

Verse Old and New.

Omnis Somnia.

DAWN drives the dreams away,
yet some abide.
Once in a tide of pale and
sunless weather,
I dreamed I wandered on a bare hill-
side,
When suddenly the birds sang all to-
gether.

Still it was Winter, even in the dream;
There was no leaf nor bud nor young
grass springing;
The skies shone cold above the frost-
bound stream;
It was not Spring, and yet the birds
were singing.

Blackbird and thrush and plaintive wil-
low-wren,
Chaffinch and lark and linnet, all
were calling;
A golden web of music held me then,
Innumerable voices, rising, falling.

O, never do the birds of April sing
More sweet than in that dream I still
remember;
Perchance the heart may keep its songs
of Spring
Even through the wintry dream of
life's December.

The Joy o' Life.

Oh, the Joy o' Life goes singing through
the highway,
Oh, the Joy o' Life goes swinging
through the green,
And the form of her is slight as a crescent
moon at night,
And her face is some strange flower
none hath seen.
She beckoned me, and what could I but
follow!

(Oh, I have seen the glamour of her
eyes!)
Through the winding o' the ways, through
the hundred night and days,
Must I follow where she lures me,
woman-wise.

My plough—I left it idle in the furrow—
My harvest lies for other eyes to scan,
For it's fare ye well to loam, to hearth-
stone and to home
When the Joy o' Life is calling to a
man.

Oh, the Joy o' Life she calls me from the
valley.
Oh, the Joy o' Life, she calls me from the
height,
And her voice is like the thrill of the
thrush when noon is still
And her laughter is the lilt of de-
light.

I follow through the sunshine and the
moonshine—
(Oh, I have seen the waving of her
hand!)
In the paths that know the fleet, flying
touches of her feet
At the music of her mocking of com-
mand.

My friend—I left him fasting at my
threshold,
My sweetheart is another man's to
wife,
For it's fare ye well my own, and it's
laugh and turn alone
When a man has heard the voice of
Joy o' Life.

When He's "It."

The farmer's life has cares and joys,
His work is long and hard and rough;
He slaves from dawn till after dark,
To raise and grow and own enough,
But there's a bright side to his life,
His sorrows he can always drown
When, with his team, he's hired to haul
A busted auto back to town.

The Song of the Vine.

Poet—
O Vine along my garden wall,
Could I thy northern slumber break,
And thee from wintry exile disenthral,
Where would thy spirit wake?

Vine—
I would wake at the hour of dawning in
May in Italy,
When rose-mists rise from the Ma-
gra's valley plains
In the field of maize and olives around
Pontremoli,
When peaks grow golden and clear
and the starlight wanes:
I would wake to the dance of the sa-
cred mountains boundlessly
Kindling their marble snows in the
rite of fire—
To them my new-born tendrils softly
and soundlessly
Would uncurl and aspire.

I would hang no more on thy wall a
rusted slumberer,
Listless and fruitless, strewing the
pathways cold;
I would seem no more in thine eyes an
idle cumberer,
Profitless alien, bitter and sore and
old.

In some warm, terraced dell, where the
Roman rioted,
And still in tiers his stony theatres
heaves,
Would I festoon with leaf-light his
glory quieted
And shade thy thrones with leaves.

Doves from the mountain bellies
would seek and cling to me
To drink from the altar, beating the
fragrant airs;
Women from olived hillsides by turns
would sing to me,
Culling the olives or stooping afield
in pairs;
On gala evenings the gay little carts of
labourers,

Swinging from axles their horns
against evil eye,
And crowded with children, revellers,
pipers, and taborers,
Chanting, would pass me by.
—Herbert Trench, in "McClure's
Magazine."

Anne.

Her eyes be like the violets,
Ablow in Sudbury-lane;
When she doth smile, her face is sweet
As blossoms after rain;
With grief I think of my grey hairs,
And wish me young again.

In comes she through the dark old dose
Upon this Sabbath day;
And she does bring the tender wind
That sings in bush and tree;
And hints of all the apple boughs
That kissed her by the way.

Our parson stands up straight and tall,
For our dear souls to pray,
And of the place where sinners go,
Some gruesome things doth say;
Now, she is highest Heaven to me;
So Hell is far away.

Most stiff and still the good folk ait
To hear the sermon through;
But if our God be such a God,
And if these things be true,
Why did he make her, then, so fair,
And both her eyes so blue?

A flickering light, the sun creeps in,
And finds her sitting there;
And touches soft her lilac gown,
And soft her yellow hair;
I look across to that old pew,
And have both praise and prayer.

Oh, violets in Sudbury-lane,
Amid the grasses green,
This maid who stirs ye with her feet
Is far more fair, I ween!
I wonder how my forty years
Look by her sweet sixteen!

—Lizette Woodworth Reese, in "A
Branch of May."

The Pup.

Upon my coatsleeve is a hair
Which doth a story tell.
It proves a head hath rested there
And proves it pretty well.
I'll trump up no excuses fine
For I admit, you see,
I just can't keep that pup of mine
From climbing up on me.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Sure Sign.

MARK TWAIN, at a dinner at the
Authors' Club, said: "Speaking
of fresh eggs, I am reminded of
the town of Squash. In my
early lecturing days I went to Squash
to lecture in Temperance Hall, arriving
in the afternoon. The town seemed very
poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if
the people knew anything at all about
what was in store for them. So I turned
in at the general store. 'Good after-
noon, friend,' I said to the general store-
keeper. 'Any entertainment here to-
night to help a stranger while away his
evening?' The general storekeeper, who
was sorting mackerel, straightened up,
wiped his briny hands on his apron,
and said: 'I expect there's goin' to be a
lecture. I been sellin' eggs all day.'"

Trouble Averted.

A Washington man, much given to long
foot tours through Virginia, once came
upon an unkempt and melancholy-looking
person stretched under a tree, who, upon
the approach of the pedestrian, immedi-
ately executed a "hurry touch" for a
dime.

Now, the Washington man had, a short
distance back, been talking to a prosper-
ous farmer, who had complained of the
difficulty of obtaining labour; accordingly
he said to the hobo as he handed him the
coin:

"About half a mile down, my friend,
there's a farmer looking for men to help
him in his fields."

The melancholy looking person bowed
as politely as possible, considering his
sitting posture, and replied:
"Thanks. I might er strolled down
that way, accidental like."

The Unconscious Slater.

A slater who was engaged upon a roof
of a house in Glasgow fell from the lad-
der and lay in an unconscious state upon
the pavement. One of the pedestrians in
the street who rushed to the aid of the
poor man chanced to have a flask of
spirits in his pocket, and, to revive him,
began to pour a little down his throat.
"Canny, mon, canny," said a man looking
on, "or you'll choke him." The "uncon-
scious" slater opened his eyes and said
quizzily: "Pour awa', mon, pour awa';
ye're doein' fine."

Identifying the Lump.

When Jerome B. Fisher was county
judge of Chautauqua County, New York,
a damage suit came before him. The
plaintiff sued for a large sum because he
was injured by a street car. He was,
apparently, in good health, but it was
shown he had been injured, and two of
the items of proof presented were a spot
about the size of a man's hand on his
back and a lump the size of a walnut on
his shoulder. The plaintiff's lawyer said
a great deal about these evidences of the
terrible injuries his client had received.
At summing up time the lawyer for the
street-car company arose.

"If the court please and gentlemen of
the jury," he said, "we have heard a lot
of talk here about this spot on this
plaintiff's back and the lump the size of
a walnut on his shoulder. Do not be de-
ceived, gentlemen of the jury, by the
specious conversation of my friend. That
spot on this man's back is no more nor
less than a birthmark, and as for that
lump the size of a walnut on the plain-
tiff's shoulders, that, gentlemen of the
jury, is his head."

Same Again.

In a hospital of one of the large cities
of Central France, the physician-in-chief,
in the course of his round of inspection,
approached a cot, and after feeling the
patient's pulse, remarked: "Hum—he is
doing very nicely; his pulse is much bet-
ter." "It is as you say, doctor," replied
the nurse; "but it is not the same man.
Yesterday's patient is dead, and this
one has been put in his place." "Ah,"
said the doctor, "different patient, eh?
Well, same treatment." And he walked
on.



"I can't hear you! There must be
somebody on the wire!"

Hebrews xiii. 8.

According to Miss Ruth St. Denis,
whose dancing is attracting such huge
audiences to the London Coliseum,
there is not much to choose between
the fifth-rate American provincial lan-
d lady and her English sister. In con-
nection with this she tells an amusing
story of an early experience on the road.
She was staying at a lodging-house in
a small town of some three thousand
people. The landlady insisted on giving
her breakfast. She protested, but with
no result. On the occasion of her leav-
ing, the old lady produced the inevitable
visitors' book, and requested a contribu-
tion. Miss St. Denis wrote, "Read He-
brews xiii. 8." The passage runs,
"The same yesterday, and to-day, and
for ever."

Meredith Letter of Praise to a Typist.

One of the last letters which George
Meredith wrote was to a typist, earning
her own living in London, who, as an
admirer of his books, had written her
congratulations on his birthday. It is
reproduced in the "Pall Mall Gazette."

"Dear Miss—," wrote George Mer-
edith, in reply, "the 'poor typist' has one
of my first answers to the innumerable
letters. I like to think of young women
winning an independence, for that is one
way to solve the problem of their position
in the world—better than a marriage
that is not founded on the love enfolding
knowledge and respect.

"May such love come to you, and
without loss to your sense of indepen-
dence.

"We will hope that the days of the
parasite woman are passing, however
much they may delight a certain body
of your sex, and the greater number of
mine."

The Height of Insolence.

The famous English divorce lawyer,
Cresswell, afterward Sir Cresswell Cress-
well, was a most pompous man. His
manner once so irritated Justice Maule,
before whom he was arguing, that the
latter at last burst out with: "Mr. Cress-
well, I wish you would remember that
I am a vertebrate animal. Your man-
ner to me would be insolence from God
Almighty to a black beetle."

Too Late to Pray.

A High Street small boy, about five
years old, was taken to an entertain-
ment by his mother the other evening.
It was 10.30 o'clock when they reached
home and the little fellow was very
tired and sleepy. He undressed quickly
and hopped into bed. "George," said
his mother sternly, "I'm surprised at
you." "Why, mamma?" he asked. "You
didn't say your prayers. Get right out
of that bed and say them." "Aw mam-
ma," came from the tired youngster,
"what's the use of wakin' the Lord up
at this time of night to hear me pray?"