

wasn't he?" remarked Mrs. Lovelace. "Don't forget to give Ella that note from Billy, what you found in the moun-

tains," said "Old Syc;" and she promised.

E. W. JONES.

### THE ANGEL AND DEMON.

Two sculptors were sitting in study one day,  
Viewing two blocks of marble, gray  
With dust and age;  
Searching for visions of beauty and light,  
Such as would give their names a hight  
On fame's fair page.

The gazing was long, the searching was deep,  
Waking full many a memory's sleep  
Of ancient lore;  
Each eager to carve, in the marble old,  
The highest thought in truthful mold,  
E'er seen before.

I see, said one, in his gaze intent,  
An angel form in this marble pent—  
I'll free it now.  
Its form is of beauty divinely fair,  
Its pinion is graceful, its features rare,  
And radiant brow.

Then long did he toil in deepest care,  
With mallet and chisel, his skill was rare,  
His stroke was sure;  
By little and little the angel grew,  
As fair a form as earth e'er knew,  
And wondrous pure.

And in this stone, said his friend, I see  
A demon's eye now leering at me,  
On evil bent;  
I fear not his low, demoniac spite.  
For my great work, I'll free this sprite,  
In durance pent.

And soon, in his studio, did appear,  
With horn and hoof and trident and leer,  
The fiendish sprite.  
The thought was vivid, and faultless the skill,  
So life-like, the pulse of him would chill  
Who saw the sight.

And then, in a gallery wide and fair,  
These sculptored forms, in contrast rare,  
The artists placed;  
Each, in the quarry, was simply stone—  
Now a demon leered and an angel shone,  
Each truly traced.

Ah, men, ye are sculptors—in hearts, not in  
Or angel or demon your skill enthrones,  
The which, ye tell;  
Carve thou an angel—true joy it will give—  
Remember, thy sculpture forever must live,  
In heaven or hell.

JOHN N. DENISON.