

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MOTHER.

I.

It was April, blossoming spring,
They buried me, when the birds did sing;
Earth, in clammy wedging earth,
They banked my bed with a black, damp girth.
Under the damp and under the mould,
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.
Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
And yet I kenned all things that seem.
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.
For though in the under-grave's doom-night
I lay all silent and stark and white,
Yet over my head I seemed to know
The murmurous moods of wind and snow,
The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew
The water-ghosts up from lakes below,
And the little flower-souls in earth that grow.
Under earth, in the grave's stark night,
I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.
I felt the winds of ocean and land
That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.
Though they had buried me dark and low
My soul with the season's seemed to grow.

II.

I was a bride in my sickness sore,
I was a bride nine months and more.
From throes of pain they buried me low.
For death had finished a mother's woe.
But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.
I dreamed of my babe, and I kenned that his rest
Was broken in wailings on my dead breast.
I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling:
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.
When the winds are soft and the blossoms are red
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.
I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,
And then I rose in my grave-clothes white.
I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed
To the world of sorrowing overhead.
Men would have called me a thing of harm,
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.
I felt my breasts swell under my shroud;
No stars shone white, no winds were loud;
But I stole me past the graveyard wall,
For the voice of my baby seemed to call;
And I kenned me a voice, though my lips were dumb:
Hush, baby hush, for mother is come.
I passed the streets to my husband's home;
The chamber stairs in a dream I clomb;
I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath,
Light waves that break on the shores of death.
I listened a space at my chamber door.
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.
My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm.
"O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,
"Though dark and so deep, for mother is there!
O come with me from the pain and care!
"O come with me from the anguish of earth,
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming girth,
"Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long,
And mother will croon you a slumber-song.
"A slumber-song that will charm your eyes
To a sleep that never in earth-song lies!
"The loves of earth your being can spare,
But never the grave, for mother is there."
I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,
And stole me back to my long, long rest.
And here I lie with him under the stars,
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars;
Dead to its hates, its hopes, and its harms,
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.
And heaven may open its shimmering doors,
And saints make music on pearly floors,
And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,
But they never can take my baby from me.
For so much a part of my soul he hath grown
That God doth know of it high on His throne.
And here I lie with him under the flowers
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,
With the night-airs that steal from the murmuring sea,
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.
—William Wilfrid Campbell, in *Harper's Magazine*.

NEWMAN ON STYLE.

It is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interlinear additions. I am not stating this as a merit, only that some persons write their best first, and I very seldom do. Those who are good speakers may be supposed to be able to write off what they want to say. I, who am not a good speaker, have to correct laboriously what I put on paper. I have heard that Archbishop Howley, who was an elegant writer, betrayed the labour by which he became so by his mode of speaking, which was most painful to hear from his hesitations and alterations—that is, he was correcting his composition as he went along. However, I may truly say that I never have been in the practice since I was a boy of attempting to write well, or to form an elegant style. I think I never have written for writing sake; but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult—viz., to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and re-writings. When I have read over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself that I have either put it altogether aside or fiercely corrected it; but I don't get any better for practice. I am as much obliged to correct and re-write as I was thirty years ago. As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I have ever had (which is strange, considering the differences of the languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, and, as far as I know, to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness.—*Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman, during His Life in the English Church.*

EASTER DAWN.

BREAK brightly, glorious Easter morn,
Now that the wintry days are sped;
And so deny with splendid scorn,
That Earth is haggard, old and dead!

A million-million emerald spears
Rise to proclaim her ever young;
And hark! her ever youthful years
On lily bells are sweetly rung.

O freely swing and grandly swell,
Ye church-towered bells, with merry din;
The shadows from our souls expel,
And let the light of love come in!

Break brightly, glorious Easter morn,
Into these gloomy hearts of ours!
That they too may this day adorn,
And shed a perfume like the flowers.

—Charles H. Crandall, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

NON-CONDUCTORS OF HEAT.

GROUND cork and some other barks, and the sawdust of the soft woods, as well as the charcoal made of these substances, are very good retainers of heat. Lampblack also works well. When the thing to be kept hot is at a very high temperature, some light, incombustible powders are very suitable. Among the best of these are fossil meal and the calcined magnesia and magnesium carbonate of the druggists. Fossil meal consists of the silicious skeletons of microscopic vegetables, called diatoms, exceedingly various in shape and size, the very largest of them hardly reaching the length of the hundredth of an inch. It is found abundantly in some peat meadows and in the bottoms of ponds. Both fossil meal and magnesium carbonate have been largely used in covering steam-pipes. Obviously, when the same light substance is tried in both the first and second apparatus above mentioned, and the results differ, it must be owing to the inability of the substance to hold the included air still in the first arrangement. So powdered plumbago, or black lead, which is very slippery, shows nearly twice as much transmissive power in one case as in the other. Loosened asbestos fibre also lets through about twice as much heat in the vertical arrangement as in the horizontal. Yet this fibre may be split up exceedingly fine; but the great difference in its behaviour as compared with cotton or wool must be owing much less to its own greater specific conducting power than to the smoothness and inelasticity of its fibres.—*Prof. John M. Ordway, in The Popular Science Monthly for March.*

THE Imperial Bank has just opened a Branch at Rat Portage.

TALENT is that which is in a man's power, genius is that in whose power a man is.—*Lowell.*

"THAT tired feeling" is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives a feeling of buoyancy and strength to the whole system.

EVERYBODY KNOWS that at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months of close confinement in poorly ventilated stores, workshops and tenements. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier ever produced. It is the only medicine of which "100 doses one dollar" is true.

MR. GOTSCHALK, of New York, owns the only genuine and perfect holy shekel in the world. The interesting relic is about 3,400 years old, and was used in King Solomon's temple. Mr. Gotschalk is on his way to San Francisco to fulfil a promise and show the shekel to a friend, who is a celebrated numismatist, and has the largest collection in that country.

THOUGH a compositor may be sitting all day, yet, in his own way, he is a great traveller (or at least his hand is), as we shall prove. A good man will set 8,000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance travelled over by his hand will average about one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are contained, and, of course, returning, making two feet for every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of 48,000 feet, or a little more than nine miles; and in the course of the year, leaving out Sundays, that member travels about 3,000 miles.

COMFORT TO THE COAST.

Considering the widespread interest taken in the series of excursions via Canadian Pacific Railway to the Pacific coast, known as the "People's Popular Parties," a brief description of the tourists' cars employed in this service will no doubt be acceptable to all contemplating a visit to the far West.

The unqualified success which attended the excursions already given is eloquent testimony in behalf of the efficiency of this western service, and a guarantee that the "Popular Parties" advertised to leave Toronto for the Pacific Coast on April 3rd and 17th, and May 1st, will be patronized to the full extent of the offered accommodation.

The statements of all who have enjoyed the experience of a tour to the Coast declare emphatically that the scenery is unrivalled, and the entire journey a thoroughly pleasant one, while the provisions for the comfort of the tourists and the courteous attention shown them by officials of all degrees are alike worthy of such an immense railway system.

Naturally the cars which form temporary homes for the tourists may be made to contribute in a marked degree to the comfort and pleasure of such an extended tour, and the intending tourist may rest assured that there will be no cause for complaint against the accommodation supplied by the Railway Company.



A glance at the accompanying illustration will give an idea of the interior of a "Tourists Car," all used for these excursions being exactly alike.

These cars are intended especially for Pacific Coast business and were built at Cobourg, Ont., a short time ago. They are of standard size, furnished throughout in polished mahogany, and externally are similar to the ordinary handsome design of the C. P. R. coaches. The interiors present a number of novel features designed for this special service, admirably blended with a style of finish and decoration which would entitle them to be ranked as first-class sleepers on many railways.

At one end of the car is a locker and heater, and a swing door which prevents draughts. The seats are models of comfort, being neatly upholstered in dark russet leather and having very high backs. In the main body of car are ten sections, forming twenty double berths, and all curtains, bedding, etc., for these are of excellent quality, and are supplied by the company.

At one end of the main body of car upon one side are lavatories, etc., and a locker, and opposite these is a large cooking range, and sink, water-tanks, etc.

A swing door separates the main body of car from a lesser compartment, containing four sections, or eight double berths, similar in all points, except size, to main body of car.

A competent Porter will have charge of car and will attend to the wants of tourists. He will make up berths, keep car tidy and attend to all details, such as mattresses, pillows, curtains, tables, towels, soap, etc. In fact, excepting that all those articles are naturally of plainer style than those furnished upon the luxurious regular sleeping-cars, the same rules are followed.

It is the careful attention paid to these details and the comfortable "Tourists Cars" provided by the Company, which have earned for the "Pacific Parties" their popularity, and that the present high standard of accommodation will be kept up during subsequent excursions, goes without saying.

Spring is Coming

When nearly everybody needs a good medicine to purify the blood and tone up the system. Hood's Sarsaparilla grows more and more popular every year for it is the Ideal Spring Medicine. It possesses curative power Peculiar to Itself. For your Spring Medicine this year, be sure to get

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