

LIFE'S ESSENCE.

BY RICHARD BRAE.

Fair are the flowers, and the children, but their youth is passing fast.

Earth is the rosebush of dawn, but the secret

that clasps it is power;

Sweet is the song, but the strain that

reveres it is sweet;

And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning

outmasters the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guides

the flower to the sun;

Never a river that flows, but a mystery seizes

the flowing;

Never a wind that soars, but a stronger

than he did unfold him.

Never a prophet foretells, but a mightier

sees;

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is

the man and his hand;

Back of the song that brooks the silence, back of

the gift stands the giving;

Back of the secret that soars, the sensitive

nerve of receiving;

Space is as nothing to split, the deed is outdone

by the doing;

The heart of the world is warm, but warmer than

the heart of the sun;

Up and up from the pits where these shiver, d up

from the depths where those shun;

Two voices and a thousand starward, and

the echoes of life are divine.

FINLAYSON'S OPERA-GLASSES

Mrs. Finlayson felt aggrieved on returning to the domestic hearth in Blythstone square one evening, from a short visit to some friends in the country, at finding that her husband was not at home to receive her.

She had not the courage to tell him that the sti

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