

ELLAIR.

I.

Slowly we went one moonlit eve
Through the wide garden sweet and pale;
We saw the fragrant locust weave
Its net of shadows pure and frail;
The graceful eucalyptus spires
Caught each fair star's melodious fires,
And, trembling in the wind a control,
Each outlined tree revealed its soul.

We talked of books, and birds and flowers;
At last the dewy night grew chill;
We spoke of absent friends of ours,
Then for a moment we grew still,
To watch the twinkling town and bay,
And the glad lights in long array.
Oh, underneath the moon, how fair
Was thy pure face, serene Ellair!

We had been children side by side
Through many softly flowing years;
What wonder if, that eventide,
We found a little space for tears?
So at the last no word was said,
But quiet hands were clasped instead,
And then a softly closing door
Shut in my world forevermore.

II.

For me the great world loomed before,
With unsealed light and hidden deep;
I could not wait on any shore,
With spurs to win and truth to keep.
I hardly thought the way was long,
I only knew my youth was strong,
I only saw a sunrise vast,
And heard a trumpet's eager blast.

Years passed. I never saw thy face
Except at midnight, in the sky.
In ranks of men I won my place—
To some a foe beyond reply,
To some a friend of royal grace,
To all at times a mystery;
And every song of wave and air,
Took shape with thoughts of thee, Ellair.

I could not think you changed or grew;
Each woman for your sake was pure;
In dreams the childish ways I knew,
In dreams I saw the carved door,
Or heard the music of the rills,
In those memorial hills,
And watched the heavy-laden bee
Search the white-tufted buckeye tree.

III.

At last, when many years were dead,
I thought to find the cottage gate,
Where roses wandered overhead,
And snow-white lilies, with their freight
Of endless fragrances, leaned to greet
My wayward but remembering feet;
There might I see thy face, and there
Should touch thy hands, serene Ellair.

Oh, it was but an empty space,
A weary, hopeless, bitter land.
I could not see you face to face,
I could not touch your gentle hand;
For your white soul had longed to hear
Divinest songs, till earth grew clear,
And, smiling, in a happy place,
You saw the angels face to face
In their celestial sphere.

I found where memory's marble lay,
And hid my mute lips in the grass;
I felt a wave of weeping pass,
As if the world were full of tears, alas!
But tears could not be mine that day,
At last the loving starlight crept
About me as a babe's soft hands,
And, in the falling dew, I wept
With the sad earth, and lonely lands,
And drifting cloud. "O lost Ellair!
If I can find you anywhere,
Or bond, or free, or quick, or dead,
The troubles of the world to bear
Were blossoms on my bended head."

So I went out, where currents cross,
To mingle with the tides of men,
And weave my lonely hours again.
I found a world of toil and pain,
Whose need I measured by my loss,
And better loved my dreaming pen;
But no more brimmed the fragrant wine
Of mirth in any song of mine.

And all day long I hear in dreams
A rustled dress across the sill;
Your name is writ in sunset gleams,
And waves of dusk when winds are still.
I never sink to rest, Ellair,
But that a nameless presence thrills,
A pearly glimmer somehow fills
The outlined shadow of my chair.
And we shall meet, shall meet somewhere,
When this poor soul has grown so strong
That it can climb the spaces long
To thy pure realm of peace, Ellair.

—Charles H. Shinn, in *Argonaut*.

POINT AND PRECEPT.

HEAVEN'S harmony is universal love.—*Cooper*.

AMBITION is not a vice of little people.—*Montaigne*.

MAN, while he loves, is never quite depraved.—*Charles Lamb*.

LIFE has always action; it is our own fault if it ever be dull.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

CAUTIOUS age suspects the flattering form, and only credits what experience tells.—*Johnson*.

GOOD is never more effectually performed than when it is produced by slow degrees.—*Du May*.

THE elephant is never won by anger; nor must that man who would reclaim a lion take him by the teeth.—*Dryden*.

EACH departed friend is a magnet that attracts us to the next world, and the old man lives among graves.—*Richter*.

LIFE is a sleep. Old men have slept the longest; they only begin to awaken when it is time to die.—*La Bruyere*.

CATO, the Thessalian, was wont to say that some things may be done unjustly, that many things may be done justly.—*Bacon*.

If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things that they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.—*Young*.

WITH every one, the expectation of a misfortune constitutes a dreadful punishment. Suffering then assumes the proportions of the unknown, which is the soul's infinite.—*Balzac*.

SCHOLARS may quote Plato in studies, but the hearts of millions shall quote the Bible at their daily toil, and draw strength from its inspiration as the meadows draw it from the brook.—*Conway*.

THE willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak, which resists it; and so, in great calamities, it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.—*Walter Scott*.

To be ambitious of true honor, of the true glory and perfection of our natures, is the very principle and incentive of virtue; but to be ambitious of titles, of place, of ceremonial respects and civil pageantry, is as vain and little as the things are which we court.—*Sir P. Sydney*.

How often a new affection makes a new man! The sordid, covering soul turns heroic. The frivolous girl becomes the steadfast martyr of patience and ministration, transfigured by deathless love. The career of bounding impulses turns into an anthem of sacred deeds.—*Chapin*.

If ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal and bear the stamp of heaven.—*Dickens*.

THE human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life. The beautiful things that God makes are his gift to all alike. I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification.—*Mrs. Stowe*.

In thy silent wishing, thy voiceless, unuttered prayer, let the desire be not cherished that afflictions may not visit thee; for well has it been said, "Such prayers never seem to have wings." I am willing to be purified through sorrow, and to accept it meekly as a blessing. I see that all the clouds are angels' faces, and their voices speak harmoniously of the everlasting chime.—*Mrs. L. M. Child*.

LUMINOUS WATCH DIALS.—We read in an exchange that a notable improvement in watches is reported from *Chaux de Fonds*, Switzerland. By a peculiar process the figures on the dial are rendered luminous, so that if exposed once during the day to the sunlight they remain phosphorescent and visible throughout the night. Preparations are being made for the production of these watches on a large scale.

HOW THE SIBERIAN MAMMOTHS WERE ENTRAPPED.

At the meeting of the British association Mr. Howarth read a paper on the difficulties surrounding the extinction of these huge elephants in Siberia. One of the theories hitherto propounded to account for its sudden disappearance, he said, was that it lived in the central parts of Central Asia, and that the carcasses were floated down the large rivers in that territory to the sites where the remains were now found. The examination of the stomach, however, showed that the mammoth lived on larch or birch trees growing at the verge of woods, near which the remains of the animals were found, and their position showed that they had not wandered far when they were entombed. After looking at the problem from every side, he had come to the conclusion that there had been a sudden and violent change of climate in Siberia, which had frozen the previously soft ground, and had also preserved the mammoth as in a huge meat safe. Although the mammoth had even originally lived in the place where he was now found, it was impossible that he could live there now, owing to the absence in that part of the food which would be necessary to sustain him. Such trees as he used to live on were only now found about 500 miles from the spot where his remains were discovered. The natural corollary that followed from this theory was, that something similar must be postulated with regard to other regions. The conditions in which the elephant was found in Siberia were precisely similar to those in which it was found in the northwestern part of Russian America, and precisely the same as those in the Great lakes, where the mammoth itself was found, and it could not, therefore, be doubted that the mammoth lived in Europe and America with the same food and surroundings as it did in Siberia.

WOMEN'S TREATMENT OF WOMEN.—There is a general sentiment that women do not stand by each other, as men do by men; that we are envious, narrow and small, where our sex is concerned; that the greatest obstacles professional women have to overcome are the prejudices of women themselves; that if a woman commits a fault, nobody is so quick and ready to heap opprobrium upon her as another woman. All this is, to a certain extent, unhappily true; but it is by no means generally true. The fashion of women sneering at women, is passing into disrepute; so that nowadays, no woman who expects to pass as a well-bred lady, is guilty of the bad taste of speaking disparagingly or slightly of her own sex. Now and then one does it, thinking thereby that she wins the esteem of men by so doing. She can make no greater mistake. Men admire large-mindedness and large-heartedness in women, quite as much as women admire those qualities in men. The more strongly and loyally women stand by one another, the more respectfully they treat and speak of one another, the more women honor women, have faith in women, the better for us, the more credit to us. We cannot expect men to honor and revere us, unless we ourselves honor and revere our own sex.—*Sunday Afternoon*.

DEATH FROM A TOY.—The *London Lancet* states that a little child at Briton has been killed by accidentally swallowing a squeaking air-bladder. It appears that the toy slipped through the glottis with the bladder downwards, and the quill mouthpiece upwards, so that with every inspiration the bladder became more or less inflated, and thus prevented the entrance of air to the lungs, and produced death by suffocation. A verdict of "accidentally suffocated" was returned by the jury. The case must be unique.

A WAG, who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer, said: "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Pat," said the dealer to his assistant, "give this gentleman three pig's feet."