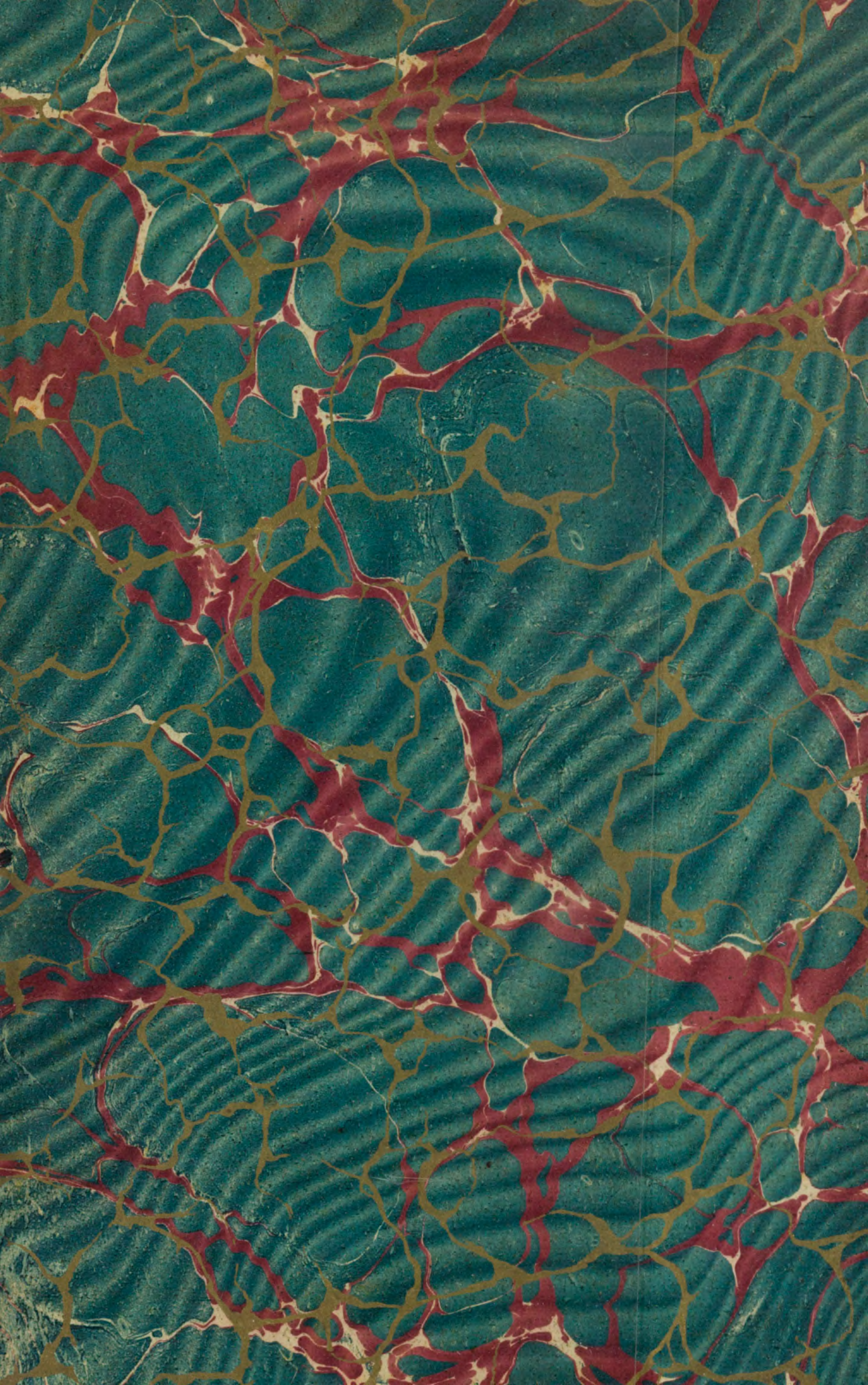
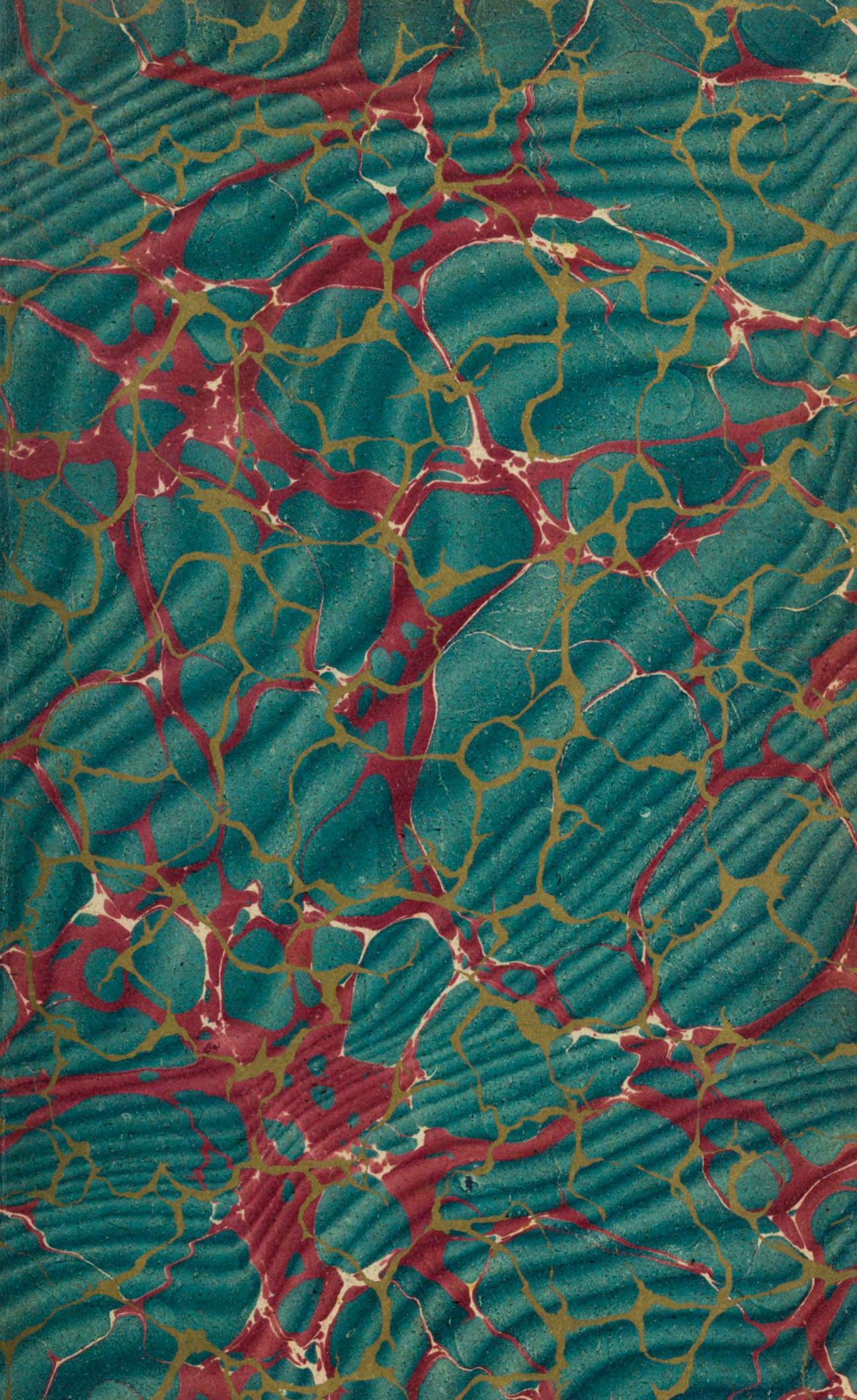



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MAY, 1888.



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## A GALLANT WESCUE.

[W. SAPTE, JR.]

Aw, I daresay you'll hardly ccredit the stowy I'm going to tell,  
For I'm only the son of a Marquis, a wegular hopeless swell ;  
And I know that it's most unusual for a bloated awistocwat  
To be anything like a hewo, but—aw—I flatter myself I'm that.  
I know that my gwammar is decent, that I don't call a fellow  
“ a bloke ;”

And if I possessed a donkey—aw—I should not wefer to my  
“ moke.”

I know my coats are'nt seedy—and most of my hats have bwims,  
And I'm out of the hunt for the lead in a ballad by G. R. Sims.  
But still, though the fates have waised me amongst the upper  
class,

I've done a deed that the bwavest plebian could scarce surpass,  
A deed of stupendous couwage, the wegular self sacwifce,  
A deed that the fearful stwain of, no man could suffer twice !

Aw—'twas on the sands of Cwomah, where in the autumn tide,  
I'd taken my wife and her mothah, for a week at the ocean side ;  
'Twas near the hour of luncheon, and the burning midday sun,  
Was wuining my complexion and—aw—browning me like a bun.

Unequal to much exertion, I lay on my back on the sand,  
And twied to kill time pewusing the book I held in my hand—  
'Twas only a guide to Cwomah, of intewest not too deep  
To pwevent my gently sinking into a peaceful sleep.

My wife was lazily sketching a distant bathing tent,  
My mothah-in-law was scheming how she could circumvent  
The cat of the lodging house lady, as I sank off to dweam—  
To be startled a little later by a woman's piercing scweam,  
Wousing myself in a moment, and gazing towards the sea,  
I saw at once the tewwor of the howwor that *might* be  
If I didn't go to the wescue of a person I abhaw—

My extremely disagweable and impwudent mothah-in-law !  
There she stood on an island, an island of yellow sand  
With a dozen feet of watah between her and the land,  
While behind her the German Ocean was advancing slowly near—  
No wonder the poor old lady was pawalysed with fear.  
I looked awound for assistance, but not a soul was nigh,  
All Cwomah had gone to dine early, and had left her there to  
die,

Unless I pwoceeded to save her ! I, the bloated awistocwat,  
Undertake the honah and glowy of such a deed as that !  
As I was—aw—hesitating, up came my wife and cwied,  
“ Oh, look, my own plantagenet, mamma's cut off by the tide !”  
And the lofty cliffs we-echoed that distant cwyo once more :  
“ Plantagenet ! come quickly ! and cawwy me back to the shore !”

I fancy even portahs have *some* limit to their stwenth,  
 And I doubt if the sturdiest costah would *quite* have gone the  
 length  
 Of removing his shoes and stockings and wading through the  
 tide  
 To cawwy a female Tichborne back to the other side.  
 But with a gwand devotion, wegardless of the fact  
 That I might be wisking my life, fwriends, I nerved myself to  
 act ;  
 I stwuggled thwo' the watah, it was vewy nigh knee deep—  
 And on to the lessening island I climbed the bank so steep ;  
 And I put my arms aaround her—and at the seventh twy  
 I lifted her to my bosom keeping her—aw—well—aw—her limbs  
 up high—  
 I baw her thwo' the towwent back to the sandy shore  
 Safe from the German Ocean and its most tewwific wear.  
 'Twas a twuly noble wescue, but there followed in its twack  
 Suffewing wetwibution, for I found I'd spwained my back,  
 And cut my toe on a pebble, and caught a cold in my head—  
 But the mothah-in-law was wescued whom I'd given up for dead.

---

It's stwange how seldom ladies are pwoperly imbued  
 With anything wesembling the sense of gwatitude,  
 For neither my wife nor the pawrent I'd westawed to her  
 embwace  
 Seemed to think my stwength and couwage were out of the  
 common-place.  
 As I lay on the sands and panted I heard no words of pwaise,  
 No thanks for my self-devotion, no pwofferred hewo's bays ;—  
 The words that at length bwoke the silence were but thirteen all  
 told :  
 " Make haste with your shoes and stockings—the cutlets will  
 all be cold."

---

## THE MOUSE.

[HARDING COX.]

SCENE.—*A court of law in England.*

*John White (being examined)*—  
 My name's John White ; I am a warder  
 Of the gaol in which the prisoner  
 Was confined for misdemeanor.  
 He was convicted 12 months back.  
 Since his conviction, his behavior  
 Has been marked extremely good.  
 I know the prosecutor, William Hinde ;  
 He also is a warder in the gaol.

I remember well the night you mention ;  
 Yes, I'll swear it was the thirty-first  
 Of May,—the time was five to nine.  
 Hinde went his rounds, and than I heard  
 High words when he was in the cell  
 Of number fifty-six (the prisoner).  
 The latter cried, " You hound ! " and then I saw  
 Hinde reeling out, blood pouring from his lips.  
 I said, " What is it ? " and he answered me,  
 " That beast in there has hit me on the mouth. "  
 I said, whatever made him do it, Hinde ? "  
 And he replied, " I tried to kill his mouse,  
 According to the governor's orders. "  
 This is my evidence, my lord.

*Judge.*—Prisoner at the bar, since you are not  
 Defended on your trial by learned counsel,  
 It rests with you to urge your own defence.  
 You have heard the evidence against you ;  
 Speak.

*Prisoner.*—My lord and gentlemen of the jury,  
 I have no wish to cross-examine,  
 Or attempt to shake the testimony  
 Of those who have appeared against me.  
 In every particular it is correct.  
 What they have said is true ; what they have not  
 I will, craving your patience, now recount.  
 Near fourteen months ago I was convicted  
 Of a crime of which I swear I was quite  
 Innocent,—which innocence were fully proved  
 Had not the law, alas, debarred my wife  
 From giving evidence on my behalf,  
 Such as alone could clear my tarnished fame.  
 Ill fortune such as this near broke me down.  
 I had lost all,—wife, children, home.  
 Desolate, I wasted in my prison cell ;  
 Hopeless,—existing, true, but living not,  
 One night, when I was served my humble fare,  
 A little mouse crept out upon the floor,  
 And eyed askance the dreaded human form.  
 I threw some food, and scared, it scampered off,  
 But pangs of hunger lured it out again  
 And made it share my meal, a welcome guest.  
 So every night it came, until at last  
 It grew so tame I feed it from my hand.  
 It slept with me and nestled in my sleeve.  
 I took it in my pocket when I went  
 For exercise with others in the yard ;  
 And much amusement—aye—and envy, too,

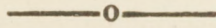
I have excited when I showed my prize.  
 I had no friends ; I grew to love this mouse,  
 As these dumb animals are often loved  
 By those who find all others cold and false.  
 One night,—it was the fatal thirty-first  
 Of May, the warder Hinde came to my cell  
 When my little pet was sporting on my hand.  
 He said, “ They talk about this mouse of yours ;  
 Just let me see if it’s as tame as White,  
 The warder, says ; I want to see if it will come  
 And feed from *my* hand, if I hold it out.”  
 Little suspecting this inhuman fiend,  
 I lured my little pet, who quaked with fear,  
 Unwilling yet to court a strangers’ touch.  
 The cruel hand closed on it, and he laughed.  
 “ Enough of this ! ” he cried. The governor says  
 He won’t allow this insubordination ;  
 Come, bid your friend good-by ; I’m going to crush him.”  
 I sprang erect. O God ! My every nerve  
 Tingled with fear for my poor little pet.  
 “ You hound ! ” I cried ; and then I hit out straight  
 Into the face of this inhuman fiend.  
 Thank God, he dropped the mouse, which, frightened, ran  
 And found a haven e’en from whence it came.  
 This in my crime, and I am in your hands.

*Judge.*—Gentlemen of the jury, I am content,  
 I sum this case as briefly as I can.  
 This tale is touching, and, I doubt not, true ;  
 But you must deal with facts, not sentiments.  
 It rests with me alone to mitigate  
 The punishment, which, be assured,  
 Shall be awarded with respect to law.

*Foreman of Jury (after consultation).*—  
 My lord, we are agreed, and find the prisoner  
 Guilty, but most strongly recommend  
 Him to the mercy of this court.

*Judge.*—Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted  
 Of an assault on William Hinde, your warder,  
 For which the sentence of the court receive,  
 Namely, that you be imprisoned  
 For one day, and that without hard labor,  
 To run concurrently with the sentence  
 You are undergoing. Furthermore  
 I have here—now, can you bear good news?—  
 A packet from the Home Office commanding  
 Your release, upon a pardon granted  
 By Her Majesty the Queen ;—for now it seems

Another has confessed the crime for which  
 You have already suffered wrongfully.  
 Thus you are free ; and I may further add,  
 John White, the warder, has for you outside  
 A little friend of yours, unhurt, but caged.  
 I wish you well. Stop the applause in court.



## THE SENTENCE ON THE THIEF.

[S. BABING-GOULD, M.A.]

[By permission of Messrs. Skeffington & Sons,]

A notable thief of Rotterdam,  
 The worry of all the city,  
 Was taken at last, and made doubly fast  
 In the prison, with scanty pity.

Excitement arose to boiling point,  
 And folk would take no denial,  
 But all were agreed, to have, indeed,  
 In the market-place the trial.

The magistrates said, "It may terror strike  
 In the guilty, and embolden  
 The innocent ; so be content,  
 It shall be publicly holden."

The day arrived, and the mighty crowd  
 Their way to the market fought,  
 For the people all, both great and small,  
 Rejoiced that the thief was caught.

The judge was seated in scarlet cloak,  
 The officers quelled disorder ;  
 Lawyers were there, with preoccupied air,  
 And the clerk, and the recorder.

Witnesses came, were questioned and heard,  
 And the culprit felt with fear,  
 And a pallid face that his ugly case  
 Was made uncommonly clear.

And when the moment of the sentence came,  
 The judge to the people turned ;  
 "Some have had life by this fellow's knife  
 Taken, and some have had burned

“Their houses and all have something lost,  
Or suffered from him some way ;  
So I direct that you shall elect  
The penalty he shall pay.”

“Death !” they cried, “is what we decide,”  
Yelling in ecstasy ;  
But how carried out, the turbulent rout  
In no way could agree.

Said one man, “Let him suspended be  
As a warning from the steeple ;”  
But another said, “Let us cut off his head,  
In the presence of the people.”

Said another, “There is a sweeter sport,  
The breaking upon the wheel.”  
Said another man, “There’s a better plan,  
Dangle him by the heel.”

Said another, “I’ve heard in good old times  
That culprits were stewed in oil.”  
Said one, “He shall bake ;” and one, “At the stake  
He shall roast ;” said another, “Boil.”

Then slowly arose from his seat the judge  
And said, “If you can’t agree,  
Then lend me your ear, and you shall hear  
A suggestion made by me.

“What sort of pain would you give the man—  
Continuous, or soon past ?”  
Then shouted all, both great and small,  
“Long, long, sir, may it last !”

“Would you rack his body and heart and mind,  
Or only rack him in part ?”  
They shouted all, both great and small,  
“Body and mind and heart !”

“Would you make him pray for a quick release,  
Or close his life with a blow ?  
Should he greatly desire Purgat’ry fire,  
As relief from present woe ?”

They shouted all, both great and small,  
“Protract a tormented life !”  
Said the judge, “Very well : to the criminal  
I here make over my wife.”

## THE SONG OF THE STREET.

[W. H. B.]

(To the memory of the good, the genial, the large-hearted Thomas Hood, this humble imitation of his "Song of the Shirt" is inscribed by the writer.)

With lips all livid with cold,  
 And purple and swollen feet,  
 A women in rags, sat crouch'd on the flags,  
 Singing the Song of the Street!  
 "Starve, starve, starve!  
 Oh, God! 'tis a fearful night!  
 How the wind does blow the sleet and the snow!  
 Will it ever again be light?"

"I have rung at the 'Refuge' bell,  
 I have beat at the workhouse-door,  
 To be told again that I clamour in vain,  
 They are full—they can hold no more.  
 Starve! starve! starve!  
 Of the crowds that pass me by,  
 Some with pity, and some in pride,  
 But more with indifference turn aside,  
 And leave me here to die.

"Oh! you that sleep in beds,  
 With coverlet, quilt, and sheet,  
 Oh think when it snows what it is for those  
 That lie in the open street:  
 That lie in the open street,  
 On the cold and frozen stones,  
 When the winter's blast, as it whistles past,  
 Bites into the very bones.

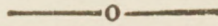
"Oh! what with the wind without,  
 And what with the cold within,  
 I own I have sought to drive away thought  
 With that curse of the tempted—gin.  
 Drink! drink! drink!  
 Amid ribaldry, gas, and glare,  
 If there's hell on earth,  
 'Tis the ghastly mirth  
 That maddens at midnight, there.

"Oh you, that never have stray'd,  
 Because you have not been tried,  
 Oh look not down with a Pharisee's frown  
 On those that have swerv'd aside.  
 And you that hold the scales,  
 And you that glibly urge  
 That the only plan is the prison van  
 The Treadmill, or the Scourge.

“Oh, what are the lost to do?  
 To famish, and not to feel?  
 For days to go, and never to know  
 What it is to have one meal?  
 They cannot buy, they dare not beg,  
 They must either starve or steal.

“Food—Food—Food!”  
 If it be but a loaf of bread,  
 And a place to lie—  
 And a place to die,  
 If it be but a workhouse bed!  
 If you will not give to those that live,  
 You at least *must* bury the dead!”

With lips all livid and blue,  
 And purple and swoll'n feet,  
 A woman, in rags, sat crouch'd on the flags,  
 And sang the Song of the Street.  
 As she ceased the doleful strain,  
 My homeward path I trod;  
 And the cry and the prayer,  
 Of that lost one there  
 Went up to the Throne of God.



## BILLY K. SIMES.

[ELMER RUAN COATES.]

This article affords an excellent opportunity for impersonating the character in costume. In doing so, the following introduction may be used:

SIMES (*without*). That's all right. Good-bye, boys. Ho, Sandy?  
 (*Response from the distance.*) Kiss the baby for Billy K. Simes!  
 (*Enters.*) Well, here I am, Joe Todd. (*Shakes an imaginary hand.*) I've not seen you for one whole week, and here you stand, behind your bar, looking so natural. (*Sees an imaginary stranger, beckons Joe aside, whispers with hands shielding mouth, hears response, then says.*) I'll speak to him. (*Approaches the stranger.*)

Good morning, sir. Give us your paw  
 You're the stranger we have in this place.  
 Don't you run from the dirt on my clothes,  
 Or the scars that you find on my face.  
 I'm a miner who's sound at the core,  
 With a heart that would fill you with cheer;  
 Yes, a brother to any good chap,  
 Who may visit or work around here.

Take a chew. It is pig-tail, I know,  
 But the best that we have at the mine.  
 Take a seat, and we'll have a good blow ;  
 They can't knock my tongue out of time.  
*You have come from the East?* So have I,  
 And I come from the *Puritan* stock. [*Shows a flask.*  
*Education?* That's found in the bones  
 Of the people from old Plymouth Rock.

*Mathematics, and Latin, and Greek?*  
 I'm a college man, let it be told.  
*And what brought me out here to the mines?*  
 There's a tale, my dear boy, I'll unfold. [*Wipes eyes.*  
 Take a smoke? Yes, I brushed off a tear.  
 Well, I loved a sweet girl up in Maine,  
 But a rival, a devil at heart, [*Strikes floor with chair.*  
 Threw the dirtiest mud on my name.

Then her brother forbid me the house,  
 And demanded her letters so dear ;  
 Then I drank—and my character sank ;  
 Then I drifted—and drifted out here.  
 When I think of her beautiful soul—  
 But I weaken, I'm needing my cup.  
 Ah, we miners have sorrowful tales.  
 That same bottle, Joe Todd, set 'em up

*A refinement?* You don't know the boys.  
 They are rough, but you'll find them to wear ;  
 I am sorry to say that we smoke,  
 That we chew, and we drink, and we swear,  
 Many come with a record that's clean,  
 With a moral tone never surpassed,  
 But as soon as they work in the mines,  
 You will find—well, they're miners at last.

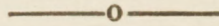
*On the muscle?* You're right. Feel this arm,—  
 An old Roman battering ram ;  
 And, my boy, I can kick like a mule,  
 If you're doubting, then feel of my ham.  
*All my scars?* Well, my friend, they're the fruit  
 Of the fury that leads to the fight ;  
 There are some from the heat of the rum,  
 There are some from defence of right.

*This old pistol?* You'll carry one soon.  
*And the knife?* You will carry that, too.  
 They look bloody, that's so, but my boy,  
 They've befriended the noble and true.  
*And the slang?* That's the language out here,  
 'Tis a part of the rattle-go-bang ;  
 It is neither old Harvard, nor Yale,  
 But there's lots of the point in the slang.

*Am I lonely?* Ah! look in my eyes;  
 Don't you see what my gizzard is worth?  
 How I long for a wife and a child,  
 As the two precious angels of earth!  
 You are turning your back, *you're* in tears!  
 Are you sick? Are you hard up for dimes?  
 If you need me, sing out. Don't you fail  
 To have faith in old Billy K. Simes.

What is that? *Would I give up my drink  
 For a home and a sweet little wife?*  
 If the girl were my darling in Maine,  
 Then I answer: I bet you my life!  
 What! No fooling, sir. What!—can it be?  
*You the brother who caused me to roam?  
 You're the man who denied me the house?  
 And you'd have me return to your home?*

Jim Grant, how you've altered! I see—  
 'Tis the beard that's all over your face.  
*And you found that the story was false?*  
 And you say,—*in her heart, I've my place?*  
 Oh, my Mary! sweet darling of Maine,  
 I will throw up my work in the mines;  
 God knows the devotion's the same  
 In the soul of poor Billy K. Simes.



## THE COURTSHIP OF TIMOTHY HORN.

[W. W. FINK.]

The most marvelous mortal that ever was born  
 You would say, had you known him, was Timothy Horn,  
 Tall, bony, and broad—an angular giant,  
 And awkward as well; yet his limbs were so pliant  
 They seemed, when he used them, like rainbows in trouble,  
 Whose motions no word could describe except “wabble.”  
 And yet, strange to say, in the country, where Tim  
 Felt confident no one was looking at him,  
 His step was as firm, and his carriage as free  
 And stately as ever Apollo's could be.  
 It was only a habit, through modesty born,  
 Of trying to walk without drawing attention,  
 Which gave to the movements of Timothy Horn  
 The boneless, loose, limber appearance I mention.  
 Always first at a fire, and first through the flame,  
 To rescue the inmates, half-roasted and choking,  
 He returned with his arms full of people, but came  
 With his hair and his eyebrows white-crinkled and smoking;

And then, if they thanked him, so strange was his habit,  
He'd take the first byway and run like a rabbit.

One night, as he sat by his mother and read  
"Miles Standish's Courtship," she stopped him and said,  
Very gently: "Dear Tim, you are now twenty-eight,  
Don't you think it is time you were taking a mate?"

"O mother! who'd have such a great awkward fel——"  
But the words was cut short by the clang of a bell,  
And away to the fire sped Timothy Horn.

'Twas the six-story house of Professor Van Dorn;  
He had built it, expressly, uncommonly high,  
The better to study the air and the sky,  
With a vision unvexed by the smoke from the town.

The professor himself had gone up to an air-way,  
To shut off the draught, and he couldn't get down,  
For the demon of flame was cremating the stairway;  
But, forgetting himself in his love for the sciences,  
Van Dorn brought some strange scientific appliances  
To the sixth-story window, set down his barometer,  
And, holding aloft a new patent thermometer,  
Grew absorbed in a theme he would call therapeutical—  
The effect of the heat on a wart on his cuticle.

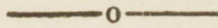
They shouted to warn him; but horror appalling,  
The roof was ablaze and the rafters were falling.  
Alas! he was far above human assistance,  
For their ladder would only reach half of the distance.  
And a son of old Ireland muttered, "Begorry!  
If he only had builded his bashtely six shtory  
Jihsts under the third, we could rishcue him nately;  
But now he'll be cooked and dishfigured complatly!"  
A thousand pale faces looked up at Van Dorn,  
When in through the circle sprang Timothy Horn,  
Caught a shawl from the form of the scientist's daughter,  
And, plunging it deep in a bucket of water,  
Enveloped his head before any one spoke,  
Sprung up the red stairs, and was lost in the smoke.

Brave men held their breath, but they saw in a minute  
The shawl at the window, the professor rolled in it;  
Then it vanished, and then—the roof fell! The floors under  
Were torn from their places and hurled to the ground,  
With such a concussion the air all around  
Was a chaos of ashes and cinders and thunder.

"They are lost!" "They are saved!" As if blown by the fall,  
Tim shot from the house like a blazing red comet, or  
Anything sudden, and shook from the shawl

The professor, still holding his precious thermometer,  
Who smiled on his daughter, and tenderly said,  
As he dusted the ashes of hair from his head:  
Weep not for our lost scientific appliances!  
The biggest of blazes can't burn up the sciences!  
But Tim, what of him? When he heard the wild shout

Of the people he tried to, but could not, get out ;  
 For their praise ran so high, and still higher and higher,  
 He wished in his heart he was back in the fire.  
 There was'nt much left of his facial expression—  
 You wouldn't have guessed him to be a Caucasian.  
 His hair had the friz of the African fashion.  
 Now it happened Miss Stella Corona Von Dorn  
 Had always admired brave Timothy Horn ;  
 But now, on account of her terrible fright,  
 Or, more likely, because of the pitiful sight  
 Of a barbecued father and fricaseed Tim,  
 She felt a resistless attraction toward him,  
 And, her quicksilver heart mounting high above zero,  
 She, throwing her arms round the neck of her hero,  
 Aimed a kiss at his lips, but it landed instead  
 On his swiftly averted decarbonized head.  
 Then her lovers—Jim, Joseph, Sam, Thomas and Harry—  
 Broke forth into laughter, uncommonly merry ;  
 But, alas ! for their laughter, for Timothy Horn  
 Threw an arm around Stella Corona Van Dorn.  
 And, swiftly advancing, as proud as a lion,  
 Hurlled his fist at each smile that he fixed his fierce eyes on,  
 'Till the faces of Harry, Jim, Joseph and Sam  
 Look like they'd been kissed by a battering-ram.  
 Then he doubled his fist for the battle anew.  
 "O Tim !" cried Corona. "Oh ! what shall I do ?  
 I'm afraid you will kill them, and then they'll hang you !  
 And I'll be a wid—oh !" "Whose widow ?" gasped Tim.  
 "Why, yours, you dear stupid !" she whispered to him.  
 Then he tightened his clasp around Stella Van Dorn,  
 And that was the courtship of Timothy Horn.



## ENOCH'S "HARD UN."

### PART I.

In a fair village on the English coast  
 There dwelt a lad—they called him Hunky Sam.  
 He was but young—three years, or may be four,  
 But manly for his age ; his appetite  
 For bulls'-eyes, "coker"-nuts, and such light fare  
 Was someting awful, even for a boy ;  
 But better far than even coker-nuts,  
 He loved a maiden of surpassing grace—  
 Of humble parentage, but very fair,  
 Whose name euphonious was Susan Ann.  
 The parents of these twain were fisher-folk  
 Of low degree, but honest to a fault.  
 They would not steal the veriest pin, unless  
 They were quite certain they would not be caught.

Now Hunky's love for peerles Susan Ann  
 Was felt by her and given back to Hunk ;  
 And as the twain upon the yellow sands  
 Would play. young Sam would say, "Now let us be,  
 As grown-up folks, and we'll pretend we are  
 A wedded pair, and I will be a man,  
 And you, dear Susan Ann, my little wife ;  
 And you, go sit within yon gloomy cave,  
 Which we will make believe to be our house,  
 And I'll come staggering in like daddy does,  
 And you can belt me on my flaxen head  
 With this small stick, which we will call a broom—  
 For that's the way my dad and mammy do."  
 And so they played upon the seashore sand  
 Till Susan Ann had got the thing down fine.  
 And time speed on, and Sam and Susan Ann  
 Were married, and the twain become one flesh.

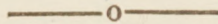
## PART II.

Sam went to sea, and whilst upon a voyage,  
 He read of Enoch Arden and his woes ;  
 And so he soon resolved to do the same  
 As in the book he read that Enoch did.  
 To carry out his plan he sent word home,  
 By trusty shipmate, to his Susan Ann,  
 That he was drowned. He really did not care  
 A great deal for his once-loved Susan Ann.  
 Who, when the knot had but been tied a year,  
 Had clearly showed that she could be the boss.  
 So time sped on, and artful Hunky Sam  
 In foreign climates had a jolly time  
 For several years. "I think I'll homeward sail,"  
 One day he said, "and see how Susan Ann  
 Gets on ; like Enoch. I will softly glide  
 Towards the cottage there upon the cliff,  
 And see how she makes out with her new man,  
 For she is doubtless wedded once again,  
 Just like that Mrs. Arden in the book."  
 Away he sailed across the sounding surge  
 (A good expression that, but not my own),  
 And soon he reached his village on the coast.  
 'Twas night. He crept towards the little cot  
 Where once he dwelt. A light was burning clear ;  
 He peered in through the window. Susan Ann  
 Was there, but t'other fellow was away.  
 His wife glanced up ; she saw the faithless Sam ;  
 She sprang towards him—grabbed him by the hair  
 And held him there, whilst with her other arm  
 She dealt him myriad thwacks with broomstick stout.  
 "You would," she cried—"you would say you were dead,

And with your foreign gals go cuttin' up ;  
 And leave me here to take in washing—eh ?  
 You wretch ! take that, and that, and that, and that ! ”  
 Each “ that ” being followed by a sickening thud.

### PART III.

The curtain falls on this delightful scene,  
 As time is precious and will not permit  
 Of further details ; but this goes to show  
 That things don't always turn out just the same  
 As those we read about in poets' yarns.  
 Another thing it shows—that Susan Ann  
 Had learned a trick when playing at being wed  
 Upon the seashore in her youthful days  
 That stood her in good stead in after years—  
 The wielding of the broomstick here is meant.



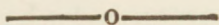
## THE SILVER PLATE.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

They passed it along from pew to pew,  
 And gathered the coins, now fast, now few,  
 That rattled upon it : and every time  
 Some eager fingers would drop a dime  
 On the silver plate with a silver sound.  
 A boy, who sat in the aisle, looked round  
 With a wistful look—“ O, if only he ! ”  
 Had a dime to offer, how glad he'd be ! ”  
 He fumbled his pockets, but didn't dare  
 To hope he should find a penny there ;  
 And much as he searched, when all was done,  
 He hadn't discovered a single-one.

He had listened with wide-set, earnest eyes,  
 As the minister, in a plaintive wise,  
 Had spoken of children all abroad  
 The world, who had never heard of God ;  
 Poor pitiful Pagans, who did'nt know,  
 When they came to die, where their souls would go,  
 And who shrieked with fear when their mothers made  
 Them kneel to an idol god—afraid  
 He might eat them up—so fierce and wild,  
 And horrid he seemed to the frightened child,  
 “ How different,” murmured the boy, while his  
 Lips trembled, “ How different Jesus is ! ”

And the more the minister talked, the more  
 The boy's heart ached to its inner core ;  
 And the nearer to him the silver plate  
 Kept coming, the harder seemed his fate,  
 That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed)  
 To give that the heathen might hear of Christ,  
 But all at once, as the silver sound  
 Just tinkled beside him, the boy looked round.  
 Then bravely turning as if he knew  
 There was nothing better that he could do,  
 He spoke in a voice that held a tear—  
 "Put the plate on the bench beside me here."  
 And the plate was placed, for they thought he meant  
 To empty his pockets of every cent.  
 But he stood straight up, and he softly put  
 Right square in the midst of the plate—his foot,  
 And said with a sob controlled before,  
 "I will give myself— I have nothing more !"



## POPE BONIFACE VIII.

[S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.]

By permission of Messrs. Skeffington & Sons.

Pope Boniface with folded arms was pacing in the court  
 With furrowed brows and knitted lips, and treadings quick and  
 short ;

He scarcely gave attention to the droning of the talk  
 Of prelate, prince, and cardinal accompanying his walk.  
 They told of bitter rivalry in politics and wealth  
 Between the faction Ghibelline and faction of the Guelf ;  
 How there was discord gathering, how enmity was rife,  
 How one side egged the other on to overt acts of strife ;  
 How bitter words of mockery were bandied to and fro,  
 And each was burning with desire to smite the mortal blow,  
 And night and day incessantly, there sped some specious life,  
 Sent forth before God summoned it, by hired assassin's knife ;  
 How from the sacred judgment-hall had justice taken flight,  
 For there was judgment only given by party, not by right.

A Cardinal Archbishop spoke : " Pray Heaven from our land  
 Will root the trait'rous Ghibelline with all his murd'rous band,  
 And all his perjured judges too, and all his ill-won pelf ! "  
 " Out on thee ! " roared a nobleman : " the traitor is the Guelf.  
 The Guelf is ever spattering with blood the Italian soil.  
 Is robbing honest peasants of the object of their toil,  
 Is violating sacred fanes, is ruining all trade,—  
 Save that of the stiletto, mind ! and that is rarely paid."  
 " Now silence ! " cried the Cardinal, with fiercely kindled eye ;  
 " Back in thy throat, fell Ghibelline ! I hurl that damnèd lie."

“A lie! Ha, ha! Your excellence, who hatch the lies yourself!  
If men would find rare liars, they must search the ranks of Guelf.”

“Now mark!” the Ecclesiastic raged, “The day will come, and  
must,

When Guelf shall break the Ghibelline, and stamp him to the dust,  
And beat his pride to powder!”

“So! well done, Sir Priest! *His* pride!

Hurrah for Guelf humility!” the scoffing noble cried.

“I scorn you,” said the Cardinal, “a base and beggar crew.”

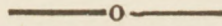
“Please God,” the noble answered him, “the Guelf shall have  
his due.”

“I to that supplication say my Amen gladly too!”

Then sudden stooped Pope Boniface, and without speaking, thrust  
His hands along the pavement, and scrabbled up the dust.  
Then rising, turned on noble and archbishop hot with ire,  
His grey eye flashing lightning flakes, and launched these words  
of fire:

“Fond partisans, so mad with rage, I pray you tell me whence  
The Guelf and Ghibelline arose, and when they journey hence,  
To what must they return—I ask, both Ghibelline and Guelf?  
See, Ghibelline, this handful, and thou other, see thyself.

’Tis hence you sprung, to this return, when all this strife is past.”  
And in their faces, Boniface the dusty handfuls cast.



## A SCENE AT THE FALLS.

[W. D. HOWELLS.]

All night long they heard in the houses beside the shore,  
Heard, or seemed to hear, through the multitudinous roar,  
Out of the hell of the rapids as ’twere a lost soul’s cries:  
Heard and could not believe; and the moaning mocked their  
eyes,

Showing where wildest and fiercest the waters leaped up and ran  
Raving round him and past. the visage of a man  
Clinging, or seeming to cling, to the trunk of a tree that, caught  
Fast in the rocks below, scares out of the surges raught.  
Was it a life, could it be, to yon slender hope that clung?  
Shrill, above all the tumult the answering terror rung.

Under the weltering rapids a boat from the bridge is drowned,  
Over the rocks the lines of another are tangled and wound,  
And the long, fateful hours of the morning have wasted soon,  
As it had been in some blessed trance, and now it is noon.  
Hurry, now with the raft! But O, build it strong and staunch,  
And to the lines and the treacherous rocks look well as you  
launch

Over the foaming tops of the waves, and their foam-sprent sides,  
Over the hidden reefs, and through the embattled tides,

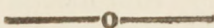
Onward rushes the raft, with many a lurch and leap,—  
 Lord! if it strike him loose from the hold he scarce can keep!  
 No! through all peril unharmed, it reaches him harmless at last,  
 And to its proven strength he lashes his weakness fast.  
 Now, for the shore! But steady, steady, my men, and slow,  
 Taut, now, the quivering lines; now slack: and so, let her go!

Thronging the shores around stands the pitying multitude;  
 Wan as his own are their looks, and a nightmare seems to brood  
 Heavy upon them, and heavy the silence hangs on all  
 Save for the rapid's plunge, and the thunder of the Fall.  
 But on a sudden thrills from the people still and pale,  
 Chorussing his unheard despair, a desperate wail;  
 Caught on a lurking point of rock its sways and swings,  
 Sport of the pitiless waters, the raft to which he clings.

All the long afternoon it idly swings and sways;  
 And on the shore the crowd lifts up its hands and prays:  
 Lifts to heaven and wrings the hands so helpless to save,  
 Prays for the mercy of God on him whom the rock and the wave  
 Battle for, fettered betwixt them, and who, amidst their strife  
 Struggles to help his helpers, and fights so hard for his life,—  
 Tugging at rope and at reef, while men weep and women swoon.  
 Priceless second by second, so wastes the afternoon.  
 And it is sunset now; and another boat and the last  
 Down to him from the bridge through the rapids has safely  
 passed.

Wild through the crowd comes flying a man that nothing can  
 stay,  
 Maddening against the gate that is locked athwart his way.  
 "No! we keep the bridge for them that can help him. You,  
 Tell us, who are you?" "His brother!" "God help you both!  
 Pass through."

Wild, with wide arms of imploring he calls aloud to him,  
 Unto the face of his brother, scarce seen in the distance dim;  
 But in the roar of the rapids his fluttering words are lost  
 As in a wind of autumn the leaves of autumn are tossed.  
 And from the bridge he sees his brother sever the rope  
 Holding him to the raft, and rise secure in his hope;  
 Sees all as in a dream the terrible pageantry,—  
 Populous shores, the woods, the sky, the birds flying free;  
 Sees, then, the form—that, spent with effort and fasting and fear,  
 Flings itself feebly and fails of the boat that is lying so near,—  
 Caught in the long-baffled clutch of the rapids, and rolled and  
 hurled  
 Headlong on to the cataract's brink, and out of the world.



## THE BRIDGE KEEPER'S STORY.

[W. A. EATON.]

Author of "*Poems from the Pavement, &c.*"

(Inserted by his special permission.)

"Do we have many accidents here, sir?"  
Well no! but of one I could tell,  
If you wouldn't mind hearing the story,  
I have cause to remember it well!

You see how the drawbridge swings open  
When the vessels come in from the bay,  
When the New York express comes along, sir!  
That bridge must be shut right away!

You see how it's worked by the windlass,  
A child, sir, could manage it well,  
My brave little chap used to do it,  
But that's part of the tale I must tell!

It is two years ago come the autumn,  
I shall never forget it, I'm sure;  
It was sitting at work in the house here,  
And the boy played just outside the door!

You must know, that the wages I'm getting  
For the work on the line are not great,  
So I picked up a little shoemaking,  
And I manage to live at that rate.

I was pounding away on my lapstone,  
And singing as blithe as could be!  
Keeping time with the tap of my hammer  
On the work that I held at my knee.

And Willie, my golden-haired darling,  
Was tying a tail on his kite;  
His cheeks all aglow with excitement,  
And his blue eyes lit up with delight.

When the telegraph bell at the station  
Rang out the express on its way;  
"All right, father!" shouted my Willie,  
"Remember, I'm pointsmen to-day!"

I heard the wheel turn at the windlass,  
I heard the bridge swing on its way,  
And there came a cry from my darling,  
A cry, filled my heart with dismay.

“ Help, father ! oh help me ! ” he shouted.  
I sprang through the door with a scream,  
His clothes had got caught in the windlass,  
There he hung o'er the swift, rushing stream.

And there, like a speck in the distance,  
I saw the fleet oncoming train ;  
And the bridge that I thought safely fastened,  
Unclosed and swung backward again.

I rushed to my boy, ere I reached him,  
He fell in the river below.  
I saw his bright curls on the water,  
Borne away by the current's swift flow.

I sprang to the edge of the river,  
But there was the on-rushing train,  
And hundreds of lives were in peril,  
Till that bridge was refastened again.

I heard a loud shriek just behind me,  
I turned, and his mother stood there,  
Looking just like a statue of marble,  
With her hands clasped in agonised prayer.

Should I leap in the swift-flowing torrent  
While the train went headlong to its fate,  
Or stop to refasten the drawbridge,  
And go to his rescue too late ?

I looked at my wife and she whispered,  
With choking sobs stopping her breath,  
“ Do your duty, and Heaven will help you  
To save our own darling from death !

Quick as thought, then, I flew to the windlass,  
And fastened the bridge with a crash.  
Then just as the train rushed across it,  
I leaped in the stream with a splash.

How I fought with the swift-rushing water,  
How I battled till hope almost fled,  
But just as I thought I had lost him,  
Up floated his bright golden head.

How I eagerly seized on his girdle,  
As a miser would clutch at his gold,  
But the snap of his felt came unfastened,  
And the swift stream unloosened my hold.

He sank once again, but I followed,  
 And caught at his bright clustering hair,  
 And biting my lip till the blood came,  
 I swam with the strength of despair !

We had got to a bend of the river,  
 Where the water leaps down with a dash,  
 I held my boy tighter than ever,  
 And steeled all my nerves for the crash.

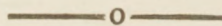
The foaming and thundering whirlpool  
 Engulfed us, I struggled for breath,  
 Then caught on a crag in the current,  
 Just saved, for a moment, from death.

And there, on the bank stood his mother,  
 And some sailors were flinging a rope,  
 It reached us at last, and I caught it,  
 For I knew 'twas our very last hope.

And right up the steep rock they dragged us,  
 I cannot forget, to this day,  
 How I clung to the rope, while my darling  
 In my arms like a dead baby lay.

And down on the greensward I laid him  
 Till the colour came back to his face,  
 And, oh, how my heart beat with rapture  
 As I felt his warm, loving embrace !

There, sir ! that's my story, a true one,  
 'Though it's far more exciting than some,  
 It has taught me a lesson, and that is,  
 "Do your duty, whatever may come !"



## CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

[MRS. T. C. CLOUD.]

(Inserted by special permission.)

"The loneliest night of all the lonely year !"  
 The sick man murmured with a weary moan ;  
 "And I shall spend, without a creature near,  
 Another dreary Christmas-tide alone !

A wooden shanty, common, rough, and bare,  
 Rude shelter offered to a suff'ring man ;  
 Its door flung open to the warm night air,  
 Courting, in vain, a breeze his cheek to fan.

A man well on in years ; deep-lined and grey  
 His brow, and those scant locks which o'er it hung ;  
 One who had lost, he had been heard to say.  
 All that he lived for while he still was young.

A world-worn wand'rer on the face of earth,  
 Whom Death and Sorrow, in an evil time,  
 Had driven from the country of his birth  
 To lonely labour in an Austral clime.

Where, toiling without heart, to keep alive  
 A life he did not cherish, he had failed,  
 As hopeless toilers fail 'mid those, who strive ;  
 For sorry life alone his gains availed.

Half-dressed, and flung upon his restless bed,  
 He, burning-eyed, gazed out upon the night—  
 Gazed from the glowing darkness overhead  
 To where the distant township's lamps shone bright.

" Full many kindly souls," he muttered low,  
 " Feasting and laughing on this Christmas Eve,  
 Did they my dire extremity but know  
 Would gladly seek my suff'rings to relieve.

" And who am I, to wrap me in my pride,  
 Scorning to ask what would be freely given ?  
 Yet, no ! I *cannot* beg ! he feebly cried,  
 " Help, to be help for me, must come from Heav'n ! "

E'en as he spoke, high in the vast dark blue,  
 A meteor, loosened from its viewless ties,  
 Across the star-flow'ed fields of ether flew,  
 Like some grand, fired-winged bird of paradise.

Its trailing lustre shed a transient gleam  
 Upon two figures at the open door,  
 Whose faces brightened with a tender beam  
 The lonely hut that was so dim before.

A woman and a child ! Was he distraught,  
 That neither fear nor wonder held him bound  
 To welcome beings who, his reason taught,  
 Had slept for twenty years in English ground ?

Why should he fear them ? Were they not his own—  
 The wife, the child—with whom his heart had died ?  
 What wonder if, when he was sick and lone,  
 They left their Heaven for service at his side ?

Hand clasped in hand, they crossed his threshold now,  
 Smiling upon their loved one as they came;  
 They spoke no word, but kissed his pain-dewed brow,  
 And coolness fell upon his fevered frame.

How 'twas he knew not—but within a space  
 That seemed no longer than a moment's flight—  
 A happy change had come upon the place,  
 And all around him streamed a soft, clear light.

The child was hanging garlands ev'rywhere,  
 Familiar wreaths of holly's glossy green,  
 Of laurel and of bay; while here and there  
 Gleamed marv'llous unknown blooms of snowy sheen.

The mother spread the table for a feast,  
 As though resuming old sweet household care;  
 And he, in whom all sense of pain had ceas'd,  
 Was gently led this wondrous meal to share.

What was his fare, that Eve of Christmas morn?  
 He cannot tell us, and he only could;  
 But, if 'twere not a dream of weakness born,  
 He, for the first time, tasted angels' food.

Then, smiling still, they held his feeble hands,  
 And sweetly raised that old, old hymn of praise,  
 That echoes on through widest-sundered lands,  
 In Christian hearts all earthly Christmas days,

“Come, all ye faithful!”—Were they calling him?  
 Bidding him seek a heavenly Bethlehem?  
 He smiled in answer as his eyes grew dim,  
 And strove to rise that he might follow them.

“Joyful and triumphant!” Ah! such harmonies  
 Thrilled through the humble hut, as human ear,  
 Unhelp'd by angel-teachers from the skies,  
 Has never heard, may never hope to hear.

Grandly it rose and swelled, that Christmas song!  
 Surely all choirs of Heaven joined the strain—  
 That mighty stream of praise that bore along  
 Upon its flood a being freed from pain!

When his next neighbours, on the Christmas day,  
 Some friendly impulse to his shanty led,  
 Calm, placid, still, upon his bed he lay,  
 A smile was on his face—and he was dead!

## SMITING THE ROCK.

[Anonymous.]

The stern old judge, in relentless mood,  
 Glanced at the two who before him stood ;  
 She was bowed and haggard and old,  
 He was young and defiant and bold,—  
 Mother and son ; and to gaze at the pair,  
 Their different attitudes, look and air,  
 One would believe, ere the truth were known,  
 The mother convicted and not the son.

There was the mother ; the boy stood nigh  
 With a shamless look, and his head held high.  
 Age had come over her, sorrow and care ;  
 These mattered but little so he was there,  
 A prop to her years and a light to her eyes,  
 And prized as only a mother can prize ;  
 But what for him could a mother say,  
 Waiting his doom on a sentence day.

Her husband has died in his shame and sin ;  
 And she a widow, her living to win,  
 Had toiled and struggled from morn till night,  
 Making with want a wearisome fight,  
 Bent over her work with resolute zeal,  
 Till she felt her old frame totter and reel,  
 Her weak limbs tremble, her, eyes grow dim ;  
 But she had her boy, and she toiled for him.

And he,—he stood in the criminal dock,  
 With a heart as hard as a flinty rock,  
 An impudent glance and a reckless air,  
 Braving the scorn of the gazers there ;  
 Dipped in crime and encompassed round  
 With proof of his guilt by captors found,  
 Ready to stand, as he phrased it, “ game,”  
 Holding not crime but penitence, shame.

Poured in a flood o'er the mother's cheek  
 The moistening prayers where the tongue was weak,  
 And she saw through the mist of those bitter tears  
 Only the child in his innocent years ;  
 She remembered him pure as a child might be,  
 The guilt of the present she could not see ;  
 And for mercy her wistful looks made prayer  
 To the stern old judge in his cushioned chair.

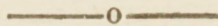
“ Woman,” the old judge crabbedly said—  
 “ Your boy is the neighborhood's plague and dread ;  
 Of a gang of reprobates chosen chief ;  
 An idler and rioter, ruffian and thief.

The jury did right, for the facts were plain ;  
 Denial is idle, excuses are vain.  
 The sentence the court imposes is one—" "  
 "Your honor," she cried, "he's my only son."

The constables grinned at the words she spoke,  
 And a ripple of fun through the court-room broke ;  
 But over the face of the culprit came  
 An angry look and a shadow of shame :  
 "Don't laugh at my mother !" loud cries he ;  
 "You've got me fast, and can deal with me ;  
 But she's too good for your coward jeers.  
 And I'll —" then his utterance choked with tears.

The judge for a moment bent his head,  
 And looked at him keenly, and then he said :  
 "We suspend the sentence,—the boy can go :"  
 And the words were tremulous, forced and low.  
 "But say !" and he raised his finger then—  
 "Don't let them bring you hither again.  
 There is something good in you yet, I know ;  
 I'll give you a chance—make the most of it—Go !"

The twain went forth, and the old judge said :  
 "I meant to have given him a year instead,  
 And perhaps 'tis a difficult thing to tell.  
 If clemency here be ill or well.  
 But a rock was struck in that callous heart,  
 From which a fountain of good may start ;  
 For one on the ocean of crime long tossed,  
 Who loves his mother is not quite lost."



## WHAT THE ROBIN CAN TELL.

We are coming, children, coming, with the springtime and the  
 rose,—  
 From the fragrant southern gardens where the spicy sumach  
 grows ;  
 Where the trailing, clinging smilax and the myrtle soft and  
 green  
 Weaves crowns of winter freshness for the summers' waiting  
 queen.

We are coming, darlings, coming to our hidden, homely nest,  
 Where the orchard throws its blossoms on the river's rippling  
 breast ;  
 And beneath the emerald curtains, as we flutter to and fro,  
 You will sit and wonder—wonder—why the robins come and go.

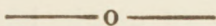
Ah, the world is full of wonders, but we robins know them well ;  
 Things too sorrowful for singing, things too beautiful to tell ;  
 We know why the rose is scarlet, we know why the dewdrops fall,  
 We know why the fair-faced lily is the dearest of them all.

Listen—once a holy Teacher, talking to a waiting band,  
 Clasped a royal, taintless lily, gathered with a loving hand ;  
 From his fingers' sinless pressure, sweetest incense floated up,  
 While a tear, a sacred dewdrop, fell within the waxen cup.

Then the lily swayed and trembled with a solemn, glad unrest,  
 Growing whiter still, and whiter, from the tear-drop on her breast,  
 For she knew that like the chalice, with its sacramental wine,  
 She was henceforth type and symbol of a purity divine.

At his feet among the lilies, with a fair, unconscious grace,  
 Bloomed a rose, that paled with longing for the lily's place ;  
 So He smiled with gentle meaning, bent, and touched her petals  
 white,  
 And she blushed a living scarlet in her innocent delight

This is what the red rose told us, and she blushed a rosier red,  
 As she whispered shyly, humbly—dropping low her lovely head—  
 "Sweethearts, am not I as blessed as the lily with its dew?"  
 For the hand that held the lily stooped to touch the roses, too.



## YOU WILL TELL ME WHERE IS CONRAD ?

[WILL CARLETON.]

"You will tell me where is Conrad?" said an old man, bent  
 and grey,  
 While the flames were wildly dancing, and the walls were  
 giving way.

"I haf heard some ones was buried—underneath the ruins fell ;  
 He was in de topmost storey—ach mein Gott! I luf him well!

"I will tell you how you knew him : he had full and laughing  
 eye,  
 And his face was smooth and smiling—and he was too young  
 to die.

"Hair he had like clouds at sunset when anodher day is done,  
 And I luf him—how I luf him! and he is mine only son.

"Say, Policeman, tell me truly that this young man you did see,  
 And I all the money gif you, such as I could bring with me.

Tell me that he anxious acted—that he hunted far and long,  
Like as children would be calling for their fadher in a throng ;

“Or he wounded was, pray tell me—in the hospital to lie?—  
I will just now hasten to him, and I not will let him die !

“Tell me—oh, you must not told me—dead you haf my Conrad  
seen ?  
Yet if so is I can stand that—I did long a soldier be.

“Only—Death we do not fear him when we hear the bullets  
sing,  
But to haf my boy killed this way is a rather different thing.

“Only—that his poor old mudher, she waits home all full of  
fear,  
And I cannot there be going, till I take good news from here !

“Young he was when we did bring him from the Rhine land  
o'er the sea ;  
I did lif for her and Conrad—she did lif for him and me.

“Other ones we bring not with us : Gott he says, ‘These more  
be mine ;’  
And we left them all a-sleeping 'mong the vineyards of the  
Rhine.

“He haf not a cross word gif us—he haf luf us every day,  
And if he to-night comes home not, 'tis the first that he's away.

“Let me to that fire, Policeman ! I care what for walls or  
brand ?  
Maybe he in there be living—reaching for his fadher's hand !

“Let me past, I say, Policeman ! I haf work there to be done !  
Let me go or I will strike you !—is it that you haf no son ? ”

\* \* \* \* \*

Still the flames were like a furnace, and the walls were crashing  
loud,  
And the old man, held in safety, fainted 'mid the trembling  
crowd.

And the mother watched and wondered, with her great eyes  
scarcely wet ;  
But, half dazed amid her sorrow, waits for Conrad even yet.

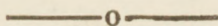
## PAULS' CHARITY.

[KENNETT LEA.]

A priest devout, of virtuous mind,  
 To acts of charity inclined,  
 A man of books, of aspect sage,  
 Set forth upon a pilgrimage.  
 The way was long, and as he went,  
 His well-filled purse was well-nigh spent ;  
 For not a beggar passed him by,  
 Whose wants he failed to satisfy.  
 At length the village blessed his sight  
 Where he'd resolved to spend the night ;  
 And, finding all his money gone,  
 He went to call on Father John,  
 And told his tale ;—how he had borne  
 A weary pilgrimage since morn,  
 Had given his last centime away,  
 And could not for a lodging pay.  
 A good old man was father John ;  
 Beloved of all, and feared by none.  
 He bade him welcome to his board,  
 With many a frugal dainty stored ;  
 And since he owned no separate bed,  
 He shared with him his own instead.  
 'Twas scarcely light, when Brother Paul  
 Awoke to hear the matin call ;  
 And, dressing quickly, bent his way  
 To where, in yonder chapel grey,  
 The monks were wont to meet and pray.  
 It chanced that near the chapel door  
 A beggar stood, so old and poor,  
 It grieved the priest's kind heart to see  
 An object of such misery.  
 Alas ! he knew he could not now  
 One mite of charity bestow :  
 But with his usual good intent,  
 His hand into his pocket went.  
 Oh, wonder great ! oh, joy unknown !  
 He found therein a silver crown !  
 And searching deeper, found another,  
 Of equal value with its brother.  
 " Now, saints be praised ! we'll look again ;  
 And grant we may not look in vain ;  
 If with another crown we're blest,  
 This miracle shall be confest  
 To high and low ; for who am I,  
 That heaven should thus mine alms supply ? "  
 He spake,—again his hand went down,  
 And lo ! a third time grasped a crown !

## THE COLONIAL RECITER.

“ 'Tis heaven's own gift ! here, buy thee bread ! ”  
He turning to the beggar said,  
” My saint who gives, can give still more ;  
Accept with thanks this heaven-sent store ! ”  
No miser he, for cheerfully  
He gave the beggar all the three ;  
Then went to prayers right joyfully.  
The service o'er with book and bell,  
He told the monks the miracle :  
They marvelled, but believed it true,  
Gave to their saint the honour due,  
And crossed themselves ; for all agreed  
It was a miracle indeed.  
When brother Paul returned at last,  
To break his early morning's fast,  
He sought his host, and quickly thought  
To tell to him the wonder wrought,  
But Father John showed no surprise ;  
No wonder sparkled in his eyes,  
“ My brother, do you not rejoice,  
To mark in this the heavenly voice ?  
A benediction from above,  
Smiling upon our works of love ? ”  
“ Not much indeed,” quoth Father John ;  
“ I find you've put my trousers on.”



## THE FIREMAN'S WEDDING.

[W, A. EATON, Author of “ Original Readings in Prose and Verse. ]

(Inserted by his special permission.)

What are we looking at, guv'nor ?  
Well, you see those carriages there ?  
It's a wedding—that's what it is, sir ;  
And ain't they a beautiful pair ?

“ They don't want no marrow-bone music,  
There's the firemen's band come to play ;  
It's a fireman that's going to get married,  
And you don't see such sights every day !

“ They're in the church now, and we're waiting  
To give them a cheer as they come ;  
And the grumbler that wouldn't join in it  
Deserves all his life to go dumb.

“ They won't be out for a minute,  
So, if you've got time and will stay,  
I'll tell you right from the beginning  
About this 'ere wedding to-day.

“One night I was fast getting drowsy,  
And thinking of going to bed,  
When I heard such a clattering and shouting—  
“That sounds like an engine!” I said.

“So I jumped up and opened the window :  
‘It’s a fire, sure enough, wife,’ says I ;  
For the people were running and shouting,  
And the red glare quite lit up the sky.

“I kicked off my old carpet slippers,  
And on with my boots in a jiff ;  
I hung up my pipe in a corner  
Without waiting to have the last whiff.

“The wife she just grumbled a good’un,  
But I didn’t take notice of that,  
For I on with my coat in a minute,  
And sprang down the stairs like a cat.

“I followed the crowd, and it brought me  
In front of the house in a blaze ;  
At first I could see nothing clearly,  
For the smoke made it all of a haze.

“The firemen were shouting their loudest,  
And unwinding great lengths of hose ;  
The ‘peelers’ were pushing the people,  
And treading on every one’s toes.

“I got pushed with some more in a corner,  
Where I couldn’t move, try as I might ;  
But little I cared for the squeezing  
So long as I had a good sight.

“Ah, sir, it was grand ! but ’twas awful !  
The flames leaped up higher and higher :  
The wind seemed to get underneath them,  
Till they roared like a great blacksmith’s fire !

“I was just looking round at the people,  
With their faces lit up by the glare,  
When I heard some one cry, hoarse with terror,  
‘Oh, look ! there’s a woman up there !’

“I shall never forget the excitement,  
My heart beat as loud as a clock ;  
I looked at the crowd, they were standing  
As if turned to stone by the shock.

“And there was the face at the window,  
With it’s blank look of haggard despair—  
Her hands were clasped tight on her bosom,  
And her white lips were moving in prayer.

“The staircase was burnt to a cinder,  
There wasn't a fire-escape near ;  
But a ladder was brought from the builder's,  
And the crowd gave a half-frightened cheer.

“The ladder was put up to the window,  
While the flames were still raging below :  
I looked, with my heart in my mouth, then,  
To see who would offer to go !

“When up sprang a sturdy young fireman,  
As a sailor would climb up a mast ;  
We saw him go in at the window,  
And we cheered as though danger were past.

“We saw nothing more for a moment,  
But the sparks flying round us like rain ;  
And then, as we breathlessly waited,  
He came to the window again.

“And on his broad shoulders was lying  
The face of that poor fainting thing,  
And we gave him a cheer as we never  
Yet gave to a prince or a king.

“He got on the top of the ladder—  
I can see him there now, noble lad !  
And the flames underneath seemed to know it,  
For they leaped at that ladder like mad.

“But just as he got to the middle,  
I could see it begin to give way,  
For the flames had got hold of it now, sir !  
I could see the thing tremble and sway.

“He came but a step or two lower,  
Then sprang, with a cry, to the ground ;  
And then—you would hardly believe it—  
He stood with the girl safe and sound.

“I took off my old hat and waved it :  
I couldn't join with the cheer,  
For the smoke had got into my eyes, sir,  
And I felt such a choking just here.

“And now, sir, they're going to get married,  
I bet you, she'll make a good wife ;  
And who has the most right to have her ?  
Why, the fellow that saved her young life !

“A beauty ! ah, sir, I believe you !  
Stand back, lads ! stand back ! here they are !  
We'll give them the cheer that we promised ;  
Now, lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah ! ”

## EXPECTING TO GET EVEN.

[From the *Boston Post* ]

Now, Joe's a splendid fellow, but I do  
Abominate his chasing after Lou!  
It's miserable nonsense, if not crime,  
To hang around a woman all the time!  
I've called on her a dozen times a day.  
And each occasion found him there. I say  
He ought to have some business. I found  
Him there this afternoon when I called round.  
I wanted to enquire if Lou would go  
With me, this evening, to see Boucicault.  
I rather think his errand was the same,  
But he had not proposed it when I came,  
And neither of us somehow seemed to care  
To ask her, with the other sitting there.  
And so we chatted half an hour or so,  
And finally, together, rose to go ;  
Made our farewells, and left. Up street he went.  
While down the avenue my steps I bent.  
Around the corner, turned, and waited quite  
Ten minutes, to let Joe get out of sight.  
Then back to Lou, proceeded I to go,  
And right before her mansion I met Joe.  
We said : "Hallo!" Each muttered a deep oath ;  
'Twas, for a bit, embarrassing for both.  
I spoke : "What, Joe! The man I wished to see!  
After we parted, it occurred to me  
That we might take a theater in, and so  
I hastened back to see if you would go.  
Now, come along, old fellow! Don't say nay,  
We'll have some fun, to pass the time away."  
Said he : "Extraordinary ; I turned back  
To make that very proposition, Jack!"  
Each knew the other lied ; but it is quite  
As well to smooth these matters, as to fight.  
Pretending to believe, we went ; laughed, joked,  
Had a good time, and neither seemed provoked.  
Indeed, we are the best of friends! But still,  
If either can get square, you bet he will!

## THE LEGEND OF THE CATHEDRAL ROCKS.

[BY MISS STAPLEDON.]

[First prize poem at Literary Societies' Union annual competition, September 22, 1887, and published by permission of the Executive Committee of the Union.]

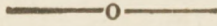
Have you ever heard of those wondrous rocks,  
Massively splendid, solemnly grand,  
A church of nature, hidden away  
In the hills of our native land?  
Grey with the passing of many an age,  
Yet young with the loving, youthful green  
Of clinging creepers, wattle boughs,  
And flowering gum trees' glistening sheen,  
Throned at the head of a rocky gorge,  
Mountains standing guard around,  
'Neath a forest canopy far removed  
From human footstep and mortal sound,  
Minarets, pinnacles, spires, and towers  
Stretching up to the sunny sky,  
Hast thou no priestly genii still,  
As I think you had in the days gone by?—  
Days when the wood nymphs came and went,  
And the mountain fairies sought their rest  
In drowsy nooks beneath thy shade,  
Where mortal foot had never pressed?

But the sun, while sinking into the west,  
Tinges the grey with a golden glow,  
And the soft sad sough of the sheoak  
Sounds like distant music, weird and low,  
And I gaze and gaze in silent awe  
Till the present seems to fade away,  
And all around hath sprung to life—  
Mountain fairy and and forest fay;  
And I, in a wondering, dreamy trance,  
Watch them gather and silent wait  
Under the sunlit forest trees,  
Scattered around the temple gate.  
When all are waiting, that mighty shrine,  
Opaque no longer, is lit within  
By a wondrous, golden, shim'ring light,  
To nothing earthly ever akin.  
Through the glory, with movements slow,  
Comes a figure in garments grey;  
And the rocks and streams and fairies all  
"Merlin! Merlin!" whispering say.  
And I saw him there as noble as when  
He left the council in Arthur's court,

Known as the wisest of living men,  
Ere Vivien's stolen spell was wrought.  
Then Merlin spoke, and speaking said  
All that I, wondering, wished to know,  
And these are the words I thought I heard,  
Spoken in accents sad and low—

“Spirits and elves of the southern woods,  
How have I warned you all in vain!  
Little you reck of the harm you did  
In letting the temptress free again.  
Did I not speak of her fiendish arts?—  
I, who have suffered and felt her power.  
Artfully, foully she learned the spell,  
And bound me fast in the stormy hour;  
And there had I lain to wait her will,  
Had not Arthur, my liege, my king,  
From his mystic home o'er the lonely lake,  
Hastened a counter charm to bring;  
For the loving queen, with her fairy lore,  
Taught him how to unweave the spell,  
And sent him back with Excalibar,  
For one short hour with man to dwell.  
Waving the sword he unwove the chain,  
Setting me free from the vixen's rage—  
For Arthur was now a fairy king,  
And the sword made me a fairy sage.  
He took me back to his distant home,  
To his queenly friends o'er the lonely lake,  
And they met me kindly and taught me much  
Of their mysteries, for Arthur's sake.  
Helped by their teaching, I learned the way  
To grasp the serpent and bind her fast,  
And I brought her over the southern sea,  
Freeing the world from her wiles at last.  
I carried her far from the haunts of men,  
Closed her here in this temple gray,  
Gave her to you as a solemn care,  
Never to see the light of day.  
Oh, you were false to the charge I left!  
Heedlessly, carelessly, letting her go.  
The harm that was done by that broken trust.  
While *you're* immortal you never can know,  
For the spirit of mischief, scandal and sin  
Is free to harass the world again;  
And I'll make you mortal that you may feel  
Her crafty fangs with a mortal's pain.”  
Then I heard no more, for down the glen  
A merry laugh on the breeze was borne.  
Glad friends, returning, broke the spell,  
And sage and fairies all are gone.

My mind came back to the present day,  
 With a wistful longing to know the last,  
 And I asked myself as I turned away—  
 In what mortal mould were the fairies cast? ”  
 Then coming toward me over the hill  
 A dark-skinned lubra wends her way,  
 But whether she came of a fairy race,  
 She could not tell me, so I cannot say.



## ONLY THE BRAKESMAN.

[CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.]

“ Only the brakesman killed ”—say, was that what they said?  
 The brakesman was our Joe ; so then—our Joe is dead!  
 Dead? Dead? Dead?—But I cannot think it’s so,  
 It was some other brakesman, it cannot be our Joe.

Why, only this last evening I saw him riding past ;  
 The trains don’t stop here often—go rushing by as fast  
 As lightning—but Joe saw me, and waved his hand ; he sat  
 On the very last old coal-car ; how do you count for that

That he was killed alone and the others saved, when he  
 Was last inside the tunnel? Come now, it couldn’t be.  
 It’s some mistake, of course ; ’twas the fireman, you’ll find :  
 The engine struck the rock, and he was just behind—

And the roof fell down on *him*, not on Joe, our Joe. I saw  
 That train myself, the engine had work enough to draw  
 The coal-cars full of coal that rattled square and black  
 By tens and twenties past our door along that narrow track

On, into the dark mountains. I never see those peaks  
 ’Thout hating them. For much they care whether the water  
 leaks

Down their sides to wet the stones that arch the tunnels there  
 So long, so black, they all may go, and much the mountains care !

I’m sorry for that fireman!—What’s that? I don’t pretend  
 To more than this. I saw that train, and Joe was at the end,  
 The very end, I tell you! Come, don’t stand here and mock—  
 What! It was there, right at the end this tunnel caved, the rock

Fell on him? But I don’t believe a word.—Yes, that’s his  
 chain,

And that’s his poor old silver watch ; he bought it—what’s this  
 stain

All over it? Why, it is red!—O Joe, my boy, O Joe,  
 Then it was you, and you are dead down in that tunnel. Go

And bring my boy back ! He was all the son I had ; the girls  
Are very well ; but not like Joe. Such pretty golden curls  
Joe had until I cut them off at four years old ; he ran  
To meet me always at the gate, my bonny little man.

You don't remember him ? But then you've only seen him when  
He rides by on the coal-trains among the other men,  
All of them black and grimed with coal, and circles round their  
eyes,

Whizzing along by day and night.—But you would feel surprised

To see how fair he is when clean on Sundays, and I know  
You'd think him handsome then ; I'll have—God ! I forget !

O Joe,

My boy ! my boy ! and are you dead ? So young,—But  
twenty.—Dead

Down in that awful tunnel, with the mountain overhead !

They're bringing him ? Oh, yes ! I know ; they'll bring him,  
and, what's more

They'll do it free, the company ! They'll leave him at my door  
Just as he is, all grimed and black.—Jane, put the irons on,  
And wash his shirt, his Sunday-shirt ; its white ; he did have one

White shirt for best, and proud he wore it Sunday with a tie  
Of blue, a new one. O my boy, how could they let you die  
Crushed by those rocks ! If I'd been there I'd heaved them off,  
I know

They could have done it if they'd tried. They let you die for oh—

“Only the brakesman !” and his wage was small. The engineer  
Must first be seen to there in front.—My God ! it stands as clear  
Before my eyes as though I'd seen it all—the dark—the crash—  
The hissing steam—the wet stone sides—the arch above—the flash

Of lanterns coming—and my boy, my poor boy lying there,  
Dying alone under the rocks ; only his golden hair  
To tell that it was Joe,—a mass all grimed, that doesn't stir ;  
But mother'll know you, dear, 'twill make no difference to her

How black with coal-dust you may be, your poor, hard working  
hands

All torn and crushed, perhaps ; yes, yes—but no one understands  
That even though he's better off, poor lad, where he has gone,  
I and the girls are left behind to stand it and live on

As best we can without him ! What ? A wreath ? A lady sent  
Some flowers ? Was passing through and heard, felt sorry—  
well, 'twas meant

Kindly, no doubt ; but poor Joe'd been the very first to laugh  
At white flowers round his blackened face.—You'll write his  
epitaph—

What's that? His name and age? Poor boy! poor Joe! his  
name has done

It's work in this life; for his age, he was not twenty-one,  
Well grown but slender, far too young for such a place, but then  
He wanted to "help mother," and to be among the men,

For he was always trying to be old: he carried wood  
And built the fires for me before he hardly understood  
What a fire was—my little boy, my darling baby Joe—  
There's something snapped within my breast, I think; it hurts  
me so,

It must be something broken. What is that? I felt the floor  
Shake; there's someone on the step—Go Jeannie, set the door  
Wide open for your brother Joe is coming home. They said,  
"Only the brakesman"—but it is my only son that's dead!

— o —

## OLD, BUT GOOD.

Behold the mansion reared by Jack.

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,  
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the Rat's felonious fangs invade  
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet feet and Tarquin strides,  
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides—  
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent,  
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault  
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,  
Stored in the hallowed precincts of the hall  
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks impetuous cow with crumpled horn,  
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,  
Who bayed the feline slaughter beast that slew  
The Rat predacious whose keen fangs ran through  
The textile fibres that involved the grain  
That lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

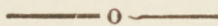
Here walks forlorn the Damsel crowned with rue,  
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dug who drew  
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn  
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn,  
The harrowing hound whose braggart bark and stir  
Arched the little spine and reared the indignant fur

Of Puss, that with verminicidal claw  
Struck the weird Rat in whose insatiate maw  
Lay reeking malt that erst in Ivan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb, that seemed in sooth  
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth  
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,  
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,  
To the lorn maiden whose lact-albic hands  
Drew albulactic wealth from lacteal glands  
Of the immortal bovine, by whose horn,  
Distort, to realm ethereal was borne  
The best catulean vexer of that sly  
Ulysses quadrupedal who made die  
The old mordacious Rat that dared devour  
Antecedaneous Ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo, here with hirsute honors doffed, succinct  
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked  
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,  
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,  
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,  
Who milked the cow with the implicated horn,  
Who in fine wrath the the canine torturer skied,  
That dared to vex the insidious muricide  
Who let the auroral effluence through the pelt  
Of the sly Rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud, cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,  
Whose shouts aroused the shorn enthusiast,  
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament  
To him who, robed in garments indigent,  
Exosculates the Damsel lachrymose,  
The emulator of that horned brute morose  
'That tossed the Dog that worried the Cat that kilt  
The Rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.



## PHIL BLOOD'S LEAP.

A TALE OF THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

[ROBERT BUCHANAN.]

"There's some think Injins pison . . ." [It was Parson  
Pete that spoke,  
As we sat there in the camp-fire glow, like shadows among the  
smoke.  
'Twas the dead of night, and in the light our faces shone bright red,  
And the wind all round made a screeching sound, and the pines  
roared overhead.

Ay, Parson Pete was talking : we called him Parson Pete,  
For you must learn he'd a talking turn, and handled things so  
neat:

He'd a preaching style, and a winning smile, and, when all talk  
was spent,

Six-shooter had he, and a sharp bowie, to point his argument.]

"There's some think Injins pison, and otheis fancy 'em scum,  
And most would slay 'em out of the way, clean into Kingdom  
Come ;

But don't you go and make mistakes, like many dern'd fools  
I've known,

For dirt is dirt, and snakes is snakes, but an Injin's flesh and  
bone ! "

We were seeking gold in the Texas hold, and we'd had a blaze  
of luck.

More rich and rare the stuff ran there at every foot we struck ;  
Like men gone wild we toiled and toiled, and never seemed to  
tire ;

The hot sun glared, and our faces flared, with the greed o' gain,  
like fire.

I was Captain then of the mining men, and I had a precious life,  
For a wilder set I never met at derringer and at knife ;

Nigh every day there was some new fray' and a shot in some  
one's brain,

And the blackest sheep in all the heap was an Imp of Sin, from  
Maine,

Phil Blood. Well, he was six foot three, with a squint to make  
you skew'd,

His face all scabb'd, and twisted, and stabb'd, with carroty hair  
and beard,

Sour as the drink in Bitter Chink, sharp as a grizzly's squeal,  
Limp in one leg, for a leaden egg had nicked him in the heel.

And being a crusty kind of cuss, the only sport he had

When work was over seemed to us a bit too rough and bad ;

For to put some lead in a fellow's head was the greatest fun in life,

And the only joke he liked to poke was the point of his precious  
knife.

But game to the bone was Phil, I'll own, and he always fought  
most fair,

With as good a will to be killed as kill, true grit as any there ;

Of honor, too, like me or you, he'd a scent, though not so keen,

Would rather be riddled through and through than do what he  
thought mean.

But his eddication, to his ruination, had not been over nice,

And his stupid skull was choking full of vulgar prejudice ;

For a white man *he* was an ekal, free to be fought in open fray,

But an *Injin* a snake (make no mistake !) to scotch in any way.

"A sarpent's hide has pison inside, and an Injin heart's as bad—  
He'll seem your friend to gain his end, but they hate the white  
like mad ;

Worse than the least of bird or beast, never at peace till dead,  
A spotted snake, and no mistake !" that's what he always said.

Well, we'd just struck our bit of luck, and were wild as raving  
men,

When who should stray to camp one day but Black Panther, the  
Cheyenne ;

Dressed like a Christian, all a-grin, the old one joins our band,  
And though the rest looked black as sin, he shakes me by the hand.

Now, the poor old cuss had been known to us, and I knew that  
he was true—

I'd have trusted him with life and limb as soon as I'd trust *you* ;  
For, though his wit was gone a bit and he drank like any fish,  
His heart was kind, he was well-inclined, as even a white could  
wish.

Food had got low, for we didn't know the run of the hunting-  
ground,

And our hunters were sick, when just in the nick, the friend in  
need was found ;

For he knew the place like his mother's face (or better, a heap,  
you'd say,

Since she was a squaw of the roaming race, and himself a cast-  
away).

Well, I took the Panther into camp, and the critter was well  
content,

And off with him, on the hunting tramp, next day our party went ;  
And I reckon that day and the next we didn't hunger for food,  
And only one in the camp looked vexed—that Imp of Sin, Phil  
Blood.

Nothing would please his contrary ideas ! an Injin made him boil !  
But he said nought, and he scowling wrought from morn till  
night at his toil,

And I knew his skin was hatching sin, and I kept the Panther  
apart,

For the Injin he was too weak to see the depth of a white man's  
heart.

One noon-day, when myself and the men were resting by the  
creek,

The red sun blazed, and we lay half-dazed, too tired to stir or  
speak ;

'Neath the alder trees we stretched at ease, and we couldn't see  
the sky,

For the lien flowers in bright blue showers hung through the  
branches high.

The squirrels red ran overhead, and I saw the lizards creep,  
 And the woodpecker bright, with the crest so white, tapt like a  
 sound in sleep ;  
 I lay and dozed with eyes half closed, and felt like a three-year  
 child,  
 And, a plantain blade on his brow for a shade, even Phil Blood  
 looked mild.

Well, back jest then came our hunting men, with the Panther.  
 at their head,  
 Full of his fun was every one, and the Panther's eyes were red,  
 And he skipt about with grin and shout, for he' had a drop  
 that day,  
 And he twisted and twirled, and squealed and whirled, in the  
 foolish Injin way.

To the waist all bare Phil Blood lay there, with only his knife in  
 his belt,  
 And I saw his bloodshot eyeballs flare, and I knew how fierce he  
 felt,  
 When the Injin dances with grinning glances around him as he lies,  
 With his painted skin and monkey grin—and leers into his eyes.

Then, before I knew what I should do, Phil Blood was on his feet,  
 And the Injin could trace the hate in his face, and his heart  
 began to beat,  
 And "Get out o' the way," he heard them say, "for he means  
 to hev your life?"  
 But, before he could fly at the warning cry, he saw the flash of  
 the knife.

"Run, Panther, run?" cried every one, and the Panther took  
 the track,  
 With a wicked glare, like a wounded bear, Phil Blood sprang at  
 his back.  
 Up the side so steep of the canyon deep the poor old critter sped,  
 And after him ran the devil's limb, till they faded overhead.

Now, the spot of ground where our luck was found was a  
 queerish place, you'll mark,  
 Just under the jags of the mountain crags and the precipices dark.  
 And the water drove from a fall above, and roared both day and  
 night,  
 And those that waded beneath were shaded by crags to left  
 right.

Far up on high, close to the sky, the two crags leant together,  
 Leaving a gap, like an open trap, with a gleam of golden  
 weather,  
 And now and then when at work the men looked up they caught  
 the bounds  
 Of the deer that leap from steep to steep, and they seemed the  
 size of hounds.

A pathway led from the beck's dark bed up to the crags on high,  
 And up that path the Injin fled, fast as a man could fly.  
 Some shots were fired, for I desired to keep the white cuss back ;  
 But I missed my man, and away he ran on the flying Injin's track.

Now, the breadth of the trap, though it seemed so small from  
 the place below, d'ye see,  
 Was what a deer could easily clear, but a man—well, not for *me*?  
 And it happened, yes, the path, I guess, led straight to that there  
 place,  
 And if one of the two didn't leap it, whew! they must meet there  
 face to face.

“Come back, you cuss! came back to us! and let the critter be!”  
 I screamed out loud, while the men in a crowd stood gazing at  
 them and me ;  
 But up they went, and my shots were spent, and I shook as they  
 disappeared—  
 One minute more, and we gave a roar, for the Injin had leapt—  
 and *cleared!*

A leap for a deer, not a man, to clear—and the bloodiest grave  
 below !  
 But the critter was smart and mad with fear, and he went like a  
 bolt from a bow.  
 Close after him came the devil's limb, with his eyes as wild as  
 death,  
 But when he came to the gulch's rim, I reckon he paused for  
 breath.

For breath at the brink! but—a white man shrink, when a red  
 had passed so neat?  
 I knew Phil Blood too well to think he'd turn his back dead beat!  
 He takes one run, leaps up in the sun, and bounds from the  
 slippery ledge,  
 And he clears the hole, but—God help his soul! just touches  
 the other edge!

One scrambling fall, one shriek, one call from the mer that  
 stand and stare—  
 Black in the blue where the sky looks through, he staggers,  
 dwarfed up there ;  
 The edge he touches, then sinks, and clutches the rock—my  
 eyes grow dim—  
 I turn away—what's that they say?—he's a-hanging on to the  
 brim?

. . . On the very brink of the fatal chink a wild thin shrub  
 there grew,  
 And to that he clung, and in silence swung betwixt us and the  
 blue,  
 And as soon as a man could run I ran the way I'd seen them flee,  
 And I came mad-eyed to the chasm's side, and—what do you  
 think I see?

All up? Not quite. Still hanging? Right! But he'd torn  
 away the shrub.  
 With lolling tongue he clutched and swung—to what? Ay,  
 that's the rub!  
 I saw him glare and dangle in air—for the empty hole, you  
 know—  
 Helped by a *pair of hands* up there! The Injin's? Yes, *that's so!*

I held my breath—so nigh to death the cuss swung hand and  
 limb,  
 And it seemed to me that down he'd flee, with the Panther  
 after him:  
 But the Injin at length puts out his strength, and another  
 minute passed—  
 And safe and sound to the solid ground he drew Phill Blood at  
 last.

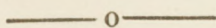
Saved? True for you! By an Injin, too!—and the man who  
 he meant to kill!  
 There all alone, on the brink of stone, I see them standing still;  
 Phil Blood gone white with the struggle and fright, like a great  
 mad bull at bay,  
 And the Injin meanwhile, with a half-skeered smile, ready to  
 spring way.

What did Phil do? Well I watched the two, and I saw  
 Phil Blood turn back,  
 Then he leant to the brink and took a blink into the chasm  
 black,  
 Then, stooping low for a moment or so, he drew his bowie bright,  
 And he chucked it down the gulf with a frown, and whistle, and  
 lounged from sight.

Hands in his pockets, eyes downcast, silent, thoughtful, and  
 grim,  
 While the Panther, grinning as he passed, still kept his eyes on  
 him;  
 Phil Blood strolled slow to his mates below, down by a moun-  
 tain track,  
 With his lips set tight and his face all white, and the Panther  
 at his back.

I reckon they stared when the two appeared! but never a word  
 Phil spoke,  
 Some of them laughed and others jeered,—but he let them have  
 their joke;  
 He seemed amazed, like a man gone dazed, the sun in his eyes  
 too bright,  
 And, in spite of their cheek, for many a week, he never offered  
 to fight.

And after that day he changed his play, and kept a civiller  
tongue,  
And whenever an Injin came that way, his contrairy head he  
hung;  
But whenever he heard the lying word, "*It's a LIE!*" Phil  
Blood would groan;  
"*A Snake is a Snake, make no mistake! but an Injin's flesh  
and bone!*"



## THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

[WILLIAM MILLER.]

Our wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw,  
It would tak me a lang summer day to tell a'  
His pranks, frae the morning, till night shuts his e'e,  
When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween mother and me.  
For in his quiet turns, siccan questions he'll spier:—  
How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear?  
What gars the wind blaw? and whar frae comes the rain?  
He's a perfect divèrt—he's a wonderfu' wean.

Or wha was the first bodie's father? and wha  
Made the very first snaw-shower that ever did fa'?  
And wha made the first bird that sang on a tree?  
And the water that sooms a' the ships in the sea?—  
But after I've told him as weel as I ken,  
Again he begins wi' his wha? and his when?  
And he looks aye sae watchfu' the while I explain,—  
He's as auld as the hills—he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk who hae skill o' the bumps on the head,  
Hint there's mae ways than toiling o' winning ane's bread?  
How he'll be a rich man, and hae men to work for him,  
Wi' a kyte like a bailie's, shug shugging afore him;  
Wi' a face like the moon, sober, sonsy, and douce,  
And a back, for it's breadth, like the side o' a house.  
'Tweel, I'm unco' ta'en up wi't, they make a' sae plain;  
He's just a town's talk—he's a by-ord'nar wean.

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,  
To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat;  
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far ower his knees,  
The tap loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease,  
Then he march'd thro' the house—he march'd but, he march'd  
ben,  
Like ower many mae o' our great-little men,  
That I leuch clean outright, for I couldna contain,  
He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean.

But 'mid 'a his daffin', sic kindness he shows,  
 That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose ;  
 And the unclouded hinnie-beam aye in his e'e  
 Mak's him every day dearer and dearer to me.  
 Though fortune be saucy, and dorty, and dour,  
 And gloom through her fingers, like hills through a shower,  
 When bodies hae got a bit bairn o' their ain,  
 How he cheers up their hearts—he's the wonderfu' wean !

— o —

## A VOICE FROM THE BUSH.

[A. L. GORDON]

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High noon, and not a cloud in the sky,  
 To break this blinding sun.  
 Well, I've half the day before me still,  
 And most of my journey done.  
 There's little enough of shade to be got,  
 But I'll take what I can get,  
 For I'm not so hearty as once I was,  
 Although I'm a young man yet.

Young ! Well, yes, I suppose,  
 As far as the seasons go,  
 Though there's many a man far older than I  
 Down there in the town below —  
 Older, but men to whom,  
 In the pride of their manhood strong,  
 The hardest work is never too hard,  
 Or the longest day too long.

But I've cut my cake, so I can't complain,  
 And I've only myself to blame ;  
 Ah ! that was always their tune at home,  
 And here it is just the same.  
 Of the seed I've sown in pleasure,  
 The harvest I'm reaping in pain ;  
 Could I put my life a few years back,  
 Would I live that life again ?

Would I ? Of course I would !  
 What glorious days they were !  
 It sometimes seems the dream of a dream  
 That life could have been so fair.  
 A sweet, if but a short time back —  
 While now, if one can call  
 This life, I almost doubt at times  
 If it's worth the living at all.

One of these poets, which is it?  
 Somewhere or another sings  
 That the crown of a sorrow's sorrow  
 Is remembering happier things.  
 What the crown of a sorrow's sorrow  
 May be, I know not; but this I know,  
 It lightens the years that are now  
 Sometimes to think of the years ago.

Where are they now, I wonder, with  
 Whom those years were passed?  
 The pace was a little too good, I fear,  
 For many of them to last.  
 And there's always plenty to take their place  
 When the leaders begin to decline;  
 Still I wish them well, where'er they are,  
 For the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."

Jack Villiers—Galloping Jack—  
 (What a beggar he was to ride!)—  
 Was shot in a gambling row last year  
 On the Californian side.

And Byng, the best of the lot,  
 Who was broke in the Derby of '58,  
 Is keeping sheep with Harry Lepel,  
 Somewhere on the River Plate.

Do they ever think of me at all,  
 And the fun we used to share?  
 It gives me a pleasant hour or two,  
 And I've none too many to spare.  
 This dull blood runs as it used to run,  
 And the spent flame flickers up,  
 As I think of the cheers that rang in my ears  
 When I won the Garrison Cup.

And how the Regiment roared to a man,  
 While the voice of the fielders shook,  
 As I swang in my stride six lengths to the good,  
 Hard held, over Bosworth Brook.  
 Instead of the parrot's screech,  
 I seem to hear the twang of the horn,  
 As once again from Barkly Holt  
 I set the pick of the Quorn.

Well, those were harmless pleasures enough,  
 For I hold him worse than an ass  
 Who shakes his head at a nick in the post,  
 Or a quick thing over the grass.  
 Go for yourself, and go to win,  
 And you can't very well go wrong;—  
 Gad, if I'd only stuck to that,  
 I'd be singing a different song.

As to the one I'm singing,  
 It's pretty well known to all :  
 We knew too much, but not quite enough,  
 And so we went to the wall ;  
 While those who cared not, if the work was done  
 How dirty their hands might be,  
 Went up on our shoulders and kicked us down  
 When they got to the top of the tree.

But out there an the station among the lads,  
 I get on pretty well ;  
 It's only when I get down into town  
 That I feel this life such a hell.  
 Booted and bearded and burned to a brick,  
 I loaf along the street ;  
 I watch the ladies tripping by,  
 And I bless their dainty feet.

I watch them here and there  
 With a bitter feeling of pain ;  
 Ah ; what wouldn't I give to feel  
 A lady's hand again !  
 They used to be glad to see me once,  
 They might have been to-day ;  
 But we never know the worth of a thing  
 Until we have thrown it away.

I watch them, but from afar,  
 And I pull my old cap over my eyes—  
 Partly to hide the tears that, rude and  
 Rough as I am, will rise—  
 And partly because I cannot bear  
 That such as they should see  
 The man that I am, when I know—  
 Though they don't—the man that I ought to be.

Puff ! with the last whiff of my pipe  
 I blow these fancies away,  
 For I must be jogging along if I want  
 To get down to town to-day.  
 As I know I shall reach my journey's end  
 Though I travel not over fast,  
 So the end of my longer journey will come  
 In its own good time at last.

## JERRY.

[BY MARY L. DICKINSON].

(In St. Nicholas.)

“Buy a paper, plase! She is frozen, almost;  
 Here’s the *Commercial* and *News* and *Mail*,  
 And here’s the *Express* and the *Evening Post*!  
 And ivery one has a tirrible tale,—  
 A shipwreck—a murther—a fire-alarm—  
 Whichiver ye loike;—have a paper, marm!  
 Thin buy it, plaze, av this bit av a gurrul,  
 She’s new in the business, and all of a whirrul;  
 We must lind her a hand,” said little Jerry,  
 “There’s a plinty av trade at the Fulton Ferry.

“She’s wakely for nade av the tay and the toast—  
 The price uv of a paper—plaze, sir, buy a *Post*?  
 Thru as me name it is Jeremiah,  
 There’s a foine report of a dridful fire—  
 And a child that’s lost—and a smash av a train;—  
 Indade, sir, the paper’s just groanin’ wid pain!  
 Spake up, little gurrul, and don’t be afraid!  
 I’m scratching’ for two till I start yez in thrade,  
 While I yell, you can sell,” said little Jerry,  
 Screeching for two at Fulton Ferry.

The night was black and the wind was high,  
 And a hurrying crowd went shivering by;  
 And some bought papers, and some bought none,  
 But the boy’s shrill voice rang cheerily on:  
 “Buy a *Post*, or a *News*, or a *Mail*, as you choose,  
 For my arm just aches wid the weight av the news.  
*Express*? Not a single one left for to-night—  
 But buy one av this little gurrul, sir—all right.  
 “She’s a reg’lar seller here at the Ferry,  
 And I rickomind her high,” said Jerry.

In the whirl of the throng there paused a man.  
 “The bell is ringing—I cannot wait;  
 Here, girl, a *Commercial* as quick as you can!  
 The boat is starting—don’t make me late!”  
 And on through the hurrying crowd he ran,  
 The wee girl following close behind,  
 After the penny he could not find;  
 While, with a spring through the closing gate,  
 After her money bounded Jerry,  
 Ragged and panting, at Fulton Ferry.

"One cent from the man in the big fur coat !  
 Give me the change, or I'll stop the boat."  
 Up from the deck a laugh and a cheer,  
 It changed to a shuddering cry of fear,  
 As he bent his head for the fearful spring,  
 And then—like a wild bird on the wing—  
 Over the whirling waters swung,  
 Touched the boat with his hands, and clung,  
 Gasping and white, to the rail, and cried :  
 "Where is that mean old man who tried  
 To steal one cent from a little girl at the Ferry ?  
 A poor little girl with no friend but Jerry ?"

Over 'he side went a hundred hands,  
 From a hundred mouths rang forth commands :  
 "Pull him in!" "Stop the boat!" "Take his stock!" "Let  
 us buy  
 All the papers he has!" "Send him home to get dry :"  
 "No, indade," said the boy—"that's not w'at I meant ;  
 I doant want yer money ; I want that *one cent*  
 From the man in the warr'm fur coat an' hat,  
 Who could stheel a cent from a gurrul like that !  
 Af iver he thries that game agin,  
 He'd better take *me*, and not Margery Flynn !"  
 Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry  
 Rang across the Fulton Ferry.

Long ago, my youthful readers,  
 Happened this that I have told,  
 Long ago that sturdy newsboy  
 All his daily papers sold.  
 And the pluck that dared a ducking  
 To set right a weak one's wrong,  
 Served him well in every struggle ;  
 And his life, both kind and strong,  
 Is a blessing and a comfort  
 To a world of needy boys  
 Who, like him, must work in play-time,  
 With boot-brushes for their toys.  
 But around the Fulton Ferry,  
 Still the newsboys talk of Jerry.

## AT THE CALL OF GOD.

A LAY OF ST. ANNE'S LIFEBOAT.

[BY MRS. E. S. DE COURCY LAFFAN.]

*Clang! clang! clang!* ringing out through the sough and  
the roar,

Over the riot and rush of the wind, and the swirl of the sea;  
Clear and stern as the voice of a chief in the tumult of war,  
Cheering the heart of the weary and bracing the feeble knee;  
Shrill and high through the storm-laden air, and the wrack-  
hidden sky,

Out o'er the wind-tossed sea, and out o'er the rain-beaten  
sod—

Hark!—the alarm-bell flings out its sudden imperious cry—  
Flings out its summons to dare and to die—at *the Call of  
God!*

\* \* \* \* \*

And far in the firelight glow of the cottages under the hill,  
Where the fisherman's path climbs up from the shore to the  
sandy dune,

Little ones pause in their play with a sudden foreboding of ill,  
And the song dies out on the lips, broken off in the midst of  
the tune.

Only the kettle sings on its monotonous chant from the hob,  
But the good-wife's hand that would lift it, falls nerveless and  
dead by her side,

As her quick-coming breathing is strangled and choked by a  
rising sob. . . .

And the cold clutch tugs at her heart of a terror she fain would  
hide,

And the sunburnt cheek of the man grows pale for a moment's  
space,

And the half-filled pipe drops down from the clasp of the  
rugged hand,

As he turns with a chill at his heart to gaze on her death-white  
face.

Husband and wife—they are silent a while—for—*they under-  
stand.* . . .

Then, with a rush of the blood and a flush of the sunburnt  
cheek,

The great heart leaps to the deed. . . . 'My God! 'tis the  
Lifeboat peal!'

'We mun gang, lass . . . happen there's men i' the wreck  
we be goin' to seek,

Wi' woives an' childer at whoam same as we, and as loves 'em  
as weel.

God be wi' us, my lass, and I reckon we'll save 'em yet,  
Though there's never a light i' the cloud, nor a rift i' the ugly  
sky.

Little one, hast'na a kiss for thy daddy? God bless thee, my pet.  
Wife, dunna fret, we'se come back to thee, gie us—a—kiss—  
good-bye!

\* \* \* \* \*

Hurry, and bustle, and tramp—they are down on the wind-  
swept beach,  
Where the sea-spray mingles dark with the dust of the sandy  
dunes,

And over the crests of the billows, as far as the eye can reach,  
Danger and death are writ in the lines of the foam-traced  
runes;

Nought of danger and death do they reckon, those true Lanca-  
shire hearts.

See!—they have launched her at last through the wind and the  
surf and the spray,

And their strong arms bend to the oar, and the billow is cloven  
and parts,

As the surf falls back from her bow like a baffled beast of prey.

\* \* \* \* \*

Night, deep night, and the babes are asleep, but the sweet-  
hearts and wives—

(How should *they* sleep?) gather thick in a throng on the crest  
of the down,

Watching the sea where their loved ones are fighting the fight  
for their lives;

Watch through the live-long night 'till the sun rise over the  
town,

And minutes grow into years, and the years to an endless pain,  
And the glance that was hope is despair, and the prayer dies out  
on the lip,

As the daylight dawns on the Ribble, and over the restless  
main—

Never a sign, ah God! of a boat coming back from the ship!

\* \* \* \* \*

For out in the night and the darkness, the fight has been  
fought, and the light

Rises faint on a field where the fight has been lost and been—  
*won*—

Won by the sea. Not so! They are *winners* who died here  
to-night.

Won? Ay! Is it not winning to die for a duty done?

Past is the din of the storm, long past, yet its echoes are  
ringing

Even to-day in our hearts, and will ring 'till we lie 'neath the  
sod,

And still through the midst of our sorrow a low Jubilate is  
singing—

'Praise to the heroes who dared and died at the Call of God!'

## A SEA-DIRGE.

[ANONYMOUS.]

There are certain things—as a spider, a ghost,  
 The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for three—  
 That I hate, but a thing that I hate the most,  
 Is a thing they call the sea.

Pinch a dog till it howls outright—  
 Cruel, but all very well for a spree ;—  
 Suppose that it did so day and night,  
*That* would be like the sea.

I had a vision of nursery-maids,  
 Tens of thousands passed by me,  
 All leading children with wooden spades,  
 And this was by the sea.

Who invented those spades of wood ?  
 Who was it cut them out of the tree ?  
 None, I think, but an idiot could,  
 Or one that loves the sea.

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float  
 With “ thoughts as boundless, and souls as free,”  
 But suppose you are very unwell in the boat,  
 How do you like the sea ?

“ But it makes the intellect clear and keen.”  
 Prove it ! prove it ! how can that be ?  
 Why, what does “ B sharp ” (in music) mean,  
 If not the “ natural C ?”

What ! keen ? with such questions as “ When’s high tide ?  
 Is shelling shrimps an improvement to tea ?  
 Were donkeys intended for man to ride ?”  
 Such are our thoughts by the sea.

There is the insect that people avoid,  
 (Whence is derived the verb “ to flee ”)  
 Where have you been by it most annoyed ?  
 In lodgings by the sea.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs,  
 A decided hint of salt in your tea,  
 And a fishy taste in the very eggs—  
 By all means choose the sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and to eat,  
 You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,  
 And a chronic state of wet in your feet,  
 Then—I recommend the sea.



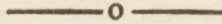
For I have friends who dwell by the coast,  
 Pleasant friends they are to me ;  
 It is when I am with them, I wonder most  
 That anyone likes the sea.

They take me a walk ; though tired and stiff,  
 To climb the heights I madly agree ;  
 And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,  
 They kindly suggest the sea.

I try the rocks, and think it cool  
 That they laugh with such an excess of glee  
 As I heavily slip into every pool  
 That skirts the cold, cold sea.

Once I met a friend in the street,  
 With wife, and nurse, and children three ;  
 Never again such a sight may I meet  
 As that party from the sea.

Their cheeks were hollow, their steps were slow,  
 Convicted felons they seemed to be ;  
 "Are you going to prison, dear friend?" "Oh, no !  
 We'er returning from the sea."



## THE ENSIGN.

[From the French of Alphonse Daudet.]

[BY PHIL JOHNSON.]

Round their flag, on the bank of a railway, the regiment stood,  
 A mark for the Prussian army, massed in the opposite wood,  
 Eighty yards between them. Heavens ! how the bullets flew.  
 "Lie down !" the officer shouted ; but *that* not a man would do.

Volley for volley they answered the Prussians, gun for gun,  
 Grouped in the awful blood-red glare of the setting sun.  
 And above the meadows and cornfields, shadowing grass and  
 grain,  
 Rolled the heavy battle-smoke over the wide campaign.

Iron it rained on that slope ! With crackle, and peal, and blaze,  
 Piercing the flag that waved aloft in the wind of the mitrailleuse—  
 The flag that again and again, with its bearer, faltered and fell  
 Back in the smoke and carnage, like a lost soul into hell ;  
 And ever as it fell, a voice from the topmost crag,  
 Dominating the firing, cried : "The flag, my lads, the flag !"  
 And an officer, vague as a shadow in that infernal mist,  
 Sprang forward at the colonel's word, and, ere the watchers wist,  
 Again the standard towered above the smoke and blaze,  
 And the golden fabric waved again in the wind of the  
 mitrailleuse.

Twenty-two times it fell! Twenty-two times its haft,  
 Warm from a dying hand, was seized and held aloft;  
 And when the sun went down, and the regiment slowly began  
 A dogged retreat, still firing and wounded—ay, every man,  
 The ghost of their former glory, the colours, were borne away  
 In the hands of Ensign Hornus, the twenty-third of the day.

From the low projecting forehead, from the careless reckless air,  
 You saw that the man's one virtue in life was to do and dare.  
 Yet over the rough-seamed visage a glow heroic came,  
 When after the battle was over the colonel called his name,  
 Saying, "You've got the colours, I see; keep them, my brave  
 old lad!"—

His comrades scarcely knew him that night, he looked so gay and  
 glad,  
 And round his coarse old cap, all frayed with weather and wear,  
 The band of a sub-lieutenant was stitched by the vivandiere.

It had been his one ambition! And it filled his heart with  
 pride;  
 And he drew himself proudly up, and walked with a martial  
 stride.

And when the bullets sang round him, tearing it rag by rag,  
 High above, treachery, death, and defeat, he held his darling  
 flag;

All his life, his strength, his soul bowed to his chief's command  
 That his regiment's colours should be kept from the enemy's  
 soiling hand;

And he stood in the midst of battle with a bold defiant air,  
 Seeming to say to the Prussian host, "Ay, take them, if you  
 dare!"

But no one took them—not even death. And the colours came  
 out

From murderous battle-fields—from Borny and Gravelotte—  
 Tattered transparent with wounds—sword-thrust and bullet-  
 drill—

But safe in the hands of Hornus. The veteran held them still.

Came the autumn. In Metz, foe encircled, the army lay  
 Through that long pause of sickening peace and slow but sure  
 decay;

In the mud the cannon rusted—rusted in its sheath the steel,  
 And the soldiers died by thousands waiting for the clarion peal—  
 Not in the field of honour, not of the battle-harms,  
 But of famine, and fever, and *hopelessness*, beside their piled  
 arms.

Alas! for poor old Hornus! One day he waked to hear  
 The camp in a clamour. Curses and threats were what met his  
 ear.

And Hornus, rushing out of his tent, was given to know  
That Marshal Bazaine had surrendered—surrendered without a  
blow ;

“ Down with the coward ! ” they yelled, and cursed the Marshal’s  
name,

While the officers silently listened, hanging their heads for shame.

“ And my colours ? ” asked Hornus trembling. Ah, his colours,  
'twas confest,

Would go at the Marshal’s order, to the Prussians with the rest,  
Stiffened his face as he heard it—every muscle, every line,

“ *T—Tonnerre de Dieu !* ” the poor man stuttered, “ *They shan’t  
get mine !* ”

Away to the town rushed Hornus, muttering as he ran :

“ Take my flag, indeed ! Let them try it, every man !

Let the Marshal give the Prussians his carriages and his plate ;  
But my flag is mine—and mine alone ! 'Tis my honor, 'tis my  
fate ! ”

He hurried along the noisy streets, and through the shouting  
throng,

A great resolve within him arising clear and strong

To secure his regiment’s colours, and, despite the Marshal’s seals,  
Carve his way through the Prussian lines with his comrades at  
his heels.

He reached the quiet suburb, and knocked at the colonel’s door  
The colonel refused to see him ; but he stamped, and shouted  
and swore,

Till a turret window opened, and above him the colonel bent.

“ Hornus, what d’ye want ? ” “ My flag. ” “ With the rest  
'twas sent

To the arsenal—Marshal’s orders ; but you’ll get an acknow-  
ledgment. ”

“ An acknowledgment ? ” echoed Hornus. “ What’s that, I’d  
like to know ?

It’s my flag I want. *And I’ll have it !—arsenal or no.* ”

The arsenal gates were open. The Prussian waggons stood  
In the yard, and beyond them waited in sorrowful attitude  
Old Hornus’ brother ensigns. Bareheaded they stood in the  
rain ;

And, seeing them thus, the old man’s heart was touched with  
nameless pain.

And there in a muddy corner the army’s colour’s lay,  
With their golden fringes and gay-hued silks all foul with mire  
and clay.

An officer lifted them one by one, as they called each regiment’s  
name,

And forward for his acquittance in turn each ensign came.

Stiff, unmoved, like stocks and stones, the Prussians were ranked by,

Watching the ceremony with cold and callous eye.

And must you go thus? O glorious flags! like eagles with broken wings

Sweeping the ground, besmirched for aye with the shame of sullied things,

The sun of long weary marches hid in each faded fold,

And every rent of a bullet an epitaph writ in gold.

“Hornus, get your receipt. Your turn! But Hornus stands.

What does *he* care about a receipt? He wrings his hands

And looks at his flag—the last, the loveliest of them all.

And as he looked he seemed again to hear the stirring call,

“The flag, my lads, the flag!” And once again he stood

On the bank of the railway, facing the Prussians in the wood

With his dauntless comrades—answering the enemy gun for gun,

Grouped in the awful blood-red glare of the setting sun,

Seeing his comrades, one by one, springing forward to raise

That flag, and float it once again in the wind of the mitrailleuse,

And himself, at the colonel's call, seizing the gilded haft,

Warm from a dying hand, again its folds to waft?

On the evening after the battle, he had sworn—no matter how

It was assailed—to guard that flag till death—*till death*. And now—?

Frantic, distracted—mad! He forward leapt, and tore

The flag from the officer's grasp, and held it aloft once more:

“The flag, my lads, the flag!

But the flag would not float! In that atmosphere, heavy and chill as death,

What glorious thing could live? What glorious soul find breath?

And the standard slipped from its bearer's hand, lifeless, heavy as lead,

And Hornus—choked with rage and the shame of the thing—fell dead.

— o —

## Æ T N A .

“I looked, and saw the face of things quite changed.”

—*Paradise Lost*.

[ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS]

It was a lovely night;—the crescent moon,

(A bark of beauty on its dark blue sea)

Winning its way amid the billowy clouds,

Unoaded, unpiloted, moved on. The sky

Was studded thick with stars, that glittering streamed

An intermittent splendor through the heavens.

I turned my glance to earth:—the mountain winds

Were sleeping in their caves, and the wild sea

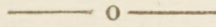
With its innumerable billows, melted down

To one unmoving mass, lay stretched beneath  
 In deep and tranced slumber ; giving back  
 The host above with all its dazzling sheen,  
 To Fancy's ken, as though the luminous sky  
 Had rained down stars upon its breast. Suddenly  
 The scene grew dim—those living lights rushed out,  
 And the fair moon, with all her gorgeous train,  
 Had vanished like the frostwork of a dream !

Darkness arose ;—and volumed clouds swept o'er  
 Earth and the ocean. Through the gloom, at times,  
 Sicilian *Ætna's* blood-red flame was seen  
 Fitfully flickering. The stillness now  
 Yielded to murmurs hurtling on the air  
 From out her deep-voiced crater ; and the winds  
 Burst through their bonds of adamant, and lashed  
 The weltering ocean, that so lately lay  
 Calm as the slumbers of a cradled child  
 To a demoniac's madness. The broad wave  
 Swelled into boiling surges, which appeared,  
 Whene'er the mountain's lurid light revealed  
 Their progress to the eye, presumptuously  
 To dash against the ebon roof of heaven.

Then came a sound—a fearful, deafening sound—  
 Sudden and loud, as if an earthquake rent  
 The globe to its foundations ! With a rush,  
 Startling deep Midnight on her throne, rose up  
 From the red mouth of *Ætna's* burning mount,  
 A giant tree of fire, whence sprouted out  
 Thousands of boundless branches, which put forth  
 Their fiery foliage in the sky, and showered  
 Their fruit, the red-hot levin, to the earth,  
 In terrible profusion. Some fell back  
 Into the hell from whence they sprang ; and some,  
 Gaining an impulse from the winds that raged  
 Unceasingly around, sped o'er the main,  
 And, hissing, dived to an eternal home  
 Beneath its yawning billows. The black smoke  
 Blotting the snows that shroud chill *Cuma's* height,  
 Rolled down the mountain's sides, girding its base  
 With artificial darkness ; for the sea,  
*Catania's* palaces and towers, and even  
 The far-off shores of *Syracuse*, revealed  
 In the deep glare that deluged heaven and earth,  
 Flashed forth in fearful light upon the eye.  
 And there was seen a lake of liquid fire  
 Streaming and streaming slowly on its course ;  
 And widening as it flowed (like the dread jaws  
 Of some huge monster ere its prey be fanged).  
 At its approach the loftiest pines bent down,  
 And strewed its surface with their trunks ;—the earth

Shook at its coming ;— towns and villages,  
 Deserted of their 'habitants, were whelmed  
 Amid the flood, and lent in ampler force ;  
 The noble's palace and the peasant's cot  
 Alike but served to swell its fiery tide ;  
 Shrieks of wild anguish rushed upon the gale—  
 And universal Nature seemed to wrestle  
 With the gaunt forms of Darkness and Despair.



## MY COUSIN FROM PALL MALL.

[ARTHUR PATCHETT MARTIN.]

From *Fernshaw* : G. Robertson & Co., Melbourne and Sydney.

There's nothing that exasperates a true Australian youth,  
 Whatever be his rank in life, be he cultured or uncouth,  
 As the manner of a London swell. Now it chanced, the other  
 day,  
 That one came out, consigned to me—a cousin, by the way.

As he landed from the steamer at the somewhat dirty pier,  
 He took my hand ; and lispingly remarked, "How very queer,  
 I'm glad, of course, to see you—but you must admit, this place  
 With all it's mixed surroundings, is a national disgrace."

I defended not that dirty pier, not a word escaped my lips ;  
 I pointed not—though well I might—to the huge three-masted  
 ships ;  
 For although with patriotic pride my soul was all aglow,  
 I remembered Trollope's parting words, "Victorians do not  
 blow,"

On the morrow through the city we sauntered, arm in arm ;  
 I strove to do the cicerone—my style was grand and calm ;  
 I showed him all the lions, but I noted with despair  
 His smile, his drawl, his eye-glass, and his supercilious air.

As we strolled along that crowded street where Fashion holds  
 proud sway,  
 He deigned to glance at everything, but not one word did say ;  
 I really thought he was impressed by its well-deserved renown,  
 Till he drawled, "Not bad—not bad at all—for a provincial  
 town."

Just as he spoke there chanced to pass a most bewitching girl,  
 And I said, "Dear cousin, is she not fit bride for any earl ?"  
 He glanced, with upraised eyebrows and a patronising smile,  
 Then lisped, "She's pretty, not a doubt, but what a want of  
 style !"

We paused a moment just before a spacious House of Prayer ;  
Said he, "Dear me! Good gracious! What's this ugly brick  
affair—

A second-rate gin palace?" "Cease, cease," I said, "you  
must—

O spare me,"—here my sobs burst forth. I was humbled to the  
dust.

But, unmindful of my agonies, in the slowest of slow drawls,  
He lisped away for hours of the Abbey and St. Paul's,  
Till those grand historic names had for me a hateful sound,  
And I wished the noble piles themselves were levelled to the  
ground.

My young bright life seemed blasted, my hopes were dead and  
gone,

No blighted lover ever felt so gloomy and forlorn ;  
I'd reached the suicidal stage, and the reason of it all,  
This supercilious London swell, his eyeglass and his drawl.

But, though hidden, still there's present, in our darkest hour of woe,  
A sense of respite and relief, although we may not know  
The way that gracious Providence will choose to right the wrong,  
So I forth ceased my bitter tears—I suffered and was strong.

Then we strolled into the Club, where he again commenced to  
speak,

But I interrupted, saying, "Let us leave town for a week,  
I see that Melbourne bores you—nay, nay, I know it's true ;  
Let us wander midst the gum-trees, and observe the kangaroo."

My words were soft and gentle, and none could have discerned  
How, beneath my calm demeanor, volcanic fury burned.  
And my cousin straight consented, as his wine he slowly sipped,  
To see the gay Marsupial and the gloomy Eucalypt.

Ah! who has ever journeyed on a glorious summer night  
Through the weird Anstralian bush-land without feeling of  
delight?

The dense untrodden forest, in the moonlight coldly pale,  
Brings before our wondering eyes again the scenes of fairy tale.

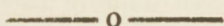
No sound is heard, save where one treads upon the leaf-strewn  
track ;

We lose our dull grey manhood, and to early youth go back—  
To scenes and days long passed away, and seem again to greet  
Our youthful dreams, so rudely crushed, like the leaves beneath  
our feet.

'Twas such a night we wandered forth ; we never spoke a word  
(I was too full of thought for speech—to him no thought occurred  
When, gazing from the silent earth to the star-lit silent sky,  
My cousin in amazement dropped his eye-glass from his eye.

At last, I thought, his soul was moved by the grandeur of the  
 scene,  
 (As the most prosaic Colonist's I'm certain would have been),  
 Till he replaced his eye-glass, and remarked—"This may be well,  
 But one who's civilised prefers the pavement of Pall Mall."

I swerved not, from that moment, from my purpose foul and  
 grim;  
 I never deigned to speak one word, nor even glanced at him;  
 But suddenly I seized his throat . . . he gave one dreadful  
 groan,  
 And I, who had gone forth with him, that night returned alone.



## THE SHOWMAN.

From "*Little Doctor Faust.*"

[HENRY J. BYRON.]

London: Messrs. Tinsley Bros., by whom also the music is published.

If you'll walk into my Show, sirs,  
 I've no end of things you know, sirs,  
 I've a dappled dromedary who can very nearly speak;  
 I've a race of ring-tailed monkeys,  
 Quite obedient as flunkeys,  
 I've an ostrich who can see into the middle of next week.  
 I've a clever marmozet, too,  
 Who will tell you where you get to  
 With his eyes severely bandaged; I've an educated flea;  
 I've a brace of learned ponies,  
 And two cobras who are cronies,  
 I've a camel with a weakness for a winkle with his tea.

I've a zebra who likes rum, sirs,  
 And a large aquarium, sirs,  
 Where the cod-fish, and the turtle, and the tadpole sing a glee.  
 And the octopus and gurnet  
 Spend their money when they earn it  
 In the *Field* and *Land and Water*, which they always lend to me.  
 There's an eel so eel-ongated,  
 A sea-serpent it is rated,  
 We've a whale we call Llangollen—it's so wonderfully prime;  
 We've a prawn that's prone to larking,  
 We've a dog-fish caught at Barking,  
 We've a scollop that reads Trollope, and a crab that's full of  
 rhyme.

We've a splendid aviary,  
 With a "polly" that's called "Mary,"

We've a pheasant, most unpleasant. who will always disagree  
 With the eldest of the chickens,  
 Who quotes Thackeray and Dickens.  
 We've a cockertoo that counts so, he'd he give any cockerther  
 We've a personal old vulture,  
 Who most grossly will insult yer,  
 And a cassowary who's extremely vulgar when he's vexed ;  
 We've an elderly flamingo,  
 Who remarks at times "by Jingo,"  
 We've a peacock with a tail "to be continued in our next."

We've a very learned lizard,  
 Who is as deep as any wizard,  
 We've a cockroach who can whistle all the operatic airs ;  
 We've a beetle who can caper,  
 And a toad that reads the paper,  
 And a saltatory oyster who skips up and down the stairs.  
 We've a musical old mussel,  
 Who can sing like Henry Russell,  
 We've a Cheshire feline specimen who's always on the grin.  
 And a lunatic old locust,  
 Who's very nearly hocussed,  
 By the artful armadillo, who designs upon his tin.

We've fossilised Iguanodons,  
 And Ipecacuanhadons,  
 And mummies who've been dummies for these many thousand  
 years ;  
 If up the stairs you'll follow me,  
 We'll show you right "tol-omollemy,"  
 You pays your money, and you takes your choice, my little  
 dears.  
 There's no show in the fair at all,  
 That with us can compare at all,  
 We're bound to lick creation—though the simile is low,  
 It expresses what we mean, sirs,  
 That there never yet was seen, sirs,  
 Such a scorching exhibition, as this 'ere partic'ler Show.

— o —

## A HERO OF THE SLUMS.

All honor to the faithful brave, who, since the years began,  
 Have bled and suffered for the truth, ne'er fearing face of man "  
 Who counting life too dearly bought, if purchased aught with  
 shame,  
 Have dared to die, and dying, found imperishable fame.

Oh ! nought to poet dearer than to sing a hero's praise,  
 Oh ! nought to mortals dearer than to list to noble lays ;  
 But, for the one whose glory is immortalised in song,  
 A thousand die unnumbered, bravely battling with the wrong.

You shall hear a simple story, fitly told in simple verse,  
 Of one whose noble daring yet an angel might rehearse ;  
 Whose name, though unrecorded where earth's great ones are  
     enrolled,  
 Is worthy of emblazonment in characters of gold.

In the heart of London's vastness, amid the ceaseless roar  
 Of the mighty and mysterious sea, that breaketh evermore  
 In the waves of generations, upon the shores of time,  
 Was born the hero of my tale—a hero born in crime.

Not his, a mother's patient care and love almost divine ;  
 Not his, the ministries of home that soften and refine ;  
 Not his, the high example of a father just and strong ;  
 Not his the light of teaching to inspire the dread of wrong.

The woman who had borne the child died starving on her bed ;  
 The man who should have cared for her that day to gaol was led  
 The babe in its sweet helplessness found pity in a nurse,  
 Who, for her Christian sympathy, received a father's curse.

The waif grew up to boyhood, as thousands grow to-day,  
 Without a thought of God or sin, save what in their wild play  
 These children learn by instinct to hold as common wrong,  
 Unfaithfulness in friendship, and oppression by the strong.

The days of the young wastrel—not untouched by mirth and  
     glee—  
 Passed in the alley's squalor 'mid the vilest company ;  
 No promise gave of nobleness, or hint that in him slept  
 The spirit of the hero that full-statured from him leapt.

But near the wretched hovels where no sunlight ever came,  
 And men and women herded regardless all of shame,  
 A godly band of earnest men a mission hall had reared,  
 And proved in loving service how for human souls they cared.

And soon the love of Christian hearts, revealing Christ's great  
     love,  
 Taught foul blaspheming lips to sing the praise of God above ;  
 And soon the boy's made captive by a teacher of the school,  
 Whose lovely life incarnated the Saviour's golden rule,

From her he learned with wonder the story of the Cross ;  
 Of Christ, the gentle Saviour, whose love redeemed our loss ;  
 And he vowed with all the ardor of a love that's ever new,  
 To be faithful to his Angel, and to the Christ be true.

But now my story darker grows—within a narrow room  
 The street lamp's sickly flame but serves to show the dreary  
     gloom)  
 Where fragments of the ceiling strew the rotten, rifted floor,  
 And broken framing loosely holds the remnant of a door.

There, stretched upon a heap of rags and damp and mildew  
 straw,  
 His pale face worn with suffering, turned in slumber to the wall,  
 Lies the boy who at the mission learned the glad Evangel, given  
 When Bethlehem's Babe was heralded on earth by hosts of  
 heaven.

For the father, drink-bedevised, maddened blinded, heart and  
 brain,  
 Had sworn the boy should steal, that he more liquor might  
 obtain,  
 And because the boy with fearless lips, dared answer, "I cannot!"  
 He beat and kicked him like a fiend, and left him where he  
 dropt.

A heavy footfall on the stairs! the boy starts as with pain;  
 He knows a drunken father comes to hound him once again.  
 As cursing him who treads, the broken stairway creaks and  
 groans;  
 As conscious of a coming crime the wandering night-wind moans.

"Still skulking here, you sniv'ling brat?" growls the man, as he  
 appears;

"You canting pup"—then oath on oath—"I'll take you by the  
 ears

And fling you out, if you don't start, and—" but the boy replied,  
 With the courage of the martyr who for the Christ first died,

"Father, I daren't, I mustn't steal, 'twould grieve the blessed  
 Lord;

I'd rather die than do it—" Infuriate at the word,  
 The monster—but to think that such a thing could be!  
 The darkness shrouded that dread night a deed we dare not see.

Not strange that, sometimes, erring man thinks Providence but  
 fate,

When succour is delayed until to help it is too late;  
 Scarce had the monster left the house, through dark perhaps to  
 doom,

When the missionary from the hall his way made to the room.

As he entered—with the moanings of the poor boy in his pain,  
 He caught the prayerful utterance breathed o'er and o'er again,  
 "Oh, Lord! forgive my father—oh, Lord! please let me die;"  
 And then the sad eyes through their tears beheld a friend was  
 nigh.

There, as he knelt beside the boy, and gleaned the fearful tale,  
 He felt his heart nigh riven, and himself grow faint and pale;  
 Then he kissed the face that never knew a mother's sweet caress  
 And hurried out in hope to find a friend the wounds to dress.

But ere the good man could return from his successful quest,  
The great death angel bore the brave young spirit into rest;  
For when with loving tenderness they lifted up his head,  
The light had gone from out the eyes—the hero saint was dead.

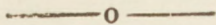
And yet not dead, my brothers! The hero cannot die!  
He lives still here upon the earth—he dwells with God on high.  
Immortal! by his death new life to other souls is given;  
Immortal! he doth “walk in white” the shining plains of  
heaven.

Let us strive to be more faithful in the service of the Lord;  
Let us seek by loving deed to spread the glad truth of His  
Word;

Let us fight all hideous evils making demons out of men,  
By prayer and pocket, vote and voice, or still more potent pen.

And when the right seems hard, and wrong appears to smooth  
the way,

And evil voices urge to sin, look up to God and pray;  
And think of the young warrior, who not to rolling drums  
And sounding bugles fought his way—“The Hero of the Slums.”



## HELP AT THE RIGHT TIME;

OR, SANTA CLAUS.

[SOPHIA P. SNOW.]

'Twas the eve before Christmas; good-night had been said,  
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed.  
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,  
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs;  
For to-night their stern father's command had been given  
That they should retire precisely at seven  
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more  
With questions unheard of, than ever before.  
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin;  
No such creature as “Santa Claus” ever had been;  
And he hoped after this he should never more hear  
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year,  
And this was the reason that two little heads  
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.  
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten,  
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;  
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,  
And he whispered, “Dear Annie, is 'ou fast asleep?”  
“Why, no, brother Willie, a sweet voice replies;  
“I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,

For somehow it makes me so sorry because  
 Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'  
 Now *we* know there is, and it can't be denied,  
 For he came every year before dear mamma died ;  
 But then, I've been thinking, that she used to pray—  
 And God would hear everything mamma would say—  
 And maybe she asked Him to send 'Santa Claus' here  
 With the sack full of presents he brought every year."  
 " Well, why tan'ot we p'ay, dust as mamma did, den,  
 And ask Dod to send him with presents aden ? "  
 " I've been thinking so too " and without a word more  
 Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,  
 And four little knees on the soft carpet pressed,  
 And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.  
 " Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe  
 That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive ;  
 You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'  
 And by that you will know that your turn has come then.

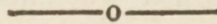
" Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,  
 And grant us the favors we're asking of Thee.  
 I want a wax dolly, a tea-set, and ring,  
 And an ebony workbox that shuts with a spring ;  
 Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see  
 That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he ;  
 Don't let him get fretful and angry again  
 At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."

" Please Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night,  
 And bring us some pessnts before it is 'ight ;  
 I want he sood div' me a nice little sed  
 With bright shining runners, and all painted 'ed ;  
 A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,  
 Amen. And den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."  
 Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,  
 And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds;  
 They were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and deep,  
 And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.  
 Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten  
 Ere the father had thought of his children again ;  
 He seems now to hear Annie's self-suppressed sighs,  
 And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.  
 " I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,  
 " And should not have sent them so early to bed ;  
 But then I was troubled ; my feelings found vent,  
 For bank stock to-day has gone down two per cent. ;  
 But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,  
 And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss ;  
 But just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door—  
 To my darlings I never spoke harshly before."  
 So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,

And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers ;  
His Annie's " Bless papa," drew forth the big tears,  
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.  
" Strange, strange ! I'd forgotten," he said with a sigh,  
How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.  
" I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,  
" By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."  
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,  
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,  
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,  
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet !  
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,  
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring :  
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store  
That the various presents outnumbered a score.  
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,  
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed.  
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,  
By the side of a table spread out for her tea ;  
A work-box, well-filled, in the centre was laid,  
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed ;  
A soldier in uniform stood by the sled,  
" With bright shinning runners, and all painted red."  
There were balls, dogs, and horses ; books pleasing to see ;  
And birds of all colours were perched in the tree ;  
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,  
As if getting ready more presents to drop.  
Now, as the fond father the picture surveyed,  
He thought for his trouble he'd amply been paid ;  
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,  
" I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year ;  
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before :  
What care I if bank stock fall two per cent. more !  
Henceforward I'll make it a rule, I believe,  
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas-eve."  
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,  
And, slipping down stairs, retired for the night.  
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun  
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,  
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,  
And at the same moment the presents espied.  
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,  
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.  
And they laughed, and they cried, in their innocent glee,  
And shouted for papa to come quick and see  
What presents old Santa Claus had brought in the night  
(Just the things that they wanted !), and left before light.  
" And now," added Annie, in voice soft and low,  
" You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know ;"  
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,  
Determined no secret between them should be,

And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said  
 That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,  
 Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,  
 And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.  
 "Den we dot up and p'ayed just as well as we tood,  
 And Dod answered our p'ayer ; now, wasn't He dood ?"  
 " I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,  
 And knew just what presents my children would please."  
 (" Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf !  
 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")

Blind father ! who caused your stern heart to relent,  
 And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent ?  
 'Twas the Being who bade you "steal softly upstairs,"  
 And made you his angel to answer their prayers.



## GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

WILL CARLETON.

JOHN.

I've worked in the field all day, a' plowin' the "stony streak ;"  
 I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse ; I've tramped till my legs  
     are weak ;  
 I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)  
 When the plow-p'int struck a stone and the handles punched my  
     ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats ;  
 I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats ;  
 And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,  
 And Jane wont say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said ! the door is locked ! but here's she's left the key,  
 Under the step, in a place known only to her and me ;  
 I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell mell !  
 But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God ! my wife is gone ! my wife is gone astray !  
 The letter it says, " Good-bye, for I'm a-going away ;  
 I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true ;  
 But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me ! Why, that ain't much to say ;  
 There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.  
 There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind ;  
 But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess she'll never find.

Curse her ! curse her ! I say, and give my curses wings !  
 May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion  
     stings !

Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of  
doubt,  
And now with a scratch of a pen, she's let my heart's blood out.

Curse her! curse her! say I; she'll sometime rue this day!  
She'll sometime learn that hate is a game that two can play;  
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born;  
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!

As sure as the world goes on, ther'll come a time when she  
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;  
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,  
That she who is false to one can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,  
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,  
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the  
cost;  
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,  
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;  
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!  
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so!

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she  
had  
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;  
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;  
But I musn't think of these things—I've buried them in the  
past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;  
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;  
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can—  
That she always will sorry be that she went with that  
han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur!  
It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twere holdin' her!  
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day  
hat,  
And yonder's her weddin' gown: I wonder she didn't take  
that!

'Twas only the other day, she called me her "dearest dear,"  
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;  
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell;  
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-bye! I would that death had severed us two apart,  
You've lost a worshipper here—you've crushed a lovin' heart.

I'll worship no woman again ; but I guess I'll learn to pray,  
And kneel as *you* used to kneel before you ran away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,  
And if I thought I had some influence up there,  
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,  
As happy and gay as I was half an hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here ! you've thrown things all around !  
Come, what's the matter now ? and what've lost or found ?  
And here's my father here, awaiting for supper too !  
I've been a-riding with him—he's that "handsomer man than  
you."

Ha ! ha ! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,  
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John,  
Why, John you look so strange ! Come, what's has crossed your  
track ?

I was only a-joking you know, I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream ?  
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream ;  
And I t'ink she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer ;  
I hope she don't ; good Lord ! I hope that they didn't hear !

'Twas one of her practical drives—why didn't I understand ?  
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.  
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,  
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell !

—o—

## KISSING CUP'S RACE.

You've never seen Kissing Cup—have you ?  
Stroll round to the paddock, my lord ;  
Just cast your eye over the mare, sir—  
You'll say that, upon your word,  
You ne'er saw a grander-shaped 'un  
In all the whole course of your life.  
Have you heard the strange story about her,  
How she won Lord Hillhoxton his wife ?  
No ? Well, if you've got a few minutes,  
I'll tell you why Kissing Cup, here,  
Has lived in this lazy grandeur  
Since the first time they let her appear.

Here she is, sir ;—now look her well over—  
 There isn't a fault to be found ;  
 See her going—magnificent action !  
 You're right, sir ; the mare is as sound  
 As she was on the day I rode her,  
 Just ten years ago last June :  
 I'll never forget how they cheered us,  
 The mare, and her jock, Bob Doon.

He was always a reckless youngster,  
 My master, Hillhoxtton, you know ;  
 And when the old Marquis died, sir,  
 He seemed—somehow or other—to go  
 Right fair clean away to the devil ;  
 And, being a fresh 'un—you see ?—  
 The "bookies" just fleeced him a good 'un—  
 I knew, sir, quite well how 'twould be ;  
 I saw he would go down a mucker—  
 Be ruined, sir, sure as fate.  
 In his careless boyish folly  
 I saw that the fine old estate  
 Would be gambled away—the title  
 Be sullied, perchance, with shame.  
 I said to myself, "Bob Doon, boy,  
 You must save your old master's name."  
 He'd loved a quiet bit o' racing—  
 I'd been his head jock for years.  
 I remember the night he died sir :  
 His bright eyes filling with tears,  
 He told me to mind the youngster,  
 To see that he didn't begin  
 To gamble—and always remembered  
 The Hillhoxtton's rode to win.  
 He told me, above all, to see, sir,  
 That no scandal e'er touched the stud ;  
 To be sure that our stables harbour'd  
 Nought but the purest blood.  
 He took my rough hand as he finished  
 In the same old well-known grip  
 As hundreds of times I'd seen him  
 A-grasping the ribbons and whip.

He didn't last very much longer—  
 I stood by the bed as he died,  
 And watched my old master's spirit  
 Start on its last long ride.

One night—I remember it well, sir—  
 It must have been just nigh four years  
 After the old Marquis left us—  
 Very heavy at heart with fears,

I was sitting in one of the stables,  
 Not dreaming as no one was near,  
 A-thinking of how things were looking  
 A mighty sight too deuced queer.  
 I had turned round my head for a moment  
 To see as the nags were all right,  
 When I saw the young master a-standing  
 Behind me. I started. The sight  
 Of his face, pale and haggard,  
 Sent a rush of cold blood to my heart.  
 I knew, sir, that something had happened.  
 "Doon, Doon, my boy, why do you start?"

Don't you know me " he said. "Have I altered,  
 Have I changed! so since yesterday!  
 No wonder, good God! I am ruined!  
 I've gambled the old home away.  
 But the worst—the poor girl, Lady Constance—  
 You know how she loves me, old friend—  
 What will she think of me now, Bob?  
 For pity's sake, Heaven defend  
 And keep her," he cried, "true as ever!  
 But no, no! I can never wed  
 You now. God bless you, my darling!  
 Forget me as if I were dead."  
 He wept like a child in his sorrow.  
 "Be a man, be a man, sir," said I;  
 "Trust to me, I can yet pull you through, sir—  
 There's a mare in your stud that can fly.  
 I've kept her—I knew you were playing  
 Too fast, far too reckless, a game;  
 But there's Kissing Cup ready to run for  
 And save a Hillhoxton's name.

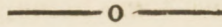
When I saw that the lad was collected,  
 I asked him to turn and look  
 At the very first bet he had entered  
 On the very first page of his book.  
 He looked at me—eyes full of wonder—  
 "That's three years! What d'ye mean?"  
 "My lord, you'll forgive me," I answered;  
 "Forgive me, I know you have been  
 Too hot, aye, too heedless by far, sir,  
 In your youthful and reckless career;  
 You've forgotten—just read for a moment  
 The words that you see written here."  
 I showed him the entry—five hundred  
 To one, clearly betted in "thous,"  
 Against the foal out of "Sweet Violet,"  
 By "Loving Cup," out of "Carouse."

"The foal, Kissing Cup, here, is ready  
 And fit, sir, to run for a life;  
 In the big race next week she will save you,  
 Will win you a fortune—and wife."  
 The boy couldn't speak for a moment,  
 His pallid lips moved in a groan;  
 Then he rallied, and grasping my hand, sir,  
 Held it just like a vice with his own.

The day of the race was a grand one,  
 But few knew the issue at stake;  
 We'd tried hard to keep it a secret  
 For the splendid old Marquis's sake.  
 As we cantered away past the stand, sir,  
 To give the "big swells" all a view,  
 Hardly one of 'em dreamt what 'twould mean sir,  
 If the Hillhoxtton "Chocolate and Blue"  
 Were beaten—none guessed that the girl there,  
 With her beautiful face, worn and thin,  
 Was murmuring a low prayer to Heaven  
 That her young lover's colours might win.

"All ready?—a beautiful start, sir;  
 The line was as straight as could be.  
 "They're off!" the shout rang for a moment  
 Around us, and then seemed to me  
 As dying away in the distance,  
 While we scudded along the course  
 At a pace that was far too killing  
 To last; so I kept my horse  
 Well back in the rear to "the Corner."  
 Then I let the reins loose on her mane.  
 She passed through them all but just one, sir,  
 Lord Rattlington's colt, Sugar Cane.  
 Then I saw there would be a struggle:  
 I had known it for months long back,  
 That all as I need be afraid of  
 Was the old Baron's fast-flying "crack."  
 'Twas a terrible moment for me, sir:  
 The colt was three good lengths ahead.  
 I whispered a word to the mare, sir;  
 'Twas enough—she knew what I said.  
 Sweeping on down the hill like a rocket,  
 She got to the girths of the colt.  
 My heart gave a great throb of pleasure,  
 "I made sure that he'd "shot his bolt."  
 But no! his jock hustled him up, sir;  
 His whip swishes fell like rain,  
 And the cry ran like fire up the course, sir,  
 "It's thousands on Sugar Cane."  
 The stand was reached, Sugar Cane leading;

Two seconds and all would be o'er.  
 "Lord Rattlington wins!" No, not yet, though;  
 We're neck, sir to neck—two strides more.  
 I saw in the great sea of faces  
 A girl's—pale, white as the dead—  
 I cried, "For God's sake, Kissing Cup, now!" —  
 'Twas over—we'd won by a head!



## WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

[BY MRS. AGNES E. MITCHELL.]

With klinge, klange, klinge,  
 Way down the dusty dingle,  
 The cows are coming home;  
 Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,  
 The airy twinklings come and go,  
 Like chimings from some far-off tower,  
 Or pattering of an April shower  
 That makes the daisies grow;  
 Ko-ling, ko-ling, kolineleingle,  
 Way down the darkening dingle,  
 The cows come slowly home:  
 (And old-time friends, and twilight plays,  
 And starry nights and sunny days  
 Come trooping up the misty ways,  
 When the cows come home.)

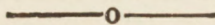
With jingle, jangle, jingle,  
 Soft tones that sweetly mingle,  
 The cows are coming home,  
 Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,  
 De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,  
 Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue,  
 Across the fields I hear her "loo-oo,"  
 And clang her silver bell:  
 Go-ling, go-lang, golineleingle,  
 With faint, far sounds that mingle,  
 The cows come slowly home:  
 (And mother songs of long-gone years,  
 And baby-joys and childish fears,  
 And youthful hopes and youthful tears,  
 When the cows come home.)

With ringle, rangle, ringle,  
 By twos and threes and single,  
 The cows are coming home;  
 Through violet air we see the town,  
 And the summer sun a-slipping down,

And the maple in the hazel glade,  
 Throws down the path a longer shade,  
 And the hills are growing brown.  
 To-ring, to-rang, taringleringle,  
 By threes and fours and single,  
 The cows come slowly home .  
 (The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,  
 The same sweet June-day rest and calm,  
 The same sweet scent of bud and balm,  
 When the cows come home.)

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,  
 Through fern and periwinkle,  
 The cows are coming home ;  
 A loitering in the checkered stream  
 Where the sun rays glance and gleam,  
 Clarine, Peachbloom, and Phebe Phillis  
 Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,  
 In a drowsy dream.  
 To-link, to-lank, tolinkleinkle,  
 O'er banks with butter-cups a-twinkle,  
 The cows come slowly home ;  
 (And up through memory's dim ravine  
 Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,  
 And the crescent of the silver Queen,  
 When the cows come home.)

With klinge, klangle, klinge,  
 With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,  
 The cows are coming home ;  
 And over there on Merlin Hill  
 Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,  
 And the dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,  
 And over the poplars Venus shines,  
 And over the silent mill :  
 Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,  
 With a ting-a-ling and jingle,  
 The cows come slowly home ;  
 (Let down the bars ; let in the train  
 Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain,  
 For dear old times come back again,  
 When the cows come home.)



## WOODEN LEGS.

[By "A."]

Two children sat in the twilight  
 Murmuring soft and low :  
 Said one, " I'll be a sailor-lad,  
 With my boat ahoy ! yo ho !

For sailors are loved most of all  
 In every happy home,  
 And tears of grief or gladness fall  
 Just as they go or come."

But the other child said sadly,  
 "Ah, do not go to sea,  
 Or in the dreary winter nights  
 What will become of me?  
 For if the wind began to blow,  
 Or thunder shook the sky,  
 Whilst you were in your boat, yo ho!  
 What could I do but cry?"

Then he said, "I'll be a soldier,  
 With a delightful gun,  
 And I'll come home with a wooden leg,  
 As heroes have often done."  
 She screams at that, and prays and begs,  
 While tears—half anger—start,  
 "Don't talk about your wooden legs  
 Unless you'd break my heart!"

He answered her rather proudly,  
 "If so, what can I be,  
 If I must not have a wooden leg,  
 And must not go to sea?  
 How could the Queen sleep sound at night,  
 Safe from the scum and dregs,  
 If English boys refused to fight  
 In fear of wooden legs?"

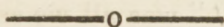
She hung her head repenting,  
 And trying to be good,  
 But her little hand stroked tenderly  
 The leg of flesh and blood!  
 And with her rosy mouth she kiss'd  
 The knickerbocker'd knee,  
 And sighed, "Perhaps—if you insist—  
 You'd better go to sea?"

Then he flung his arms about her,  
 And laughingly he spoke,  
 "But I've seen many honest tars  
 With legs of British oak?  
 Oh, darling! when I am a man,  
 With beard of shining black,  
 I'll be a *hero* if I can,  
 And you must not hold me back."

She kissed him as she answered,  
 "I'll try what I can do—  
 And Wellington had both his legs,  
 And Cœur de Lion too?"

And Garibaldi," here she sighed,  
 "I know *he's* lame—but there,  
 He's *such* a hero—none beside  
 Like *him* could do and dare!"

So the children talked in the twilight  
 Of many a setting sun,  
 And she'd stroke his chin, and clap her hands,  
 That the beard had not begun;  
 For though she meant to be brave and good,  
 When he played a hero's part,  
 Yet often the thought of the leg of wood  
 Hung heavy on her heart!



## THE SETTLER'S STORY.

[WILL CARLETON.]

A han'some night, with the trees snow-white,  
 And the time say ten or more,  
 Saw wife aud me, with a well-fed glee,  
 Drive home from Jackson's store.  
 There was wife and I, and some things folks buy,  
 And our horses and our sleigh;  
 And the moon went along with its lantern strong,  
 And lit us as light as day.  
 We'd made roads good, drawin' logs and wood,  
 For thirty years ago;  
 And a wear and tear had sustained repair  
 From Road Commissioner Snow.  
 As we trotted along, our two-thread song  
 Wove in with the sleigh-bell's chimes;  
 Our laugh ran free, and it seemed to me  
 We was havin' first-rate times.

I said "first-rate," but I do not say't  
 On a thoroughly thorough plan;  
 I had won my wife, in legitimate strife,  
 Away from her first young man.  
 'Twas a perfect rout, and a fair cut-out,  
 With nothing sneaky or wrong;  
 But I wondered so as to whether or no  
 She had brought her *heart* along!  
 A woman half-won is worse than none,  
 With another man keeping part;  
 It's nothing to gain her body and brain,  
 If she can't throw in her heart.  
 And I felt and thought that I sometimes caught  
 A chillness out of her mind;

She was much too prone to thinking alone,  
And rather too coldly kind.

But things seemed right this partic'lar night,  
And better than average folks ;  
And we filled the air with music to spare,  
And complimentary jokes.  
Till, as I reckoned, about a second  
All happened to be still—  
A cry like the yell of hounds from hell  
Came over a neighbouring hill.  
It cut like a blade through the leafless shade  
It chilled us stiff with dread ;  
We looked loud cries in each other's eyes—  
And—" *Wolves!* " was all we said.  
The wolf! grim scamp and forest tramp—  
Why made I never could see ;  
Beneath brute level—half dog, half devil—  
The Indian animal, he !  
And this was a year with winter more drear  
Than any we'd ever known ;  
It was '43 ; and the wolves, you see,  
Had a famine of their own.  
That season, at least, of man and beast  
They captured many a one ;  
And we knew, by the bite of their voice that night,  
That they hadn't come out for fun.

My horses felt need of all their speed,  
And every muscle strained ;  
But, with all they could do, I felt and knew  
That the hungry devils gained.  
'Twas but two miles more to our own house door,  
Where shelter we could find,  
When I saw the pack close on to our track,  
Not a hundred yards behind.  
Then I silent prayed : " O God, for aid—  
Just a trifle—I request !  
Just give us, you know, an even show,  
And I'll undertake the rest,"  
Then I says to my wife, " Now drive for life  
They're a-coming over-nigh !  
And I will stand, gun and axe in hand,  
And be the first to die."  
As the ribbons she took, she gave me a look  
Sweet memory makes long-lived ;  
I thought, " I'll allow she loves me now ;  
The rest of her heart has arrived."  
I felt I could fight the whole o' the night,  
And never flinch or tire !  
In danger, mind you, a woman behind you  
Can turn your blood to fire.

When they reached the spot, I left 'em a shot,  
 But it wasn't a steady aim—  
 'Twasn't really mine—and they tipped me a whine,  
 And came on all the same.  
 Their leader sped a little ahead,  
 Like a grey knife from its sheath ;  
 With a resolute eye and a hungry cry,  
 And an excellent set of teeth.  
 A moment I gazed—my axe I raised—  
 It hissed above my head—  
 Crunching low and dull, it split his skull,  
 And the villain fell back dead !  
 It checked them there, and a minute to spare  
 We had, and a second besides :  
 With rites unsaid, they buried their dead  
 In the graves of their own lank hides.  
 They made for him a funeral grim—  
 Himself the unbaked meat ;  
 And when they were through with their barbecue,  
 They started for more to eat !

With voices aflame, once more they came ;  
 But faster still we sped,  
 And we and our traps dashed home perhaps  
 A half a minute ahead.  
 My wife I bore through the open door,  
 Then turned to the hearth clean swept,  
 Where a log fire glowed in its brick abode—  
 By my mother faithfully kept ;  
 From its depths raising two fagots blazing,  
 I leaped like lightning back ;  
 I dashed the brands, with my blistering hands,  
 In the teeth of the howling pack.  
 "Come on !" I said, "with your fierce lips red,  
 Flecked white with passion foam !  
 Waltz to me now, and just notice how  
 A man fights for his home !"  
 They shrunk with fright from the feel and sight  
 O' this sudden volley of flame ;  
 With a yell of dread, they sneaked and fled  
 As fast as ever they came.

As I turned around, my wife I found  
 Not an eighth of an inch away :  
 She looked so true and tender, I knew  
 That her heart had come—to stay.  
 She nestled more nigh, with love-lit eye,  
 And passionate-quivering lip ;  
 And I saw that the lout that I had cut out  
 Had probably lost his grip.  
 Doubt moved away for a permanent stay,  
 And never was heard of more !

My soul must own that it had not known  
 The soul of my wife before.  
 As I stanch'd the steam on my foaming team,  
 These thoughts hitched to my mind :  
 Below or above some woman's love,  
 How little in life we find !

A man 'll go far to plant a star  
 Where fame's wide sky is thrown,  
 But a longer way for some woman to say,  
 "I love you for my own."  
 And oft as I've worked, this thought has lurked  
 'Round me, with substantial aid :  
 Of the best and worst men have done since first  
 This twofold world was made :  
 Of the farms they've cleared—of the buildings reared—  
 The city splendors wrought—  
 Of the battle-field, where, both to yield,  
 The right 'gainst the right has fought,  
 Of the measured strains of the lightning-trains,  
 The clack of the quick-spoke wire—  
 Of the factory's clash, and the forge's flash,  
 An' the furnace's plumes of fire ;  
 Be't great or small—nine-tenths of all  
 Of every trade and art,  
 Be't right or wrong—is merely a song  
 To win some woman's heart.

— o —

## A BUSH IDYL.

[ALFRED T. CHANDLER.]

Inserted by Special Permission.

Why, Ruby, hulloa ! you are pricking your ears  
 Come, what is the matter, old fellow, to-day ?  
 I thought at your age you had lost all your fears,  
 And, like my own youth, they had long passed away.  
 So steady, now steady !—Don't ask me to think  
 That you're but a colt scarce a year from your dam,  
 All quiv'ring and nervous and frisky and "pink"—  
 It's only a bell on a little white lamb !

Well, how could you shrink at the melody sweet ?  
 There's surely no harm in the silvery sound,  
 Or ribbon of blue knotted carelessly neat,  
 Encircling a neck in a delicate round ;  
 Some babe at the station just up on the rise  
 Hath decked out her darling in innocent play,  
 And, while a soft sleep hath come o'er her young eyes,  
 Released from caresses her lamb leapt away.

We men often grow just as weak as a child,  
 And, Ruby, again you are surely a foal ;

For you as a youngster were skittish and wild,  
And trouble enough in those days to control.  
Why now dread a bell with a rippling ring?  
'Tis music that murmurs with rhythmical spells;  
For you to thus tremble's a curious thing—  
But somehow you horses don't understand bells.

Well, come let us go—You are older, you see,  
And I, too, am older—How memories fly  
To those golden days when we two used to be  
By day and by night neath our blue southern sky!  
How merry we wandered when never as yet  
That shadow of sorrow had saddened our zest—  
When all the bright world had no shade of regret,  
Before I felt weary and wishing for rest.

And O our grand gallops—you bore me so well  
O'er stretches of plain, up the thick wooded slope,  
From rock covered ridges to nevertrod dell,  
With nothing to think of but roseate hope.  
You felt a brave pride then in speeding along—  
The pride of a conscious and generous pow'r—  
While I was so happy that many a song  
I trilled in those wildwoods from hour unto hour.

And what was the theme? Ah the same olden tale;  
But is it not good it should ever be thus?  
You know when we haunted the wattle-tree dale  
A glorious girl used to linger with us.  
The time was idyllic! What halcyon days  
When we in our joy went to meet her in spring!  
Then life seemed to run in most beautiful ways,  
And sorrow was merely a mythical thing.

You know how we kissed 'neath the old lightwood tree,  
That bloom-budding day when the hillsides were green,  
And love was there sealed 'tween my darling and me,  
And you became glad in the gay laughing scene.  
Ah! such was my theme, and to you I would say  
That here unto man 'tis the godliest given,  
For he who can love from his heart clears away  
Full many a shadow that hides him from heaven.

But all that went by and my song-notes were changed,  
For sorrow came up like the night on the day;  
I know I was 'wildered for reason estranged,  
Left dark grief so blind me and vanished away  
The morning they carried her down to the dell  
To lie near the flowers, the ferns, and the floss:  
I prayed to be laid with my heart there as well—  
To sleep or to dream—'neath the delicate moss!

My prayer was in vain, yet the Lord He is good,  
And after a season I bowed to His will;

Though day unto day did I come by the wood,  
 To sit and to think at her grave 'neath the hill,  
 Ah! love shapes our destiny sharper than fate,  
 Till evil or good from the issue doth spring;  
 The fair bud may burst to dark petals of hate,  
 Or bright passion blossoms that clamber and cling  
 And so brave old horse sped our sweet sunny day—  
 Our revel of galloping, rollicking prime;  
 But why should I grieve that it flitted away,  
 And left but a dream of that golden-born time?  
 For tho' I am tired as a wearyful bird  
 That flutters and longs for a season of rest,  
 One joy is still left: when the summons is heard  
 To fly to that star where my angel is blest.

Yet Ruby, at times I could covet thy lot,  
 With no human dread of the leveller death—  
 You'd stand coolly there to be cruelly shot  
 Without the least quiver or bating of breath.  
 And why should we fear? Ah! no mortal knows  
 Or ever the wonderful mystery can break;  
 Perhaps 'tis a dreaming that ends with repose,  
 Or maybe we slumber and never awake.

\* \* \* \* \*

Away with such thoughts! So you're wanting to roll,  
 Well, wait till we camp at the Warregal Creek.  
 A bright blazing fire by the old gumtree bole  
 Will light up the gloom—let us spell for a week!  
 You're done by our seven hours' journey to-day  
 (That sweet bogie bell is some miles to the west) —  
 But why am I strangely and mournfully gay,  
 And weary yet winged to some dreamland of rest?

\* \* \* \* \*

Come, Ruby, old boy! . . . What! you tremble—I see  
 Your breathing comes thicker, and falt'ring, and fast  
 Your strong muscles fail you—O God! can it be  
 That Ruby—brave Ruby—is going at last? . . .  
 And now I'm alone, for my one faithful friend  
 Has left me to battle an innermost pain—  
 To wander all lonely, awaiting the end  
 When death bids me tryst with my darling again!

\* \* \* \* \*

Out there 'neath the starlight the tired bushman dreamed  
 Such beautiful dreams in which mingled a moan,  
 But ere the pale dawn o'er the dusky hill gleamed  
 His spirit had passed to the silent unknown!  
 And down by the creek the rough station hands found  
 Dead rider and horse as they peacefully lay—  
 A verdict laconic—a lonely bush mound—  
 Tell not of the sorrow that bore him away!

## THE PARROT.

[BY EDGARDO POOH.—*R. B. Brough.*]

Once, as through the streets I wandered, and o'er many a fancy  
pondered,  
Many a fancy quaint and curious, which had filled my mind of  
yore—  
Suddenly my footsteps stumbled, and against a man I tumbled,  
Who, beneath a sailor's jacket, something large and heavy bore.  
“Beg your pardon, sir!” I muttered, as I rose up, hurt and  
sore;

But the sailor only swore.

Vexed at this, my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
“Sir,” said I, “now really, truly, your forgiveness I implore!  
But, in fact my sense was napping——” then the sailor  
answered, rapping  
Out his dreadful oaths and awful imprecations by the score—  
Answered he, “Come, hold your jaw!

“May my timbers now be shivered——” oh, at this my poor  
heart quivered—  
“If you don't beat any parson that I ever met before!  
You've not hurt me; stow your prosing”——then his huge peacoat  
unclosing,  
Straight he showed the heavy parcel, which beneath his arm he  
bore—  
Showed a cage which held a parrot, such as Crusoe had of yore,  
Which at once drew corks and swore.

Much I marvelled at this parrot, green as grass and red as  
carrot,  
Which, with fluency and ease, was uttering sentences a score;  
And it pleased me so immensely, and I liked it so intensely,  
That I bid for it at once; and when I showed of gold my store,  
Instantly the sailor sold it; mine it was, and his no more;  
Mine it was for ever more.

Prouder was I of this bargain, e'en than patriotic Dargan,  
When his Sovereign, Queen Victoria, crossed the threshold of his  
door—  
Surely I had gone demented—surely I had sore repented,  
Had I known the dreadful misery which for me Fate had in  
store—  
Known the fearful, awful misery which for me Fate had in store,  
Then, and now, and evermore!

Scarcely to my friends I'd shown it, when (my mother's dreadful  
groan!—it  
Haunts me even now!) the parrot from his perch began to pour  
Forth the most tremendous speeches, such as Mr. Ainsworth  
teaches

Us were uttered by highwaymen and rapparees of yore!—  
By the wicked, furious, tearing, riding rapparees of yore ;  
But which now are heard no more.

And my father, straight uprising, spake his mind—It was sur-  
prising,  
That this favorite son, who'd never, never so transgressed  
before,  
Should have brought a horrid, screaming—nay, e'en worse than  
that—blaspheming  
Bird within that pure home circle—bird well learned in wicked  
lore ?  
While he spake, the parrot, doubtless thinking it a horrid bore,  
Cried out “Cookoo !” barked, and swore.

And since then what it has cost me—all the wealth and friends  
it's lost me,  
All the trouble, care, and sorrow, cankering my bosom's core,  
Can't be mentioned in these verses ; till, at length, my heartfelt  
curses  
Gave I to this cruel parrot, who quite coolly scanned me o'er,  
Wicked, wretched, cruel parrot, who quite coolly scanned  
me o'er,  
Laughed, drew several corks, and swore.

“Parrot !” said I, “bird of evil ! parrot still, or bird of devil !  
By the piper who the Israelitish leader played before,  
I'll stand this chaff no longer ! We will see now which is  
stronger.  
Come, now—off ! Thy cage is open—free thou art, and there's  
the door !  
Off at once, and I'll forgive thee—take the hint, and leave my  
door.”

But the parrot only swore.

And the parrot never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the very self-same perch where first he sat in days of yore !  
And his only occupations seem acquiring imprecations  
Of the last and freshest fashion, which he picks up by the score ;  
Picks them up, and, with the greatest *gusto*, bawls them by the  
score,

And will swear for evermore.

—o—

## IN THE ENGINE SHED.

[W. WILKINS.]

By Kind Permission of the Author.

The air was heavy with greasy vapour ;  
The wall was like cinders ; the floor, of slack :  
The engine-driver came to his labour,  
A good-humour'd corpulent old coal-sack,

With a thick gold chain where it bulged the most,  
 And a beard like a brush, and a face like a toast,  
 And a hat half-eaten by fire and frost,  
 And a diamond pin in the folded dirt  
 Of the shawl that served him for collar and shirt

Whenever he harness'd his steed of mettle,  
 The shovel-fed monster that could not tire,  
 With limbs of steel and entrails of fire ;  
 Above us it sang, like a big tea-kettle.

Now, I wouldn't have him think I'd note it,  
 Much less—ever dream that I wrote it,

But he came to his salamander toils  
 In one of the Devil's cast-off suits,

All charr'd and discolour'd with rain and oils,  
 And smear'd and sooted from muffler to boots :  
 Some wiping, it struck him, his paws might suffer  
 With a wisp of threads he found on the buffer ;  
 (The improvement, indeed, was not very great).

Then he spat, and pass'd his pipe to his mate  
 And his whole face laughed with an honest mirth,  
 As any extant on this grimy earth,

Welcoming me to his murky region ;  
 And had you known him, I tell you this—  
 Though your bright hair shiver and shrink at its roots,

O piano-fingered fellow-collegian—  
 You would have return'd no cold salutes  
 To the cheery greeting of hearty Chris,  
 But ungloved your hand, and lock'd it in his.

The icy sleet-storm shatters and scatters,  
 And falls on the pane like a pile of fetters ;  
 He flies through it all with the world's love-letters :

The master of mighty leviathan motions  
 That make for him storm when the nights are fair,  
 And cook him with fire and carve him with air,

While we sleep soft in the carriage cushions,  
 And he keeps watch on the signal red O's.

Often had Chris over England roll'd me ;  
 You shall hear a story he told me  
 Of tender grace and the dewy meadows :—

#### THE STORY.

We were driving the down express—

Will at the steam, I at the coal—

Over the valleys and villages !

Over the marshes and coppices !

Over the river, deep and broad !

Through the mountain ! under the road !

Flying along ! tearing along !

Thunderbolt engine, swift and strong,

Fifty tons she was, whole and sole !

I had been promoted to the express :  
 I warrant you I was proud and gay.  
 It was the evening that ended May,  
 And the sky was a glory of tenderness.  
 We were thundering down to a midland town—  
 It makes no matter about the name—  
 For we never stopp'd there, or anywhere  
 For a dozen of miles on either side :  
 So it's all the same—

Just there you slide  
 With your steam shut off, and your brakes in hand,  
 Down the steepest and longest grade in the land  
 At a pace that I promise you is grand.  
 We were just there with the express,  
 When I caught sight of a muslin dress  
 On the bank ahead ; and as we pass'd—  
 You have no notion of how fast—  
 A girl shrank back from our baleful blast.

We were going a mile and a quarter a minute  
 With vans and carriages down the incline,  
 But I saw her face and the sunshine in it,  
 I look'd in her eyes, and she look'd in mine  
 As the train went by, like a shot from a mortar,  
 A roaring hell-breath of dust and smoke ;  
 And I mused for a minute, and then awoke,  
 And she was behind us—a mile and a quarter.

And the years went on, and the express  
 Leap'd in her black resistlessness,  
 Evening by evening, England through.  
 Will—God rest him !—was found, a mash  
 Of bleeding rags, in a fearful smash  
 He made with a Christmas train at Crewe.  
 It chanced I was ill the night of the mess,  
 Or I shouldn't now be here alive ;  
 But thereafter the five-o'clock out express  
 Evening by evening I used to drive.

And I often saw her—that lady I mean  
 That I spoke of before. She often stood  
 A-top o' the bank : it was pretty high—  
 Say twenty feet, and back'd by a wood.  
 She would pick the daisies out of the green,  
 To fling down at us as we went by.  
 We had got to be friends, that girl and I,  
 Though I was a rugged, stalwart chap,  
 And she a lady ! I'd lift my cap,  
 Evening by evening, when I'd spy  
 That she was there, in the summer air,  
 Watching the sun sink out of the sky.

Oh, I didn't see her every night :  
 Bless you ! no ; just now and then,  
 And not all for a twelvemonth quite.  
 Then, one evening, I saw her again,  
 Alone, as ever, but deadly pale,  
 And down on the line, on the very rail,  
 While a light, as of hell, from our wild wheels broke,  
 Tearing down the slope with their devilish clamours  
 And deafening din, as of giants' hammers

That smote in a whirlwind of dust and smoke  
 All the instant or so that we sped to meet her.  
 Never, O never, had she seem'd sweeter !

I let yell the whistle, reversing the stroke  
 Down that awful incline, and signall'd the guard  
 To put on his brakes at once, and HARD—  
 Though we couldn't have stopp'd. We tatter'd the rail  
 Into splinters and sparks, but without avail.

We *couldn't* stop ; and she wouldn't stir,  
 Saving to turn us her eyes, and stretch  
 Her arms to us ;—and the desperate wretch  
 I pitied, comprehending her.

So the brakes let off, and the steam full again,  
 Sprang down on the lady the terrible train—  
 She never flinched. We beat her down,  
 And ran on through the lighted length of the town  
 Before we could stop to see what was done,

O I've run over more than one !  
 Dozens of 'em, to be sure, but none  
 That I pitied as I pitied her—  
 If I could have stopp'd, with all the spur  
 Of the train's weight on, and cannily—  
 But it wouldn't do with a lad like me  
 And she a lady—or had been.—Sir ?  
 Who was she ? Best say no more of her !  
 The world is hard ; but I'm her friend—  
 Stanch, sir,—down to the world's end.  
 It is a curl of her sunny hair  
 Set in this locket that I wear.  
 I pick'd it off the big wheel there.  
 Time's up, Jack. Stand clear, sir. Yes,  
 We're going out with the express.

## P R O S E.

### BY SPECIAL REQUEST:

FRANK CASTLES.

*A lady standing with one hand on a chair in a somewhat amateurish attitude.*

Our kind hostess has asked me to recite something, "by special request," but I really don't know what to do. I have only a very small *repertoire*, and I'm afraid you know all my stock recitations. What shall I do? (*Pause.*) I have it; I'll give you something entirely original. I'll tell you about my last experience of reciting, which really is the cause of my being so nervous to-night. I began reciting about a year ago; I took elocution lessons with Mr. — no, I won't tell you his name, I want to keep him all to myself. I studied the usual things with him—the "Mercy" speech from the "Merchant of Venice," and Juliet's "Balcony scene," but I somehow never could imagine my fat, red-faced, snub-nosed old master (there! I've told you who he was), I never could fancy him as an ideal Romeo; he looked much more like Polonius, or the Ghost before he was a ghost—I mean as he probably was in the flesh.

My elocution master told me that Shakspeare was not my forte, so I studied some more modern pieces. He told me I was getting on very well—"one of my most promising pupils," but I found that he said that to every one,

Well, it soon became known that I recited (one must have *some* little vices, you know, just to show up one's virtues). I received an invitation from Lady Midas for a musical evening last Friday, and in a postscript, "We hope you will favor us with a recitation." Very flattering, wasn't it?

I went there fully primed with three pieces—"The Lifeboat," by Sims, "The Lost Soul," and Calverley's "Waiting." I thought that I had hit on a perfectly original selection; but I was soon undeceived. There were a great many people at Lady Midas', quite fifty, I should think, or perhaps two hundred; but I'm very bad at guessing numbers. We had a lot of music. A young man, with red hair and little twinkling light eyes, sang

a song by De Lara, but it did not sound as well as when I heard the composer sing it. Then two girls played a banjo duet; then—no, we had another song first, then a girl with big eyes and an ugly dress—brown nun's veiling with yellow lace, and beads, and ribbons, and sham flowers and all sorts of horrid things, so ugly, I'm sure it was made at home. Well—where was I? Oh, yes!—she stood up and recited, what do you think? Why, Calverley's "Waiting"? Oh! I was so cross when it came to the last verses; you remember how they go (*imitating*)—

“Hush! hark! I see a hovering form!  
From the dim distance slowly rolled;  
It rocks like lilies in a storm,  
And oh! its hues are green and gold.

‘It comes, it comes! Ah! rest is sweet,  
And there is rest, my babe, for us!’  
She ceased, as at her very feet  
Stopped the St. John's Wood omnibus.’

Well, when I heard that I felt inclined to cry. Just imagine how provoking; one of the pieces I had been practising for weeks past. Oh, it *was* annoying! After that there was a violin solo, then another—no, then I had an ice, such a nice young man, just up from Aldershot, *very* young, but *so* amusing, and so full of somebody of “ours” who had won something, or lost something, I could not quite make out which.

Then we came back to the drawing-room, and an elderly spinster, with curls, sang, “Oh that we two were Maying,” and the young man from Aldershot said, “Thank goodness we aren't.”

Afterwards I had another ice, not because I wanted it, not a bit, but the young man from Aldershot said he was *so* thirsty.

Then I saw a youth with long hair and badly-fitting clothes. I thought he was going to sing, but he wasn't; oh, no! much worse! he recited. When I heard the first words I thought I should faint (*imitating*)—

“Been out in the lifeboat often? Aye aye, sir, oft enough.  
When it's rougher than this? Lor' bless you! this ain't what *we*  
calls rough.”

How well I knew the lines! Wasn't it cruel? However, I had one hope left—my “Lost Soul,” a beautiful poem, serious and sentimental. The æsthetic youth was so tedious that the young man from Aldershot asked me to come into the conservatory, and really I was so vexed and disappointed that I think I would have gone into the coal-cellar if he had asked me.

We went into the conservatory and had a nice long talk, all about — well, it would take too long to tell you now, and besides it would not interest *you*.

All at once mamma came in, and I felt rather frightened at first (I don't know why), but she was laughing and smiling. "O, Mary," she said "that æsthetic young man has been so funny; they encored 'The Lifeboat,' so he recited a very comic piece of poetry, that sent us all into fits of laughter, it was called 'The Fried Sole,' a parody on 'The Lost Soul' that you used to recite."

Alas! my last hope was wrecked; I could not recite after that! I believe I burst into tears. Anyhow, mamma hurried me off in a cab, and I cried all the way home, and—and—I forgot to say good-night to the young man from Aldershot. Wasn't it a pity?

And you see that's why I don't like to recite anything to-night. (*Some one from the audience comes up and whispers to her*). No! really, have I? How stupid! I'm told that I've been reciting all this time. I am so sorry; will you ever forgive me? I do beg pardon; I'll never do it again! (*Runs out.*)

—o—

## LOVE IN A BALLOON.

ANONYMOUS.

"Some time ago I was staying with Sir George P——, P—— House, P——shire. Great number of people were there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stunning' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno; and she looked like Venus.

"Ah! she was a stunner; you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day,

when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees amongst the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

“‘Don’t be a fool!’ she said. ‘Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on.’

“‘Oh! Fanny,’ I exclaimed; ‘don’t talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—’

“‘I tell you what it is now,’ she replied, angrily, ‘if you don’t drop it I’ll pitch you out of the boat.’

“Gentlemen, I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honour, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. ‘Jenkyns!’ said I to myself, ‘Revenge! revenge!’ I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table, I perceived that everyone had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbour, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. ‘Jenkyns!’ said I, ‘Revenge!’ The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon; and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.

“‘Am I to lose my air expedition?’ she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car. Someone understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom! you understand it, don’t you?

“‘Perfectly!’

“‘Come along then!’ she cried, ‘be quick; before papa comes back.’”

“The company in general endeavoured to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon

was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said :

“ ‘How jolly!’

“ ‘We were higher than the highest trees, and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

“ ‘I understand the going up part,’ I answered; ‘to come down is not so easy,’ and I whistled.

“ ‘What do you mean?’ she cried.

“ ‘Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard,’ I replied, suiting the action to the word.

“ ‘Don’t be foolish, Tom,’ she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

“ ‘Foolish!’ I said. ‘Oh, dear no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air, I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know,’ and over went another sand-bag.

“ ‘Why, you’re mad, surely.’

“ ‘Only with love, my dear,’ I answered, smiling pleasantly; ‘only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife.’

“ ‘I gave you an answer the other day,’ she replied; ‘one which I should have thought you would have remembered,’ she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

“ ‘I remember it perfectly,’ I answered, ‘but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags; I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkyns.’

“ ‘I won’t!’ she said; ‘I never will! and let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus.’

“ ‘You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not, when you knocked me out of the boat? However, it’s no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?’

“ ‘Never!’ she answered; ‘I’ll go to Ursa Major first, though I’ve got a big enough bear here, in all conscience.’

“ ‘She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to

let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

“‘Come, Mr. Jenkyns—come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this.’

“I continued the execution of the Dead March.

“‘But if you do not begin the descent at once, I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground.’

“I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said :

“‘Will you promise to give me your hand?’

“‘I've answered you already,’ was the reply.

“Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

“‘I thought you were a gentleman,’ said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; ‘I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?’

“I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said :

“‘I command you to begin the descent this instant!’

“The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another bag, and said :

“‘We are getting rather high, if we do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?’

“She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said :

“‘Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home and I will be a sister to you.’

“‘Not a wife?’ said I.

“ ‘I can’t! I can’t!’ she answered.

“ ‘Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me, after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said :

“ ‘Fanny, they say that marriages are made in heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnised there.’

“ ‘I took up the fifth bag.

“ ‘Come,’ said I, ‘my wife in life, or my companion in death! which is it to be?’ and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

“ ‘Come, Fanny, give me your promise!’

“ ‘I could hear her sobs. I’m the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car and saying: ‘Dearest Fanny: forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the Chief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command.’ I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny, suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face :

“ ‘You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand.’

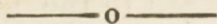
“ ‘With all your heart?’ I asked, quickly,

“ ‘With all my heart,’ she answered, with the same strange look.

“ ‘I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

“ ‘Gentlemen, will you believe it? When we reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon,

and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.' ”



## INVESTIGATING LIGHT LITERATURE.

STANLEY HUNTLEY.

The other day a stout woman, armed with an umbrella and leading a small urchin, called at the office of a New York boys' story paper.

“Is this the place where they fight Indians?” she inquired of the gentleman in charge. “Is this the locality where the brave boy charges up the canyon and speeds a bullet to the heart of the dusky red-skin?” and she jerked the urchin around by the ear and brought her umbrella down on the desk.

“We publish stories for boys,” replied the young man evasively.

“I want to know if these are the premises on which the daring lad springs upon the fiery mustang and, darting through the circle of thunderstruck savages, cuts the captive's cords and bears him away before the wondering Indians have recovered from their astonishment! That's the information I'm after. I want to know if that sort of thing is perpetrated here!” and she swung the umbrella around her head and launched a crack at the young man's head.

“I don't remember those specific acts,” protested the young man.

“I want to know if this is the precinct where the adventurous boy jumps on the back of a buffalo, and, with unerring aim, picks off one by one, the bloodthirsty pursuers, who bite the dust at every crack of his faithful rifle! I'm looking for the place where that sort of thing happens!” and this time she brought the unlucky young man a tremendous whack across the back.

“I think—?” commenced the dodging victim.

“I'm in search of the shop in which the boy road agent holds the quivering stage driver powerless with his glittering eye, while he robs the male passengers with an adroitness born of long and tried experience, and kisses the hands of the lady passengers with a gallantry of bearing that bespeaks noble birth and a chivalrous nature,” screamed the woman, driving the young man

into the corner. "I'm looking for the apartment in which that business is transacted!" and down came the umbrella with trip-hammer force on the young man's head.

"Upon my soul, ma'am—!" gasped the wretched youth.

"I want to be introduced to the jars in which you keep the boy scouts of the Sierras! Show me the bins full of the boy detectives of the prairie! Point out to me the barrels full of boy pirates of the Spanish main!" and with each demand she dropped the umbrella on the young man's skull, until he skipped over the desk and sought safety in a neighboring canyon.

"I'll teach 'em!" she panted, grasping the urchin by the ear and leading him off. "I'll teach 'em to make it good or dance. Want to go fight Indians any more? Want to stand proudly upon the pinnacle of the mountain and scatter the plain beneath with the bleeding bodies of uncounted slain? Want to say 'hist' in a tone that brooks no contradiction? Propose to spring upon the taffrail, and with a ringing word of command send a broadside into the richly laden galley, and then mercifully spare the beautiful maiden in the cabin, that she may become your bride? Eh! Going to do it any more?"

With each question she hammered the yelping urchin until his bones were sore, and he protested his permanent abandonment of all the glories enumerated.

"Then come along," said she, taking him by the collar. "Let me catch you around with any more ramrods and carving knives, and you'll think the leaping, curling, resistless prairie fire had swept with a ferocious roar of triumph across the trembling plains and lodged in your pantaloons to stay!"

— o —

## THE BASHFUL MAN AT A TEA-PARTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BAD BOY'S DIARY."

I have been, am now, and shall always be, a bashful man. I have been told that I am the only bashful man in the world. How that is I cannot say, but should not be sorry to believe that it is so, for I am of too generous a nature to desire any other mortal to suffer the mishaps which have come to me from this distressing complaint. A person can have small-pox, scarlet fever, and measles but once each. But for bashfulness—like mine—there is no first and only attack.

I am a quiet, nice-looking, inoffensive young gentle-

man, now rapidly approaching my twenty-sixth year. It is unnecessary to state that I am unmarried. I should have been wedded a great many times had not some fresh attack of my malady invariably, and in some new shape, attacked me.

On one memorable day I had, in a weak moment, consented to go to a tea-party. The eventful evening arrived all too quickly.

The thermometer stood at eighty degrees in the shade when I left the store at five o'clock to go to that awful gathering. I was glad the day was warm, for I wanted to wear my white linen suit, with a blue cravat and Panama hat. I felt independent, even of Fred Hencoop, as I walked along the street under the shade of the elms; but, the minute I was inside Widow Jones' gate, and walking up to the door, the thermometer went up somewhere near 200 degrees. There were something like a dozen heads at each of the parlour windows, and all women's heads at that. Six or eight more were peeping out of the sitting-room, where they were laying the table for tea. Babbletown always did seem to me to have more than its fair share of the female population. I think I would like to live in one of those mining towns out in Colorado, where women are as scarce as hairs on the inside of a man's hand. Somebody coughed as I was going up the walk. Did you ever have a girl cough at you?—one of those mean, teasing, expressive little coughs?

I had practised—at home in my own room—taking off my Panama with a graceful, sweeping bow, and saying in calm, well-bred tones: "Good evening, Mrs. Jones. Good evening, ladies. I trust you have had a pleasant as well as profitable afternoon."

I had *practised* that in the privacy of my chamber. What I really did get off was something like this:—

"Good Jones, Mrs. Evening. I should say, good evening, widows—ladies. I beg your pardon." By which time I was mopping my forehead with my handkerchief, and could just ask, as I sank into the first chair I saw—"Is your mother well, Mrs. Jones?" which was highly opportune, since said mother had been dead years before I was born. As I sat down, a pang sharper than some of those endured by the Spartans ran through my right leg. I was instantly aware that I had plumped down on a needle, as well as a piece of fancy-work, but I had not the courage to rise and extract the excruciating thing.

I turned pale with pain, but by keeping absolutely still I found that I could endure it, and so I sat motionless, like a wooden man, with a frozen smile on my features.

Belle was out in the other room helping to set the table, for which mitigating circumstance I was sufficiently thankful.

Fred Hencoop was on the other side of the room holding a skein of silk for Sallie Brown. He looked across at me, smiling with a malice which made me hate him.

Out of that hate was born a stern resolve—I would conquer my diffidence; I would prove to Fred Hencoop, and any other fellow like him, that I was as good as he was, and could at least equal him in the attractions of my sex.

There was a pretty girl sitting quite near me. I had been introduced to her at the pic-nic. It seemed to me that she was eyeing me curiously, but I was mad enough at Fred to show him that I could be as cool as anybody, after I got used to it. I hemmed, wiped the perspiration from my face—caused now more by the needle than by the heat—and remarked, sitting stiff as a ramrod, and smiling like an angel:—

“June is my favourite month, Miss Smith—is it yours? When I think of June I always think of strawberries and cream and ro-oh-oh-ses!”

It was the needle. I had forgotten it in the excitement of the subject, and had moved.

“Is anything the matter?” Miss Smith tenderly enquired.

“Nothing in the world, Miss Smith. I had a stitch in my side, but it is over now.”

“Stitches are very painful,” she observed sympathisingly. “I don’t like to trouble you, Mr. Flutter, but I think, I believe, I guess you are sitting on my work. If you will rise, I will try and finish it before tea.”

No help for it, and I arose, at the same moment dexterously slipping my hand behind me and withdrawing the thorn in the flesh.

“Oh, dear, where is my needle?” said the young lady, anxiously scrutinising the crushed worsted-work.

I gave it to her with a blush. She burst out laughing.

“I don’t wonder you had a stitch in your side,” she remarked, shyly.

“Hem!” observed Fred, very loud, “do you feel sew-sew, John?”

Just then Belle entered the parlour, looking as sweet

as a pink, and wearing a sash I had given her. She bowed to me very coquettishly and announced tea.

"Too bad!" continued Fred; "you have broken the thread of Mr. Flutter's discourse with Miss Smith. But I do not wish to inflict *needle-less* pain, so I will not betray him."

"I hope Mr. Flutter is not in trouble again," said Belle, quickly.

"Oh, no. Fred is only trying to say something *sharp*," said I.

"Come with me; I will take care of you, Mr. Flutter," said Belle, taking my arm and marching me out into the sitting-room where a long table was heaped full of inviting eatables. She sat me down by her side, and I felt comparatively safe. But Fred and Miss Smith were just opposite, and they disconcerted me.

"Mr. Flutter," said the hostess, when it came to my turn, "will you have tea or coffee?"

"Yes'm," said I.

"Tea or coffee?"

"If you please," said I.

"Which?" whispered Belle.

"Oh, excuse me; coffee ma'am."

"Cream and sugar, Mr. Flutter?"

"I'm not particular which, Mrs. Jones."

"Do you take *both*?" she persisted, with everybody at the table looking my way.

"No ma'am, only coffee," said I, my face the colour of the beet pickles.

She finally passed me a cup, and in my embarrassment, I immediately took a swallow and burnt my mouth.

"Have you lost any friends lately?" asked that wretched Fred, seeing the tears in my eyes.

I enjoyed that tea-party as geese enjoy *pâté de foie gras*. It was a prolonged torment under the guise of pleasure. I refused everything I wanted, and took everything I didn't want. I got a back of the cold chicken; there was nothing on it but bone. I thought I must appear to be eating it, and it slipped from under my fork and flew into the dish of preserved cherries.

We had strawberries. I'm very partial to strawberries and cream. I got a saucer of the berries, and was looking about for the cream when Miss Smith's mother, at my right hand, said:—

"Mr. Flutter, will you have some whip with your strawberries?"

Whip with my berries! I thought she was making fun of me, and stammered:—

“No, I thank you,” and so I lost the delicious frothed cream that I coveted.

The agony of the thing was drawing to a close. I was longing for the time when I could go home and get some cold potatoes out of my mother’s cupboard. I hadn’t eaten worth a cent.

Pretty soon we all moved back our chairs and rose. I offered my arm to Belle, as I supposed; and in passing through the little dark hall, I squeezed her hand, but, on coming into the light, imagine my amazement at seeing that my partner was the widow Jones. I glanced wildly around in search of Belle; she was hanging on a young lawyer’s arm, and not looking at me.

“Now, you needn’t colour up so,” said the widow, coquettishly, “I know what young men are.”

She said it aloud, on purpose for Belle to hear. I felt like killing her. I might have done it, but one thought restrained me—I should be hung for murder, and I was too bashful to submit to so public an ordeal.

I hurried across the room to get rid of her. There was a young fellow standing there who looked about as out-of-place as I felt—I thought I would speak to him.

“Come,” said I, “let us take a little promenade outside—the women are too much for me.”

He made no answer. I heard giggling and tittering breaking out all around the room, like rash on a baby with the measles.

“Come on,” said I; “like as not they’re not laughing at us.”

“Look-a-here, you shouldn’t speak to a fellow till you’ve been introduced,” said that wicked Fred behind me, “Mr. Flutter, allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Flutter. He’s anxious to take a little walk with you.”

It was so; I had been talking to myself in a four-foot looking-glass.

I did not feel like staying for the ice-cream and kissing-plays, but had a sly hunt for my hat, and took leave of the tea-party about the eighth of a second afterward.

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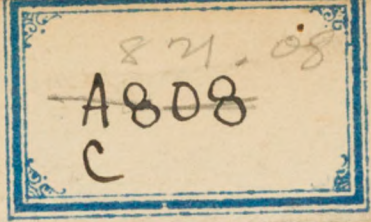
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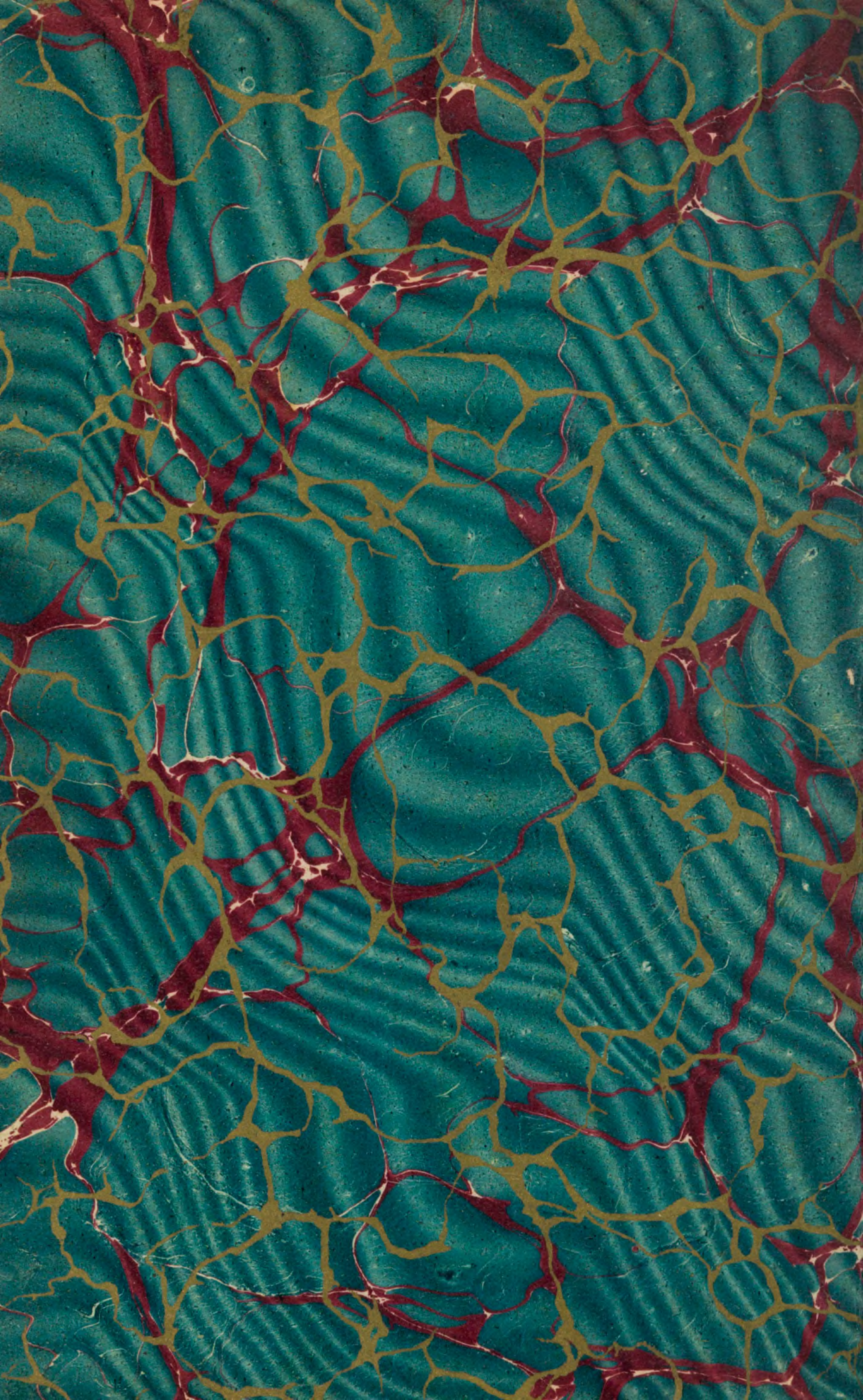


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