

LOST TREASURES.

If some kind power, when your youth is ended,
And life's first freshness lost in languid noon,
Should stay awhile the doom by Fate intended,
And grant us generously one precious boon—

Saying, "With thwartings, bitterness and trial,
Your toilsome days thus far have been oppressed;
Choose now some blessing, fearing no denial,
To light and charm and beautify the rest!"—

What should we ask? the price of your ambition?
Fame, power, wealth, and gifts of priceless cost?

Ah, no—our souls would utter the petition;
"Give us—oh, only give us back our lost!"

No visioned bliss, no pleasure new and splendid,
No lofty joy by longing never crossed,
No new light undreamed of, Heaven-descended
Only our own—the treasures we have lost!

For, wearied out with strife, and glare, and clamor,
Grown wiser with our years, and clearer-eyed,
No more beguiled by dreams, nor charmed by glamour,
We dread the new, and prize the known, that tried.

Ah, what a crowd of joys would gather round us,
Could we but have our vanished back again!
The heart unspoiled, the strength and hope
which crowned us.

The bounteous life, the ignorance of pain—
The innocence, the ready faith in others,
The sweet, spontaneous earnestness and truth,

The trust of friends, the tender eyes of mothers,
And all the rich inheritance of youth—

The plans for noble lives, that earth thereafter
Might be more pure; the touch of love's
warm lip

And saving hand; the sound of childish
laughter,
The peace of home, the joy of comradeship—

We had them all; and now that they have left us,
We count them carefully, and see their worth,
And feel that time and fortune have bereft us
Of all the best and dearest things on earth.

Ah, yes! and when our hearts the years are
preying,
And all our flower-plants are touched with frost,

We ask no more some new, untasted blessing—
But only sigh, "Oh, give us back our lost!"

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

BY A SPARE

PETER MITCHELL.

Peter whose surname was Simon—or Isaac,
which was it?—was a fisherman and a Minister.
Peter whose surname is Mitchell is an ex-minister
now, and has been in his time the biggest
fisherman of the lot. Like the other Peter, this
Peter has sometimes taken a piece of money from
some of his catches but it wasn't small silver,
for our Peter never angles for little fish. In the
language of the tuneful Plumb—

His pole was made of the sturdiest oak,
And his line was a cable that never broke,
He baited his hook with eels' tails
And he sat on a rock and bobbed for whales.

From the days of Simon Peter down to the
days of Isaac Walton, and from the days of Isaac
Walton until the days of Peter Mitchell, there
have been fishermen and fishermen. Some have
fished for fame, and some for wealth, and some
for compliments. Some have fished out doors
and some indoors. If I may again quote my
tuneful friend from Niagara, what a picture of
domestic fishing is this:—

His rod was made of a Peacock's feather
His line was a thread of the finest tork—
He baited his hook with mites of cheese
And he sat on his bed and bobbed for fleas!

Our Peter bobbed for whales. And strange to
say some of his catches were by sea and some by
land. It will be remembered that Sir John A.
has told us the motto of the Macdonalds is "By
sea and land." Our Peter has fished by sea and
land. He made his best catches in the days
when the Macdonald ruled the roost.

As Niagara's poet hath it—

Then he fished house roats, and he fished land sales—
This same mighty fisher that bobbed for whales,
And a'out the best fishing he ever saw,
Was in fishing for votes with his brother-in-law!

Probably the biggest single haul, and one that
taxed the strength of both rod and line to the
utmost, was one that Peter caught on the banks
of the Miramichi. When the lucky fisherman
had taken up this fish, in its mouth he found—a
piece of silver? well, no not exactly, but good
Dominion notes to the amount of twenty thousand
dollars odd. With this he made haste to
pay tribute to Cæsar—the then Minister of Marine
—the seizer of the big fish he had caught.

Peter some times tries his hand at Anglin' in
the House of Commons with but indifferent success.
All the world has heard how, as tersely
expressed by the fanciful Plumb—

He gave his rod a thundering pull
And he lashed himself to a frenzy,
After baiting his hook with a little ball
To catch Alexander Mackenzie.

But not to be caught was the wily Scot,
Unless by a B-h-rman smarter,
And the whole of the lot that Peter got
Was in this, that he caught a Tartar!

Peter has shown from time to time a great desire
to catch the Minister of Marine. It is very
interesting to watch the process. If, "when
Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war"
it may be imagined what takes place when an
ex-Minister of Fisheries baits his hook to catch a
real live Minister of Fisheries. But thus far
Westmorland has basketed all the catch, and
Northumberland instead of getting a haul has
himself been caught. An instance of this was in
the discussion on Municipalities in the North
West, in which the Minister taught the ex-Minister
what he did not know, that Northumberland
has a Warden and Councillors!

The imaginative poet from the region of the
great waterfall has suggested the following couplet
as from the mouth of the head of the North-
umberland Council on next meeting Peter,—

I'll kneel your corpse over the Jordan
If again you forget that I am the Warden!

Won't the County Council Snowball Peter for
this when he next goes out fishing for votes?

Peter has not succeeded very well of late in
fishing for prominence in Parliament. For as
our beloved and tuneful brother Plumb hath it—

From side to side
Of the house he fitteth,
And right and left
With his fish he hitteth,
And all for fame
He longeth and wisheth
While on the cross benches
He sitteth and fisheth,
But never obtaineth
The fish for position
On the Government side
Or the Opposition!

Peter the fisherman is often angry and is
blamed with sometimes fishing for a Parliamentary
quarrel, and this I can't better describe than
by again quoting from the sweet singer of
Niagara:—

Sir John did not like it
At all I vow,
And I wished that he wouldn't
Do so just now—
But Peter the fisherman
Fished for a row,
And he baited his hook
With Tim Murphy's cow!

I fear this sketch is too largely poetical, but in
testing a character or a wall, the application of a
Plumb line now and then is requisite. Whether
er upright or not in his moral or political sense
Peter will claim that his head is level, and upon
this point I can't forbear quoting the conclusive
poetic reasoning of Canada's bard:—

If his head wasn't level
He'd have gone the d-ickens
Long ago.

Tim Murphy's cow is probably a more popular
theme in the country districts of Northumber-
land than in the Great Gab House at Ottawa
where Peter is among the glibbiest, and this
prince of fisherman knows how to bait his hook

to catch votes. For as the Poet Laureate of
Niagara hath philosophically sung—

It mattereth not
A tittle or jot
What here in the Commons may be his fate,
If forever and ever
On Barnaby's River
They value his worth,
And in the Black South
They trumpet his name as PETER THE GREAT!

"The Barbers of Boston have formed a Union
at 164 Hanover street. This Association is to
be known as the Hair Dressers' Mutual Benefit
Association."

We "clip" the above from the Boston Post
and soap-se that each member has a shear of
his hone, and the idea is to razor fund to sup-
port those who are "strapped."

Miss Mollie Tack, of Petersburg, Va., is the
coming contralto. She will be assigned to ham-
mer-us roles only.—N. Y. News. Don't at Tack
the young lady before she makes her debut, or
she may refuse to be Mollie-ied.—Norristown
Herald.

She will probably make her debut in "Ham-
mer-more."

It is the correct thing, we believe, to put a
check rein on a draught horse.—N. Y. News.
Certainly, if he's apt to start suddenly "at
sight" of anything which would frighten him.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

VISITOR (to small boy).—"Can you cipher?"

SMALL BOY.—"Yes sir."

VISITOR.—"What can you cipher?"

SMALL BOY.—"I can sigh for a holiday sir."

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