

LINES.

WHAT is Fame? 'tis but a phantom,
Holding in her shadowy hand
The trumpet which has called so many
Forth to join her warlike band.

What is Friendship? but a pass-word
Just to enter in your heart,
But when Fortune frowns upon you,
Friendship surely will depart.

What is Love? 'tis but a sunbeam,
Short and transient is its stay,
Leaving darker the soul behind it
For the short bright glimpse of day.

What is Faith? 'tis all that's left us
As a guide to yonder shore;
As we toss upon Life's Ocean
Let us firmly grasp this oar.

M. McG.

KIND YOUNG FRED AND NICE DOG TRAY.

A POEM IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

BY MAUD S. WENTWORTH.

Kind young Fred and nice dog Tray,
Went out to take a walk one day.
In the bye streets, the boys at play
Cried "here comes Fred and nice dog Tray!"
Tray shook his fur, and seemed quite pleased,
The ball he caught, the boys he teased,
Yet still they laughed, and still they cried,
Three cheers! for Tray, Fred's joy and pride.
They left their play; down by the sea
They thought that they could be more free;
And off they went with good dog Tray,
Down to a cot, thatched, old, and grey.
They tossed a rope, a log to catch,
They took it to the cot of thatch,
Where the poor *Mere* did knit, that day,
And asked the boys if they would stay.
"God bless ye, dears, God keep and guide,
Of nice warm homes ye are the pride;
Yet still a poor lone soul like me
Can pray to God, can pray for ye.
This log will bring me best of cheer,
In its bright blaze so warm and clear.
Come sit ye down, and I will tell
Of my best days when all was well;
My fair-haired boy, just ten years old,
Was two years then, and stout and bold;
I took him, loved him, he'd no home;
His hair was soft, like gold it shone."
"Had he no ma?" said kind young Fred.
"No ma, my child, no pa—both dead."
The tears coursed down young Fred's brown cheek
And all the boys looked sad and meek,
As on their eyes their cuffs they drew,
And in the fire stout chips they threw.