

Epitaph at Coomb Martin, Devon :

"Here lies John Swab, of this town, leaving six young children and a disconsolate widow, who carries on the business as usual, at the sign of the sugar loaf, where great bargains continue to be had, particularly in linen and snuff."

Here is another epitaph :

"Here Nellie Griggs is free from her labors,
Who was a great deal better than most of her neighbours,
She was not so drunken as Farmer Hale is,
Nor half such a swearer as Thomas Ballis ;
She did not, like Dame Smith, grudge her dog his bonesis,
And was far more pious than Parson Jones is."

The following is copied *verbatim et literatim* from the church-yard at Ercall-Magna, near Wellington, Salop :

"Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Backlamb, passed to eternity on Sunday, 21st May, 1797, in the 71st year of her age."

"Richard Backlamb, the ante-spouse uxorius, was interred here 27th January, 1806, aged 84."

"When terrestrial all in chaos shall exhibit effervescence,
Shall with beaming beauteous radiance thro' the ebullition shine,
Transcending to glorious regions beatifical, sublime,
Human power, absorbed, deficient to delineate such
Effulgent lasting sparks,
Where honest plebeians ever shall have precedence o'er ambiguous great monarchs."

PHILIP LAWDESHAYNE.

Toronto.

OUTCLASSED.

I used in my bygone times to think
That of all the fiends I knew,
The worst was the miscreant who says—
"Is it cold enough for you?"

But latterly I've met a wretch
Who's viler altogether,
The chap who says, with a grin inane,
"It's seasonable weather."

For the merry spring brings glad surcease
To the "cold enough" villain's crime,
But the "seasonable weather" fiend
Is with us all the time.

P. T.

TIMILY.

"I bring a sonnet on balmy spring"
Said the poet. "Ere April's prime
I have hastened my tribute of verse
to bring,
In hopes it will be in time."

"Too late, too late," the editor said,
"You should'nt have been so slow,
Our vernal warblings were all in hand
A couple of months ago."

The poet smiled with a smile serene,
"You have misunderstood, that's clear :
When I spoke of being in time, I meant,
Of course, for the spring—next year."
P. T.

A BIRTHDAY NOTE.

Born when birds—whose gladsome song
Rang through all the Summer-time,
Gather'd in a chattering throng—
Take their flight to warmer clime,
Thou their place dost more than fill,
Bringing into cold, dark days
Warmth, that naught avails to chill—
Light, and music's richer lays.

When the swallow and the thrush
Leave the barn, forsake the bush ;
When the snow, with shimmering veil,
Hides departed Autumn's trail ;
Seated in the ruddy light
Of the hearth fire's flickering blaze,
While thy fond look, touch and voice,
Make my full heart cry "rejoice!"
Sweeter is the Winter's night
Than lone Summer's loveliest days.

Speed the birds ! Watch the trees fade
From the rosy to the sad ;
Bind upon the river's breast
Her white armour ; drop her crest
On the fir-top ; case in mail,
Diamonded and glistening,
Leafless branch and twig, and bring
Icicles whence dripped the spring,
Let the bleak wind mourn and wail,
Scream and shriek as grows the gale,
Spitting sleet, and hurling hail!
Thou art sunshine, and thy love
Warmer than the Summer glows,
When 'tis cloudless blue above,
And earth's strewn with apple-blows.
"ORAC"

LI HUNG CHANG.

BY PROF. JOHN J. MC CARTHY.

THE Viceroy Li Hung Chang is the real head of the Chinese Government. The strong determination in his face, is in