

"MY RAINBOW"

(Dedicated to A. Price, Esq., Montreal.)

"Your young men their dreams shall dream,
And older ones their visions see;"
Dreams; visions;—Rainbow is our theme:
A world-wide scope for you and me.

The rainbow 'gainst the cloud is seen,
'Tis Nature's God that willed it so;
Sahara's desert sands and burning suns,
Exception is where clouds don't go;—

For there, no rainbow e'er is seen,—
No lovely colours flitting to and fro;
More favour'd we where all is green
From gentle showers, cloud and 'bow.

So for our life, our daily life,
These illustrations samples give,
To teach us in this world of strife,
All sunshine's not the life to live:

If we would full fruition prove,
Of all the graces offered man;
Patience, faith, hope, mercy, love;
These clouds may bring when nought else can.

The best of men in all the spheres
Of life have had their cloudy mood:
Milton, Beethoven, soothes now our ears,
But both were blind: dark solitude!

The time would fail to tell of all:—
(Your memory may supply the lack,)
Where faith and hope were visions tall,
And rainbows never lost the track!

The rainbow is a cov'nant made
In mercy to an erring world;
So Mercy, trust her in the shade;
The rainbow yet shall be unfurled!

Apply this to your little crowd:
The little sphere in which you swim,
And when you see your brother's cloud,—
Just be a rainbow unto him.

DID I OR DID I NOT?

We like at least ONE pleasant recollection,
But with ANOTHER well-combined:
Sublimely sweet in its conception,
We LOVE to bear the last in mind:

Two patients taken for an auto-ride;
One sat beside the driver,
But Nurse and I sat side-by-side;
('Twas worth a dollar-fiver!)

The wind was chill; so cold the day,
I needed warmth upon the way;
So Nurse, knowing my hand was cold enough:
"Mr. H., PUT IT IN MY MUFF!"