

An Humble Hero.

HEROES there are unknown to fame,
That live and die without a name,
And yet whose lives might put to shame
The proud of birth.
Meek, humble, unassuming ones,
Ye are the spiritual suns
That gladden earth.

My old schoolmaster, Upright John,
Tho' to the world but little known,
Was one who might have filled a throne ;
Well would it be
If all earth's thrones were only filled,
And men were taught, and trained and drilled
By such as he.

Wide was his spiritual ken,
One born to guide with tongue and pen ;
A leader, yea, a king of men !
A soul upright !
Meanness and Malice, Lust and Greed,
And all their hungry, heartless breed,
Quailed in his sight.

A bulwark to the mild and meek,
A staff was he to all the weak,
A voice for those who could not speak,
And sorrow lone,
With none to succor, none to cheer,
Had aye thy sympathetic tear —
Great hearted John ! *

Many there are could look on death,
And willingly resign their breath ;
But few like thee could face men's wrath,
And nobly dare
The bigot's frown, the tyrant's snout,
The pointed finger of the foul,
So few can bear.

And leaving speculations high
For common things that round us lie—
Things that our inmost spirits try,
He spake words fit—
Yea, living words, all void of art,
The very coinage of his heart,
I hear them yet :

" Falsehood may flourish for an hour,
And sit within the seat of power,
And virtue in her presence cower,"
'Twas thus he spoke,

" But surely she'll be overcast,
And weary earth be free at last,
From her vile yoke.

" We see the just man vilely treated :
But God and Nature can't be cheated,
He still is victor, tho' defeated
Ninety times nine :
For who can put the truth to rout.
Or who can ever trample out
Aught that's divine ?

" When once thy duty's plain and clear,
Then do it thou, and never fear,
Tho' friends may pity, fools may jeer,
And coward's flee ;
Yea, what, tho' all the world disdain,
While God and Nature thee sustain
What's that to thee ?

" We issue from a bright abode,
But weighted with this earthy clod,
We crawl through matter back to God,
The glory gone !
While all the hosts of angel eyes ;
No ! not in anger, but surprise,
Are looking on.

" O why will men not walk erect !
Their brows with native glory deck'd,
And feel the joy of self-respect
And moral worth,
And throw aside their casts and creeds,
And make their standard noble deeds,
Not blood and birth.

" Cast selfishness from out thy mind,
Feel for, and with all humankind,
Leave nothing to regret behind,
And death shall be
A summons to a higher state,
Where all thy lov'd and lost shall wait,
To welcome thee."

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.



ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE.

Reform Party (Huron)—Oh ! Malcolm Colin, you don't mean it ! You'd never do such a rash deed ! How can I live without you ? You shall *not* jump off ! !

M. C. Cameron—Won't I, though ! (and he does !)

" YES," said the editor, as he put his mucilage brush in the ink bottle and tried to paste on a clipping with his stub pen, " yes, the great fault of newspaper contributors is carelessness. Indeed," he continued, as he dropped the copy he had been writing into the waste basket, and marked " Editorial" across the corner of a poem entitled an " Ode to Death," " contributors are terribly careless. You would be surprised," said he, as he clipped a column of fashion items and labelled them " Farm Notes," " to see the slipshod writing that comes into the editorial sanctum. Misspelled, unpunctuated, written on both sides of the sheet, illegible, ungrammatical stuff. Contributors are terribly careless. They are—" Just then the office boy came in, in that dictatorial and autocratic manner he has, and demanded more copy, and the editor handed him the love letter he had just written his girl, and, as he had forgotten what he had been talking about, went on with his work.—*Yankee Blade.*

* John Fraser, late of Newfield House, Johnstone, Scotland.