

### Notches on The Stick

The lover of verse, who distinguishes the occasional lyrical felicity amid the multitude of fugitive effusions, and who seeks to redeem it from the fustian of the press, will thank us for clustering a few choice selections for his or her scrap-book. To find not only rhythmical expression and beautiful imagery, but also the enshrining of noble thought, will add to our appreciation. That is valuable as literature which we may read not once only with delight, but which we may again return to and find the pleasure renewed. The poems we are about to present are of the kind to put us in love with the world of nature, with God, and our fellow-men,—yes and our fellow-creatures of the field and the wilderness also. It adds something to our enjoyment of a poem, too, when we have personal knowledge of the author, and that favorable knowledge illumines and gives significance to the writing. We can say that each one here mentioned, we have reason to regard in the light of personal friendship.

A few weeks ago one of Maine's truest lyricists died in the town of Lincoln, where for years he had lived,—Henry Rand Edwards. At once a lover of books and of nature, his poems have a peculiar stamp a native melody and fire, and excellent literary form. The following lyric is one of his best:

#### The Closing Year.

Again far away to the ever-summer latitude  
The brightness and the bloom with the summer  
birds have fled,  
And from hope back to memory another year has  
passed;  
So dance we tonight the harvest dance of gratitude  
For all that is left to us above the silent dead;  
Dance we tonight, for the viol rings cheerfully,  
Hope holds the New Year, and smiling cheers us  
on—  
But child not the footstep that thread the mazes  
fearfully,  
And blame not the joyless hearts that turn back  
tearfully,  
Tearfully to years and to friends that are gone.  
Faded lie the forest leaves on the frozen meadow-  
land;  
Sombre are the shadows o'er the once-smiling vale;  
Low beat the muffled drum; wild dirges wail;  
For weird dim forms from out the mystic shadow-  
land  
Move to our measure, and at our feasts regale.  
Yet dance we tonight in our tremulous security,  
Humble in our joyousness, hopeful when we weep;  
For only the tender heart can taste its joy in purity,  
And tearful eyes see clearer, in the lowering  
obscurity,  
The stars that shine eternal while the fragile  
flowers sleep.  
Low let the drum beat. Trill the music tenderly;  
Silent as the heart-throb by our tenuous tread;  
For sorrow hangs above our joy upon a brittle  
thread,  
And the fabric of our happiness is fashioned out so  
slenderly,  
The heart that holds the most of love has ever most  
to dread.  
Yet dance we tonight. And the sweeter for its  
rarity  
The light upon our lives that our unity will shed.  
Then dance we in kindly love that knoweth no  
disparity,  
Welcoming the New Year in Faith, Hope and  
Charity,  
Peace with the living, and tears for the dead.  
This may seem a little out of season, but  
for all that it may do us good. We shall  
long remember and cherish the kindly  
message received from Henry Rand Ed-  
wards and the hearty songs he has sung.

Among the poets of Canada we have none who touches a profounder ethical chord than Theodore H. Rand. Our excellent Doctor of McMaster is a teacher of the human heart, as well as a writer of purest classic verse: and now and then he gives the note of pathos, and in "Marie Depure," for instance, of pre-eminent tenderness. His "At Minas Basin and Other Poems," now in the second edition, is a valuable addition to our nascent literature. But it is from "The McMaster University



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### Much in Little

Especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

### Hood's Pills

Monthly," for April, that the following is taken:

"Glory Roses."

"Only a penny sir!"  
A child held to my view  
A bunch of "glory-roses" red  
As blood and wet with dew.

(O earnest little face,  
With living light in eye,  
Your eyes are too fair for earth,  
And you seem of the sky!)

"My beauties sir!" he said,  
"Only a penny, too!"—  
His face shone in his ruddy glow  
A Rafael cherub true.

"Yestreen their hoods were close  
About their faces tight,  
But the sun was up, I saw  
That God had come last night."

"O, Sir, to see them then!  
The bush was all aflame;  
O yes, they're glory-roses, Sir,  
That is their holy name."

"Only a penny, sir!"  
Heaven seemed across the way!  
I took the red, red beauties home—  
Roses to me for aye,—  
For aye that radiant voice  
As if from heaven it came—  
"O yes, they're glory-roses, Sir,  
That is their holy name!"

In the neighbor-towns of Dover and Foxcroft, Maine, are two sister poets, who add to their pure strains of song the influence of lives diffusive of good as banks of violets of odor. As the thrushes in the dells of the Piscataquis among kindred warblers, so, among the singers of her native State, we reckon Anna Boynton Averill. Her woodland lyrics are like a voice, now plaintive and joyous now, breathed out of nature's heart. Her latest poem recalls Wordsworth's on the Pet Lamb, and also some sweet verses of Mary Howitt; but rather by way of suggestion than by any imitation. The poem is indigenous and has the native color. It appeared in The Portland "Transcript."

#### The First Sorrow.

O green and sweet were the grasses, and the waters  
were cool and clear,  
Where the little white lambs with their gentle dams  
roamed in the flower of the year.  
Through all the tender blossoming May and the  
Summer's luscious prime  
Till the leaves turned red and russet and gold in the  
ripening autumn time.  
In the mossy hollows among the knolls, in the cedar's  
thicket shade  
They cuddled at night beside their dams, sheltered  
and unafraid,  
—The dearest pets that little Beth loved! so innocent  
and mild,  
So playful and so beautiful they won the heart of  
the child!  
Through the great barred gate that shut the lane  
she came each sunny day,  
—Came calling "Nanny, Nanny," to join them in  
their play.  
They loved the sound of her happy voice, and when  
she came in sight,  
They would run with joyous bleatings and gambols  
of delight,—  
To nibble her hands and sniff her face and frolic  
about her feet.  
A merry group of playfellows as sportive and glad  
as she.  
Their breath was sweet with the fragrance of the  
honey-suckle low  
That starred the fresh green pasture sod with bloom  
like drops of snow,—  
And their faces, were white as the summer clouds  
that drift across the blue,  
And she knew each meek little face as well as the  
baby's face she knew;  
And her father said,—"Why, little Beth, how fast  
your lamkins grow!"  
I wouldn't love them over much, for soon they'll  
have to go.  
"Go where," she wondered musingly, and loved  
them more and more,  
For every day they seemed to her more lovely than  
before.  
But Autumn came, and one sad morn the butcher's  
heavy wain  
With cages high to hold the lambs rolled up the  
pasture lane,  
And round it surged the mother sheep with piteous  
bleatings loud,  
As into it the lambs were packed, a huddled, fright-  
ened crowd.  
And the butcher said,—"They're beauties! The  
finest lambs I've found  
From Bowdoin to Gardland, in all the country  
round!"  
They'll dress full sixty pounds apiece, and only  
four months old!  
"Good morning, little Blue Eyes! Are you sorry to  
see them sold?"  
For mute and white stood little Beth beside the  
butcher's cart,  
Bewildered, watching it all, with life's first shadow  
on her heart.  
The sister-singer, of whom we spoke is  
Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb, of Dover,  
Me., better known as "Hopedill Farnham." Since the day when first we saw  
her lines on the Piscataquis River, and since  
the days when we were fellow contributors

to "Quiet Hours," we have but learned to appreciate her more. We give one of her recent pieces, and one of her best:

#### Affinity.

Strange my past was unaware  
Of the presence anywhere;  
That we must as strangers meet.  
Moving with reluctant feet  
Toward this passion new and sweet.

Loved so late, can years alone  
For the past we lived alone?  
Hands and lips have touched and wed,  
Hands and lips will soon be dead  
Grasses waving overhead.

Yet, O Love, thou wast and art,  
And shall be a changeless part  
Of my being. Glad and free  
Is our nature's harmony,  
As when perfect chords agree.

Past and future both are here  
Folded in the present, Dear,  
Like a rose that parteth wide  
Petals in the summer-tide  
When the bud is glorified.

Life was hidden in its breast  
Ere the fragrant lips touched;  
Life remaineth,—though it lie  
In the dust,—eternally,  
Beauty was not born to die.

When we leave the shadow-land,  
Passing onward hand in hand,  
Into summer and the sun,  
Where all restlessness is done  
And the perfect peace begun.—

Will it matter that the years  
Dealt us doubt and pain and tears?  
Death can only set us free:  
Wide and sweet to me and thee  
Opens our eternity.


It is years behind, and the flowers are  
faded now, but in memory abides the sweet  
cousin of her who sent to my door, and  
into my hand, that fragrant bouquet,  
which she had plucked and arranged, and  
to which her graceful message was added;  
—the pure and the gifted singer, who is  
known by many, who prize and bless her  
helpfulness, as "Hopedill Farnham."

The following lines are a response to a kindly poetic greeting, and, though slightly personal, may be acceptable to some readers.

#### Thanks for a Song.

(To Dr. BENJAMIN F. LEIGHTON.)

Thanks for your song, my brother! I have listened  
your voice of cheer,  
And dreamed the dream of your spirit through  
many a varying year;  
You have led me, and I have followed, as one who  
has little care,  
But in paths of sweetness and safety, and by  
waters bright and fair:  
You have taught me the joy of the faithful, the earnest  
of all things pure,  
The pleasures that cannot perish, and the treasures  
that ever are sure;  
The joy of the heart of nature, of valley and mountain  
dome,  
The wild, free joys of the woodland, and the tender  
joys of home.  
Thanks for your song my brother! You turn my  
thoughts away  
To scenes that lie in the distance, and to scenes of  
an earlier day;  
You bring back the sweet old visions of love and of  
poesy,  
In a quaint old town that lieth afar by the summer  
sea:  
The wharves, the roofs and the spires, I see them as  
in that day;  
The ruddy bluffs and beaches, and the waves of the  
starry bay;  
The coves, the lighthouses, the mountain, the steam  
ermaking the play,  
Your gentle-song sings Presto! and lo! the vision is,  
here!  
Thanks for your song, my brother! You tell why  
the scene is dear,  
While the halo of memory deepens through the  
shadowy year on year;  
For you know the joy of a lover, and to dream  
you are not afraid,  
Though the world may scoff at the greybeard who  
goes sighing back for a maid:  
Ah! but we remember the longing of love for her  
draught divine,  
Before the hour that witnessed aloud,—Thou art  
mine! Thou art mine!  
And today we declare that on earth here, or in the  
heavens above,  
There is nothing purer or sweeter than a woman's  
perfect love.  
So thanks for your song, my brother! May song  
and love remain,  
As long as you see the sunshine or feel the touch  
of the rain;  
Till life's utmost hour may music in your inmost  
heart abide,  
And the feet of a gentle woman go travelling by  
your side:  
And when for us Time's anthem is drawing to its  
close,  
And the eyes of lover and singer shut in their long  
repose,



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#### EASY WAY TO END WAR.

He Came From the Country With Some Brilliant Ideas.

"Do you s'pose I could see the secretary of war?" inquired Farmer Cornetsoel.

"I don't know," replied the man whom he had waylaid in the corridor. "It would probably depend on who you are and the nature of your business."

"Well, who I am doesn't make so much difference. But the nature of my business is important. If I can't see him I'll hunt up the President an' talk it over. But I thought it 'ud be only polite to see the secretary of war first."

"If it's an appointment you want the member of the house of representatives from your district—"

"I don't want no office, I'm here to make a suggestion in the interests of the human race. I want to talk about war."

"You can get all the latest information in the newspapers."

"I don't desire to get information. I wish to give it. War has changed tremendous from what it used to be."

"Unquestionably."

"It's mostly a question of which has 'the most fightin' material.'"

"Yes."

"And fightin' material costs money."

"That's the great point."

"An' the idea is fur each side to get off somewhere on land or sea an' ascertain which kin hold out the longest."

"That's it."

"I s'pose there aint no way that war kin be prevented from bein' more or less barbarous, but I'd like to offer a suggestion. Was you ever down to Swamp Center?"

"Never."


"Well, that there's the most malarious-est neighborhood in the geography. An' it occurred to me that it 'ud be a good idee, in case of war, to arrange it so's to march the opposin' forces down into Swamp Center an' 'instid of shootin' an' stabbin' and incouragin' 'em promiscuous carryin' of firearms, let 'em settle right down an' see which side kin afford to buy the most quinine. It's jest as reasonable to make the supply of quinine the test as it is to make the supply of gunpowder the decidin' argument. It brings it down to the holdin' out qualities of the two parties, an' while it may not show so much in the way of fireworks, it gives the soldiers more of a chance to git away alive after one side or the other has give out of ammunition."

Washington Star.

Lamps are being placed rapidly in the other streets, and the city, with a consumption of 10,000,000 cubic meters of gas, will have fivefold the light heretofore obtained from 17,000,000. The 10,000,000 oil lamps burned nightly in England cause 300 deaths annually, and 168 fires yearly in London alone.

#### Benefits of Conquests.

The town of Bulawayo affords a very striking illustration of British colonial enterprise. Only four years ago the site of it was in the heart of a savage district, only penetrable at the momentary risk of life, and hundreds of miles from the nearest fringe of civilization. Now it is an English town of between 3,000 and four 4,000 inhabitants, connected by railroad and telegraph with the rest of the world, and throwing out new telegraphic lines of communication in all directions to interior points. The railroad itself is to be pushed forward at once still further into the heart of what was once called the Dark Continent, to the coal fields of the Zimbezi. That it will insure a vast increase in growth and prosperity to Bulawayo can not be doubted. The mere difference per ton in the price of transport on goods coming from Cape Town is about £100. The average cost of carriage for goods from Cape Town is about £15 a ton. It used to be from £100 to £120. The development of trade will influence, not only by the lessened cost, but by the time required for delivery. Goods forwarded by road before the railway was finished, and arriving after trains were running into Bulawayo, had to be sold for something less than the cost of carriage. Already a considerable fall in prices has taken place, and as there are practically no customs duties in Rhodesia, it is expected that living in the neighborhood of Bulawayo will soon be as cheap as in Johannesburg. Just before the opening of the railroad butter was at 12s 6d a pound, fowls at 2s a pair, and eggs at 4s a dozen.—New York Post.



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### A NURSE'S STORY.

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The onerous duties that fall to the lot of a nurse, the worry, care, loss of sleep, irregularity of meals soon tell on the nervous system and undermine the health. Mrs. H. L. Menzies, a professional nurse living at the Corner of Wellington and King Streets, Brantford, Ont., states her case as follows: "For the past three years I have suffered from weakness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The least excitement would make me feel faint, and at night I even found it difficult to sleep. After I got Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I experienced great relief, and on continuing their use the improvement has been marked until now all the old symptoms are gone and I am completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anemia, Nervousness, Weakness, Lassitude, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Debilitated Nerves or Weak Heart.

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