made happy. A substantial breakfast is ordered. The servant is told to purchase a ton of coal and bring it in, and some excellent comedy is introduced. Having feasted sumptuously, Dick falls asleep in his chair while picturing to himself the success

of his play on the first night. While he is asleep, his father-in-law, Mr. Ransom, enters. Dick awakes and mistakes him for the manager, and Mr. Ransom keeps up the deception in order to "pump" his son-in-law, whom he has never seen before. Ransom, after hearing the story of Dick's struggles and illness, and his daughter's suffering, determines to befriend them, and leaves after ordering his carriage to be sent for them. After his departure Dick remembers the second letter, which he had not opened. He reads it and finds it a warning from his real friend against Cameron's cruel intent to deceive him about the acceptance of his play. The shock is too much for Dick. He struggles bravely to tell his wife the circumstances, and finally succeeds in making her understand that the whole thing has been "only a joke" on Cameron's part. But his strength fails and he dies just as he has been assured of the reconciliation between his wife and her father. All the parts were capitally performed. The part of Dick, however, is one that few



actors would care to play very often, even if they possessed all the competency of Mr. Thorpe; few, indeed, would be equal to the physical strain required to represent a victim of consumption who is called upon for so much vigorous stage work. This may, unfortunately, militate against the success of the piece, which in itself is most deserving of a permanent place on the boards. It requires, however, a brighter ending. The death of Dick is not necessary, and an unnecessary death is never calculated to delight an audience. Sir William Young witnessed the performance, and had every reason to be gratified at the reception accorded to his first effort in stage literature. It is evident that the mantle of the author of "*Jim the Penman*" has fallen upon the young baronet. This is *not* a pun.