

ever we roam,
 or, there's no place

Spring.

the waters,
 the flood;
 the landscape,
 in the bud,
 the ploughed land,
 the bath swept,
 appearing
 now had slept.

the roadside,
 the breeze,
 on it,
 in the trees,
 his whistle,
 the pingsparrow'ssing.
 and with welcome,
 e of spring.

ist.

by beauty won ;
 through conver.

gem, a wife he

life he goes.

within his bosom

ar's wealth doth

castles builds ;
 his aim fulfills.

now of style and

man of external

d, still unpaid,
 shines out por-

th by him is oft

life this devil

love's path and

ve to stay.

d, where riches

many, so speak,

ls must be con-

trolled.
 The truest heart is not the heart of gold.
 Of lovers are there, many this have I ob-
 served,
 From faithful to bigamistic view, there
 thoughts are curved ;
 No two alike, the pretty sweet hearts find ;
 Diffused are they according to our minds.

*The following verses of different metre
 were written just below the former piece,
 and whether it was set apart for the last
 verse I am not prepared to say ; neverthe-
 less it suits it admirably.*

But, woe shall crown all who discover,
 They wooed and wed a drunken lover ;
 You take your choice, it matters not
 To other people what you got ;
 Keep pure thy soul and let it be,
 Thus ever bound to make man free.

*A verse on the late election. Composed
 merely for amusement, is :*

The Victory.

Once I thought, through recollection,
 To write a poem on the election,
 A good one sure I would a wrote,
 If I could only poll a vote ;
 Too young I was to stand the strain,
 To poll a vote on either reign ;
 Without me was the nut well cracked.
 The best was broken was a fact,
 Hyslop won the field of glory,
 Mooney shines brave as a Tory,
 'Twas well for both such was the case ;
 A Grit would faint in such his place.

*And honest occupation, with truth, many
 times excels a life of human applause with
 political corruption. This is an assumed
 fact.*

The Toper's Glory.

Where shines the toper's glory,
 I ask to-night with pain ?
 Inducted in His wretched hand
 On those who bear His name.
 Is it in each anxious look,
 Or in discouraged tears,
 Or written in the judgment book,
 Unknown to His fears ?

How shines the toper's glory
 On all who sell him rum ?
 Who lures the man to wretched needs,

And christens him, a bum ?
 Title now so deeply set,
 Where manhood ought to bloom ;
 Whillet ! souls thus lost ignore regret,
 And march down to the tomb.

Where shines the toper's glory ?
 I sooner know than see.
 May people pray with me to-day,
 His glory cease to be !
 May it change from selfish straine,
 From voice of doubly cry,
 To journey far in temperance trains,
 And bid saloons good-bye.

*The above is just as it was composed, being
 written hurriedly. It, therefore, lies at the
 critic's mercy and must be taken for what it is
 worth, and for shame's sake I will not give
 the date when written.*

It will, when people pause to read,
 Stand much investigation,
 And touch the hearts of men in need
 Of such consideration.

Thoughts of Melancholy.

(Before and after conversion.)

Melancholy is this feeling
 Which at times enshrouds my heart,
 Sometimes lost, though seldom kneeling,
 Prompted by some earthly dart ;
 What this sorrow, what this comfort,
 Inspired all alone to trod ;
 Viewing daily, hopeless, careless ;
 Describe this life, myself, my God.

Claimed by health, then was I monarch ?
 Self independent I surveyed ;
 Thankless was my pride's possession,
 For worthless I the moments weighed.
 Oh ! affliction blessed shadow,
 Which hear beneath the Heaven's fall,
 Clothing souls in better garments
 To worship, Christ is king of all.

True, earth's tongue is vile to wander,
 Yet faithful must each promise be ;
 Wilful to acknowledge plunder,
 Carrying truths which none can see ;
 Melancholy is this feeling,
 Becoming me where'r I roam,
 Bringing thoughts to me while kneeling,
 That earth is not my treasured home.

*A verse of welcome, composed and writ-
 ten, but not submitted, March 22nd, 1898.*

We welcome you unto the church, our home,
 To-night ye aged parents of the past ;