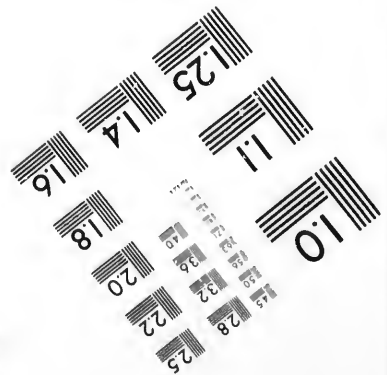
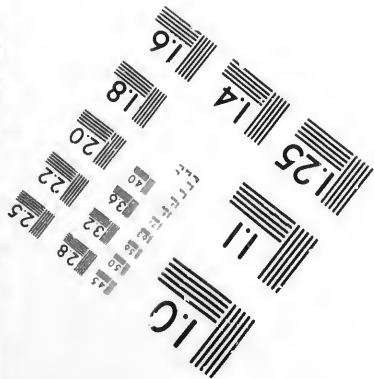
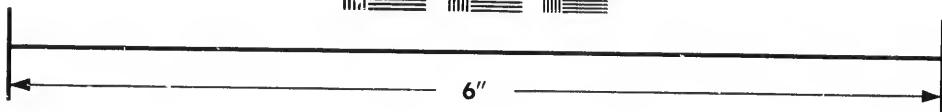
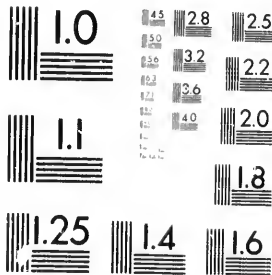


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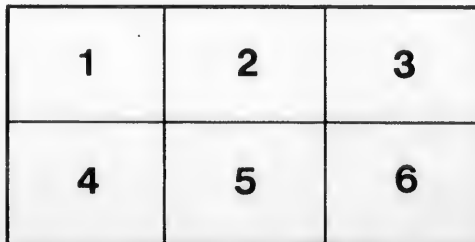
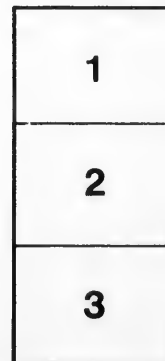
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ATTEMPTS TO SOAR

INTO THE

**Elysian Fields of Literature.**



By  
Ewan Jackson

1889 ?

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A LITTLE ONE FOUND FROZEN TO DEATH ON  
SUSSEX STREET.

---

Who would have imagined that, in this thriving city of ours with its Homes and Hospitals, any poor mortal need be so uncared-for, so thoroughly destitute of food, as to necessitate its being frozen to death? Yet, such is the sad fact; for while walking quickly along the street this morning, the writer suddenly caught sight of a picture which could scarcely fail to touch even the hardest heart, and melt it into pity—for there before him, partly covered with beautiful downy flakes, lay a dear little creature asleep in the chilly arms of Death! Yes, it was quite dead. Its little dark blue eyes, once no doubt so charming to its parents, were dull and sunken in their sockets. Its tiny mouth was firmly closed, and its little bare feet and legs were rigid with the bitter cold. Its puny, wasted frame was enveloped in a thin, brown and black garment; and the pure white snow served as its bed, its pillow, and its shroud. Whose could it be? Did no one care for it; or had the little waif strayed from some cheerless, comfortless hovel into the cold night air and laid itself down to die? These were the questions that such an affecting scene naturally suggests. But another now presented itself—what should be done with the little one? This was soon settled, for the writer ‘took it up tenderly’ and bore it into a house some distance away, where the old cat evidently recognized it, for she pounced upon and speedily devoured the unfortunate little English sparrow.

**MORAL:** During these times of festivity and happiness, do not forget the poor and ill-clad—nor even the tiny sparrow which ‘has no barn nor storehouse’ whence it may satisfy its hunger.

E. J.



\*ODE TO A WILD CANARY SEEN ON THE LAST OF  
NOVEMBER, 1889.

O, thou fair foolish bird decked with sable and gold,  
What possessed thee to stay in this region so cold,  
Why departest thou not to the isles of thy birth :  
Knowest not that of food for long months there is dearth ?

Upon what, little bird, dost thou hope to subsist ?  
For thy loved thistleseed thou must surely have missed ;  
Oh haste thee away then from winter's cold breath,  
Or too soon shalt thou lie in the arms of chill death.

Dost thou wonder, I pray, at the carpet so white  
That now clothes all the earth with a mantle of light ?  
Spread thy wings to the wind ; oh, be wise, do not stay ;  
Through the ocean of air to the South speed away.

Over many a mile must thou sail ere thou see  
Thy sweet mate who perchance is now seeking for thee ;  
Aye perchance 'mong the rest she is trying to find  
Her true love, now so far in the North left behind.

Over wave after wave like a vessel at sea—  
Nay, thou cleavest the depths, on its bosom sails she—  
Now ridest aloft on the billowy crest,  
Now furlest thy sails for a moment to rest :

Then descendest the slope to the depths of the dale :—  
Thus thou wingest thy way over mountain and vale,

---

\* Canaries usually migrate to the South, some time in October. Their manner of flying is rather peculiar ; so it seemed best to me to give a short description of it in prose, and the reader will then be better able to appreciate the simile contained in stanzas five and six. When flying long distances, they make a continuous succession of swoops, each about fifty feet in length. As they flap their wings, they mount upwards to the height of about ten feet, "on the billowy crest," they then fold their wings, and the impetus gained by the steady ascent carries them some twenty feet farther, though in going that distance they again "descend to the depths of the dale." They sail through the midst of the ocean of air—a vessel is safer on the surface, or bosom, of the ocean of water ; but as a small vessel will at one time be "on the crest of the wave," then in the trough, or "dale," between two, and again "on a billowy crest"—in a manner exactly similar, is the canary "up on the crest of a billow of air," "down in the dale," and again "resting there," her "furled sails" until the impetus gained is expended. E. J.

Over city and village, o'er mansion and town,  
Over hilltops that trees with fresh foliage crown ;

Till thy flower-bedecked isles with their roseate hues,  
Bid thee pause in thy flight, and regale on the dews,  
In the breasts of sweet flowers through the night stored away  
To entice thee to trill thy melodious lay.

For when thou to enrapture with song dost incline,  
E'en the nightingale's note were less lovely than thine—  
Did his tremulous tones make the everglades ring,  
Through the course of the day, when the other birds sing.

But his lute never sounds till the stars are all bright ;  
Then he pours forth his soul in the dead of the night :—  
For the stillness of night adds a charm to his tune,  
As he trills to his mate by the light of the moon.

'Tis not rare that young Cupid with exquisite art  
Hath employed this sweet warbler to carry his dart,  
And to place it in bosoms of mortals o'er-fond,  
Filling each with that love that to love must respond.

For to whom doth the nightingale sing but his mate?—  
Not to mortals o'er-fond who oft meet at the gate :  
Though at beautiful palace, at mansion and hall,  
And at cottager's home, Love reigns Queen over all.

Then what anthem more fitting fond hearts could entwine,  
Or what music two hearts on Love's altar enshrine,  
Than the song, full of love, that spontaneous wells  
From the heart of this sprite, through the hills and the dells  
Of the Motherland dear, every calm summer's e'en?—  
None, oh none, beloved bird, of all songsters the Queen !

But, O nightingale, thou art intruding I fear,  
Though thy rich mellow note never tires on the ear ;  
So reluctantly now we must bid thee adieu,  
And take up the refrain to thy rival anew.

Long ago men took captive a jubilant throng  
Of these golden-robed birds, so devoted to song ;  
Bore them off in their craft as a wonderful prize—  
But the vessel was wrecked 'neath fair Italy's skies.  
Their freedom regained, to Isle Elba they flew,  
And full soon from these songsters a colony grew ;

And the male that the longest and loudest could sing,  
Was adored by the fair and selected as king.

But mankind seemed to think they full liberty had,  
To ensnare and enslave what fair freedom made glad ;  
So ere long all were ta'en from the hill and the glen,  
And dispersed far and wide 'mong the children of men.

In the palace, in prisons of silver they sing,  
Making music befitting the ears of a king—  
Though their songs are no sweeter in prisons of gold,  
Than in poverty's cage, be it ever so old.

On the delicate hands of the princess they perch—  
For a plaintive refrain they their repertoire search,  
Then with notes low and clear as the 'coo' of the dove,  
Sing—of course to their mate—a sweet anthem of love.

And bright teardrops like pearls from her dewy eyes start,  
As she thinks of the prince who has won her pure heart ;  
While she lists with emotion, her lover divines  
What has caused the glad tears, and he fondly entwines

His strong arm round her waist as he asks her with glee,  
If the Queen of his Home she is willing to be ;  
(As he 'waits the reply, how his heart throbs and beats ;)   
She assents—and the bird its sweet cadence repeats.

In the cottage, in wickerwork cages their trill  
Through the laborer's heart sends a rapturous thrill :  
Makes him think of the woods where he roamed when a boy—  
His young life brimming over with innocent joy :

Bears him back to the time when he promised to be,  
"Kind and good for her sake," at his dear mother's knee :  
And he vows to his wife he his ways will amend—  
To'ards the good and the right all his energies bend.

Oft, thou blithe little bird, hast thou broken the spell  
That was causing our soul on its sorrow to dwell ;  
And transported the mind by thy ravishing strains,  
To our homes in the woods, 'mong the hills, on the plains.

Then sing on, happy sprite, cheer the sick and the sad ;  
Let thy soul-stirring rhapsodies still make them glad :  
Bear them off to the fields where in childhood they trod.  
To the treasured old homestead, to mother, to God.

E. J.

## A DUEL TO THE DEATH ON WATER STREET.

Strange as it may seem, neither the unwearied reporter nor the investigating bobby have, up to the present time, gained the slightest clue as to the names of the two desperate characters who perpetrated the awful tragedy narrated below :

Rarely has there been witnessed, in this, or any other place of human habitation, a more thrilling example of what a bitter, persistent hate can accomplish, than might have been seen a few mornings ago on Water street west. What makes it seem even more horrible, perhaps, is the sad fact that both the combatants were of the fairer sex. When first seen by the writer they were firmly locked in each other's embrace upon the moist grass, but were at the same time attacking each other with even their mouths and feet.

Their outer garments were very wet, and bedraggled with mire, through their having frequently rolled one over the other in the dirty, damp grass. Now one had the advantage, now the other, but neither seemed in the least inclined to desist until her sister should breathe no more. The duellists were evidently not French, for they had no swords ; nor Italian, for they used no deadly dirks, but they were undoubtedly of English descent, for they fought with the persistency of bulldogs.

They said not a word to each other though their vocal powers were intact—possibly their hate was too terrible, too deep to be expressed in that way. Be that as it may, they appeared to be quite unconscious of my approach until I was within a few feet of them.

But would it be safe for me to venture to remonstrate in a case where hatred had reached so fearful a pitch? While settling this question in my mind, one of them, possibly somewhat ashamed of her conduct, got up and departed. But the deadly feud was not yet to end. The other also arose and made straight for her enemy. Overtaking her a short distance from the scene

of their former encounter, they again grappled, and attacked each other with such unrestrained fury that both fell prone to the earth ; and, as before, each endeavored by exerting every power to its utmost, to end her sister's life.

I again approached the scene of this horrible battle, though I was naturally undecided whether or not to interfere : but the question was very soon settled for me by one of the fair, besmeared duellists mounting quickly (but evidently with pain) to the second story of a neighboring residence—which was likely her own. Not yet, however, was the battle to end. The other as quickly followed, making direct for the object of her hate and loathing. Again they closed with each other, and being in a dangerous position, with no closed window or iron-railing to prevent, both fell with a thud to the ground beneath—strangely enough, almost on the same spot where their first fight had taken place. One would have imagined that such an unlooked-for calamity would have speedily ended the fray, but no—if possible, it seemed only to increase their ardent endeavors to put an end to each other's existence.

As their awful animosity was evidently not to be appeased until one should have expired, and as I saw no brave Officer of the Law anywhere near who might venture to take these fair, but tiger-hearted mortals into custody, I turned on my heel and walked musingly away.

P.S.—The reader will doubtless feel relieved to hear that the fair pugilists were two little English SPARROWS. Sold again, eh?

NOTE.—The writer has frequently seen two male sparrows fighting, but does not remember having seen two females before : as is the case, however, when two women DO forget themselves so much as to engage in a real fight,—these little hensparrows did just “go for one another !”

Moral : “Leave off contention before there be quarrelling.”—*Prov.* 17:14.

E. J.

## FIRE!

Hark! There goes that hateful bell—  
 From all others known so well :  
 'Mong a score of varied tone,  
 It we hear and it alone.

Here a parent, there a child,  
 Listen to its notes so wild :—  
 What an age it seems to be  
 Ere it drawleth, " One !—Two !—Three !"

One !—Two !—Three !—and then a pause :  
 One !—Two !—Three !—Four !—forth it draws.  
 Oh the terrible suspense  
 As the news comes slowly thence !

See that tender woman pale  
 As she lists the mournful tale—  
 " Three, it struck, but will it more?—  
 Yes! ah me, 'tis thirty-four !"

Now some intuition strange,  
 Far beyond the mental range,  
 Bids her instant homeward flee,  
 Lest her boy may injured be.

Braces she her weary frame :  
 Quick to'ards home—now all aflame—  
 How the frenzied mother flies,  
 Teardrops streaming from her eyes.

Soon as comes the warning knell  
 From that solemn vengeful bell,  
 Backward glides each stable door—  
 Man's best friends now cross the floor.

And or e'er that brazen bowl  
 Forth its tale hath ceased to toll,  
 Men and horse to action spring  
 Ere the second bell can ring.

Quick each charger takes its place,  
Trembling to begin the race,  
Heads erect and quivering nerve  
Show their readiness to serve.

At the station all is life :  
See them buckling for the strife !  
E'en the horses seem to know,  
They must meet a deadly foe.

Don the harness, firemen brave,  
Good, and home, and life to save ;  
'Quit yourselves like men to-day ;  
Give the rein, and speed away !

Now adown the busy street  
Fly their clatt'ring eager feet ;  
Might and main they onward dash,  
And are past us like a flash.

Seem the bells to cry " Beware ! "  
As their clamor rends the air ;  
Clang they loudly,—" Clear the way !  
Let us onward to the fray ! "

What a strange emotion fills  
Ev'ry heart with sudden chills,  
As they dash in headlong flight  
Past our door by day or night !

Now they round the corner curve—  
But their speed has made them swerve,  
And before they danger know,  
Men and chargers—down they go !

Ere the men have time to see  
Each has sadly hurt its knee,  
Up they spring and dash away—  
Steeds of sterling mettle they.

Though their blood their footsteps stain,  
Still they every muscle strain :

Noble brutes ! they heed it not,  
Till they reach the burning cot.

Thither rush a motley throng ;  
Frenzy makes the feeblest strong,—  
'Gainst that horrid lurid light,  
How they strive with all their might !

“Quick ! take off that hyrant cap !”  
Now turn on the mighty tap :  
Ah ! there flows a splendid stream—  
May it quench that awful gleam !

Like a spectre down the street,  
Someone flies with nimble feet :  
Then a shriek both long and loud,  
Sends a shudder through the crowd.

'Tis that mother who has run—  
Led by faith - to save her son !  
Loud she cries with accents wild :  
“Save, oh save my precious child !”

Not a man dares heed her prayers :  
Not a man dares scale the stairs :  
Fortn from every window came  
Blinding smoke and scorching flame !

“Save !” again that bitter wail—  
But the bravest of them quail :  
Says the chief with 'bated breath,  
“ He who dares meets certain death !

Who against such odds should strive  
Thence could never come alive—  
For the roof is falling in :  
To attempt it were a sin !”

“ Raise your ladder to the roof,”  
Cried a voice in mild reproof :  
“ Ye who valiant are, and brave,  
Venture now her child to save !”



Then they to the rescue dash—  
 Through the boards their axes crash—  
 Through the breach two streams they pour—  
 Dense black columns skyward soar.

Now the little one awoke—  
 And the curling wreaths of smoke  
 To his cradle came so near  
 That he cried aloud for fear :

“ Mumma, tum, I’se ringun wet !  
 Is you home from market yet?  
 O tum twick, the narsie ’moke  
 Makes me cry an’ nearly choke !”

’Bove the mingled din and roar  
 Him she hears—nor needs she more :  
 Round her head her cloak she drew,  
 Up the tottering staircase flew :

Burst she wide a blazing door—  
 Sprung she now across the floor—  
 Snatched from out the bed her boy—  
 Clasped him to her heart for joy !

From the room with lightning speed  
 Forth she sprung—and well her need :  
 Down the stairs as quick as thought  
 Safely she her darling brought !

Shouts of joy the heavens pierce  
 As she ’scapes that furnace fierce  
 But their joy is all too brief—  
 Terror turns it into grief ;

For the deadly flames and smoke  
 Threaten still to burn and choke,  
 Her who dared to snatch the prey  
 From their greedy fangs away.

“ Mercy, help her ! Quick, for see,  
 Still they burn with fiendish glee.”

Sobs and shrieks around her ring:—  
 “Quench them, someone! Blankets bring!”

“Little Fred” a mother takes—  
 How his bosom heaves and quakes!  
 Scarcely knows he what is wrong,  
 What excites the frantic throng.

Well for him those boards were wrenched:  
 Well it was that he was drenched:—  
 Though the firemen knew it not,  
 They had soaked his tiny cot.

Sooner than it takes to tell,  
 Clothes encased the mother well:  
 Fearful work the flames had done:—  
 What cared she—she saved her son!

Tenderly they bore her thence—  
 Suffering agony intense:  
 Lingers she a few short hours,  
 Then the pain her mind o’erpowers.

Now she starts as in a dream—  
 While her eyes with teardrops stream;  
 Calls aloud in anguish wild:  
 “Save, oh save, my precious child!”

When the mental light returned,  
 O’er her boy she fondly yearned:  
 Called him to her burning side,  
 Kissed him much and smiling died.

Men might strong and viliant be,  
 But a greater strength had she—  
 For a mother’s boundless love  
 Is akin to that above.

E. J.

## ENGLAND.

Having visited my native land during the summer vacation, I was asked, on my return, to write an essay for the O. C. I. Lyceum, and the following verses are taken therefrom :

Who would not be delighted to visit  
 "That seagirt Isle, whose noble Queen now holds the highest seat  
 'Mong all mankind ; whose gallant braves have rarely known  
 defeat ;  
 That warlike land, whose conquering flag by all the world is  
 feared ;  
 That mighty land, whose kingly men are everywhere revered ;  
 Whose magic shores if he but touch, the slave his freedom  
 gains,  
 Nor all the powers of brutal men can bind him more with  
 chains ;  
 Whose birth-place if it chance to be no mortal e'er regrets ;  
 On whose domains the sun has risen, but never, never sets ?"

E. J.

## A SENTIMENTAL COMPLIMENT.

Be the Reader of the fairer or uglier sex—married or unmarried—at the allotted age of "Threescore years and ten" or "Sweet seventeen,"—hast thou not often felt how very pleasant 'twould be if thou couldst only compose thyself, or obtain from some *scribbler*, a really nice stanza, which thou mightest attach to that fragrant rosebud or those fair forget-me-nots, that thou didst, dost or mayest intend to give to him or her whom thou didst, dost or mayest hope to call thy very own?—some delicate combination of words and sentences, capable of expressing the emotion that in such moments of rapturous delight causes thy bosom to heave as though a tiny earthquake were occurring there, and puts thy throbbing heart all in a flutter—is this what thou desirest?—list then to my siren song :

What fairer flower than beauteous blushing rose,  
 Could sate with sweets the daintiest human nose?  
 Forget-me-nots, though delicate their hue,  
 Can ne'er approach thine eyes of limpid blue.  
 As thee, I watch, while seated in the choir,  
 Thy notes so clear have power my soul t' inspire.  
 Thy plaintive tones remind me of the dove,  
 And—out it must—with thee I've fall'n in love!

P.S. Of course the reader must not for a moment imagine that such a "dry stick" as the writer, has ever experienced any such feelings as those described above!

E. J.

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#### LOVE, HOME AND MOTHER.

Excepting, of course, those applied to the Deity, I know of no words, even in our expressive and replete English language, which are able to convey such a depth of meaning, or to exercise so great an influence over us, as these three precious, inseparable words, "Love," "Home" and "Mother."

Can we ever think of that dear abode in which we spent our happy, innocent childhood, without thinking of her who held gentle, yet unlimited sway there?—can we ever think of that queen of women—Mother—without thinking of that wonderful love which *enabled* her to exercise such absolute authority over us?—or can we ever think of that all-powerful influence, without being invariably carried upon the wings of thought back to that home where Mother's love was moulding our characters, long before we could understand what that love really was? Surely not. Therefore, as home loses much of its charm when Mother has gently breathed her last, and entered the "Realms of the Blest:" as a Mother—wholly devoid of love—is almost inconceivable among civilized races: and as Love could hardly exist without some object or person upon which to bestow its benedictions: I shall not think of treating these subjects separately, they are naturally but one; I shall

not tear them asunder, for they have been united by the Creator, but I shall endeavor so to *blend* this grand *Trinity* of subjects that they shall be as God intended they should—a perfect unit.

Our Creator, God, is love; is it not then just what might most naturally be expected, that we, His most gifted, most enlightened mortal creatures, should to so great an extent be filled with, and be influenced by, this same love?

Let us now visit in thought that first home of the human family, Eden, and see what a power love exerted over our First Parents, while yet unfallen.

Long, long ago, Jehovah made the world,  
Then into space its massive bulk he hurled.  
The deep was dark; the earth was void and waste:  
God's Spirit from the deep the darkness chased.  
He said, "Let there be light," and day appeared:  
"A firmament," full soon the air was cleared  
Of densest fogs:—part rose to form the clouds,  
But most condensed, and, like a mighty shroud  
Clothed earth entire. He bade the waves give birth,  
And straight dry land arose—this called He Earth.  
The grass, the herbs, the trees, He next designed,  
All bearing seed, each after its own kind.  
Thus oft He spake—each time He said, "Let be,"  
His thoughts took form, as sky, earth, air or sea:  
The sun, the moon, the stars, the fowl, the fish,  
Their being gained at their Creator's wish.

Five ages past: again the Almighty spake:—  
"In Our own image, man now let us make :"  
Then, blessing, said, "Be fruitful, multiply;  
The trees and brooks shall all thy wants supply,  
Of ev'ry tree, save one, thou mayest eat,  
Yea all, save that, shall yield thee pleasant meat.  
Watch well thy thoughts that nothing ill befall:—  
If doubts arise fail not on me to call."

While sinless Adam dwelt in Eden's bowers,  
And trimmed the shrubs, and culled the beautiful flow'rs—  
As each new species met his wond'ring sight,

With mind undimmed, he named them all aright.  
 The living creatures to their master came—  
 As deemed he right, he gave to each its name.  
 He marked the happy brutes that round him strayed :—  
 The noble lion by the lambkin laid ;  
 The spotted leopard gamb'ling with the fawn—  
 Then fear was not, then rapine was not born.  
 Unharmed beside the tiger's lair he strolled,  
 He stroked her head, nor did his blood run cold,—  
 For yet no thirst for blood had caused to gleam  
 Those gentle eyes, which now so fiery seem.  
 Bright serpents round his footsteps harmless glide ;  
 From adder's den he need not turn aside :—  
 And yet, though all is peaceful, all serene,  
 Flowers e'er in bloom, grass, shrubs and trees aye green ;  
 Though clouds hide not the sun's refreshing rays,  
 Though birds and beasts, yea all that meets his gaze  
 Proclaims God's goodness,—yet he fails to see  
 A kindred soul, his consort dear to be.

He notes the graceful swans, the cooing doves,  
 And marks that each its partner dearly loves ;  
 He sees each roe, each slender fleet gazelle  
 Has found its mate, and with it loves to dwell :—  
 "Then where, oh where can that dear creature be  
 Who forms, methinks, the counterpart of me ?  
 All, all is grand and good on every side,  
 And here for aye I could content abide,—  
 Yet seems it strange, these all their pleasures share,  
 Each to'ard its mate displays a tender care,  
 While I—though these obedient come at call,  
 While I—who seem more favored than they all,  
 While I—erect, and nobler far than they,  
 Who walk and talk with God from day to day—  
 Seem all alone, when He Himself withdraws  
 From these fair scenes, and Heavenward, H meward soars."

With thoughts like these he lays him down to rest :  
 Around him flowers their balmy odors pressed.  
 So sound he sleeps, he neither knows nor feels  
 His opened side, nor knows he when it heals :  
 But, as with morn he wakes, some prescience strange—  
 Beyond the grasp of mortals' mental range—

Him bids go forth : a thicket green he turns,  
 When, lo ! before him, that for which he yearns,  
 So passing fair, so pure, so wondrous she :  
 A sinless soul, a perfect being, he,  
 As in a dream, each, silent, gazing stands,  
 Till God, well-pleased, descends and joins their hands.

And now he knew his thoughts had not been vain,  
 He knew the Lord had heard his heart's refrain :  
 He saw, as side by side the paths they trod,  
 His mute desire had been the will of God.  
 He clearly saw his kind Creator would  
 Ne'er aught withhold but for his creatures' good.

Her tender tones his inmost being thrilled ;  
 With purest joys, her love his bosom filled :  
 The livelong day they sweetest converse hold,  
 Till soothing sleep their drooping eyelids fold.

These sinless souls with lasting pleasures blest,  
 Thus pass the day ; thus sink at night to rest.  
 At rosy dawn they rise and wend their way  
 Through dewy dales, where Pison's ripples play.

Surprised, she stoops, a lily white to cull ;  
 The breezes cease ; a most propitious lull  
 Each wavelet smooths, and turns the pool to glass ;  
 And smiles ecstatic o'er her features pass—  
 For as she stoops, she views her own sweet face,—  
 So passing fair, so filled with matchless grace  
 She scarce dares breathe lest it away should flee :  
 Was all a dream ? Could this an angel be ?  
 She moves ; it moves ; each motion that she makes,  
 Beneath the pool that mystic creature takes.

A fading petal from a flow'ring thorn  
 Now noiseless falls—is on the mirror borne :  
 A gentle zephyr wafts it towards the brink  
 A *pair* of petals, purest white and pink.

And now a bird ceased singing 'mong the trees—  
 Alit upon the unplucked gem, it sees

Another bird below the water clear,  
And seems surprised to find its kin so near.

It chirps—no voice responds ; it sweetly sings—  
'Tis silent still !—amazed, away it wings ;  
Forgets the nectar, leaves the honied dew  
The lily held to tune its note anew.

The spell dissolves ; she to her consort turns,  
Nor longer for the flower or phantom yearns :  
Their faces meet, her's beams with heavenly light—  
His radiant glows with rapture at the sight.

In accents clear to God, all-good, all-wise,  
Their wondrous songs, harmonious, heav'nward rise—  
For all around, for graces they possess,  
With sweet accord they join His name to bless.

Their labors light with each the other shares ;  
Their joys are one, their pleasures and their cares.  
No throb of pain provokes the briny tear ;  
Nor outward foe, nor inward ill they fear.

The lion ne'er a weaker creature harms—  
His thunders fill no hearts with dread alarms :  
No tender lamb is from its mother torn  
By wolfish fangs : nor has the rose a thorn.

No upas-tree distils its poisoned breath ;  
No baneful herbs yet sow the seeds of death :  
No thunder peals throughout the vales resound ;  
No lightnings dash their victim to the ground :  
No earthquake-shock the mighty mountain rends—  
But ALL, while man obeys, mankind befriends !

O'er rugged rocks, from sturdy stately trees,  
Till honey-sweet, in Auster's fragrant breeze,  
Rich purple grapes in shapely clusters hung  
On choicest vines, the sunny slopes among.

From many a citron, palm and olive grove,  
They choose fresh sweets as hand-in-hand they rove :



And oft an orange, oft an amber date,  
Or luscious fig their palates cool and sate.

Their perfect forms are wondrously attired  
In spotless robes, by God Himself admired,—  
The matchless robes of love and every grace,  
Bedeck each soul and clothe each peerless face.  
With deep delight, with joy and peace divine,  
Their souls are filled, their countenances shine.

This heav'nly light, this joy, this peace serene,  
On saintly brow at death may still be seen,—  
Just ere the soul shakes off the cumbrous clay,  
To speed, exultant, o'er the shining way  
That leads from earth, beyond the azure dome  
Of farthest skies, to an ETERNAL HOME.

Had not the deepest, darkest depths of Hell  
By guile prevailed, in Eden yet would dwell  
This happy pair, from sin and sorrow free,—  
This holy pair, whose children pure would be  
A perfect race so good, so just, so fair,  
So like their Lord, that no disease nor care  
Could ever come to mar their peace of mind—  
Each still would be what God Himself designed.

The fact, methinks, in hcl'y writ appears  
'Twas even so—for full a hundred years  
Ere Eve and Adam lost their high estate,  
And angels drove them forth through Eden's gate—  
Or whence those "sons of God" of whom we read :  
"They chose them wives" of Adam's fallen seed ?

Perchance these 'sons' did not with Adam fall,  
But kept their place long years till Satan's thrall  
They likewise proved, by paying heed to him—  
Their wily foe, malicious, subtle, grim.

The Eden home was lost: the guilty pair  
Could hope no more to gain admittance there—  
To guard the tree of life a flaming sword  
Proclaimed the justice of a loving Lord.

A loving Lord?—ah, yes! for love corrects,  
 And vain his hope who love alone expects—  
 Should mortal judge the base, the vile release,  
 Would Vice or Virtue in the world increase?

A loving Lord?—hear now his words and heed:  
 “Between thy issue, Sprite, and woman’s seed,  
 Stands deadly hate; but though thou bruise His heel,  
 Thy haughty pate His deadly blow shall feel.”

The years rolled by, till one auspicious morn  
 That long-expected, promised seed was born  
 (Of stately Queen in Cæsar’s palace hall?)  
 Of virgin pure, in rock-hewn oxen’s stall!

Like other boys, He played, worked, ate, and slept;  
 In manhood’s prime, with Mary, “Jesus wept;”  
 His life so pure, all human lives above  
 A sermon was, its lesson—“God is Love.”

Our unbelief, rebellion, sin and pride,  
 His great heart broke—man’s substitute he died:  
 A *willing* substitute, he bore the thrust  
 Of Justice sword, to teach us “God is just.”

He came to earth, mankind to bless and save;  
 He bore our sins—they crushed him to the grave;  
 He died, He rose again, He reigns on high,  
 And loves to hear the humblest suppliant’s cry.

Lest thou shouldst fail to trust so kind a Lord,  
 Once more, O man, behold that heart-sheathed sword:  
 View then its Victim pure, whose dying love  
 Extends to thee an Eden-home above.

Who trust in Him, attain the second birth;  
 True peace secure—their Heaven begins on earth.  
 Give thanks to God, the wondrous work is done,  
 Him praise with song—praise Father, Spirit, Son.

To the best of my present ability I have endeavored in the foregoing verses to set forth the ‘love’ of God as shown in

His goodness to His creatures, especially to our First Parents : I have tried to show Adam's ' mute desire,' which, before his helpmeet Eve was created, was nothing more nor less than unsated ' love' : I have very faintly described the surpassing beauties and excellences of the Eden ' Home,' and its—possibly numerous—occupants ; in a word, I have striven to grasp and portray, the IDEAL. But, sad to say, the Ideal now belongs only to *other world's than our's*. This our planet is probably the stray sheep of which the Saviour spoke in His parable : we are the sheep for whose sake He laid by His glories ; left the ninety and nine other worlds with their myriads of sinless inhabitants, and came to redeem by His own death and resurrection.

E. J.

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### In Memoriam.

WRITTEN IN LOVING COMMEMORATION OF THE LATE  
PHILANTHROPIST, MR. H. F. BRONSON.

The orphan child, those bowed to earth with age,  
Th' untutored poor, the wealthy and the sage,  
To-day with tearful eyes and throbbing breast,  
Have gently laid a friend beloved to rest :—

To sweetly rest, beneath the parent sod,  
Till he shall hear the thrilling voice of God  
Ring through the vault,—" My son, awake, arise,  
Come hence, thy soul awaits thee in the skies !"

When o'er the earth these gladsome notes resound,  
Straight shall emerge from every Christian mound—  
Despite the mould, the dust, the cumbrous clay—  
Our former selves, renewed, to live for aye !

So though we weep 'tis for th' immortal dead ;  
We mourn for one who in the van hath led  
To noble deeds, till death's swift arrows flew  
And laid him low—a comrade tried and true.

We do not mourn—though aches our inmost heart—  
 As for a friend from whom we aye must part,  
 But as for one now safe on heaven's fair shore,—  
 While we must wait on earth till beckoned o'er.

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With honest sweat his brows were moist in youth ;  
 Whene'er he spoke his words were words of truth ;  
 He feared the Lord with loving, trustful fear,  
 And served him well through each successive year.

From wars and strife how soon the world would cease,  
 How soon arrive that ' reign of blissful peace '—  
 Were traits like these by all mankind possessed—  
 Were Christ as Lord by ev'ry life confessed.

He nobly lived but reached the door at last  
 By man called "Death," and through its portals passed,  
 Beyond the power of death and trials sore,  
 To dwell with God, henceforth, for evermore.

He did not pass away in dark despair,  
 But gently breathed his soul to God in prayer :—  
 Who love their Lord, mankind, and sinning cease,  
 Shall likewise know the depths of heavenly peace !

O, Mourner, list the voice of Christ, our Sun :  
 " Weep not for him ; his work was nobly done.  
 Yon silent tomb contains the mould'ring clay,  
 But not the soul : he reigns with Me to-day."

EVANS JACKSON .

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