

Where the inhabitants, mostly Scotch,  
Call GRIP, the raven, a crow or corbie;  
And where they look with a wistful  
and yearning expression at the coin  
Before they spend a bawbee.

There, I think that's pretty good: Of course  
the metre is that known as the go-as-you-  
p'ense, you-pays-your-money-and-you-takes-  
your-choice-but-get-there-anyhow style, but  
on the whole it rather takes the shine out of  
that other bard's effort. FREDDIE.

## POEMS OF LIFE.—No. 4.

OCTOBER.—A REVERIE.

Written during a severe snow storm.

BY MCTUFF.

Sitting by the glowing wood stove  
Am I silent, meditative,  
List'ning to the noisy crackling  
Of its cheerful fire of henlock,  
In the furnace fast consuming.

It is noontide, yet I gladly  
Draw my chair up closer to it,  
For all labor is suspended,  
And the herds from field and meadow  
Hasten unto place of shelter;  
For without the storm fiend's howling,  
Driven by the lash of boreas,  
From his strong hold, bleak, and sterile,  
In the dreary, frozen northland,  
Where throughout the meagre summer,  
Lulled to sleep by gentle Phoebus,  
He on a couch of moss lay dreaming,—  
Dreaming of his future triumphs,  
When beneath the banner marching,  
Of the ruthless tyrant, Winter,  
Would with spirit denouance,  
Clasp earth's fairest, richest treasures,  
In Death's chilly, cold embraces.

Fiend remorseless, born midst ice-bergs,  
Knowest thou nought of compassion,  
Wilt not stay thy furious onslaught,—  
Thy career of desolation.  
What de spiteful imp hath driven thee  
From thy couch of downy softness  
Thus so early in the season—  
Yea, in genial October,  
When the lords of terra firma  
Look for bright and balmy weather,  
Calm and pleasant misty mornings  
Fraught with joy and health and pleasure,  
When the day god sweetly smiling  
Casts shy glances o'er the mist cloud,  
Gently wooing mother nature,  
Lighting up her hoary girdle  
With a blaze of heavenly splendor,  
Till the drowsy landscape sparkles  
With its wreath of frost-wove garlands  
Wove by fairies midst the stillness  
Of the bright October night-time!  
But thou'lt come with scathing fury;  
Unprepared we for thy advent;  
Ere the robin, hapless migrant,  
Hath to milder climes roved;  
Or the staid, industrious yeoman,  
Hath secured the luscious treasures  
Of the ripe, fruit-laden Autumn;—  
Come, e'er we can gladly greet thee  
With the clasp of friendly welcome.

Yet thou gavest timely warning  
That thy hosts were southward marching,  
When the maples on the hillside,  
And the sturdy oak and beeches  
Changed their summer robes of emerald  
For a garb of hues more varied—  
Robes which by thy breath were tinted  
With rich neutral shades of beauty;  
And though to the eye most pleasing  
Yet to view them filled my bosom  
With a heavy load of sadness,  
For they proved past peradventure  
That the aged year was dying,  
Oft I've wandered in the woodland  
In the latter days of Autumn,  
When the cold, remorseless north wind  
Sported midst the quivering branches  
Of the monarchs of the forest;  
And I've watched them, sadly watched them,  
Doff their robes in fretful temper  
As if consciously preferring  
Primitive, unsullied nudeness,  
To their garb of faded grandeur.

But the hours are quickly passing,  
And the shades of evening deepen;  
Yet the snow clouds chase each other  
Madly over hill and valley,  
And a mournful, weirdly wailing  
Comes from out the distant woodland,  
And the pine grove on the sand-knoll,  
As if spirits in deep anguish  
Were lamenting for their loved ones,  
Who beneath the pine tree's shadow  
In their graves lie soundly sleeping,

Heed they not the dreary moaning  
Of the tempest in their branches;  
Deafened are their ears to sorrow,  
Nought of earth can now awake them,—  
Nought to them is nature's changes,  
Summer's smiles, or Winter's frowning  
Cares of life no more harass them,  
Deep and placid is their sleep.  
But the hours of evening hasten,  
And the deep plutonian darkness  
Veils the face of outward nature;  
And the dwellers of the forest  
Snugly lie within their coverts,  
Laughing at the fitful fury  
Of the fast increasing tempest.

(To be continued.)



PICTURES FROM LIVING MODELS.

## I.—THE BUSYBODY.

What community is there on this earth  
that does not possess at least one specimen of  
the genus Busybody? There is no such place,  
for wherever two or three mortals shall be  
gathered together, there shall the Busybody  
be found.

The Busybody is of either gender, but it is  
of the masculine kind that I am now think-  
ing.

The Busybody flourishes like a green bay  
tree in villages and small towns, and there is  
not a man, woman, child, dog or cat in the  
place whose business he does not know better  
than he knows his own, that is to say if he has  
any, for many a Busybody has no other busi-  
ness than that of being a Busybody, though,  
for the matter of that he makes everybody's  
business his business. The list of things the  
Busybody knows is only excelled in length by  
that of those he does not know, though it  
would not be safe to hint to the Busybody  
that there is anything of which he is ignorant.  
He is the first to discover that the neighbor  
who is so proud of the large weekly washing  
that appears on her lines takes in washing on  
the quiet, from two or three families, and ex-  
hibits, as her own property, articles which  
belong to others and which she is paid to  
purify. Surely this is but a harmless gratifi-  
cation of feminine vanity on that neighbor's  
part and should be nobody's business but her  
own; the Busybody makes it his, however,  
and soon the whole community is acquainted  
with the terrible fact.

The Busybody, after much diligence and  
peeking through knotholes into the premises  
of other people, discovers the reason why the  
literary gentleman five doors round the cor-  
ner invariably stays at home on one day in  
every week, and fails to appear in public. To  
the Busybody it is granted to ferret out the  
fact that the day on which the literary gen-  
tleman remains in the seclusion of his domi-  
cile, is that on which his shirt is washed, for  
did he not catch a glimpse of the literary gen-  
tleman himself at the window with his coat  
buttoned up to his chin and with no appear-  
ance of linen either at the collar or cuffs there-

of? And pretty soon the whole village is  
made aware of the scantiness of the ward-  
robe of the literary gentleman.

If the line of a new railway is to pass  
through the village, the Busybody is the man  
who runs about discussing the advisability of  
compelling the railway people to construct a  
subway, or to make a level crossing, or to do,  
in fact, just whatever he, the Busybody, con-  
coives to be the most conducive to the general  
welfare, and he talks with immense importance  
of the "depreciation of property in the  
neighborhood" and so on, though he may not  
be the possessor of a single foot of land any-  
where in the whole wide world. He is the  
man who takes upon himself the duty of  
drawing up a petition to those railway people  
and obtaining signatures thereto, the object  
of the said petition being to compel those rail-  
way people to conform with his views on the  
subject, whatever they may be: and generally  
the petition is forwarded to those to whom it  
is addressed and that is the last of it; but  
the Busybody is satisfied, for he imagines his  
importance has been magnified.

It is the Busybody who takes occasion to  
let Mrs. Boodle know that Mrs. Tubby said  
that her (Mrs. Boodle's) hair was red and that  
she must be fully forty if she is a day; and  
when the Busybody sees these two ladies pass  
one another on the street with no sign of re-  
cognition further than a sniff of contempt  
from each, he feels that he has not labored in  
vain.

It is the Busybody who engages little  
Jimmy Struggles, aged 7, in conversation, and  
uncerthly, by much cunning, the fact that Mr.  
Struggles, senior, came home twice during  
the previous week in a state that would hor-  
rify good temperance folk; and many hours  
do not elapse after the gleaming of this infor-  
mation before Mr. Struggles' sins and short-  
comings are very generally known.

Surely everyone knows the Busybody, for is  
he not the cause of more bickering and un-  
pleasantness in all the community where he  
dwells than all other evils put together?

Yes, the Busybody is a stern, undeniable  
fact and his use in this world is a problem yet  
unsolved, though, like all pests, such as mos-  
quitoes, fleas, corns, and so on, he probably  
was made for the accomplishment of some  
end, and for the carrying out of the great plan  
of creation.



THE MAJOR.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

(Dedicated to a popular personage of Goderich.)