

POETRY.

MUSIC.

Give me music—soft, sweet music,
For its cadence is to me
As dew-drops to the drooping flower
Or blossoms to the bee.
It soothes my fevered, burning brain,
It calms my troubled heart,
And bids, in tones of melody,
My anxious cares depart.

Give me music—low, faint music,
And as its echoes roll,
In tones of thrilling tenderness,
Across my raptured soul—
I'll dream again as once I dreamed,
Of happiness and love.
When hope, in wreaths of budding joys,
My life's bright textures wove.

Give me music—sad, low music,
And, while its sweet tones swell
And fall upon the ear like words
Of low, heart-rending farewell.
My thoughts on Fancy's wing shall
To the dreamy past return,
And muse among the relics there,
"In Memory's sacred urn."

Give me music—mournful music,
And my soul in fervent prayer
Shall rise upon the dying note
That vibrates on the air.
I'll pray for those whom well I love,
That their lives may pass away
As calmly and as gentle as
The tones of that sweet lay.

Give me music—joyful music—
Let me feast upon the sound,
Till my spirit bursts the chain
By which it now is bound,
And soars on that triumphant strain
Up to its native skies,
To join with angels in the song,
Whose echo never dies.

SING NOT OF THE PAST.

Sing not in those glittering halls
Songs of former years;
Each remembered note recalls
Life's young hopes and fears.
Win me not to dwell on days
Far too bright to last;
Touch thy late to careless lays—
Sing not of the past.

When the moon is shining bright
Over lawn and lea,
Come, and in the silvery light,
Sing those songs to me.
Soothing calmness then each sound
O'er my soul shall cast;
But when strangers smile around,
Sing not of the past.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

If we could hear the growing of the grass—
As we can hear the falling of the rain;
If we could see the wind strike on the pane,
As we can see the cloud and shadow pass,
Then might we hold unsoiled the mental
glass,
From sceptic doubts, its purity that
stain,
And bid the dangerous siren sing in
vain,
Who tempts with songs of unbelief—
Alas!
The heart is credulous but of evil!—Doubt
Bars out the good, bars out the angel-
guest,
While in at creek and cranny foes ad-
vance—
Let us believe in brightness, nor shut out
The creed, that eyes will see an after-
rest
Where Heaven lends strength to help the
human glance.

An ancient writer remarks: "If all
the world were paper, and the sea ink,
and all the trees and plants were pens,
and every man in the world were a writer,
yet they were not able, with all their la-
bour and striving, to set down all the
crafts and veils of women."

MISCELLANY.

UNFADING FLOWERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Thirty years ago, a small barefooted
boy, paused to admire the flowers in a
well cultivated garden. The child was
an orphan, and had already felt how hard
was an orphan's lot. The owner of the
garden, who was trimming a boarder,
noticed the lad and spoke kindly to him.
"Do you love flowers?" said he.

The boy replied, "Oh yes. We used
to have such beautiful flowers in our gar-
den."

The man laid down his knife, and ga-
thering a few flowers, took them to the
fence, through the pannels of which the
boy was looking, and handed them to
him, saying as he did so, "Here's a little
bunch for you."

A flush went over the child's face as
he took the flowers. He did not make
any reply, but in his large eyes, as he
lifted them to the face of the man, was
an expression of thankfulness, to be read
as plain as words in a book.

The act on the part of the man was
one of spontaneous kindness, and scarcely
thought of again; but by the child was
never forgotten.

Years went by, and through toil, priv-
ation and suffering both body and mind,
the boy grew up to manhood. From or-
deals like this, come forth our most effec-
tive men. If kept from vicious associates,
the lad of feeling and mental activity be-
comes ambitious, and rises in society
above the common level. So it proved
in the case of this orphan boy. He had
but few advantages of education, but such
as were offered were all improved. It
happened that his lot was cast in a print-
ing office; and the young compositor
soon became interested in his work. He
did not set the types as a mere mechanic,
but went beyond the duties of his calling,
entering into the ideas to which he was
giving verbal expressions and making
them his own. At twenty one he was a
young man of more than ordinary intelli-
gence and force of character. At thirty
five he was the conductor of a widely
circulated and profitable newspaper, and
as a man, respected and esteemed by all
who knew him.

During the earnest struggle that all
men enter into, who are ambitious to rise
in the world, the thoughts do not often
go back and rest meditatively, upon the
earlier time of life. But after success
has crowned each well directed effort,
and the gaining of a desired position no
longer remains a subject of doubt, the
mind often brings up from the far off past
vivid recollections of incidents and im-
pressions that were painful or pleasure-
able at the time, and which are now seen
to have an influence, more or less decided,
upon our whole after life. In this state
of reflection sat one day the man whom
we have introduced. After musing a
long time deeply abstracted, he took his
pen and wrote hastily—and these were
the sentences he traced upon the paper
that lay before him:—"How indelibly
does a little act of kindness, performed at
the right moment, impress itself upon the
mind. We meet, as we pass through the
world, so much of rude selfishness, that
we guard ourselves against it, and scarcely
feel its effects. But spontaneous
kindness comes so rarely, that we are
surprised when it appears, and delighted
and refreshed as by the perfume of flow-
ers in the dreary winter. When we
were a small boy, an orphan, and with
the memory of a home for ever lost, too
vivid in our young heart, a man into
whose beautiful garden we stood looking,
pulled a few flowers, and handed them
through the fence, speaking a kind word
as he did so. He did not know, and per-
haps never will know, how deeply we
were touched by this act. From a little
boy we loved flowers, and ere that heavi-
est affliction a child ever knows—loss of
parents—fell upon us, we also lived
among them. But death separated be-
tween us and all these tender asso-
ciations and affections that to the hearts
of children are like dew to the tender
grass, we entered the dwelling of the
stranger, and were treated henceforth as
if we had, or ought to have, no feeling,
no hopes, no weaknesses. The harsh

command came daily to our ears; and
not even for work well done, or faithful
service, were we cheered by words of
commendation.

"One day—we were not more than
eleven years old—something turned our
thoughts back upon the earlier and hap-
pier time when we had a true home, and
were loved and cared for. We were once
more in the garden and among the sweet
blossoms as of old, and the mother on whose
bosom we had slept, sat under the grape
arbor, and we filled her lap with flowers.
There was a smile of love on her face,
and her lips were parted with some kind
word of affection, when to scatter into
nothing these dear images of the lonely
boy, came the sharp command of a mas-
ter, and in obedience we started forth to
perform some needed service. Our way
was by the garden of which we have
spoken; and it was on this occasion, and
while the suddenly dissipated image of
our mother among the flowers was re-
forming itself in our young imagination,
that the incident to which we have allu-
ded occurred. We can never forget the
grateful perfume of those flowers, nor the
strength and comfort which the kind
words and manner of the giver imparted
to our fainting spirit. We took them
home, kept them fresh as long as water
would preserve their life and beauty; and
when they faded, and the leaves fell, pale
and withered, upon the ground, we grieved
for their loss as if a real friend had
been taken away.

"It is a long, long time since the inci-
dent occurred; but the flowers which
here sprung up in our bosom are fresh
and beautiful still. They have neither
faded nor withered—they cannot, they
are *Unfading Flowers*. We never look-
ed upon the man that gave them to us
that our heart did not warm toward him.
Twenty years ago we lost sight of him;
but, if still among the dwellers of the
earth, and in need of a friend, we should
divide with him our last morsel."

SPRING.

Spring is come! She may, perhaps, at
first be mistaken for Winter! She may
not at once have taken off her travelling
garb and rough wrappings, but here she
is. As she begins to throw off one dark
and shaggy habiliment after another,
we see not our old fashioned friend,
Winter, with his hardy, wrinkled face,
and keen eye, full of cutting jokes, and
those horny hands that in his mere play-
fulness, nipped us mercilessly by the ear
and often by the nose; but we descry
the graceful form of the gentle and gra-
cious Spring. We feel the thrill of her
presence, knowing all the beauty and the
love that she brings with her.

Spring is come! It is March; rough,
yet pleasant, vigorous and piping March.
It is the month of life, of strength, and
hope. We shall soon hear his voice and
"the sound of his going in the tops of the
trees." His gales shall come rushing
over forest and lea and shake the old
trees about our houses with a merry
strength. Oh! how different to the
solemn stillness of autumn, or the wild
wrath of winter, and we shall lie in our
beds at midnight—and shall we not pray
for safety to the thousands of our fellow
men at sea?

People are all eager to be at work in
their gardens. The earth turns up fresh
and mellow, and there is a beauty in its
very blackness that charms the eye.
Flowers are fast springing in the boarders,
generally of a delicate and poetic beauty,
as the Alpine violet, the dog-tooth violet,
daffodils, hyacinths, squills, and saxif-
rages. The snowdrop still lifts its
graceful head, and the taller snowflake
comes forth. Almond-trees blossom a
brilliant spectacle while the trees are yet
leafless. The tacahama shows its long
catkins; the mezeron exhibits its cluster-
ed blossoms, and the first red China rose
unfolds itself to the fresh air.

In the woods and on the warm banks
how delightful it is to see green things
vigorously bursting through the mould,
and sweet flowers nodding to us as old
friends. Coltsfoot and cardamine em-
bellish old fellows and green moist me-
adows; the star of Bethlehem gleams in
woods and shady places; the celandine
glow in all their golden lustre; the daisy
once more greets us, and the crocus,

spreads like a purple flood over those
meadows which it has beautified for ages.
But, above all, the favourites of the field,
the violet white or purple, now diffuses
its sweetness under our hedges and along
the banks which we have known from our
childhood. And how many scenes of that
happy childhood does the first sight of
them recall, how the mind flies back to
the spots which we may perhaps never
again visit, and where they who made so
much of the delight of those years have
long ceased to exist.

Still to the very last, in spite of sorrow
and care, and desolating memories, spring
and the first violets bring poetry with them
all the world over. We have already
observed with what eagerness as if chil-
dren, the Germans set forth, in groups or
alone, to hunt for the first March violets.
Throughout woods and vineyards, over-
hanging far stretching scenes they go;
knowing of old where the purple strangers
first appear. But the boys have been so
surely before them, and meet them with
little odorous bouquets at all turns and
courses.

Well! a thousand welcomes to Spring
though she cannot bring back, with all
the flowers, the flower of youth; though
she cannot with all her poetry, bring
back the poetry of early love; though she
cannot repaint the rose on cheeks that are
pillowed beneath the yew, nor enable us
to offer the first gathered violets to the
dear souls who are in heaven. Yet she
brings joy to the earth still.

The bees are once more out; the hare
runs forgetting her fears, across the ver-
dant fields; the harmless snake comes
forth and basks on the primrose bank.
All nature is full of motions. The fowls
of the farm yard lay; the pheasants crow
in the copse; the ringdove coos; the
linnet and the goldfinch sing; and man is
busy at fence and drain, is ploughing and
sowing, and pruning and planting, while
he talks of the good years gone, and
hopes for more. Spring stirs everything
with her influence—the depths of the soil,
and the depths of the heart; and makes
us more than all other seasons, in love
with life and full of longings after those
who are dear to us in time and eternity.
It is then that we are most sad, yet happy;
most fearful and prayerful; most haunted
by memory, and discursive in hope. We
live more lovingly in the past, the present,
and the future. There is a spring in the
spirit as in Nature; and the soul puts
forth all its buds of anticipation, its most
delicate blossoms of affection; and every
leaf of a higher and tenderer conscious-
ness in our nature unfolds itself, and we
find that God and heaven are not far off!
—Howitt.

A GOOD STORY.

An old lawyer of the city of New York
tells a good joke about one of his clients.

A fellow had been arraigned before the
police for stealing a set of silver spoons.
The articles were found upon the culprit,
and there was no use in attempting to
deny the charge. G. was applied to by the
prisoner as counsel, and seeing no escape
for his client, except on the plea of insan-
ity or idiocy, he instructed the fellow to
put on as silly a look as possible, and when
any question was put to him, to utter in a
drawing manner, the word 'spoons.' If
successful, the fee was to be twenty dol-
lars.

The Court proceeded to trial; the
charge was read, and the question was
put to the prisoner:

'Guilty or not guilty?'

'Spoons,' ejaculated the culprit.

The Court put several questions to him
but 'spoons, spoons,' was all the answer
that it could elicit.

'The fellow is a fool,' said the judge:
'let him go about his business.'

The prisoner left the room, and the law-
yer followed close in his wake, and when
they had got into the hall, the counsellor
tapped his client on the shoulder, saying:

'Now my good fellow, that twenty dol-
lars.'

The rogue looked the lawyer full in the
face, and putting on a grotesque and silly
expression, and winking with his eyes, ex-
claimed, 'Spoons,' and then made tracks.
—N. Y. Picayune.

MAN AND WIFE QUARRELS.

It is often said that the most serious
dissensions between married people take