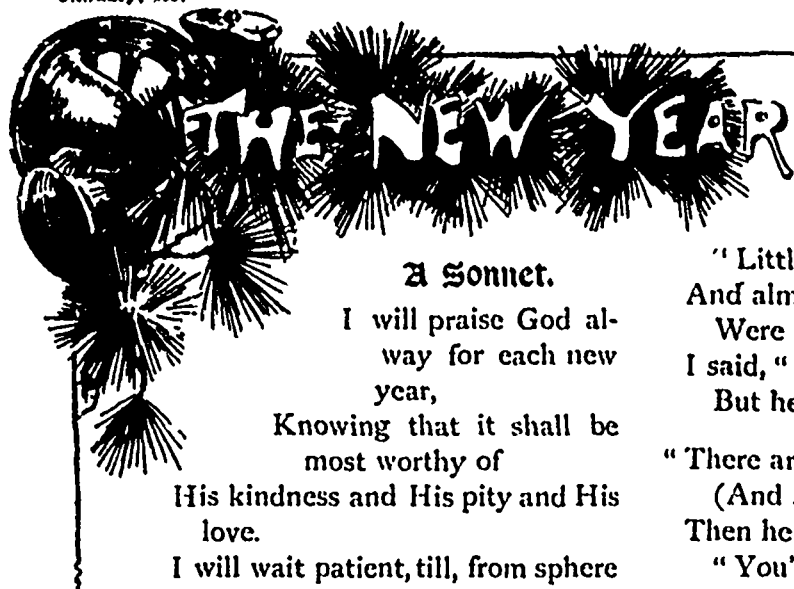




A Sonnet.

I will praise God al-
way for each new
year,
Knowing that it shall be
most worthy of
His kindness and His pity and His
love.
I will wait patient, till, from sphere
to sphere,

Across large times and spaces, ringeth clear
The voice of Him who sitteth high above,
Saying, "Behold! thou hast had pain enough;
Come; for thy Love is waiting for thee here!"
I know that it must happen as God saith—
I know it well. Yet, also, I know we'll
That where birds sing and yellow wild-flowers
dwell,

Or where some strange new sunset lingereth,
All Earth shall alway of her presence tell
Who liveth not for me this side of death."

—Francis Sherman in "Malins."



Leap Year 3dyl.

Jim was always a friend o'
mine—you see,
We lived in the same little
town,

But tho' he was 'fectionate like to me,
He courted Amelia Brown.
At least so I thought, and then thinks I,
I will go and tell her to speak,
For Jim was backward, and kind o' shy,
And Leap Year would end in a week.

So on Christmas Eve I started out,
(She lived nearly a mile away),
The evenin' shadows lay all about,
And my heart felt dull and grey.
Then I suddenly heard a well-known tone,
And I turn'd, and behind was Jim,
I didn't feel half so sad and lone,
Awalkin' along by him.

I told him all that I had to tell,
Without mentionin' 'Melia's name,
"There's a girl," I
said, "as likes
you well,"

So he might have
known 'twas
the same.

I said, she hated to
see him lead
Such a lonesome,
'bachelor life,

Said he, with a little smile, "Indeed!
Then you think that I need a wife?"

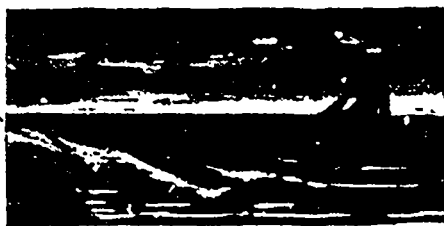


And I answered back, "Of
course, Jim, yes,
One that's gentle and
kind, and true,
Who'll love you thro' sor-
row and happiness."

"Little sweetheart," he said, "that's you."
And almost before we knew it, we
Were close by Amelia's gate;
I said, "She is waitin', go and see,"
But he answered, "Let her wait!"

"There are plenty to comfort her," said he,
(And she was a flirt, I knew),
Then he said with a twinklin' eye to me,
"You're the girl that's kind and true."
'Twas very queer it should turn out so,
However, I married Jim,
And tho' he asked me, as both of us know,
Yet he always says, *I asked him.*

—M. HEMSTED.



The Phantom Ship.

THERE'S a phantom ship at sea,
When night falls low, when the waves
and sky
Grow dark mid tempest,
This ship flits by:
Swiftly and silently.

Out of the gloom of night,
Come jargon voices of bells wind-swung;
And a darker cowl
O'er the world is flung,
Till stars creep out of sight.

And there's not a groan nor sigh,
As a phantom ship on a pitchy sea;
With her cargo of souls,

In agony,
Flits swiftly, swiftly by.

—A. P. MCKISHNIE.



A New Year Chime.

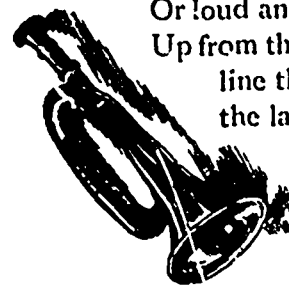
LIKE the summer flowers and sunshine,
That return to us each year,
Comes the same old merry greeting
To ring in the New Year cheer.

Summer flowers can grow no sweeter,
Nor the sunshine show more clear.
Words can hold no more of heart-love
Than "A Happy New Year, dear."

—MAUD TISDALE.



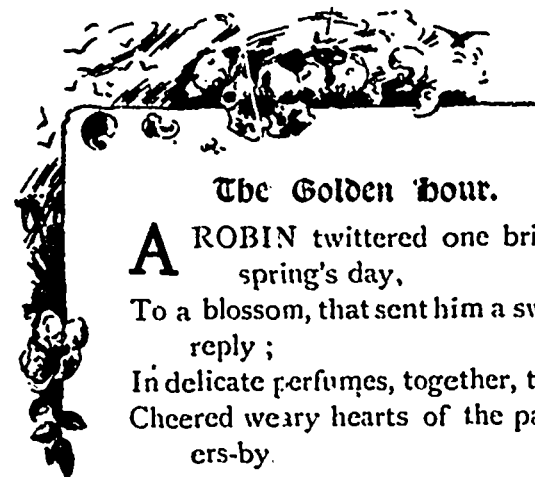
No tumult here,
Nor ceaseless
tramp of hurrying
toilers' feet,
Only a hush above
the wide old street;
Or loud and clear,
Up from the long, low
line that bounds
the lake



The noisy crash of
waves that rise and
break.

And over all,
Lost in the hush and mingling with the roar
Of sullen waters breaking on the shore,
The bugle call
Drifts from the Fort that nestles quaint and low
Beyond the river's frozen fields of snow.

—MADELINE GRALE.



The Golden Hour.

A ROBIN twittered one bright
spring's day,
To a blossom, that sent him a sweet
reply;
In delicate perfumes, together, they
Cheered weary hearts of the pass-
ers-by.

O the sweetest notes of song he gave,
And she smiled and nodded this waxen flower;
Then he kissed her lips, and said, "be brave,
I go to to return in the golden hour."

In the golden hour of Autumn's glow,
With heart all glad some he sought his bride;
But the ground was covered with fleecy snow,
The tender blossom long since had
died.

Then he sang one song to the
leadens sky,
One carol that told of sorrow
deep;
Till the chilly winds sighed a
lullaby,
And the sad-voiced
robin was soothed
to sleep.

—A. P. MCKISHNIE.

