

Verse Old and New.

Fairy Days.

BESIDE the old half-fire—upon my nurse's knee,
Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me!
I thought the world was once—all peopled with princesses,
And my heart would beat to hear—their loves and their distresses;
And many a quiet night—in slumber sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep.
I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and west,
With wondrous fairy gifts—the newborn babe they blessed;
One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of gold,
And one has brought a curse—but she is wrinkled and old.
The gentle queen turns pale—to hear those words of sin,
But the king he only laughs—and bids the dance begin.
The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the land,
And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her hand,
An ambling palfrey white—a golden robe and crown,
I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and down;
And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his snare,
At the tender little creature—who wept and tore her hair!
But ever when it seemed—her need was at the sorest,
A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through the forest,
A waving ostrich plume—a buckler burnished bright;
I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth! a gallant knight.

His lips are coral red, beneath a dark moustache;
See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes flash!
"Come forth, thou Paynim knight!"—he shouts in accents clear.
The giant and the maid both tremble his voice to hear.
Saint Mary guard him well!—he draws his falchion keen,
The giant and the knight—are fighting on the green.
I see them in my dreams—his blade give stroke on stroke,
The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like an oak!
With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his knee
And takes the lady's hand—and whispers, "You are free!"
Ah! happy childish tales of knight and faerie!
I waken from my dreams—but there's no'er a knight for me!
I waken from my dreams and wish that I could be
A child by the old half-fire—upon my nurse's knee!

—W. M. Thackeray.

Terpsichore.

In far-off days, when the world was young,
Fair maid, ere your praises rich were sung,
Did you take your art from the bending grass
That dips and lifts as the light winds pass?
Did you enjoy the grace of a swaying bough?
Did a pensile leaflet teach you how
To dance and swing with the world atone?
Terpsichore, did you learn of June?

—Lara Odell Lyons.

New National Hymn.

Hail, Freedom! thy bright crest
And gleaming shield, thrice blest,
Mirror the glories of a world thine own.
Hail, heaven-born Peace! our sight
Led by thy gentle light,
Shows us the path with deathless showers strawn.
Peace, daughter of a strife sublime,
Abide with us till strife be lost in endless time.
Thy sun is risen, and shall not set,
Upon thy day divine;
Ages, of unborn ages, yet
America, are thine.

Her one hand seals with gold
The portals of night's fold,
Her other, the broad gates of dawn unbars;
O'er silent wastes of snows,
Crowning her lofty brows,
Gleams high her diadem of northern stars;
While, clothed in garlands of warm flowers,
Round Freedom's feet, the South her wealth of beauty showers.

Sweet is the toil of peace,
Sweet is the year's increase,
To loyal men who live by Freedom's laws;
And in war's fierce alarms
God gives stout hearts and arms
To freemen sworn to have a rightful cause.
Fear none, trust God, maintain the right,
And triumph in unbroken Union's might.

Welded in war's fierce flame,
Fogged on the hearth of fame,
The sacred Constitution was obtained;
Tried in the fire of time,
Temper'd in woes sublime,
An age was passed and left it yet sustained.

God grant His glories still may shine,
While ages fade, forgotten, in time's slow decline!

Honour the few who shared
Freedom's first fight, and dared
To face war's desperate tide at the full flood;
Who fell on hard-won ground,
And into Freedom's wound

Poured the sweet balsam of their brave heart's blood.
They fell; but o'er that glorious grave
Flouts free the banner of the cause
They died to save.

In radiance heavenly fair,
Flouts on the peaceful air
That flag that never stooped from victory's pride;
Those stars that softly gleam,
Those stripes that o'er us stream,
In war's grand agony were sanctified;
A holy standard, pure and free,
To light the home of peace, or blaze in victory.

Father, whose mighty power
Shields us through life's short hour,
To Thee we pray Bless us and keep us free:

All that is past forgive;
Teach us, henceforth, to live,
That, through our country, we may honour Thee;
And, when this mortal life shall cease,
Take Thou, at last, our souls to Thine eternal peace.

Francis Marion Crawford.

Madness.

The lonely farm, the crowded street,
The palace and the slum
Give welcome to my silent feet
As, bearing gifts, I come,

Last night a beggar crouched alone,
A ragged helpless thing,
I set him on a moonbeam throne
To-day he is a king.

Last night a king with orb and crown
Held court in splendid cheer,
To-day he tears his purple gown
And moans and shrieks in fear.

Not iron bars nor flashing spears
Nor land nor sky nor sea,
Nor Love's artillery of tears
Can keep mine own from me.

The old gods fade, the young gods rise
And rule their little day,
And where the dead Apollo lies
Can Christ or Buddha say?

Serene, unchanging, ever fair,
I smile with secret mirth,
And in a net of mine own hair
I swing the captive earth.
Joyce Kilmer.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

His Proper Title.

THE old caretaker of an Episcopal church, as he sat on a tombstone in the churchyard, dismissed as trivial the question of his proper title.
"The good old creed keeps the same for all," he said, "though they may change the words they use. Look at me: here I used to be the janitor. Then we had a parson who called me the sextant. Dr. Timbly gave me the name of virgin. And the young man we've got now says for the sacrosanct."

His Speaking Eyes.

Aunt Caroline and the partner of her woes evidently found comubial bliss a misnomer, for the sounds of war were often heard down in the little cabin in the hollow. Finally, the pair were hailed into court, and the dusky lady entered a charge of abusive language against her spouse. The judge, who had known them both all his life, endeavoured to pour oil on the troubled waters.
"What did he say to you, Caroline?" he asked.
"Why, judge, I jes' can't tell yo' all dat man do say to me."
"Does he ever use hard language?"
"Does yo' mean cussin'?" Yassah, not ef his mouf, but he's always givin' me dem cussory glances."

A Match for Whistler.

While he rarely met his match, although he did so once in Sir Morrell Mackenzie, the famous throat specialist. He called on Sir Morrell to treat a French poodle of which he was very fond. The renowned physician was not too pleased at being invited to diagnose the illness of a dog. But he kept his peace,

prescribed, pocketed his fee and drove away. Next day he sent an urgent message to Whistler asking him to call quickly. On his arrival Sir Morrell said, without a smile, "How do you do, Mr Whistler. I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."

No Fool!

A Scotch lad had had his leg injured at a factory, and was treated for some time by the doctor without much favourable result. His mother had great faith in a local home-setter, and wanted her son to go to him; but the boy objected, preferring, as he said, the "regular faculty." Finally, however, he yielded to his mother's persuasions and was taken to the town where the famous home-setter

resided. The leg was duly examined, and it was found necessary to pull it very severely, in order "to get the bone in," as the quack expressed it. The patient howled in agony, but at last the bone was "got in," and he was bidden to go home. In a few days he would be all right, and could resume work. "Didn't he do it well?" said the joyous old lady, as they started homeward. "Yes, he did, mother," said the lad; "he pulled it well; but I was na sic a fool as to gie him the sair leg!"

A Dovetailer of Sermons.

The Rev. Dr. B—— was what is commonly termed "a popular preacher"; not, however, by drawing on his own stores, but by the knack which he possessed of appropriating the thoughts and language of other great divines, who had gone before him, to his own use, and, by a skilful splicing and dovetailing of passages so as to make a whole. Fortunately for him, those who composed his audience were not deeply skilled in pulpit lore, and with such he passed for a won-

der of erudition. It happened, however, that the doctor was detected in his literary-larcenies. One Sunday a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence before the old gentleman said, loud enough to be heard by those near him, "That's Sherlock." The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much further when his auditor broke out with, "That's Trifleson." The doctor bit his lips, and paused, but again went on. At a third exclamation of "That's Blair," the doctor lost all patience and, leaning over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue you shall be turned out." Without altering a muscle the old cynic, looking the doctor full in the face, said, "That's his own."

A Different Thing.

Arnold Bennett, the English novelist, condemned at a dinner in New York the average public speech.
"But unconsciously," said Mr Bennett, "the former chairman of a village caucus condemned the public speech much more effectively than I could ever do when he rose in a somewhat disorderly meeting and remarked:
"Listen, gentlemen, listen. I am not going to make a speech. I've got something to say."

How They Ran.

A lawyer was cross-examining an old German about the position of the doors, windows, and so forth, in a house in which a certain transaction occurred.
"And now, my good man," said the lawyer, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in the house?"
The German looked dazed and un-settled for a moment. "How do the stairs run?" he queried.
"Yes, how do the stairs run?"
"Well," continued the witness, after a moment's thought, "even I am oop-stairs dey run down, and ven I am downstairs dey run oop."



Jailer (to embesler): Good mornin', sor, it's a foine day ye hav to be sentenced.