

EXPLANATIONS.

At church I sat within her pew -
O pow!
But there I heard
No prior word.
I saw alone her eyes of blue!
I saw her bow her graciosa -
O graciouss!
The chair creaked.
The organ rang.
And seemed well till the building spacious
I could not hear the gospel law -
O law!
My birth, birth!
Was my bairn!
I found all else mighty bore.
And when I sat with the organist then
O the music! -
I fixed my eyes.
In mute surprise
On her whose beauty was a wonder.
To me she was then was most dear -
O dear!
And she was mine -
Joy too divine
For human words to picture here.
Her love seemed like a prayer to bless
O bless me!
Before she came
My life was tame;
My rafest joy could not oppress me.
The service done, we sought the shore -
O shore!
And here we walked,
And sadly talk'd.
More sadly talk'd than e'er before.
I thought she was a type of goodness -
O goodness!
But on that day
I heard her say
Plain words, whose very tone was pained.
We stray beyond the tide-mill's ban -
O ban!
She left me.
And now I see
That woman's love is all a sham!

Old Letters.

I sit with letters on my knees
And in a weary task engag'd
To try the lesson by degrees:
The correspondence of an age.
Of these epistles, some with tears,
And some with laughter overflow,
Whilst others tell of Sipes and fears,
And joys departed long ago.
This hurried scrawl from Cousin James,
An agitated mind composed,
The interesting fact presented,
That he has recently proposed.
These loving words almost erased -
"Please, my boy, for your return
Wero by a mother's fingers trod."
Ah no! dim thus fades the burn.
In one pink envelope I find
A little dead forget-me-not,
Whose withered petals call to mind
An incident well nigh forgot.
For once, a pretty blue-eyed maid
Selected it from her bouquet.
As to the supposition we strayed,
And up the stairs we went away.
I never knew her, this faded wench -
At twenty-one such girls we're fit
To turn the ruffian, and proceed.
To light a choice M. P. cigar.

A Bite.

In Oxford there is an elderly farmer who is passionately fond of sport—especially fishing and hunting—and he has a son who is a chip out of the old block in that as well as in other respects.
One day last summer the old gentleman left home, but before going he set his boy at a job he was anxious to have done. Returning sooner than he was expected, he found that the boy was missing.
"Where's Tom?" he growled as he entered the kitchen.
"Gone fishing," said the girl.
"Fishing? the rascal; I'll fish him when I catch him!"
And away the angry old fellow went for the brook. Coming within hailing distance of his beloved son, who was wading eagerly over the stream, the father yelled:
"Tom! you scoundrel, Tom!"
There was a depressing movement of one hand, on the part of the boy, who did not, however, turn his head. Still more angry the avenging parent came nearer and bawled out:
"I'll leave you to stay home and work when."

"Sh! sh! sh! father," said the young Isaac Winkler. "I've got a bite."

The old fellow's passion perceptibly cooled at that announcement, and, lucky for the boy, the latter just then hauled up a handsome perch. This was too much for the dad, who sprang forward and helped unhook the fish, and then—

"Tom, have you got another hook?" Victory perched on the boy's fish line.

Amusing Anecdote.

The following story is told of the Rev. Dr. Buckus, who was first President of Hamilton College, at Clinton, New York. It appears that while he was preaching in a country village he became lame. President, this smart was a £200 and firewood, but during one cold period his wood ran out, and he bought a cord of wood of a neighbor, who recommended his fuel highly. The doctor made up a fire, and put on the new wood to find that after the bark had spattered furiously and quickly burned out, the birch itself would burn no more than so much iron. He hastened to his neighbor and said:

"I want twenty cords more of that wood."

"Twenty cords, doctor? What can you do with so much?"

"Smother the flames of hell; that's all it's good for."

Who Made It?

Sir Isaac Newton, a very wise godly man, was once examining a new and very fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study, who did not believe in God, but declared the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked:

"Who made it?"
"Nobody," answered Sir Isaac.
"It happened here."

The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

"Who made it?"
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