

THE THUNDERBOLT.

[A prem which appeared in a Toronto newspaper, prophetic of the African war.]

Every nation in civilization
Will tremble in domes and walls;
The encradied babe will writte and cry,
The nursing mother will sobend sigh.
And the veriest coward will mare to die
When the big black thunderbolt falls!

The chief will ask for his heron plume, His people will hear his calls. His men will anthem a savage rune, They'll beat their tem-toms 'neath the

, moon,
And the conches they will roar at noon
When the big black thunderbolt falls!

They'll fright the fields with their sounding shields
A sound that the soul appals.
They'll file their teeth, they will fill

their balts.

And the keps, the weks, the vales and veldes
Will all 1 black with their naked pelts
When the big black thunderbolt falls:

Their signal flames will brand their

On the front of the mountain walls. The 'venging cribes will gather fast.
Their battle songs will rile the blast,
And civilization will stand aghast
When the big black thunderbolt falls!

The earth shall hear with a throb of

fear
The rush of the circling yell.
In after years old men will tell
How the hineter ath century, praised so

well.

Was chained by the neck to the jamb of hell

When the big black thunderbolt fell!

A BLUE AND GOLD VALENTINE

Across the sky so softly blue Is thrown the golden light, hat tells the day supremely i And banishe I is the night

Across thy life may golden gleams Of light be ever thrown
Athwart an azu—sky of truth.
That theu mayest claim thineown.

Dear friend, in earth's uncertain sky

Ofttimes there is no gold: or always do we see the blue, For earthly skies grow cold.

There is an azure sky of truth
All bright with Gol's sunshine,
An' I would wish it unto thee,
For aye, my Valentine,
MAY MYATLE COOK.

SKATING SONG.

The air is crisp and the night is still.

And the moen like a bonfire lights the hill.

And I'm away to the skating.

I long to feel the grip of the steel.

And the new lee ringing under my heel.

Ag I dart away with a flying wheel.

Where the merry crew are waiting.

We're off, we're off for the distant shore. With the lake like a mirror stretched before

And the meon's broad path to guide

What joy to fly 'neath the star-gemmed Like a flock of birds when the hawk is

nigh.
Our hearts so light and our hopes so

And the loved one close beside us!

We'sing and shout as we skim along. Our strokes in time with the merry song And the silvery laughter ringing. O sweet romance of the moonlight spin. When the stars are bright and the clouds are thin!

clouds are thin:
Was there ever a sport, boys, could begin
with the skater's magic winging?
JAMES BUCKHAM.

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HOW LONG!

O mighty God that rulest men

O mighty God that rulest men.
This dreadful fight hath ever been
War to the knife!
Man in his purple and his gold,
Man in his rags and dirt and cold
Fighting for life.
Envy and wealth and pride and hate;
The sullen poor, the sordid great—
When shall it cease?
When shall it cease?
When shall the starved forget the full
Or cease to writhe beneath his rule,
And give us peace?
When shall the naked, meck pass by
The over-clad, nor cast his eye
With strong desire?
When shall the frozen sleep to die,
Or by the hedge of Dives lie,
Nor crave his fire?
When shall the worm that pride has

When shall the worm that pride has spurned

And to the dust has careless turned,

Not turn again? When shall the bruised lie calm and

When shall the bruised lie calm and meck.
The smitten turn his other check.
To ease his pain?
When shall the low forget to hate
His neighbor of the high estate
Who frowns above?
Naked in prison, galled with chains.
A stranger, thirsting, torn with pains.
When shall he love?
Let him that hath, to him that lacks
Give free, nor curse him for a tax
Who lives in need.
The sick restore, the broken bind.
The erring guide, the lost one find,
The hungry feed.
Hast money, give, hast art, then use.
Hast power, protect, and not abuse:
Hast neither, pray.
From brother man, whate'er his need,
What his desert, take thou no heed,
Turn not away.
What if then as on thee no claim.
What if then never heard his name—
Yet is he man!
And he c. n love and he can hate,
Praise, suffer, labor, pray and wait,
As we all can.
Then give him food and give him fire,
And satisfy his heart's desire:
Yea, give him love.
Then shall come peace 'twixt him and thee.
And this fair earth once more shall be

And this fair earth once more shall be Like heaven above.

THE ETERNAL MYSTERY.

Not much before midnight in an Eng-lish town whose black streets; varmed with poverty and piety, a man in a soft felt hat and white tie was hurrying home over a bridge that spanned a dark. crowded river. Suddenly he felt a tug at his long, black coat-tail. He turns impationly and sees a breathless, roughly-clad, rugged-featured man.
"What is it? What do you want?"
"My wife's dying," jerked the man.

"My wife's dying," Jerked the man.
'I'm not the doctor."
'No, sir. I know; he's there and only gives her 10 minutes to live. Come with me at once, please."
'Why, what good can I do?"
'You're a clergyman."
'The wearer of the white tle looked embarrassed. "Yes," he stammered, "in a way, but not the sort of clergyman your wife wants."
'Come with me, for God's sak. .'t let us waste time."
Hut still the clergyman hesitated.
"You are making a mistake: I am not a Christian clergyman, I am a Jewish minister."

minister.

"That don't matter: don't go away after I've been chasing you for five minutes. I saw your rig-out—I beg pardon, your coat and hat in the distance just as I came out of the house. Oh, for pity's sake walk back with me at once!"

Why don't you go to your own clergyman.

"l've got none. I don't believe is nothing, myself, but you know what women

nre!"
"I wouldn't know what to say, and I couldn't bring my tongue to say it if I

couldn't bring my tongue to say it if I did."

"Oh, but you believe in something?" persisted the man, pitcously.

"H—m! But not the something that your wife believes in."

He found himself in a gloomy garret at last, lighted by an oil lamp. A haggard woman lay with shut eyes on an iron bed. her chilling hands clasping the hands of the "converted" kids, a boy of 10 and a girl of seven, who stood hlubbering in their night attire. The doctor leaned against the head of the bed, the ungainly shadows of the group sprawling across the blank wall. He had done all he could without hope of

payment to ease the poor woman's last moments. The husband looked at him in frantic interrogation. "You are not too late," answered the

doctor.

Thank God!" answered the atheist. "Thank God!" answered the atness.
"Betsy, old girl, here is the clergyman."
The croud seemed to pass off the blind face and a wave of wan sunlight to traverse it. Slowly the eyes opened; the hands withdrew from the children's

the hands withdrew from the children's clasp, and the palms met for prayer.

"Christ—Jesus," began the lips mechanically. The minister responded with the Hebrew death-bed confession:

"I acknowledge unto thee. O Lord, my God, and the God of my fathers, that both my cure and my death are in thy hands."

hands."

As he read, the dying lips moved, mumbling the words after him How often had those white lips prayed that the stiff-necked Jews might find grace and be saved from damnation. The atheist stood by reverently, forn by continuing motions, glad the poor foolish. atheist stood by reverency, form by con-flicting emotions, glad the poor foolish creature had her wish, and on thorns lest she should live long enough to dis-cover the deception. "Make known to me the path of life. In thy presence is fullness of joy. At thy right hand are pleasures forever-more."

tes, I am coming—Jesus," she murmured.

"Yes, I am coming—Jesus," she murmured.

He read on: "Thou, who art the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow, protect my beloved kindred with whose soul my own is knit."

The lips still echoed him almost imperceptibly, the departing spirit luiled into peace by the prayer of the unbeliver. The minister continued:

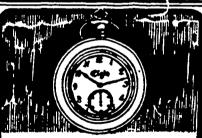
"Into thy hand I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me. O Lord, God of truth. Amen and amen."

And in that last amen, with a final gleam of blessedness flitting across her sightless face, the poor Christian toller breathed out her life of pain, holding the Jew's hand. There was a moment of solemn silence, the three men becoming as the little children in the presence of the eternal mystery.—[Israel Zang-will.

An old servant of John Randolph of Roanoke grew to assume such airs of proprietorship that his master resolved to get rid of him, and summoning him into his presence said with impressive solemnity. "Ephraim, you and I vill have to part." For a moment the old negro eyed him with dumb astonishment; then suddenly finding voice, "Lord Mars John." he exclaimed, "whar is you gwine to?"

"Mamma," said little Bessie, just after attending services at church, "are people who sit in the middle aisles wickeder than those at the side?" "Certainly not, dear. Why?" "Because the preacher only preached to them." "Mamma," said little Bessie,

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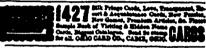
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