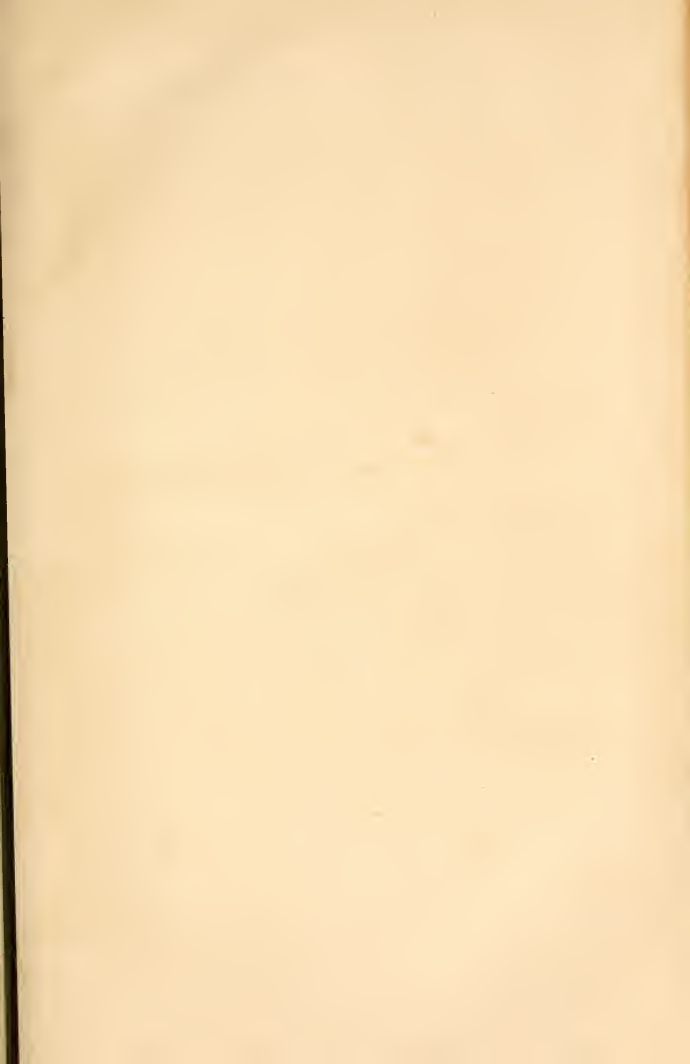


READINGS AND RECITATIONS







ERMINE OWEN

MOORE & CO., PHOTOGRAPHERS, CLINTON, MO.

READINGS, RECITATIONS,
AND
IMPERSONATIONS

BY

ERMINE OWEN

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North Missouri State Normal School

37
S. 88



NEW YORK
THE COLUMBIAN PUBLISHING CO.
1891

PN4201
1984

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BY
ERMINE OWEN.

In Kindly Remembrance of the
STUDENTS of the NORTH MISSOURI STATE NORMAL,
with whom
FOR EIGHT YEARS I HAVE BEEN ASSOCIATED;
with a particularly pleasant
REGARD FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN MEMBERS
of my
ELOCUTION CLASSES;
and in honest sympathy with all who
"WANT A PIECE TO SPEAK,"
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

KIRKSVILLE, Mo., Jan. 1, 1891.

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PREFACE.

This "Collection of Recitations" has, for its appearance, the same reasons that books of this order usually have—the necessities and experiences of the class-room.

Partly for my own convenience, but more particularly in response to the continual call made by students for something to recite, I have been induced to prepare the present work, and to present in an orderly collection a part of the large number of literary gems that have accumulated on my hands during my experience as a teacher.

To the habit of clipping from newspapers and magazines, preserving political speeches and other articles of merit in my private scrap-books, I am indebted for many of the rare selections here found. This does not imply, however, that they are old and hackneyed, or have "lost their savor." On the contrary, many of the pieces appear for the first time in the form of a declamation, and in some cases hundreds of pages have been read in order to secure a recitation of, perhaps, not more than three pages. Students will appreciate the fact that much of this work has been done amid the arduous demands of the class-room; and will derive an added pleasure in recognizing those selections which have won the medals in the various contests.

PREFACE.

Recitations suitable for children are also given, with the desire of making this book a valuable and effective aid to both teacher and pupil in Friday afternoon exercises and evening entertainments.

While I feel justified in calling this a *new* book, I have not omitted some of those masterpieces of eloquence which, though old, never lose their interest, nor grow stale by repetition.

ERMINE OWEN,
Chair of History and Elocution.

North Mo. State Normal School.

ELOCUTIONARY MAXIMS.

- “There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.”
Campbell.
- “Give me no more of body than shows soul.”
Browning.
- “Do not mistake perspiration for inspiration.”
Warman.
- “There must be impression before there can be expression.”
Delsarte.
- “Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature.”
Shakespeare.
- “Voices must go deeper into us than other things. I have often fancied heaven might be made of voices.”
George Eliot.
- “The angels judge of man’s feelings by the tones of his voice. Of his thoughts by his articulation.”
Swedenborg.
- “A stiff uniformity of speech is not only displeasing to the ear, but disappointing in its every effect.”
Betterton.
- “Action is the predominant power in eloquence, and its chief and most desirable advantage lies in a good voice.”
Cicero.

READINGS, RECITATIONS, AND IMPERSONATIONS.

APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

We read of "the wine
That smacks of the vine
That grows by the beautiful river"—

But oh, did you ever consider the glories of God's pure water? The scientist, looking back over the history of our planet, traces, with admiration, the part which water hath played in the great drama of life—beautiful life upon the earth. Surely it hath been the busiest thing in all this world of ours. Evaporated again and again, it has sped as on angel wings to and fro 'twixt earth and heaven, on its mission of love and goodness. Now down to the roots of the grasses it hath gone, to pump up the green chlorophyll that paints their delicate fronds; then upon the sunbeams' path of gold it hath climbed to the very clouds to paint the bow of beauty on the sky, and to come down to earth again freighted with corn and with abundance; now down into the earth it goes to pump up the sweet juices that fill the apple fountain, and flake its delicate covering with ruby and russet and brown; now cooling the brow of the sufferer when the fiery fever is upon him; then up to the very heavens again to float in mighty continents of clouds to and fro over the earth; now

resting upon the brow of the baptized babe; now down into the ocean depths, where the monsters of the deep are kenneled; then up on silver wings it hath flown to its home in the sky, to flit along cloudy corridors of day, like some fair spirit winging its way to the celestial city; now wreathing the beautiful bridal veil that adorns fair blushing June; now weaving the snowy winding-sheet that drapes the dying year; now flashing in the dew-drop; now falling in the rain; now fretting the dainty frostwork upon the window-pane; now playing its harp Æolian in the far-off depths of the meadow; now thundering in the billows that break upon the shore.

Thus on, ever on, in its unwearying work it has gone; never resting, never lingering, never fainting on the way, this mighty toiler of the ages hath builded up the beauty and strength of this fair world of ours. Surely it hath been the Master Builder of the Ages; pulling down old continents that have fulfilled their day, and building up better and brighter, while flinging over their stony steeps the mantle of the beautiful.

For aught we know the very water in that goblet formed a part of the original creation; that it saw the glories of Creation's morning and heard the voice of Him who said, "Let there be light!" It looked upon the world when like a lovely jewel it first flashed from the Creator's fingers. For aught we know the water now flashing in that goblet may have stood in sparkling dew upon Eden's first flowers, or rested upon the brow of beautiful Eve, when, suffused with blushes, and with pleasure, she stood for the first time before her lordly husband. For aught we know it may have formed a portion of those very drops that pattered on the roof of the ark, or formed the bow of promise that greeted the eyes of the old patriarch when he came forth with his strange caravan, or rested on the brow of the baptized Jesus, when he came up from Jordan's wave; and on, ever on, they will go in their unwearying work, until at

last they form a portion of that cloud on which He will appear "when He cometh to judge the world."

Oh water! beautiful water! Heaven's benisons rest upon thee! Thy home is in the sky!—far up in the beautiful blue, where angels walk in robes of starry light. Thou comest to the earth in many a fairy form of icicle and frosted snow. And when, in the music of soft spring rain, I hear the patter of thy tiny feet upon my window-pane, I bless thee, for thou art full of corn and abundance. Thou comest to earth on a mission of love, flowers spring up in thy footprints. Wherever thou goest over the earth it is as though an angel had shaken his glittering pinions and heaven's own dew and sunlight had fallen around. Everything that breathes doth bless thee! Eighteen hundred years have rolled around, since some Oscan beauty took thee from the sparkling spring, to bathe her dark eyes, or wash the dust from her black tresses, when, heated with love-making and the sight of blood, she came by night from the arena of the gladiators. Though eighteen hundred years have passed away since thou wast taken from thy mountain home, yet thou art crystal pure;—as pure to slake the thirst of the Neapolitan as ever thou wast that of Diomedé, or Glaucus, or Nydia the Flower Girl.

Oh water!—beautiful water! Heaven's benisons rest upon thee!—*Prof. Ferguson.*

COMO, OR MY TIGER LILY.

The red-clad fishers row and creep,
Below the crags, as half asleep,
Nor ever make a single sound.
The walls are steep, the waves are deep,
And if a dead man should be found,
Why, who shall say but he was drowned?

The lakes lay bright as bits of broken moon
 Just newly set within the cloven earth.
 The ripened fields drew round a golden girth
 Far up the steeps and glittered in the noon.
 And when the sun fell down from leafy shore,
 Fond lovers stole in pairs to ply the oar.
 The stars as large as lilies flecked the blue,
 From the Alps the moon came wheeling through
 The rocky pass the great Napoleon knew.

A gala night it was—the seasons prime,
 We rode from castled lake to festal town,
 To fair Milan. My friend and I, rode down
 By night, when grasses waved in rippled rhyme,
 And so, what theme but *love* at such a time?
 His proud lip curled the while with silent scorn
 At thought of love, and then as one forlorn
 He sighed, then bared his temples dashed with gray,
 Then mocked—as one outworn and well blasé.

A gorgeous tiger lily—flaming red,
 So full of battle—of the trumpet's flare,
 Of old-time passion—upreared its head—
 I galloped past—I leaned—I clutched it—Then
 From out the long, strong grass I held it high
 And cried: "Lo, this to-night shall deck her hair,
 Through all the dance: And mark! the man shall die
 Who dares assault for good or ill design
 The Citadel where I shall set this sign."

He spoke no spare word all the after while.
 That scornful, cold, contemptuous smile of his!
 And in the hall the same old hateful smile!
 Why, better men have died for less insult than this!
 Then marvel not that when she graced the floor,
 With all the beauties gathered from the four
 Far quarters of the earth, and in her midnight hair
 My tiger lily—marvel not—I say,
 That he glared like some wild beast well at bay.

Oh! she shone fairer than summer star
 Or curled sweet moon in middle destiny.
 Oh, have you loved and truly loved, and seen
 Aught else the while but your own stately queen?
 Her presence it was majesty—so tall—
 Her proud development encompassed all—
 She filled all space, I sought, I saw but her.
 I followed as some fervid worshipper.

Adown the dance she moved with matchless grace,
 The world—my world moved with her!
 Suddenly, I questioned who her cavalier might be.
 'Twas he! his face was leaning to her face.
 I clutched my blade. I sprang, I caught my breath,
 And so stood leaning, cold, and still as death.
 And they stood still. She blushed, then reached and
 tore
 The lily as she passed. All round the floor
 She strewed its heart like bits of gushing gore.
 'Twas he said, "heads not hearts were made to break."
 He taught me this that night in splendid scorn.
 I learned too well. The dance was done—Ere morn
 We mounted—he and I, but no more spoke—
 And this for woman's love! My lily, worn
 In her dark hair in pride—to then be torn
 And trampled on for this bold stranger's sake!
 Two men rode silent back toward the lake,
 Two men rode silent down—but only one
 Rode up at morn to meet the rising sun.

The walls are steep, the crags shall keep
 Their everlasting watch profound.
 The walls are steep, the waves are deep—
 And if a dead man should be found
 By red clad fishers in their round,
 Why, who shall say but he was drowned?

Joaquin Miller.

THE NEW SOUTH.

“There was a South of slavery and secession,—that South is dead.—There is a South of union and freedom,—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour.”

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. How, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! I will tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory—in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Think of the foot-sore Confederate soldier, as ragged, half-starved, he turned his face southward from Appomattox, in April, 1865. Having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow, and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find? answer, you, who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice. He finds the home he left so prosperous and beautiful in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his barn empty, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone.

What does he do—this hero in gray with heart of gold? Sit down in sullenness and despair? not for a day. Surely God, who has stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. Restoration

was swift. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow: horses that had charged federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April, were green with harvest in June, and there was little bitterness in all this. Bill Arp struck the key-note when he said, "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me; and now I am going to work, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I will whip 'em again."

Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering—honest, brave, and generous always.

When Lee surrendered, the South became, and has since been loyal to this Union. She fought hard enough to know she was whipped, and in the toad's head of defeat she found her jewel. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever, when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old régime, the negroes were slaves to the South, the South was a slave to the system. The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy—a social system compact, and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core, a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace.

The new South is enamored of her work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of glowing power and prosperity, as she stands upright and full statured, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

The South has nothing for which to apologize.

She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. She has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men,—that of a brave and simple man, who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way down, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their names with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered, and for which he gave his life, was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine. And I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand; that human slavery was swept from the American soil, and the American union saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. The very soil of the State of Georgia is as sacred as a battle ground of the Republic, and hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers, who died for your victory, and hallowed to us by the blood of those, who died hopeless, but undaunted in defeat—sacred soil to all of us—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better. Speaking, an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of the American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the *conquerors* when it has died in the hearts of the *conquered*? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation that in their

hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered about the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a delusion and a cheat? If she does, the South must accept with dignity its refusal. If she does not, then standing, heart to heart and clasping hands, we will remain citizens of the same country; members of the same government, all united now and united forever.—*H. W. Grady.*

“MARGERY.”

(*Prize Recitation, June, 1887. N. Mo. State Normal.*)

I met my brother at the train
 And kissed him welcome home again,
 O, I was proud his face to scan—
 Home from the dreadful Rapidan!
 Two years had passed—two years that day
 Since he had led his men away;
 Bright o'er his head the banner streamed,
 Bright on his sword the sunlight gleamed.
 We saw them, faintly through our tears,
 We heard them send back answering cheers;
 And now, in flush of joy and pride,
 Once more I had him at my side.
 Across the green we strolled along,
 And all the air seemed full of song,
 As happy hundreds flocked about
 Rejoicing in the muster out.
 Just then a wail fell on the ear—
 A wail it thrilled the soul to hear—

“ Charley ! Charley !
Come home to me ! Come home to me ! ”

“ What’s that ? ” cried Tom, and clutched my arm
As if to hold me back from harm—

“ What is that dreadful wailing, Kate ?
Wretched—heart-broken—desolate ! ”

“ Why Tom,” said I, “ that’s Margery Hall,
We all have learned her hopeless call,
She married Charley just the day
Before his regiment marched away ;
At Christmas he would come again,
He said, as fled the flying train,
She waited trembling for the hour
And prayed that God would give her power
To bear the burden of her joy
When she should greet her gallant boy.
How sluggishly the dull months passed !
But all the days crept by at last
And Christmas morning came ; she drest
In all her brightest things and best,
And ran to see the train come in.
Oh ! Here upon this bulletin
She read :

‘ Killed by a rifle ball
In charge on Wagner—Sergeant Hall.’

“ She fell and lay as she were dead,
And then it was her reason fled ;
On this one point—on others sane—
She looks for Charley home again.
She watches near this bulletin
Each time the trains come in.
She never smiles, she never weeps,
But still her tearless vigil keeps,
And always says ; ‘ He’s on the way,
And he is due at home—to-day ! ’
And gazes at the morning sun
Counting her fingers, one by one.

O, it is pitiful to see
 How grandly patient she can be ;
 She preens herself with ribbons rare
 And braids fresh roses in her hair,
 Then with serene and tranquil brow
 Sings, Tom, just as you hear her now :
 ‘ Charley ! Charley !
 Come home to me ! Come home to me ! ”

“ Poor girl,” said Tom, and shook his head ;
 “ Poor girl—for Sergeant Hall is dead.
 I saw him on that fearful night ;
 He was the foremost in the fight
 The Colonel called for men to leap
 And storm Fort Wagner up the steep :
 One stepped out first, alert and tall,
 And grasped the colors—Sergeant Hall.
 As he was waiting there, he set
 Above the flag a silk rosette,
 And then he smiled and said to me,
 ‘ For love, home and Margery ! ’
 They faced the storm of shot and shell
 And sprang into that blazing hell—
 ‘ Forward ! ’ I seem to see them yet ;
 The flag is on the parapet,
 It waves exultant on the crest,
 Falls inward !—God knows the rest !
 Poor fellow !—where the squadron wheeled,
 I saw him buried on the field ! ”

As brother Tom rehearsed the tale
 I marked beyond him, wan and pale,
 Poor Margery bending close to hear,
 And then she shouted, loud and clear :
 “ Charley ! Charley !
 Come home to me ! Come home to me ! ”
 “ I saw a similar name to-day,”
 Said Tom, “ There is a man, they say,
 Whose name is Hall, and went from here
 Has been in Andersonville a year ;

Is now escaped, and on his way——”
 A shout! A stalwart man,
 Haggard and grim, and brown with tan,
 Came bursting through the startled crowd
 And swung his arms, and cried aloud;
 “Stand back! I hear her sweet voice call!
 Where’s Margery? I am Sergeant Hall!”

O, joy too great for life! one cry
 She uttered, piercing, wild and high,
 Then all unconscious, dropped to rest,
 Pallid and pulseless on his breast.
 To rest!

To rest!

Her eyelids close;
 Her weary soul has found repose.
 How calm her face! How peaceful there
 The roses sleep within her hair!
 Her weary waiting all is o’er,
 Her gallant boy she’ll greet no more,
 Till there upon that brighter shore,
 Again he’ll clasp her—heart to heart,
 Rejoicing in the muster out.
 Till then from the parapet of Heaven,
 She’ll call unto him, morn and eve:
 “Charley! Charley!
 Come home to me! Come home to me!”

N. Y. Graphic,

“SHARING THANKSGIVING DINNER.”

Ah! yes, it was hard, and what made it harder,
 Was poor Granny’s sickness. A destitute larder—
 Thanksgiving Day here and no prospect ahead
 Of a Thanksgiving feast—what wonder that Ned,
 Who’d learned a few things in Dame Poverty’s
 school
 (Could whistle when hungry, if that was the rule),

What wonder his courage had quite given way,
With Granny unable to get up that day?

He sat on the steps where the sunbeams could find
him,

His jacket was thin, and the small room behind
Was chill, lacking fire. The poor child sat musing,
Like wise philosophers, like them abusing
The power which to some offers only distresses,
While others less worthy gain fortune's caresses.

His heart grew rebellious, and Granny's good teaching
Was fading away; just as he was reaching
The point where blind fate takes the place of God's
will—

To the grown, malcontent; to Ned, it was still
Just poor folk's bad luck—'twas just then Granny
said,

“Why are you so quiet? Come here to me, Ned.”

The old voice was feeble; the face was serene
With patience and hope, but the boy's troubled mien
Gave pain to the kind heart. “Kneel here by my
bed,

And ask the dear Father to send us some bread.”

“And turkey and jelly?” cried Ned, hungrily,

“Ah! just as He pleases *that* portion must be,
But bread He has promised, that promise we plead,
And He will feed *us* who the ravens doth feed.”

Ned's petition was o'er, he again sought the sun,
With a crust from the cupboard—alas! the last one.
But now a sweet fragrance pervaded the air;
A fragrance unnoticed before the short prayer,
Attracted by odors that thrilled his starved senses,
He sniffed like a blood-hound, then leaping the
fences

That shut in the farm-house of rich neighbor Moore,
Quick gained he the back-yard. The kitchen's wide
door

Stood ajar, thus disclosing a glimpse to the child
 Of dinner preparing that set him half wild.
 One was beating fresh eggs, one stirring white cake,
 While turkey and chicken stood ready to bake,
 Pumpkin-pies, rich and spicy, were ranged side by
 side,
 With an odorous mass in the pudding-bag tied.

While gazing and longing, behold, the Moore geese
 Had gathered around him, to capture a piece
 Of the crust he still held. He shoved them away
 But eagerly still they returned to the fray.
 Till, how, who can tell us? one goose most alert
 Had knocked down and trampled his crust in the
 dirt.

A cry of despair! All the dinner he had
 In a moment was gone, the poor little lad
 Fell prone on the ground in a passion of grief;
 Too crazed to observe that the prayed-for-relief
 Was here at his hand, or that old farmer Moore
 Had watched the whole scene from his sitting-room
 door.

“Hello! what’s the matter! Come; get up my lad,
The goose stole your dinner? Well, now, that’s too
 bad!

You don’t mean to say all the dinner you had?
 Well, well, which goose was it? That one by the
 fence;

He shall pay for it then; and since he’s no sense
 To restore what he stole, my poor little man,
 Do you just take the goose, and then you can plan
 To get back your dinner the best way you can.”

He led the child wondering before Grandma Moore:
 “This child is half starved, wife, and right at our
 door:

Thanksgiving to us, yes, but think, can it be
 A happy Thanksgiving to poor widow Lee?”

"God forgive me, I pray," the good woman said,
 "For neglecting the widow and poor little Ned.
 My joy was so great that I clean, clean forgot
 'The sorrow and hunger about me. For what,
 With George home from college and Nanny's new
 baby,
 My heart's brimming over with thankfulness. Maybe
 It's not too late yet."

Well, before you could ask it
 A happy-faced boy and a bountiful basket,
 Each filled with the best by dear, kind Grandma
 Moore,
 Were helping each other toward Granny Lee's
 door:
 'Twas turkey and jelly—but what need to say?
 'Twas more than Ned dreamed of for Thanksgiving
 Day,
 And we all must admit that Ned was the winner
 When he ate up the goose to get back his dinner.

Mrs. Emma E. Meguire.

BABY'S NAME.

I would like to know the baby's name, if there is one
 can tell it,
 But I haven't seen a person yet, who could begin to
 spell it,
 I'd like to give the child a present, a fork or spoon,
 you know,
 But it ought to have initials on it, that's what pro-
 vokes me so,
 But its father calls it "Popsy's tarlin," "e'tweetents
 and e'deary
 Mustn't pull e tishes so on Popsy's head e geary."
 Its mother calls it "Itty amtin." "Peshus ilty
 teshure
 Wassa masser itty vu? Mamma's pittty peshure!"

And all the children call it "Tweet!" "tum to itty
buvver!

Nevey mindey, don't e ty, it tan do to muvver!"

And all its aunties say it is, "a pessus itty teeter!
A itty 'ump of 'ovviness, an nuffin tan be feeter!"

Its grandma says, "Of all e pets in all e wairl so
wide;

A is'nt one so dood as 'iss, so brave and dignified!"

Now is there one can tell me what all this gibberish
means?

Nothing but nonsense for his pains, is what an uncle
gleans,

But if you can tell the baby's name from all that
you have heard,

You'll have an uncle's heartfelt thanks if you'll
please to send him word.

School-day Magazine.

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT JONESVILLE.

The celebration was held in Josiah's sugarbush, an' I meant to be on the ground in good season; for when I have jobs I dread, I'm for takin' em by the forelock, an' graplin' with 'em at once. But as I was bakin' my last plum-puddin' an' chicken-pie, the folks begun to stream by. I'd no idee so many folks could be scairt up in Jonesville. Thinks I to myself, I wonder if they'd flock out that way to a prayer-meetin'. But they kep' a comin', all kinds of folks in all kinds of vehicles, from a six horse team, down to peaceable lookin' men an' wimmen drawin' baby-wagons.

There was a stagin' built in 'most the center of the grove for the leadin' men of Jonesville, and some board seats all round it for the folks to set on. As Josiah owned the ground he was invited to set up onto the stagin' an' as I glanced up at that man

every little while throughout the day, thinks I proudly to myself, "There may be nobler lookin' men there, and men that would weigh more by the steelyards, but there hain't a man there that's got on a whiter shirt bosom than Josiah Allen has."

About noon Prof. Aspire Todd walked slowly into the ground arm-in-arm with the editor of "The Gimlet," old Mr. Bobbet follerin' close behind. As they stepped up onto the stagin' the band struck up "Hail to the chief, that in triumph advances," as soon as it stopped playin' the editor came forrard an' said: "Fellow-citizens of Jonesville, and the adjacent and surroundin' country, I have the honor of introducin' to you the orator of the day—Prof. Aspire Todd, Esq."

Prof. Todd then came forrard and made a low bow: "Brethren and sisters of Jonesville, friends and patrons of Liberty, in mountin' upon this theater I have thereby signified my desire and willingness to address you. I am not here, fellow-citizens, to outrage your feelins' by triffin' remarks. I am not here, male patrons, to lead your noble, and you, female patrons, your tender, footsteps into the flowery fields of useless rhetorical eloquence. I am not here, I trust, in mephitical, and I hope not in a mentorial manner. But I am here to present a few plain truths, in a manner suitable to the most illimitable comprehension. My friends, we are, in one sense, but tennifolious blossoms of life; or if you will pardon the tergiversation, we are all but mineratin' tenni-rosters hoverin' upon an illinition of mythoplasm." "Jess so!" shouted old Bobbet—who was a settin' on a bench right under the speaker's stand—"Jess so! so we be!"

Prof. Todd looked down on him in a troubled kind of a way, an' then went on: "If we are content to moulder out our existence like fibrous veticulated polypus, clingin' to the crustaceous courts of custom, if we cling not like soarin' prytaenes to the phantoms that lower their scepters down through the murky

waves of retrogression, endeavorin' to lure us upward in the scale of progressive bein'—in what degree do we differ from the acalphia? Let us, then, noble brethren, in the broad field of humanity, let us rise. Let us prove that mind is superior to matter—Let us prove ourselves superior to the acalphia."

"Yes, less prove ourselves."

Prof. Todd stopped stone still, an' his face got as red as blood, he dranked several swallers of water and then went on till most the last, when he wanted the people of Jonesville to "drown black care in the deep waters of oblivion, not mind her mad throes of dissolvin' bein', but let the deep waters cover her black head an' march onward!" and then the old gentleman forgot himself, an' jumped right up and hollered out—"Yes, drown the black cat! Hold her head under! There'll be cats enough left after she's gone! Do as he tells ye—drown the black cat!"

The next speaker was a large healthy-lookin' man who talked against wimmen's rights. He didn't bring up no new argyments but talked jest as they all do who oppose 'em—about wimmen outragin' and destroyin' their modesty, by bein' seen in the same street with a man once every 'lection day. He talked grand about how woman's weakness, aroused all the shively an' nobility of a man's nater! and how it was his dearest and most sacred privilege an' happiness to perfect her from even a summer's breeze, if it should dare to blow too hard onto her beloved and delicate form. Why, before he had got through, a stranger from another world, who hadn't never seen a woman, wouldn't a' had the least idea that they was made out of the same kind of clay that a man was, but he'd a' thought they was made out o' some sort o' thin gauze, which was liable to blow away any minute, an' that man's only employment was to stand an' watch 'em for fear some zephyr'd get the advantage of 'em. He called wimmen' every pretty name he could think of, an' says he, a wavin' his hands in a rapid eloquence, "shall these weak. helpless creatures, these angels,

these seraphims, these sweetly cooin' doves, whose only mission is to sweetly coo—shall these rainbows, these posies vote? Never! my brethren, will we lay such hardships onto them. Never, never, never!"

Just as the folks was a concludin' their frantic cheers over his speech, a thin, feeble-lookin' woman come by where I sat, drawin' a large baby-wagon with two children in it. She also carried one in her arms, that was lame. She looked so beat out, and so ready to drop down, that I got up and gave her my seat, and says I, "You look ready to fall down."

"Am I too late—to hear—my husband's—speech?"

"Is that your husband that's a laughin' an' talkin' with that air pretty gal up there?"

"Yes."

"Wall, he's jest finished." She looked ready to cry. An' as I took the lame child out of her breakin' arms, says I, "This is too much for you, mum." "Oh," says she, "I wouldn't mind gettin' 'em onto the ground; I hain't hed only three miles to bring 'em. That wouldn't be much if it wasn't for the work I hed to do before I come."

"Why, what did you have to do?"

"Oh, I hed to fix him off, an' brush his clothes, an' black his boots; and then I did up all my work, an' then I hed to go out and lay up six lengths o' fence. The cattle got into the corn yesterday and he was so busy writin' his piece he couldn't fix it—and then I hed to mend his thick coat, in the wagon there, he didn't know but he should want it to wear home. He knew he was goin' to make a great exertion to-day and he thought he should sweat some. He's dretful easy to take cold."

"Why didn't he help you along with these 'ere children!" says I. "Oh, he said he had to make a great effort, an' he wanted to have his mind free and clear. He is one of the kind that can't have their minds trammeled."

"It would do him good to be trammeled hard."

"Oh, mum, don't speak so of him."

“Are you satisfied with his doin’s?”

“Oh, yes. You would too, mum, if you knew how beautiful he can talk.”

I said no more; for it is a rule of my life, not to make no disturbances in families. But the looks I cast at him and that air pretty gal, was cold enough to a’ froze ’em both into a male and female glazier.

The editor then came forward and said, “Before we leave this festive grove, I am requested to announce that a poem will be read by one of the fair young ladies of our town, which is dedicated to the Goddess of Liberty.” Sophrony Gowdey then came forward an’ recited the follerin’ lines.

“Before all causes East or West,
I love the Liberty cause the best,
I love its cheerful greetin’s.
No joys on earth can e’er compare
With those pure pleasures that we share
At Jonesville Liberty greetin’s—meetin’s—
Greet no,—meetin’s.
At Jonesville Liberty meetin’s.

To all the world I give my hand,
My heart is with that chosen band,
The Jonesville Liberty Brothers—
The Jonesville Liberty Brothers—
May every land preserved be,
Each land that dotes on Liberty,
Jonesville before all others.”

Lawyer Nugent then got up and said: “That whereas—the speakin’ was now foreclosed, he motioned they should adjourn *sine die* to the dinner table. The dinner was good, but there was an awful crowd round the tables an’ I was glad I wore my old lawn dress; for the children was thick, and so was the bread and butter an’ *sass* of all kinds. I jest plunged right into the heat o’ the battle, as you may say, an’ the spots on my dress skirt would a’ been too much for anybody that couldn’t count forty.

There was a number o’ pieces o’ toast drunk durin’ dinner. I can’t remember ’em all, but among ’em was these: “The Eagle of Liberty:—may her quills

lengthen till the proud shadder of her wings shall sweetly rest on every land."

"The 4th of July:—The star which our fathers tore from the ferocious mane of the howling lion of England, and set in the calm and majestic brow of E Pluribus Unum. May it gleam brighter and brighter, till the lion shall hide his dazzled eyes and cower like a stricken lamb at the feet of E Pluribus."

The last piece o' toast was Lawyer Nugent's, an' I s'pose when he got it off, he thought he was a gettin' off suthin' great. "The fair sect:—First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of their countrymen. May them that love the aforesaid flourish like a green bay berry tree; whereas—may them that hate 'em dwindle down into as near nuthin' as the bunnits of the aforesaid."

I went home a little while before the picnic broke, an' if there ever was a beat-out creetur, I was. I jest drapped my dilapidated form into a rocking-chair, an says I, "There needn't be another word said; I'll never go to another 4th o' July as long as my name is Josiah Allen's Wife."

"You haint patriotic enough, Samantha, you don't love your country."

"What good's it done to the country to hev me all torn to pieces? Look at my dress! Look at my bunnit and cape! Anybody ought to be iron-clad to stand it! Look at my dishes," says I.

"I guess the old heroes of the Revolution went through more'n that."

"Wall, I hain't an old hero."

"Wall, ye can honor 'em, can't ye?"

"Honor 'em! Josiah Allen, what good's it done to old Mr. Lafayette to hev my new earthen pie-plates all smashed to bits? What good has it done to Thomas Jefferson to have my lawn dress torn off me this way? What honor has it been to George Washington to have my straw bunnit flatted down tight to my head? I am sick of all this talk about honorin' these old heroes, and goin' through all these

performances to please 'em; fer if they're in heaven they can get along without hearin' the Jonesville brass band play, and if they ain't they are probably where fireworks hain't much of a rarity.—*Josiah Allen's Wife.*

THE VOICE OF THE HELPLESS.

I hear a wail from the woodland ;
 A cry from the forests dim ;
 A sound of woe from the sweet hedge-row,
 From the willows and reeds that rim
 The sedgy pools ; from the meadow grass,
 I hear the fitful cry, alas !

It drowns the throb of music,
 The laughter of childhood sweet,
 It seems to rise to the very skies,
 As I walk the crowded street ;
 When I wait on God in the house of prayer,
 I hear the sad wail even there.

'Tis the cry of the orphaned nestlings,
 'Tis the wail of the bird that sings
 His song of grace in the archer's face ;
 'Tis the flutter of broken wings ;
 'Tis the voice of helplessness—the cry
 Of many a woodland tragedy.

O, lovely, unthinking maiden,
 The wing that adorns your hat
 Has the radiance rare, that God placed there.
 But I see in the place of that,
 A mockery pitiful, deep, and sad,
 Of all things happy and glad.

O! mother, you clasp your darling,
 Close to your loving breast ;
 Think of that other, that tender mother,
 Brooding upon her nest ! .

In the little chirp from the field, and wood,
Does no sound touch your motherhood?

That little dead bird on your bonnet,
Is it worth the cruel wrong ;
The beauty you wear so proudly there,
Is the price of the silenced song ;
The humming bird band on your velvet dress
Mocks your womanly tenderness.

I hear a cry from the woodland,
A voice from the forest dim ;
A sound of woe from the sweet hedgerow,
From the willows and reeds that rim
The sedgy pool ; from the meadow grass
I hear the pitiful sound, alas !

Can you not hear it, my sister,
Above the heartless behest,
Of fashion that stands, with cruel hands,
Despoiling the songful nest ?
Above the voice have you never heard
The voice of the helpless, hunted bird ?

Demorest's Monthly.

THE GIN FIEND.

I.

The Gin Fiend cast his eyes abroad,
And look'd o'er all the land,
And number'd his myriad worshippers
With his bird-like, long right hand.
He took his place in the teeming street,
And watched the people go ;
Around and about, with a buzz and a shout,
Forever to and fro ;

“ And it’s hip ! ” said the Gin Fiend, “ hip, hurra !
 For the multitudes I see,
 Who offer themselves in sacrifice,
 And die for the love of me ! ”

II.

There stood a woman on a bridge,
 She was old, but not with years—
 Old with excess, and passion, and pain,
 And she wept remorseful tears
 As she gave to her babe her milkless breast ;
 Then, goaded by its cry,
 Made a desperate leap in the river deep,
 In the sight of the passers-by !
 “ And it’s hip ! ” said the Gin Fiend, “ hip, hurra !
 She sinks ;—but let her be !
 In life or death, whatever she did,
 Was all for the love of me ! ”

III.

There watch’d another by the hearth,
 With sullen face and thin ;
 She utter’d words of scorn and hate
 To one that stagger’d in.
 Long had she watch’d, and when he came
 His thoughts were bent on blood ;
 He could not brook her taunting look,
 And he slew her where she stood.
 “ And it’s hip ! ” said the Gin Fiend, “ hip, hurra !
 My right good friend is he ;
 He hath slain his wife, he hath given his life,
 And all for the love of me ! ”

IV.

And every day, in the crowded way,
 He takes his fearful stand,
 And numbers his myriad worshippers
 With his bird-like, long right hand ;

And every day, the weak and strong,
 Widows, and maids, and wives,
 Blood-warm, blood-cold, young men and old,
 Offer the Fiend their lives.
 "And it's hip!" he says, "hip! hip! hurra!
 For the multitudes I see;
 That sell their souls for the burning drink,
 And die for the love of me!"

FIRST SOLILOQUY OF A RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN.

Most strange! most queer!
 Though so excellent a change!
 Shades of the prison house, ye disappear;
 My fettered thoughts have won a wider range
 And like my legs are free.
 Free now, to pry and poke and peep and peer,
 And make these mysteries out.
 Shall a free-thinking chicken live in doubt?
 Yet now in doubt undoubtedly I am.
 This problem's very heavy on my mind.
 And I'm not one to either shirk or sham,
 I won't be blinded, and I won't be blind.

Now let me see. First I would know
 How I did get in there, then
 Where was I of yore?
 Besides, why didn't I get out before?
 Dear me! Here are three puzzles
 Out of plenty more.
 Enough to give me pip upon the brain,
 But let me think again,
 How do I know I ever was inside?
 Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
 Less than my reason and beneath my pride
 To think that I could dwell
 In such a paltry, miserable cell
 As that old shell.

Of course I couldn't.
How could I have been
Body and beak and feather, legs and wings,
And my deep heart's sublime imaginings
In there?

I meet the notion with profound disdain,
It's quite incredible, and I declare—
And I'm a chicken you can't deceive—
What I can't understand I won't believe.
Where did I come from then?
Ah, where indeed!
That is a riddle monstrous hard to read,
I have it! Why, of course,
All things are molded by some plastic force,
Out of some atom, somewhere up in space.
Fortuitously concurrent anyhow,
There now, that's plain
As the beak upon my face.

What's that I hear?
My mother cackling at me?
Just her way
So ignorant and prejudiced, I say.
So far behind the wisdom of the day,
What's old, I can't revere.
Hark at her!
"You're a silly chick, my dear,
That's quite as plain, alack,
As is the piece of shell upon your back!"
How bigoted! Upon my back indeed!
I don't believe it's there!
For I can't see it,
And I do declare,
For all her fond deceivin',
What I can't see, I never will believe in,
And that's all!

THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE FROM
"MACBETH."

(*Enter Lady Macbeth rubbing her hands.*)

Yet here's a spot! Out! out, damned spot! out, I say! One,—two,—why then 'tis time to do it! Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when there's none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

The Thane of Fife had a wife—Where is she now? What! Will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that! my lord, no more o' that! You mar all with this starting!

Here's the smell of the blood still! All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little hand! Oh! oh! oh!

Wash your hands! put on your night-gown! look not so pale! I tell you yet again Banquo's buried! He cannot come out of his grave! To bed! to bed! There's knocking at the gate! Come, come, come! Give me your hand! What's done cannot be undone! To bed! To bed! To bed!—*Shakespeare.*

THE CHILD-WIFE.

(*Prize Selection, June, 1888, N. Mo. State Normal.*)

All this time I had gone on loving Dora harder than ever. If I may so express it, I was steeped in Dora. I was not merely over head and ears in love with her, I was saturated through and through. I took night walks to Norwood where she lived, and perambulated round and round the house and garden for hours together: looking through crevices in the

palings, using violent exertions to get my chin above the rusty nails on top, blowing kisses at the lights in the windows and romantically calling on the night to shield my Dora,—I don't exactly know from what,—I suppose from mice, to which she had a great objection.

Dora had a discreet friend whose name was Miss Mills. Dora called her Julia. She was the bosom friend of Dora. Happy Miss Mills! One day she said to me: "Dora is coming to stay with me. She is coming the day after to-morrow. If you would like to call, I am sure papa would be happy to see you."

I spent three days in a luxury of wretchedness. At last arrayed for the purpose at a vast expense, I went to Miss Mills's fraught with a declaration. Mr. Mills was not at home. I didn't expect he would be. Nobody wanted *him*. Miss Mills was at home. And I was shown into a room where she and Dora were. Dora's little dog Jip was there. Miss Mills was copying music and Dora was painting flowers. What were my feelings when I recognized flowers I had given her! Miss Mills was very glad to see me, and very sorry her papa was not at home, though I thought we all bore that with fortitude. Miss Mills was conversational for a few minutes then got up and left the room.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"I hope your poor horse was not tired when he got home from that picnic," said Dora, lifting up her beautiful eyes. "It was a long way for him."

I began to think I would do it to-day.

"It was a long way for *him*, for *he* had nothing to uphold him on his journey."

"Wasn't he fed, poor thing?"

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"Ye—yes, he was well taken care of. I mean he had not the unutterable happiness that I had in being so near to you."

I saw now that I was in for it, and it must be done on the spot,

“I don't know why you should care for being near me, or why you should call it a happiness. But of course you don't mean what you say. Jip, you naughty boy, come here!”

I don't know how I did it, but I did it in a minute. I intercepted Jip. I had Dora in my arms. I was full of eloquence. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved her. I told her I should die without her. I told her that I idolized and worshipped her. Jip barked madly all the time, but my eloquence increased, and I said if she would like me to die for her, she had but to say the word and I was ready. I had loved her to distraction every minute, day and night, since I first set eyes upon her. I loved her at that minute to distraction. I should always love her every minute to distraction. Lovers had loved before, and lovers would love again; but no lover had ever loved, might, could, would or should love as I loved Dora. The more I raved the more Jip barked. Each of us in his own way got more mad every minute.

Well, well: Dora and I were sitting on the sofa, by and by quiet enough, and Jip was lying in her lap winking peacefully at me. It was off my mind. I was in a state of perfect rapture. Dora and I were engaged.

Being poor, I felt it necessary the next time I went to my darling to expatiate upon that unfortunate drawback. I soon carried desolation into the bosom of our joys—not that I meant to do it, but that I was so full of the subject—by asking Dora without the smallest preparation if she could love a beggar.

“How can you ask me anything so foolish? Love a beggar!”

“Dora, my own dearest, I am a beggar!”

“How can you be such a silly thing as to sit there telling such stories? I'll make Jip bite you if you are so ridiculous.”

But I looked so serious that Dora began to cry.

She did nothing but exclaim, Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And oh, she was so frightened! and where was Julia Mills? And oh, take her to Julia Mills, and go away, please! until I was almost beside myself. I thought I had killed her. I sprinkled water on her face; I went down on my knees; I plucked at my hair; I besought her forgiveness, and implored her to look up, which she finally did with a horrified expression which I gradually soothed until it was only loving and her soft pretty cheek was lying against mine.

“Is your heart mine still, dear Dora?”

“Oh, yes! Oh, yes! it’s all yours. Oh, don’t be dreadful.”

“My dearest love, the crust well earned——”

“Oh, yes; but I don’t want to hear any more about crusts. And after we are married, Jip must have his mutton chop every day at twelve or he’ll die.”

I was charmed with her childish, winning way, and I fondly explained to her that Jip should have his mutton chop with his accustomed regularity.

Time passed on and Dora and I were married. I doubt whether two young birds could have known less about housekeeping than I and my pretty Dora did. We had a servant of course. *She* kept house for us. And an awful time of it we had with Mary Ann. She was the cause of our first little quarrel.

“My dearest life,” I said one day to Dora, “do you think that Mary Ann has any idea of time?”

“Why, Doady?”

“Because, my love, it is five, and we were to have dined at four.—Don’t you think, my dear, it would be better for you to remonstrate with Mary Ann?”

“Oh, no, please! I couldn’t, Doady!”

“Why not, my love?”

“Oh, because I’m such a little goose, and she knows I am!”

I thought this sentiment so incompatible with the

establishment of any system of check upon Mary Ann that I frowned a little.

"My precious wife, we must be serious sometimes. Come sit down on this chair close beside me. Now let us talk sensibly. You know, my dear, it is not exactly comfortable to have to go out without one's dinner. Now is it?"

"N-n-n-no!"

"My love, how you tremble!"

"Because I know you are going to scold!"

"My sweet, I am only going to reason!"

"Oh, but reasoning is worse than scolding! I didn't marry to be reasoned with. If you meant to reason with such a poor little creature as I, you ought have told me so, you cruel boy!"

"Dora, my darling!"

"No, I am not your darling. Because you *must* be sorry you married me, or else you wouldn't reason with me!"

"Now, my own Dora, you are childish and are talking nonsense. You must remember, I am sure, that I was obliged to go out yesterday when dinner was half over; and that the day before, I was made quite ill by being obliged to eat underdone veal in a hurry; to-day, I don't dine at all, and I am afraid to say how long we waited for breakfast. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear, but this is not comfortable."

"Oh, you cruel, cruel boy, to say I am a disagreeable wife!"

"Now, my dear Dora, you must know that I never said that!"

"You said I wasn't comfortable!"

"I said the housekeeping was not comfortable!"

"It's exactly the same thing! and I wonder, I do, at your making such ungrateful speeches. When you know that the other day when you said you would like a little bit of fish, I went out myself, miles and miles, and ordered it just to surprise you."

"And it was very kind of you, my own darling; and I felt it so much, that I wouldn't on any account

have mentioned that you bought a salmon, which was too much for two, and that you paid one pound six, which is more than we can afford."

"You enjoyed it very much, and you said I was a mouse."

"And I'll say so again, my love, a thousand times!"

I said it a thousand times and went on saying it, until Dora was comforted and once more smiled upon me with those beautiful eyes.

"I am very sorry for all this, Doady," said Dora, at last. "Will you call me a name I want you to call me?"

"What is it, my love?"

"It's a stupid name,—child-wife. When you are going to be angry with me, say to yourself, 'It's only my child-wife.' When I am very disappointing, say, 'I knew a long time ago that she would make but a child-wife.' When you miss what you would like me to be, and what I should like to be, and what I think I never can be, say, 'Still my foolish child-wife loves me.' For indeed, I do, Doady."

I invoke the innocent figure I so dearly loved to come out of the mists and shadows of the past, and to turn its gentle head towards me once again, and to bear witness that it was made happy by what I answered.—*Charles Dickens.*

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

(Prize Selection, at the North Mo. State Normal, June, 1886.)

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other."

Thus my youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dakotas.

“Wed a maiden of your people,”
Warning spake the old Nokomis,
“Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearthstone
Is a neighbor’s homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!”

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: “Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!”

Gravely, then, said old Nokomis:
“Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman.”

Smiling answered Hiawatha,
“In the land of the Dakotas
Lives the Arrow-maker’s daughter
Minnehaha—Laughing Water,
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people.”

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dakotas,
Striding over moor and meadow
Through interminable forests
Till he heard the cataract’s laughter.

Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence,
“ Welcome, welcome, Hiawatha, Hiawatha ! ”

On the outskirts of the forest,
’Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha.
To his bow and arrow whispered,
“ Fail not, swerve not ! ”
Sent it singing on its errand
To the red heart of the roe-buck,
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam,
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker.
At his side in all her beauty
Sat the lovely Minnehaha.
Of the past the old man’s thoughts were,
But the maiden’s of the future.
He was thinking as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison
Shot the wild-goose flying southward,
She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Who one morning in the spring-time
Came to buy her father’s arrows,
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying as he rose to meet him,
“ Hiawatha, you are welcome.”

At the feet of Laughing Water
 Hiawatha laid his burden,
 And the maiden looked up at him,
 Said with gentle look and accent,
 "You are welcome, Hiawatha."

Then the lovely Laughing Water
 Listened while the guest was speaking
 Yea as in a dream she listened
 To the words of Hiawatha,
 As he told of old Nokomis
 Who had nursed him in his childhood,
 As he told of his companions
 In the pleasant land and peaceful.
 "That this peace may last forever,
 And our hearts be more united,
 Give me as my wife this maiden,
 Minnehaha—Laughing Water."
 "Yes—if Minnehaha wishes,
 Let your heart speak, Minnehaha."

Then the lovely Laughing Water
 Said, and blushed to say it,
 "I will follow you, my husband."
 This was Hiawatha's wooing,
 Thus it was he won the daughter
 Of the tribe of the Dokotas.

From the wigwam he departed
 Leading with him Laughing Water.
 Left the old man standing lonely
 At the doorway of his wigwam,
 While the Falls of Minnehaha
 Called unto them from the distance
 Crying to them from afar off—
 "Fare-thee-well, O Minnehaha!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
 All the traveling winds went with them,
 All the stars of night watched o'er them,
 And the rabbit and the squirrel,

Scampered from the path before them
 Peeping, peeping from their burrows
 Watched with curious eyes the lovers.
 From the sky the sun benignant
 Looked upon them through the branches,
 Saying to them, "oh, my children,
 Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
 Rule by love, O Hiawatha."

From the sky the moon looked at them,
 Filled the mystic lodge with splendors,
 Whispered to them, "oh, my children,
 Day is restless, night is quiet,
 Man imperious, woman feeble,
 Rule by patience, Laughing Water."

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
 All the birds sang loud and sweetly
 Songs of happiness and hearts-ease,
 Sang the bobolink from the meadow,
 "Happy are you, Hiawatha
 Having such a wife to love you,
 Happy are you, Minnehaha,
 Having such a noble husband."

Longfellow.

THE FAMINE.

Oh, the long and dreary winter!
 Oh, the cold and cruel winter!
 Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
 Froze the ice on lake and river;
 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
 Fell the snow o'er all the landscape.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
 Could the hunter force a passage
 Vainly walked he through the forest,
 Sought for bird or beast and found none,

Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the ghastly gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise for weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

Oh, the famine and the fever!
Oh, the wasting of the famine!
Oh, the blasting of the fever!
All the earth was sick and famished;
All the air and sky were hungry.

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy;
Sat there without word of welcome,
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow,
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer.
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha,
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not,
And he cried with face uplifted,
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!
Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far resounding forest

Through the forest vast and vacant,
 Rang that cry of desolation,
 But there came no other answer,
 Than the echo of his crying,
 "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
 And the gloomy guests that watched her,
 She was lying, the beloved,
 She the dying Minnehaha.
 "Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
 Hear a roaring and a rushing,
 Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
 Calling to me from the distance!"
 "No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
 "'Tis the night wind in the pine trees!"
 "Look!" she said, "I see my father
 Standing lonely at his doorway,
 Beckoning to me from his wigwam!"
 "No, my child," said old Nokomis,
 "'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"
 "Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
 Glare upon me in the darkness,
 I can feel his icy fingers
 Clasp mine amid the darkness!
 Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
 Far away among the mountains,
 Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
 Heard the voice of Minnehaha
 Calling to him from the distance,
 "Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
 Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
 Empty-handed—heavy-hearted,
 Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing;
 "Would that I had perished for you,
 Would that I were dead as you are,
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
 And he rushed into the wigwam,

Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish
That the forest moaned and shuddered.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
At the feet of Minnehaha,
At those willing feet that never
More would lightly run to meet him
Never more would lightly follow.
As in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.
Then they buried Minnehaha ;
In the snow a grave they made her,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow-like ermine.
“ Farewell ! ” said he, “ Minnehaha ; ’
Farewell, O my Laughing Water !
All my heart is buried with you
All my thoughts go onward with you !
Come not back again to suffer
When the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Land of the Hereafter.”

Longfellow.

THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

O, dear ! I'se so drefful tired, been washin' so hard
mose all day ;
S'pect these thöse had better be ironed, hope mamma
'll keep Freddie away,

He bovers me so, and 'll wake Lottie, 'fore it's time
to take her up.
Then she kies and kies so naughty, I dives her some
soofsin syrup.

Guess Dollie's tuttin' her toofies, tause she kies so
mose ever day;
I'll buy her a wubber to bite on, I'se dot free cents
for the pay.
I must dit somebody's to hep me, I'se dot so much
works for to do!
Dollie must have two or free dresses, and a cloak
made "a la Watteau."

Guess its about time to dit dinner, tause Lottie 'll
want somesin to eat;
My sakes! I mose tut my finner, tryin' to slice that
cold meat.
I'll borrow some zerves of my mamma, 'tause her's
dot lots of 'em I know,
She teeps 'em up high in the tloset, I heard her
tell B'iget so.

I detlare! this house does look awful; I wonder
what mamma will say
'Bout the water I 'pilled on the tarpet, when I'se
taten' the tubs away.
B'ess me! if Lottie hain't wakin', and kien and
kien to be taked;
And I hain't dot dinner ready, the tookies ain't
more'n half baked.

O, dear! this world's full of trouble, and baby's as
cross as a bear
With a sore head; and my life is chuck full of sorrer
and tare.
Tum to your muzzer, you dear 'ittle wose-bud, you're
sweeter than whole lots of pinks,
Be a dood dirl now and keep very quiet and muzzer
will sing "Cap'n Jinks."

THE PRESENT AGE.

(Prize Declamation, May, 1890, N. Mo. State Normal.)

The Present Age. In those brief words what a world of thought is comprehended! What infinite movements! What joys and sorrows! What hope and despair! What faith and doubt! What silent grief and loud lament! What fierce conflicts and subtle schemes of policy! What private and public revolutions!

In the period through which many of us have passed, what thrones have been shaken! What hearts have bled! What millions have been butchered by their fellow men! What hopes of philanthropy have been blighted!

At the same time what magnificent enterprises have been achieved! What new provinces won to science and art! What rights and liberties secured to nations! Aye—it is a privilege to have lived in an age so stirring, so eventful! It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible.

Amid its events the American Revolution—the first distinct, solemn assertion of the rights of men—and the French Revolution—that volcanic force, which shook the earth to its very centre—are never to pass from men's minds. Over this age the night will indeed gather more and more as time rolls away; but in that night two forms will appear. Washington and Napoleon! The one a lurid meteor, the other a benign, serene, and undecaying star.

Another American name will appear in history. Your Franklin; and the kite which brought lightning from heaven, will be seen sailing in the clouds by remote posterity when the city where he dwelt may be known only by its ruins.

There is, however, something greater in the age than its greatest men ; it is the appearance of a new power in the world, the appearance of the multitude on the stage, where as yet the few have acted their parts alone. This influence is to endure to the end of time. What more of the present is to survive? Perhaps much of which we now take no note. The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day which we have not deigned to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker among us is at work in his closet, whose name is to fill the earth. Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer who is to move the church, and the world ; who is to open a new era in history, who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring.

What else is to survive the age? That which the age has little thought of, but which is living in us all ; I mean the soul, the immortal Spirit ! Of this, all ages are the unfolding, and it is greater than all. We must not feel in the contemplation of the vast movements in our own and former times, as if we ourselves were nothing. I repeat it, we are greater than all. We are to survive our age, to comprehend it, and to pronounce its sentence.—*W. E. Channing.*

MR. HORNER ON GRUMBLE CORNER.

I knew a man and his name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner ;
Grumble Corner in Cross Patch Town,
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this ; he grumbled at that ;
He growled at the dog ; he growled at the cat ;
He grumbled at morning ; he grumbled at night ;
And to grumble and growl was his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he ;
And all the children wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain ;
And if there was never a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought

His meals were never to suit his taste ;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste ;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other begin to growl.

One day as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown that it used to wear.
" I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head ;
" But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner
Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner !"

I met him next day, and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When stocks were up and when stocks were down ;
But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much ; and so one day
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said : " Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so ?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said, with none of the old-time drawl :
" Why, I've changed my residence, that is all !"

“Changed your residence?” “Yes,” said Horner,
“It wasn’t healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved: ’twas a change complete,
And you’ll find me now on Thanksgiving Street!”

Now, every day, as I move along
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell;
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.

New York Independent.

“FLIGHT OF THE ANGEL GABRIEL.”

Conceive, if you can, the splendors that must have burst upon the eye of that fair Intelligence, as he floats off from the Heavenly World, and directs his flight toward the earth. On he speeds, through suns and systems, and starry groups, while constellation after constellation rises rapidly around him everywhere, greeting at every stage new glories, that call forth new praises to Him who gave to his mighty pinions their power. On the right he beholds a grand star system, in form like unto a lily, glittering with the dew of heaven; on the left, another grand cluster stands out against the black background of the sky, like a vast pillar, on whose summit the light of the “Beautiful Land” is playing. Another still is seen, in form like unto a rose, as though blooming in the garden of God; while others still, resemble goblets, sparkling to the brim with celestial light. On, he speeds, while suns and systems blaze up in wild splendor, then recede into the awful depths behind him. At length one great, grand cluster appears, in form

like unto a ring, as though made of the finger of Deity—'tis the Milky Way, to which our sun belongs. He speeds toward it, and passes in among its constellations.

To the north he beholds Cassiopeia, on her five-starred throne; farther south great Orion appears with his blazon belt and Sirius burning in his awful lustre. Not far off the Pleiades appear, glittering with supernal splendor, like a breast-plate on the bosom of Deity—the Urim and Thummim of the Eternal! Far to the south the Southern Cross appears, its blood-red stars typical of the blood shed upon another cross 18 centuries ago. At length a brilliant star catches his eye. 'Tis our sun! He speeds toward it, and passes in among the planetary bodies. First come Neptune and Uranus, then Saturn with his many moons, and glittering ring systems. Then he beholds great Jupiter—great Titan of the sky! and the little red planet Mars. Close to the sun the little sparklers, Mercury and Vulcan, appear, and Venus, quivering in the ambient air, till at length one little blue star catches his eye—'tis our earth. He speeds toward it; hovers 'round it for a moment, like a humming-bird 'round a flower—dips into its blue atmosphere: and alights at the feet of the astonished Daniel at the hour of the evening oblation! Beloved, such may be life among the stars! If so, may such life be yours and mine.—*Prof. Ferguson.*

BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheeks like a warm white rose?
I saw some thing better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

MacDonald.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

Miss Flora McFlimsy of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me each time she was there
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris,
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping
In one continuous round of shopping.
Shopping alone and shopping together,
At all hours of the day and in all sorts of weather
For all manner of things that a woman could put
On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned or laced,

Or tied on with a string or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below.

Dresses for home, and the street, and the hall,
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall,
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in,
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in,
And dresses to do nothing at all in.
All of them different in color and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet and satin.
Nothing to wear! why I've heard her declare,
When at the same moment, she had on a dress,
That cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
That she "had not a thing in the wide world to wear."

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw
All the rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal,
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections
Of those fossil remains, which she termed her affec-
tions.

Well, having thus wooed Miss McFlimsy and gained
her,

With the silks, crinolines and hoops that contained
her,

I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder,
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort, by day and by night.
And it being the week of the Stuckup's grand ball,
I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.

She turned as I entered, "Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers to dinner."
"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,
So, being relieved from that duty, I followed inclina-
tion,

Which leads me, you see, to your door.

And now, will your ladyship so condescend
 As just to inform me if you intend,
 Your beauty, and grace, and presence to lend,
 To the Stuckup's grand party to-morrow?"
 The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
 And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, my dear,
 I should love above all things to go with you there,
 But really, and truly, *I've nothing to wear.*"

"*Nothing to wear?* Go just as you are,
 Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
 I am sure, the most bright and particular star,
 On the Stuckup horizon." I stopped, for her eye,
 Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
 Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
 Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
 But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose—
 That pure Grecian feature—as much as to say,
 "How absurd that any sane man should suppose
 That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
 No matter how fine, that she wears every day."

So I ventured again, "Wear your crimson brocade."
 Second turn up of nose—"That's too dark by a shade."
 "Your blue silk." "That's too heavy."
 "Your pink then." "That's too light."
 "Wear tulle over satin." "Oh, Harry, I can't endure
 white."
 "Your rose-color then, the best of the batch."
 "But I haven't a thread of point-lace to match."
 "Your brown moire antique." "Yes, and look like
 a Quaker."
 "Your pearl-colored." "I would, but that plaguy
 dressmaker
 Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,
 In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
 Here the nose took again that same elevation—
 "I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation!"
 "Why not? 'Tis lovely as can be."
 "Yes, but dear me, that lean Sophronia Stuckup

Has one just like it, and I won't appear
Dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarin."

"Which most of all isn't fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed in a tone which quite
crushed

Opposition, "that gorgeous toilet which you sported
In Paris last spring at the grand presentation
When you quite turned the heads of the nation."

"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that with the rest of my dresses is ripped up."

Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent though,—but to use an expression
More striking than classic,—It settled my hash,
And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"I wonder the ceiling doesn't fall down

And crush you, oh, you men have no feeling ;

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,

Who set yourselves up for patterns and preachers.

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,

And its perfectly plain, you not only don't care

But you do not believe me,—here the nose went still
higher.

I suppose if you dared, sir, you'd call me a liar.

Our engagement is ended, sir, yes, on the spot,

You're a brute and a monster, and—I don't know
what."

I mildly suggested the words, Hottentot,

Pickpocket and cannibal—Tartar and thief,

As gentle expletives that might bring relief.

But this only proved as spark to the powder,

And the storm I had raised came faster and louder.

It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite
failed

To express the abusive, and then its arrears,
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears.
Well, I felt for the lady, and I felt for my hat,
And without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry I scarcely know how,
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and upstairs in my own easy-chair,
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself as I lit my cigar,
“Supposing a man had the wealth of a czar
Of the Russias to boot, could he ever be happy
Or have much to spare,
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?”

Oh, ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day,
Just trundle your hoops out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
Its temples of trade towering high on each side,
To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt,
Their children have gathered, their hovels have built;
Where hunger and vice like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair.
Raise the rich dainty dress and the fine, broidered skirt
Pick your delicate way through dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked lie crouched from the cold.
See those poor pinched limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised from the stones of the street.
Hear the sharp cry of childhood—the deep groans
that swell
From the poor dying creatures that writhe on the
floor,
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door.
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,
Spoiled children of fashion, you’ve nothing to wear.

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right that so puzzles us here,

Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of time
 Fade and die in the light of that region sublime.
 Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
 Unscreened by its trappings and shows and pretense,
 Must be clothed for the life and the service above
 With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love,
 Oh, daughters of earth, foolish virgins, beware
 Lest in that upper realm, you've nothing to wear.

Butler.

THE LITTLE SCHEHEREZADE.

I wantsh to tell you some stories!
 Pull one of your ears down—so!
 Don't smoke in befront of my face, pa,
 I'll sit on this clicket—down low.

There once was a beautiful p'incess—
 I'm too low enough; you can't hear.
 I'll climb up a-top on your shoulder,
 And whisper it into your ear.

This p'incess kept sleeping and sleeping
 Till somebody gave her a kiss
 That woke her; for she was enchanted!
 She'd waited whole years just for this.

Let me see!—Oh—This beautiful p'incess—
 She wasn't but 'bout big as me,—
 This ain't the bess' p'ace to tell stories
 Hop me down, and le's sit on your knee.

Ain't it fun? And it rides just as easy—
 What's that? "Better stick to my text?"
 'Tain't sermons!—it's stories! and papa,
 I—kind of—can't think—what comes next!

“ Don't believe I had any stories ? ”
 I *had*—suts a nice one ! but now
 I shall just let you tell your own stories !
 Shan't tell you a single spec how

The p'incess grew up to a woman,—
 I thought you'd be solly ! don't cly !
 Next time you'll be patient and listen—
 My dollies are calling—Good-bye !

THE DAY OF PEACE.

Though at last our tears are banished,
 And our garners are replenished,
 Sixteen years have come and vanished
 Since the nation's long roll beat ;
 When from farm and town and village,
 Leaving business, art and tillage,
 Forth to scenes of strife and pillage
 Trod our armies' fateful feet.

Four long years of fiercest fighting,
 Only demons' eyes delighting,
 And a bloody record writing,
 Left us starved and sick and sore.
 Four long years of wild disorder,
 Spreading death from coast to border,
 Brought at last the welcome order,
 “ Peace ! Stack arms ! we war no more ! ”

Other years of dark suspicion,
 While sweet Peace beheld her mission
 Failing of its fair fruition,
 And the land was cold and dead ;
 Years of jarring claims and races,
 Hardened hearts and darkened faces,
 Vacant hearths and desolate places,
 Homes from which all hope had fled.

Long the clouds so grim and leaden
All the face of nature deaden,
Till the dawn begins to redden
Signaling the day to all,
Then a breeze of better feeling
Freer trust and honest dealing,
Sweeps across the sky, revealing
Spaces through the gloomy pall.

From the depths so pure and holy
Come the star-beams, faintly, slowly,
Joyful gleams to high and lowly--
Thus our long lost stars return.
Slowly works the gracious planner,
Till upon our blessed banner,
In the old accustomed manner
All its glories shine and burn.

Peace, the giver of great blessing.
Now, our length and breadth possessing,
Full of comfort and caressing
Smiles from out the sky at last.
States united and co-equal
In their olden accents speak well
Of a bright and happy sequel
To the story of the past.

Past at length the nation's quarrel,
War has taught its wholesome moral,
Foemen meet to twine the laurel
For the heroes whom they fought.
Past the strife of race and color,
Lines of passion, growing duller,
Fade before the freer, fuller,
Better ways that God has wrought.

Sad was war, but sweet our peace is ;
Blest is sorrow when it ceases ;
With our hope our strength increases,

And anew our race we run,
Sections tending to each other,
Just as brother grows to brother,
When the passions sink and smother,
And the day of strife is done.

Northland, Southland, Eastland, Westland,
None the worst, and none the best land,
All together form the best land,
Fused in war's fierce furnace heat.
Never more shall fate divide us,
Ne'er again the furies ride us,
Nor can any ill betide us,
While the Union's heart shall beat.

Oh, if peace could but restore us,
To this banner floating o'er us,
Brothers who have gone before us,
Whom to-day we meet to mourn!
But they see with clearer vision,
In their far-off homes elysian,
And partake of our fruition,
To a new existence born.

Nevermore in strife contending,
From the heaven above us bending,
While our praise and prayer ascending
Tell them they are not forgot.
Joyfully they now discover
That the white-robed angels hover
All their resting places over,
Hallowing each sacred spot.

Nevermore the gallant legions,
Yonder in the starry regions,
Strive for this or that allegiance.
All with them is peace and love.
We, as they, past our defilement,
Guiltless now of vain revilement,
Find at last our reconciliation;
Peace is here, as there above.

Let us, then, tread softly, lightly,
And with garlands gleaming brightly,
Make the resting places sightly
Of our heroes 'neath the sod.
All were ours, and all together,
Through the battles' bitter weather,
Loosed for us their human tether;
All together went to God.

Let us fit our new condition,
So that never false ambition
Shall prevail against our mission,
Or disturb our high career;
And remember in our weeping,
Though their bodies still are sleeping,
That our faithful dead are keeping
Watch above the living here.

Ours the hopes of saints and sages,
Ours to spread on history's pages
Records that to future ages
Show a people grand, sublime.
Ours to tell the sweetest story,
Ours to teach the truest glory,
Till the wheeling world grows hoary,
And we near the end of time.

Thus our gay and gleaming garlands,
Fairest fruits of near and far lands
Tell to those who dwell in star lands,
What is now and is to be.
Thus our deeds to-day are showing
How the breeze of peace is blowing,
And a future beyond knowing,
Waits the continent of the free.

E. T. Willet.

UNCROWNED AMONG THE NATIONS.

She stands uncrowned among the nations! Her sufferings have been unexampled and her patient endurance towers up among the facts that are pyramids in history. After driving the Danish viking into the seas, she has seen the Anglo-Norman robber wave his banner o'er the loveliest spots in her realm. But through treachery and famine, through glory and disgrace, through persecution and death, she remains after a thousand years, the unsullied Queen, upon whose bright escutcheon there is not a stain save the silver dropping of her own tears.

She stands uncrowned among the nations, a weeping mother, whose only solace is wandering among the tombs of her children. She rests her wearied limbs beside the sarcophagus of O'Connell—and over Glasnevin cemetery spreads a glorious Irish twilight. Above—the sun retiring after his long journey disrobes on the horizon's edge, and carelessly scatters his garments of crimson, emerald and gold, upon the floor of heaven. The lovely queen of night glides forth upon the scene, and from her ebony sieve shakes whole myriads of stars. Below—the tall shafts of monumental granite throw their long shadows, like a canopy of black spears, over the little mounds at their feet, and the roses, and the lilies, and the blue forget-me-nots in their circling guard of shamrocks, awake from their vesper sleep, re-open their petals, and telephone in odorous voices sweet greetings to their shining sisters blossoming in the infinite meadows of heaven. The soul of the Liberator hovers around the scene, and after paying the tribute of a bended knee to the Lady of his Love with a divine wand, he touches his skeleton body in

its marble shroud, and forth from the fleshless lips
come the true words he was so wont to use,

“ Hereditary bondmen, know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow.”

She stands uncrowned among the nations! The summer sunlight falls unheeded upon the curls of her golden hair, and the winter frost, unnoted, scatters his clusters of pearls upon her livery of mourning. But even amid the hail, the rain, and the storm, she finds it ecstasy to sit beside the window of John of Tuam and listen to the soft strains of her own harp as it responds in melodious voice to the touch of the fast withering fingers of the greatest of her living sons. And when the songs of her ancient bards in her own language as an accompaniment fall tremulously from his aged lips, a delirium of memories crowd upon her and she vanishes into the night.

She stands uncrowned among the nations! Kneeling on the green sward of Robert Emmet's grave and resting her head upon its unmarked headstone, she clasps her hands around it and in an agony of prayer, cries out, “ O, my God, when shall his epitaph be written ?” At the early morning she is in Clare listening to Charles Stewart Parnell. She sees at one end of the platform the Irish flag and at the other the American. She is not satisfied—clad in her royal robes, albeit of black, she ascends that platform and taking in one hand her own banner of green, and in the other the “ Stars and Stripes,” under which her exiled children find so secure a shelter, with her own deft fingers, she irrevocably intertwines them, and upon their dual folds, in letters of living light, she inscribes the prophetic device: “ These together shall conquer.”

She stands uncrowned among the nations! Doffing her queenly garments, and in the attire of a felon, she sits beside Michael Davitt in his lonely prison cell. Twining her arms about his neck with all a

mother's fondness she sings to him the Irish lullabies of his babyhood, and in accents mournful but emphatic bids him be patient for God is just.

She stands uncrowned among the nations! The most beautiful type the world has ever seen, a mother of sons who have influenced human thought and human action in every class and on every stage. As did Abraham of old, she has offered up to God, for seven hundred years, a holocaust of her children, though He, as yet, has never averted the sacrificial knife. She fashioned the brain of Burke, and silver-tipped the tongue of Grattan. She gave Wellington his sword, Swift his pen, and Moore his lyre. From the superabundance of her jewels she presented Spain with O'Donnell, Austria with Nugent, France with Sarsfield, and America with Meagher. Yet with all her beauty and with all her intellect she stands alone and uncrowned among the nations.

But when she is crowned, and the day is not far distant, the tiara that encircles her forehead will be all of diamonds! Crowned with freedom, blessed with happiness! God speed the day!

J. D. Finney.

ADOWN THE FIELD TOGETHER.

The blackbird pipes his solemn notes
 Through copse and dreamy hollow ;
 The air is fanned by myriad wings
 Of the brown low-flying swallow ;
 As hand in hand, at twilight hour,
 In the hazy autumn weather,
 A lass and sun-brown harvester
 Stroll down the field together.

All day he has bound the yellow sheaves
 With a patient hand and willing,
 For the wealth of his own new home is stored
 In the granary he is filling ;

And all the gain or reward he asks,
Is to know that through the heather
A lad and lassie at set of sun,
Shall roam the field together.

What is it to happy hearts and young,
That the sere, sad leaves are falling?
They hear but the cheery voice of love
To his sweetheart gently calling;
And close as he bound the yellow sheaves
In the gleaming Autumn weather,
Sly Cupid binds their tender hearts
With love's gold bands together.

The field of stubble will soon grow brown
The frosts will chill the meadows,
Highland and lowland—garden and lawn
Will fade in the deep'ning shadows;
But, bright as the sun on a thousand hills,
Will seem the Autumn weather
When hand in hand to the dear old kirk
They wend their way together.

On and on the years shall roll,
And sweeter grows love's story,
Till head of brown, and head of gold
Shall lose youth's crown of glory;
While adown the field of golden sheaves,
In the sombre Autumn weather,
A tottering man, a feeble dame,
Shall slowly walk together.

Ah! Who will remember the harvest hour,
Of the youthful maid and lover,
When life's gray sheaves are bound at last
And life's brief dream is over?
When the fields shall o'er-run with weeds,
And none shall roam the heather,
While, side by side in the old kirk-yard
The twain shall rest together.

Louise Upham.

“THE WORLD FOR SALE.”

The world for sale ! Hang out the sign,
 Call every traveller here to me :
 Who'll buy this brave estate of mine
 And set me from earth's bondage free ?
 'Tis going ! Yes, I mean to fling
 This bauble from my soul away ;
 I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring :
 The world at auction here to-day !

It is a glorious thing to see ;
 Ah, it has cheated me sore !
 It is not what it seems to be.
 For sale ! It shall be mine no more.
 Come, turn it o'er and view it well ;
 I would not have you purchase dear :
 'Tis going ! go—ing ! I must sell !
 Who bids ?—Who'll buy the splendid tear ?

Here's wealth in glittering heaps of gold :
 Who bids ?—But, let me tell you fair,
 A baser lot was never sold :—
 Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care ?
 And here, spread out in broad domain,
 A goodly landscape all may trace ;
 Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill and plain—
 Who'll buy himself a burial place ?

Here's Love, the dreamy, potent spell
 That beauty flings around the heart :
 I know its power, alas ! too well :
 'Tis going ! Love and I must part !
 Must part !—What can I more with Love ?
 All over the enchanter's reign ;
 Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,
 An hour of bliss, an age of pain ?

And friendship, rarest gem of earth,
 (Whoe'er hath found the jewel his?)
 Frail, fickle, false and little worth:
 Who bids for friendship—as it is?
 'Tis going! go—ing! Hear the call:
 Once, twice and thrice?—'Tis very low!
 'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all;
 But now the broken shaft must go!

Fame! Hold the brilliant meteor high.
 How dazzling every gilded name!
 Ye millions, now's the time to buy!
 How much for fame? How much for fame?
 Hear how it thunders! Would you stand
 On high Olympus, far renowned?
 Now purchase, and a world command!
 And be with a world's curses crowned.

Sweet star of hope! with ray to shine
 In every sad, foreboding breast
 Save this desponding one of mine:
 Who bids for man's last friend and best?
 Ah, were not mine a bankrupt life,
 This treasure should my soul sustain:
 But Hope and I are now at strife,
 Nor ever may unite again.

And song! for sale my tuneless lute,
 Sweet solace, mine no more to hold;
 The chords that charmed my soul are mute;
 I cannot wake the notes of old!
 Or e'en were mine a wizard shell,
 Could chain a world in raptures high,
 Yet now, a sad farewell! farewell!
 Must on its last faint echoes die.

Ambition, fashion, show and pride,
 I part from all forever now;
 Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
 Has taught my haughty heart to bow

Poor heart ! distracted, ah, so long,
 And still its aching throb to bear ;
 Now broken, that was once so strong !
 Now heavy, once so free from care !

No more for me life's fitful dream :
 Bright visions, vanishing away !
 My bark requires a deeper stream,
 My sinking soul a surer stay.
 By Death—stern sheriff—all bereft,
 I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod,
 The best of all I still have left,
 My Faith, my Bible, and my God.

Ralph Hoyt.

THIRTEEN AND DOLLY.

Oh, Dolly, dear Dolly, I'm thirteen to-day,
 And surely 'tis time to be stopping my play !
 My treasures so childish must be put aside ;
 I think, Henrietta, I'll play that you died ;
 I'm growing so old, that of course it won't do
 To care for a dolly,—not even for you.

Almost a young lady, I'll soon wear a train,
 And do up my hair ; but I'll never be vain ;
 I'll study and study and grow very wise.—
 Come, Dolly, sit up now, and open your eyes :
 I'll tie on this cap with its ruffles of lace,
 It always looks sweet round your beautiful face.

I'll bring out your dresses, so pretty and gay,
 And fold them all smoothly and put them away :
 This white one is lovely, with sash and pink bows—
 Ah, I was so happy while making your clothes !
 And here is your apron, with pockets so small,
 This dear little apron, 'tis nicest of all.

And now for your trunk, I will lay them all in—
 Oh Dolly, dear Dolly, how can I begin!
 How oft of our journeys I'll think with a sigh,
 We've traveled together so much, you and I!
 All over the fields and the garden we went,
 And played we were gypsies and lived in a tent.

We tried keeping house in so many queer ways,
 Out under the trees in the warm summer days!
 We moved to the arbor and played that the flowers
 Were housekeepers too, and were neighbors of ours.
 We lived in the hay-loft and slid down the ricks,
 And went out to call on the turkeys and chicks.

Now here is your cradle with lining of blue,
 And soft little pillow—I know what I'll do
 I'll rock you and sing my last lullaby song,
 And I'll—No, I can't give you up! 'Twill be wrong!
 So sad is my heart, and here comes a big tear—
 Come back to my arms, oh, you precious old dear.

St. Nicholas Magazine.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

News of battle! News of battle!
 Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
 And the archways and the pavement
 Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
 News of battle! Who hath brought it?
 News of triumph? Who should bring
 Tidings from our noble army,
 Greetings from our gallant King?
 All last night we watched the beacons
 Blazing on the hills afar,
 Each one bearing as it kindled,
 Message of the opened war.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?

All are thronging to the gate;

“Warder—warder! open quickly;

Man—is this a time to wait?”

And the heavy gates are opened:

Then a murmur, long and loud,

And a cry of fear and wonder

Bursts from out the bending crowd.

For they see in battered harness

Only one hard-stricken man;

And his weary steed is wounded,

And his cheek is pale and wan;

Spearless hangs a bloody banner

In his weak and drooping hand—

God! Can that be Randolph Murray,

Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying,

“Tell us all; oh, tell us true!

Where are they who went to battle,

Randolph Murray, sworn to you?

Where are they, our brothers—children?

Have they met the English foe?

Why art thou, alone, unfollowed?

Is it weal or is it woe?

By the God that made thee, Randolph!

Tell us what mischance hath come.”

Then he lifts his riven banner,

And the asker’s voice is dumb.

While up rose the Provost—

A brave old man was he,

Of ancient name and knightly fame,

And chivalrous degree.

For, with a father’s pride,

He saw his last remaining son

Go forth by Randolph’s side,

With casque on head and spur on heel,

All keen to do and dare;

And proudly did that gallant boy

Dunedin’s banner bear.

Oh! woeful now was the old man's look,
 And he spake right heavily—
 "Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
 However sharp they be!
 Woe is written on thy visage,
 Death is looking from thy face,
 Speak! though it be of overthrow,
 It cannot be disgrace!"

Randolph gave the riven banner
 To the Provost's shaking hand,
 Saying, "That is all I bring ye
 From the bravest of the land.
 Ay! ye may look upon it—
 It was guarded well and long,
 By your brothers and your children,
 By the valiant and the strong.
 One by one they fell around it,
 As the archers laid them low,
 Grimly dying, still unconquered,
 With their faces to the foe.
 Ay! ye may look upon it,—
 There is more than honor there,
 Else, be sure, I had not brought it
 From the field of dark despair.
 Never yet was royal banner
 Steeped in such a costly dye;
 It hath lain upon a bosom
 Where no other shroud shall lie.
 Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy;
 Keep it as a sacred thing,
 For the stain ye see upon it
 Was the life-blood of your King!"

Woe, and woe, and lamentation!
 What a piteous cry was there!
 Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
 Then the Provost uprose,

And his lip was ashen white ;
 But a flush was on his brow
 And his eye was full of light.
 "Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
 Like a soldier stout and true ;
 Thou hast done a deed of daring
 Had been perilled but by few,
 For thou hast not shamed to face us,
 Nor to speak thy ghastly tale.
 Now, as my God shall judge me,
 I hold it braver done,
 Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
 And died above my son !
 Thou need'st not tell it ; he is dead.
 God help us all this day !
 But speak—how fought the citizens
 Within the furious fray ?
 For by the might of Mary !
 'Twere something still to tell
 That no Scottish foot went backward
 When the Royal Lion fell !"

"No one failed him ! He is keeping
 Royal state and semblance still ;
 Knight and noble lie around him,
 Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.
 Of the brave and gallant-hearted,
 Whom you sent with prayers away,
 Not a single man departed
 From his monarch yesterday,
 Had you seen them, O my Masters,
 When the night began to fall,
 Every stone a Scottish body,
 Every step a corpse in mail !
 And behind it lay our monarch,
 Clenching still his shivered sword ;
 By his side Montrose and Athole,
 At his feet a Southern lord.
 All so thick they lay together,

When the stars lit up the sky,
That I knew not who were stricken,
Or who yet remained to die.
Few there were when Surrey halted,
And his wearied host withdrew ;
None but dying men around him
When the English trumpet blew.
Then I stooped, and took the banner
As you see it, from his breast,
And I closed our hero's eyelids,
And I left him to his rest.
In the mountains growled the thunder,
As I leaped the woful wall,
And the heavy clouds were settling
Over Flodden, like a pall."

W. E. Aytoun.

THE CASE OF MRS. MOLL.

Mrs. Rebecca Moll was one of those unfortunate women who are always "ailin'." She was never free from a "misery" of some kind, and never knew what it was to see "a well day." Her conversation chiefly referred to the diseases she was suffering from, those she had had, and those she expected to have. She loved to dwell upon the many times that "four doctors had given her up," and when it was confidently supposed that "every breath would be her last." Her friends were, indeed, somewhat sceptical in regard to the genuineness of Mrs. Rebecca Moll's maladies. They doubted her oft-repeated statement that she had had the small-pox, the genuine Asiatic cholera, and the yellow fever; for it was proved that on the day following that on which all these diseases were at their height, Mrs. Moll had walked three miles to a quilting; but when reminded of this fact she said, calmly, "Some folks git over sickness quicker'n others, and I'm one of that kind."

There was one person who had firm faith in the genuineness of all Mrs. Moll's maladies, and that person was her patient and affectionate husband, Mr. Pliny Moll. "What my Becky has endoored no one but me and her knows," he often said, earnestly. "Many an' a-many's the time I've set by her sick bedside an' said to myself, 'Is she a-breathin' or ain't she a-breathin'?' an' I've riz to my feet thinkin' I was a widow man *this* time—yes, sir. An' ag'in when she's been sittin' right in her chair I've looked at her an' said, 'You dead, Becky Moll?' an' when she'd say, so feeble like, 'I ain't *quite*, Pliny,' I've said to myself, 'Well, it won't be long 'fore you will be, Becky Moll, if you ain't better right forthwith an' faster!'"

As they kept no servant, great domestic confusion resulted when, as was frequently the case, Mrs. Moll had to be almost carried to bed from the breakfast table, leaving Mr. Moll to wash the dishes and attend to other domestic duties. But Mr. Moll made no complaint. "Poor Becky! Poor Becky! it's a sight harder on her than it is on me."

"I shall never get up again, Pliny, I'm done fer," she said to her husband, one day. "I don't seem to have the first mite of stren'th, an' I've a kind of a feelin' of goneness all the time. There's somethin' the matter of my back an' chist, an' it ain't long I'll be a burden to you."

Old Doctor Philbrick was called. He seemed unable to understand the case of Mrs. Moll, but told her anxious husband that he'd "have her around in a few days." "No, you won't," said Mrs. Moll, resolutely. "Pliny might as well be made to understand the truth, doctor, an' it can't be kept from *me*!" Doctor Philbrick did not have Mrs. Moll around as he predicted. He came again and again, and seemed at last to be greatly puzzled over the case.

"Seems as though she'd ought to git some stren'th," said Pliny to the doctor. "Her appetite ain't failed her yet; she eats more'n I do—" "Plin Moll, that ain't so!" cried his wife, indignantly. "Doctor, it

gives me pain to swallow anything at all, and I don't eat enough to keep a bird alive."

An elderly relative of Mr. Moll's called "Aunt 'Cindy" had by this time been installed as housekeeper and nurse to Mrs. Moll, who steadily grew worse, and now gave daily instructions as to how her funeral should be conducted, and what Pliny should do when she was gone. "You shan't go 'long as anything kin be done fer you that ain't been done. An' there's got to be a consultation over you, Becky."

"It won't do any good. All the doctors in creation couldn't tell what's the matter of me. It's one of them cases the medical perfession ain't got up to yet, and there ain't no cure for it." Nevertheless, Mr. Moll determined to have a consultation. "I've done all I can do, Mr. Moll," said Doctor Philbrick, "I've bled her and blistered her and poulticed her, and given her a great deal and a great variety of medicine, and yet she is no better. I really think there should be a consultation."

So Doctor Peevy and Doctor Hobbson were called in. "You've bled her, I reckon?" said Doctor Peevy. "Yes, half dozen times." "And blistered her?" asked Doctor Hobbson. "Yes, yes; time and again." Mrs. Moll seemed to enjoy the prospect of a consultation. "I know that forty dozen consultations wouldn't cure me. I've had so many diseases my system is all wore out and I ain't a mite o' stren'th left. I've endoored all one pore human frame kin endoor, and I'm convinced that I've got an' incurable complaint now. My grandmother's aunt lay in bed two years, just as I'm doin', 'fore she died, and Pliny had a second cousin go off jist as I'm goin', and nobody knowed what ailded him. It runs in the fam'ly and there's no use fightin' ag'in it. If I live through the consultation it's 'bout all I expect to do."

"Please put out your tongue, ma'am," said Doctor Peevy, while Doctor Hobbson felt her pulse. Then Mrs. Moll was put through such a long cate-

chism of questions, and subjected to such a thumping of the chest and pounding of the back that her "feeble stren'th" was subjected to a severe strain. The examination of the patient lasted for a full hour, and then the trio of physicians withdrew to the orchard a short distance from the house, to consult together.

No sooner were the doctors out of the house than Mrs. Moll called Aunt 'Cindy. "Where's Pliny?" "I see him goin' out toward the medder lot when the doctors come," replied Aunt 'Cindy. "He seemed to be too worried and uneasy to stay in the house while this here powwow was goin' on." "Pore man!" said Mrs. Moll. "It'll be hard on him to give me up, but he's got it to do. My stren'th is goin' faster every day. I wish you'd tell Pliny I want him, and then I'd like you to make me some b'iled apple dumplin's and b'ile me a piece of cabbage. I'm fagged out I've got to have somethin' for dinner."

There stood in the meadow lot a solitary oak tree, to the shade of which Pliny always withdrew when he was in the mood for solitary reflection. "I'm afeered they'll do her no good," he said, with his handkerchief to his eyes as he lay under the branches of the tree. "Nothing but a maracle will help Becky, now, and the age of maracles is gone. Poor Becky!" and little Mr. Moll was weeping softly in his red cotton handkerchief when Aunt 'Cindy found him.

"Well, Plin Moll, you ain't bellerin'? What for? If there's anything to cry fer I ain't seen it nor yit heard it!" "O, 'Cindy! What do they say 'bout Becky? Has she lived through it?" "Well, she's alive enough to want cabbage and dumplin's for dinner, so I reckon there's a *little* vitality left. The doctors are powwowin' out in the orchard, and Becky wants you. You'd better come right in, and if I was you, Plin Moll, I'd—for the land's sake! the house is on fire, as sure as I'm a livin' woman!"

Mr. Moll rose to his feet with a bound, and ran

madly after the fleeing Aunt 'Cindy. They met the doctors at the back gate, and all ran into the house, Mr. Moll crying out: "She'll be scared and burned to death! Git Becky out first thing! We're comin', Becky! Keep ca'm—we'll save you!" The whole party rushed into the front hall of the house, and there they beheld a singular and unexpected sight. It was Mrs. Moll half-way downstairs with a huge feather-bed on her back! "Becky Moll! Why, Becky, you'll——"

"Now don't you lose your wits at this time when you need 'em the most, Pliny," said Mrs. Moll, sharply. "I'll manage this feather-bed, and you go up and begin throwin' things out of the winders. Don't you forgit my black silk dress. You doctors better pull up the carpets, and 'Cindy, you git my gold band chany tea-set out all right. I'll come back and 'tend to my silver spoons and forks soon as I get this new feather-bed out. Fly around, all of you! There ain't no time to lose! Get my winter cloak, Pliny, it's bran'-new, and it's got to do me five years yit! Here, Doctor Philbrick, von and Doctor Peevy carry out the parlor sofy! 'Cindy, 'Cindy, fly around! Get ev'rything out of the pantry!" Mrs. Moll had been the last to leave the burning building. She came rushing out with—a big blue-edged platter in one hand, a pewter teapot in the other. Carrying them to a place of safety, she climbed over the fence and dropped down on the feather-bed, saying, as she did so: "Pliny, bring me a quilt or something to throw over me! I look scand'lous! I'm afeerd this'll give me an awful back-set! Well, Doctor Philbrick, what do you make out is the matter of me?"

"There ain't *nothing* the matter of you, Becky Moll; that's what there ain't! Ain't that so, Doctor Peevy?" "Yes, it is, Hobbson thinks so, too, don't you, Hobbson?" "Of course I do!" replied Doctor Hobbson. This was far from the conclusion at which the learned doctors had arrived while in the orchard; but the opinions of the most learned men are subject

to change. "I should think you'd be ashamed to talk to a dyiu' woman like that!"

The household goods were carried into a small but quite comfortable old house across the road. The neighbors lent their assistance in arranging the furniture, and by night Mr. and Mrs. Moll found themselves comfortably installed in their old home, with most of their effects around them. Then Aunt 'Cindy and Mr. Moll held a consultation. "See here, Pliny; I'm goin' home. I ain't goin' to stay here any longer doing for a woman that's as well as I am, if she'd only think so. I'm a believer in the mind cure for Becky; for if she only thought she was well she'd be well."

In fifteen minutes she was gone. Mr. Moll rose, and went into the house and into the bedroom in which Mrs. Moll was lying.

"Becky, Aunt 'Cindy's gone, and I reckon if you want any supper to-night you'll have to git up and git it. I'm goin' out to milk the cows now, and I wish you'd have some flannel cakes for supper when I come in." When she heard Pliny speak now, she knew that he meant all he said. She herself was very hungry after her exertion at the fire, and Pliny found her frying eggs and cakes, and making an appetizing cup of coffee when he came in with his pail of foamy milk.

That was the last of her "incurable malady," and the last of many of her other diseases. She died of old age twenty-five years later. *Harbour, in Youths' Companion.*

THE DOLLS' TEA PARTY.

The dolls had a tea party ; wasn't it fun ?
In ribbons and lace they came, one by one.
We girls set the table and poured out the tea ;
And each of us held up a doll on her knee.

You never saw *children* behave half so well;
 Why, nobody had any gossip to tell!
 And (can you believe it?) for badness, that day,
 No dolly was sent from the table away.

One dolly, however, the proudest one there,
 Was driven almost to the verge of despair,
 Because she had met with a simple mishap
 And upset the butter-plate into her lap.
 The cups and the saucers, they shone lily-white;
 We helped all the dollies, they looked so polite,
 We had cake and jam from our own pantry shelves;
 Of course, we did most of the eating ourselves.

But housewives don't know when their cares may
 begin.

The window was opened and pussy popped in;
 She jumped on the table; and what do you think?
 Down fell all the crockery there in a wink.
 We picked up the pieces with many a sigh;
 Our party broke up and we all said good-bye;
 Do come to our next one; but then we'll invite
 That very bad pussy to keep out of sight.

THE VICTORY OF THE FROSTS.

One sweet September morn—so sweet a morn
 As one might well believe was born in heaven,
 I looked out from my window height, and saw
 The silent, white encampment of the frosts,
 Specking the green hill-side with many tints.
 "There's war in that," I said; "such bold array
 Means death to all fair, fragile, helpless things."

And so I shut my window with a sigh,
 And thought of the dead summer's holy realm
 That she had left as autumn's legacy;

And wondered if, amid his groaning vats,
Gorged with the vineyard's and the orchard's wealth,
He would be mindful of the sweet, frail things
That had been left his charge by the dead Queen.

I looked again, when in the clear, blue sky,
The brave strong sun rode in high state at noon,
And lo! of all that vast array, no tint
Lingered to mark the first alarm of war.
I said, "The frost king feared to meet the sun,
And so, at his approach, has fled away."

Next morn I looked again, and lo! again
The white tints glistened thickly, as before,
But when the sun approached, they all were gone.
So was it many morns; but, ah! one day
I looked out, and my heart sighed heavily,
For over all the landscape crimson stains
Told of the conflict and the victory;
And then I knew that in the silent night
The stealthy, cruel frosts had done their work.

Oh! it was pitiful and sad to see
The green crown of the ancient, kingly oak
All dabbled with the crimson stains of war,
While all around his feet lay, dead and pale,
The sweet things that he might not e'en protect,
Since he could not protect himself! I heard
Him sigh and whisper, oh! so mournfully,
To the fair maple growing at his side,
Dabbled, like him, with blood, save that her stains
Were brighter, because womanly hearts do give
Their richest life-tide, if it be required.
And she, the maple, lifted up her hands,
And touched his forehead with a soft caress.
That seemed at once to soothe and strengthen him,
And so his sigh grew gentle and more low.

So I went out and kissed the crimson stains
Upon the meek, fair maple, and I pressed

Her bleeding hands against my weary brow,
 And said, "Baptize me with thy ebbing life,
 That when the frosts of time slay all my bloom
 I may be beautiful as thou art now,"
 Then she spread out her hands above my head,
 And murmured softly, like a mother praying,
 And sprinkled crimson on my bended head,
 And tore a fragment from her blood-dyed robe,
 And gave it me, a dear remembrancer
 Of how a queen can, uncomplaining, die.

Avanelle Holomes.

LOST IN THE SEA FOG.

The night was dark upon the sea, and chill
 The fog hung o'er the weary mariner,
 As off New England's rocky shore
 His frail barque tossed on the Atlantic wave.
 No moon nor star looked down
 To guide him o'er the trackless deep.
 All, all was gloom!

The deep, dense fog hung o'er him
 Like a midnight pall over a silent world
 Or a sable shroud o'er the newly dead.
 No sound, save the moaning of the distant thunder,
 The wild shriek of the ocean bird
 Or the restless wave, dashing against the lonely
 barque.
 The thought of home; of loved ones waiting there,
 Had nerved the father's arm.

His wife, his boy, his humble cottage
 On the distant shore, were dear to him,
 The thought renewed his strength
 And desperately he plied the oar,
 While despair and hope alternate rose,
 For the Father's love burned pure as "the star of
 eve."

And constant as the cynosure.
 At last when exhausted, chilled,
 The lost and stricken one,
 Tossed on the midnight wave,
 Fell upon his knees
 And lifted up his voice in prayer.

“Oh God! thou who hearest the mourner’s sigh,
 Thou, who reign’st supreme o’er all the world,
 Hear; oh, hear, my humble prayer.
 Father thou knowest what I would ask of thee,
 If I must perish here, be thou their prop and stay,
 And let me calmly die.
 Yet, oh Father, if it please thee
 I would live, gladly live, for them;
 But Thy will, not mine.”

“This way, my father!”
 “Hush! hark! What voice was that?
 It is—no it cannot be—but that voice—”
 “This way, my father!”
 “It is! it is my boy!
 I hear him, high on that rocky cliff.
 I come! I come! Thy father comes.
 God bless my boy.”

Guided by that voice
 The father reached the shore
 And found his noble boy
 Chilled, prostrate on that rocky cliff.
 Where, through the long, long weary night
 He lay, sending out his clear sweet voice
 O’er the darkened wave
 To guide the wanderer home.

Enfolded in his father’s arms,
 The dying boy looked up,
 And smiling through his tears, murmured low,
 “Father, I thought that you would come.”

Gently the father bore to his cottage home
His little boy. Softly the shades of death
Settled upon that pallid brow,
Parents kneeled beside that lowly couch,
A father's tear was on his cheek,
And unseen angels hovering near
On snowy wings, bore away a mother's prayer
And a bright young spirit home to heaven.

And now when long, long years have passed
At the silent midnight hour,
An old man, with thin white locks
Is seen standing on that rocky cliff,
And he seems to hear an angel's voice
Calling from the pearly gates ajar.

“Come this way, my father,
Steer straight for me,
Here safely in heaven,
I'm waiting for thee.”

THE CHARIOT RACE.

The circus at Antioch stood on the south bank of the river. At the beginning of the third hour, the audience was assembled.

Looking westward across the sanded arena, there is a pedestal of marble, supporting three low conical pillars of gray stone. Many an eye will be turned toward those pillars, before the day is done, for they are the first goal, and mark the beginning and end of the race course. Behind the pedestal, leaving a passage-way, commences a wall ten or twelve feet in breadth and five or six feet in height, extending thence two hundred yards. At the further extremity of the wall, there is another pedestal surmounted with pillars which mark the second goal. The racers will enter the course on the right of the first goal, and keep the wall all the time to their left.

At last a flourish of trumpets called for silence, and instantly the gaze of over one hundred thousand persons was directed towards the entrance. Slowly across the arena the procession proceeds to make circuit of the course. The first greeting of the enthusiastic multitude was one of wild uproar, followed by showers of wreaths and garlands tossed to the charioteers, from the balcony. A horseman accompanies each one of them except Ben-Hur, who for some reason—possibly distrust—has chosen to go alone; so too they are all helmeted but him. Here they come all abreast—Ben-Hur the Jew, Messala the Roman. Also the Byzantine, Sidonian and Corinthian. As the charioteers move on in the circuit the excitement increases, at the second goal the people exhaust their flowers and rive the air with screams.

“Messala! Messala!”

“Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!”

“Ah, by Bacchus! was he not handsome?” exclaimed a woman whose Romanism is betrayed by the colors of scarlet and gold streaming from her hair. “And how splendid his chariot! It is all ivory and gold. Jupiter grant he wins!”

“A hundred shekels on the Jew,” screamed a shrill voice.

“Nay, be thou not rash! The children of Jacob will bear poor chance in the Gentile sports.”

“True, but saw you ever one more cool, and assured? And what an arm he has!”

“And what horses!” says a third.

“Yes, and he is even handsomer than the Roman!” exclaimed a pretty woman just behind the first speakers.

“A hundred shekels on the Jew!”

“Thou fool! knowest thou not there are fifty talents laid against him, six to one on Messala? Put up thy shekels lest Abraham rise and smite thee!”

“Ha! Ha! Cease thy bray. Knowest thou not it was Messala betting on himself!”

Just then the spectator leaning far over the balcony and gazing into the pale rigid countenance of Ben-Hur, knew that his mind was turned back upon the wrongs and injuries of the past, and could see by the unusual flush that now and then burned on his cheek, that he felt within himself that his hour of triumph was near, when he should humble the haughty Messala, who years before had thrown his mother and sister into prison and condemned him to work as a galley slave!

Just then, a new party—Simonides, Ilderim, Balthazar, Esther and Iras, entered and took their reserved seats close by the balustrade overlooking the Arena. Esther cast a frightened look over the Circus and drew the veil closer about her face, while the Egyptian, letting her veil fall upon her shoulders, gave herself up to the intense interest of the occasion.

“Did you ever see Messala?” asked Iras.

The Jewess shuddered as she answered no. If not her father’s enemy, the Roman was Ben-Hur’s.

“There, look!” cried Iras pointing to Messala. “I see him!” answered Esther, looking at Ben-Hur.

Just then they were diverted by the tremulous voice of old Ilderim a little behind them.

“Heaven help thee, Ben-Hur! To none other than thy strong arm and steady nerve would I have trusted my beautiful Arabs. If they are beaten, I pray it be by some other than Messala.”

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the Circus. The arena swam in a dazzle of light. Up the vast assemblage arose, and leaping upon the benches, filled the Circus with yells and screams.

Just then Messala shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and with a triumphant shout took the wall.

“Jove with us! Jove with us!” yelled all the Roman faction in a frenzy of delight.

“He wins! He wins!” answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Esther covered her face with her hands. Where was Ben-Hur?

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat.

"Taken!" answered Drusus.

"Another hundred on the Jew."

"Messala! Jove with us!"

"Another hundred on the Jew!"

Esther dropped her hands, and with unconcealed delight beheld Ben-Hur again to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman. The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it. And now side by side the two neared the second goal.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" shouted Messala, whirling his lash with practiced hand. "Down Eros, up Mars," he repeated and caught the beautiful Arabs of Ben-Hur, a cut the like of which they had never known. The blow was seen by the excited multitude, and from every quarter burst the indignant cry of the people. The four sprang forward affrighted, no hand had ever been laid upon them except in love. They had been nurtured most tenderly. Forward they sprang as from death, and forward leaped the car.

Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where, but from the oar with which so long he had fought the sea? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn, and before the fever of the people began to abate he had backed the mastery, and was again moving side by side with Messala.

Gradually the speed quickened. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

“Because Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, his reins loose. Look now at the Jew. By Hercules, the dog throws all his weight on the bits. If the gods help not our Roman he will be run away with by that Israelite. No, not yet, look! Jove with us!”

If it were true that Messala had reached his utmost speed, the effort was with effect. Slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down. Their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth. How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound; they screamed and howled. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone seemed glad. When the turn was completed the two were abreast once more. As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before. Ilderim leaned forward, and whispered, “Saw you how clean the Arabs were, and fresh? By the splendor of Jove, they have not been running: but now watch!” “Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!” shouted the blunt voices of all the factions but the Roman.

“Speed the Jew; take the wall now.” “On! loose the Arabs! give them rein and scourge.”

“Let him not have the turn on thee, now or never.”

At that moment Ben-Hur leaned forward over his Arabs and gave them the reins. Out flew the many folded lash in his hand, over the backs of the startled steeds, it writhed and hissed and hissed and writhed again and again, and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report. And instantly the Arabs answered with a leap that landed them along side the Roman car. Messala dared not look to see what the awakening portended. Above the noises of the race, there was but one

voice, and that was Ben-Hur's as he called to the gallant Arabs."

"On, Alair! On, Rigel! what, Antares, dost thou linger now? Good horse—Oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing, and the women singing of the stars, of Alair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory, victory! and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent-home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'Tis done! Ha, ha! Steady! The work is done—so ho! Rest!" Ben-Hur turns the first goal. *And the race was won!*—*Gen. Lew Wallace.*

WHAT MAKES THE GRASSES GROW?

I closed my book, for nature's book
Was opening that day;
And with a weary brain I took
My hat, and wandered toward the brook
That in the meadow lay,
And there beside the tiny tide,
I found a child at play.

Prone on the sward, its little toes
Wrought dimples in the sand,
Its cheeks were fairer than the rose,
I heard it murmur, "Mamma knows,
But I not understand."
While all unharmed a dainty blade
Of grass was in its hand.

"What wouldst thou know, my little one?"
Said I with bearing wise;
For I, who thought to weigh the sun,
And trace the course where planets run,
And grasp their mysteries,
Unto a baby's questionings
Could surely make replies.

“What wouldst thou know?” again I said,
 And gently bowing low
 I stroked its half-uplifted head.
 With chubby hand it grasped the blade
 And answered: “Oo will know;
 For oo has whixers on oo face,
 What makes the grasses grow?”

“Last fall,” I said, “a grass-seed fell
 To the earth and went to sleep.
 All winter it slept in its cozy cell
 Till spring came tapping upon its shell;
 Then it stirred and tried to peep
 With its little green eye, right up to the sky,
 And then it gave a leap.

“For the sun was warm, and the earth was fair,
 It felt the breezes blow.
 It turned its cheek to the soft, sweet air,
 And a current of life so rich and rare
 Came up from its roots below;
 It grew and kept growing; and that, my child,
 Is the reason the grasses grow.”

“Oo talks des like as if oo s’pose
 I’s a baby, and I don’t know
 ’Bout nuffin’! But babies and every one knows
 That grasses don’t think; for they only grows.
 My mamma has told me so.
 What makes ’em start, an’ get bigger an’ bigger?
 What is it that makes ’em *grow*?”

How could I answer in words so plain
 That a baby could understand?
 Ah, how could I answer my heart! ’Twere vain
 To talk of the union of sun and rain
 In the rich and fruitful land;
 For over them all was the mystery
 Of will and guiding hand.

What could I gather from learning more
 Than was written so long ago?
 I heard the billows of science roar
 On the rocks of truth from the mystic shore;
 And humbly bowing low
 I answered alike the man and child;
 "God makes the grasses grow."

St. Nicholas.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

At summer's eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
 Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
 Why to you mountain turns the musing eye,
 Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
 Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
 Thus, with delight we linger, to survey
 The promised joys of life's unmeasured way,
 Thus from afar each dim-discovered scene
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath been
 And every form that fancy can repair
 From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
 To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
 With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light
 That pours remotest rapture on the sight.
 Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.
 Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
 On tiptoe, watching, start at thy command,
 And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
 To pleasure's paths, or glory's bright career.
 Angel of Life! thy glittering wings explore
 Earth's loneliest bounds, and ocean's wildest shore.

Lo, to the wintry winds the pilot yields
 His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields.
 Now on Atlantic waves, he rides afar ;
 Now far he sweeps where scarce a summer smiles
 On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles ;
 Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
 Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form.
 Rocks, waves and winds thy shattered bark delay,
 Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.
 But hope can here her moonlit vigils keep,
 And sing to charm the spirit of the deep.
 His native hills that rise in happier climes,
 The grot that heard his song of other times,
 His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
 His glassy lake and broomwood blossomed vale,
 Rush on his thoughts. He sweeps before the wind,
 Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind,
 Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
 And flies at last to Helen's long embrace.
 Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
 And clasps with many a joy his children dear.

Say, can the world one generous thought bestow
 To friendship weeping at the couch of woe ?
 Ah, no ! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,
 Souls of impassioned mould, she speaks to you.
 " Weep not," she says, " at Nature's transient pain,
 Congenial spirits part to meet again."
 What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew ;
 What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu,
 Daughter of Conrad ? When he heard his knell
 And bade his country and his child farewell,
 Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
 And thrice returned to bless thee and to part.
 " Oh, weep not thus," he cried, " Young Eleanor,
 My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more,
 Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,
 And soon these limbs to kindred dust return.
 But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
 The immortal ties of nature shall expire.

These shall resist the triumph of decay,
 When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away.
 Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
 But its immortal life shall never die.
 Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
 And place my nameless stone without a tear,
 Who then will soothe thy grief when mine is o'er,
 Who will protect thee, helpless Eleanor?
 Ah! methinks the generous and the good
 Will woo thee from the shades of solitude;
 O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,
 And smile on innocence for mercy's sake."

Lo, at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
 Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps,
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy,
 "Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy!
 Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
 In form and soul; but ah, more blest than he.
 And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
 I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
 Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my stone appear
 And soothe my parted spirit lingering near.
 Oh! wilt thou come at evening hour to shed,
 The tears of memory, o'er my narrow bed?
 So speaks affection ere the infant eye
 Can look regard or brighten in reply.
 Ah, how fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
 At every artless tear and every smile.

Oh, say, without our hopes, without our fears,
 Without the home that plighted love endears,
 Without the smile from partial beauty won,
 Oh, what were man?—a world without a sun.
 Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
 There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower.
 In vain the viewless seraphs lingering there,
 At starry midnight charmed the silent air.
 The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
 And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled.

Auspicious Hope: in thy sweet garden grow
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
 Unfading hope, when life's last embers burn,
 When soul to soul and dust to dust return,
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
 Oh, then thy kingdom comes, immortal power!
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey,
 The morning dreams of life's eternal day;
 Then, then the triumph and the trance begin,
 And all the Phœnix spirit burns within.
 Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind,
 But leave, oh, leave the light of hope behind.
 Eternal Hope; when yonder spheres sublime
 Pealed the first notes to sound the march of time,
 Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade.
 When all the sister planets have decayed,
 When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
 And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
 Thou, undismayed, shall o'er the ruins smile,
 And light thy torch on Nature's funeral pile.

Campbell.

BOY BRITTAN.

Boy Brittan—only a lad—a fair-haired boy.
 Sixteen—in his uniform!
 Into the storm—into the roaring jaws of grim Fort
 Henry—
 Boldly bears the Federal flotilla—into the battle
 storm!
 Boy Brittan is Master's Mate aboard of the Essex—
 There he stands buoyant and eagle-eyed,
 By the brave Captain's side.

Ready to do and dare? Aye, aye, sir, always ready—
 In his country's uniform!
 Boom! boom! and now the flag-boat sweeps
 And now the Essex, into the battle-storm!

Boom! boom! till river, and fort and field
 Are over-clouded by the battle's breath;
 Then from the fort a gleam and a crashing gun,
 And the Essex is wrapt and shrouded in scalding
 steam!

But victory, victory!
 Unto God all praise be ever rendered,
 Unto God all praise and glory be!
 See, Boy Brittan; see! They strike! Hurrah!
 The Fort has surrendered! Shout! Shout! my
 warrior boy!
 And wave your cap and clap your hands for joy!
 Cheer answer cheer and bear the cheer about—
 Hurrah! hurrah! for the fiery Fort is ours!

“Victory! victory!” is the shout
 “The day is ours—thanks to the brave endeavor
 Of heroes, boy, like thee!
 Glory and deathless love to all who shared with thee!
 And bravely endured and dared with thee.
 The day is ours! The day is ours forever!
 Glory and love for one and all—but for thee—
 Home! Home! a happy “welcome, welcome home,”
 for thee!

And kisses of love for thee—
 And a mother's happy fears and a virgin's wreath of
 flowers.
 But suddenly wrecked and wrapt in seething steam,
 The Essex slowly drifted out of the battle's storm!
 Slowly, slowly down—laden with the dead and the
 dying
 And there, among them, at the Captain's feet
 The shot-marred form of a beautiful boy is lying.
 There in his uniform.

Laurels and tears for thee, Boy, laurels and tears for
 thee!
 Laurels of light moist with the precious dew

Of the inmost heart of the Nation's loving heart,
And blest by the balmy breath of the Beautiful and
the True!

Moist, moist with the luminous breath of the sing-
ing spheres

And the Nation's starry tears;

And tremble-touched by the pulse-like gush and
start

Of the universal music of the heart,

And all deep sympathy!

Laurels and tears for thee, Boy

Laurels of Light and tears of Love forevermore for
thee

And the mantle of Immortality!

And the flowers of Love and immortal Youth,

And the tender heart-tokens of all truth—

And the everlasting victory!

And the breath and bliss of Liberty,

And the loving kiss of Liberty;

And the infinite love-span of the skies,

That cover the Valleys of Paradise.

For thee! and all the braves who rest with thee!

And for one and all who died with thee,

And now lie side by side with thee!

And for every one who lives and dies

On the solid land or the heaving seas,

Dear warrior-boy—like thee.

O, the victory—the victory belongs to thee!

God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thee,

He gives it now for thee!

O young and brave and early and thrice blest—

Thrice, thrice, thrice blest!

Thy country turns once more to kiss thy youthful
brow,

And takes thee gently—gently to her breast,

And whispers lovingly, "God bless thee—

Bless thee now—my darling, thou shalt rest."

Forcethe Willson.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

(Prize Declamation, May, 1889; N. Mo. State Normal.)

The fall of our illustrious and unhappy city was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of Roman polity; and to the last hour of our national existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and lamented our frantic determination to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility to which that of man was as a grain of sand to the tempest that drives it on—overpowered our strength and senses. Fearful shapes and voices in the air; visions startling us from our short and troubled sleep; lunacy in its most hideous forms; sudden death in the midst of vigor; the fury of the elements let loose upon our unsheltered heads; we had every terror and evil that could beset human nature, but pestilence; the most probable of all in a city crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the wounded, and the dead. Yet, though the streets were covered with the unburied; though every wall and trench was streaming with gore; though six hundred thousand corpses lay flung over the rampart, naked to the sun—pestilence came not; if it had come, the enemy would have been scared away. But the “abomination of desolation,” the pagan standard, was fixed; where it was to remain until the plough passed over the ruins of Jerusalem!

On one night, that fatal night! no man laid his head upon his pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned above us; the ground shook under our feet; the volcano blazed; the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead in whirlwinds, far into the desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were at our side, swelled by a new

deluge. The lakes and rivers roared, and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot out tenfold fire. Showers of blood fell. Thunder pealed from every quarter of the heaven. Lightning in immense sheets, withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked its track by forests on flame, and the shattered summits of the hills. Defence was now unthought of; for the mortal hostility had passed from the mind. Our hearts quaked for fear; but it was to see the powers of Heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and the spear, and crouched before the descending judgment. We were conscience-smitten. Our cries of remorse, anguish, and horror, were heard through the uproar of the storm. We howled to the caverns to hide us; we plunged into the sepulchres to escape the wrath that consumed the living; we would have buried ourselves under the mountains! I knew the cause, the unspeakable cause; and knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man among them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came round me, and besought me to lead them to some place of safety, if such were now to be found on the earth. I told them openly that they were to die, and counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the temple. They followed me, through streets encumbered with every shape of human suffering, to the foot of Mount Moriah. But, beyond that, we found advance impossible. Piles of clouds, whose darkness was palpable, even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Still, not to be daunted by anything that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascent. But I had scarcely entered the cloud, when I was swept downward by a gust that tore the rocks in a flinty shower around me.

Now came the last and most wondrous sign that marked the fate of Israel. While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill;

the vapors began to revolve, and the clouds rose, and rapidly shaped themselves into the forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distant, yet strangely sweet. The lustre brightened, and the airy building rose, tower on tower, and battlement on battlement.

In awe that held us mute, we knelt and gazed upon this more than mortal architecture, which continued rising and spreading, and glowing with serener light, still soft and silvery, yet to which the broadest moonbeam was dim. At last, it stood forth to earth and heaven the colossal image of the first temple, the building raised by the wisest man, and consecrated by the visible glory. All Jerusalem saw the image; and the shout that in the midst of their despair ascended from its thousands and tens of thousands, told what proud remembrances were there. But a hymn was heard that might have hushed the world. Never fell on my ear, never on the human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing; so full of melancholy, yet of grandeur. The cloudy portal opened, and from it marched a host, such as man never had seen before, such as man never shall see but once again; the guardian angels of the city of David—they came forth glorious, but with woe in all their steps; the stars upon their helmets dim; their robes stained; tears flowing down their celestial beauty. “Let us go hence,” was their song of sorrow; “Let us go hence,” was answered by the sad echoes of the mountains. “Let us go hence,” swelled upon the night, to the farthest limits of the land. The procession lingered long on the summit of the hill. Then the thunder pealed; and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. Their chorus was heard, still magnificent and melancholy, when their splendor was diminished to the brightness of a star. The thunder roared again; the cloudy temple was scattered on the winds; and darkness, the omen of her grave, settled upon Jerusalem!—*Croly.*

THE HARVEST.

In a valley where the sunbeams
Like our father's blessings fall
Where repose the softest shadows
And the dove and cuckoo call,
Where the hay o'er meadows scattered,
Casts its fragrance to the air,
Dwells in peace a band of reapers,
Winnowing joy from sheaves of care.

Nature now is clad in verdure,
Filled her lap with fragrant flowers,
And the sweet-voiced birds of summer
Warble in their vine-clad bowers
Insects flitting, grasses waving,
In and out the brooklet flows
Bearing on its wayward journey
Sweetest tidings of repose.

Onward come the thrifty gleaners
At the glimmer of the dawn,
In their beating hearts contentment—
On their lips the hymn of morn.
Awake! awake! the rosy light
In dawning splendor beams:
The sun arises from his sleep,
And earth in beauty gleams.

Bear they in their hands the sickle,
To the grain a dreaded foe;
By its strength and man's united
Sheaf on sheaf will soon lie low.
All the glory of the harvest
Shines upon the valley plain,
And the laughing sunbeams hover
Over fields of golden grain.

Voice of gleaners, clash of sickles,
 Songs that float from field and holm,
 Are the tunes of labor's anthem
 Floating through the azure dome.
 One by one the sheaves are falling,
 One by one are cut and bound,
 Like brave soldiers in the conflict
 Fall to earth with glory crowned.

In far distant homes fond mothers
 Weep in silence o'er their fears ;
 O'er the sheaves the clouds keep vigil,
 Mother Earth sheds dewy tears.
 In the western sky low sinking
 Sunbeams kiss the radiant stream ;
 Day, that light would lull to slumber,
 Dieth with the fading gleam.

To rest ! to rest ! the reapers sing,
 The pale-faced moon ascends the height ;
 O'er earth the misty twilight falls,
 A shadow bridge 'twixt day and night.
 Distant hills repeat the anthem
 Echoes fainter, fainter grow,
 As the far bell's distant tinklings
 Still resound in music low.

So life's morning dawns in splendor
 On our life-work's glorious field ;
 Hope and love and truth and beauty
 Here a bounteous harvest yield.
 Youth, so light of heart and footsteps,
 Cometh singing glad and free,
 Age, fast fleeting, crowned with silver,
 Totters slowly o'er the lea.

Gleaners golden sheaves are binding,
 Soon the harvest will be o'er ;
 Hearts o'er shattered hopes be grieving,
 Idols—dust forever more !

Work! the nightfall draweth nearer,
 Earthly pleasures fade away,
 Death's dark sleep is fast approaching,
 Ushering in eternal day.

Brothers, moments swift receding,
 Bid us reap with steady hand,
 Soon we'll turn our footsteps homeward,
 To the heavenly harvest land,
 Shining sheaves of love and labor
 To the throne above we'll bear,
 And our Father, all protecting,
 Waits to greet his children there.

Alice La Due.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

(Suitable for Concert Recitation.)

Come! Harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein;
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
 As a tempest scorns a chain;
 How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
 For many a countless hour,
 At the childish boast of human might,
 And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
 A navy upon the sea,
 Creeping along, a snail-like band,
 Or waiting the wayward breeze,
 I could not but think how the world would feel
 As these were outstripped afar,
 When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
 Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! They found me at last!
 They invited me forth at length,
 And I rushed to my throne with thunder blast,
 And I laughed in my iron strength.

Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the giant streams,
Or the mountain's steep decline,
Time—space—have yielded to my power;—
The world! the world is mine!
The ocean pales, where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice.
Even winds and lightnings are left behind,
They tremble at my voice.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no brain to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf.
And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage the world myself.
Then harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain,

Cutler,

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.

Come from the woods with the citron-flowers,
 Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
 Maids of bright Scio! They came, and the breeze
 Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas;—
 They came, and Eudora stood robed and crowned,
 The bride of the morn.

Jewels flashed out from her braided hair,
 And pearls on her quivering bosom shone.
 She looked on the vine at her father's door,
 Like one that is leaving his native shore;
 She turned—and her mother's gaze brought back
 Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
 Oh! hush the song, and let her tears
 Flow to the dream of her early years!
 Holy and pure are the drops that fall
 When the young bride goes from her father's hall;
 She goes unto love yet untried and new,
 She parts from love that hath still been true;
 She wept—yet laid her hand the while,
 In his, that waited her dawning smile.

“ Why do I weep?—to leave the vine
 Whose clusters o'er me bend,
 A thousand thoughts of all things dear
 Like shadows o'er me sweep,
 I leave my sunny childhood here;
 Oh, therefore let me weep.
 I leave thee, father, mother, I leave thee, too!
 On thy breast pouring out joy and woe
 I have found that holy place of rest
 Still changeless,—yet I go!
 Lips that have lulled me with your strain,
 Eyes that have watched my sleep!
 Will earth give love like yours again?
 Sweet mother! let me weep!”

But a changeful thing is the human heart,
 It is well! the cloud on her soul that lay,
 Hath melted in glittering drops away.
 She turns to her lover, Ianthis the brave.
 Mother! On earth it must still be so,
 Thou rearest the lovely to see them go!
 Still and sweet was the home that stood
 In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood.
 And thither Ianthis had brought his bride,
 They lifted the veil from Eudora's face,
 It smiled out softly in pensive grace.
 Bring wine, bring odors! the board is spread—
 Bring roses! a chaplet for every head!
 The wine-cups foamed, and the rose was showered
 On the young and fair from the world embowered.
 Hush! be still!—Was that no more
 Than the murmur from the shore?
 Silence!—Did thick rain drops beat
 On the grass like trampling feet?
 Fling down the goblet! draw the sword!
 The groves are filled with a pirate horde!

Through the dim olives their sabers shine
 Now must the red blood stream for wine!
 The youth from the battle to banquet sprang,
 The woods with the shriek of the maidens rang.
 Eudora, Eudora! thou dost not fly!
 She saw but Ianthis before her lie,
 With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow,
 And a gathering film in his lifted eye,
 That sought his young bride's mournfully.
 She knelt down beside him, and her arms she wound
 Like tendrils his drooping neck around
 But they tore her hence in her wild despair,
 Those fierce sea rovers. They left him there.
 So closed the triumph of youth and love!

Gloomy lay the shore that night, gloomy lay the shore
 and still.
 O'er the wave no gay guitar sent its floating music
 far.

But a voice of woe from the sea-beat rocks arose,
 As Eudora's mother stood gazing o'er the Egean flood,
 With fixed and straining eye. Oh, was the spoiler's
 vessel nigh?

Yes, there becalmed in night so dark, brooding it
 frowned, that evil bark,
 And the heavy sound of its flapping sail, idly, vainly
 wooed the gale.

Hushed was all else—had ocean's breast rocked e'en
 Eudora to rest?

To rest? Nay not rest! What piercing cry
 Bursts from the heart of the ship on high?
 What light through the heavens shoots from the deck
 up?

'Tis fire! there are wild forms hurrying to and fro,
 There are shout and signal-gun and call,
 And dashing of water—but fruitless all!
 Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame
 The might and wrath of the rushing flame!
 It hath twined the mast, it hath touched the sails,
 It hath taken the flag's high place in air.

The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow,
 Eudora, Eudora! where, where art thou?
 Mother! who stands on the deck alone!
 The child of thy bosom! and lo! a brand
 Blazing up high in her lifted hand,
 Her veil flung back and her free dark hair,
 Swayed by the flames as they roek and flare,
 And her fragile form to its loftiest height
 Dilated as if by the spirit's might,
 And her eye with an eagle gladness fraught,
 Oh! could this work be of woman wrought?
 Yes! 'Twas her deed! By that haughty smile
 Ye know 'twas hers! She hath kindled her funeral
 pile,

That never might shame on that bright head be!
 Her blood was the Greek's! It hath made her free!
 Proudly she stands like an Indian bride
 On the pyre with the holy dead beside.

One moment more and her hands are clasped,
 Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasped,
 And her sinking knee unto Heaven is bowed,
 And her last look raised through the smoke's dim
 shroud,
 And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move,—
 Now the night gathers o'er youth and love.

Mrs. Hemans.

GATES.

God bless the man who first invented gates;
 Front gates I mean.
 The expression is not mine,
 Old Sancho used it once upon a time.
 And what the shrewd and honest fellow wrote,
 I, with a poet's license, sure can quote.
 Now who invented gates is quite a mystery.
 In vain we ask the doctors, old and wise,
 They slowly shake their heads and wink their eyes,
 Answer our question with a solemn groan
 Advising us to let such things alone.
 In vain we search the volumed leaves of history—
 Thus baffled we put on our thinking cap.
 When, lo!—it must have been some Yankee chap,
 Who cried, 'tis worse than going to the wars,
 To clamber fences and to crawl through bars!
 Mankind 'tis certain wants one comfort more,
 That want I will supply. The need is great.
 He seized his jack-knife, and behold a gate!

How useful is the gate in youthful years,
 When time has laid upon the brow no care
 Nor traced its furrowed lines of sorrow there.
 How oft we sought the swinging old front gate,
 That scarcely bent beneath our childish weight,
 And there forgot our little griefs and fears.
 Oh! blessed golden years!

When we were happier on the creaking gate,
 Than the proud monarch in his car of state.
 And through that gate, one glorious summer day
 Our brother walked, in all a soldier's pride,
 We, weeping, clustered round his manly side,
 Then he was gone, and we could only pray.
 There was a battle down in Tennessee ;
 And gloriously the banner of the free
 Was carried by brave men with dauntless breast,
 Till where the fight was like a raging hell,
 In the front ranks of all our brother fell.
 And we—well—you know the rest,
 And through that same front gate, his form they
 bore,
 Our own dear brother had come back once more.

But the chief time when front gates are applied
 Is at the witching hour of eventide,
 For the bold lover and his lady fair
 To meet—and—talk about the weather there.
 This subject through, another course he claims,
 Namely—to praise and call her pretty names.
 Thus is it, ere the prosy lamps are lighted
 Provided there are lamps along the street,
 If not, why never mind it, sweet.
 Their vows are pledged, and mutual love is plighted,
 And secrets told, not meant for common ears,
 No thought of how much the old gate hears ;
 Old folks may laugh, and younger ones deride it—
 What's that to me? Of course I've never tried it.
 Of course when lamps went out and hours grew
 late,
 I never leaned across the old front gate.
 Dear old front gate, who has not known thee well !
 Stroug man and maiden, old and young !
 Oh, that some power could now unseal thy tongue ;
 What tales of joy or sadness couldst thou tell ;
 How many answers have vanquished hate
 Across thy time-worn bars, dear old front gate—
 Peace—fare thee well !

There is another gate we must all pass through,
When life is over and our time has fled,
When we lie sleeping with the silent dead ;
When will it come, friend, for me and you ?
Yes, there's another gate—all pearls and gold,
And they that enter lay all burdens down,
They see a city glorious to behold,
Where every habitant wears a crown of gold,
And by the King's own hand that crown is given,
Oh, grand last gate of all—the gate of heaven.

Goodnow.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

The stoutest apostle of the church, they say, is the missionary, and the missionary, wherever he unfurls his flag, will never find himself in deeper need of unction and address than I, bidden to-night to plant the standard of a Southern Democrat in Boston's banquet hall, and to discuss the problem of the races in the home of Phillips and of Sumner. But, Mr. President, if a purpose to speak in perfect frankness and sincerity ; if earnest understanding of the vast interests involved ; if a consecrating sense of what disaster must follow misunderstanding and estrangement ; if these may be counted to steady undisciplined speech and to strengthen an untried arm—then, sir, I shall find the courage to proceed.

Far to the south, Mr. President, lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. A perfect climate above a fertile soil, yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There, by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. That, sir, is the picture and promise of my home. Hear one thing more. My people, your brothers in the South—brothers in blood, in destiny, in all that is best in our past and future—are so beset with this problem that

their very existence depends on its right solution. Nor are they wholly to blame for its presence. The slaveships of the Republic sailed from your ports—the slaves worked in our fields. You will not defend the traffic, nor I the institution. But I do here declare that in its wise and humane administration, in lifting the slave to the heights of which he had not dreamed in his savage home, and giving him a happiness he has not yet found in freedom—our fathers left their sons a saving and excellent heritage. In the storm of war, this institution was lost. I thank God as heartily as you do, that human slavery is gone forever from American soil. But the freed man remains, and with him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil—with equal political and civil rights—almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility—each pledged against fusion—one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war—the experiment sought by neither but approached by both with doubt—these are the conditions. Under these, adverse at every point, we are required to carry these two races in peace and honor to the end. Never, sir, has such a task been given to mortal stewardship. Never before this Republic has the white race divided on the rights of an alien race. The red man was cut down as a weed, because he hindered the way of the American citizen. The yellow man was shut out of this Republic because he was an alien and an inferior. The red man was owner of the land—the yellow man highly civilized and assimilable—but they hindered both sections and are gone. But the black man, clothed with every privilege of government, affecting but one section, is pinned to the soil, and my people commanded to make good at any hazard, and at any cost, his full and equal heirship of American privilege and prosperity. It matters not that every other race has been routed or excluded, without rhyme or reason. It matters not

that wherever the whites and blacks have touched, in any era or in any clime, there has been irreconcilable violence. It matters not that no two races however similar have ever lived anywhere at any time, on the same soil with equal rights, in peace. In spite of these things we are commanded to make good this change of American policy which has not, perhaps, changed American prejudice—to make certain here what has elsewhere been impossible between whites and blacks—and to reverse, under the very worst conditions, the universal verdict of racial history.

We give the world this year a crop of 7,500,000 bales of cotton, worth \$450,000,000, and its cash equivalent in grain, grasses, and fruit. This enormous crop could not have come from the hands of sullen and discontented labor. It comes from the peaceful fields in which laughter and gossip rise above the hum of industry, and contentment runs with the singing plow. It is claimed that this ignorant labor is defrauded of its just hire. I present the tax books of Georgia, which show that the negro, twenty-five years ago a slave, has in Georgia alone \$10,000,000 of assessed property, worth twice that much. Does not that record honor him and vindicate his neighbors? What people, penniless, illiterate, has done so well? For every Afro-American agitator, stirring the strife in which alone he prospers, I can show you a hundred negroes, happy in their cabin homes, tilling their own land by day, and at night taking from the lips of their children the helpful message their State sends them from the school-house door. And the school-house itself bears testimony. In Georgia we added last year \$250,000 to the school fund, making a total of more than \$1,000,000—and this in the face of prejudice not yet conquered—of the fact that the whites are assessed for \$368,000,000, the blacks for \$10,000,000, and yet 49 per cent of the beneficiaries are black children—and in the doubt of many wise men if education helps or can help our problem. Charleston, with her

taxable values cut half in two since 1860, pays more in proportion for public schools than Boston. Although it is easier to give much out of much, than little out of little, the South, with one-seventh of the taxable property of the country, with relatively larger debt, having received only one-tenth as much of public lands, and having back of its tax books none of the half billion of bonds that enrich the North, yet gives nearly one-sixth of the public-school fund. The negro vote can never control in the South, and it would be well if partisans at the North would understand this. I have seen the white people of a State set about by black hosts until their fate seemed sealed. But, sir, some brave man, banding them together, would rise, as Elisha rose in beleaguered Samaria, and, touching their eyes with faith, bid them look abroad to see the very air "filled with the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." If there is any human force that cannot be withstood, it is the power of the banded intelligence and responsibility of a free community. Against it, numbers and corruption cannot prevail. It cannot be forbidden in the law or divorced in force. It is the unalterable right of every free community—the just and righteous safeguard against an ignorant or corrupt suffrage. It is on this, sir, that we rely in the South. Not the cowardly menace of mask or shotgun; but the peaceful majesty of intelligence and responsibility, massed and unified for the protection of its homes and the preservation of its liberty. That, sir, is our reliance and our hope, and against it all the powers of earth shall not prevail. You may pass force bills, but they will not avail. You may surrender your own liabilities to federal election law—this old State which holds in its charter the boast that it "is a free and independent commonwealth"—it may deliver its election machinery into the hands of the government it helped to create—but never, sir, will a single state of this Union, North or South, be delivered again to control of an ignorant and inferior race. We wrested our State government

from negro supremacy when the Federal drum beat rolled closer to the ballot-box and Federal bayonets hedged it deeper about than will ever again be permitted in this free government. But, sir, though the cannon of this Republic thundered in every voting district of the South, we still should find in the mercy of God the means and the courage to prevent its reëstablishment!—*Henry W. Grady.*

MORMON WIFE NUMBER ONE, ON THE ARRIVAL OF NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

Our husband has brought home another wife,
 'Twas lonesome with twenty round,
 And so the church sealed in number twenty-one,
 And now a new favorite is found.
 She'll sit at the head of the table too,
 Be foremost in everything.
 Her whims will be law, and she'll be the first
 To have a new bonnet next spring.

I married Joe Smith thirty years ago,
 My Mormon belief was firm ;
 But when he brought home a second wife more,
 My conscience began to squirm.
 For while the Smith family were always famed
 For being of numerous breed,
 The thought of him having a single wife more,
 Was far from my Mormon creed.

I thought, when we married, us two was one,
 One flesh should the twain ever be ;
 Us wives now make twenty-odd kinds of flesh,
 As bad as town hash can be.
 Instead of my being a better half
 And queen of his home and heart,
 He has brought me to one twenty-first of one-half,
 Or more than a forty-twoth part.

I, once a whole woman, am dwindled down
 To the forty-twoth part of a man.
 And what will I do, if he still goes on
 Pursuing his Mormon plan?
 My children's mixed up with his other wives'
 children,
 Till now when a young one falls,
 We twenty-odd mothers of ninety-three kids,
 Can't tell whose it is that squalls.
 He's married the sisters of wives he's got,
 Till children can't tell
 If ma is mother or auntie, or if their pa
 Is father or uncle-in-law.
 And I, who was first in his heart, am last,
 Each year crowded further back.
 I am growing old so fast,
 And I'll die without getting a seal-skin sacque.

Last week I just asked him for twenty cents,
 He looked at me cold and blank ;
 Then pointing to us twenty-one wives, he sighed,
 "D' ye think I'm a Rothschild's bank?"
 And now here's one more to divide us,
 She'll get the lion's share,
 Except when she grabs at his old bald head,
 She won't get her share of hair.

But some day the angel of God will come
 And the poor man must go ;
 How mournful the funeral rites will be
 With all us widders in woe ;
 Our forty-two eyes a sheddin' tears,
 Our ninety-three children round,
 How stylishly grand the procession will be
 Stretched out to the burying-ground.

And when we are all lying side by side,
 Smith's grave-yard will be immense ;
 The children's white head-stones all in a row
 Will look like a picket fence ;

And when the last trump that awakes the dead
 Shall echo through heaven's dome,
 Smith's family will climb up the golden stairs,
 Like camp-meeting going home.

L. B. Cake.

THE DREAMLAND SEA.

What matter though my pilgrim feet
 May never press the stranger's land,
 Or wander lone where wild waves beat
 With ceaseless moan on ocean's strand?
 For me expands a lovelier deep,
 Whose isles in visioned beauty sleep;
 And never ocean waves could be
 So bright as thine, fair dreamland sea.

My castle crowns the boldest steep
 By warring winds and waters scarred,
 That seaward leans, and o'er the deep
 Keeps evermore unceasing ward.
 Full-freighted with their wings of snow,
 The white ships come, the white ships go;
 While in the shade of cliff and towers
 I dream away the gliding hours.

My fairy fleet that long has lain
 Close moored in some enchanted bay,
 Borne by fair gales across the main
 Sails swift on its homeward way.
 My ships, my stately ships, I see!
 Full many a royal argosie,
 Like white-winged birds they speeding come
 And bring their garnered treasures home.

WEE JOUKYDAIDLES.

Wee Joukydaidles, toddlin' oot an' in;
 Oh, but she's a cutty, makin' sic a din!

Aye so fu' o' mischief, and minds na what I say :
My very heart gangs loup, loup, fifty times a day !

Wee Joukydaidles : where's she stumpin' noo ?
She's tumblin' i' the cruivie, and lauchin' to the soo,
Noo she sees my angry ee, an' aff she's like a hare !
Lassie, when I get ye, I'll scud ye till ye're sair !

Wee Joukydaidles : noo she's breakin' dishes ;
Noo she's soakit i' the burn, catchin' little fishes ;
Noo she's i' the barn-yard, playin' wi' the fowls,
Feedin' them wi' butter-cakes, snaps an' sugars bools !

James Smith.

LE MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE.

You have called for a glimpse of my trousseau ?
How nice ! just step into my room ;
And Alice please draw back that curtain,
This place is as dark as a tomb !
I'll ring for Lisette ; you don't know, girls,
What a bother this marrying brings !
But it pays, after all, when it's over—
I have some such elegant things !

This garnet and rose Uncle Arthur
Selected in Paris last June ;
Worth made it ! Just notice the trimming,
The lace, the exquisite galloon !
This sack is a present from Flora ;
She's living in Paris, you know.
I waited on her when she married
Old Simons, a twelve-month ago.

They say that her rooms are palatial,
And all in such wonderful style ;
Quite a change—to a man with a million
From a thousand a year and Tom Lyle—

By the way, Colonel Harrison tells me
 Poor Tom is a wreck of himself,
 Has drank ever since she was married.

There's my blue moire antique on the shelf,
 You need not unfold it, Lisette,
 We see how it's made ; please to find me
 That yellow-hued Honiton set.
 You remember that queer old Aunt Hester
 Who staid here last winter awhile,
 And preached to me so about Flora
 And sympathized so with Tom Lyle?

The lace, like herself, is old-fashioned,
 But fit for the praise of a king.
 She sent it,—confess that you think it
 Right good in the clever old thing.
 I've a set of magnificent diamonds
 As pure as a cluster of tears ;
 The gift of his precious old father—
 They've been in the family for years.

And there are my rose-colored cameos,
 Don't you see? by the pearls—just this side ;
 I promise their match to whoever
 Among you will be the next bride.
 The wonderful dress of all dresses,
 The robe of to-morrow, you know,
 So perfectly stylish and splendid—
 I've promised mamma not to show.

Claude says I'll be so bewildering
 He'll forget to remember the ring.
 Come, Alice, of what are you thinking?
 “ Of the lover who loved me last spring? ”
 Bah! fold up my dresses, Lisette,
 And don't let my jewel-case fall ;
 It's well, Alice, some one remembers—
 I never think of him at all.

Dear me, how time flies! I must hurry;
 Claude said he was coming at eight.
 Good-night. They are gone; and I alone in my
 chamber,

Door locked and the close curtains drawn.
 Alone with my jewels and laces,
 A sobbing, a miserable thing,
 Alone with the thoughts that possess me
 Of that lover who loved me last spring.

God knows I believed that you loved me,
 As we sat on the steps in the dark;
 I remember the words that you uttered—
 I know that they mean nothing now.
 And yet with the thought that you loved me,
 My cheek caught the soft scarlet stain
 Of the sweet, happy shame of the woman
 Who loves and is loved back again.

And when you were gone and the moonlight
 Rose softly and late o'er the scene,
 I knelt in that dim, dewy garden,
 In happy thanksgiving and prayer.
 My life to your mood was a mirror—
 God pity such mirrors as these!—
 My heart was a deep-thrilling organ,
 Your love was the hand on the keys.

Ah, dear, you were sure that I loved you
 Although I said never a word,
 Why, the wild heart that beat in my bosom
 A child could have listened and heard.
 And you said, laughing low, "Do you fancy
 Your silence deceives me to-night?"
 And I faltered and failed in the answer,
 I would have made careless and light.

I had prayed for love's fruit and before me,
 Behold! it hung golden and fair!
 But how could I dream it had ripened
 Beside the dead sea of despair!

God gave it to me in its beauty !
 Within it the cold ashes lay.
 I have eaten that fruit and its knowledge
 Stands bitterly by me to-day.

What have I left now but a memory,
 And perhaps a pale flower or two ?
 A dainty blue robe that was ruined
 By sitting too long in the dew ;
 A book that you brought me that evening
 When you came in the storm and the rain ;
 The ghost of a kiss on my forehead,
 An anguish of lingering pain.

Oh ! life is a terrible drama !
 Each actor must play out his rôle !
 To-morrow I stand at the altar
 With a lie on my lips and my soul !
 My God ! When I see on my finger
 The gleam of that bright marriage ring,
 Oh ! shelter my soul from the memory
 Of the lover who loved me last spring.

Hunt.

MY SHIPS AT SEA.

If all the ships I have at sea
 Should come a sailing home to me,
 Ah well ! The harbor would not hold
 So many sails as there would be,
 If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came in from sea
 And brought their precious freight to me,
 Ah well ! I should have wealth as great
 As any king that sits in state,
 So rich the treasures that would be
 In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
 Should come a sailing home to me,
 Ah well! The storm-cloud then might frown;
 For if the others all went down,
 Still proud, and rich, and glad I'd be
 If that one ship came in from sea.

If that one ship went down at sea,
 And all the others came to me,
 Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
 With riches, honor, glory, gold.
 The poorest soul on earth I'd be
 If that one ship went down at sea.

O skies, be calm! O winds, blow free—
 Blow all my ships safe home to me,
 But if thou sendest some wreck
 To never more come sailing back,
 Send any, all that skim the sea,
 But being my love ship home to me.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE BABY'S PILLOW.

"So tired, mamma!" our darling one
 Whispered when the day was done,
 And climbed upon my knee.
 "This is the nicest place to rest" —
 His curly head upon my breast
 He placed so trustfully.
 We thoughtless mothers little know
 How far each day the children go.

If we could measure all the miles
 They travel, with their tears and smiles,
 We would not chafe and fret
 Because they leave their books and play
 And come to us at close of day,

Their cheeks with tear-drops wet ;
Or think it such a grievous wrong
They ask for story or for song.

“So tired, mamma! a story tell
To Baby; one he likes so well
About the ‘blessing man’
Who had that gentle, loving look
And in his arms the children took;
Please, mamma, if you can.”
And so I told the story o’er
As I had done so oft before.

But at the close that night I said,
“Christ had not where to lay his head
When he was tired, my child.
Foxes have holes, the birds have nests
And children have their mothers’ breasts.”
The baby’s blue eyes mild
Looked into mine, and then they strayed
To where his own wee bed was made.

“I wish that I’d been there that time,”
He gently said, I’d given mine—
My little pillow white—
I’d let him have it, too, to keep,
So he could have a place to sleep
As I do every night.
Mamma, do tell him, that I would
Give him my pillow if I could.”

Mrs. S. T. Perry.

A MADMAN’S MANUSCRIPT

(Prize Recitation, June, 1890. N. Mo. State Normal School.)

“Yes!—a madman! how that word would have struck to my heart long years ago! How it would have roused the terror that used to come upon me

sometimes: sending the blood hissing and tingling through my veins! I like it now though! It's a fine name! Show me the monarch whose angry frown was ever feared like the glare of a madman's eye. Ho! ho! ho! It's a grand thing to be mad! To gnash one's teeth and howl through the long still night to the merry ring of a heavy chain! Hurrah for the madman's house! Oh, it's a rare place!

I remember days when I was *afraid* of being mad; when I used to start from my sleep, and fall upon my knees, and pray to be spared from the curse of my race. I knew that madness was mixed up with my very blood; that one generation had passed away without the pestilence appearing among them, and that I was the first in whom it would revive. I knew it *must* be so: that so it always had been, and so it ever would be: and when I cowered in some obscure corner of a crowded room, and saw men whisper, and point and turn their eyes toward me, I knew they were telling each other of the doomed madman: and I slunk away again to mope in solitude.

Large dusky forms crouched in the corners of the room, and bent over my bed at night, tempting me to madness. They told me in low whispers, that the floor of the old house in which my father's father died, was stained with his own blood, shed by his own hand, in raging madness. I drove my fingers into my ears, but they screamed into my head till the room rang with it, that in one generation before him the madness slumbered, but that his grandfather had lived for years with his hands fettered to the ground to prevent him tearing himself to pieces. I knew they told the truth.

Ha! ha! At last it came upon me, and I wondered how I ever could have feared it. I knew I was mad, but they did not even suspect it. How I used to laugh for joy when I was alone and thought how well I kept my secret, and how quickly my friends

would have fallen from me if they had known the truth. Oh, it was a merry life!

Riches became mine, wealth poured in upon me, and I rioted in wealth enhanced a thousand-fold by the consciousness of my well-kept secret.

How those three proud overbearing brothers humbled themselves before me! The old white-headed father, too—such devoted friendship—he worshipped me! The old man had a daughter and the young men a sister; and all the five were poor. I was rich, and when I married the girl I saw a smile of triumph play upon the faces of her needy relatives, as they thought of their well-planned scheme and their fine prize. It was for me to smile. They little thought they had married her to a madman!

Stay! If they had known it, would they have saved her? A sister's happiness against her husband's gold? In one thing I was deceived with all my cunning. If I had not been mad I should have known that the girl would rather have been placed stiff and cold in a leaden coffin than borne an envied bride to my rich glittering home.

But the girl *was* beautiful! In the bright moonlight nights when I start up from my sleep, and all is quiet about me, I see, standing still and motionless in one corner of this cell, a slight and wasted figure, with long black hair, and eyes that fix their gaze on me. Hush! that form is *hers*; the face is very pale and the eyes are glassy bright: that figure never moves; it never frowns.

For nearly a year I saw that sweet face grow paler, and never knew the cause. I found it out at last though. She had never liked me. She despised my wealth and hated the splendor in which she lived. She *loved another*! This I had never thought of. I pitied—yes, I pitied the wretched life to which her cold and selfish relations had doomed her. I resolved to kill her! to free her from the pain in which she daily lived! Oh! the pleasure of strapping the razor day after day, feeling the sharp edge, and think-

ing of the gash one stroke of its thin bright edge would make!

At last the old spirits whispered in my ear that the time had come. I grasped the blade firmly, rose softly from the bed, and leaned over my sleeping wife. She had been weeping; traces of tears were still wet upon her cheeks. I laid my hand softly on her shoulder. She started, screamed, and woke. As she neared the door I bounded forward and clutched her by the arm. Uttering shriek upon shriek, she sank to the floor. I heard the tread of footsteps on the stair. I replaced the razor in its usual drawer, unfastened the door, and called loudly for help.

They came and placed her on the bed, where she lay bereft of animation for hours. She died next day. The old man followed her to the grave, and the proud brothers dropped a tear upon the insensible corpse of her whose sufferings they had regarded in her lifetime with muscles of iron.

I was restless and disturbed, and I felt that before long my secret must be known. But I ground my teeth and struck my feet upon the ground, and drove my sharp nails into my hands; and no one knew that I was a madman yet. I remember how I let it out at last though. Ha! ha! I think I see their frightened looks now!

Let me see:—yes, I had been out. It was late at night when I reached home and found the proudest of the three proud brothers waiting to see me. “He had a word to say to me.” My recent dissipation, and strange remarks made so soon after his sister’s death, were an insult to her memory. He wished to know whether he was right in inferring that I meant to cast a reproach upon her memory, and a disrespect upon her family. It was due to the uniform he wore to demand this explanation. His uniform!! A uniform purchased with my money and his sister’s misery!!

I felt the madness rising within me.—“You were very fond of your sister when she was alive—weren’t you? You villain! I’ve found you out! I killed her!

I'm a madman ! Down with you ! Blood ! blood ! I will have it ! ”

I closed with him, and with a heavy crash we rolled upon the floor. It was a fine struggle, that ; for he was a strong man fighting for his life, and I a furious madman thirsting to destroy him. His struggles grew weaker, and at last I knelt upon his chest, and clasped his brawny throat firmly between both hands. His face grew purple, and his eyes were starting from his head ; when the door was suddenly burst open, and a crowd of people rushed forward, crying aloud to each other to secure the madman !

My secret was out ; and my only struggle now was for liberty. I gained my feet before a hand was on me ; reached the door, dropped over the banisters, and in an instant was in the street. Straight and swift I ran, and no one dared stop me. I heard the noise of feet behind. On I bounded, through marsh and rivulet, over fence and wall. I was borne upon the arms of demons, who swept along upon the wind, and spun me round and round with a speed that made my head swim, until at last they threw me from them with a violent shock, and I fell heavily upon the earth. When I awoke, I found myself here—here in this gray cell, where the sunlight seldom comes, and the moon steals in, in rays, which only serve to show the dark shadows about me, and that silent figure in its old, old corner.—*Charles Dickens.*

BEFORE AND AFTER SCHOOL.

(*Before School.*)

“ Quarter to nine ! Boys and girls, do you hear ? ”
“ One more buckwheat, then—be quick, mother dear !
Where is my luncheon box ? ” “ Under the shelf,
In the very same place you left it yourself ! ”

“I can't say my table!” “Oh, find me my hat!”
 “One kiss for mamma, and sweet sis in her lap.”
 “Be good, dear!” “I'll try—9 times 9's 81.”
 “Here's your mittens!” “All right.” “Hurry up,
 Bill; let's run.”

Bang of the door! they are off, girls and boys,
 And mother draws breath in the lull of their noise.

(*After School.*)

“Don't wake up the baby! Come gently, my dear!”
 “O mother, I've torn my new dress. Just look here!
 I'm sorry; I was only climbing the wall!”
 “O mother, my map was the nicest of all!”
 “And Nelly in spelling went up to the head!”
 “O, say, can't I go out on the hill with my sled?”
 “I've got such a toothache.” “The teacher's un-
 fair!”
 “Is dinner most ready? I'm just like a bear!”
 Be patient, worn mother, they're growing up fast.
 These nursery whirlwinds, not long do they last;
 A still, lonely house would be far worse than noise;
 Rejoice and be glad in your dear girls and boys.

Rhode Island Schoolmaster.

WOMAN AND THE ROSE.

Fair Flora on the terrace stands
 With grace in every pose,
 Green leaves of myrtle in her hands,
 Crowned by one bright red rose.

Of human kind what may transcend
 That maid, whose cheek red glows?
 In floral worlds, what can contend
 In beauty with the rose?

Pre-eminent each in its way
They traits in life expose,
Closely allied in their display,
This woman and the rose.

They are both tender, sweet, and fair,
They blush as they disclose—
Woman—charms, so chaste, so rare,
Charms so chaste, the rose.

Two lives thus blest, by love imbued,
One color on them glows,
And nature stamps similitude
On woman and the rose.

As girlhood buds to woman grown,
And bud to flower blows ;
Blooms woman where most love is shown
Most love where blooms the rose.

Thus as they bloom man's life to cheer,
Their summer comes and goes ;
Though woman counts hers by the year,
By days but counts the rose.

In their decay one germ remains,
The source of all their woes ;
In woman this the face explains,
In fading, this the rose.

And when at last life's race is run,
Funereal rites impose
Sad tributes to and from each one—
The woman and the rose.

How fitting then in death's dark trust
One grave should o'er them close,
And there should mingle the sweet dust
Of woman and the rose.

James Stewart.

TWICKENHAM FERRY.

“O-hoi-ye-ho! Ho-ye-ho! Who’s for the ferry?
The briar’s in bud, the sun’s going down,
And I’ll row ye so swift, and I’ll row ye so steady,
And ’tis but a mile to Twickenham Town.”

The ferryman’s slim, and the ferryman’s young,
And he’s just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue,
And he’s fresh as a pippin, and brown as a berry
And ’tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.

“O-hoi-ye-ho! Ho-ye-ho! I’m for the ferry!
The briar’s in bud; the sun’s going down,
And it’s late as it is, and I haven’t a penny,
Oh! how shall I get me to Twickenham Town?”

She’d a rose in her bonnet, and oh, she looked sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,
With her cheeks like a rose, and her lips like a cherry,
“And sure and *you’re welcome* to Twickenham
Town.”

“O-hoi-ye-ho! Ho-ye-ho! I’m for the ferry!”
“Aha! But the briar’s in bud, the sun’s going down,
You’re too late for the Ferry.”
And he’s not rowing swift, and he’s not rowing steady,
You’d think ’twas a journey to Twickenham Town.

“Oho—and oho!” “Ha! ha! you may call as you will;
The moon is arising on Petersham Hill,
But with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry
There’s danger in crossing to Twickenham Town.”

ROBIN.

(Prize Recitation, Jan. 1889. N. Mo. State Normal.)

Sell old Robin, did you say?
Well, I reckon not to-day,

I have let you have your way
With the meadows and the fallows ;
Draining swamps, and filling hollows ;
And you're mighty deep, Don Alvoord,
But the sea itself has shallows ;
And there are some things you don't know.
No, you're not so green, of course,
As to feed a worn-out horse
Out of pity and remorse, very long.
But as long as I am master
Of a bit of shed or pasture,
Not for all the wealth of a Vanderbilt or Astor
Would I do old Robin there, such a wrong !

He is old and lame, alas !
Don't disturb him as you pass.
Let him lie there while he may,
And enjoy the summer weather.
We were young and gay together.
It was I who rode him first. Ah, the day !
I was just a little chap in first coat and cap
And I left my mother's lap at the door.
See him start and prick his ears !
I believe he understands every word !
And once more, it may be, fancies
He carries me, and prances,
While my mother from the doorway,
Follows us with happy glances.

You may laugh, but poor old Robin
Does he know how I used to cling and crow,
As I rode him to and fro and around ?
Ah, the nag you so disdain
With scanty tail and mane
Then was taper-limbed and glossy,
As we rode away to school
In the morning fresh and cool.
One day, beside the pool, where he drank,
Leaning on my handsome trotter,
Glancing up across the water

To the judge's terraced orchard,
 Mary I spied, the judge's daughter !
 In a frame of sunny boughs on the bank !
 Smiling down on horse and boy ;
 Smiling down so sweet and coy,
 That I thrilled with bashful joy, as she said,
 " Would you like to have some cherries ?
 There are nice ones on this terrace,
 These are white-hearts, on this tree overhead."
 Was it Robin, more than I
 That pleased her girlish eye ?
 Half I fear !

Off she ran ; but not a great way ;—
 Black-hearts, white-hearts, sweet-hearts straightway !
 Horse and boy were soon familiar
 With that hospitable gateway,
 And a happy fool was I for a year.
 Lord forgive an only child !
 All the blessings on me piled
 Only helped to make me wild and perverse.
 Racing, idling, betting, tipping,
 Wasted soon my last resources.
 Father, happy in his grave,
 Praying mother could not save.
 Often Mary urged and pleaded,
 And the good judge interceded,
 Counseled, blamed, insisted, threatened.
 Tears and threats were all unheeded
 And I answered them in wrath !
 It was done ! to old Robin's back I sprung
 And away ! no repentance, no compassion,
 On I plunged in headlong fashion,
 In a fierce, despairing passion,
 Through the blind and raging gusts,
 Mad as they.

From bad to worse was now my game,
 My poor mother tried to shield me,
 To reclaim me, Did her best,

Creditors began to clamor,
I could only lie and stammer.
All we had was pledged for payment,
All was sold beneath the hammer,
Old Robin there along with the rest,
Laughing, jeering, I stood
Watching those who came to buy,
I looked on, but did not falter,
Till the last man had departed
Leading Robin by the halter.
Then to a lonely wood I fled
Hating heaven and all its mercies,
For my follies and reverses.
There I plunged in self-abasement,
There took refuge in self-curses.

As I wandered home that night,
Something far off caught my sight
In the lane, coming to the bars to meet me.
Some illusion sent to cheat me?
No. 'Twas Robin! My old Robin,
Dancing, whinnying to greet me,
With a small white paper tied to his mane.
The small missive I unstrung,
To old Robin's neck I clung
There I cried, and there I hung,
While I read, in a hand I knew was Mary's,
"One whose friendship never varies,
Sends this gift."
No name was signed,
But a painted bunch of cherries,
On the dainty note smiled instead.

There he lies now, gaunt, and stiff of limb,
But to her and me, the same dear old Robin.
Never, steed, I think was fairer!
Still I see him the proud bearer
Of my pardon and salvation.
And he yet shall be a sharer in my joy.

It is strange, that by the time,
I a man, and in my prime,
He should be guilty of the crime of old age.
But he shall have his rack and pasture,
And some years of comfort yet, I'll engage.
See that merry little lass tripping to and fro,
To pick up little hands full of grass
Which he chews? And that small urchin
Trying to climb up? and ride him, lying?
And as hard hearted as you, Dan.
What? Crying are you? Well you see
An old horse has some use, after all.

AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT TO HER SICK FRIEND.

How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick and I thought I'd jest step in and cheer you up a little. My friends often say, "I'm so glad to see you, Auntie Doleful—you have such a flow of conversation—and then you're so lively." "Besides," I said to myself as I come up them steps, "perhaps it's the last time I shall ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You think you're a getting better? Yes, but there was poor Mrs. Jones a sitting up and everybody a saying how *smart* she was, when all of a sudden she was seized with a pain in her heart and went off like a flash.

But you must be very quiet and not get anxious or excited about anything. Of course things can't go on jest the same as if you was downstairs, and I wondered to myself as I come along if you knew that your little Sammy was a sailing around in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Tommy was a letting your little Jimmie down from the veranda roof in a clothes basket? Why, what is the matter, Cornelia? Oh, don't worry about the children; I guess Providence will take care of 'em. You thought

Bridget was a watching 'em? Well, no, she isn't. I saw her out at the back gate, as I come along, a talking to a man. He looked to me like a burglar. I've no doubt but she'll let him take the impression of the door key in wax and then he'll get in and murder you all, Cornelia. There was a whole family murdered down to Kobble Hill last week for fifty dollars.

Don't fidget so, Cornelia. It'll be bad for the baby. Poor little dear—come to Auntie Doleful. Poor little dear! How strange it is, to be sure, that you can't ever tell at this age, whether a child is going to be deaf and dumb or a cripple. It might be all, and you'd never know it. But them as have got their senses don't make good use of 'em, that ought to be your comfort, Cornelia, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it. The worst thing I see about the child, Cornelia, is its *red head*, for of course now it'll have an awful temper and may get hung some day. Poor little dear!

Well I reckon I'd better be a going now, Cornelia, I have another sick friend and I shan't feel that my duty's done till I call and cheer her up a little. What? Do stay a little while longer? Well yes, if it's any comfort to you, Cornelia.

Oh, yes! I was about to forget to ask about your husband's health. *Well, but finds it pretty warm in the city, heh?* Well, I'd suppose he would. Why, do you know that they are jest a drappin' down there every day by the hundreds with sunstroke? You must be prepared to have him brought home to you any day. Anyway, a trav'lin' back and forth as he does on them railway trains is jest a triffin' with danger. Dear me, what dreadful things is forever hanging over us.

Scarlet fever's broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your little Sammy a playing with him last Saturday. Well, really, I must be a going now. Why, what is the matter, Cornelia? You don't look as well as you did

when I first come in. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and get somebody else. Good-bye, Cornelia, if anything happens just send for me immediately. If I can't do anything else, I can help *lay you out*.—*Dallas*.

A LEGEND OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Once rambling through the quaint old town,
I found some records musty,
And traced a half-forgotten tale
On pages dim and dusty.
The simple story touched my heart,
Its loyal pulses swelling,
And lingered in my thoughts until
I felt it worth the telling.

'Twas in those dark and troubled days
When future good discerning,
Our fathers bore the rebel brand,
A servile safety spurning.
The people of this little isle,
Were staunch as they were steady,
Theirs was the patriot's fearless trust,
And courage always ready.

But times as yet were sad and dark,
A night uncheered by morning,
And British strength its triumphs won,
Their best endeavors scorning.
One wintry day an English ship
By stress of tempest driven,
Sought shelter there, a sorry sight,
Her towering mainmast riven.

Shoreward the captain turned his gaze,
Perplexed—well-nigh despairing—
And saw a flag-staff on the green
The stars and stripes upbearing.

A smile replaced his thoughtful frown ;
“ Ho, lads ! yon stick we'll borrow ;
That Yankee pole shall serve King George
Before this time to-morrow ! ”

Later he stood upon the green,
And, careless of resistance,
The townfolk heard him broach his plans
With insolent insistence.
Foremost among the little crowd
That grew and gathered near him,
Three school-girls stood with flashing eyes
And crimson cheeks, to hear him.

And when, at last, they turned away,
Each fair young face was wearing
A look of stern resolve, while low
They whispered words of daring.
If in their homes that night the girls
Were chid for absent seeming,
None guessed what weighty secrets filled
The hearts unused to scheming.

'Twas midnight, and the little town
All tranquilly lay sleeping,
When through the silence and the gloom
Three slender forms went creeping.
Some breathless moments—they had gained
The flagstaff—then shone brightly
Their keen-edged axes, while their strokes
Fell fast and thick, if lightly.

Some words of cheer and hope they spake
To spur their strength so slender,
Then plied their hard, unwonted task,
Those heroines brave as tender.
Soon louder rang their strokes and words
Till tears with laughter blending,
They saw the shapely flag-staff fall,
Hewed, hacked, beyond all mending.

Then, for the dawn was breaking fast,
They fled, too happy-hearted,
To heed the sting of muscles strained,
Or palms that bled and smarted.
But one turned back to gather up
With almost reverent manner,
And kindling look, the flag she loved—
The striped and starry banner.

The morning sun displayed their work—
Amazed, the early risers
Looked on, and praised the ready thought
That baffled all surmisers.
Fierce was the English captain's wrath,
And bitter his reviling,
While half the town stood grouped around,
Nor cared to hide their smiling.

Their island held no other stick
Of timber for his using,
And so with merry scorn they met
His anger and abusing.
The youthful heroines of the day?
Their courage long was vaunted,
While friends and kinsfolk far and near
Their praises fondly chanted.

Alas, for fame! their very names
Have mouldered past retracing,
The time-worn record notes their deed,
Then stops—all else effacing.
Blazoned on no historic page,
They lack the patriot's glory,
Unless these humble lines may serve
To keep alive their story.

Corbett.

KING OF CANDY-LAND.

I had such a lovely dream last night, it was truly so
 fine and grand ;
 I thought I was king, all alone by myself, of a land
 called Candy-Land !
 I dwelt in the great lemon cocoanut walls of a palace
 just to my taste ;
 With its furniture made out of all things nice from
 taffy to jujube paste.

With rarest of candies at every turn, obedient slaves
 would wait,
 And my throne was studded with peppermint drops
 and carved out of chocolate,
 And O, 'twas such fun as I wandered through those
 beautiful rooms alone,
 To bite off a morsel of sofa or chair, or nibble a bit
 of throne.

Youths' Companion.

I LOVE, YOU LOVE.

Old Jones, the village pedagogue, the grammar lesson
 called one day,
 Young Bess, a maid of sweet sixteen, began the well-
 known words to say :
 "First person I love," first she said, sly Tom beside
 her whispered, "me?"
 "Second person you love," Bess went on, "aye, that
 I do," said Tom, "love thee."

"Third person he loves," still said Bess. Tom whis-
 pered, "Who's he?"
 "Oh! Tom" said Bessie, pleading low, "do hold your
 peace and let me be!"
 "No whispering!" called the master loud, and frowned
 upon the forward youth,
 "First person we love," Bessie said. "By George,"
 Tom whispered, "that's the truth."

The lesson o'er at last, poor Bess with cheeks all
crimson took her seat,
While Tom, sly fellow, tried in vain the maiden's
soft blue eyes to meet ;
And when the recess hour was come, Tom begged a
walk with coaxing tone,
And 'neath, the trees, Bess said again the lesson o'er—
for him alone.

THE PROVINCE OF HISTORY.

The concluding paragraphs of a historical work may well be brief and simple. It is not permitted to the writer of history to moralize at length upon the events which are sketched by his pen. He is forbidden to conjecture, to imagine, to dream. He has learned, albeit against his will, to moderate his enthusiasm, to curb his fancy, to be humble in the presence of facts. To him the scenery on the shore of the stream that bears him onward—tall trees and giant rocks—must pass but half observed, and for him the sun and the south wind strive in vain to make enticing pictures on the playful eddies of human thought. None the less, he may occasionally pause to reflect; he may ever and anon throw out an honest deduction drawn from the events upon which his attention has been fixed. Particularly is this true when he has come to the end.

All of a sudden he anchors in the bay of the present, and realizes that his voyage is done. In such a moment there is a natural reversion of the thought from its long and devious track across the fields, valleys, and wastes of the past, and a strong disposition to educe some lesson from the events which he has recorded. The first and most general truth in history is that men ought to be free. If happiness is the end of human race, then freedom is its condition. And this freedom is not to be a kind of half-escape from thralldom and tyranny, but ample and absolute. The emancipation in order to be emanci-

pation at all, must be complete. To the historian it must ever appear strange that men have been so distrustful of this central principle in the philosophy of human history. The greatest fallacy with which the human intellect has ever been beguiled, is that the present has conceded to men all the freedom which they are fit to enjoy. On the contrary, no age has done so. Every age has been a Czar, and every reformer is threatened with Siberia. Nevertheless, in the face of all this baleful opposition and fierce hostility to the forward and freedom-seeking movement of the race, the fact remains that to be free is the prime condition of all the greatness, wisdom, and happiness in the world. Whatever force, therefore, contributes to widen the limits which timid fear or selfish despotism has set as the thus-far of freedom is a civilizing force and deserves to be augmented by the individual will and personal endeavor of every lover of mankind; and on the other hand, every force which tends to fix around the teeming brains and restless activities of men one of those so called necessary barriers to their progress and ambition, is a force of barbarism and cruelty, meriting the relentless antagonism of every well-wisher of his kind. Let it be remembered, then, that the battle is not yet ended, the victory not yet won. The present is relatively—not absolutely, thanks to the great warriors of humanity—as much the victim of the enslaving forces as was the past; and it is the duty of the philanthropist, the sage, the statesman, to give the best of his life and genius to the work of breaking down, and not imposing, those bulwarks and barriers which superstition and conservatism have reared as the ramparts of civilization, and for which an enlightened people have no more need than for the Chinese wall.

Of all things that are incidentally needed to usher in the promised democracy and brotherhood of man—the coming new era of enlightenment and peace—one of the most essential is toleration. It is a thing which the world has never yet enjoyed—is just now

beginning to enjoy. Almost every page of the ancient and mediæval history of mankind has been made bloody with some form of intolerance. Until the present day the baleful shadow of this sin against humanity has been upon the world. The proscriptive vices of the Middle Age have flowed down with the blood of the race and tainted the life that now is with a suspicion and distrust of freedom. Liberty in the minds of men has meant the privilege of agreeing with the majority. Men have desired free thought, but fear has stood at the door. It remains for the present to build a highway, broad and free, into every field of liberal inquiry, and to make the poorest of men who walks therein more secure in life and reputation than the soldier who sleeps behind the rampart. Proscription has no part nor lot in the modern government of the world. The stake, the gibbet, and the rack, thumbscrews, swords, and pillory have no place among the machinery of civilization. Nature is diversified; so are human faculties, beliefs, and practices. Essential freedom is the right to differ, and that right must be sacredly respected. Nor must the privilege of dissent be conceded with coldness and disdain, but openly, cordially, and with good will. No loss of rank, abatement of character, or ostracism from society must darken the pathway of the humblest of the seekers after truth. The right of free thought, free inquiry, and free speech to all men everywhere is as clear as the noonday and bounteous as the air and the sea. May the day soon dawn when every land, from Orient to Occident, from pole to pole, from mountain to shore, and from shore to the farthest island of the sounding sea, shall feel the glad sunshine of freedom in its breast; and when the people of all climes, arising at last from the heavy slumbers and barbarous dreams which have so long haunted the benighted minds of men, shall join in glad acclaim to usher in the Golden Era of Humanity and the universal Monarchy of Man!—*Ridpath.*

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE WHEN IT
IS RED.

A wreck of humanity, tattered and torn,
Close by the wayside was sitting forlorn ;
The demon of drunkenness had left its trace,
On a withered and wrinkled though once handsome
face.

Life's lamp flickered faintly and with fitful flame ;
His breath with an effort of agony came,
Yet he spake, "Ere I die let me this warning give,
Young man, look at me ! Shun the tempter and
live."

"It was Christmas," he said, "I remember it well,
I took the first steps in the pathway to hell.
Oh! would that I never had seen that sad day,
Or the beautiful temptress that led me astray !
'Twas Christmas ! ah, yes ! And her board loaded
down

With choicest of viands, befitting a crown.
The fair one with smile on her radiant face,
While every movement was beauty and grace,

"With jeweled hand filled the cup with red wine
Saying, 'Drink to my health in this juice of the
vine.

Yes, drink ; it is nectar, 'tis pure, it is old,
Each drop in the goblet is worth so much gold.'
I was no more than mortal, resistance was vain,
I drank the sweet draught and filled it again.
My brain was on fire, as I filled it once more,
Then reeling and stag'ring I passed from her door.

"Now, on to destruction I wandered away
Drinking deep of the poison by night and by day,
Till my fortune had faded ; my friends were all gone,
And left but the wreck that you see, all alone.
The demon is dragging me down to my doom,
And in the hereafter where, where is my home ?

I'm going, I know it, the cold hand I feel,
On my brow death already has set his dark seal."

A struggle, a groan, then his soul took its flight
From the cares of this world to eternity's night,
Oh, fair one, remember; one, one thoughtless move
The wreck of a life, of a soul may yet prove,
Oh, raise not a beacon; let no straggling ray
Lure one from the path of true virtue away.
Know this; that if ever you tempt one with wine,
That much of thy poor victim's guilt will be
thine.

L. R. Phelps.

THE CHEAP JACK.

I am a Cheap Jack. My father was one before me. So, being raised to the business, I fancy I know pretty well what the ups and downs of a Cheap Jack's life are. And it's my opinion there are more downs than ups.

But I must tell you that I courted my wife from the foot-board of the cart. I did indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at the window. I had took to her, and I had said to myself, "If not already disposed of, I think I'll have that lot." So the next Saturday that came round, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat pocket a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way—looking up at the window where she was: "Now here, my blooming English maidens, is an article, the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumplings biling over with beauty. And I won't take a bid of a thousand pounds for it from any *man* alive.

Now what is it? Why, I'll tell you what it is. It's made of fine gold, and it's not broke, though there's a hole in the middle, and it's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. Now what else is it? Why, it's a wedding ring. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do with it. I'm not going to offer this lot for *money*; but I mean to *give* it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half-past nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns. *She* laughed and got the ring handed up straightway. And when I called in the morning, she says, "O dear! It's never you, and you never meant it?" "It's ever me," says I, "and I'm ever yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times,—which, by the bye, is quite in the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

Well, she wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swopped her away for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen years. Now my lords and ladies and gentle folks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a palace would try the worst of you; but thirteen year of temper in a cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you getting on like sweet ile upon a whetstone in houses of four, five, and six apartments, that would go to the Divorce Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don't undertake to decide; but in a cart it does come home to you, and stick to you. Violence in a cart is so violent, and aggrawation in a cart is so aggrawating.

We might have had such a pleasant life! A roomy cart, with the large goods hung outside and the bed slung underneath it when on the road, an iron pot and a kettle, a fire place for the cold weather, a chimney for the smoke, a hanging shelf and a cupboard, a dog, and a horse. What more do you want? You draw off upon a bit of turf in a green lane or by the roadside, you hobble your old horse and turn him grazing, you light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors, you cook your stew, and you wouldn't call the Emperor of Germany your father. But have a temper in the cart, flinging hard looks, and harder words at you, and where are you then? Put a name to your feelings.

Why, my dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. How he knew it was a mystery to me; but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him up out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl and bolt. At such times I wished I was him.

The worst of it was, we had a daughter born to us, and I love children with all my heart. When she was in her furies she beat the child. This got to be so shocking, as the child got to be four or five year old, that I have many a time gone on with my whip over my shoulder at the old horse's head, sobbing and crying worse than ever little Sophy did. For how could I prevent it? Such a thing is not to be tried with such a temper—in a cart—without coming to a fight. It's in the natural size and formation of a cart to bring it to a fight. And then, if I interfered in the least, the poor child would get worse terrified than before, as well as worse hurt generally, and her mother would make complaints to the next people we lighted on, and the word would go round: "Here's a wretch of a Cheap Jack been a beating his wife."

Little Sophy was such a brave child! She grew to be quite devoted to her poor father, though he could do so little to help her. She had a wonderful

quantity of shining dark hair, all curling natural about her. It is quite astonishing to me now that I didn't go tearing mad, when I used to see her run from her mother before the cart, and her mother catch her by her hair and pull her down by it and beat her.

Such a brave child I said she was! ah! with reason. "Don't you mind next time, father dear," she would whisper to me with her little face still flushed and her bright eyes still wet; "if I don't cry out, you may know I'm not much hurt. And even if I do cry out, it will only be to get mother to let go and leave off."

Yet in other respects her mother took great care of her. Her clothes were always neat and clean, and her mother was never tired of working at them. Such is the inconsistency of things. Our being down in the marsh country in unhealthy weather, I consider the cause of little Sophy's taking bad low fever; however, she took it, and once she got it she turned away from her mother forever more. Whenever her mother came near her, she would shiver and say, "No, no, no," and would hide her face on my shoulder, and hold me tighter round the neck.

The Cheap Jack business had been worse than ever I had known it, and I was run dry of money, for which reason, one night at that period of little Sophy's being so bad, either we must have come to a dead-lock for victuals and drink, or I must have pitched the cart, as I did.

I could not get the dear child to lie down or leave go of me for one moment, and indeed I hadn't the heart to try, so I stepped out on the foot-board with her holding round my neck. They all set up a laugh when they see us, and one chuckle Joskin—that I hated for it—made the bidding, "tuppence for her!"

"Now, you country boobies," says I—feeling as if my heart would break—"I give you fair warning that I'm a going to charm the money right out of your pockets. And why? Because I sell my goods

for seventy-five per cent less than I give for 'em. Now, let's know what you want to-night and you shall have it. But first of all, shall I tell you why I have got this little girl around my neck? You don't want to know? Then you shall. She belongs to the fairies. She's a fortune-teller. She can tell me all about you in a whisper, and can put me up to whether you're going to buy a lot or leave it. Now, do you want a saw? No, she says you don't; because you're too clumsy to use one. Else here's a saw that would be a lifelong blessing to a handy at four shillings—four shillings—at three and six—going at three and six—at three—at two and six—two and six—two and six. But none of you shall have it at any price, on account of your well-known awkwardness, which would make it manslaughter. Now I'm a going to ask her what you do want. Then I whispered, "Your head burns so that I am afraid it hurts you bad, my pet," and she answered without opening her heavy eyes, "just a little, father."

"Oh! this little fortune-teller says its a memorandum book you want. Then why didn't you mention it? Here it is. Look at it. Two hundred superfine, hot-pressed, wire-wove pages—if you don't believe me count 'em—ready ruled for your expenses—an everlastingly pointed pencil to put 'em down with, a double bladed pen-knife to scratch 'em out with, a book of printed tables to calculate your income with, and a camp-stool to sit down upon while you give your mind to it! Stop! and an umbrella to keep the moon off when you give your mind to it on a pitch-dark night. Now I won't ask you how much for the lot, but how little. How little are you thinking of? Don't be ashamed to mention it because my fortune-teller knows already."

Then making believe to whisper, I kissed her and she kissed me.

"Why, she says, you're thinking of as little as three and threepence. With an income of forty thousand a year—you grudge three and sixpence.

Well, then, I'll tell you my opinion. I so despise the threepence, that I'd sooner take three shillings. Three shillings—three shillings—going—going at three shillings. There! Hand 'em over to the lucky man."

Just then I touched little Sophy's face and asked her if she felt faint or giddy. "Not very, father. It will all be over soon."

Then turning from the pretty patient eyes, which were opened now, I went on again in my Cheap Jack style. "Where's the butcher?" (my sorrowful eye had just caught sight of a fat young butcher on the outside of the crowd). "She says the good luck is the butcher's. Where is he?" Everybody handed on the blushing butcher to the front, and there was a roar, and the butcher felt obliged to put his hand in his pocket and take the lot.

Then we had another lot, the counter part of that one, and sold it sixpence cheaper, which was very much enjoyed. Then we had the ladies' lot—tea-pot, tea-caddy, half a dozen spoons, and a silver cup—and all the time I was making similar excuses to give a look and say a word or two to my poor child. It was while the second ladies' lot was holding 'em enchained, that I felt her lift herself on my shoulder to look across the dark street.

"What troubles you darling?"

"Nothing troubles me, father. I'm not at all troubled. But don't I see a pretty churchyard over there?"

"Yes, dear."

"Kiss me, father. Kiss me *twice*, dear father, and lay me down to rest upon that churchyard grass, so soft and green."

I staggered back into the cart with her head dropped on my shoulder, and I says to her mother, "Quick! Shut the door! Don't let those laughing people see."

"What is the matter?" she cries.

"Oh, woman, woman," I tells her, "you'll never

catch my little Sophy by the hair again, for she has flown away from you!"—*Charles Dickens.*

THE MARCH OF TIME.

Upon the golden span of to-day's bright shore we stand,
 And looking back through retrospection's vale,
 Visions, sad and beautiful, woven in life's fitful dream, before us rise.
 'Tis spring, and o'er the earth the queen of beauty walks;
 Boyish footprints on the hill-side and in the vale we see,
 As though but yesterday they had been made.

Fancies of youthful mirth flit before us
 With the same freshness, once so real,
 Ere from our sight they were hurried
 By the remorseless flight of time.
 A low-roofed cottage with a creeping vine peers forth,
 And down the beaten path a mother leads her boy;
 And autumn with its "sere and yellow leaf,"
 Has tinged the forest trees, and given place
 To winter stern, who holds all earth in fetters grim.

Gone are the bright visions, leaving in their stead
 A lonely grave, and on the damp, decaying mould
 An aged form is kneeling, within whose eye
 We recognize the boy of long years ago;
 And as the moaning winds go by,
 We catch the trembling cadence of his voice
 As he sobs out the name of—mother!
 In one swift glance, we see how life begins
 And where the pilgrimage will end;
 A myth, a dream, a vision, that a breath may e'en
 dissolve.

Nations by that invisible power spring up
And people the broad universe,
Are born and live, to droop and die,
And generations, perchance, yet unborn,
In future ages upon their graves may look.
The mighty warriors that guarded once the gates of
Thebes

Or lined the banks of the Euphrates,
Had for their light the same sun and moon
And beaming stars that we do now behold ;
And they perchance oft-times looked back to the
footprints,
And upon the resting places of their kindred dust.

Still onward sweeps the tide of years,
Sceptres, before whose imperial sway,
Nations paled, lie broken, empires,
Proud cities, massive gates, and mighty walls into
decay

Before the resistless march of time have crumbled.
A thousand fleets to-day ride high o'er ocean's waves,
To-morrow a thousand ghostly wrecks bestrew the
shore.

Yet the chariot wheels of time roll on,
And we still backward look o'er the desolating track
To that which was, or let our thoughts go onward,
Trying to peer into the unfathomable mysteries
Of the Great Beyond, to catch
A glimpse of that which is yet to be.

But Time, the great leveler of all things earthly.
Strides on, his footsteps never lag ;
Suns rise and set, and through the realms of space
Glides the pale moon, bathing in her silvery light,
Mountains, rivers, and plains that reflected
Her glances when first the world began.
Seasons come and go, nor heed the fate of man,
But thank God, a hope, gathering strength
From that golden promise, within our hearts
Shines forth, whispering of a fairer land than this

For those who love the Lord,
 From whence there will be *no looking back.*
W. S. Walker.

THE CHILDREN AND THE ANGEL.

Four playmates gathered by a rill,
 A song in concert singing,
 One crippled was, dear little Will,
 Yet happy still his pure voice ringing.

The burden of their strain was love
 For him who blessed a little child.
 Lo! on their vision from above,
 There sudden flashed an angel mild!

“Dear children,” low the angel spoke,
 “Each whisper me with upturned brow,
 What you would give for his sweet sake
 Were the dear Saviour present now.”

“Were all earth’s richest jewels mine,
 I’d fondly give each glowing gem,”
 The eldest said, “and all should shine
 On Jesus’ brow for diadem.”

The next with trembling voice replied:
 “I’d wreath his cross with fairest flowers,
 And, kneeling, kiss his wounded side
 While ‘tear-drops fell like summer showers.’”

“And I,” said cunning little Maud,
 “Would lift my lips for him to kiss;
 Instead of papa, I’d say: ‘Dear Lord,
 Thy name may all the angels bless.’”

The lame boy’s pale, dejected face
 The angel scanned with kindling smile,
 As though his answer she might trace
 In that soulful look, it wore the while.

“One simple gift is all I have,
 Its merits measured not by pelf
 Baptized in prayer’s all healing wave,
 I’d freely give to him—*myself!*”

“O, precious one,” the angel said,
 While rapture filled her azure eye,
 “The victor’s wreath shall crown thy brow
 God loveth best thy wise reply.”

George B. Griffith.

THE GRANDAME’S STORY.

Once a poet went a-roaming, over mountain, hill
 and dale,
 And he paused before a cottage, nestling in a pleas-
 ant vale ;
 He was weary with his wandering, and he sought a
 cool retreat
 In the broad inviting shadows from the Summer’s
 noontide heat.
 Where he found a group of children full of laughter
 and of glee,
 And their aged Grandame sitting ’neath a spreading
 maple tree.

Grandma rested on the cushions folded in a rustic
 chair,
 And the shadows and the sunshine fell upon her sil-
 ver hair ;
 And the children, fair and blooming, full of graces
 rare and sweet,
 Sat upon the fragrant clover, twining garlands at
 her feet.
 All the glory of the harvest shone upon the valley
 plain,
 And in fields anear the reapers cut and bound the
 ripened grain.

And the clatter of the sickles, and the voices of the
men

Came to him like some grand anthem winding
through the sunny glen ;

'Twas a scene that touched his spirit with emotions
strangely sweet,

And he joined the children sitting at the aged Grand-
dame's feet.

They had talked about the harvest, he had joined
the children's play,

He had told them of his travels, and of countries far
away.

Then a silence fell between them, and they heard the
sound again

Of the sharply clanging reapers, and the voices of
the men.

Then the Grandame fell to musing, and the children
ceased their play,

For upon her gentle features an unwonted sadness lay.

"She's thinking up a story," said a little boy at last.

"Tell it, Grandma, tell a story!" all the eager chil-
dren cried ;

"Please us, Grandame," and they clustered to her side.

And she answered to their pleading in a voice sub-
dued and low,

"There's a story I will tell you of a harvest long ago

That doth haunt me with its sadness, that returns
with keener pain,

When I hear them whet the sickles, when I see them
bind the grain."

So she wiped her misty glasses, stroked a wee head
crowned with gold,

And in accents strangely tender, unto them this
story told.

"In a quiet, pensive valley, where the fairest sun-
beams fell,

Where reposed the softest shadows and the rose and
asphodel

Shook their rare and dreamy sweetness to the wind
that, glad and free,
In their bowers sang the chorus of the wild waves by
the sea,
Stood a wreath-embowered cottage that was very
fair to see
Where in love's supreme contentment dwelt a
family group of three.

“Sang the wife and mother Mary at her work that
golden morn,
Gayly sang the sturdy reapers as they reaped the
ripened corn ;
And a little boy who gamboled with a lamb the door
beside,
To the music of their voices with his happy song
replied.
Often Mary at the doorway stood and gazed upon
her boy,
While his rare and healthful beauty filled her mother
heart with joy.

“Once she stood thus, fondly smiling at his sweet
and winning grace,
As he leaned upon the lammie, looking down into
its face,
With an air of stern reproving, and a threatening
finger raised,
While the lammie, sad and wondering, almost plead-
ing, upward gazed,
When at last with ringing laughter, Willie started
to a bound,
While the lamb with gleeful rapture chased his foot-
steps round and round.

“Till in looking upward, Willie saw his mother's
smiling face,
And with steps that rang with gladness, sprang into
her fond embrace.

Just one moment there she held him, with his head
upon her breast,
Then she left him, crowned with kisses, with his
mother's blessing blest.
Busy once again at labor, all her soul was filled with
joy,
As she thought upon the beauty of her gentle, lovely
boy.

“Onward passed the day in splendor, and the glori-
ous afternoon
Found the heart of mother Mary humming still the
pleasant tune,
And the lovely little valley, lying 'neath the shelter-
ing hill
Seemed to her a joy forever, but the air was strangely
still.
Not a sound besides the twitter of the swallows 'neath
the eaves,
And the chanting of the reapers as they bound the
golden sheaves.

“Then she hasted to the doorway, cast about an eager
look,
O'er the lawn, and o'er the meadow, down the course
of Willow brook,
But no trace of boy or lammie, only butterflies and
bees,
And a golden robin flitting out and in among the
trees.
'Willie! Willie! Come, my darling!' but no
little Willie came,
'Willie! Willie! Come to mamma!' All was
silent just the same.

“‘Willie! Willie! Whither straying, art thou sleep-
ing on the leaves?
Hast thou gone to watch the reapers binding up the
yellow sheaves?’

Fleet of foot, and wild of fancy, sped she to the
field away,
Asking of the startled reapers, 'Have you seen my
boy to-day?'
'He was here and watched the binding, bound that
tiny sheaf you see,
Then he led the lamb a frolic, full of laughter and of
glee.'

" 'Then he bound a bunch of lilies, with some bearded
heads of wheat,
For mother Mary, and with the lammie hastened
home with flying feet.'
'When was this?' the mother whispered. 'It was
full three hours ago;
It was in the heat of mid-day and the sun is getting
low.'
'Oh my Willie! Willie! Willie! where art thou?'
the mother cried;
'Ernest, father, there's the forest, yonder is the
restless tide.'

"And the father dropped his sickle, and the reapers
left the grain,
And they searched the beach and forest, calling, call-
ing, but in vain.
Calling, 'Willie—Willie!' But the forest made
reply
With a deeper, sadder silence to the agonizing cry.
Then they looked amid the grasses, and they searched
the sandy shore
For the precious wayward footprints, looked them
sadly o'er and o'er.

"But they found no trace of Willie in the wood or on
the sand
Till at last there came a hunter bearing in his trem-
bling hand,
Just a bunch of withered lilies, and a dainty little
shoe
Soiled and wet with forest dampness, with a loosened
string of blue.

He had found it in the forest, deep, and dark and tangled wild,
This—the only token of the lamb or of the child.

“So the fearful search was ended, and within the cottage lone,
Ernest sat with mother Mary, and he did not check her moan.
For the sturdy reaper’s spirit trembled like an aspen leaf,
He was thinking of the fingers that had bound that tiny sheaf,
Rosy fingers—dainty fingers—where their waxen beauty now?

“In the night the winds went moaning, and a cold and dreary rain
Pierced the wild depths of the forest, swept across the valley plain,
And the restless sleeping Mary, weeping as the winds went by,
In the pauses of the tempest heard a plaintive pleading cry
‘Father! father!’ it repeated, ‘father! father!’ o’er and o’er;
But they said it was the tempest, just the wind and nothing more.

“‘Willie is in heaven, mother,’ thus they said to soothe her pain,
‘There, and there alone, sweet Mary, shalt thou see thy boy again.
Lo! it was the gentle Shepherd found thy little wandering lamb,
And He took him to His bosom.’ So at last her soul was calm.
Once again it was the harvest, and the silent reaper’s reaped,
Mother Mary at her labor sang no song, but sighed and wept.

"When a hunter from the forest paused before the cot-
 tage door,
 Bearing in his hand a token of the boy that came no
 more.
 He had found it on the mountain, near the ruins of a
 bower
 Built of moss, and vines, and branches, that had
 bloomed with many a flower,
 Where they knew the little wanderer, weary with his
 pleading cry,
 Lay among his flowers and mosses, all alone, at last,
 to die."

"And he brought the little token, all that now re-
 mained of him,
 Just one long and golden ringlet, twined about an
 oaken limb;
 And they laid the golden ringlet, with a new and sad-
 der grief
 With the lilies and the slipper and the tiny wheaten
 sheaf."

Mrs. Henry.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE.

At the foot of the mountain height
 Where is perched Castel-Cuille,
 Passed a merry company
 Of rosy village girls,
 All singing a happy strain,
 "The road should blossom, the roads should bloom,
 So fair a bride shall leave her home!
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day."

It is Baptiste and his affianced maiden
 With garlands for the bridal laden!

But how comes it, that among
These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
So joyous with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing with silent tongue?
And yet the bride is fair and young!
Oh, truly a maiden frail, I trow,
Never bore a loftier brow.
What ails Baptiste, what ill doth him oppress?

It is that half way up the hill,
In yon cot, dwelleth the blind girl still,
Daughter of a veteran old;
And you must know one year ago
That Margaret the young and tender
Was the village pride and splendor,
And Baptiste her lover bold,
And for them the altar was prepared.
But alas! the summer's blight,
The dread disease that none could stay,
The pestilence that walks by night
Took the young bride's sight away.

All, at the father's stern command was changed
Their *peace* was gone, but not their love estranged.
Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled.
Returned but three short days ago,
The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is *thinking* ever of *Margaret*.
Then suddenly a maiden cried
"Here comes the cripple Jane!"
And by a fountain side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-tree appears.
The maidens toward her run as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.
It is that Jane is a soothsayer, wary and kind;
She telleth fortunes, and none complain.
She promises one a village swain

And another a happy wedding day,
And all comes to pass as she avers ;
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once, the village seer
Wears a countenance severe.
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white,
Her eyes flashed like caunons bright,
She takes the young bride by the hand,
“ Thoughtless Angela, beware ! lest when
Thou weddest this false bridegroom
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb ! ”
Saddened a moment, the bridal train
Resumed the dance and song again.
“ The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day ! ”
By suffering worn and weary ;
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret,
In her cottage lone and dreary :
“ He has arrived, arrived at last.
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past.
Arrived ! Yet keeps aloof so far !
And knows that of my night he is the star.
When he is gone 'tis dark ! My soul is sad !
I suffer ! O my God ! come make me glad !
Come, Baptiste ! Keep the promise of that happier day
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted.
True love, they say, in grief doth more abound !
What then when one is blind ?
Who knows ? Perhaps I am forsaken !
Ah ! Woe is me ! Then bear me to my grave !
O God ! what thoughts in me waken—
Away ! away ! he will return ! I do but rave !
He will return ! I need not fear !
He swore it by our Saviour dear.
Some one comes ! Though blind, my heart can see !
And that deceives me not ! 'Tis he ! 'Tis he ! ”

Alas! 'tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries:
 "Angela, the bride, has passed!
 I saw the wedding guests go by!
 Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked,
 For all are there but you and I?"
 "Angela married! and not send
 To tell her secret unto me!
 O speak! who may the bridegroom be?"
 "My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend!"
 A cry she gave but nothing said,
 Milky whiteness o'er her cheeks hath spread.

While an icy hand held her heart
 Crushed, as in a vice, away
 With a hop and a jump went Paul,
 And as he whistled along the hall
 Entered Jane, the crippled crone.
 "Holy virgin! thou art cold!
 Art chill as death, my little friend!
 What ails thee sweet?" "Nothing, Jane!
 I heard them singing home the bride
 And as I listened to the song I thought—
 Ah, leave me, Jane. I am weary and would rest."

Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press,
 "Go pray to God that thou may'st love him less!"
 "The more I pray the more I love;
 It is no sin, for God is on my side."
 Now rings the bell nine times reverberating
 And the white daybreak stealing up the sky
 Sees in two cottages two maidens
 Waiting—how differently!
 Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed
 The one puts on her cross and crown,
 Decks with a huge bouquet her breast
 Looks at herself, and cannot rest.

The other, blind, within her little room
 Has neither crown nor flowers' perfume,

But in their stead, for something gropes apart
 That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
 And 'neath her bodice of scarlet dye
 Convulsive clasps it to her heart.
 Then kneels upon the floor and
 Whispers—"O God! forgive me now!"
 And then, the orphan, young and blind,
 Conducted by her brother's hand,
 Toward the churchyard through paths unscanned,
 With tranquil air her way doth wend.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by
 And tell me, where are we?"
 "We've reached the church, dear Margaret,
 Come in, the bride will be here soon.
 Thou tremblest! O my God! Art going to swoon!"
 And now arrives the bridal train
 And with it brings the village throng.
 In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
 For lo! Baptiste on this gala-day,
 Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
 Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

Already the mass is said,
 Baptiste receives the wedding ring,
 Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it
 He must pronounce one word at least!
 'Tis spoken; and sudden at the groomsman's side,
 "'Tis he!" a well-known voice has cried.
 And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,
 "Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my
 death,
 As holy water be my blood for thee!"
 And calmly in the air a knife suspended!
 Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,
 For *anguish* did its work so well
 That ere the fatal stroke descended,
Lifeless she fell!

At eve instead of bridal verse,
 The *De Profundis* filled the air.
 Decked with flowers a simple hearse
 To the churchyard forth they bear;
 Village girls in robes of snow
 Follow, weeping as they go.
 Nowhere was a smile that day, no,
 Ah no! for each one seemed to say—
 “The roads should mourn and be veiled in gloom,
 So fair a corpse shall leave its home!
 Should mourn, and should weep, ah, well away!
 So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!”

Longfellow.

HOW RUBY PLAYED THE PIANO.

(Prize Recitation, Jan., 1888. N. Mo. State Normal.)

Well, sir, he had the biggest, catty-cornedest old pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was histed, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the insides clean out and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? I should say he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sat down, he peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin'. He tweedle-eedled a little on the trebble, and troodle-oodled some on the base, just a foolin' and a boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I: “What sort a fool playin' is that?” And he says, “hush!” Presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage. “Now,” I says to my neighbor, “he's showin' off; he thinks he's a doin' of it now, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. Now if he'd play me a tune of some kind or

other, I'd—" But my neighbor says "heish," very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird wakin' up way off in the woods and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Ruby was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I sot down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the East, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh. Some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, and the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was a movin' and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. It was a fine mornin' and I says to my neighbor, "That's music, that is!" But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there, and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't anything in the world left to live for, not a thing! and yet I didn't want that music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable.

Then all of a sudden old Ruben changed his tune. He ripped and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like a grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright and I hilt up my head ready to look any man in the face and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus and a brass band and a big ball all goin' on at once. He lit into them keys like a thousand of bricks; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a goin' and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped

sprang onto my seat, and just hollered: "Go it Rube!"

Every woman, man, and child in that house riz on me and shouted, "Put him out! Put him out! put him out!" "Put your great grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next mouth!" says I. "Tech me if you dare; I paid my money and you just come anigh me!" I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruben out, now, or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies, and he tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water full of feeling that couldn't be thought and began to drop-drip, drop-drip, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. Oh, it was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetened with white sugar, mixed with powdered silver and seed-diamonds. I tell you that audience cheered. Ruben he kinder bowed like he wanted to say: "much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrupt."

He stopped a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his coat sleeves, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapped her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knocked her down and stamped on her shameful, and *then* he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder through the hollows and caves of perdition. And then he fox-chased his right hand with the left till he got clean out of the tribble into the clouds, whar the notes is finer than the pints of cambric

needles and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shaders of 'em, and then he wouldn't let her go. He forward two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left back to your place, all hands around, back and forth, up and down, turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double bow-knots.

And then he wouldn't let her go. He fetcht up his right wing, he fetcht up his left wing, he fetcht up his reserve, he fetcht up his center. He fired by file, by platoons, by regiments and brigades. He opened his cannon-siege guns down thar. Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, mines and magazines, battery and bomb all a goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rocked. Heavens and earth! creation! sweet potatoes! Moses! Roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—riddle-uddle-uddle-uddle—riddle-addle-addle-addle—riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle p-r-r-rlang! bang! lang! perlang! p-r-r-r-rlang! Bang!!! With that bang he lifted himself bodily into the air, and come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows and his nose strikin' every single solitary key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers, and I know'd no more.

NAPOLEON.

From the rock rudely rent by the billows' commotion
 The haunt of the sea bird and home of the gale,
 In glory bear forth o'er the waves of the ocean,
 The hero who spoke and the nations turned pale.
 Though hard was his fortune and mournful his story,
 His fame shall beam brighter as time rolls away,
 While the star, that keeps watch o'er the altar of glory,
 Shall shed on his column his ne'er dying ray.

Then bear him in pride with his death mantle o'er him,
 And lay him to rest at the foot of Vendome.
 Wave the banners of nations in triumph before him,
 And welcome the dust of the mighty one home,
 Though Moscow and Waterloo tarnish his splendor,
 Still Jena, and Praga and Lodi remain,
 And the eternal Alps shall forever remember,
 How o'er them 'mid tempests he swept with his train

He spoke and the thrones of the kingdoms were
 shaken;

He raised his right arm and the mightiest quailed;
 He was vanquished and far on a lone isle forsaken;
 'Mid foemen he died while his countrymen wailed.
 Then bear him in pride with his death mantle o'er him,
 And lay him to rest at the foot of Vendome,
 Wave the banners of nations in triumph before him,
 And welcome the dust of Napoleon home.

"Head of the army!" he cried in his last dying
 vision,

While fancy his eagles waved round him again,
 Then passed to the judgment the soul of Ambition,
 And a grave held what Europe could scarcely con-
 tain.

Weep, Frenchman, in sorrow, who left him to perish!
 Weep blood for the hero who gave thee a name;
 In thy breast the proud deeds of the valiant one
 cherish,

Whose exile forever shall trumpet thy shame.

Then bear him in pride with his death mantle o'er
 him,

And lay him to rest at the foot of Vendome,
 Wave Austerlitz's banner in triumph before him,
 And welcome this dust of Napoleon home.
 Mortality! frail are the glories that linger,
 Around thy brave sons when the death pall is spread.
 Time, time rudely blots with his unsparing finger,
 The tablet that blazons the deeds of the dead.

Then adieu to the grave 'neath the broad waving
willow,

Adieu to the prison isle's tempest crowned steeps,
In the heart of his country pile up his last pillow,
Where the trophies he won shall declare where he
sleeps.

Yes; bear him in pride with his death mantle o'er
him,

And lay him to rest at the foot of Vendome,
Where the soldiers he cherished can fall down before
him,

And welcome the death conquered conqueror home.

THE GOSPEL HARPOON.

A sailor who had just returned from a whaling voyage was taken by a friend to hear an eloquent preacher. When they came out of the church, the friend said: "Jack, wasn't that a fine sermon?"

"Yes—it was. Ship-shape. The water lines were graceful, the masts raked just high enough. The sails and riggings were all right. But I didn't see any harpoons. When a vessel goes on a whaling voyage, the main thing is to get the whales. But they don't come to you, because you have a fine ship, you must go after them and harpoon them. Now it seems to me that a preacher is a whale man. He is sent not to interest and amuse the fish by sailing among them, but to *catch* them. Jesus said to his disciples, 'I will make you fishers of men.' Now how many sermons like that do you think it would take to convict a sinner and make him cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?'"

The friend said, "But, Jack, people now-a-days don't like to be harpooned. They want to be interested intellectually in the truth. They like to listen to such expositions and illustrations as the Doctor gave us this morning. Did you not see how attentive they

were? Surely it is a grand thing to attract such an audience to hear the gospel."

"To hear *about* the gospel, you mean. Now, I don't object to the Doctor's exposition and illustrations. As I said before they were all ship-shape; but the trouble was, when we sailed to the fishing ground, and the whales had all gracefully come to the surface, instead of manning the boats and striking for a haul, he made a polite bow and appeared to say: 'I am very glad to see so many whales. I must not do anything to hurt or frighten them; hope they will all admire my ship and come again on my next voyage.'

"Do you think a ship-owner would send such a captain to Behring Sea a second time? Read in Acts the report of Peter's first gospel sermon. He begins with an able exposition of Old Testament prophecies in regard to the incarnation and resurrection of Christ and the out-pouring of the spirit, and then when he had gained the attention of the crowd, he charged home upon them with the words of Jesus, 'whom *ye* have crucified!' That was hurling a harpoon. And we are told that it was effective. They were pricked to their hearts, and the gospel catch that day was three thousands souls. No, no! A sightly ship and staunch boat are well enough in their place, but they will be of little practical value to the gospel fisherman unless he is liberally supplied with harpoons and has the courage to wield them.

"It is all right to polish your harpoon, the more polished the better! But after all it is not the polish but the harpoon that does the work. If the whalemens fail in that, the whole voyage and venture is a failure, and I cannot but think it the same with the preaching."—*Homiletic Review*.

INASMUCH.

It was a rural school-house—old in sheltered nook,
The time, the noon recess.

The ruder sex with ball and bat and wild huzza,
Sent forth their boisterous glee, whilst with an equal
zest,

The gentler girls their leisure spent in quiet sports.
From out the senior class of five, four lovely girls,
Who fast were budding into woman's fair estate,
Had each about her grouped a knot of little ones,
Seeking to give them joy. Dear Docia just from town,
Had brought a store of goods to dress their waxen
dolls.

And, while she sewed a gown, or tied a ribbon bow,
No other drop was needed in the cup of bliss,
Full quaffed by happy hearts. And gleesome Kitty
too,

Her cortege bound with skipping rope and laughter
loud;

And yet their noisy fun ne'er reached staid Hannah's
ear,

Who, prisoned willing in one corner of the yard,
Fast chained her eager captors with sweet fairy tales.
The other of the class of five, repulsive Ruth,
Deformed and sensitive, unloving and unloved,
Sad and discontented upon the door-sill crouched;
Her hated crutches leaning 'gainst the outer wall,
Her burning cheek hard on the mouldy door frame
pressed,

And scalding tears fast raining o'er her folded hands.
"Ah me!" she murmured low, "had I but Docia's
wealth,

Or Kitty's agile limbs and gushing spirits,
Or Grace's beauty fair, or Hannah's unexhausted store
Of elfin love, I too might win from childish hearts,
Some boon of love to gild with warmth my frozen life,
'Tis selfish craving love without the giving love,
For teacher often says—and he's always right—

‘ This sell must surely love itself in others’ weal,
 If we would win affections great, or love would feel.’
 But what can Ruth, the cripple, do, save weep the fate
 That made her so? Ah, me !”

A scream, then a smothered sob, here
 Broke the murmurs, and there came a whisper low.

“ Please may I sit upon the step, and let you try
 To pull this briar from my foot? I will not cry.”

“ This once, I’ll try,” thought Ruth, “ what loving
 deeds can do.

I will not pluck the thorn, then coldly push her off,
 But will to little motherless outcast soft caresses give :
 Perhaps, though love may not be shed on crippled
 form

A cripple’s heart may have the Master’s smile.”

She softly raised the sobbing child ;

And from her swollen foot the piercing briar drew,
 And as she kissed the pearl drops from the pallid face,
 An unknown joy through all her inner being thrilled.
 Ere long the weary sufferer, eased from pain slept
 deep,

While Ruth, her face aglow, bent watching o’er her
 dreams.

And when at last the child grew restless in her sleep,
 A loving kiss on sun-brown cheek was laid.

She dreamed—then woke.

“ Dear Ruth, I’ve been to heaven—to mother’s home,
 And oh! she was so glad her little girl had come.
 I thought that in that joyous place, Elysium fair,
 Our teacher dear, and all who loved on earth, were
 there,

‘ Bring forth a crown, my child has loved and did not
 hate,’

My mother quickly said.

But when an angel brought it me, composed of jew-
 els rare,

My head so small, its heavy weight, I could not bear.
 Our teacher’s noble brow, then sure I thought, is
 strong

To bear my diadem—I once again was wrong :

For 'mong the many lesser crowns he wore with
 grace
 My larger jewels seemed to sparkle out of place.
 Then, when perplexed, the angel knew not what to
 do,
 I thought that Jesus sweetly smiled and looked at
you,
 And, Ruth, near by the throne we saw you standing
 bright,
 Leant on your crutches grown to amber light.
 The angels woke me shouting praise for trials given.
 That made you strong to wear a Royal crown in
 heaven."

The noon now passed—the teacher came ;
 With joy he saw the pauper child contented lie
 In Ruth's embrace.

His hand he fondly laid in blessing on her head,
 Whispering soft : " Inasmuch as you have done it
 Unto this my lamb, so have you done it unto me."
 With happy heart Ruth lowly bent above her book,
 Rejoicing much. The teacher watched the sea shell
 flush

That mantled o'er her cheek, and ever as she raised
 Her calm, clear eyes of gentian blue, then let them
 droop,

He fully read the echo of her beating heart ;
 For thus that echo rose and wildly swelled, till, lost
 In love, it broke, and then exultant died away.

" Ah me !

Can I who late

Fain would no comfort see,

Save in an ever present hate,

Now wide unto my Master's " Inasmuch " expand

Till I can grateful see a Father's hand

In every stripe he loving deals,

And love without alloy

In the rod he wields ?

Oh joy ! "

Mary Glen.

A KING AMONG MEN.

You may talk of your emperors, poets, and seers,
 You may speak of your palaces, princes, and peers,
 But a theme far more loyal shall quicken my pen :
 I sing of my father—a king among men.
 His voice is as clear as the music of rills,
 And his foot the bright dew dashes off from the hills,
 And his eye, like a lion's, deep hid in its den,
 Gleams steadfast and true—he's a king among men.
 His brow is like marble—clean sculptured and bright,
 In his hair, like the raven's, gleam stray locks of
 white ;
 Though his hands may be trembling and weary—
 what then ?
 I hail him a monarch—this king among men.
 And his heart—you could never all day in the street
 Find one that was truer—more patiently beat—
 He's a theme that would quicken a livelier pen,
 Oh ! would I could show you—this king among men.
 “What makes him a king ?” you may slightly
 cry,
 “'Tis not broadcloth and velvet,” I'm proud to re-
 ply—
 “'Tis nobleness inborn—true manhood—so then
 I mean what I say of this king among men.
 I've a fancy—'tis simple—but yet let me own
 That when the gates open that lead to the throne,
 Heaven's light on his brow, I may see him again,
 And cry with the angels : “A king among men.”
Harriet M. Spalding.

ELSIE'S THANKSGIVING.

Dolly, it's almost Thanksgiving. Do you know
 what I mean, my dear ?
 No ? Well, I couldn't expect it ; you haven't been
 with us a year,

And you came with my auntie from Paris, far over
the wide blue sea,
And you'll keep your first Thanksgiving, my beauti-
ful Dolly, with me.

I'll tell you about it, my darling, for grandma's ex-
plained it all,
So that I understand why Thanksgiving always
comes late in the fall,
When the nuts and the apples are gathered, and the
work in the fields is done,
And the fields, all reaped and silent, are asleep in
the autumn sun.

It is then that we praise our Father, who sends the
rain and the dew,
Whose wonderful loving-kindness is every morning
new ;
Unless we'd be heathen, Dolly, or worse, we must
sing and pray,
And think about good things, Dolly, when we keep
Thanksgiving Day.

But I like it very much better when from church
we all go home,
And the married brothers and sisters and the troops
of cousins come,
And we're ever so long at the table, and dance and
shout and play
In the merry evening, Dolly, that ends Thanksgiving
Day.

Now, let me whisper a secret: I've had a trouble to
bear ;
It made me feel quite old, dear, and perfectly crushed
with care ;
'Twas about my prettiest kitten, the white one with
spots of black—
I loved her devotedly, Dolly; I've been awfully
angry with Jack ;

So mad that I couldn't forgive him ; and I wouldn't
kiss him good-night,
For he lost my kitty on purpose, shut up in a bag so
tight ;
He carried her miles and miles, dear, and dropped
her down in the dark ;
I would not wonder a bit, dear, if he took her to
Central Park.

And then he came home to supper, as proud as a boy
could be ;
I wonder, Dolly, this minute, how he dared to be
looking at me,
When I called my kitty and called her, and of course
she didn't come,
And Jack pored over his Latin as if he were deaf
and dumb.

When I found out what he had done, dear, it was
just like lead in my heart.
Though mamma is as kind as an angel, I knew she
would take his part.
Suppose kitty did chase the chickens, they might
have kept out of her way ;
I've been so sorrowful, Dolly, I've dreaded Thanks-
giving Day.

For I'll never pretend to be good, dear, when I feel
all wrong in my mind ;
And as for giving up kitty, I'm not in the least re-
signed.
And I've known with deep grief, Dolly—known it a
long time back—
That I couldn't keep Thanksgiving while I hated my
brother Jack.

For you cannot love God and praise him when you
are cherishing anger this way,
I've tried hard to conquer it, Dolly—I gave Jack two
pears to-day ;

I've mended his mittens for him—why, who is this
creeping in?

Why it's surely my own white kitten, so tired and
grimed and thin!

And now we will keep Thanksgiving, Dolly and
kitty and I;

I'll go to church in the morning; I'm so glad I'm
afraid I'll cry.

O kitty! my lost, lost treasure, you have found your
own way back,

And now I'll forget my troubles, and be friends again
with Jack.

Margaret E. Sangster.

THE GRAVEYARD OF THE AGES.

The nineteenth century is the heir of all the ages; our inheritance the riches of every century; our legacy the fruits of every cycle.

Thoughts are the pioneers of civilization. Empires that rise, and institutions that rule are but the lengthened shadows of individual minds walking before the sun of immortal glory.

American progress is the result of the evolution of six thousand years—the last and golden link in the chain of cause and effect, whose outer ends bind us fast to creation's throne. The framework of our country is built from the ruins of a dozen empires. The fabric of our society is woven from the scattered threads of the experience of six hundred centennials. Well may we prostrate ourselves before the goddess of liberty. Well may we bow in adoration at the altar of Columbia—"Queen of the world, and child of the skies," for every gem that sparkles on her brow was once enshrined in the diadem of Minerva or sparkled on the bosom of Clio.

Man is a creature of contradictions. Life and death

lock arms in love. In every human breast two opposite desires are striving for mastery. Hope, gay goddess of the future, stands beside restless ambition pointing to the golden future of the west and the possibilities of life. Memory, clothed in sable robes, silently sits beside some new-made grave, dreaming of the days that are gone.

The Graveyard of the Ages! 'Tis the Niobe of nations; the Arcana of time; the Delphi of the world; the sacred spot where secret sorrow mourns over the mistakes of life, and spirit meets spirit in sweet and solemn thought.

Every age is a volume, written by time and dedicated to man. The centuries are its chapters, the seasons its pages. Its lines are traced with human blood; its leaves are stained with human tears. Every lesson the past has taught has cost a life, Every experiment is supplemented with sorrow. Every wreck upon the shoals of time is a lighthouse to some future sailor. The ruins of cities are the silent admonitions of death, the remains of nations—warning voices speaking from the grave.

Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition be realized? Can the wealth of commerce secure to nations the permanence of its possession? Alas, Thebes thought so once, yet her hundred gates have crumbled. So thought the Athenians and the Spartans: yet the dust of Leonidas is trampled by the cringing slave. Though Phidias cut his name on the shield of Minerva, and Byron left his inscription on the shield of Apollo, millions of men, who were good and great, have gone back again into the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, where scathing sorrow nor anxious care never more can break their peaceful sleep.

Dreamer among the possibilities of life, do you ever grow weary waiting for fortune to lift you upon the pedestal of prominence? For untold ages the New World, impatient, lay hidden behind the veil creation dropped, till time proudly lifted the curtain,

and the Old World gazed in silent awe upon her beauteous sister world.

Do you ever grow tired of the dry routine of life? Every age teaches some new lesson, every season brings some new sorrow, every June some new joy. Age on age rolls silently away. Humanity lives and loves and dies. Yet Time—"Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career—and pauses not, like other conquerors, to muse upon the fearful ruins he hath wrought."

Soon our own loved land shall go to join the sisterhood of nations in the Graveyard of the Ages, America, where persecuted liberty found a peaceful home, and free institutions flourished unmolested! Oh, thou child of time! prodigy of the Ages! Bethlehem's Star of the West! loving lips breathe benisons on thy life, devoted hands wait ready to defend, and young ambition registers a solemn vow that thou shalt not be forgotten till memory's chain lies broken in the dust, and hearts no longer love.—*Wilhelm.*

MRS. LEO HUNTER.

One morning, Sam Weller handed Mr. Pickwick a card bearing the following inscription:

MRS. LEO HUNTER.

*The Den,
Eatonswill.*

"Person's a-waitin'," he said.

"Does the person want me, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

“He wants you partickler, an’ no one else’ll do.”

“But this is a lady’s card.”

“Given me by a gen’l’m’n, hows’ever, an’ he’s a-waitin’ in the drawin’-room.”

Mr. Pickwick hastened to the drawing-room, where sat a grave man, who started up on his entrance, and said, with an air of profound respect, “Mr. Pickwick, I presume?”

“The same.”

“Allow me, sir, the honor of grasping your hand—permit me, sir, if you will, to shake it.”

“Certainly.”

“We have heard of your fame, sir. The noise of your antiquarian discussion has reached the ears of Mrs. Leo Hunter—my wife, sir; I am Mr. Leo Hunter.” The stranger paused, as if he expected that Mr. Pickwick would be overcome by the disclosure; but, seeing that he remained perfectly calm, proceeded—“My wife, sir, Mrs. Leo Hunter, is proud to number among her acquaintance all those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit me, sir, to place in a conspicuous part of the list, the name of Mr. Pickwick and his brother members of the club that derives its name from him.”

“I shall be extremely happy to make the acquaintance of such a lady, sir.”

“You *shall* make it, sir. To-morrow morning, sir, we give a public breakfast—a *fête champêtre*—to a great number of those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit Mrs. Leo Hunter, sir, to have the gratification of seeing you at the Den.”

“With great pleasure.”

“Mrs. Leo Hunter has many of these breakfasts, sir; ‘feasts of reason,’ sir, and ‘flows of soul,’ as some one who wrote a sonnet to Mrs. Leo Hunter feelingly and originally observed.”

“Was *he* celebrated for his works and talents?”

“He was, sir; all Mrs. Leo Hunter’s acquaintance

are ; it is her ambition, sir, to have no other acquaintance."

"It is a very noble ambition."

"When I inform Mrs. Leo Hunter that that remark fell from *your* lips, sir, she will, indeed, be proud. You have a gentleman in your train, I think, sir, who has produced some beautiful little poems."

"My friend, Mr. Snodgrass, has a great taste for poetry."

"So has Mrs. Leo Hunter, sir. She dotes on poetry. She adores it. I may say that her whole soul and mind are wound up and entwined with it. She has produced some delightful pieces herself, sir. You may have met with her 'Ode to an Expiring Frog.'"

"I don't think I have."

"You astonish me, sir ; it created an immense sensation. It was signed with an 'L' and eight stars, and appeared in a lady's magazine. It commences—

"Can I view thee panting, lying
On thy stomach, without sighing—
Can I, unmoved, see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog?'"

"Beautiful!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fine," said Mr. Leo Hunter ; "so simple!"

"Very."

"The next verse is still more touching. Shall I repeat it?"

"If you please."

"Say, have fiends, in shapes of boys,
With wild halloo and brutal noise,
Hunted thee from marshy joys,
With a dog,
Expiring frog?'"

“Finely expressed,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“All point, sir, all point; but you shall hear Mrs. Leo Hunter repeat it. She can do justice to it, sir.”

—*Charles Dickens.*

THE ELF-CHILD.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
 An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the
 crumbs away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the
 hearth an' sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her
 board an' keep;
 An' all us other children, when the supper things is
 done,
 We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest
 fun
 A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
 An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you ef you don't watch
 out!

Onct they was a little boy, wouldn't say his
 pray'rs—
 An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
 His mamma heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him
 bawl,
 An' when they turn't the kivers down he wasn't
 there at all!
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-
 hole an' press,
 An' seeked him up the chimney-flue, an' everywheres,
 I guess,
 But all they ever found was thist his pants an'
 roundabout!
 An' the gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch
 out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood-an-kin,
 An' onct, when there "was company," an' ole folks
 was there.

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't
 care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turnt to run an'
 hide,

They was two great, big, Black Things a-standin' by
 her side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
 knowed what she's about!

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch out!

An' little Orphant Annie says when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lamp wick sputters, an' the wind goes
 woo-oo!

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is
 gray,

An' the lightnin' bugs in dew is all squenched away—
 You better mind your parents, an' your teachers,
 fond an' dear,

An' cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's
 tear,

An' he'p the po' an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
 Er the gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch out!

James Whitcomb Riley.

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MACBETH AND THE DAGGER.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? . . . Come, let me clutch
 thee; . . .

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. . . .
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? . . . Or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, . . . a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses
Or else worth all the rest. . . .

I see thee still ;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. . . .

There's no such thing :
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. . . . Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleeper ; . . . witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder, . .
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost. . . .

Thou sure and firm set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. . . . Whiles I threat, he lives.
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go . . . and it is done. The bell invites me
Hear it not, Duncan : for it is a knell
That summons thee . . . to heaven . . . or to hell.

Shakespeare.

HAMLET.

Hamlet! Wonderful art of the magician! To sway with a shadow a shadow's love, a shadow's grief, a shadow's intellect and the madness of a shade! To make this phantasm not only what it is as such, but to make its phantom mind a problem forever. For

this Hamlet never was. The past held him not nor shall we meet him "in the court of heaven." He mouldered with the creative brain under the chancel of Stratford Church.

But, after all, is he unreal? What is reality in such cases! The fleshliest incubus is real: the grossest prince who lives and dies is an actual being. But for this earth his reality ends with his death. Seldom does a vibration from him reach beyond his generation. A few years and no one hears him. As well lay the ear over his grave to listen for his soliloquies.

Not so this *ideal prince*. He stands apparelled in imperial robes—not a statue—but one of each successive generation; not shunned like the Wandering Jew, but loved and obeyed and pitied. He has no successor. His kingdom widens as years go on. He sets up his monarchy in empires and republics alike; in Indian cities to survive their gods; in Australasian continents and islands. Ships gliding over lonely seas hold him. He sways the mind in the long winter of Arctic horror and in African deserts.

Is he not then a most enduring reality? No other character in literature has this omnipresence and immortality. Why is this so? It is because "Hamlet" is man, and he is every man. He is kept alive by all men, by that self-love and recognition which yearns for and claims immortality as the heritage of every human soul. We see in him our inmost parts, our most evanescent spiritualism; our most enduring attributes. He is our life. We come face to face with life. There it is all stretched before us, so beautiful to see that we cannot think it has an end. From the very dew and flowers of spring exhales a poison which blasts us forever.

Our great purposes are beaten down by some malign force; our wills become infirm; we resolve that we will act the part of men, but fail to do it—and we are "Hamlet."

We are snatched up from the accordant masses of humanity, and are hurried to and fro as if the powers

of the air were making their devilish sport with us in the coldest regions of outer darkness—and we are “Hamlet.”

Love, Paphian at once and pure, comes toward us like a dawn, garlanded and bearing wreaths of all the flowers. But her face wanes, her mind fades darkling away; the flowers fade, and she hands us fennel and rue: rosemaries for remembrance, and pansies for thought—all withered, and we are “Hamlet.”

And then we change. Melancholy claims us. We make delusions our familiars, and our home is darkness. Life ends with no purpose accomplished—ourselves a riddle—and we are “Hamlet” to the grave.
—*Ex-Gov. Davis of Minnesota.*

MIRACLES.

“An egg a chicken! don’t tell me!
For didn’t I break an egg to see?
There was nothing inside but a yellow ball
With a bit of mucilage round it all.
Neither beak nor bill, nor toe, nor quill,
Not even a feather to hold it together;
Not a sign of life could any one see.
An egg a chicken! You can’t fool me!

“An egg a chicken! Didn’t I pick up the shell
That had held the chick, so they said?
And didn’t I work half a day
To pack him in where he wouldn’t stay?
Let me try as I please with squeeze upon squeeze;
There is scarce space to meet his head and his feet,
No room for any of the rest of him, so—
That egg never held that chicken, I know!”

Mamma heard the logic of her little man,
Felt his trouble and helped him as mothers can,

Took an egg from the nest—it was smooth and round,
 “Now, my boy, can you tell me what makes this
 sound?”

Faint and low—“tap, tap;” soft and slow, “rap,
 rap,”

Sharp and quick like a prisoner’s pick,
 “Hear it peep inside there,” cried Tom with a shout.
 “How did it get in, and how can it get out?”

Tom was eager to help—he would break the shell.
 Mamma smiled “All’s well that ends well,
 Be patient a while yet, my boy,” “click—click,”
 And out popped the head of a dear little chick.
 No room had it lacked, though snug was it packed,
 There it was all complete, from its head to its feet.
 The softest of down and the brightest of eyes,
 And so big, why the shell wasn’t half its size.

Tom gave a long whistle—“Mamma, now I see
 That an egg *is* a chicken! though the *how* beats me.
 An egg isn’t a chicken, that I know and declare,
 Yet an egg is a chicken, see the proof of it there!
 Nobody can tell how it came in the shell;
 Once out all in vain to pack it in again,
 I think ’tis a miracle, mamma mine,
 As much as that of the water and wine.”

Mamma kissed her little boy, “It may be
 That we try too much reasoning, you and I,
 Yes, there are miracles wrought every day for our
 eyes,
 That we see without seeing or feeling surprise,
 And we must take on trust what we can not ex-
 plain,
 From the flower to the seed; from the seed to the
 flower,
 ’Tis a world of miracles every hour.

THE BATTLE.

Heavy and solemn, a cloudy column !
 Through the green plain they marching came.
 Measureless spread, like a table dread,
 For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
 Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
 Hearts beat low with a knelling sound ;
 Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt
 Gallops the major along the front ;
“ Halt ! ”

And fettered they stand at the stark command,
 And the warriors, silent, halt !

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
 What on the hill-top shines in flowing ?
 “ See you the foeman’s banners waving ? ”
 “ We see the foeman’s banners waving ! ”
 “ God be with you, children, and wife ! ”
 Hark to the music—the drum and fife—
 How they ring through the ranks which they rouse
 to the strife !
 Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,
 Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone !
*“ Brothers, God grant when this life is o’er,
 In the life to come that we meet once more ! ”*

See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder !
 Hark ! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their
 thunder !

From host to host, with kindling sound,
 The shouting signal circles round ;
 Ay, shout it forth to life or death,
 Freer already breathes the breath !
 The war is waging, slaughter raging,
 And heavy through the reeking pall
 The iron death-dice fall !
 Nearer they close, foes upon foes.
 “ Ready ! ” from square to square it goes.

They kneel as one man, from flank to flank,
 And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
 Many a soldier to earth is sent,
 Many a gap by the balls is rent ;
 O'er the corse before springs the hinder man,
 That the line may not fail to the fearless van.
 To the right, to the left, and around and around,
 Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.
 God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
 Over the host falls a brooding night !
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more !

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,
 And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
 And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
 Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
 "What! Francis!" "Give Charlotte my last fare-
 well."

As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell.

"I'll give—O God! are their guns so near?
 Ho, comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp to the
 rear!—

I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell ;
 Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,
 The friend thou forsakest thy side may regain!"
 Hitherward, thitherward, reels the fight,
 Dark and more darkly day glooms into night ;
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more !

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go !

The adjutants flying!
 The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
 Their thunder booms, in dying—
 Victory!

Terror has seized on the dastards all,
 And their colors fall !

Victory!
 Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight ;
 And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.

Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
 The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers; though this life be o'er,
There's another in which we shall meet you once more!
Schiller.

MANSIE WAUCH AT THE PLAY.

(Prize Recitation at the North Mo. State Normal, June, 1889.)

Mony a time an' often had I heard o' play-actin' an' o' players makin' themselves kings and queens, an' sayin' a great many wonderfu' things, but I had never before an opportunity o' witnessin' the truth o' these hearsays. So Maister Glen an' I determined to run the risk o' our minister's rebuke for the transgression, hopin' it would make na lastin' impression on his mind, paid oor money at the door and were soon inside the playhouse. Never, while I live an' breathe, will I forget what we heard and saw that nicht! The place was crowded to the e'e, and richt to the forehand o' us was a large green curtain. Just in front o' it were eight or ten penny candles stuck in a board, fastened to the ground, to let us see the players' feet like when they came upon the stage, while twa blind fiddlers played the bonniest ye ever heard. Odds! the very music was worth a sixpence o' itself.

Just at the time that the fiddlers were playin' the "Doonfa' o' Paris," a hand bell rang and up goes the green curtain. The music stoppin', in comes a decent old gentleman at his leisure, weel poothered, wi' an auld-fashioned coat, wi' flap-pockets, broon breeches, wi' buckles at the knee, an' silk stockin's wi' gushets on a blue ground. I never saw a man in sic distress. He stampit aboot, an' stampit aboot, dadding the end o' his staff on the ground, and implorin' all the pooers o' heaven an' yearth to help him find his runawa' daughter that had decampit wi'

a puir loon o' a half-pay captain, that keppit her in his arms frae her bedroom window, up twa pair o' stairs. Every father an' heid o' a family maun ha'e felt for a man in his situation, thus to be robbit of his dear bairn, an' only daughter, too, as he tell't us ower an' ower again, as the saut, saut tears ran gushin' doon his withered face. But the thing was absurd, to suppose that *we* should ken anything about the matter, havin' never seen either him or his daughter. Sae oot he gaed stampin' at the ither side, determined, as he said, to fin' them oot, though he should follow them to the warld's end.

Hardly was his back turned, an' before ye could cry "Jack Robinson," in comes the birkie an' the very young leddy the auld gentleman described, arm in arm thegither. As true as death, before all the crood o' folks, he pit his arm roon' her waist an' ca'd her his sweetheart, an' love, an' dearie, an' darlin', an' everything that is sweet. If they had been courtin' in a close thegither, on a Friday nicht, they couldna' ha'e said mair to yen anither. I thought sic shame to be an e'ewitness to sic on-goin's, that I was obliged at last to haud up my hat afore my face an' luik doon.

The faither lookit to be a rich auld bool, baith frae his manner o' speakin', an' the rewards he seemed to offer for the apprehension o' the daughter; but, to be sure, when so many of us were present that had an equal right to the spulzie, it wadna be a great deal—a thoosand poonds—when dividit. Still, it were worth the lookin' after; so we just bidit a wee. Just in the middle o' their fine goin's-on, the sound o' a comin' fit was heard, an' the lassie, takin' guilt tae hersel, cried oot—"Hide me, hide me, for the sake o' gudeness, for yonder comes my auld faither!"

Nae sooner said than done. In he clappit her intil a closet; and after shuttin' the door on her, sat doon upon a chair, an' pretendit to be asleep in a moment. The auld faither came booncing in, and seeing the fellow asleep, he opened his een as fast as he had steekit them. After blackguarding him up hill an'

doon dale, an' ca'ing him every name but a gentleman, he haddit his staff o'er his crown, an', grippin' him by the cruff o' the neck, askit him whaur was his dauchter? The rascal had the brass to say at yence, that he hadna seen his dauchter for a month! Though mair than a hunnert folk, sittin' in his company, had seen him daunting her with his arm roon' her waist, not five minutes before. As a man, as a faither, as an elder o' oor kirk, I aye hated leeing, as a pair cowardly sin; an' I thoct, that wha ever spoke first wad ha'e the best richt to be entitled to the reward. So I rose up, an' said: "Dinna believe him, auld gentleman, dinna believe him, freen'; he's tellin' a parcel o' lees. It's no' worth arguin' aboot, or ca'in' witnesses. Just open that press door, an' ye'll see whether I'm speakin' truth or no'."

Never did I witness sic an uproar an' noise as immediately took place. The hail hoose was sae glad that the scoondrel had been exposed, that they set up sic a roar of laughter, an' thumpit awa' at sic a rate wi' their feet, that doon fell the place they ca'd the gallery. A rush to the door took place, in which everything was overturnit—the door-keeper wheeled away like wild-fire—the lights knockit oot, an' I myself carried along till I found myself oot o' doors i' the dark leanin' against the wa' on the opposite side o' the road, dizzy and bruisset, but thankin' my lucky stars that I was na killit on the spot.—*David Moir.*

THE RUNAWAY PRINCESS.

When on all the wood-paths brown
 Red and gold the leaves drop down,
 Through the warm, sweet sunshine straying,
 To my ear the wind came, saying:

"Hearken! can you understand
 What's amiss in Fairyland?"
 Ding! dong! the bells are swinging,
 Here's the town-crier ringing!

“Lost! lost!” you hear him say,
“Stolen or strayed away!
Strayed away from Buttercup-town,
The fair little Princess Thistledown!”

All the court had gone to dine
Knights and lords and ladies fine.
Through the open gateway straying
Came a troop of minstrels playing.

One was a fiddler, shrivelled and black;
One had a banjo over his back;
One was a piper, and one did naught
But dance to the tune, as a dancer ought.

First the fiddler drew his bow,
Struck a chord so soft and low—
Lords and ladies held their breath,
In a silence deep as death.

“Ting-a-ting,” the banjo rang;
Up the lords and ladies sprang;
Round about the piper pressed—
“Ho, good piper, pipe your best!”

And they danced to the sound
In a merry-go-round,
For never before had a minstrel band,
Chanced to stray into fairyland.

They filled their pockets with silver money,
They fed them on barley cakes and honey;
But when they were fairly out of town
They missed little Princess Thistledown.

“Call the crier! ring the bells!
Search through all the forest dells!
Here is silver, here is gold,
Here are precious gems untold!

He who finds the child may take
Half the kingdom for her sake!"

Bim! boom! comes a blustering fellow,
Dressed in black velvet slashed with yellow;
He's the king's trumpeter out on the track
Of the wandering minstrels to bring them back.

But the fiddler is telling his beads by the fire,
In a cap and a gown, like a grizzly old friar;
The man with a banjo is deaf as a post,
The jolly old piper as thin as a ghost;
And the dancer is changed by some magic touch
To a one-legged beggar that limps on his crutch.

Then Mistress Gentian bent to look
At her own sweet image in the brook,
And whispered, "Nobody knows it, dear,
But I have the darling safely here."

And drooping her fringes low she said:
"I was tucking my babies into bed,
When the poor little Princess chanced to pass,
Sobbing, among the tangled grass;
Her silver mantle was rumped and torn,
Her golden slippers were dusty and worn;

The bats had frightened her half to death,
The spiders had chased her quite out of breath;
I fed her with honey, I washed her with dew,
I rocked her to sleep in my cradle of blue;
And I could tell, if I chose to say,
Who it was coaxed her to run away."

The mischievous wind the cradle swung,

(SONG.)

"Sleep, little lady, sleep!" he sung;
"What would they say if they only knew
It was I who ran away with you?
Sleep, little lady, sleep!"

Emily H. Miller.

THE FATE OF NINA AND RIENZI.

(Arranged especially for this collection.)

It was a summer's evening. Two youths, each with his arm around the form of his comrade, might be seen walking by the banks of the Tiber. The tender, boyish face of the younger suddenly blanched with terror, as there appeared, beyond a neighboring hill, a train of cavaliers, followed by a miscellaneous crowd all armed with pike and mail, while high above the plumes and pikes floated the blood-red banner of the Orsini. A moment later, with a cry of "Save me! save me!" he sank to the ground, and Cola di Rienzi saw his brother's blood flowing at his feet. Kneeling by that bleeding clay, he sent up the wild cry:—"Justice, justice. Will they not give us justice? So young, so gentle, so harmless!" So saying, he bent his head over the corpse, his lips moving as in prayer or invocation. Then he arose—a new being—The Liberator of Rome.

Years passed, and the death of the Roman boy was forgotten in the growing fame and fortunes of the elder brother. Rienzi speaks: "In the ruins of the Forum I will make the last appeal to the people. By this crucifix I pledge my faith—on this blade I devote my life to the regeneration of Rome! Death to the tyranny! Life to the Republic!"

All Rome thrilled under the thunder of his impassioned utterances: "Oh, Romans, awake, I conjure you! Let the memory of your former power, your ancient liberties, sink deep into your souls. Ye are without lawful chiefs—and why? Because you are not without your law-defying tyrants. You have made a mockery of your country, once the mistress of the world! You have steeped her lips in gall! Ye have set a crown of thorns upon her head! In a propitious hour if ye seize it, in an evil one if ye suffer the glorious opportunity to escape, has this record of the past been unfolded to your eyes. Rec-

ollect that the jubilee approaches. Let the mountains exult around! "On her seven-hilled throne renowned old Rome is crowned"—jubilate—"Now, even now, a voice seems to whisper in my ear: 'Pause not, tremble not, waver not; for the eye of the All-seeing is upon you, the hand of the All-powerful shall protect.'"

He spoke as one inspired. They trembled and believed, as rapt from the spectacle he stood a moment silent, his arm still extended, his dark, dilating eye fixed upon space, his lips parted, his proud form towering and erect above the herd. His own enthusiasm had kindled that of more humble and distant hearers. "The Lord is with Italy and Rienzi!" they cried again and again, as the tribune turned and sought the chamber of Nina, his proud, beautiful wife.

Rome is regenerated. The people reign supreme. From triumphal arches of drapery wrought with silver and gold, inscribed with mottoes of welcome, floated banners as if for victory. Rome once more opened her arms to receive her tribune and his bride—the regal Nina. "Way there—keep back—way—make way for the most illustrious—the great Senator of Rome. He comes! He comes! Rienzi! Rienzi! Welcome to liberty and Rienzi!"

* * * * *

It was the morning of the eighth of October, thirteen hundred and fifty-four. Alas! that the sun should rise bright and glorious upon such a scene of human desertion and misguided power! Suddenly there burst upon the ear cries of—"Death to the tyrant! death to the traitor! down with him who taxes the people!" For it had come to this.

"Fly Rienzi! Hasten Signora! Thank Heaven I can save ye yet! The city is filled with armed men—not *thine*. Senator, fly!"

"Hist!" whispered Rienzi. "Save Nina! Never shall mine enemies, never shall posterity, say that

Rienzi abandoned Rome. Yes, *now*, Nina, we part. If this is my last hour, may God shield and bless thee!"

"What! Part? Never! This is my place! I am the wife of Cola di Rienzi, the great Senator, and by his side will I live and die! All Rome cannot separate me from him!"

Again from earth to heaven arose that ominous shout—"Down with the tyrant!" And once again Rienzi vainly pleaded with Nina. "Be it so then; come, we will die together! Listen! But a few days ago and 'Long live Rienzi!' was the cry. Now, 'Beware lest the traitor escape disguised.'

"Enough, enough! Let Rome perish! I feel at last that I am nobler than my country!" Then in a loud voice he cried—"I am the Senator; who dare touch the representative of the people?" Silent he stood, awaiting the issue. What lurid glare lights up the morning sky? The whole Capitol is in flames, with Nina and Rienzi in their bridal chamber, now the chamber of execution. "Die, traitor!" and the life of Rienzi flowed out at Nina's feet. Alone with her dead she stood upon his funeral pyre. Ere yet the sound of that thrilling cry had died upon the air, down with a mighty crash thundered the whole wing of the Capitol—a blackened and smouldering mass.

The lurid glare of the conflagration cast its reflection upon a smooth and placid stream, far in the distance, while, with a beauty, soft beyond all art of painter and of poet, the sunlight quivered over the autumnal herbage and hushed into tender calm the waves of the golden Tiber.—*Adapted from Bulwer's "Last of the Tribunes."*

THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

Where hast thou been toiling all day, sweetheart,
That thy brow is burdened and sad?
The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,
 Or scorched with the mid-day glare?
 Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
 That thy face is so full of care?

“No pleasant garden toils were mine.
 I have sat on the judgment seat,
 Where the Master sits at eve, and calls
 The children around His feet.”

How camest thou on the judgment seat,
 Sweetheart, who set thee there?
 'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
 And well might fill thee with care.

“I climbed on the judgment seat myself,
 I have sat there alone all day,
 For it grieved me to see the children round
 Idling their life away.

“They wasted the Master’s precious seed,
 They wasted the precious hours;
 They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruit,
 And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers.”

And what didst thou on the judgment seat,
 Sweetheart, what didst thou there?
 Would the idlers heed thy childish voice?
 Did the garden mend for thy care?

“Nay; and that grieved me more; I called and I
 cried,
 But they left me there forlorn;
 My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
 Or they laughed my words to scorn.”

Ah! the judgment seat was not for thee,
 The servants were not thine;
 And the eyes which fix the praise and the blame
 See farther than thine or mine.

The voice that shall sound there at eve, sweetheart,
Will not strive nor cry to be heard;
It will hush the earth, and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word.

“Should I see the Master’s treasures lost,
The gifts that should feed His poor,
And not lift my voice (be it as weak as it may),
And not be grieved sore?”

Wait till the evening falls, sweetheart,
Wait till the evening falls;
The Master is near and knoweth all,
Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared thy garden plot, sweetheart,
Whilst thou sat on the judgment seat?
Who watered thy roses, and trained thy vines,
And kept them from careless feet?

“Nay! that is saddest of all to me,
That is saddest of all!
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall.”

Go back to thy garden plot, sweetheart,
Go back till the evening falls,
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next shall copy his, sweetheart,
Till all grows fair and sweet;
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces His coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweetheart,
 In thy garden so fair to see,
 In the Master's voice of praise to all,
 In a look of His own for thee.

By the Author of the "Cotta Family."

MAY DAYS.

In sweet May time, so long ago,
 I stood by the big wheel, spinning tow,
 Buzz, buzz, so very slow ;
 Dark rough logs from the ancient trees,
 Fireplace wide for the children's glees.

Above the smoky boards and beams,
 Down through the crevice poured golden gleams,
 Till the wheel dust glimmered like diamond dreams ;
 Mother busy with household cares,
 Baby playing with upturned chairs,
 Old clock telling how fast time wears.

These within. Out under the sky
 Flecked mists were sailing, birds flitting by,
 Joyous children playing "I spy."
 Up from the earth curled leaves were coming,
 Bees in the morning sunshine humming,
 Away in the woods the partridge drumming,

O, how I longed to burst away,
 From my dull task to the outer day ;
 But we were poor and I must stay.
 So buzz ! buzz !—'twas very slow,
 Drawing threads from the shining tow,
 When the heart was dancing so.

Then hope went spinning a brighter thread ;
 On, on, through life's long lane it led,
 A path my feet should one day tread.

So pleasant thoughts would time beguile,
Till my mother said, with beaming smile,
" My child may rest, I will reel awhile."

Rest! 'twas the rest that childhood takes,
Off over fences and fragrant brakes,
To the wilds, where the earliest woodland flings.
Spring of the year, and life's sweet spring,
Words are *poor* for the thoughts ye bring.

But ye come together to me no more,
Your twin steps rest on the field of yore,
Ye are mine on yonder immortal shore.
'Twas hard to leave those bright May days,
The mossy path, and leafy maze
For common work, and humdrum ways.

But my steps were turned, I was up the lane,
Back to the buzzing wheel again ;
My yarn had finished the ten knot skein,
And my gentle mother stroked my head :
" Your yarn is very nice," she said,
" It will make a beautiful tablespread.

" You are my good girl to work so well."
Great thoughts my childish heart would swell,
'Till the happy tears like rain drops fell.
I would toil for her, I would gather lore,
From many books a mighty store,
And pay her kindness o'er and o'er.

She should work no more at wheel or loom,
My earnings should give her a cozy room,
Bright and warm for the winter's gloom,
A soft arm-chair for her weary hours,
Books and music, pictures, flowers.

So the sweet dream ran, as the wheel buzzed on,
'Till the golden gleams of light were gone,
And the chilling rain came dripping down.

Ah! my heart has it e'er been so,
Cold clouds shading life's sunniest glow,
Warm hopes drowned in the cold wave's flow

In the same low room my mother pressed
Each child to her softly heaving breast,
And closed her eyes and went to rest.
The old walls crumbled long ago,
Hushed the big wheel's buzzing slow,
Worn to shreds is the shining tow.

Yet with the bursting leaves and flowers,
The gushing songs and pearly showers,
Life brightens as in childhood's hours,
And hope, this golden morn in May,
Spins golden threads that float away
To a heavenly home that is bright for aye.

Waverly Magazine.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

(Prize Selection at North Mo. State Normal, Jan., 1889.)

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
'Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it, fold it, for it is best.
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not a hand to lave it
In the blood that heroes gave it,
Furl it, hide it; let it rest.

Take that banner down, 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner—furl it sadly!
 Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
 And ten thousand wildly—madly—
 Swore it should forever wave—
 Swore that foeman's sound could never
 Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever
 Till that flag would wave forever,
 O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hand that grasped it,
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it
 Cold and dead are lying now.
 And the banner—it is trailing,
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.
 For though conquered they adore it,
 Love the cold dead hands that bore it!
 Weep for those who fell before it!
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
 Wildly—wildly they deplore it
 Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner—true 'tis gory,
 But 'tis wreathed around with glory,
 And 'twill live in song and story
 Though its folds are in the dust.
 For its fame on brightest pages,
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages:
 Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner—softly—slowly—
 Treat it gently—it is holy—
 For it droops above the dead!
 Touch it not—unfold it never!
 Let it drop there—furled forever,
 For its people's hopes are dead.

Father Ryan.

ROBERT E. LEE.

When the future historian comes to survey the character of Robert E. Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he will have to lift his eyes high, high toward heaven to catch its summit.

He possessed every virtue of the other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vice, a private citizen without wrong, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Cæsar without Cæsar's ambition, Frederick without Frederick's tyranny, Napoleon without Napoleon's selfishness, and Washington without Washington's reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a king. In life, gentle as a woman, in thought modest and pure as a virgin! Watchful as a Roman Vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles.—*B. H. Hill.*

THE PURITANS.

The Puritans—the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced! The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were not men of letters; they were, as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned to the tender mercies of the satirists and the dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their stiff posture, their long

graces, their Hebrew names, their contempt of human learning, and their detestation of polite amusement were, indeed, fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of human history is to be learnt.

Those who roused the people to resistance, who formed, out of the most unpromising material, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down king, church and aristocracy, who made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging in general terms an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. They recognized no title to superiority but His favor and confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and of poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure and eloquent in a more sublime language. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged. For his sake empires had risen and flourished and decayed. For his sake the

Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

The Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid His face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs an immutability of purpose and a coolness of judgment, which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were, in fact, the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption.—*Macaulay.*

ARTIST AND PEASANT.

"I wish, Mr. Painter, a picter—
 A model o' beauty to me—
 An' if ye can paint it like life, sir,
 This stout bag of gold is yer fee.
 The task will be naught, sure, for ye, sir :
 A little brown hand full o' flowers ;
 Wild roses, an' ferns, an' field blossoms,
 Thet grow in thet meader o' ours.
 On course, we'd prefer the whole picter,
 With eyes all aglow, an' her hair
 Full o' sunbeams, thet lingered caressin',
 'S if loth tu escape from their lair.
 No artist could paint that, I'm sure, sir,
 The face o' thet baby o' ours ;
 So joyous she held up thet hand, sir,
 Sayin', 'Papa, I've dot 'oo some f'owers !'
 We thought, p'r'aps the hand an' the flowers—
 So purty they looked thet June day—
 A master might make 'like as life,' sir,
 If so, I'm right willin' tu pay."

"I think, my good man, I can do it,
 The little one bring for your quest ;
 One sitting, perhaps, will suffice me,
 I'll do what I can—do my best.
 And when she's before me, I'll try then,
 Those eyes, and locks kissed by the sun ;
 Perchance, the sweet babe in her beauty
 You'll find on the canvas when done."

"What! bring her 'round here? Why, I can't, sir!
 She lies with flowers clasped to her breast—
 Clasped loose, in *that little dead hand*, sir,
 The way we have laid her to rest ;
 We thought p'r'aps ye might easy do it,
 If told, or made plain to yer eye ;
 Well-a-day! there are things we would have, sir,
 That money, though mighty, can't buy."

Fannie L. Fancher.

MARSE PHIL.

Well, well, you is Marse Phil's son—yo' favor 'm
might'ly too ;—

We wuz like brothers, we wuz—me an' him ;
You tried to fool d' ole nigger, but marster, 'twould n'
do—

Not ef you *is* done growed so tall an' slim.

Hi ! Lord ! I'se knowed you, honey, sence long befo'
you born—

I mean I'se knowed be fambly dat long ;
An' dee's all white-folks, marster, dee hands white as
young corn ;

An' ef dee *want* to—could n' do no wrong.

You' gran'pa buyed my mammy at Gen'l Nelson's
sale ;

An' Deely she come out de same estate ;
An' blood is jes like pra'r is, hit tain' gwine *nuver*
fail—

Hit's sutney gwine to come out soon or late.

When I was born, you' gran'pa gi' me to young
Marse Phil,

To be his body-servant like, you know ;
An' we growed up togerr, like two stalks in one hill,
Bofe tasslin' an' den shootin' in de row.

Marse Phil was born in harves', an' I dat Christmas-
come,

My mammy nussed bofe on we de same time ;
No matter what one got, suh, de urr one sho git
some,

We wuz two fibe-cent pieces in one dime.

We cotch ole hyahs togerr, an' 'possums, him an'
me ;

We fished dat mill pawn over night an' day,
Rid horses to de water, treed coons up de same tree ;
An' when you see one, turr warn' fur away.

When Marse Phil went to college, 't wuz, " Sam—
Sam's got to go"—Ole marster say, " Dat boy's
a fool 'bout Sam."

Ole Mistis jest say, " Dear, Phil wants him." An', you
know,

Dat *Dear* hit use to sooth' him like a lamb.

So we all went to college, way down to Williamsbu'g,
But 'warn' much larnin' out o' books we got;
Dem urrs warn' no mo' to him 'n a' ole wormy lug—
Yes, suh, we wuz de ve'y top de pot.

An' ef he didn't study dem Latins an' sich things
He wuz de popularitest all de while;
De ladies use' to call him a' " angel widout wings,"
An' when he come I lay, dee use' to smile!

You see he wuz ole marster's on'y chile—besides,
He had a body-servant at he will;
An' wid dat big plantation dee'd *all* like to be brides,
Dat is, ef dee could have de groom Marse Phil.

'Twuz dyah he meet young mistis,—she is you' ma,
of co'se!

I disremembers now which mont' it wuz;
One night he come, an', says he, " Sam, I need new
clo'es;"

An' I says, " Marse Phil, yes, suh, so you does."

Well, suh, he made dat tailor meck ev'ything bran'
new;

He would n' wear one stitch he had on han'—
Jes th'owed 'em in de chip-box, an' says, " Sam, dem's
for you"—

Marse Phil, I tell you, wuz a gentleman!

So Marse Phil cotes de mistis, an' Sam he cotes de
maid—

We al'ays sot we traps upon one parf; [say'd,
An' when ole marster hear we bofe was gwine, he
" All right; we'll have to kill de fatted calf."

An' dat wuz what dee did, suh ; de Prodigal was
home ;—

Dee put de ring an' robe upon you' ma ;
Den you wuz born, young marster, an' den de storm
hit come—

An' den de darkness settled from afar.

De storm hit comed, an' wrenched de branches from
de tree,

De war—you' pa—he's sleep dyah on de hill ;
An' dough I know, young marster, de war hit sot me
free,

I jes says, “ Yes, but tell me whar's Marse Phil ? ”

“ A dollar ”—thankee, marster, you sutney is his
son ;

His ve'y spi't-an-image, I declar' !
What say, young marster ? Yes, suh, you say, it's
“ *fi*be, not one.”

You favors, honey, bofe you' Pa an' Ma !

Thomas Nelson Page.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

St. Nicholas was resting
From his Christmas work at last,
The gifts had all been given,
The holidays were past ;
And dozing in his arm-chair,
With his cat upon his knees,
The good Saint smoked his honest pipe,
And took his honest ease.
But something roused him quickly—
He started from his seat,
A soldier bold, a maiden fair.
Were kneeling at his feet
“ St. Nicholas,” the maiden cried,
“ Behold my fearful plight !
These wounds have been inflicted
Since that dreadful, dreadful night.

When you left me in the stocking
Of a being I dare not name—”
She paused. The soldier raised his voice,
And said, “I blush, with shame
To stand before your saintship
In the dress you now behold,
But the way I have been treated
Makes my very blood run cold.
I’ve been nursed and kissed and coddled,
I’ve been rocked and sung to sleep,
Oh, were I not a soldier still,
I’d almost like to weep.”
“Ah!” mused the good St. Nicholas,
“I think I understand,”
And he smiled a merry little smile,
And coughed behind his hand.
“’Twas on that busy Christmas eve
When all was in a whirl
This *doll* was given to a boy,
This *soldier* to a girl.”
And then aloud he gravely said,
“I grieve to see your pain,
But if you stay with me a year
All shall be well again.
Next Christmas eve, my children,
When you are well and strong,
I will put you in the stockings
Where you really *do* belong.”

“I wonder where my soldier is!”
Cried gentle little Moll,
And Bobby gazing round him sobbed,
“Where *is* my baby-doll?”

But though they hunted high and low,
And searched both far and near,
The maiden and the soldier bold
Were seen no more that year.

J. McDermott, in “Youth’s Companion.”

NORTH AND SOUTH.

In vain do partisans, by false charges and unholy appeals to the bitter memories of the past, attempt to lash the North into fury against the South.

A few years since, when the yellow demon held high carnival in the stricken South, a vessel freighted by generous hearts and hands in the North floated down the father of waters bearing aid to those who were once enemies, but now of kin through the great "touch of nature."

The commander of that vessel, a gallant Union soldier, now sleeps upon the historic hills of Vicksburg, fit monuments to the memory of him, who died not amidst martial music, or of "shot and shell and saber stroke," but with a higher and nobler courage, silently and calmly gave up his life for those he had fought and conquered. In all history, what scene, save one on the hills of Judea, is more sublime than that upon the banks of the great river, where bearded men and pallid women with loving and tender hands laid in its last resting-place the body of that northern soldier? Angels looked down with moistened eyes, and from all nature arose that hymn of love which once floated over the blue *Ægean*.

"Love, sons of earth, for love is earth's soft lore;
Look where you will, earth overflows with me;
Learn from the waves that ever kiss the shore,
And the winds nestling on the heaving sea."

Yes, love is stronger than hate, and in the grave of that dead hero was buried the last vestige of sectional strife. The North needs the South, and the South needs the North. The South needs the energy and wealth of the great North, whilst the North needs the semi-tropical productions of the South.

The South asks for no pensions, no bounties, no payment of its war debt. There is not a Confederate

soldier worthy the name who would ask or receive one cent from the federal government in pension or bounty. All that the South asks is peace, lasting, real, true peace—peace in which to build up its ruined homes and industries—peace in which to pay its proportion of the national debt.

What the country demands to-day is the development of its material resources, and the protection of its citizens in every right. The country is heartily and thoroughly tired of sectional strife and sectional legislation. Enveloped by a common nationality, united by a common destiny, we should turn our backs upon the sad memories of the past, and go resolutely forward to the duties of the future. For on the brow of that future, God has written in letters of light and beauty, "One flag, one people, one country." Pledging our unfaltering devotion to the interests of country, we shall, if new interests arise, be found with that great party which, bearing the constitution as the gallant Douglas bore the Bruce's heart, will, when overpowered, fling it far into the midst of its enemies, and falling, covered with wounds and glory, protect the sacred treasure even in death.—*George G. Vest.*

PANSY BLOSSOM.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
 In fair or cloudy weather ;
 Of all the flowers that come and go
 The full twelve months together,
 This little purple pansy brings
 Thoughts of the saddest, sweetest things.

I had a little lover once
 Who used to bring me posies ;
 His eyes were blue as hyacinths,
 His cheeks as red as roses ;
 And everybody used to praise
 His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls who went to school with me
Made little jealous speeches,
Because he brought me loyally
His biggest plums and peaches,
And always at the door would wait
To carry home my book and slate.

They couldn't see, with pout and fling,
The mighty fascination
About that little crooked-nose thing
To cause such admiration!
As if there wer'n't a dozen girls
With bluer eyes and longer curls!

And this I knew as well as they,
And never could see clearly,
Why more than Marion or May
I should be loved so dearly.
And so I asked him, why was this,
He only answered with a kiss.

And so I teased him, "Tell me why,
I want to know the reason."
Then from a flower bed close by—
The pansies were in season—
He plucked and gave a flower to me
With sweet and simple gravity.

"The garden is in bloom," he said,
"With lilies pale and tender,
With roses and verbenas red,
And fuchsias' purple splendor,
But over and above the rest
This little heart's-ease suits me best."

"Am I your little heart's-ease then?"
I asked with sudden pleasure.
He answered yes, and yes again,
Heart's-ease and dearest treasure,
That the big round world, and all the sea,
Held nothing half so sweet as me.

I listened with a pleased delight,
Too rare for words to capture,
Nor ever dreamed what sudden blight
Would come to chill my rapture.
Could I foresee the tender bloom
Of pansies, round a little tomb?

Life holds some stern experience,
As most of us discover,
And I've had other losses
Since first I lost that little lover;
But oh, this purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the saddest, sweetest things.

TO THE MEMORY OF S. S. COX.

When Samuel S. Cox passed out from among men into the endless shadow of that mystery we call death, it was as if the evening star had slipped from tired bands and fallen to shine no more. And what shall we say of him now that he is gone?

The scope and character of his achievements differ from those of most men we term great. Nearly all great men have accomplished greatness by persistent effort along some special line of thought or endeavor. He was remarkable rather for the versatility of his thought and the diversity of his endeavor. He was a scholar of extensive research and splendid erudition: he was an author whose books enchant with bewitching description and sparkle with noble gems of thought. He was a statesman of unsullied patriotism and comprehensive grasp. He was an orator whose scimitar flashed at the front of fiercest debate, and whose eloquence swayed the multitude as storm-winds the forests. He was an ambassador whose culture, grave and gentle breeding made him a favorite, and whose skill in diplomacy won him respect while it dignified the Republic. And then how genial and companionable he was! How full of life—of the

glad, rollicking joy of life! He sometimes seemed a very boy, scattering joy and sunshine along the way.

But when sorrow folded her pallid wings and brooded about the hearts of those he loved, how gentle he was! In his presence sadness seemed less sad, and a softer light crept in among the shadows, for there was in his speech and act something so like the delicate touch of woman's hand and the melting music of woman's speech. Such was the man we loved! and we loved him all the more, because we knew that behind this native gentleness was the strong masculine man, familiar with the philosophies of books and trained to the responsibilities of great affairs, who, when occasion required, could be stern, rugged, obstinate, almost vengeful.

Such was the man we lament. He lived a pure, unselfish, and useful life; and he goes away into the mystic summer land, leaving behind him a great name, and taking with him the blessing of his race. He went away without thought of fear, bearing a sweet message from the world to those who should greet him in the great beyond.—*W. J. Stone.*

GETTYSBURG.

The sun of Gettysburg rose on the first of July and saw the army of the gray already advancing in line of battle; the army of the blue hastening eagerly forward to this point; and the unquailing lines so long arrayed against each other, stood face to face. Once more the inexpressible emotions of yearning memory, of fond affection, of dread foreboding, of high hopes, of patriotic enthusiasm and stern resolve swept for a moment over thousands of brave hearts, and the next instant the overwhelming storm of battle burst. For three long, proud, immortal days it raged and swayed, the earth trembling, the air quivering, the sky obscured; with shouting charge, and rattling volley, and thundering cannonade piling the

ground with bleeding blue and gray. Doubtful the battle hung and paused. Then a formidable bolt of war was forged on yonder wooded height, and launched with withering blasts and roar of fire against the foe. It reached and pierced the flaming line of the embattled blue. It was the supreme moment of the peril of the Union—the heroic crisis of the war. But the fiery force was spent. In one last wild tumultuous struggle, brave men dashed headlong against men as brave, and the next moment that awful bolt of daring courage was melted in the fervent heat of an unequal valor, and the battle of Gettysburg was fought.

If the rising sun of the 4th of July, 1863, looked upon a sad and unwonted scene, a desolated battlefield, upon which the combatants upon either side had been American citizens, yet those combatants, could they have seen aright, would have hailed that day as more glorious than ever before. For from that smoking and blood-drenched field, they would have seen a more perfect union arising, with the Constitution at last immutably interpreted, and they would have heard anew the immortal pledge—government of the people, for the people, by the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The great question was settled. Other questions indeed remain which will greatly try our wisdom and our patriotism. But they will be appealed to the ordeal of battle no more, they will be settled in those peaceful, popular and parliamentary contentions which befit a patriotic and intelligent republican people. Then indeed the fleeting angel of this hour and the hallowed spirits of this consecrated ground will have yielded their most precious benediction; and in the field of Gettysburg as we now behold it, the blue and the gray blending in happy harmony, like the mingling hues of the summer landscape, we may see the radiant symbol of the triumphant America of our pride, our hope, and our joy.—*George William Curtis.*

JACK FROST'S LITTLE SISTER.

This morning when all the rest had gone down,
I stood by the window to see
The beautiful pictures which there in the night
Jack Frost had been making for me.

There were mountains and mills and bridges and
boats,
Some queer-looking houses and trees,
A hammock that swung by itself in the air,
And a giant cut off at the knees.

Then there was a steeple so crooked and high,
I was thinking it surely must fall,
When right down below it I happened to spy
The loveliest thing of them all—

The cutest and cunningest dear little girl,
I looked at her hard as I could ;
And she stood there so dainty, and looked back at
me
In a little white ulster and hood.

“ Good morning,” I whispered, for all in a flash
I knew 'twas Jack Frost's little sister ;
I was so glad to have her come visiting me,
I reached up quite softly and kissed her.

There !—can you believe it ?—the darling was gone,
Killed dead in that one little minute !
I never once dreamed that a kiss would do that,
Nor could there be any harm in it.

But I am so sorry ! for though I have looked
Fifty times at the window since then,
Half hoping to see her once more, yet I know
She never can come back again.

And it may be foolish, but all through the day
 I have felt—and I knew that I should—
 Just as if I had killed her, that dear baby-girl
 In a little white ulster and hood.

Youth's Companion.

A DEMOCRACY HATEFUL TO PHILIP.

There are those among you, Athenians, who think to confound a speaker by asking him, "What, then, is to be done?" To which I might reply, "Nothing that you are doing; everything that you leave undone!" And it would be an apt, a true reply. But I will be more explicit, and may these men, so ready to question, be equally ready to act!

In the first place, Athenians, admit the incontestable fact that Philip has violated his treaties and declared war against you. On that point let us have no further crimination or recrimination. And then admit the fact that he is the mortal enemy of Athens, of its very soil, of all within its walls—ay, of those even who most flatter themselves that they are high in his good graces. What Philip most fears and abhors is our liberty, our free democratic system. For the destruction of that all his snares are laid, all his projects are shaped.

Is he not consistent in this? Truly, he is well aware that though he should subjugate all the rest of Greece, his conquest would be insecure so long as your democracy should stand. Well does he know that should he experience one of those reverses to which the lot of humanity is so liable, it would be into your arms that all of those nations now forcibly held under his yoke would rush. Is there a tyrant to drive back? Athens is in the field! Is there a people to be enfranchised? Lo, Athens, prompt to aid! What wonder, then, that Philip should be impatient so long as Athenian liberty is a spy upon his evil days? Be sure, O my countrymen, that Philip

is your irreconcilable foe; that it is against Athens he musters all his armaments; against Athens all his schemes are laid.

What, then, as wise men convinced of these truths, ought you to do? What but to shake off your fatal lethargy, contribute according to your means, summon your allies to contribute and take measures to maintain the troops already under arms, so that if Philip has an army prepared to attack and subjugate all the Greeks, you may have an army ready to succor them and to save? Tell me not of the trouble and expense which this will involve. I grant it all. But consider the dangers that beset you, and how much you will be the gainers by engaging heartily at once in the general cause.

Verily, should some god assure you that however inert and unconcerned you might remain, yet in the end you should not be molested by Philip, still it would be ignominious (bear witness, Heaven!), it would be beneath you, beneath the dignity of your State, beneath the glory of your ancestors, to sacrifice to your own selfish repose the interests of all the rest of Greece. Rather would I perish than recommend such a course. Let some other man urge it upon you, if he will; and listen to him, ye, if you can!

But if my sentiments are yours, if you foresee, as I do, that the more we leave Philip to extend his conquests, the more we are fortifying an enemy whom, sooner or later, we must cope with, why do you hesitate? What wait you? When will you put forth your strength? Wait you the constraint of necessity? What necessity? Can there be a more pressing one for freemen than the prospect of dishonor? Do you wait for that? It is here already; it presses, it weighs on us even now. Now, did I say? Long since was it before us, face to face. Truly, there is still another necessity in reserve—the necessity of slaves—subjugation, blows, and stripes. Wait you for them? The gods forbid! The very words are in this place an indignity!—*Demosthenes*.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

The play is done—the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell ;
 A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around to say farewell.
 It is an irksome word and task ;
 And when he's laughed and said his say,
 He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's anything but gay.

One word ere yet the evening ends—
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas-time ;
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts
 That fate ere long shall bid you play ;
 Good night !—with honest, gentle hearts,
 A kindly greeting go away !

Good night !—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
 Just hinted in this mimic page,
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,
 Are but repeated in our age ;
 I'd say your woes were not less keen,
 Your hopes more vain than those of men—
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
 At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
 Not less, nor more, as men than boys—
 With grizzled beards at forty-five
 As erst at twelve in corduroys ;
 And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray,
 Pray Heaven that early love and truth
 May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
 I'd say how fate may change and shift—
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,
 The race not always to the swift;
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown,
 The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
 Blessed be He who took and gave!
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
 Be weeping at her darling's grave?
 We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit—
 Who brought him to that mirth and state?
 His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate;
 Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
 Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed—
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
 And longing passion unfulfilled;
 Amen!—whatever fate be sent,
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
 Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the awful will,
 And bear it with an honest heart;

Who misses, or who wins, the prize,
 Go, lose or conquer as you can;
 But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays);
 The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days;
 The shepherds heard it overhead—
 The joyful angels raised it then;
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentlemen.

My song save this is little worth;
 I lay the weary pen aside,
 And wish you health and love and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas tide;
 As fits the holy Christmas birth,
 Be this, good friends our carol still—
 Be peace on earth—be peace on earth
 To men of gentle will.

Wm. M. Thackeray.

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

(Prize Selection at the N. Mo. Normal, 1891.)

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less but that I loved Rome more.

Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free-men?

As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition.

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.—[CITIZENS cry out, “None, Brutus—none!”]—None! Then none have I offended.

I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

[Enter ANTONY and others with CÆSAR’S body.]

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not?

With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.—*Shakespeare.*

AUTUMN.

These lovely days of autumn,
So swiftly gliding by,
May teach us, friends, a lesson,
If to learn it we will try.

How beautiful the forests,
 With their varied tints, that vie
 With the changing hues of sunset
 When the clouds are floating high!

Could the biting frosts of autumn
 To the wood such beauty bring,
 If the leaves had not been growing
 Through the summer and the spring?

Would the sunset's dying glory
 Seem to us so passing fair,
 If the thunderstorms of summer
 Had not purified the air?

Now your spring of life is passing,
 Soon the summer will be here;
 May its storms but serve to purify
 The spirit's atmosphere!

May the tender leaves of virtue
 With unfailing vigor grow,
 Telling of a life within you,
 Which the world can never know.

Then will autumn come upon you
 Like the autumn that we see
 Calm and radiant with the promise
 Of another life to be!

S. U. Dent.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a State?
 Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
 Not bays and broad-arm ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride!
 Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No! *Men*—high-minded *men*—
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
 Men, who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain ;
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.
 These constitute a state ;
 And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits empress : crowning good, repressing ill.
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend discretion like a vapor sinks ;
 And e'en the all-dazzling crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
 Such was this heaven-loved isle ;
 Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore !
 No more shall Freedom smile ?
 Shall Britons languish and be men no more ?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Sir William Jones.

BABY BOYS.

I can't see what our baby boy
 Is dood for, anyway ;
 He don't know how to walk or talk,
 He don't know how to play.
 He tears up ev'ry single zing
 He possibly tan ;
 He even tried to break, one day,
 Mamma's bestest fan.

He's al'ays tumblin' 'bout ze floor,
 An' gives us awful scares ;

And when he goes to bed at night
 He never says his prayers.
 On Sunday, too, he musses up
 My go-to-meetin' clothes,
 And once I found him hard at work
 A pinchin' Dolly's nose.

Ze ozzer day zat naughty boy
 —Now what you s'pose you zink?—
 Upset a dreat big bottle
 Of my papa's writin' ink.
 An' stead of kyin' dood and hard,
 As course he ought to done,
 He laughed, and crowed, and kicked his feet
 As zough he sought 'twas fun.

He even tries to reach up high
 An' pull zings off ze shelf.
 An' he's al'ays wantin' you of course,
 Jus when you wants yourself.
 I rather dess, I really do,
 For how he pulls my turls,
 Boy babaies was made a purpose,
 For to 'noy us little dirls.

An' I wish zere wasn't no such zings
 As naughty baby boys—
 Why! why, zats him akyin' now,
 He makes a dreful noise
 I dess I better run and see
 For he has—boo-hoo-hoo!
 Fell down ze stairs and killed himself—
 Whatever shall I do!

GLAUCUS IN THE ROMAN ARENA.

“Bring forth the lion and Glaucus the Athenian!”
 shouted the people louder than ever.

Glaucus and Olinthus had been placed together in
 that gloomy and narrow cell in which the criminals

of the Arena awaited their last and fearful struggle. The religion of the one, the pride of the other, the conscious innocence of both, elevated the victim into the hero.

“Hark! hearest thou that shout?” said Olinthus.

“I hear; my heart grows sick; the gods support me!”

“The gods! O rash young man, in this hour recognise only the one God!”

“Bring forth the lion and Glaucus the Athenian.”

“Hush! already they are clamoring for our blood!”

“O Heaven!” cried the fervent Olinthus, “I tremble not—I rejoice that the prison-house shall soon be broken.”

The door swung gratingly back—the gleam of spears shot along the walls.

“Glaucus the Athenian, thy time is come; the lion awaits thee.”

“I am ready. Olinthus, brother, bless me—and farewell!”

The Christian clasped the young heathen to his breast—he kissed his cheek and forehead—he wept aloud.

Glaucus tore himself away.

“Courage!” said one; “thou art young and active. They give thee a weapon, despair not, and thou mayst yet conquer!”

And now when the Greek saw the eyes of ten thousand Romans upon him, all fear was gone. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features, and he stood, the very incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the valor of his land—at once a hero and a god!

The lion had been kept without food for twenty-four hours, and was now moving about its cage with a restless uneasiness which the keeper attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing seemed rather that of fear than of rage; its roar was painful and distressed; it hung its head—snuffed the air through

the bars—lay down—started again—and again uttered its wild and far-resounding cries.

The crowd became impatient. The Editor slowly gave the sign. The keeper cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release.

Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion. With his small and shining weapon raised on high, he stood waiting the attack. But, to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of his presence. At half-speed it circled round and round the arena, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious gaze as if seeking some avenue only of escape; once it tried to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience; failing, it drooped its tail along the sand, and crept with a low moan into its cage.

The rage of the populace at this disappointment was fast becoming uncontrollable, when a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena. The crowd gave way, and Sallust suddenly appeared on the senatorial benches. Half exhausted, he shouted; "Remove the Athenian,—haste! he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian. *He* is the murderer of Apæcides!"

"Art thou mad, O Sallust! What means this raving?"

"Remove the Athenian! Quick! or his blood be on your head. Room there!—Stand back! People of Pompeii, Arbaces is the murderer! Here is the witness, Calenus, the priest."

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people. "*Arbaces* to the lion! *Arbaces* to the lion!"

The maddened crowd, thirsty for blood, were rushing upon the Egyptian, whose eyes at that moment, beheld shooting above the Amphitheatre a strange and awful apparition. He stretched his hand on high, and shouted with a voice of thunder: "Behold, how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the

avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with dismay, vast vapors shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, followed by fires that blazed with an intolerable glare! There was a dead, heart-sunken silence—through which there suddenly broke the roar of the crouching lion—so typical of the coming ruin. Then there arose on high the universal shriek of women. Men stared at each other and were dumb; they felt the earth shake beneath their feet, and beheld the mountain-cloud rolling toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent.

No longer thought the crowd of justice or Arbaces. Each turned to fly—trampling recklessly over the fallen—amidst groans, and oaths and prayers, the enormous crowd poured forth. Whither should they fly? But darker, and larger, and mightier spread the cloud above them—a sudden and ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon.—*Adapted from Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii.*

NYDIA.

In proportion as the blackness gathered did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. In the pauses of the showers you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Wild, haggard, ghastly with supernatural fears, fugitive passed fugitive, crowds encountered crowds, but without the leisure to speak, consult, or advise.

Through this awful scene did Glaucus make his way, accompanied by Ione and Nydia, the blind girl. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who, with Ione, was borne rapidly on-

ward; and when the crowd had passed, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps in vain. Their friend, their preserver, was lost. Hitherto Nydia had been their guide. Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone. Accustomed through a perpetual night to thread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly towards the sea-shore by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now which way could they wend?

"Alas!" murmured Ione, "I can go no farther; my steps sink among the scorching cinders. Fly, Glaucus, and leave me to my fate."

"Blessed lightning! See, Ione, see! the portico of the Temple of Fortune is before us. Let us creep beneath it for protection from the showers."

Meanwhile Nydia, when separated by the throng from Glaucus and Ione, had in vain endeavored to regain them. In vain she raised that plaintive cry so peculiar to the blind; it was lost amidst a thousand shrieks of more selfish terror. Weak, yet fearless, supported by but one wish, she was a very emblem of Psyche in her wanderings; of Hope walking through the Valley of the Shadow. On she moved toward the sea-shore. At length a group of torch-bearers rushing full against her, she was thrown down.

"What!" said a voice. "Is this the brave blind girl! By Bacchus, it is! Up! My Thessalian! So, so. Are you hurt? That's well! Come along with us! We are for the shore!"

"O Sallust! it is thy voice! Glaucus—Glaucus! have you seen him?"

"No. He is doubtless out of the city by this time. The god who saved him from the lion will save him from the burning mountain." Just then, Sosia passed with a torch, and its light falling on the face of Nydia, he recognized the Thessalian.

"What avails thy liberty now, blind girl?" said the slave.

“Who art thou? Canst thou tell me of Glaucus?”

“Ay; I saw him but a few moments since, couched beneath the arch of the Forum—dead or dying.”

Nydia uttered not a word: she slid from the side of Sallust; silently she glided through those behind her and retraced her steps to the city. She gained the Forum—the arch! She stooped down—she felt around—she called: “Glaucus—Glaucus!”

A weak voice answered, “Who calls me?”

“Arise! Follow me! Take my hand! Glaucus, thou shalt be saved!”

In wonder and sudden hope, Glaucus arose—
“Nydia still? Ah! then, thou art safe!”

Half leading, half carrying Ione, Glaucus followed his guide. After many pauses and incredible perseverance, they gained the sea. In darkness, with others escaping the destruction, they put forth to sea. Utterly exhausted, Ione slept on the breast of Glaucus. While Nydia lay at his feet, showers of dust and ashes fell far and wide into the waves and scattered the spray over the deck.

Softly, beautifully, dawned at last the light over the trembling deep. In the silence of the general sleep, Nydia rose gently. She bent over the face of Glaucus—timidly and sadly she kissed his brow and with her hair wiped from it the damps of the night. “May the gods bless you, Athenian! May you be happy with your beloved Ione!—May you sometimes remember Nydia! Alas! She is of no further use on earth!”

Turning away, she crept slowly along by the platforms to the farther side of the vessel, and pausing, bent low over the deep; the cool spray dashed upward on her feverish brow. “It is the kiss of death,” she said—“it is welcome!” The balmy air played through her waving tresses. She put them from her face, and raised those eyes—so tender, though so sightless, to the sky whose soft face she had never seen.

“Yes, yes!” she said, half aloud, “I have saved him—happy, happy thought! It is the last glad thought

I can ever know. Oh! sacred sea! I hear thy voice invitingly—it hath a freshening and joyous call. Rest—rest—rest!—there is no other Elysium for a heart like mine!”

A sailor half dozing on the deck, heard a slight splash on the waters. Drowsily he looked up as the vessel bounded merrily on, and fancied he saw something white above the waves; but it vanished in an instant. He lay down again, and dreamed of his home and children. When Glaucus and Ione awoke, their first thought was of Nydia, who was not to be found. They guessed her fate in silence, and drawing nearer to each other, wept as for a departed sister.—
Adapted from Bulwer's Last Day of Pompeii.

AT “THE LITERARY.”

Folks in town, I reckon, thinks
They git all the fun they air
Runnin' loose 'round!—but, 'y jinks!
We got fun, and fun to spare
Right out here amongst the ash
And oak timber ever'where!
Some folks else kin cut a dash
'Sides town-people, don't fergit!—
'Specially in winter-time,
When they's snow, and roads is fit.
In them circumstances I'm
Resignated to my lot—
Which puts me in mind o' what
'Scalled “The Literary.”

Us folks in the country sees
Lots o' fun!—Take spellin'-school;
Er ole hoe-down jamborees;
Er revivals; er ef you'll
Tackle taffy-pullin's you
Kin git fun, and quite a few!—
Same with huskin's. But all these

Kind o' frolicks they hain't new
 By a hundred year er two,
 Cipher on it as you please!
 But I'll tell you what I jest
 Think walks over all the rest—
 Any way it suits *me* best,—
 That's "The Literary."

First they started it—" 'y gee!"
 Thinks-says I, " This settlement
 'Sgittin' too high-toned fer me!"
 But when *all* begin to jine,
 And I heerd *Izory* went,
 I jest kind o' drapped in line
 Like you've seen some sandy, thin,
 Scrawny shoat put fer the crick
 Down some pig-trail through the thick
 Spice-bresh, where the whole drove's been
 ' Bout six weeks ' fore he gets in!
 " Can't tell nothin'," I-says-ee,
 "' Bout it tel you go and see
 Their blame ' Literary!'"

Very first night I was there
 I was 'p'inted to be what
 They call " Critic"—so's a fair
 And square jedgment could be got
 On the pieces 'at was read,
 And on the debate,— " Which air
 Most destructive element,
 Fire er worter?" Then they hed
 Compositions on " Content,"
 " Death," and " Botany;" and Tomps,
 He read one on " Dreenin' Swamps"
 I p'nonced the boss, and said,—
 " So fer 'at's the best thing read
 In ' The Literary!'"

Then they sung some—tel I called
 Order, and got back ag'in
 In the critic's cheer, and lauled

All o' the p'formers in.
 Mandy Brizendine read one
 I fergit; and Doc's was "Thought;"
 And Sarepty's, hern was "None
 Air denied 'at knocks;" and Daut—
 Fayette Strawuse's little niece—
 She got up and spoke a piece:
 Then Izory she read hern—
 "Best thing in the whole concern,"
 I-says-ee; "now le's adjourn
 This here 'Literary!'"

They was some contendin'—yit
 We broke up in harmony.
 Road out-side as white as grit,
 And as slick as slick could be!—
 I'd fetched 'Zory in my sleigh,
 And I had a heap to say
 Drivin' back—in fact, I driv
 'Way around the old north way,
 Where the Daubenspeckses live.
 'Zory allus—'fore that night—
 Never 'peared to feel jest right
 In my company.—You see,
 On'y thing on earth saved me
 Was that "Literary."

James Whitcomb Riley, in Century Magazine.

SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS.

(Prize Selection at North Mo. State Normal, Jan., 1890.)

"A little bit queer—my Mary!
 Her roof not quite in repair!"
 And it's that you think with a nod and wink,
 As you sit in my easy-chair!

Drop it, I say, old feller—
 Drop it, I tell you, do,
 Or language, I doubt, I shall soon let out
 I'd rather not use to you.

Shake hands, and I ax your pardon—
 'Twas chaffing, I knowed you were ;
 But a hint, or a slur, or a joke on *her*
 Is a thing as I can't abear.
 And what if she has her fancies,
 Why, so has us all, old chap ;
 Not many's the roof as is regular proof,
 If a bit of a whim's a gap.

She's up to the nines, my Mary—
 Lord bless her, she keeps us right !
 And it's up with her gown and the house scrubbed
 down, .
 As certain as Friday night.
 Six years we was wed and over
 And never a cradle got,
 And nowhere's, I swear, a more dotinger pair
 On baby and tiny tot.
 So when of a winter morning
 At last we was ma and pa,
 No royal princess had the welcome, I guess,
 As our little stranger had.

And didn't my Mary bless her !
 Just picter her, them as can,
 A doin' her best with her mother's breast
 For Alexandrina Ann !
 For that's what we named the baby
 By way of a start in life,
 From parties, I knew, as could help her through,
 The Queen and my Uncle's wife.

And wasn't the baby fêted !
 She lay in her bassinet
 With muslin and lace on her tiny face

As ever grew smaller yet.
 But it wasn't in lace or coral
 To bribe her to linger here !
 I looks in her eyes,—“ She's off,” I sighs—
 “ She's off to her proper sp'ere.”

Here treasures was all around her,
 But she was too wise and grave
 For the pug on the shelf, and, as big as herself,
 The doll as her grandma gave.
 She wanted the stars for playthings,
 Our wonderful six-weeks' guest ;
 So, with one little sigh, she closed her eye,
 And woke on a hangel's breast.

And how did the missis take it ?
 Most terrible calm and mild ;
 With a face a'most like a bloodless ghost
 She covered the sleeping child.
 There was me like a six-foot babby
 A blubbering long and loud,
 While she sat there in the rocking-chair,
 A-sewing the little shroud.

I couldn't abide to see it—
 The look in her tearless eye ;
 I touches her so, and I whispers low,
 “ My darlingest, can't you cry ? ”
 She gave me a smile for answer,
 Then over her work she bowed,
 And all through the night her needle bright
 Was sewing a little shroud.

In the gray of a winter morning,
 The mite of a coffin came,
 But it had space, O Father of Grace,
 To bury a mother's heart !
 Great God ! such a shaller coffin,
 And yet so awful deep !
 I placed it there by the poor wife's chair,
 And I thinks, “ At last she'll weep.”

But she rose with never a murmur,
 As cam as a specter thin,
 And—waxy and cold and so light to hold—
 She places the baby in.

Then, moving with noiseless footfall,
 She reaches from box and shelf
 The little one's mug and the china pug,
 And the doll that was big as herself.
 Then—God! it was dreadful to watch her—
 All white in her crape-black gown,
 With her own cold hands my Mary stands
 And fastens the coffin down.

I carried the plaything coffin,
 Tucked under my arm, just so ;
 And she stood there at the head of the stair,
 And quietly watched us go.
 So parson he comes in his night-gown,
 And says that as grass is man,
 And earth had trust of the pinch of dust
 That was Alexandrina Ann.

I was trying to guess the riddle
 I never could answer pat—
 What the wisdom and love as is planning above
 Could mean by a life like that ;
 And I'd got my foot on the doorstep,
 When, scaring my mournful dream,
 Shri!ll, wild and clear, there tore on my ear
 The sound of a maniac scream.

The scream of a raving maniac,
 But, Father of death and life !
 I listened and knew, the madness through
 The voice of my childless wife.
 One moment I clutched and staggered,
 Then down on my bended knee,
 And up to the sky my wrestling cry
 Went up for my girl and me.

I went to her room and found her ;
 She sat on the floor, poor soul !
 Two burning streaks on her death-pale cheeks,
 And eyes that were gleeds of coal.
 And now she would shriek and shudder,
 And now she would laugh aloud,
 And now for a while, with an awful smile,
 She'd sew at a little shroud.

Dear Lord, through the day and darkness,
 Dear Lord, through the endless night,
 I sat by her side, while she shrieked and cried,
 And I thought it would ne'er be light.
 And still, through the blackness thronging
 With shapes that was dread to see,
 My shuddering cry to the God on high
 Went up for my girl and me.

At last through the winder, morning
 Came glimmering, cold and pale ;
 And, faint but clear, to my straining ear
 Was carried a feeble wail.
 I went to the door in wonder,
 And there, in the dawning day,
 All swaddled and bound in a bundle round,
 A sweet little baby lay.

It lay on the frosty doorstep,
 A pert little two months' child ;
 Dumfounded and slow, I raised it so,
 And it looked in my face and smiled.
 And so as I kissed and loved it,
 I grajuly growed aware
 As the Father in bliss had sent us this,
 The answer to wrestling prayer.

In wonder and joy and worship,
 With tears that were soft and blest,
 I carried the mite, and, still and white,
 I laid it on Mary's breast.

I didn't know how she'd take it,
 So goes on an artful tack ;
 "The little 'un cried for her mother's side.
 And the hangels has sent her back !"

My God ! I shall ne'er forget it,
 Though spared for a hundred years—
 The soft delight on her features white,
 The rush of her blissful tears.
 The eyes that was hard and vacant
 Grew wonderful soft and mild,
 As she cries, "Come rest on your mammy's breast,
 My own little hangel child."

And so from that hour, my darling
 Grew happy and strong and well ;
 And the joy that I felt as to God I knelt
 Is what I can nowadays tell.
 There's parties as sneers and tells you
 There's nothing but clouds up there :
 I answers 'em so, "There's a God I *know*,
 And a Father that heareth prayer."

And what if my Mary fancies
 The babe is a child of light—
 Our own little dear sent back to us here ?—
 And mayn't she be somewheres right ?
 Here, Mary, my Darling, Mary !
 A friend has come into town ;
 Don't mind her nose nor changing her clo'es,
 But bring us the hangel down.

Langbridge, in "The Voice Magazine."

NAUGHTY GIRL.

I don't 'spect folks think I look so very purty in
 this dress. I don't think I do neither. This is 'bout
 the worstest dress I dot, but if it is the worstest
 dress I dot, it's lots better than Mary Lee's Sunday

dress. But then my pa's lots richer'n hern. My pa's dot so much money he could gist throw it away if he wanted to—but he don't want to, and I don't blame him much neither, so I don't.

Some people say I kin speak so nice, but I don't think I kin. I'm going to speak a wee teeny little bit, and let you see how I spoke my piece for my ma's preachers t'huther day. Now this is going to be the way what I spoke my piece.

(Make several bows, forget, and begin again. Make gestures in imitation of a child.)

“I love to see a little dog,
And pat him on the head,
So prettily he wags his tail
Whenever he is fed.

“Some little dogs are very good
And very useful too,
And do you know that they will do
What they are bid to do?”

Don't 'spect you think that's such very good speakin'. 'Tain't. That's about the very worstest speakin' I kin speak. I kin speak lots better than that, for a man told me I could speak as good as Mary Sanderson. He said that when I spoke my piece what I got the medal on, over here in this big red brick school house. Mary Sanderson speaks in New York, and pa says I kin go and hear her speak some day if I don't die too soon. Do you all know her?

Now this is my medal piece.

“My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

“My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.”

Now that's fine speakin'.

I was walking down the street the other day and I was sayin' to myself I don't believe I have such very good sense anyhow—I was gist thinkin' that—and I heard some one talkin' about me, so I went back to hear what they was sayin'. And what do you think I heard them say? They says that's the very purtiest little girl in this town—and they meant me. T'ain't so neither, so it 'taint. I think I'm the very ugliest girl in this whole town.

My ma's a Methodist, and when Conference comes you ought to see the big preachers what comes to our house. They come and stay nearly a week, and goodness! how much they do eat. One of them—the very biggest one too—took me on his knee and said I was a daisy. I gist jumped off of his knee and said, Who do you think you are talkin' 'bout anyway? Why, you ole crank, if you don't watch out we'll fire you out bodily. You bets you, I skeered him purty bad. He never said a nuther word to me, you bets you. He's dead now, and I'm so glad.

I bet you don't know Sim. He's my beau. We have to hide behind the rose-bush every night and hear my sister Jane and her beau sparkin' in the hammock, so we kin take items. Then when we git big, if Sim forgets, I'll know how. Oh, we've got sparkin' down to a purty fine point.

Well, I guess I'll go and get on my new dress, and let you see it. This is 'bout the worstest dress I dot, but I could have lots better ones if I wanted 'em, but I don't wan't want 'em. I've got sense enough not to want things I can't git.

That's all I have to tell you so I guess I'll go.
Good-bye.

[*Arranged on hearing Miss Lucia Griffin recite "The Naughty Girl."*]

THE WAY 'TO SLEEPTOWN.

The town of Sleeptown is not far
In Timbuctoo or China,
For it's right near by in Blinkton county,
In the state of Drowsylina ;
It's just beyond the Thingumbob hills,
Not far from Nodville Center,
But you must be drawn thro' the Valley of Yawn,
Or the town you cannot enter,
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That baby goes to Sleeptown !

He starts from the city of Odearme,
Through Boohoo street he totters,
Until he comes to Dontery Corners
By the shore of the Sleeping Waters ;
Then he comes to the Johnny-Jump-Up hills,
And the nodding Toddlebom mountains,
And straight does he go thro' the Vale of Heigho,
And drinks from the Drowsy Fountains.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That baby goes to Sleeptown !

By Twilight Path thro' the Nightcap Hills
The little feet must toddle,
Thro' the dewy gloom of Flyaway Forest,
By the drowsy peaks of Noddle ;
And never a sound does baby hear,
For not a leaf does quiver,
From the Little Dream Gap in the Hills of Nap
To the Snoozequehanna River.

And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That baby goes to Sleptown!

Aways he flies over Bylow Bridge,
Through Lullaby Lane to wander,
And on thro' the groves of Moonshine Valley
By the hill of Wayoffyonder;
And then does the fairies' flying-horse
The sleepy baby take up—
Until they enter at Jumpoff Center
The Peekaboo Vale of Wakeup.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That baby comes from Sleptown!

S. W. Foss.

IMPH-M.

Ye've heard hoo the de'il, as he wauchel'd thro' Beith,
Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, an' yen in his teeth,
When some yen cried oot, "Will ye tak' mine the
morn?"

He wagg'd his auld tail while he cockit his horn,

But only said, "Imph-m;"

That usefu' word "Imph-m;"

Wi' sic a big mouthfu', he couldna say Aye!

When I was a laddie, lang syne, at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce and a fule;
For of a' that he said, I could ne'er understan',
Unless when he bawled, "Jamie, haud oot your han'!"

Then I gloomed, an' said, "Imph-m,"

I glunched, an' said, "Imph-m,"

I wasna owre proud, but owre dour to say A-y-e!

Ae day a queer word as lang-nebbit's himsel',
He vowed he would thrash me if I wadna spell.

Quo' I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o' a swither,
 "I'll spell ye the word gif ye'll spell me anither—
 Let's hear ye spell 'Imph-m,'
 That common word 'Imph-m,'
 That auld Scotch word 'Imph-m,' ye ken it means
 A-y-e!"

Had ye seen hoo he glowered, hoo he scratched his big
 pate,
 An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!
 Get aff tae yer seat! ye're the plague o' the schule!
 The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule!"
 But I only said, "Imph-m,"
 That decent word "Imph-m,"
 That auld-farran "Imph-m," that stan's for an A-y-e!

An' when, a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean,
 O' Avon's braw lassies the pride an' the queen,
 When 'neath my grey plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,
 I spiered in a whisper if she'd "be my ain,"
 She blushed and said, "Imph-m,"
 That charming word "Imph-m,"
 A thousan' times better an' sweeter than Aye!

An' noo I'm a dad, wi' a hoose o' my ain—
 A daintie bit wifie, an' mair than ae wean;
 But the warst o't is this—when a question I spier,
 They pit on a luik sae auld-farran an' queer,
 But only say, "Imph-m"—
 That daft-like word, "Imph-m,"
 That vulgar word "Imph-m"—they winna say A-y-e!

Sae I've gi'en owre the "Imph-m"—it's nae a nice
 word;

- When printed on paper, it's perfect absurd;
 An' gif ye're owre lazy to open yer jaw,
 Jist haud yer tongue, an' say naething ava';
 But never say, "Imph-m,"
 That wretched word "Imph-m,"

It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid Aye.

James Nicholson.

A SECRET.

"I'll tell you something," says little Belle,
"If you're certain, sure, you'll never tell.

"Well, then," whispers the little maid,
"My papa, a great, big man, 's afraid."

"Oh, isn't that funny enough?" laughed Sue.
"Your papa's afraid, and mine is, too.

"Not of bears or tigers or bumble-bees ;
It's something a thousand times worse than these.

"It's a terrible thing, that goes up and down
Through every city, village and town.

"And my papa says he almost knows
That things will be ruined wherever it goes."

"Yes, isn't it dreadful?" says Belle, with a sigh.
"It will swear and, papa says, steal and lie.

"I s'pect it has horns and cloven feet ;
And, Sue! what do you s'pose it will eat?"

Then closer together drew each little maid,
Looking about as if half afraid

They might see this thing with cloven feet,
And find it liked little girls to eat.

And then they fancied they heard it roar,
As it gobbled them up and cried for more.

"Oh, its name," cries Belle, "is so dreadful, too ;
Does your papa call it 'Republican,' Sue ?"

Sue shakes her head. "Oh, it can't be that,
For my papa calls it a 'Democrat.'"

Lizzie M. Hadley.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Fellow Citizens:—It is with no ordinary pride that I, who have opposed all these sectional parties, can stand here in the city of Atlanta, in the very center of all our sorrows, and raise my voice—fearing no successful contradiction when I affirm that the Union never made war upon the South.

It was not the Union, my countrymen, that slew your children; it was not the Union that burned your cities; it was not the Union that laid waste your country, invaded your homes, and mocked at your calamities; it was not the Union that reconstructed your states; it was not the Union that disfranchised intelligent citizens and denied them participation in their own governments. No! No! Charge not *these* wrongs upon the Union of your fathers. Every one of these wrongs was inflicted by a diabolical sectionalism in the very teeth of every principle of the American Union.

So, equally, I say the *South* never made war upon the *Union*. There has never been an hour when nine out of ten of us would not have given our lives for this Union. We did not leave the Union because we were dissatisfied with it; we did not leave the Union to make war on it. We left the Union because a sectional party had seized it, and we hoped thereby to avoid a conflict. But if war must come, we intended to fight a sectional party and not the Union. Therefore the late war, with all its disastrous consequences, is the direct result of sectionalism in the North, and of sectionalism in the South. And none, I repeat, of these disasters are chargeable on the Union.

When unimpassioned reason shall review our past, there is no subject in all our history, on which our American Statesmanship, North and South, will be adjudged to have been so unwise, so imbecile, and so utterly deficient, as on that one subject which stimulated these sectional parties into existence.

Above all the din of these sectional quarrelings, I would raise my voice, and proclaim to all our people that there is no right or liberty for any race of any color in America, save in the preservation of that great American Union according to the principles symbolized by that flag. Destroy the General Government and the States will rush into anarchy. Destroy the States and we will all rush into despotism and slavery. Preserve the General Government, preserve the States, and we shall preserve the rights and liberties of all sections, of all races, for all time.

My countrymen, have you studied this wonderful system of free government? To him who loves liberty it is more enchanting than romance, more bewitching than love, more elevating than any other science. Our forefathers adopted this plan, with improvements in the details which cannot be found in any other system. The snows which fall on Mount Washington are not purer than the motives which begot it. Have the motives which so inspired our fathers become all corrupt in their children? Are the hopes that sustained them all poisoned in us? No! forever No! Patriots North, Patriots South! Let us hallow this year of Jubilee by burying all our sectional animosities. Let us close our ears to the men and parties that would teach us to hate each other. Raise high the flag of our fathers! Let Southern breezes kiss it; let Southern skies reflect it! Southern patriots will love it; Southern sons will defend it; Southern heroes die for it!

Flag of our Union, wave on, wave forever! But wave over freemen, not over subjects; wave over states, not over provinces! Wave over a Union of equals, not over a despotism of lords and vassals; over a land of law, of liberty, of peace, and not of anarchy, of oppression, and strife.—*B. H. Hill.*

THE LITTLE GNOME.

Once there lived a little gnome,
 Who had made his little home
 Right down in the middle of the earth, earth, earth.
 He was full of fun and frolic,
 But his wife was melancholic,
 And he never could divert her into mirth, mirth,
 mirth.

He had tried her with a monkey,
 And a parrot, and a donkey,
 And a pig that squealed whene'er he pulled its tail,
 tail, tail;
 But though he laughed himself
 Into fits, the jolly elf,
 Still his wifey's melancholy did not fail, fail, fail.

"I will hie me," said the gnome,
 "From my worthy earthy home,
 I will go among the dwellings of the men, men, men.
Something funny there *must* be
 That will make her say 'He! he!'
 I will find it and will bring it her again, 'gain, 'gain."

So he traveled here and there
 And he saw the Blinking Bear,
 And the Pattypol, whose eyes are in his tail, tail,
 tail;
 And he saw the Linking Gloon,
 Who was playing the bassoon,
 And the Octopus a-waltzing with the whale, whale,
 whale.

He saw the Chingo Chee,
 And a lovely sight was he,
 With a ringlet and a ribbon on his nose, nose, nose,
 And the Baggie, and the Wogg,
 And the Cantilunar Dog,
 Who was throwing cotton flannel at his foes, foes,
 foes.

All these the little gnome
Transported to his home,
And set them down before his weeping wife, wife,
wife,
But she only cried and cried,
And she sobby-wobbed and sighed,
Till she really was in danger of her life, life, life.

Then the gnome was in despair,
And he tore his purple hair,
And he sat him down in sorrow on a stone, stone,
stone.
“I too,” he said, “will cry
Till I tumble down and die,
For I’ve had enough of laughing all alone, ’lone,
’lone.”

His tears they flowed away
Like a rivulet at play,
With a bubble, gubble, rubble, o’er the ground,
ground, ground.
But when this his wifey saw,
She loudly cried, “Haw! haw!
Here at last is something funny you have found,
found, found.”

She laughed. “Ho! ho! he! he!”
And she chuckled loud with glee,
And she wiped away her little husband’s tears, tears,
tears;
And since then, through wind and weather,
They have said, “He! he!” together,
For several hundred thousand merry years, years,
years.

Laura Richards, in “St. Nicholas.”

ROB, THE PAUPER.

(From "Farm Legends." Copyright 1875 by Harper & Bros.)

Rob, the Pauper, is loose again
Through fields and woods he races ;
He shuns the women, he beats the men,
He kisses the children's frightened faces.
There is no house by road or lane
He did not tap at the window pane,
And make more dark the dismal night,
And set the faces within all white.
Rob, the Pauper, is wild of eye,
Wild of speech and wild of thinking,
Yet there is something in his bearing
Not quite what a pauper should be wearing.
In every step is a shadow of grace,
The ghost of beauty haunts his face.

Rob, the Pauper, is crazed of brain,
The world is a lie to his shattered seeming ;
He hath broke him loose from his poorhouse cell,
He hath dragged him clear from rope and fetter.
They might have thought ! for they knew full well,
They could keep a half-caged panther better.
He hath crossed the fields, the woods, the street,
He hides in the swamp his wasted features.

He hath fallen into a slough of sleep,
A haze of the past bends softly o'er him.
His restless spirit a watch doth keep
As memory's canvas glides before him.
The bright past dawns through a cloud of dreams,
And once again in his prime he seems,
For over his heart sweepeth a vision
Like to this.

A cozy kitchen, a smooth cut lawn,
Himself on the door-stone idly sitting,
A blonde-haired woman about him flitting.

She fondly stands beside him there,
And deftly toys with his coal-black hair,
And whispers to him, pleading-wise :
“ O Rob, why will you plague my heart, why will
You try me so? Is she so fair, is she so sweet
That you must needs desert me ?

“ I saw you kiss her twice and thrice
Behind the maple row, and each caress
You gave to her did like a dagger stab me.
Oh, why for her and for her smiles
Your heart a moment hunger ?
What though her shape more trim than mine,
Her face a trifle younger?
She cannot look so young to you as I when we were
wed ;
She cannot speak more sweet to you
Than words that I have said ;
She cannot love you half so well as I, when all is
done,
And she is not your wedded wife—the mother of
your son.

“ You say that I am overwise,
That I am jealous of you.
My jealous tongue but tells the more
The zest with which I love you.
Oh, we might be so peaceful here
With nothing of reproving ;
Oh, we might be so happy here,
With none to spoil our loving.
Why should a joy be more a joy
Because, forsooth, 'tis hid ?
Why should a kiss be more a kiss
Because it is forbid ?

“ Remember there are years to come,
And there are thorns of woe that you may grasp
If once you let the flowers of true love go.”

Rob, the Pauper, awakes and ruus ;
A clamor cometh clear and clearer,
They are hunting him with dogs and guns,
They are every moment pressing nearer.
Through pits of stagnant pools he pushes,
Through the thick sumach's poison bushes,
He runs and stumbles and leaps and clambers,
From bog to bog, from slough to slough.

They have hunted him to the open field,
He is falling upon their worn-out mercies.
They loudly call to him to yield,
He hoarsely pays them back in curses.
He waves his cudgel with war-cry loud,
And breaks again from the crowd around him.
On—yet on—with speed he rushes,
He mounts a fence with a madman's ease
And this is something of what he sees :—
A lonely cottage, some tangled mullein,
A broken chimney cold and sullen.
The pauper falls on the dusty floor,
And there rings in his failing ears once more
A voice, as it might be, from the dead.

“ O Rob, I have a word to say, a cruel word to you—
I cannot longer live a lie,
I cannot keep the secret locked
That long has been your due,
Not if you strike me to the ground
And spurn me in my falling.
He came to me when first a cloud
Across your smile was creeping,
He came to me, he brought to me
A slighted heart for keeping.
He would not see my angry frown,
He sought me day by day ;
I flung at him hot words of scorn,
I turned my face away.

I bade him dread my husband's rage,
When once his words were known,
He smiled at me and said
I had no husband of my own!
His words were over-true;
They burned into my brain.
I could not rub them out again
Were I awake or sleeping.
I threw myself upon your heart,
I plead and prayed to stay!
I held my hands to you for help,
You pushed them rude away!
He came to me again!
He held his eager love to me
Whose weak, hungry heart deep desolation dreaded.
He bade me follow him
And see my erring fancy righted.
We crept along the garden glade
By moonbeams dimly lighted.
She silent sat 'mid clustering vines,
Though much her eyes did speak,
And your black hair was tightly pressed
Unto her glowing cheek.

“It crazed me, but he soothed me sweet
With love's unnumbered charms;
I, desolate, threw myself into his desolate arms.
Oh, Rob, you know how little worth,
When once a woman slips,
May be the striking down a hand
To keep herself from falling.
The night was dark, the storm had come,
The fancy stars of youth each hid its pale white face,
Till all was dark, and all was drear,
And all was black disgrace.

“Oh, Rob, good-bye!” a solemn one—
‘Tis till the Judgment day.
We might have been so peaceful here

With nothing of reproving ;
We might have been so happy here
With none to spoil our loving.
As I, a guilty one, might kiss a corpse's waiting brow,
I bend to you where you have fallen,
And calmly kiss you now.
As I, a wronged and injured one,
Might seek escape's glad door,
I wander forth into the world,
To enter here no more."

Rob, the Pauper, is lying in state
In a box of rough-planed boards, unpainted—
He waits at the poorhouse grave-yard gate,
For a home by human lust untainted.
They have gone to their homes anear and far,
Their joys and griefs, their loves and hating—
Some to sunder the ties that are,
And some to coming, and wooing and mating,
They will swiftly sail love's delicate bark
With never a helm in the dangerous dark ;
They will ne'er quite get it understood
That the Pauper's woes were for their good.

Carleton.

BUCKINGHAM FOILED.

In Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Peveril of the Peak," the second Duke of Buckingham, Minister of Charles I., young, gay, and voluptuous, became enamored of the fair Alice Bridgeworth, and had her conducted under guise of friendship to his palace, and detained there against her will. Zarah, the dark-eyed, high-spirited Mauritanian maiden, succeeded in releasing her, and preserved the deception by remaining in the stead of Alice to meet and foil the advances of the Duke of Buckingham. Zarah, disguised in veil and coquetish oriental costume, rises to meet the Duke as he enters her apartment.

Duke. Fair mistress Alice, I am sensible how deeply I ought to sue for pardon for the mistaken zeal of my servants, who, seeing you deserted and exposed without protection during an unlucky affray, took it upon them to bring you under the roof of one who would expose his life rather than suffer you to sustain a moment's anxiety. Was it my fault that those around me should have judged it necessary to interfere for your preservation; or that, aware of the interest I must take in you, they have detained you till I could myself, in personal attendance, receive your commands?

Zarah. That attendance has not been speedily rendered, my Lord.—I have been a prisoner for two days—neglected, and left to the charge of menials.

Duke. How say you, lady?—neglected! By heaven, if the best in my household has failed in his duty, I will discard him on the instant!

Zarah. I complain of no lack of courtesy from your servants, my lord; but methinks it had been but complaisant in the Duke himself to explain to me earlier wherefore he has had the boldness to detain me as a state prisoner.

Duke. And can the divine Alice doubt that, had time and space, those cruel enemies to the flight of passion, given permission, the instant in which you crossed your vassal's threshold had seen its devoted master at your feet, who hath thought, since he saw you, of nothing but the charms which that fatal morning placed before him at Chiffinch's?

Zarah. I understand then, my lord, that you have been absent, and have had no part in the restraint which has been exercised upon me?

Duke. Absent on the King's command, lady, and employed in the discharge of his duty. What could I do?—The moment you left Chiffinch's, his majesty commanded me to the saddle in such haste that I had no time to change my satin buskins for riding boots. If my absence has occasioned you a moment of inconvenience, blame the inconsiderate zeal of those

who, seeing me depart from London, half distracted at my separation from you, were willing to contribute their unmannered, though well-meant exertions, to preserve their master from despair, by retaining the fair Alice within his reach. To whom, indeed, could they have restored you? He whom you selected as your champion is in prison, or fled,—your father absent from town,—your uncle in the North. To Chiffinch's house you had expressed your well-founded aversion; and what fitter asylum remained than that of your devoted slave, where you must ever reign a queen?

Zarah. An imprisoned one? I desire not such royalty.

Duke. Alas! how wilfully (*kneeling*) you misconstrue me! and what right can you have to complain of a few hours' gentle restraint,—you, who destine so many to hopeless captivity! Be merciful for once, and withdraw that envious veil; for the divinities are ever most cruel when they deliver their oracles from such clouded recesses. Suffer at least my rash hand——

Zarah. I will save your Grace that unworthy trouble. (*Throws back her veil.*) Look on me, my Lord Duke, and see if these be indeed the charms that have made on your Grace an impression so powerful. (*The Duke rises in amazement, and stands as one petrified.*) My Lord Duke, it seems the lifting of my veil has done the work of magic upon your Grace. Alas, for the captive princess whose nod was to command a vassal so costly! She runs, methinks, no slight chance of being turned out of doors, like a second Cinderella, to seek her fortune among lackeys and lightermen.

Duke. I am astonished! That villain, Jerningham—I will have the scoundrel's blood!

Zarah. Nay, never abuse Jerningham for the matter; but lament your own unhappy engagements. While you, my Lord Duke, were posting northward in white satin buskins, to toil in the king's affairs,

the right and lawful princess sat weeping in sables in the uncheered solitude to which your absence condemned her. Two days she was disconsolate in vain; on the third came an African enchantress to change the scene for her, and the person for your Grace. Methinks, my Lord, this adventure will tell but ill, when some faithful squire shall recount or record the gallant adventures of the second Duke of Buckingham.

Duke. Fairly bit, and bantered to boot! The monkey has a turn for satire, too, by all that is piquant. Hark ye, fair Princess, how dared you adventure on such a trick as you have been accomplice to?

Zarah. Dare, my Lord! put the question to others, not to one who fears nothing.

Duke. By my faith, I believe so; for thy front is bronzed by nature. What is your name and condition?

Zarah. My condition I have told you: I am a Mauritanian sorceress by profession, and my name is Zarah.

Duke. But methinks that face, shape, and eyes—when didst thou pass for a dancing fairy?—some such imp thou wert not many days since.

Zarah. My sister you may have seen—my twin sister; but not me, my Lord.

Duke. Indeed, that duplicate of thine, if it was not thy very self, was possessed with a dumb spirit, as thou with a talking one. I am still in the mind that you are the same; and that Satan, always so powerful with your sex, had art enough, on our former meeting, to make thee hold thy tongue.

Zarah. Believe what you will of it, my Lord, it cannot change the truth. And now, my Lord, I bid you farewell. Have you any commands to Mauritania?

Duke. Tarry a little, my Princess; and remember that you have voluntarily entered yourself as pledge for another; and are justly subjected to any

penalty which it is my pleasure to exact. None must brave Buckingham with impunity.

Zarah. I am in no hurry to depart if your Grace has any commands for me.

Duke. What! Are you neither afraid of my resentment nor of my love, fair Zarah?

Zarah. Of neither, by this glove. Your resentment must be a pretty passion indeed, if it could stoop to such a helpless object as I am; and for your love—Good lack! Good lack!

Duke. And why good lack, with such a tone of contempt, good lady? Think you Buckingham cannot love or has never been beloved in return?

Zarah. He may have thought himself beloved; but by what slight creatures!—things whose heads could be rendered giddy by a playhouse rant—whose brains were only filled with red-heeled shoes and satin buskins—and who run altogether mad on the argument of a George and a star.

Duke. And are there no such frail fair ones in your climate, most scornful Princess?

Zarah. There are; but men rate them as parrots and monkeys—things without either sense or soul, head or heart. The nearness we bear to the sun has purified, while it strengthens, our passions. The icicles of your frozen climate shall as soon hammer hot bars into plowshares as shall the foppery and folly of your pretended gallantry make an instant's impression on a breast like mine.

Duke. You speak like one who knows what passion is. Sit down, fair lady, and grieve not that I detain you. You have known, then, what it is to love?

Zarah. I know—no matter if by experience or through the report of others—that to love as I would love, would be to yield not an iota to avarice, not one inch to vanity, not to sacrifice the slightest feeling to interest or ambition; but to give up *all* to fidelity of heart and reciprocal affection.

Duke. And how many women, think you, are capable of feeling such disinterested passion?

Zarah. More, by thousands, than men who merit it. Alas! How often do you see a woman pale, wretched, and degraded, still following with patient constancy the footsteps of some predominating tyrant, and submitting to all his injustice with the endurance of a faithful and misused spaniel, which prizes a look from his master, though the surliest groom that ever disgraced humanity, more than all the pleasures which the world besides can furnish him? Think what such would be to one who merited and repaid her devotion.

Duke. Perhaps the very reverse, and for your simile, I can see little resemblance. I cannot charge my spaniel with any perfidity; but for my mistresses—to confess truth, I must always be in a cursed hurry if I would have the credit of changing them before they leave me.

Zarah. And they serve you but rightly, my Lord; for what are you?—Nay, frown not; for you must hear the truth for once. Nature has done its part, and made a fair outside, and courtly education hath added its share. You are noble, it is the accident of birth—handsome, it is the caprice of nature—generous, because to give is more easy than to refuse—well-appareled, it is to the credit of your tailor—well-natured in the main, because you have youth and health—brave, because to be otherwise were to be degraded—and witty, because you cannot help it.

Duke. (*Glancing in mirror.*) Noble and handsome and courtlike, generous, well-attired, good-humored, brave, and witty!—You allow me more, madam, than I have the slightest pretension to, and surely enough to make my way, at some point at least, to female favor.

Zarah. I have neither allowed you a heart nor a head. Nay, do not redden as if you would fly at me. I say not but nature may have given you both; but folly has confounded the one, and selfishness perverted the other. The man whom I call deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are

for others, rather than for himself,—whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to gain a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies.

Duke. You speak as if you had yourself a heart which could pay the full tribute to the merit which you describe so warmly.

Zarah. And have I not? (*Laying her hand on her bosom.*) Here beats one that would bear me out in what I have said, whether in life or death.

Duke. (*Interested.*) Were it in my power to deserve such faithful attachment, methinks it should be my care to requite it.

Zarah. Your wealth, your titles, your reputation as a gallant—all you possess, were too little to merit such sincere affection.

Duke. Come, fair lady, do not be so disdainful. Bethink you, that if your love be as pure as coined gold, still a poor fellow like myself may offer you an equivalent in silver. The quantity of my affection must make up for the quality.

Zarah. But I am not carrying my affection to market, my Lord, and therefore I need none of the base coin you offer in exchange for it.

Duke. How do I know that, my fairest? This is the realm of Paphos—you have invaded it, with what purpose you best know; but I think with none consistent with your present assumption of cruelty. Come, come, eyes that are so intelligent can laugh with delight, as well as gleam with scorn and anger. You are here a waif on Cupid's Manor, and I must seize on you in the name of the deity.

Zarah. Do not think of touching me, my Lord. Approach me not, if you would hope to learn the purpose of my being here. Your Grace may suppose yourself a Solomon, if you please; but I am no trav-

elling princess, come from distant climes, either to flatter your pride or wonder at your glory.

Duke. A defiance! by Jupiter!

Zarah. You mistake the signal. I came not here without taking sufficient precautions for my retreat.

Duke. You mouth it bravely; but never fortress so boasted its resources but the garrison had some thoughts of surrender. Come, my fair Sorceress. (*Moves towards her; she, with a rippling laugh of defiance, darts through an open window, and disappears behind a neighboring thicket of shrubs.*)

Duke. By all the powers of Hades, I will yet have vengeance on that impudent little jilt. (*Exit in great passion.*)—*Sir Walter Scott.*

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

(*Recitation, with Pantomime and Musical Accompaniment.*)

Methought that I had wandered far
In an old wood; fresh-washed in coolest dew;
The maiden splendors of the morning star
Shook in the steadfast blue.

There was no motion in the dumb, dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre

(*Enter HELEN of TROY in Grecian costume,
Air—"Annie Laurie."*)

Is not so deadly still
As that wide forest.
At length I saw a lady within call,
Stillier than chisell'd marble, standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.
Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech: she, turning on my face
The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,

Spoke slowly in her place.

“I had great beauty: ask thou not my name;

No one can be more wise than destiny.

Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came I
brought calamity.”

“No marvel, sovereign lady; in fair field

Myself for such a face had boldy died.”

(*Enter IPHIGENIA in Grecian costume.*

Air—“Pleyel's Hymn.”)

I answered free, and turning I appealed

To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,

To her full height her stately stature draws:

“My youth,” she said, “was blasted with a curse;

This woman was the cause.

I was cut off from hope in that sad place,

Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears:

My father held his hand upon his face;

I, blinded with my tears,

Still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs

As in a dream. Dimly I could descry

The stern, black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,

Waiting to see me die.

The high masts flickered as they lay afloat;

The crowds, the temples, wavered, and the shore;

The bright death quivered at the victim's throat,

Touched, and I knew no more.”

Whereto the other with a downward brow;

“I would the white, cold, heavy-plunging foam,

Whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below,

Then when I left my home.”

[*Exit IPHIGENIA and HELEN OF TROY.*

(*Enter CLEOPATRA in Oriental costume.*)

Air—“My Country 'Tis of Thee.

Sudden I heard a voice that cried, “Come here,

That I may look on thee.”

Turning, I saw a stately form in costly robes and coronet,

A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold, black eyes.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began :

“ I governed men by change, and so I swayed
All moods. ’Tis long since I have seen a man.

Once, like the moon, I made

The ever-shifting currents of the blood

According to my humor ebb and flow.

I have no men to govern in this wood :

That makes my only woe.

Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend

One will ; nor tame and tutor with mine eye

That dull, cold-blooded Cæsar. Prythee, friend,

Where is Mark Antony ?

O my life in Egypt ! O the dalliance and the wit,

The flattery and the strife,

And the wild kiss, when fresh from war’s alarms

My Hercules, my Roman Antony,

My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,

Contented there to die !

I died a queen. The Roman soldier found

Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,

A name forever!—lying robed and crowned

Worthy a Roman spouse.” [Exit CLEOPATRA.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard

A noise of some one coming thro’ the lawn,

And singing clearer than the crested bird,

That claps his wings at dawn.

As one who hearing an anthem sung, is charmed and tied

To where he stands—so stood I, when that flow

(Enter JEPHTHAH’S daughter veiled in Jewish costume.

Air—“ Back to My Mountain Home.”)

Of music left the lips of her that died

To save her father’s vow ;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,

A maiden pure ; as when she went along

From Mizpeh’s tower’d gate with welcome light,

With timbrel and with song,
My words leapt forth. "Heaven heads the count of
crimes

With that wild oath." She rendered answer high.
"Not so, nor once alone: a thousand times
I would be born and die.

Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

My God, my land, my father—these did move
Me from the bliss of life, that nature gave,
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire!

It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still."

She locked her lips; she left me where I stood;
"Glory to God," she sang and passed afar.

[*Exit* JEPHTHAH'S daughter.]

Losing her carol I stood pensively,
As one from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

(*Enter* ROSAMOND.)

Air—"Last Rose of Summer.")

"Alas! alas!" a low voice full of care,
Murmur'd beside me: "Turn and look on me:
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.

Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor!
O me, that I should ever see the light!
Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
Do hunt me, day and night."

[*Exit* ROSAMOND.]

Morn broadened on the borders of the dark,
Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance

(*Enter JOAN OF ARC in Military costume of black
and tinsel, bearing a white banner on which ap-
pears, in golden letters, the word "France."*)

Air—"Marsellaise Hymn.")

Her murdered father's head, or Joan of Arc,
A light of ancient France.

"Maid of Orleans!" I cried;

"Martyr and saviour of thy ungrateful race."

Transfixed I gazed!

Whilst round her, trooped

The other images of my dream so rare.

(*Re-enter Representative Figures.*

Air—"Home Sweet Home.")

Breathless I stood. Did ever human eye such beauty
see!

The fair group lingered a moment more—and was
gone—

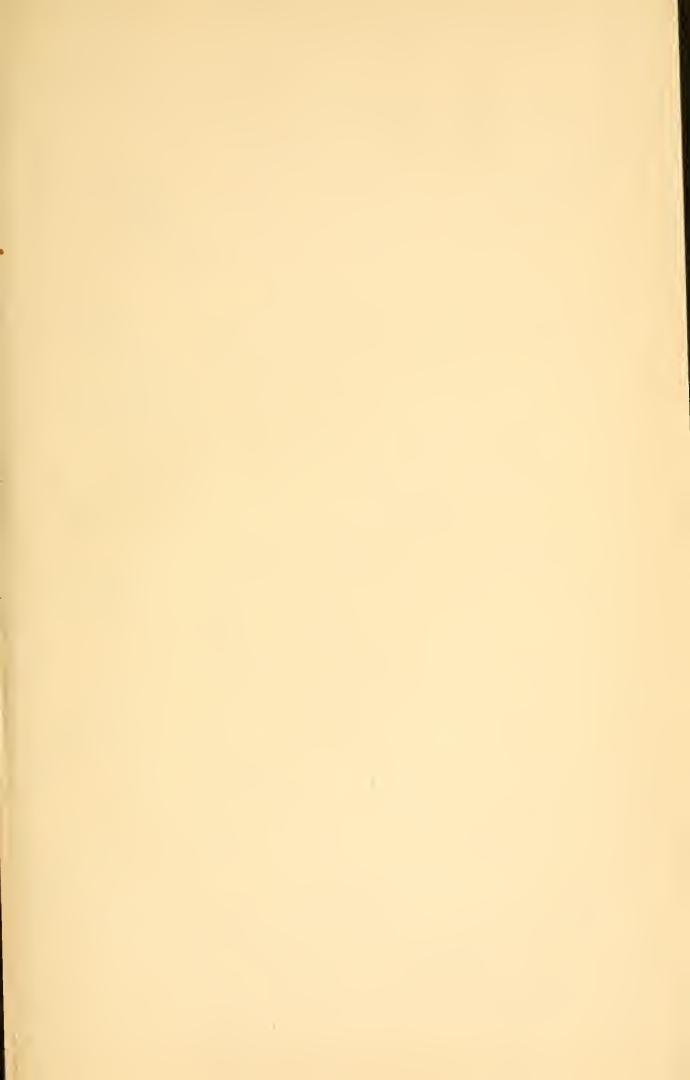
I had awakened from a dream of fair women.

Adapted from Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women."

THE END.

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