

## OBITUARY.

ZAVITZ.—In a collision on the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway, near Lapeer, on the 23rd ult., Melvin Zavitz, fireman on one of the engines that was wrecked, was fatally injured, and expired at 10.40 in the evening, about three hours after the accident.

The next day, First-day, he was removed to his home, in Fort Gratiot. On Third-day 250 of the Brotherhood of L. F., to which he belonged, showed their respect and esteem for their dead comrade by accompanying the remains and family to the ferry, and 50 went on to Coldstream, Ont., where the body is laid in its last resting place, in the Friends' peaceful cemetery.

Deceased was the son of Edmund H and Julia Zavitz, and husband of Mercy (Vail) Zavitz, and a member of Norwich Monthly Meeting of Friends.

He was 26 years of age. During his short period of three years as fireman on the road he had by his manly bearing good qualities, and faithfulness to duty, won the universal esteem of his associates. This was evident to all who witnessed the thoughtful care taken by the Brotherhood in all the arrangements for the burial of the dead and the comfort of the sorrowing widow and her three little children, who they felt had lost a devoted husband and loving parent.

The funeral was on Fourth-day, and was a sweetly solemn occasion, and one long to be remembered. The Friends' meeting-house was full. Serena Minard spoke and seemed highly favored, especially in her address to the young men of the Brotherhood. Samuel P. Zavitz made an appropriate prayer. The feeling of sympathy was universal; there was scarcely a heart but grieved with those who grieved, there was scarcely an eye but wept with those who wept.

The harmony with which the "Brotherhood" and the "Friends" worked together in carrying out their respective parts was a satisfaction to all, especially to the relatives of the deceased, and it heightened their re-

spect for each other, and made it an occasion that shall never be forgotten.

## OUR CANADIAN POETS.

## A SUNSET ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

Broad shadows fall. On all the mountain side  
The scythe-swept fields are silent. Slowly  
home  
By the long beach the t'gh piled hvy carts  
come,  
Splashing the pale salt shallows. Over wide  
Fawn colored wastes of mud the slipping tide,  
Round the dun rocks and wattled fisheries,  
Creeps murmuring in And now, by twos and  
three;  
O'er the slow sreading pools, with clamorous  
chide,  
Belated crows from strip to strip take flight.  
Soon will the first star shine; yet ere the night  
Reach onward to the pale green distances,  
The sun's last shaft beyond the gray sea floor  
Still dreams upon the Kamouraska shore,  
And the long line of golden villages.

—Archibald Lampman, *Ottawa, Canada.*

## THE CLEARING.

Stumps, and harsh rocks, and prostrate trunks  
all charred,  
And gnarled roots naked to the sun and  
rain,—  
They seem in their grim stillness to com-  
plain,  
And by their plaint the evening peace is jarred.  
These ragged acres fire and the axe have  
scarred,  
And many hummers not assuaged their pain.  
In vain the pink and saffron light, in vain  
The pale dew on the hillocks stripped and  
marred.

But here and there the waste is touched with  
cheer

Where spreads the fire-weed like a crimson  
flood,  
And venturous plumes of golden-rod appear;  
And round the blackened fence the great  
boughs lean

With comfort; and across the solitude  
The hermit's holy transport peals serene.

—Charles G. D. Roberts,  
*Windsor, N. S. in Independent.*

## DREAMS.

Silence. The jewell'd curtains of the night  
Are drawn at last. Now is the breathing  
spell.

The dusky shadows as they swiftly fell  
Hid from Earth's tired eyes the lingering light,  
And wooed her children to forget the flight  
Of time. Upon the flowing Lethe-tide.  
Of sleep they rock and slowly onward glide  
Into the land of Nod. There all is bright.

The hills are green; the fields all gay with  
flowers;