

A GEOLOGICAL MADRIGAL.

BY BRET HARTE.

(After Shenstone.)

I have found out a gift for my fair, I know where the fossils abound, Where the footprints of Ares declare...

I will show you the sinuous track By the slow-moving amellid made, Or the Trilobite that, further back, In the old Potsdam sandstone was laid...

You wished—I remember it well, And I loved you the more for that wish— For a perfect Cystididian shell And a whole helioplathic fish...

Then come, love, and never say nay, But calm all your maidenly fears, We'll note, love, in one summer's day, The record of millions of years...

THE RAILWAY ACROSS THE ICE.

INAUGURATION DAY.

The thirty-first day of January, 1880, will henceforth be known as Inauguration Day. Such was the name conferred on it by the promoters of the trip from Hochelaga to Longueuil, which took place on that eventful morning...

The Hon. J. A. Chapleau, and a few others, then crossed by boat to Ile Ronde and were explained the proposed scheme of keeping the channel of the river open during the whole winter...

And in the nights of winter, When the cold north winds blow, And the loud calls of habitants, Are heard amid the snow...

C. E. R.

Speaking seriously this undertaking is one of the most remarkable of the day, reflecting the highest credit on the energy of the managers and the skill of the engineers. It will prove of great advantage to our carrying trade generally...

A FEW GEMS FROM AMERICAN POETS.

Poetry abides in the beautiful mansions of imagination, crowned with turrets which glitter in the rays of resplendent thought. It lifts the soul above the drass of every-day life to a kind of as it were celestial sphere. There is a sublimity in its surroundings, a fascination in its garb...

Oh passion can glow 'mid a palace's splendour; The cage does not alter the song of the bird, And the curtain of silk has known whispers as tender As ever the blossoming Hawthorn has heard.

No fear lest the steps of the soft-slipped Graces Should fright the young Loves from their warm little nest.

For the heart of a queen, under jewels and laces, Beats time with the pulse in the peasant girl's breast.

Yes, the song of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes ripples along through smiles and tears. His rosy fields of seventy years bloom now with the freshness of a dewy morn. Emerson says "Nature is full of freaks and now puts an old head on young shoulders, and then a young heart beating under four score winters."

"Hope, only Hope of all that clings Around us never spreads her wings; Love though he break his earthly chain Still whispers he will come again; But Faith that soars to seek the sky Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly, And find beyond the smoke and flame, The cloudless azure whence they came!"

Dr. Holmes is not only one of the wittiest, but also one of the wisest of our writers. His works, particularly his prose works, present a succession of the most brilliant and original thoughts which fill the mind of the reader with ever-recurring wonder and delight.

"But changing hands it reached at length a Puritan divine Who used to follow Timothy and take a little wine, But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was perhaps, He went to Leyden where he found conventicles and schuaps."

Dr. Holmes had much to do with the christening of that very able literary magazine The Atlantic Monthly. He was one of the first contributors to its pages, and since its establishment in 1857, his genius has sparkled in the columns of many a number.

I come not here your morning hour to sadden, A limping pilgrim leaning on his staff— I who have never deemed it sin to gladden This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

How beautifully Mr. Stinter, of New York portrayed the versatile genius of Dr. Holmes in song where he said in his poem

That song has flecked with rosy gold The sails that fade o'er Fancy's sea; Returned our storied days of old; Presaged our glorious life to be; And many a sorrowing heart consoled In grief untold.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table is now three score and ten. May the diamond spray of his rippling song yet bathe the rosy fields of a hundred years!

"True bard, true soul, true man, true friend, Oh! gently on that reverend head The snows of wintry age descend; The shades of mortal might be shed! Peace guide and guard him to the end, And God defend!"

Belleville, Ont. T. O'HAGAN.

CLERICAL PLAGIARISM.

Let me tell you two original stories touching the above topic. Some years ago a public dinner was given at B—, in Staffordshire, to celebrate the anniversary of an institution of which I was secretary. To make the interest as wide as possible I invited speakers of all the principal churches.

Not many years ago I stood in Coates' auction room, Toronto, at a book sale. Behind me stood the Rev. —, who was in charge of a large Wesleyan church there. South's sermons were put up and the reverend gentleman tapped my shoulder and asked, "Who was South?"

The preacher had very accurately gauged his auditors by himself, he had never heard of any literature further back than his own adult days except Wesley's, and felt perfectly safe in passing off South's work as his own. As bad luck would have it a reporter was present whose trained ear caught the beauty of style, so very strange in such a place, and all unconscious whose words he was really taking down, he sent a report to the Toronto press of a sermon preached in a Wesleyan church in 187—, which was originally preached by the classic South!

Toronto, 25th January, 1880.

HUMOROUS.

A COLD snap—An icy answer. No kissing by telephone for us. We prefer to take the electricity direct from the battery.

She was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him, but, woman-like, strove to catch him. He was a flea.

The Chinese are fond of serial stories, but one which does not run at least twenty years is looked upon as a great literary failure. All stories are paid by the foot.

It was a delicate piece of sarcasm in the boarder who sent his landlady last evening a razor, neatly enclosed in a handsome silk lined case, and labelled "Butter-knife."

An old woman who has pasted nearly five thousand medical recipes in a book during the past forty years has never been sick a day in her life, and she is growing discouraged. Some people are born to ill-luck, she says.

"A LADY entering an omnibus or street-car should bow slightly to the other passengers," says a recent authority on etiquette. In order to secure the observance of this point, the driver should start the horses a little before the lady is seated.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT once visited a spiritual medium, who began business by saying: "Your first wife wishes to communicate with you." "Perhaps so," said the commodore, abruptly, "but that is not what I came here for."

AN old lady wearing a pair of green goggles stepped on the Sacramento train at South Vallejo, California, and knocked at the car door, and actually waited till it was opened on the inside by a passenger. For consummate politeness this has no parallel.

A GENTLEMAN observing a servant-girl, who was left-handed, place the knives and forks on the dinner-table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left-handed. "Oh! indeed!" said she, "so I have! Be pleased, sir, to help me turn the table around!"

WE have heard a young lady scream, when her little brother threw his arms about her neck and say it "tickled her almost to death," but we have seen a great big fellow throw his arms about the same young lady's neck, and yet she never complained, except when he removed his arms. This is one of the miss tickle things of life.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

LEAP year doesn't amount to much—the men are so coy.

BEAUTY is not a necessity, but "it's just too pretty for anything," as the girls say.

THE Buffalo Courier asks: "How would fashionable ladies like to be angels and wear old-fashioned things?"

A POET says: "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow left traces there— What became of the rest of the harness he don't state."

How does courtship look? She looks and he looks; that is how it looks. What is it like? She sighs and he sighs—that is about the sighs of it.

A WESTERN editor says one lug is worth a dozen love-letters, and they cannot be introduced as evidence in a breach of promise suit either.

A YOUNG man in Bridgeport, Va., thus answered an invitation from a lady to spend a leap year party: "Dear Miss, yours reserved—I tumble!"

THERE are many hard tasks set for women in this world, but few of which they find it impossible to perform. Still there never was a woman who could keep a fur-lined circular from flying open and showing the fur.

To a young person who signs himself "Beauty's Slave," and wants to know "what will win the esteem of a girl whom I madly love?" we would say that \$1.20 per week will do the business if invested in candy.

THERE are two American ladies in Europe who have attained the title of "princess," the Princess Lyuar, formerly Miss Mary Parsons, and the Princess of Noer, formerly Mary Esther Lee, of New York, who was married in 1844 to Prince Frederick, brother of the Queen of Denmark. She is addressed as "your highness."

"Oh, I'm just delighted with George!" said a soft-hearted maiden to an older and more matter-of-fact brother. "He's just too sweet for anything. The last time he was here he was so full of fun, didn't you think so, brother?" "He may have been full of fun, sister, but he acted more to me as if he was full of beer." Tableau.

It is leap year, of course, but after all it doesn't look well to go home alone at 2 in the morning.

I think of thee, dear William, And I long to hear from you; Send me a missive, won't you, please, Oh, come, now, billet-doux.

"Now, pa, our parlour electric light is too bright, and it casts such a bluish shade that really I don't think it as good as gas used to be; I can't mod-erate it as I could the gas. Augustus can't either." "Well, there are some objections to all modern improvements I suppose," replied the old gentleman, testily. "You needn't burn it if you don't want to," which was just what she was listening for.

STRONG and incontestable as the testimony of the leading musical talent of Europe and America has been to the superiority of the Weber Piano, there is still more conclusive evidence, if possible, in the report of the Centennial award, made by the four judges—two from Europe, one from Boston, and the other from New York, whose reputation, ability, and disinterestedness were beyond all question. These gentlemen, on the four points of tone, equality, touch and quality, awarded 95 points out of a possible total of 96, the highest award given at the Exhibition. Full particulars are given in the interesting article on last page of this issue.

Guilty or Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in May City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—Tribune.