

## FOR SOME ONE.

BY CECIL GWYNNE, MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,

Oh heart that is bruised and wounded,  
And aching with hopes and fears ;  
Oh hands that are empty and helpless,  
Through the barren and dreary years.

The years that have brought no blessing,  
But are bearing thy youth away,  
Faded, and withered, and useless,  
Like leaves on an autumn day.

Sit not by the roadside idle,  
Grasp *something* before it goes by !  
Better to struggle and suffer  
Than helplessly sink down and die.

The way has been rough and stony,  
And the journey seemed all up-hill ;  
But there's One who is near in the darkness,  
Whose hand shall uphold thee still.

And some time in the dim hereafter,  
Some time in the years to come,  
Thou shalt lay down thy weapons forever,  
At rest, in thy hard won Home.

Charity taken in its largest extent is  
nothing else but the sincere love of God  
and our neighbour.

Whatever you have to do, do it with  
all your might. Many a lawyer has  
made his fortune by simply working with  
a will.

'Don't stand on ceremony ; come in,'  
said a lady to an old farmer, as she  
opened the door. 'Why, my goodness !  
Excuse me, ma'am. I thought all along  
I was standin' on the door mat.'

Two bees—a honey and a drone—  
alighted, towards sunset, upon the  
trunk of a tree. Muttered the drone to  
the busy bee, which was laden with  
honey, 'I have been looking for you all  
over the place. I am starving, and you  
might help me with a little of your sub-  
stance.' 'Why so?' asked the other.  
'I have had the pleasure of toiling all  
the day for it. Add the virtue of inde-  
pendence to the dignity of labour, and  
gather for yourself.' 'Say you so,' re-  
joined the drone, 'then I must take it  
by force.' But as the drone had no  
sting, the struggle was vain ; and he  
soon lay legs uppermost, a helpless tit-  
bit for a watchful robin. Moral.—The  
lazy and the 'loafing' will waste as much  
time and energy over scheming 'how  
not to do it' as would suffice to gain an  
honest living, and come to a troublesome  
end for their pains.

## A PASSING THOUGHT.

C. E. M., MONTREAL.

Every life has its December,  
Full of sad repining,  
Yet December's darkest heaven  
Hides a silver lining.

May will bring, on some sweet morrow,  
Rosy light and laughter ;  
Longest grief must have an ending,  
If not here, hereafter.

Old party—'What d'ye mane by snow-  
balling o' me, yer young wagabones !  
Ain't yer got a father o' yer own to  
snowball ?'

A well-fed hog rose up in his sty and  
dropped a regretful tear. 'The beauti-  
ful snow has come,' he said, 'and slaying  
will soon be here.'

'How do I look, doctor?' asked a  
painted young lady of the family phy-  
sician. 'I can't tell, madam, till you  
*uncover* your face,' was the cutting reply.

Mrs. Maloney—'That's a foine child  
ov yours, Mrs. Murphy. How ould is  
he?' Mrs. Murphy.—'He'll be two  
years old to-morrow. He was born on  
the same day as his father.'

An enterprising American firm, to pre-  
vent the destruction of their cheeses by  
rats in their transit to England, packed  
them in iron safes. It is stated that the  
rats eat their way through the safes, but  
found the cheeses too much for them.

## REVELATION.

I trod the rustling carpet of the earth,  
When winter winds had bared the forest  
trees ;  
Hushed were the myriad sounds of insect  
mirth,  
That erst had floated on the summer breeze.  
No voice of bird was heard in warblings sweet,  
No pleasant murmur of the growing leaves.  
'Death, death,' I said, 'on every side I meet ;  
And Nature for her buds and blossoms  
grieves.'

Anon I saw the earth apparelled new ;  
Greenness and growth did everywhere  
abound ;  
The skies bent over all the summer blue.  
And grand old hills with bounteousness  
were crowned.  
The air was stirred with waves of happy  
strife.  
Where'er I turned, I saw the eternal seal.  
'Life follows death,' I said : 'through death  
to life,  
Doth nature thus the spirit's law reveal.'