

Notches on The Stick

"Dreams and Aspirations" is the product of a native of, or at least a dweller in, the Hoosier State; but there is nothing distinctive as to character or expression, and no raciness of that particular soil; rather these fancies issue from some fairy-land, or at least from where the more general and universal forms of Nature bear away. Hannah Bryan, while walking in Middle Park, Colorado, and elsewhere, has mingled her musings with the sound of forest and mountain streams, until the distinctive note of her poetry has become a gipsy passion of the wilderness, expressed in uniformly musical verse. She frequently expresses her sympathy with Nature in her sadder moods and her severer forms:

To me the stormy night is full of charms
Though war the elements in conflict found,
I could recline even in the tempest's arms,
Upon the troubled bosom of a cloud.
I love the roar of the contending winds,
That meet and battle in the fields of air,
The angry flash that for an instant blinds
The aching eyeball with its vivid glare.
The groan that issues from the forest's heart
And leap in darkness downward to the vale.
The rush of torrent as they madly start
And leap in darkness downward to the vale.
These sounds of dread that others shrink to hear,
And fill my spirit with a strange delight
A wild, ecstatic thrill, unknown to fear,
And with barred brow I cry, Hail, glorious night!

The Trees.

Lifted quarts arms of bloom and leafage bare,
To an uplying sky in mute protest
Against the winds that tossed them aimlessly,
I know the mountain's mystic love,
The tongue the waving woodlands teach,
And to the circling hills outpour
My yearning heart in kindred speech.
I love all timid things that dwell
In twilight glades or bosky dell,
For wounded birds or hunted deer
My bosom thrills with kindred fear.
The secret places of the glade
Are vocal as a busy mart,
With tinkling brooks and whispering leaves
That ever to my weary heart
Speak softly, in the mystic tongue
I learned when Time and I were young.

She magnifies the office of the singer,
and is in sympathy with the poetic life.

Come to me, ye beloved, ye glorious dead,
By godlike toils and sufferance defied,
Who for your kind have bravely fought and bled,
Who for your kind have greatly lived and died.
O touch my earth-clogged spirit with the fire
That thrills your purer essence. Let me be
Strong to endure and worthy to aspire
To high companionship with God and ye.
To the fair heights where ye serenely dwell
In glorious sunshine bathed and purer air,
Above all storms of passion thronged high,
I lift an eager hand a pleading prayer.
For I am lonely, though my solitude
With moving forms and faces peopled be;
Kindred alone by ties of place and blood
Are they who hold companionship with me.

Not to the world of busy men
The poet's tender joys are known—
O blest is he beyond their ken,
Though visionary joys alone
Be his; the leafy forest maze
He threads, with happy sounds is rife
The solitary woodland ways
For him are full of joyous life.

Fancy, companion of his way,
With eidolons of grace and power
Peoples the solitary day
And fills and brightens every hour.
On lovely heights he dwells serene,
The tumult of the darkened sphere,
Whose shadows wrap his earthly home,
Falls as it upon his spell-bound ear,
As in a moonlit forest dream
Falls the fair sound of wind and stream,
As dies upon the level shore
The long, slow wave when storms are o'er.

He lives the brave romance of old
Within the compass of the hour,
He breathes in desolation cold
The sweets of many a tropic bower;

Good angels on his birth-hour smiled,
Their steps unseen his paths have trod—
Oh, happy bard, 'tis nature's child,
Beloved alike of man and God!

Some of the best of these pieces give hints of personal history, and the conditions of her spiritual development; and in them there is a deep cry for sympathy and the apprehension of others:

It is a food in itself,
Blood, nerves, and makes rich, red
tion, gives new force to the
phites strengthens the diges-
liver Oil with Hypophos-
Scott's Emulsion of Cod-
enough.
because they are not fleshy
dred aches and pains, simply
debility, pallor, and a hun-
from frequent colds, nervous
But many are suffering
probably the case.
If perfectly well, this is
natural.
Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's

I was a stranger by my father's hearth,
Outcast in spirit from its social mirth,
Alone amid the dear familiar ways;
Alone, though all the pleasant rooms were rife
With sounds of laughter and of busy life,
And happy songs that filled the golden days.

From many a giant bole a leafy screen,
I saw the gent of the woodland lean
Across the silent spaces of the dell;
Upon my roving steps the wood nymphs hung,
The elves across my path their glamor flung,
With many a mystic charm and woven spell;

And evermore the voices called to me
By household fire, lone brook, or spreading tree;
Soft voices gentle as the murmurous flow
Of meadow-brooks, or sound of summer rain;
Weird voices, dolorous with secret pain,
From dark-blue distance calling faint and low.

And evermore I saw the faces poor
Out of the dim wood-lanes shining clear.
Or outlined in the embers' ruddy gleam;
Out of the pallid mists of eve they rise,
They throng the hollow dark with fixed eyes,
Eidolons, gliding thro' a life-long dream.

My heart is weary and I fain would rest,
Vague fears oppress me of impending ill,
Take me, sweet mother, to thy pilgrim breast,
And love me, love me still.

Not voiceless forms are in thy solitude
Where whispers reach me from the shadow-land;
From out the emerald drapery of the woods
Stretch forth a spirit-hand.

Learn where winds sigh low to murmuring
streams
That glide thro' secret nooks in vales afar,
Lap my sad soul in sweet delicious dreams
Beneath the vesper-star.

"The Mountain's Guest," which we
think to be one of her best poems, contin-
ues the idea of the last stanza quoted:

How beautiful ye are, O Virgin Heights!
Leaning your brows against the breast of air,
In that fine solitude the mountains know.
Not lonely nor unpeopled I do ye rise;
Though never human voice with shaft of sound
Hath pierced you: sacred silence profound,
Nor ever human foot frequented there.

Not lonely nor unpeopled—well I know
Immortal feet have passed your stainless snow.
His shining Oars on earthward mission sent,
Rest on your steep and told the luminous wing;
As in the tent of Maacah Shepherd King
Tarried at Abram's guest, the Angels Three.

There are poems of the affections—such
as "Sleep my Beloved," "To my Friend,"
"My Neighbor's Girl," "My Well Be-
loved," and "My Three Boys,"—which
bespeak the tenderness and domestic and
human sympathies of the author. We give
a few stanzas of the last mentioned poem:

My eldest is a merry sprite
Whose life hath numbered six short years;
His laughing eyes are blue and bright
As violets wet with evening tears.
I see him with his mates at play—
His laugh is ringing wild and free—
The gayest he where all are gay,
His blue eyes shine with frolic glee.

But when the evening shadows chase
The sunbeams from the glowing west,
He comes with earnest thoughtful face,
And leans his head upon my breast.
He scans the twinkling isles of light,
And asks with wondering wistful air,
"Who lights the shining lamps of night
And hangs them in the halls of air?"

I tell him of the Hand Divine,
Of tenderest love but mightiest power,
That makes the lights of evening shine,
The sunbeams glow, the bird, the flower;
That all that's fair and lovely here,
That lightens toil and brightens woe,
From one Great Father, kind and dear,
To all His erring children flow.

I tell him of the realms so blest
That lie beyond the starlit skies;
And thought, an unaccustomed guest,
sits, serious in his earnest eyes.
Watching his infant mind expand,
I press him fondly to my breast,
stroke his curls with gentle hand,
And think I love my Herman best.

Two of the briefer pieces, we like best,
are given below:

The Desert Queen.

(Yucca Filamentosa.)
The rugged hill, the barren plain,
Thy heritage and lone domain;
Thou stately Desert Queen—
The splendor of an Orient clime,
The Hour's charm, the Hesperian rhyme,
Are in thy form and mien.

Thy myriad bell-like blossoms swing,
By fairy pages kept a-ring
With elfin melody.
Soft flutings of the courtier breeze,
And murmurous wings of velvet bees,
Swell that fine minstrelsy.

No Sybarite, thy couch is hard,
Thy feet are set on flint and shard,
In an unkindly soil,
But round thee thronged, a loyal band,
Thy wild barbaric spearman stand,
To guard from wrong and spoil.

In Trinity Church.

(Cambridge.)
I see within the Chancel stand,
With haloed brow and crossier wand,
A Christ who in his arms doth hold
A tender nursing of the fold.
Green spreads the turf beneath his feet,
And underneath the legend sweet
So fraught with yearning, tend and deep,
"Lovest thou me?" and "Feed my Sheep."

Oh, tender Shepherd, ever blest!
To thee I lift my piteous cry.
Like the meek lamb upon Thy breast
I in Thy sheltering care would lie.
My secret heart's best offering
Of thankful praise and prayer I bring,
And kneeling at Thy feet implore
Thy tender guidance evermore.

Mrs. Bryan is a resident of Memphis,
Indiana, and is known also as a writer of
vigorous and thoughtful prose. Her book
bound in white and gold is most artistic-
ally printed, and contains a portrait of the
author.

The strains that celebrate a long-endur-
ing marital felicity are few—the poets pre-

fering to revel in their anticipatory loves;
but when they occur like the fabled angels'
visits, they have a choice, peculiar flavor
all their own. They utter love's reality and
the serene content of possession, and show
that there is an after subsistence in our af-
fections, as well as a "young dream." Such
ideal expressions as Barry Cornwall's
"Touch us gently, Time," and, "How
many summer's, love," and Allan Cuning-
hame's "Bridal Day Song,"—

"O my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deeper as they run."—
are grateful to us, not on account of their
tenderness only, but because of their settled
assurance of truth.

Robert Burns, who celebrated his Jean
more sweetly after marriage than before,—
has, in one of the earliest of his rhymed
epistles, given us his impression of a post-
epithalimium. He writes to J. Lapraik,
April 1st, 1785:

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin',
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin',
And there was muckle fun an' jokin'.

Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin'.

At sang about.
There was a sang among the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife;

It thrill'd the hear'-strings thro' the breast
A' to the life.
I've scarce heard aught describe sae weel
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, "Can this be Pope or Steele,
Or Beattie's war?"

They told me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Murrisk.
It pat me fiddle-fain to heart,
And sae about him there I spier'd,
Then a' that kent him round declar'd:
He had ingine,
That nane excell'd it, few cam' near't.
It was sae fine.

One of the best of these connubial lyrics
was addressed to his faithful wife, in her
age, by the late Thomas Carstairs Latto,
which we reproduce for the congenial
reader:

Stern, cold and silent hast thou deemed me, dear,
And small my share in love-lorn days may be,
Yet, ere depart this immemorial year,
Let me be known what may solace thee:
Of patient goodness, an exhaustless sea,
All that men comfort call I've found in thee.
Lay up these lines in lavender,
My darling!

Calmest, serenest, best of womankind,
Whose violet freshness ne'er shall fade or wane,
The sense that chose, now mellowed and refined,
Would but repeat its springtime choice again.
Though hard my chequered lot and flecked with
pains,
Lay up these lines in lavender,
My darling!

Trust me that tho' white blossomed years advanced
This heart beats warmly, as of old, for thee;
E'en now it burns, it glows to meet thy glance;
It seeks thee as the river seeks the sea;
It knows no happiness apart from thee.
No other home save in thine arms to be.
Lay up these lines in lavender,
My darling!

When these dim eyes are dark and Memnon's lyre
Has ceased to vibrate in the morning's voice;
When ashes lie where leaped the living fire,
And Earth's prized honors best but childish
toys,
My thoughts shall be of thee, my first, last choice,
Thy tender smile shall bid my heart rejoice.
I never drew upon thy love in vain.
Lay up these lines in lavender,
My darling!

I shall but love thee better after death!
May, marvel not. See, Nature points the sign;
Decay but kindles to intenser breath;
From frosted grapes pours forth Olympian wine;
To die but changes mortal to divine;
There is no death for such a love as mine.
Lay this truth up in lavender,
My darling!

But all this is preliminary to a poem,
read only last evening, which pleased us
so much we wish to introduce it to the
readers of PROGRESS. It appeared in
the Montreal Witness for Dec. 21st, and
its simplicity and directness, its playfulness
and sincerity, must commend it more
than any words of mine:

To Marion.

Four and forty years together,
Dearest, can it be so long?
Swift as birds of whitest feather,
Fleeting as a summer's song,
All the seasons that have sped,
Since the hour when we were wed.

Well and proudly I remember
How you left your father's roof;
Wintry weather that November,
But our hearts were winter-proof,
Going to the sacred shrine,
Where the rector made you mine.

Quickly to your home returning,
Mirth and music charmed the night,
Till the stars, no longer burning,
Melted into morning light;
Guests departing, young folk happy,
Old folks just a little nappy.

Sometimes gladly, sometimes gravely,
Step with step and cheek to cheek,
We have journeyed onward bravely,
Patient when fatigued or weak;
Never flinching, striving still,
With indomitable will.

Time, his glass from all concealing,
May be quinting at our share;
Long may you with buoyant feeling

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'Scape the hunter's hidden snare;
Books and music, palms and flowers—
Household gods—these still are ours.

You, while reading, I while rhyming,
Hear our children's children play;
Oae upon my chairback climbing,
Full of frolic all the day;
She, our youngest pet, Lenore,
Is a baby pet no more.

Sharer of my joy and sorrow,
While you tarry by my side,
Let the great globe crack tomorrow,
You are still my peerless bride,
Shaped to woman's winsome prime
By the gracious touch of time.

On the heights or in the hollow
Of the batti field of life,
Where the red-beaked vultures follow,
Clings no comrade like a wife,
Closest when the blows of fate
Thicken on her wounded mate.

Oa I dear friend, there's no retreating.
All our bridges burned behind;
Heart to heart responsive beating,
Cords of love will brace and bind,
Till the bugles herald peace
And our weary march shall cease.

GEORGE MARTIN.

Nov. 22, 1887.

God bless the poet and his wife, and
shield their home is the prayer of
PASLOE FELIX.

HIS START IN LIFE.

He owes it to his willingness to oblige a
Customer.

The Philadelphia Times prints an interest-
ing and encouraging account of the manner
in which Mr. McLaughlin, the late pub-
lisher of that paper, gained his first up-
ward start in the world. He was then em-
ployed in the printing-office of the Ledger.
Young readers may find in the narrative
something better than a good story.

Upon one occasion in 1851 when Frank
McLaughlin was twenty-three years of
age, it happened that the foreman and his
first assistant were absent, and that John
McLaughlin was at home ill. Young
Frank McLaughlin was then the fastest
setter of type in the office. At the dinner
hour of the day in question, when every
'stick' was lying at rest, Abraham Barker,
the father of the well-known Wharton Barker
and himself then one of the very few pro-
vers in this city, walked into the Ledger
job printing-office with a stock-list—an
enumeration of the figures of the financial
market of the day—and expressed a de-
sire to have it put in type and fifty copies
struck off for immediate use. By reason
of the conditions described, there was no
one in authority to wait upon him, and
Frank McLaughlin stepped forward and
received the order. The stock-list at the
time, unlike the complex affairs of the
present day, was an abbreviated statement,
and the two men could easily place it in
type within a quarter of an hour. When
Mr. Barker asked the young printer if he
would undertake the task, the latter an-
swered with cheerful alacrity, 'Certainly.'

Cutting the list in two and turning to one
of the oldest compositors in the office, he
said, 'Here, Jim, take one of these
'takes' and I'll take the other, and we'll
rush her through in a jiffy.' The man ad-
dressed walked forward with a frown on
his face, and after he had taken the slip of
paper and was moving back to his case, he
muttered some half understood words
about 'giving a fellow a chance to eat his
dinner.'

'Never mind, Jim,' said young Mc-
Laughlin, walking quickly after him and
taking the copy from his hands, 'I'll do
the job myself.' During these proceed-
ings Abraham Barker never left the office,
nor did he do so until the work had been
completed. He leaned quietly against a
make up table, reading a copy of the New
York Tribune, apparently oblivious to all
that was going on about him.

Young McLaughlin's fingers flew as he
picked up the little pieces of metal. In less
than half an hour he had the stock list in
type, revised, and fifty copies struck off.
He handed them to Mr. Barker with an
apology for keeping them waiting. 'What!
Done already?' said the broker, and with a
simple 'Thank you' he left the office. The
following morning the young printer was

surprised by receiving a note from the cus-
tomer of the day before, requesting him to
call at his office. He did so.

'I heard everything that took place in
the Ledger office yesterday,' said the finan-
cier, 'and fully appreciate your conduct. I
would like you to print the stock-list for
me every day for one month, and I'll pay
you five hundred dollars for the work.'

'But it is not worth so much as that,'
answered the printer.

It is worth as much to me to have it
done as you did it yesterday,' was the
reply.

That was Frank McLaughlin's first word
for himself. At the expiration of the
month the contract was extended to three
times that period, and then to twelve
months, with an annual recompense of six
thousand dollars. At that time journeymen
printers were receiving about ten
dollars weekly, and only in extraordinary
instances earned one or two dollars beyond
that sum.

DARWIN AS A PUPIL.

The Professor Thought Darwin was Wast-
ing His Time.

Thirty years ago Dean Farrar, at that
time plain Mr. Farrar and merely a mas-
ter at Harrow School, delivered a lecture
in which he attacked the system, then in
vogue, of spending much time over Greek
and Latin verse. He urged that the prac-
tice should be abandoned in case of boys
who had no aptitude for such work. In
place of this artificial drilling, the lecturer
advocated the study of science and natural
history, as likely to benefit boys who care
nothing for Greek and Latin versification.

Of course the lecturer was opposed by
those who were believers in the old classi-
cal system. But he had received his re-
ward. Then there was but one well-
known school in England which had a
'Science Master'; now there is scarcely a
school of note which has not. Then the
'Latin verse' system was universal; now it
is almost entirely abandoned. He also
had the pleasure of receiving from Charles
Darwin a letter of historic interest in the
annals of English education, wherein the
great biologist relates his own experience,
while a pupil, in being snubbed because he
preferred chemistry to the classics. He
writes:

'I was at school at Shrewsbury under a
great scholar, Doctor Butler. I learned
absolutely nothing except by amusing my-
self by reading and experimenting in chem-
istry. Doctor Butler somehow found this
out, and publicly sneered at me before the
whole school for such gross waste of time.
I remember he called me a poccourante
[careless, indifferent fellow], which not
understanding I thought was a dreadful
name.'

Dean Farrar, commenting on Docto-
Butler's mistake with regard to the great-
est intellect which ever passed under his
tuition, calls it a fault of the times and not
of the man. In those days boys described
chemistry as 'Stinks,' and Darwin's nick-
name at school was 'Gas.'

No Half Measures

'I believe in meeting people half way.'
'So do I; but my mother-in-law would
scold like the dickens if I didn't go clear
to the station.'

Sitter (jocosely)—I suppose you want
me to look pleasant.' Artist—'Unless you
prefer a perfect likeness.'—Exchange.

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