

AXIOMS.

BY J. T. MORRISON.

On and on the stream of life is flowing,
 Day by day we ask not whither going,
 Yet 'mid the sun's bright light,
 Or through the darkened night,
 Shorter is our lease of earth life growing.

Hour by hour the tears of grief are flowing,
 Day by day our hands life's seeds are sowing,
 Hoping that to-morrow,
 Less of pain and sorrow
 May be found amidst life's products growing.

Day by day our weary feet are turning,
 Hour by hour life's bitter trials learning,
 Still His hand doth guide us—
 Still He walks beside us—
 Ever aiding us in evil spurning.

Hour by hour to higher culture drifting,
 Day by day the truth from falsehood sifting,
 And to the mental sight,
 From off the paths of right,
 Slow but certain are the shadows lifting.

WHY IS IT?

Why is it? asks the grief-stricken wife as she sits in her cheerless home, why is it, that I am thus robbed of all that makes life pleasant? That manly form which was the pride of my girlhood, is shorn of all its strength and beauty. The eyes that once sparkled with intelligence are now dim and expressionless. The arm on which I used to lean in passing the struggles of life, has failed to support me. In him I have perished. What is the cause of my disappointment and sorrow? she cries; is it rum? and the echo answers, rum.

Why is it? says the sister, as she silently weeps over a loved brother's fall, why is it that home has lost all its charms for him who once thought it the dearest spot on earth? Why must I see him come reeling home night after night, with shame and degradation stamped on every feature? What has soured his temper, clouded his intellect, and taken from him the lightheartedness which belongs to youth? Is it rum? And echo sends back the answer, rum.

Why is it that our prisons, poor-houses and orphan asylums are filled to overflowing? What sends poverty boldly into our homes, fills our hearts with sorrow and our lives with toil? Is it rum? Again the echo answers, rum.

A WELL-KNOWN dramatist can say rude things. Some one said to him last week, "You want a new hat." "Yes, that's quite true," he replied; "but why say it? I never told you you wanted a new head."

AN undertaker being dunned by a man who had a very sick wife, said: "Oh, let the account stand. You'll be wanting something in my line pretty soon, if you have good luck."

FALLEN TREES.

BY M. ALLIE WHITE.

Come with me to the forest, the dark, still forest. See those tall firs moving slowly to and fro, keeping time with the sad low music that comes to us as the sound of waves on a distant shore.

Here is a tiny stream half fettered in crystal bonds, and the moss over which it flows is sparkling with diamond gems. There is a vine creeping out to the sunshine from the leaves half covering it, and yonder in a sheltered nook is a fern with slender drooping branches. Now we come to a giant pine, fallen in his strength. There he lies under a soft coverlid of moss, with the golden sunlight pouring over him. His busy life is over. No longer drinks he the poisonous gas around him, and pours out the life-giving oxygen. No longer swings he gracefully to and fro in the breeze, or clashes his branches in the storm. Who mourned for him? Were vines torn up by their roots, and flowers crushed by his fall? No matter. He affords us a pleasant seat now, and adds a picturesqueness to the scene. See, he is crumbling! The tiny atoms are finding other resting-places, and in the rich earth around him more flowers now grow than could under his shadow.

And so, the trees are emblematic. We live on, stretching out our hands, and holding up our heads, struggling, perhaps, for existence where the cope is thick, but growing year by year, feeling new thoughts, new purposes. Time flows on, and some of us may proudly gain the clear air and sunshine above the crowd. What if, after years have rolled away, we totter and fall! We have had our taste of the sunshine, and now it is another's turn. All things must change. What if we are laid to rest and forgotten! Will not the force hoarded by us reappear in some way, if only to help the weakest ones that may come after us, to stand where we fell? But not all may be monarchs. As the forest is made up chiefly of smaller and medium trees, so the world is composed principally of little and middle class people; and some that would have been grand, and noble, and tall, had they reached out to the sunshine, grew bent, and twisted, and small, following their own dark shad-

ows in the forest. And some were stricken down in the prime of their years, as by a thunderbolt. Vines of friendship twined about them, and fair, fragile blossoms looked up to them for protection. Poor wrecks, who trusted in their own strength! There they lie, thrown up by the great tide of humanity.

There was once a grand oak who began life with a determination to win. He was meant to rule; and, one by one, the bushes, shrubs and trees bowed their heads and owned his sovereignty. Proudly he holds his head; stately he sways his branches; but he stakes his hold against the elements—wavers, falls! All is lost, and *Napoleon* is crownless forever!

There was an elm tree whose graceful limbs moved up and down on the breeze. It sheltered the flowers beneath it. It defied not the storms, but gravely bending, withstood them with dignity; and the other trees looked up to it with love and reverence. Years passed on, crowning it with new glories; and when its time was come, and age had loosened its hold on the earth, its long drooping branches folded round the great heart, and broke the force of its fall. The forest mourned for its head, and the country for its *Washington*.

Then there was a tall pine who raised his head above his companions. His rough and scraggy branches told he had passed through storms, but the dark green leaves showed that the great heart was strong as ever. Nobly he stood, supporting the trees around him; but even as the clouds were breaking from the sky, a swift flash of lightning struck him. A shudder passed through all his limbs, and then the bravest of the forest had fallen—and *Lincoln* was gone. Yet, ah! his fall was not without glory, for his blameless life shed radiance over it; and the traitor hand that dealt the blow brought only judgment on himself.

They are fallen now; but, as the atoms of the trees live again in other forms, so they will live again in another world. It is glorious to work, to garner, to *live*. It is more glorious to *die*—to waken to a grander, nobler life—to be forever *free*!

LYING about a politician never hurts the man lied about; it is having the truth told that kills him.