

One word, and yet it carries a smart
Like drops of molten lead to the heart ;
The lips refuse to utter a word
Its mouldful cadence who has not heard ;
Its echoes ring out a funeral knell
Slowly dying, they sigh, " Farewell ! "

Tis a word that falls on a heart of pain,
As on thirsty flowers the summer rain,
Sweet as the silvery chime of a bell
On the ears of a fallen man it fell ;
T'was spoken in a heaven that man might live —
Ah ! list to its sweetness, it is, " Forgive ! "

Where is he who ne'er felt or heard
The magical power of but one word ;
Let our words not be like the poisoned dart
That may find its way to a friend's true heart,
But, like gentle whispers from courts above,
Tidings from heaven of endless Love.

Halifax, N. S.

KITTY CLYDE.

Donnez-vous donc la peine d'examiner l'amusement mathématique No 4. C'est tout à fait curieux et à la portée des fillettes de 10 ans.

On trouvera un très utile enseignement sur la Révolution Française dans l'opuscule *Bourreaux et Martyrs*. 10 cts l'exemplaire.