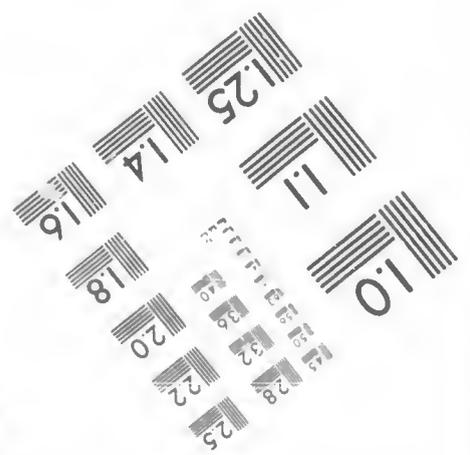
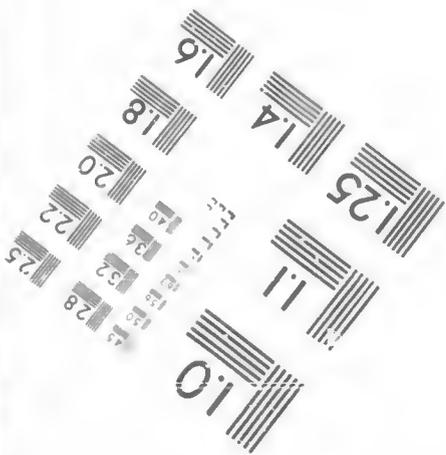
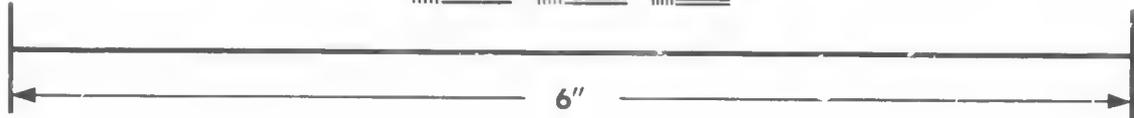
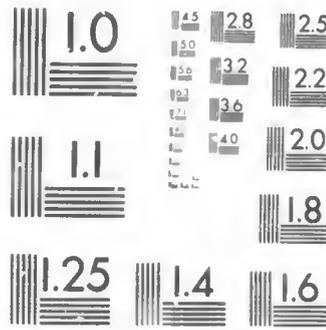


IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

28 25  
22  
0

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

BT

**© 1987**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	25X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

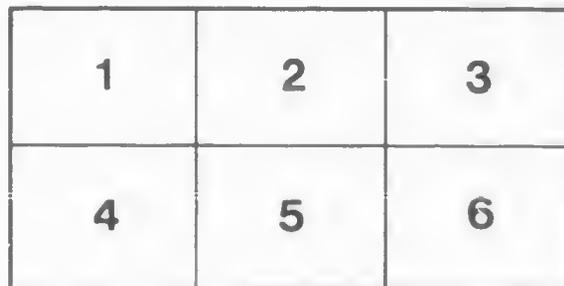
University of British Columbia Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

University of British Columbia Library

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

POETICAL MEDITATIONS.

YOUNG CANADIAN

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

LEONARD J. HILT

WINDSOR, ONT.

WINDSOR, ONT.

lice.

## PREFACE.

In publishing "Poetical Meditations" the writer is not ignorant of the fact that there are critics in the world, but hopes that his little production may be generously spared by these sharp-eyed gentry, on the same principle that the gazelle is spared by the lion, because it is too small game to be hunted by that noble beast.

The subjects brought before the reader in these verses are taken from the home life or the history of our country. In some of the verses have been written by request, and in some at an early time. In all of them the writer has endeavored to speak the truth, remembering that

Falsehood may be set in rhyme,  
But poetry is always true.

That there are mistakes in this work it would be useless to deny, to one of which it is necessary to call attention. In the verses entitled "My Boy Is Dead," in the first line of the third verse the words "sweet smile" should read "sweet song."

There is a gem more pure and bright  
Than stars which grace the brow of night,  
Which hides beneath its generous glow  
All fault or error it may know;  
I wish my verses each to be  
Illumined in the light of charity.

L. J. H.

POETICAL MEDITATIONS,

BY A

PR 9216  
I5 P6

YOUNG CANADIAN

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO REV. J. H. HILTS.

—BY—

LEONARD J. HILTS.

KINCARDINE, 1883.

KINCARDINE.

Printed at the "Standard" News and Job Office.

POETICAL MEDICATIONS

ADVERSE EFFECTS

Dobils

Cap 48

POETICAL MEDICATIONS

## CANADA, OUR HOME.

There is a place called home, around which the warmest affections of the heart must ever centre, though our steps may be far distant.

Loved Canada, thou fairest gem  
That shines in Britain's glittering crown,  
Whose beauty neither voice or pen  
Has ever half to man made known,  
To thee I give this song of praise,  
To thee would offer proudest lays.

We love old Britain, noble land,  
Whose sons have won undying fame,  
Whose warriors brave, with firmest hand,  
Upheld her flag through smoke and flame,  
But of all nations, far or near,  
Our home must ever be most dear.

We love our home, beneath her sky  
Our hearts have throbb'd with joy and pain :  
Within her graves our loved ones lie,  
Who, though we meet not here again,  
Still live in memory's sacred bower,  
Like light that gilds the dying hour.

We praise our home, here love first thrilled  
Our hearts with man's most lasting joy ;  
While with its light our lives are filled  
Naught can our happiness des'troy ;  
Love for our fellows and our God  
Shall last beyond the sleeping sod.

We love our home, the best of earth ;  
Friends who would scorn to own a fear  
Laugh with us in the hour of mirth,  
Or to our sorrow give a tear ;  
And though afar our steps may roam,  
Our hearts must ever be at home.

Let other nations boast with pride  
Their deeds of valor and of might,  
We, with our loved ones by our side,  
Shall glory in the truth and right ;  
Shall boast that never stain of blood  
Has dimmed the light of brotherhood.

God bless our home, long may it be  
 The abode of truth and peace alone,  
 Till o'er the world, from sea to sea,  
 The greatness of our land is known;  
 For this we ask, for this we pray,  
 Till nations pass from earth away.

---

*KINCARDINE.*

Kind friends, I hope you will agree,  
 If not, I ask your pardon,  
 But, in our land, or o'er the sea,  
 There's no place like Kincardine.

We've gents to spare, and ladies rare,  
 Here grace and beauty mingle;  
 And, by my soul, I must declare,  
 We have boys who need the shingle.

We've hearts that never shall grow old,  
 Though time from youth may sever;  
 True virtue, which is more than gold,  
 Shall wear its youth forever.

Like light that fills at close of day  
 The skies with blushing beauty,  
 Sweet smiles chase every shade away,  
 And nerve our hearts to duty.

We've everything to please the mind  
 Of sister, aunt or cousin;  
 Good cider, when we feel inclined,  
 And "old maids" by the dozen.

We've grave, and glad, and good and bad,  
 Of erring, far too many,  
 And I must say, with feeling sad,  
 Of christians, scarcely any.

But, bless my heart, I most forgot,  
 Till now my song is over,  
 To tell some things we have not got,  
 But fear 'twould be a poser.

Then here's to us, may we here stay  
 As long as we desire,  
 And when from earth we pass away,  
 Be farthest from the fire.

---

*THE WRECK OF THE "ASIA."*

'Tis midnight on the troubled deep,  
 The restless waters moan and sigh,  
 As though in sorrow they would weep  
 That fair and brave so soon must die.

The 11th of Sept., 1882, will long be remembered by many of the inhabitants of our fair Canada with feelings of sorrow and regret; as, upon that date there occurred a calamity which cast a shadow over many homes, that shall be lifted only by the hand of eternity. We hear of many ships being lost, of many lives ceasing in the storm and darkness, but we do not realise, nor can we understand the full meaning thereof, until, as in the case of the *Asia*, the crew and passengers of the fated vessel are our own friends and loved ones. Some of those who went forth amid the rayless gloom of that September midnight, when the steamer left for the last time the shelter of a harbor, were persons with whom we were intimately connected, persons who were united to us by the strongest ties of friendship and affection; the ones who watched throughout the long hours of that last night, as the unfortunate vessel struggled with the waves of Lake Huron, were those with whom we have mingled, either in social intercourse, or in the nearer and dearer union of the circle of home. A year has gone by since the dread occurrence, but the vacant places by our firesides are still unoccupied, while we wait in vain for footsteps that shall come no more, and with these to remind, telling more eloquently than words a story of loss and sorrow, the sinking of the doomed *Asia* shall not soon be forgotten. Who would have supposed, as they watched the preparations for departure on that fatal night, as they observed the strong arms and stalwart forms of the crew, or witnessed the smiling faces of the passengers, that two alone of that company would return, to tell a tale of shipwreck and suffering? Let us imagine ourselves in a position to witness the departure of the *Asia*, and to follow her stormy course until she, together with her burden of human beings, is lost in an ocean grave. The night is dark, it is true, while the troubled waters toss and moan, as though conscious of impending evil, but

Brave hearts are here that know not fear,  
And smiles and joy, without a tear,

and as we take the parting hand of those about to embark, words of cheer are alone spoken, to which a prayer for their safe journey across the waters is fervently added. And why should they fear? Their vessel is strong, her crew are brave and competent, youth, health and beauty, all that is required to render the voyage a pleasant one mingle together, and so

With careless jest they say farewell,  
Nor hear the solemn funeral knell  
That now, upon the shrieking blast,  
Proclaims the parting is their last.

But though they see it not, though hidden from their gaze, perhaps by a bright dream of the future, a shadow, blacker than the most sombre shades of midnight, hovers over the restless waters, and ere the sunlight of another day shall have fled from the western sky, that noble ship, with her precious burden of human life, shall be lost amid a gloom and darkness from which she shall emerge no more.

Onward, away from the harbor they move,  
Forms that are dearest, and faces we love,  
Hands waving back, as they pass from the shore,  
Kisses, from lips we shall press nevermore.

The harbor is left behind, the open waters of Lake Huron are gained, and the Asia hurries on her stormy way. But the gale increases in fury, the winds howl more fiercely, and with each passing moment the chances for safety grow less and less. Still no word of alarm is spoken, and each enquiry as to danger is answered by words of cheer and encouragement. The brave Captain Savage stands at his post of duty, and if thought of disaster presents itself it is known only to himself. Onward and onward, and the storm, now grown to a hurricane of the wildest description, rages with unabated violence. The Asia shudders beneath the blows of her enemy, and a tremor of fear invades the circle within the lighted cabin, which, until the present moment, had smiled at the gathering tempest. The fact of imminent danger is now too plain to be longer denied, and the boldest heart upon that reeling boat beats with a quickened motion, while the face of the most hopeful wears an expression of the deepest anxiety. Still the dauntless captain and his brave officers endeavor to banish alarm, by assurances of safety, which they, although they tell it not, have but little hope of being fulfilled. All long for the morning; thinking perhaps that with its coming the

storm may cease; the boisterous waters become calm. The morning dawns, but black, angry clouds

Like gloomy banners unfurled to the sky,  
Telling that death, the last victor is nigh,

add a terror to the scene, seeming to mock the helplessness of those who stand upon the trembling deck of that sinking vessel, which no earthly power can now save from her certain fate. But shall we write of this dread hour, this terrible watch hour for the coming of the last messenger? Our pen falters, and we will only add

Kind Heaven help them, their last hour has come,  
Eyes wildly starting, and tongues that are dumb,  
Hearts beating fast, and with quick coming breath,  
One terrible moment they struggle with death,

and after the struggle is over, and we have not the least doubt that such is the case, that their last thoughts are of the ones whom they left but a few hours before

Then, with white faces upturned to the sky,  
Breathing a prayer to the Master on high,  
Thinking of loved ones, they sink in the deep,  
Never on earth to rejoice or to weep.

But one life-boat has been successfully lowered from the wrecked vessel, and the occupants, after vainly endeavoring to rescue more of their drowning companions, pull for the distant shore. And to cheer each other in that terrible struggle with the raging waters, they sing of the "Sweet Bye and Bye," yes,

Alone upon the angry deep,  
They sing of rest beyond the grave;  
Silent and cold their comrades sleep,  
The last, long sleep, beneath the wave.

In the midst of the shrieking tempest, which threatens each moment to destroy, they sing, as only brave men can; and when one by one, weary with the unequal conflict, they sink in death, it is with words of that beautiful melody upon their lips, telling, that even in the last hour, the hope of rest in the future had not forsaken them.

Of those who comprised the crew of the Asia, all were lost, and but two passengers, Mr. Tinkas, and Miss Morrison, after being exposed to hardships which only the strong and brave could have endured, reached the shore to tell of the calamity. The steamer went down with her engines still working, and with her sinking there went to an ocean grave a brave captain and an efficient crew.

TO THE MOON.

---

Thou silvery Sovereign of the night,  
 That bathes the earth in waves of light,  
 That with a shining robe doth clothe  
 The barren waste and leafy grove,  
 What varied pictures thou hast seen  
 In crowded streets, on village green.

O'er all the world thy light hast shone,  
 From lonely hut to kingly throne,  
 O'er mountain top, and restless wave,  
 O'er scene of mirth, and silent grave;  
 O'er all the land, where'er it be,  
 From trackless wild to sounding sea.

Thou hast looked on manhood's lofty pride,  
 On laughing child and blushing bride;  
 On faces flushed with joy and health,  
 On humble cot and halls of wealth;  
 On all mankind, the false, the true,  
 That live 'neath thine own realm of blue.

On city's gilded tower thou hast shone,  
 On country church and palace dome;  
 On graveyard quiet, where, 'neath the sod,  
 The slumbering wait the trump of God;  
 Where youth and beauty mingled lie,  
 With pallid cheek and sightless eye.

On placid stream thy light hast played,  
 Where gallant youth and winsome maid  
 In whispered words the story told,  
 Forever new, and ever old,  
 That linked, till death should tear apart,  
 The loving hand and faithful heart.

The gentle brooklet thou hast kissed,  
 While angry waves that loudly hissed,  
 Have grown pale beneath thy smile,  
 As boastful coward, weak and vile,  
 Blanches before grim justice stern,  
 Or virtue's rays that brightly burn.

You goodly ship that left the shore,  
 That to our sight returned no more,  
 Thou sawest her sink beneath the waves,  
 And bear our loved to ocean graves;  
 Whil'st thou a faithful watch dost keep,  
 Where fair and brave together sleep.

Till time shall end thy light will glow,  
 Though 'man may come and man may go ;'  
 And when at last thy reign is o'er,  
 When trumpet sounds from shore to shore,  
 Thou'lt lose thy light in worlds above,  
 Where all is light, and peace and love.

---

*PUT YOURSELF IN THEIR PLACE.*

We are often tempted to censure too strongly our fellow mortals who have wandered in sinful paths. If before doing so, we would take into consideration the circumstances under which they fell, the temptations to which they were subjected, we would, in all probability, mingle at least some charity with our condemnation thereof.

Don't censure too strongly the straying,  
 Though of good you can scarce find a trace ;  
 For, no doubt you will find by comparing,  
 You'd be worse if you stood in their place.

Don't imagine all those who are sinning  
 Are devoid of all honor and grace,  
 For you'll find they have much worth the winning,  
 If you'll just put yourself in their place.

If you cannot speak well of another,  
 Don't mention their actions at all ;  
 By nature each man is a brother,  
 And each one is likely to fall.

There is many a one on life's ocean,  
 Tossed about by the billow and strife.  
 In whose heart are the throbs of emotion  
 For a better, a holier life.

Then be not too hasty to censure,  
 Or tell of their shame and disgrace ;  
 For you'd be as bad, I will venture,  
 If you stood in the fallen one's place.

*DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD.*

---

As rays from the setting sun linger long after their source has sunk from sight, still lending their beauty to the darkening sky, so light from the hours of childhood still shines upon our every path of life, though time has far removed us from those days of innocence and purity, to which we can return no more.

How sweet to my mind are the thoughts of my childhood,  
 Those bright happy moments so joyous and free;  
 When with youthful companions I played in the wildwood,  
 Or gathered the shells by the murmuring sea.

No thought of the future e'er darkened my pathway,  
 Or marred for a moment that springtime of mirth;  
 Life's sky was unclouded, and clear as the noonday  
 When nature her smiling beams sheds o'er the earth.

Each well-known scene of those fair, sinless hours,  
 In visions of dreamland still often I see;  
 But alas! they have faded and died, like the flowers  
 Of spring, when the wild winds sweep over the lea.

The deep, shady forest, where oft I have wandered,  
 The brooklet that murmured so gentle and low,  
 Are dear to my heart, though far I have sundered  
 From those hallowed scenes of the sweet long ago.

The friends who were dear in that morning of gladness,  
 Their fair smiling faces no longer I see;  
 They've passed to the land where there's nevermore sadness,  
 From sorrow and trouble their spirits are free.

Yes, hushed are the voices that rang in the wildwood  
 With laughter and shout so joyous and free,  
 And silent the ferns that were dear to my childhood,  
 Who gathered the shells by the murmuring sea.

But when from this world my spirit shall sever,  
 I'll join the dear friends who've passed on before;  
 They'll welcome me home to be happy forever,  
 To sing and rejoice on the evergreen shore.

TO MEAFORD.

---

Once more I walk thy well-known streets,  
 After the years have passed away ;  
 Once more behold the loved retreats  
 Of my departed boyhood's day.

And as I view each hallowed scene  
 That charmed when innocence were mine,  
 The sinful years seem all a dream,  
 And virtue's rays within me shine.

As billows of the troubled sea  
 Cast up their burdens on the shore,  
 So waves of fancy back to me,  
 My youthful hours again restore.

Yes, once again I am a child,  
 Once more, with ecstasies of bliss,  
 On lips by curses undefiled,  
 I feel the touch of mother's kiss.

Oh ! memories of the sinless past,  
 I long for thee, yet fear thy stay,  
 Lest the dread future in its grasp  
 Shall bear thy sacred charms away.

For what is left of all the years  
 That lent their fleeting joys to me ?  
 The brightest hopes, the smiles, the tears,  
 They now belong alone to thee.

And should thy light forsake my breast,  
 Should memory from my life depart,  
 Where could my troubled spirit rest ?  
 Where find relief this aching heart ?

For now when fiercest storms assail,  
 When fondest ties are rudely riven,  
 Within thy hidden, peaceful vale,  
 A momentary rest is given.

And Meaford, thou my early home,  
 From whence life's sweetest memories rise ;  
 This heart must ever be thy throne,  
 Till called to rest beyond the skies.

*"OH! WHAT WILL MY POOR MOTHER DO?"*

---

A poor newsboy had fallen beneath the wheels of an engine, and when a kind hand sought to stay the flowing life blood, and a gentle voice questioned if there was anything they could do to relieve his suffering, he replied, "It's no use, stranger, I'm dying," and after a few moments added, "Oh! what will my poor mother do?" He did not appear to feel the pain, or to fear approaching death. His only anxiety being for her whom he was leaving alone.

"It's no use, stranger, I'm dying,  
I can feel it, here in my breast,  
But somehow I can't keep from crying,  
Though perhaps it is all for the best;  
It is not for myself I am weeping,  
And I suppose it is nothing to you,  
But, when in the grave I am sleeping,  
Oh! what will my poor mother do?"

"To-night she will watch for my coming,  
As oft she has waited before,  
Her voice in the soft twilight humming  
A song I shall hear never more;  
And when by strong arms I am taken  
All mangled and cold to her view,  
When her heart by emotion is shaken,  
Oh! what will my poor mother do?"

"When in the cold light of the morning  
Her boy will lie silent and dead,  
Oh! who in the midst of her mourning  
Will lift up my poor mother's head?  
Who'll soften the throbbings of sorrow  
With words that are tender and true?  
When friendless and lone on the morrow  
Oh! what will my poor mother do?"

"We lived on the hill side together,  
And often alone on the street  
I have wandered, in all kinds of weather,  
To find her a morsel to eat;  
But when with a smile she would greet me,  
And kiss the worn look from my brow,  
I felt she had more than repaid me,  
But what will poor mother do now?"

"Kind stranger, the shadows draw nearer,  
 I'm getting as weak as can be ;  
 But if there was one left to cheer her,  
 I'd die without flinching, you see ;  
 It is not the pain and the aching  
 That wrings from my bosom a moan,  
 But, oh ! sir, my heart-strings are breaking  
 At the thought that I leave her alone.

"I have heard of a Father in Heaven  
 Who cares for the hungry and poor,  
 Whose tenderest mercy is given  
 To help them their trials to endure ;  
 You will give my last penny to mother,  
 You will find it, sir, here in my vest,  
 You will tell her I can't earn another,  
 But she must ask God for the rest."

He ceases, his young life is ended,  
 A true hearted hero is dead ;  
 Alone, by the world unbefriended,  
 He died in a struggle for bread ;  
 He fought to the last bitter hour  
 With a stern and unpitying foe,  
 A blighting and withering sorrow,  
 Which alone his brave spirit could know.

Go think of it you who are living  
 In the midst of your splendor and show,  
 Who not for one moment are giving  
 A thought to earth's misery and woe ;  
 Be sure when the last tie is riven  
 That binds to enjoyment and health,  
 That you are not questioned in Heaven  
 For the use you have made of your wealth.

---

### VAIN REGRETS.

Oh ! what vain regrets still linger  
 In our hearts for misspent hours,  
 Pointing, like a ghostly finger,  
 To the hopes that once were ours ;  
 To the hopes and prospects blighted  
 By our deeds of sin and shame,  
 To the warnings we have slighted,  
 That we ne'er can have again.

Ever on our ears are falling  
 Echos from the buried past,  
 Like a voice in anguish calling  
 For the joys that could not last ;  
 Words of love, in kindness spoken,  
 That we passed unheeded by,  
 Still exist, a lasting token,  
 Though the speakers silent lie.

In the haunts of mirth and pleasure  
 We may seek the voice to quell,  
 But through hours of toil or leisure  
 They must ever with us dwell ;  
 Fiercest fires within us burning,  
 A tormenting, ceaseless flame,  
 All our utmost efforts spurning,  
 In our bosoms still remain.

Though with calm unclouded faces  
 We may mingle with the throng,  
 Though no outward finger traces  
 Marks of folly and of wrong,  
 Deep within our hearts are speaking  
 Voices that shall never cease ;  
 Soul-disturbing tones repeating  
 Words that rob us of our peace.

---

*MY BOY IS DEAD.*

---

The following is respectfully dedicated to an esteemed friend, Mrs. J. Raymond, of Meaford, who lately suffered the severe affliction of losing a young and promising son. Arthur was gifted with more than ordinary intelligence, and, being of a kind and loving temperament, won the affection of all with whom he came in contact. The future appeared bright and cloudless, but ere the noon of life was reached, the shadow of death came down, and the fairest colors went out amid the gloom and darkness. But though the light of life is lost to earth, we have a hope that in your shadeless world it shines with undimmed lustre.

Gladness is over all below,  
 The spring has come, the winter fled ;  
 But oh ! my heart is filled with woe,  
 For he, my brave, bright boy, is dead.

Oh ! tell me not that all is gay,  
 That birds of morning gladly sing ;  
 They cannot chase my grief away,  
 Or rob my sorrow of its sting.

For one sweet smile is hushed to earth  
 That lent its music to my life ;  
 One voice that rang with throbbless mirth  
 No longer cheers me in the strife.

Nature has flung the robe aside  
 That hid her beauty from my sight,  
 And now, in glad triumphant pride,  
 She smiles at winter's vanquished night.

But all in vain the light may glow,  
 And gild the bosom of the wave ;  
 It cannot ease the pangs I know,  
 Or bring my loved one from the grave.

And if, while brightest hues unfold,  
 Some wonder at this drooping head,  
 The answer in these words is told,  
 My boy, my noble boy, is dead.

Oh ! Master, from yon shadeless home  
 Look down in pity on me now ;  
 Help me to mingle with my moan  
 A prayer, as at thy feet I bow.

For thou alone can'st give me rest  
 When weary with my sorrow here ;  
 Thy hand alone can'st soothe my breast,  
 And give me gladness for a tear.

Oh ! help me, though my heart still turns  
 To the loved one who could not stay,  
 While for his smile my spirit yearns,  
 To look beyond where all is day.

Then when each scene of life is o'er,  
 When the last farewell word is said,  
 In cloudless worlds I'll say no more  
 My boy is dead, my boy is dead.

OLD MAIDS.

---

I sincerely hope the heading to these verses will offend none who may read it. The abused and ridiculed mortal "old maid" has long enough been the subject of censure, and I, therefore, raise my voice in her defence, a thing no human being has dared to do before.

I had long tried in vain a subject to find  
 Of which nothing good had been said,  
 I had troubled my brains, I had questioned my mind,  
 I had tortured my poor aching head ;  
 But I found one at last, and, though you may smile,  
 And think that from reason I've strayed,  
 If you will but listen, I'll talk for awhile  
 Of that ridiculed mortal "old maid."

We are told she is sour, and surly and sad,  
 And fretful, and peevish and glum ;  
 That naught in existence can make her look glad,  
 Or hope for a pleasure to come ;  
 That light from her bosom forever has fled,  
 Like sky that is robbed of its gold ;  
 That like fairest flowers, when summer is dead,  
 Her heart has grown withered and cold.

Now, is it quite right that we censure her so  
 Without finding out the true cause  
 Of her ceasing to smile, and her sighings of woe ?  
 For, according to natural laws,  
 There must be some reason that we cannot see,  
 Some secret that's hidden from sight,  
 That has broken a chord in the song of her glee,  
 That has turned her glad morning to night.

Perhaps if the curtains were drawn aside  
 That hide her past life from our view,  
 We should see, 'neath a mantle of coldness and pride,  
 A heart that beats loyal and true  
 To a pledge that was made e're the frosts of deceit  
 Had chilled the warm blood in its flow ;  
 How a promise unkept, like the waves of defeat,  
 Has quenched the best feelings that glow.

We should see how the flowers of youth's brighter morn  
 By a treacherous hand have been crushed,  
 How the music once sweet, by a whisper of scorn,  
 'Mid the wails of despair has been hushed;  
 We should see how a smile that was bright as the day  
 'Neath a sneer of contempt has grown pale,  
 How the light of her life has been robbed of it's ray  
 By the breath of the merciless gale.

So when we are tempted to censure again  
 The ones who are given to moan,  
 Let us think of the sorrow and deep hidden pain  
 Which they may be bearing alone;  
 As often the precious and shadowless gem  
 In place unexpected is found,  
 So oft in the hearts of the ones we condemn  
 The noblest impulses abound.

---

### OH! WHAT IS LIFE?

What is this life when compared with the vast eternity  
 to which we hasten? Its sweetest music is lost amid the  
 sobs of sorrow, while the brightest hopes of mortal perish  
 like the light of faded day.

Oh! what is life? 'tis like the light  
 That trembles on the sleeping wave;  
 For one brief hour it yields delight,  
 Then gives its beauty to the grave.

We paint with go'l the future sky,  
 Without one shade to dim its ray;  
 But e're it dawns the colors die,  
 It breaks upon us cold and grey.

The music that in childhood gushed  
 From hearts that knew no throb of pain,  
 Amid the angry strife is hushed,  
 Nor can we wake the strains again.

Ambition's fires within us burn,  
 Like wounded birds to soar on high;  
 But e're the goal they seek is won,  
 They tumble, in the dust to lie.

Oh ! could we virtue have retained,  
 We then might say this life were blest ;  
 But vice has quenched the light that flamed  
 So brightly in our youthful breast.

Backward we cast our longing eyes  
 To hours when virtue reigned within ;  
 We mourn for the departed prize,  
 And wish to break the bands of sin.

But, like a wanderer on the deep,  
 Who seeks in vain to reach the shore,  
 We for lost innocence may weep,  
 But shall possess the gem no more.

True goodness shall alone endure  
 Against the storms of vice and sin ;  
 The hearts that in this life are pure  
 The after, lasting life shall win.

---

### A DEFENCE OF BRITAIN.

The following was written in reply to an insult to the nation we love, a nation second to none among the kingdoms of earth :

Speak not the word ! dost thou cease to remember  
 How nations have trembled and shrank in alarm ?  
 How each luckless foe who has dared to offend her  
 Has sought earth in vain for a refuge from harm ?  
 Dost thou forget that from ocean to ocean,  
 Wherever the footstep of mortal can roam,  
 A million brave hearts, with a throb of emotion,  
 Call Britain their birthplace, their pride and their home ?

Breathe not a sentence that tells of dishonor,  
 Lest vengeance should fall as the words ye rehearse ;  
 Nor cast the foul blot of a shadow upon her,  
 Or link the proud name of our land with a curse ;  
 Stainless and pure as the sunlight of Heaven,  
 That shines, in the strength of the Master secure,  
 Though each boasted stronghold asunder be riven,  
 Untarnished the light of her fame shall endure.

Forth from the gloom that surrounded her morning,  
 Like lightning that flashes from storm-riven cloud,  
 She burst from the bands of the foes who were scorning,  
 While the light of their glory is wrapped in the shroud :  
 Vainly they strove in the pride of their power  
 To hurl to destruction the nation we love,  
 A stronger than they, through each turbulent hour,  
 Was guiding her course with the light from above.

Tell me no more of a thing that is blighting  
 With withering forces the sons of her soil,  
 How Britain's fair prospects, no longer delighting,  
 Are left to its mercy to perish and spoil ;  
 Cease ! thou insulter, the words thou art speaking  
 Are false as the bosom from which they arise ;  
 While truth like a sentry her vigil is keeping,  
 No hand can deprive of the glories we prize.

And should the dim future be freighted with sorrow,  
 We'll trust our loved nation to justice and right ;  
 While hope, to a brighter and cloudless to-morrow,  
 Shall point through the gloom like a gem of the night :  
 And when in the morning all darkness is driven  
 An unwelcome guest from eternity's shore,  
 In shadowless splendor the fame of our Britain  
 Shall shine where the night can assail it no more.

---

*EVENING.*

---

The last faint tint of glowing light  
 Is fading from the blushing sky ;  
 Dark shadows tell the approach of night  
 O'er all the earth, beneath, on high.

The hues of purple and of gold  
 That lent their beauty to the scene,  
 Are losing, as the shades unfold,  
 Their brightness, 'mid the darkling screen.

The troubled waves have sank to rest,  
 Like infant weary with its play ;  
 No tempest stirs the ocean's breast,  
 No storm disturbs the closing day.

From yonder brightly gilded tower  
 Is borne the sound of evening bells ;  
 The dying of the twilight hour  
 Is signalled by their parting knells.

A peaceful silence reigns supreme,  
 All nature sinks to sweet repose ;  
 As over mountain, vale and stream  
 The dark hued night her mantle throws.

It is an hour all still and calm,  
 And as I muse upon the shore,  
 Sweet thoughts come to me like a balm,  
 Sweet thoughts of joys that are no more.

And songs that long have ceased to earth,  
 And faces I no longer see,  
 And loving hands and sounds of mirth  
 In fancy come again to me.

And smiles that were too bright to last,  
 That lost their beauty in the gloom,  
 Fall on me, as in moments past,  
 E're blushing cheeks were robbed of bloom.

Strange sweet emotions thrill my breast  
 While thinking of departed years ;  
 They break my spirit's tranquil rest.  
 They dim mine eyes with falling tears.

---

TO AN INFANT.

Dedicated to Della May, infant daughter of John  
 Henderson, Kincardine.

Little voyager o'er life's ocean,  
 Scarcely yet thou'st felt the motion  
 Of those waves whose restless power  
 We are breasting every hour.

Thou as yet art near the shore,  
 Hearing not the tempest roar ;  
 Knowing naught but mother's love,  
 Equalled but by that above.

Light without a shadow now  
 Rests its beauty on thy brow ;  
 Light of innocence and truth,  
 Known but to hours of youth.

Oh ! that thou might'st ever stay  
 'Neath it's pure, unclouded ray ;  
 Then should joy without a tear  
 Mark thine every footstep here.

'Then should all thy sinless hours  
 Know no sign of withered flowers ;  
 Then indeed should life be blest,  
 One unbroken scene of rest.

But these hours must away,  
 Childhood's charms too soon decay ;  
 Thou must leave this peaceful home,  
 O'er the troubled waves to roam.

Future days may stormy be,  
 Sorrow rob thy life of glee ;  
 Friends prove false, and far depart,  
 Anguish wring thy trusting heart.

But though these should come to thee,  
 Dark and cold life's journey be ;  
 There is One who'll never leave,  
 Never for a moment grieve.

There's a hand can safely guide.  
 Safe convey thee o'er the tide ;  
 Shield when earthly ties are riven,  
 Give for woe the joys of heaven.

Oh ! may He who dwells in light,  
 Guard thee through each stormy night ;  
 Take thee, when this life is o'er,  
 Where the tempest comes no more.

---

*WRITTEN ON THE TOMBSTONE OF A FRIEND.*

May thy sleep be as sweet as my sorrow is bitter.  
 Is a wish most sincere, of which none could be fitter.

*WHAT SHE MUST BE.*

---

It among the fair readers of this book there be one possessing the qualities and graces mentioned in the following, she is invited to correspond with the author, with the view of plunging with him into the sea of matrimonial bliss.

My love must be fair as a flower,  
 With cheeks of the hue of the rose ;  
 Her eyes bright as sun-lighted bower,  
 Her brow like to wintry snows.

Her lips must be red, like the cherry  
 That blooms in such tempting array ;  
 Her temperment glad some and merry,  
 Her smile like the sunshine of day.

Her teeth, like the pearls of the ocean,  
 Must glisten with splendor and shine ;  
 Her form must be perfect in motion,  
 Like some I have read of in rhyme.

Her step must be bounding and sprightly,  
 Like wild doe's that bounds o'er the plains ;  
 Her voice sweet as songsters that nightly  
 Cheer earth with their musical strains.

Her hands must tender and gentle,  
 To soothe me in sorrow and woe ;  
 She must also be gifted in mental,  
 The knowledge of sages must know.

Her heart must be pure as the fountain  
 That gushes all sparkling and bright ;  
 Her hair dark as shades of the mountain  
 When daylight is swallowed in night.

Her height must be just the right measure,  
 She must not too short or too tall ;  
 She at all times must wait my good pleasure  
 In all things—I guess that is all.

And when I can find such a beauty,  
 No matter in what land or clime,  
 I shall feel it my most sacred duty  
 To endeavor to win her as mine.

---

*DRIFTING.*

The following was written while walking on the shore of Lake Huron, the lines being suggested by the observance of a piece of drift-wood floating upon the water, reminding of the drifting and tossing on the sea of life.

Drifting, aye drifting, wherever we be,  
 Drifting and tossing, like waves of the sea ;  
 Drifting from time to eternity.

Drifting when morn chases darkness away,  
 Drifting toward eve, to the close of the day ;  
 Drifting to night where the deep shadows lay.

Drifting the humble, the haughty, the proud,  
 Drifting along in a hurrying crowd ;  
 Drifting to death, to the grave and a shroud.

Drifting from scenes where we fondly would stay,  
 Drifting from earth and its pleasures away ;  
 Drifting each moment, drifting each day.

Drifting when spring with warm sunny showers  
 Wakens to life the slumbering flowers ;  
 Drifting through summer's long dreamy hours.

Drifting the thoughtless, drifting the grave,  
 Drifting the cowardly, drifting the brave ;  
 Drifting, aye drifting, o'er life's restless wave.

Drifting, aye drifting, with doubting and fears,  
 Drifting in laughter, drifting in tears ;  
 Drifting away through the fast speeding years.

Oh ! may we all, when life's drifting is o'er,  
 Drift to yon harbor—the heavenly shore ;  
 Where we shall rest from the storm evermore.

*THE LOSS OF THE EXPLORER.*

---

The following is respectfully dedicated to Major Crane, of Goderich, whose brother was a passenger on the lost vessel—also to Capt. Wood, of London, whose son was in command of the same. The morning on which the Explorer left the harbor at Goderich for the last time, was calm and beautiful, and no one dreamed that soon she would sink amid the angry waters.

I

Out on the waters, all peaceful, they glide,  
 Dreaming no harm from the murmuring tide :  
 Calm are the waves, as a babe on the breast  
 Of her, who in kindness, has lulled it to rest :  
 Bright gleams the light from yon heaven above,  
 Home of the spotless ones, dwelling in love ;  
 No moaning billow, no shadow of gloom,  
 Whispers of danger, or tells of their doom.

Gaily they speak as they bid us good bye,  
 Banishing far each forboding and sigh :  
 Smile as we tell of the perils of the wave,  
 Pointing to Him who from danger can save :  
 Onward, away from the harbor they move,  
 Forms that are dearest and faces we love ;  
 Hands waving back, as they pass from the shore,  
 Kisses, from lips we shall press nevermore.

Onward, and onward, a sorrowless throng,  
 Filling the moments with laughter and song ;  
 Forth from our presence, like birds in their flight,  
 Free as the waters that sparkle in light ;  
 Hearts beating high with enjoyment and hope,  
 Arms that are strong with the tempest to cope :  
 Why should they dream of disaster or harm ?  
 Why omen of evil their spirits alarm ?

Brave are their hearts, but a stronger than they  
 Follows their course, like a wolf for its prey,  
 In the bright morn, through the shadows of night,  
 Keeping the ship and his victims in sight :

Though of his presence no sign they can trace,  
 He, with a mark that no hand can efface,  
 Claims them his own, and but waits for the hour  
 To hurl to destruction with merciless power.

## II

Over the storm-troubled waters they fly,  
 Danger beneath them, and darkness on high;  
 Angry and restless, the black billows foam,  
 Filling their ears with a dismal moan;  
 Gone is the sunlight that gladdened their hearts,  
 Like a bright hope that in sorrow departs;  
 Loudly the voice of the pitiless blast  
 Tells that the moments are numbering fast.

Higher and higher the wild waters leap,  
 Nearer and nearer the last shadows creep;  
 Silent and ghostly the rocks through the gloom  
 Lighten the waves that encircle their tomb;  
 bravely they strove, but the struggle is o'er,  
 Hands they have clasped, from eternity's shore  
 Beckon to rest in the harbor above,  
 To render unbroken the circle of love.

Kind heaven help them, their last hour has come!  
 Eyes wildly starting, and tongues that are dumb,  
 Hearts beating fast, and with quick coming breath,  
 One terrible moment they struggle with death:  
 Then, with white faces upturned to the sky,  
 Breathing a prayer to the Master on high,  
 Thinking of loved ones, they sink in the deep,  
 Never on earth to rejoice or to weep.

---

 GOING DOWN.
 

---

Kind friends, I would whisper a warning,  
 Though perhaps it may cause you to frown,  
 While no doubt my words you'll be scorning,  
 But the fact is, we all must go down.

We may read, we may write, we may splutter,  
 We may win most extensive renown,  
 But I tell you it will not much matter,  
 For at last we shall have to go down.

We may dwell in a palace or hovel,  
 In country, or city, or town,  
 But we all must lie on the same level  
 When at last we together go down.

From the beggar who lies in the gutter,  
 To the king who wears royalty's crown,  
 Though they view its cold gloom with a shudder,  
 To the grave all must surely go down.

Some go in the pureness of childhood,  
 Like light from the morn of the day ;  
 While some in the vigor of manhood  
 Go down from our sight and away.

Then don't toss your head my dear brother,  
 Or imagine your lot is the best ;  
 For we're all going downward together,  
 And you, sir, as sure as the rest.

---

*OF WHAT USE IS EARTHLY FAME?*

Of what use is brightest fame  
 To the source from whence it came,  
 If that source, like yonder flame  
 When 'tis needed not again,  
 Is neglected ?  
 If, like case of precious stone  
 When the gem within has flown,  
 And its use no more is known,  
 From our presence far is thrown,  
 And rejected.

---

*WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.*

The following was written in the album of a young lady  
 of whom the writer at one time held a very high opinion  
 but who, by words of unkindness, proved herself  
 of the same.

As deep as the sea, as pure as it's foam,  
 Is the love I bear for thee ;  
 And though o'er the trackless waves I roam,  
 None other so fair I see.

And when I can find such a beauty,  
 No matter in what land or clime,  
 I shall feel it my most sacred duty  
 To endeavor to win her as mine.

---

A TRIBUTE TO BRITAIN.

Who does not feel a throb of emotion at the thought of claiming allegiance to that dear old flag which never yet has floated beneath a hostile banner, or been lowered from its lofty position by the hand of an enemy? The flag of Britain has proudly waved from the highest pinnacles of earth; and, upheld by strong arms and brave hearts, it shall still soar above all others, until the flags of the nations are furled forever, and time shall be lost in eternity. We have reason to be proud of our loved nation. Like a gleam of light in the darkness the name of Britain shines bright and clear through the dark ages which she has passed, and in all the annals of history no name is so free from the stain of dishonor as that of the land we love. Like some staunch ship that bravely holds her way over the storm-tossed waters, pressing proudly on in defiance of the storm and darkness, until she reaches the harbor of rest and safety, so the nation of which we speak, scorning each foe who sought to stay her progress or hinder her advancement, has pressed steadily on; and, upheld by a power which knew no weakness, has gained that proudest of all proud positions, the first among the nations, the mistress of the seas. We love our noble Britain; beneath her sky have transpired scenes that shall pass from memory only when earthly hours shall cease. Upon her shore we passed the days of childhood, those hours of innocence which ever retain a sacred place within our breast, the recollection of which we would not lose for wealth of earth. Oh! days of cloudless light, moments of truth undarkened by a shade of sin, could we once more recal! them! But they have gone with the past, and naught remains of their brightness but a

memory, which lingers like the rays of departed day, lending their beauty long after the source which gave them rise has vanished in the shades of night. Beneath British soil lie the remains of those who have passed from earth: and as we think of smiles which lost their beauty in the gleam, of kindly hands which press our own no more, we are led to exclaim, oh! Britain, of all the ties which bind to thee, none is more sacred or lasting than the fact that beneath the white slabs of thy churchyards repose the forms of our cherished dead.

Loved Britain! subject of my song,  
 What tender memories 'round thee throng  
 While writing of thee, land I love;  
 Thy name all earthly names above  
 Is the most sacred, and shall prove,  
 While on this earthly sphere I move,  
 A theme all worthy of my praise.  
 Upon thy shore the happy days  
 Of youth and innocence were passed;  
 Like a bright dream that could not last  
 They vanished from my sight away;  
 But, as the light of dying day  
 Fills all the sky with crimson ray,  
 So hues from those lost moments shine  
 Upon life's pathway, and are mine,  
 To cheer my heart in darkest hours:  
 The memory of youth's withered flowers  
 Must ever share a sacred place  
 Within my breast, and as I trace  
 My way amid the ills and cares of life,  
 Shall soften woe, and nerve me for the strife:  
 By murmuring stream, in leafy glade,  
 With friends now motionless, I've strayed  
 In laughing mirth, while o'er life's way  
 The sunlight fell with clearest ray;  
 And as I think of smiles all bright  
 That lost their beauty in the night  
 Of death, and of the lips now cold  
 That pressed my cheek, as hues of gold  
 Tremble upon the waters e're they part,  
 So tremble sweet emotions in my heart.  
 For thus I love thee, that beneath thy skies  
 Transpired the scenes from which sweet memories rise:

For this I love thee, and would sound  
Thy praise to listening nations 'round.

Like gallant ship that holds her way  
'Mid howling storm and blinding spray,  
Thou'st braved the tempest and the night,  
And struggled to the glorious light  
Of liberty ; from every foe who sought to stay  
Thy progress, thou hast burst away ;  
And, as a spirit upward flies  
To its true home beyond the skies,  
So thou, from 'midst thine early gloom,  
Hast risen to a gloricus noon.  
On thy green shore no stain is seen,  
No blot upon thine honored name  
Its shadow throws, to mar the scene,  
Or dim the splendor of thy fame ;  
Like eagles bold, that soar on high,  
That all their meaner foes defy,  
So thy red flag, the flag I love,  
Each other emblem floats above,  
And hurls defiance at each foe  
Who would seek thy greatness to o'erthrow.

God bless thee ! Britain, long may thou  
Earth's greatest nation be as now ;  
And only may thy glittering crown  
From lofty height be lowered down  
When Queen and subjects say farewell  
To earth, in fairer worlds to dwell.

---

*THE LONDON FLOOD, 1883.*

---

All will remember the disastrous flood which recently visited London, causing much destruction to property, and by which not a few of her citizens lost their lives. The day preceeding the fatal night was dark and rainy, but no one thought of the terrible scene so soon to be enacted, or dreamed that e're the morning light should gild the eastern sky, many homes would mourn the death of loved ones, many heads be bowed in sorrow.

A robe of gloom has fallen o'er the city's noise and din.  
And homes of peace and happiness and haunts of strife  
and sin,

Each are enwrapped in silence deep, and hidden from the  
sight,  
Now rest beneath the shadow and the stillness of the  
night.

All day the rain in torrents had descended from on high,  
All day had clouds of sombre hue obscured the summer  
sky ;  
But no one thought of lurking harm, and as the night  
came down,  
No eye discerned the darker shade that gathered o'er the  
town.

But though there came no warning voice, no sign of  
threatened ill,  
A foe, with swift but noiseless tread, draws near and  
nearer still ;  
A foe against whose deadly power all striving will be vain,  
And some who watched the light depart, shall see it not  
again.

Out on yon foaming current's breast, that rushes madly  
by,  
Death rides toward our sleeping homes, and some this  
night must die ;  
Some lips that whispered soft good-night when evening  
prayers were o'er,  
Shall greet at morn with words of love, or press our own  
no more.

E'en now the river's sullen roar disturbs the solemn hush,  
While, from each band which held in sway, the angry  
waters gush ;  
They break upon the land of dreams, they seize their  
trembling prey,  
And forms we loved, amid the gloom pass from our view  
away.

The morning breaks, but on the spot where late our  
dwellings stood,  
Naught now is seen but ruin's mark, and ravage of the  
flood ;  
The swollen stream sweeps proudly on, unheeding in its  
scorn,  
The faces pale and mangled forms still on its bosom  
borne.

The babe that but last eve reclined upon its mother's breast,  
 With smile of innocence and joy that shamed the glow-  
 ing west,

Now, like the dawn of morning gray, when summer hours  
 have fled,

Its beauty in the darkness lost, lies motionless and dead.

He who on yester morn was seen all manly in his pride  
 Lies cold and silent as the child who perished by his  
 side ;

While woman fair, whose blushing cheek had never paled  
 before,

Has lost her loveliness in death, to wear it nevermore.

Oh! London, had some kindly hand protected from the foe,  
 Then would some lives still throb with joy that now are  
 filled with woe ;

Then would some hearts, with wealth of love of value more  
 than gold,

Yet glow with its unclouded light, that now are still and  
 cold.

---

### THE WORKING GIRL.

---

How often have we heard the words, uttered in tones of scorn, by lips curled in a smile of contempt, "only a servant girl," as if honest labor were something deserving of censure and ridicule. We have known ladies who would for no consideration allow their servants to sit at the same table with themselves, for the simple reason that they bore the name of "servant." The idea of eating with a "servant" is one from which they shrink with abhorrence, and not for one moment could they entertain thoughts of doing anything that would so wound their pride and sense of superiority, of which they possess so very large a share. They believe in teaching "servants" their true place, and in forcing them to keep such. But why, in the name of all that is fair and honest, we would ask do these high-minded individuals imagine themselves to be so much better in every respect than the one they call "servant," when, try as they may, they cannot alter the fact that they both belong by nature to the same family. We have known so-called ladies who would sit until the last embers had died, rather than soil their delicate hands by replenishing the fire, or who, although in close proximity thereto, would call

the servant from the third storey to answer the door bell. Such action deserves, and receives the contempt of every honest, common sense person. So far as nature is concerned, each mortal stands on the same level, and talk as we may of noble ancestry, of better blood, or of higher birth. We cannot change the law that stamps each one as human beings; and so long as we remain true to nature, so long as virtue and honor retain their place within our breasts. We stand alike in the sight of Him who knows each thought, who marks each action of man, whether we possess the stately palace, or serve in the most humble position. If there be one class of people more worthy of commendation than others, it is those who fight the battle of life bravely, who toil from light of morn until evening shades have been swallowed in night, for their homes, and in behalf of those who surround the family circle. Whose heart can feel most keenly for a brother in sorrow? whose voice first whispers words of cheer and consolation? Not he whose heart is filled with pride and selfishness, within whose bosom there trembles no throb of sympathy, but he who, having himself contended with hardship and difficulty, can realize the full meaning thereof, and consequently feel more deeply for an unfortunate fellow. And no where is there found more unselfish lives, more noble hearts than among the working portion of the population. And foremost among the working class we would place the girl who, from some cause or other, is forced to earn for herself a livelihood. May the time soon come when she shall receive from all the high respect to which she is entitled, when each whisper of contempt shall be changed to words of praise and admiration.

God bless the noble working girl!  
 Who, 'mid the clamor and the whirl,  
 With willing hands, but aching head,  
 Toils for her own and loved ones' bread.

From break of morn, till sunlight flies  
 Before the shade of evening skies,  
 Despite the cares that 'round her throng,  
 She fills the hours with happy song.

Talk not to me of wealth or fame!  
 The truest wealth is love's bright flame;  
 Love that inspires the heart to lend  
 Its treasures to a helpless friend.

And who of love is more possessed  
 Than she within whose glowing breast  
 Virtue, and truth, and grace abound?  
 Where not a thought of self is found.

Away with girl of diamond ring,  
 Who, though the hours are on the wing,  
 Would rather all life's duties shirk,  
 Than soil her pretty hands with work.

The truest girl who walks the earth,  
 In time of grief, or hours of mirth,  
 Is she who tries amid the strife,  
 To make some better by her life.

---

TO THE SNOW.

THE QUERY.

Emblem of light, from the land above,  
 Pure as the beings who dwell in it,  
 Piercing the shadowy hues of night,  
 Lighting its gloom in thy downward flight,  
 Tell me, oh! tell me, thou shadeless snow,  
 What dost thou think of this earth below?

Down from thy glittering home on high,  
 Falling like pearls from the darkened sky,  
 Born of a region of colors fair,  
 Knowing no throbbing of earthly care,  
 Tell me, oh! tell me, thou sinless snow,  
 What dost thou think of this earth below?

Creature of God! from yon blissful place,  
 Dwelling where angels, with forms of grace,  
 Safe from the darkness, the tempest o'er,  
 Sing of His love on a pangless shore,  
 Answer my query, O radiant snow!  
 What are thy thoughts of this earth below?

What dost thou think of a faded cheek?  
 Of a trembling voice that scarce can speak?  
 Of songless lips, and a brow of care?  
 Of hearts that break with a black despair?  
 Thou hast seen them all on thy stainless way,  
 What dost thou think of these things, I pray?

What dost thou think of a selfish pride  
 That would not yield though its victims died ?  
 Of scornful whispers that chill the blood  
 Like the breath of winter's icy flood ?  
 Of broken chords in a song of glee ?  
 What dost thou think of them, tell to me ?

Thou'st viewed each scene of the speeding years,  
 The sounds of laughter, the flowing tears,  
 Each muttered curse of the sinful throng,  
 Who spend the moments in vice and wrong,  
 Thou'st heard each word, thou'st marked each tear,  
 In the revel's din, by the silent bier,

## THE REPLY.

.. Down from a realm of cloudless light,  
 Tracing my way through the murky night,  
 Guarded from harm by a loving hand,  
 Softly I fall o'er the sea and land ;  
 But mortal, I dare not tell to thee  
 What are my thoughts of the things I see.

.. I have witnessed scenes of deepest woe,  
 From loving bosoms the red blood flow ;  
 I have seen the faces of young and fair  
 Grow stern and cold 'neath a look of care ;  
 I have seen man's breast with passion swell,  
 But what are my thoughts I dare not tell.

.. I have seen the traitor's gleaming knife  
 Drink deep of the crimson tide of life ;  
 Each curse of the thoughtless sinful throng,  
 Each noble action, each deed of wrong,  
 All secrets of mortal man I know,  
 All things that pass on the earth below.

.. I have heard the sounds of joy and glee,  
 The ravings of midnight revelry ;  
 The trembling whisper, the falling tear,  
 The mournful brow by the silent bier ;  
 I have known them all, by night or day,  
 But what are my thoughts I cannot say.

" I mourn o'er the wickedness of earth,  
 O'er severed chords in a song of mirth;  
 But He who rules in yon bright Heaven  
 In sweetest words a law has given,  
 To cover each sinful deed I see  
 With a robe of spotless charity.

Oh! may we not each a lesson learn,  
 When strong desires within us burn  
 To tell of a fallen brother's shame,  
 When love is lost in a fiercer flame.  
 To cover each other's faults from sight,  
 Like the snow, 'neath a robe of purest white?

---

*SOME THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO SEE.*

- A man who never said "good-day,"  
 A boy who never went astray.
- A woman who is free from care,  
 A girl who does not "bang" her hair.
- A baby that is not the best,  
 The meaning of "pull down your vest."
- An "old maid" who had not a beau,  
 When she was younger, don't you know.
- A man who does not wear a frown  
 When taking rusty stove-pipes down.
- Or who in putting up the same,  
 Does not say something worse than "blame."
- A choir that never had a quarrel,  
 A class of men who never brawl.
- A council that does always right,  
 A dog that would not bark at night.
- A constable who never tries  
 To save from harm his precious eyes.
- A magistrate who always would  
 Impose a penance when he should.
- Justice, that like unsweetened honey,  
 Could not be bought for love or money.

If any one who reads my book  
 Will find the things for which I look,  
 I'll be his truest friend forever,  
 Till I am called across the river.

### THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

While walking one day, the writer was met by an old man, who told a sad story of the loss of friends and fortune, but expressed the hope that he would find them in a better world.

Oh! beautiful world, with thy birds and thy flowers,  
 Thy fair, rosy mornings, thy calm summer hours,  
 Thy moonlight that glimmers o'er mountain and wave,  
 That lightens the homes of the mirthful and grave.  
 Oh! why must thy beauty so quickly decay?  
 Why must thy best glory so soon pass away?

I stood and admired the bright, glowing west,  
 All crimsoned with gold as the sun sank to rest:  
 But, e'en as I pondered, the shadows of night  
 Stretched forth their black hues, and it vanished from sight:  
 And I said, as I turned me with sighing away,  
 Why must earth's bright glory so soon pass away?

The friends who were dear on the ocean of life,  
 Who shared in the sorrows, and joined in the strife,  
 Have sank 'neath the billows, and left me alone,  
 And their voices are hushed 'mid its dismal moan:  
 Oh! why did they leave me? why could they not stay?  
 Why must my loved treasures so soon pass away?

Affection's fond ties have been sundered and riven,  
 Like forest oak rent by the thunders of heaven;  
 While the hopes that were mine, like the foam on the shore,  
 Have passed from my presence, to gladden no more:  
 All lonely I wait for the hour of release,  
 For the time when this life with its sorrow shall cease.

As shadows of night chase the sunlight away  
 When darkness is pressing the brow of the day,  
 So the light of my life has gone out in the gloom  
 Of a blackness that rivals the depth of the tomb:  
 And all that is left is the shriek of the blast,  
 Or a vision of scenes that forever are passed.

But away, far away o'er the ocean of life,  
 Away from the billow, away from the strife,  
 Away from the reach of the mad water's foam,  
 Away from the shadows that darkened my home,  
 There's a place where my loved ones forever shall stay,  
 Where naught from my presence can bear them away.

---

*I SAW HER IN HER GIRLISH BLOOM.*

---

The following was written on hearing of the death of a young lady who, but a few short years ago, was careless and happy, knowing naught but innocence and purity.

I saw her in her girlish bloom,  
 With smile that shamed the light of day ;  
 When not a whisper told of doom,  
 When night and death seemed far away.

Blest with kind friends, her life appeared  
 A scene of pure, unclouded joy ;  
 She knew no woe, no shadow feared,  
 Nor foe life's sweetness to destroy.

Her heart, like fountain pure and bright,  
 Gushed forth its joy with cheerful sound,  
 While in its centre truth and right  
 An uninvaded dwelling found.

I heard to-day that she was dead,  
 That far from home and friends she died :  
 That life with all its charms had fled  
 When no loved one was by her side.

Cursed be the one who wrecked her life !  
 Cursed may he be on land or shore :  
 May he be vanquished in the strife,  
 And hurled to death forevermore.

---

*EPITAPH ON CAPT. WEBB.*

---

Here lies Capt. Webb, who was caught in a web  
 Which he wove in an hour of evil ;  
 His last noted swim was a long one for him,  
 For he swam all the way to the d——l.

So now he is dead, this great Capt. Webb,  
 And to drown is no longer in danger;  
 For now, I much fear, though it causes a tear,  
 That water to him is a stranger.

The following was a reply to an assertion that love was unreasonable, made by a young lady, on a warm evening in July:

You say my love's unreasonable,  
 That to forget thee I should try;  
 I think thy words unseasonable,  
 Since they are cold when its July.

### WINE WILL RUIN.

In the following the initials of the first words will be found to form the words of the heading.

When in the goblet the red wine is shining,  
 If to imbibe it thy heart is inclining,  
 Never be tempted its sweetness to try,  
 Every red drop holds a tear and a sigh.

Where are thy friends, who in life's early morn  
 Indulged in the cup, every warning did scorn?  
 Low in the graveyard—gone manhood and pride—  
 Low as the brate did they sink e're they died,

Ruin and danger are hid in the wine,  
 Use it not, then, lest this ruin be thine;  
 In all life's journey thou'lt find this is true—  
 Never touch wine, and it cannot harm you.

### TO R. BAIRD, ESQ.

May you stay here till not a tear  
 Shall at the parting flow;  
 Till not a mortal, far or near,  
 Remains to see you go.

### TO J. A. MACPHERSON, ESQ.

Like light that encircles the mountain,  
 Or gladdens the breast of the wave,  
 May light from affection's deep fountain  
 Illumine thy path to the grave.

TO I. RIGHTMYER, ESQ.

---

May thee and thine be free from fault,  
 And perfect as thy matchless salt ;  
 Is the best good I can desire  
 For thine and thee, my dear Rightmyer.

TO J. BARKER, ESQ.

---

Unlike a sleep-disturbing barker,  
 With growl more terrible than its bite.  
 May you, with teeth of justice, Barker,  
 Force every sinner to do right.

TO GEO. STURGEON, ESQ.

---

Like the good fish of similar name  
 May you obtain undying fame ;  
 But 'tis the hope of your well-wisher  
 That you may ne'er be caught by *Fisher*.

TO GEO. SWAN, ESQ.

---

As yonder happy, sinless swan  
 Floats gracefully adown the river,  
 So may you cross life's ocean, Swan,  
 And ever have a healthy liver.

TO J. P. WRIFHT, ESQ.

---

I fear to write of Mr. Wright  
 A word in either prose or song ;  
 For, as he's altogether *Wright*,  
 All I can say must sure be *wrong*.

TO MISS L.—C.—

---

Sweet girl, forever on my heart  
 Must thy dear name engraven be ;  
 Never from memory can depart  
 The thoughts that bind my soul to thee.

As lightning from you riven cloud  
 Illumes the blackness of the night,

So light from lost affection's shroud  
Still shines with radiance clear and bright.

Oh! could I ever near have stayed  
To thee alone, the good, the true,  
To sinful paths I had not strayed,  
Nor marred the scene so fair to view.

Could I upon each treacherous spot  
Have been by thy dear presence blest,  
Then had the tempter vexed me not,  
Nor passion's fires have torn my breast.

But why lament what could not be?  
Or why repine with useless moan?  
Virtue and happiness for thee—  
For me, the sting of vice alone.

But if in that pure heart of thine  
One thought of me may linger still,  
Forget the sins that now are mine,  
And think of me as I have been.

---

### OH! WHY SHOULD I LIVE?

Suggested by hearing a young man remark that life's brightest hours had been squandered, and that naught remained to make him desire to live longer in a world of disappointment and misery.

Oh! why should I live, when the sky of the morrow  
Is clouded with shadows as black as to-day?  
When life's brightest hopes on the pinions of sorrow  
Have taken their flight from my presence away?

Oh! why should I live, where the sunlight of heaven  
But deepens the gloom that has shadowed my life?  
While earth's fondest prospects asunder are riven,  
And scattered like leaves by the pitiless strife?

All, all is away, but the fires of regretting,  
Which linger and burn in my sin-tortured breast;  
In vain, all in vain, do I strive by forgetting,  
To find for my spirit a moment of rest.

I have sought for relief in the revel of pleasure,  
 The boasted delights that are found in the bowl  
 I have tasted, to purchase a moment of leasure  
 From memory's whispers, that sadden my soul.

With beauty and love I have squandered the hours  
 Of midnight and morn in the circle of sin ;  
 But vain were their charms, and all useless their powers  
 To stifle the flames that were raging within.

Alone in the grave, where no memories returning,  
 Can trouble and vex with a dream of the past,  
 Where flames of regretting no longer are burning,  
 This earth-weary heart shall find resting at last.

---

### THE GODERICH SQUARE.

The Goderich Square is, in some respects, a place of the most curious description. On the Square you will meet persons who are far from being "square," others who are not "all there," and in fact, all sorts of people may be seen on this Square of which we speak.

Have you ever been on the Goderich Square ?  
 There you will meet the young and the fair ;  
 The big and the little, the tall and the spare,  
 Will greet your view as you walk on the Square.

Ladies and gents with never a care,  
 Thoughtless and gay, with no burden to bear ;  
 Beauty and grace with which none can compare,  
 Will gladden your eyes as you walk on the Square.

The neat little dandy, (the same as elsewhere)  
 From his elegant glasses will give you a stare ;  
 While the conceited "snob," who is scarcely "all there,"  
 Will turn up his nose as you meet on the Square.

Fair blushing faces, and bright laughing eyes,  
 Will cause in your bosom emotions to rise ;  
 And e're you depart, you'll be forced to declare  
 That your heart was made captive on Goderich Square.

The humble, the haughty, the good and the bad,  
 The handsome and ugly, the jolly and sad:

All shades of complexion, all color of hair,  
Will rivet your gaze as you walk on the Square.

And now I have told you about all I know  
Of the Square, but advise you if ever you go  
To Goderich town, be it rainy or fair,  
Take a walk on the much noted Goderich Square.

---

TO MISS M.---D.---

---

In reply to a letter, in which the young lady expressed  
a hope that she would not be forgotten by the author.

Forget thee! no, my darling, no,  
The thought would fill my heart with woe;  
Not till yon sun shall cease to glow  
Can I forget the bliss I know  
When with thy presence I am blest,  
When with thy head upon this breast,  
We for one moment cease to live  
But in the heaven that love can give.

When light that fills yon blushing skies  
Forgets the source which gave it rise,  
Or waters of the gushing stream  
Ignore the source from which they spring,  
Then may my heart prove false and cold,  
As night that robs the sky of gold;  
But, by thyself, whom I adore  
I swear I'll not forget before.

---

To any one who thinks my verses are old, I would say:  
You think my verses are quiet old,  
Like ginger-bread and honey;  
If this be true, then you are "sold,"  
And I have got your money.

I cannot imagine how a Blackwell can be a white man, as  
everyone knows that

A *black well*, means a healthy *black*,  
Or, if we turn and say it back,  
A *well black* means the very same,  
A *black* whose neither sick or lame;  
And, for my life I cannot tell,  
How you can have a white *black well*.

*THE VICTORIA DISASTER.*

It was a bright morning on the 24th of May, 1880. Far and near over our fair Canada the sunlight lay like a mantle of untarnished gold, with no shadow to dim its brightness, no gloom to marr the beauty of the scene.

The morn was fair, on land or wave  
No clond was seen, no shadow fell ;  
No whispered warning came to save,  
Or of the coming fate fortell.

It was indeed one of nature's fairest mornings—a morning of clondless skies, and of singing birds—a time on which it were impossible to be otherwise than cheerful and happy. But as the sky of evening is flocded with colors the most beautiful just e're shadows of night fall like a vail of sombre hue over the darkening landscape, so the beauty of that peerless morning was to be followed by a shadow that should long rest on homes upon which it would fall.

It was the birthday of our Queen—  
A queen the noblest of the earth—  
And far and near, 'mid festive scene,  
Was heard the sound of happy mirth.

Flags floated proudly from every mast-head in honor of the birthday of Her Majesty, the Sovereign of England—a sovereign who, while bearing herself with true queenly dignity, still retains true womanly grace and virtue, which is far better.

By flowing stream, in city's street,  
Glad hearts that knew no throb of pain  
Burst forth in song, while weary feet  
In fancy walked in youth again.

It was a time of enjoyment, without a throb of sorrow, and on all sides, and among all classes, happiness feigned supreme.

To grace the sparkling river's breast,  
That flowed in solemn grandeur by,  
London gave forth her loved and best,  
Nor dreamed that they so soon would die.

From her dock at London the steamer *Victoria* went forth upon the smiling waters of the Thames, having on board a large excursion party, who determined to banish for a time all thoughts of sorrow, and spend the day in the pursuit of pleasure. No one thought of coming harm

And as they took the parting hand  
 They scarcely stayed to say farewell;  
 For would they not return to land  
 E're chimed at eve the latest bell?

But though they knew it not, the parting was the last;  
 though they saw it not, the shadow of death hovered over  
 the glistening river, and waited to enfold them in its dark  
 embrace. But they saw only the sunlight,

So with bright smiles they passed from view  
 Of friends who lingered on the shore;  
 With words of cheer the brave and true  
 Went forth from home to come no more.

Gaily the good ship sped along.  
 Her banners quivering in the wind,  
 While on her deck a joyous throng  
 Left care and sorrow far behind.

No gloom obscured the blue above,  
 Or dimmed the rays that flashed below;  
 And how could light and health and love  
 One thought of coming danger know?

We all know the terrible ending of this scene which at its commencement was undarkened by a shadow. We all know how on that fatal 24th of May death walked through every street of London, and left a shadow that lingers still upon many homes within that unfortunate city. We all know that as the moon rose on the evening of that well-remembered day, its rays fell upon a scene of sorrow and woe such as had never before been witnessed within our fair Dominion. Why dwell upon it? Why speak of that which even yet causes us to shudder and turn pale, as only the recollection of something awful could do? Why tell of the pale faces which on the evening of that day looked even more more ghastly in the bright moonlight, or of the silent forms which lay upon the banks of that gleaming river? There was the infant, torn from its mother's bosom ere yet its young life had been darkened by a shadow of sin, a smile still plying upon its lifeless features; there was the youth whose bright dream of future days had been rudely broken, while the old and friendless, who met death not with dread or fear, but as a messenger of mercy, lay calm and peaceful, free from earthly care—sleeping the sleep of the weary of a life the charms of which had perished with the long departed days of youth

and happiness. We shall speak no longer of this most terrible day—a day which must ever remain fresh in the memory of each citizen of London as a time of mourning, which it is hoped may not again be repeated.

---

*EARTH'S FADING SCENES.*

---

The fairest flowers of earth that sweetly bloom,  
That blossom 'neath the mellow sunbeams bright,  
Must shortly fade and hasten to their doom,  
Stricken beneath the winter's chilly blight.

For one brief season 'mid earth's sunny bowers  
With brightest hues their shining leaves unfold;  
But, swift as fades the light of summer hours,  
They droop, and lose their glorious tints of gold.

The clearest morn, the most unclouded noon,  
The sun that shines with brightest, steadiest ray,  
Must sink into the silent, dismal gloom  
Of night, when darkness closes o'er the day.

Thus every scene of life flies swiftly by,  
We strive in vain our joys from death to save;  
The sprightliest form, the most unflinching eye,  
Must dim and moulder in the silent grave.

But shall these flowers ne'er wake to life again?  
And must they sleep in death forever more?  
Will not their crimson glory deck the plain  
With beauty and with fragrance as before?

Or must these shades of evening always last?  
This murky darkness evermore hold sway?  
Will night's dread reign of silence ne'er be past,  
Or break before the cheerful light of day?

Oh! yes, these shades of night will soon be o'er,  
The sun's bright rays will burst the band of night;  
These flowers shall bloom and blossom as of yore,  
Though now they droop beneath the monster's blight.

The gladsome spring will wake again the flowers  
That now are sleeping in the silent tomb;  
The rising morn will bring the sunny hours,  
And chase the shadows from the night of gloom.

Y OU CAN'T CHAIN LOVE.

---

You can't chain love, as well might try  
 To fix the light that gilds the sky,  
 Which wanders, when the day is o'er,  
 To seek a more congenial shore.

So, when no longer it describes  
 The fancied charms which gave it rise,  
 Scorning all promise to be true,  
 Love flies to scenes more fair to view.

I hear some say true love will last,  
 Will brighter glow as time flies past :  
 The sense of this I cannot see,  
 Nor with the words can I agree.

I've loved of blushing maids a score—  
 That many, and perhaps some more—  
 But must confess I never yet  
 Have met one I could not forget.

Love knows no wrong, it cannot see  
 One sin, though many there may be :  
 In hiding thus all fault from sight,  
 Love proves itself as far from right.

Love is as fickle as the air,  
 To-day its here, to-morrow there ;  
 And, since you ne'er know where to find it,  
 Take good advice, and never mind it.

---

The strangest man lives in our town  
 That ever yet was seen ;  
 For, though he's altogether *Brown*,  
 He's also very *green*.

To make a change in vain he tries  
 Some method to discover ;  
 Nature decrees that till he dies  
 The *green* this *Brown* shall cover.

*IN MEMMORIUM.*

---

On the death of David and Alonzo, sons of David Fisher,  
Esq., Goderich, Ont., aged 7 and 14 years.

Quietly sleep the forms we cherished  
In the grave all cold and drear;  
Like earth's fairest flowers they perished,  
Nevermore to meet us here.

Doomed to die in life's glad morning,  
Sickness stole their youthful bloom;  
Death our feeble efforts scorning,  
Swiftly bore them to the tomb.

Just e're youth's bright days were numbered,  
E're was passed life's early dream,  
Quickly as earth's joys are sundered,  
Death's dark shadow closed the scene.

Soon the eyes that beamed with brightness  
Dimmed beneath grim monster's blight,  
While the sunny smiles of gladness  
Faded in the shades of night.

Yes, they've gone, but though we sorrow  
That we meet them here no more,  
When shall dawn that cloudless morrow  
We shall meet them on that shore.

On that shore where all is gladness,  
Where there falls no parting tear;  
Where no cloud of grief or sadness  
Marrs the brightness of the year.

May we pray that grace be given,  
Grace to meet our every care,  
That through it we may in heaven  
Meet our lost and loved ones there.

---

*WALKING WITH THE ONE WHOM I LOVE.*

---

When I'm walking with the one whom I love,  
On the mountain, by the stream, or 'neath the grove,  
No matter where it be, there is joy alone for me,  
When I'm walking with the one whom I love.

Though it be amid the shadows of the night,  
 When the light of day is hidden from my sight,  
 There's a flame within, you see, which is light enough for me,  
 When I'm walking with the one whom I love.

There's a story which is like the shining gold,  
 Which retains its value ever, though its old;  
 This I know I like to tell, and I guess she likes as well,  
 As I'm walking with the one whom I love.

You may talk of all the pleasures of the earth,  
 All the joys that live within the hour of mirth,  
 But there's nothing here below like the happiness I know;  
 When I'm walking with the one whom I love.

---

TO — — —

Oh! for one kiss from lips of thine,  
 Which oft in love were pressed to mine;  
 E're hatred, with its cursed power,  
 Destroyed the sweetness of an hour.

Oh! but to clasp thy hands once more,  
 As oft with joy I've done before;  
 E're fate decreed that we must part,  
 E're sorrow's pang disturbed my heart.

Thy smiling face recalls the hours  
 When life was free from withered flowers;  
 When not one throb of pain I knew,  
 When all the world seemed good and true.

Still thou may'st smile, but not for me  
 Does there remain an hour of glee;  
 Though thou may'st scorn the words here spoken,  
 I can't forget the promise broken.

---

Here lies old Tom, who kept the inn,  
 While "out" he oft had whiskey in;  
 But now he's in, without a doubt,  
 While whiskey is forever out.

*IN MEMMORIUM.*

Rev. F. W. Watts, died at Oshawa, on Sabbath, June 21th.  
1888, aged 29 years.

Like a crash of thunder breaking the stillness of a summer evening, or the sudden darkening of a cloudless sky, came the news of the death of our young and gifted friend. Stricken down in the vigor of manhood, with the future all bright, with promise of long life and usefulness opening before him, with no warning of the coming fate, his death is a matter of surprise and regret. Why it is that one so strong to work for the Master has been called so quickly from the battle field, we do not know. We only know that the voice of our friend is hushed forever, that his hands have finished their work, and are at rest.

Folded thy hands, life's labors are ended,  
Finished each work of devotion and love;  
Now thy dear voice that with ours o't blended,  
Joins in the chorus of angels above.

Soon as the clouds overcast the fair morning,  
Hiding its brightness in shadow and gloom,  
So death's dark shade, our fond efforts scorning,  
Shrouded thy life's sky, while yet it was noon.

Hushed is the sound of earth's wild commotion,  
Ended each storm, every tumult is o'er;  
Safely thou'st crossed o'er life's troubled ocean,  
Anchored thy bark where storms are no more.

Earth's wildest storms no longer can harm thee,  
Death and disaster shall seek thee in vain;  
Christ's loving arms are around and about thee,  
Safe on His breast thou shalt't ever remain.

No more thou'lt suffer the pain and the anguish,  
Sin and temptation shall vex thee no more;  
No more thy spirit in sorrow shall languish,  
Sickness and sorrow forever are o'er.

Oh! may our Father, our Father in Heaven,  
Tenderly guide in His mercy and love.  
Till we at last, through the grace He hath given,  
Meet in yon cloudless realm above.

*THERE IS A GOD.*

---

There is a God! He paints the skies  
 With colors He alone could trace;  
 Which, till He bid the shades arise,  
 No hand their beauty can efface,  
     There is a God!

There is a God! each modest flower  
 With blushing face proclaims His love.  
 They flourish through the stormy hour.  
 Protected by the power above,  
     The Power of God.

There is a God! the flowing brook  
 Hath music which is not its own;  
 'Tis borrowed from a nobler book  
 Than earth or mortals e'er hath known.  
     The Book of God.

There is a God! the rays that shine,  
 That gild the bosom of the wave,  
 Are emblems of the Light Divine  
 That cheers man's pathway to the grave,  
     The Light of God.

There is a God! the mighty deep  
 Which rolls its waves from shore to shore.  
 In wildest storm or calmest sleep,  
 Echoes the sentence o'er and o'er,  
     There is a God!

There is a God! the stars that glow  
 More brightly when the shades are nigh.  
 Tell of a hope which man may know  
 When earthly charms afar shall fly.  
     The Hope of God.

There is a God! the lightning's flame  
 Which lends its beauty to the night,  
 Traces in burning words a name--  
 A name of justice and of right--  
     The name of God.

'There is a God! 'mid deepest gloom  
 'The christian warrior fears no harm ;  
 E'en through the blackness of the tomb  
 A hand shall guard when foes alarm,  
 The Hand of God.

---

A PRAYER.

Oh! Thou who can'st a worm create,  
 Who can'st a worm destroy,  
 Help me, e're it shall be too late,  
 To know that purer joy ;  
 That joy which to thy saints is given,  
 That joy akin to bliss of Heaven.

Help me while on life's tossing wave,  
 To find that anchor sure,  
 Which from the storm alone can save,  
 Which 'mid the gloom secure ;  
 Till safe upon a waveless sea  
 Of love, I rest in light with Thee.

From Thy high throne of stainless white  
 Look down in mercy now,  
 While in the darkness of the night  
 Low to Thee, Lord, I bow ;  
 For thou alone can't give me peace,  
 Thy voice can bid temptations cease.

---

HOW SOON. OH ! HOW SOON.

How soon, oh! how soon, do the hopes of man vanish.  
 Life dreams of an hour they hasten away ;  
 To-day he is happy, to-morrow in anguish  
 He mourns o'er the joys that no longer could stay.

I saw a proud vessel go forth on the ocean,  
 To sweep, like a palace of light, o'er the wave :  
 I watched her departure with throbs of emotion,  
 Nor thought that e're night she would sink to her grave.

Her banners gleamed bright in the sunlight of heaven  
 With colors of beauty unfurled to the sky ;

There came not a sign that they soon would be riven,  
And hurled from their height 'neath the waters to lie.

The tempest descended with merciless power,  
It lashed in its anger the slumbering deep ;  
That proud ship was torn like storm-shattered flower,  
Nor beauty nor strength from disaster could keep,

So prospects of mortals, all bright in the morning,  
Like colors of sunset go out in the gloom ;  
Though manhood in pride its dark shadows are seeing,  
No pride can secure from the depth of the tomb.

---

Kind friend, if ever you incline  
To look within this book of mine,  
I hope that something you will find  
To please the eye or suit the mind ;  
But, if you nothing can discover,  
Just drop the book, and close the cover.



