

where the young "blood" of twenty years ago is now the head of a rising family. These would now agree with me that it does not *pay* to be a "young blood." The waste of time, that might have been spent in mental and moral acquirements; the waste of thought, when thought is most vigorous—the deterioration of language found in the school of the "loud" and the gay—for language re-acts on thought; good language promotes pure thought, and correct speech is closely allied to speaking the truth—the utter waste of energy on trifling pursuits, all tend to dwarf the young man's after-growth. They answered a certain end, as a kind of "opposition" to the "aristocracy founded upon nothing,"—as Mrs. Jamieson called society in Toronto—but I don't know one of them who has risen to honor or eminence. They wasted their morning, and high noon passed by, in search of better workers!

It must not be thought that our neighbor-

hood was more filled with "odd characters" than any other neighborhood; only, in describing things as they appeared to John Kanack's eyes, John necessarily has more to say about the odd characters. Just as a rural friend observed to me not long ago, as we were riding along the road, through some of the flats of the Erne. We had passed without remark many a glorious elm and basswood; but when we came to an open space close to the river, where a dozen hawthorns and bastard willows grew in an irregular circle, and leaning out and in toward every point of the compass—"There," said my friend, "doesn't that put you in mind of an Indian *Bear-dance*? All going round in a circle, and using such odd contortions!" So, in describing the society of Skendle, I dwell more upon the circle that form the *Bear-dance*! But after all that, the large proportion of people round about were quiet, proper and respectable. And so they are everywhere.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S SONG.

BY JOHN READE.

The little bird sang at the window,
And the sick man lay within,
And in spirit he wandered far away
Beyond the city's din,
And he felt the joy of long ago
Leap in his veins again,
As he raised himself on his pillow,
And thought no more of his pain.

And the tide of heavenly music
The listener's soul o'erflowed,
And he called for his harp and, as he played,
His soul returned to God.
But the fond young wife of the singer
Treasured his dying song,
Till she heard a voice that whispered,
"To mankind it doth belong."

"Oh! life is sad and weary—"
'Twas thus the poet said,—
There is so little to live for,
'Twere better if one were dead."

But hark! a strain triumphant,
That tells of joy and love,
And of hope and faith that raise the soul
All ill of life above.

'Twas the song of the dying singer
That the weary poet heard,
And it woke the music within his soul
And his better heart was stirred,
And he wrote, as the music prompted,
Of a higher and nobler life,
Of a faith serene and a courage high
In the midst of toil and strife.

The poet slept in a lonely grave,
And none recalled his name,
But a patriot, mourning his country's fall,
And stung with her wrongs and shame,
Caught the fire of the poet's burning words
And his heart rose high and free,
And he gave his life for his native land,
And the prize was liberty.