

"No More Sea."

BY CLARA R. TAYLOR.

No barren reach of sandy shore,
With lapse of waves and sullen roar
Of breakers in their might;
No weary tossing to and fro
Of snow white caps that come and go
From dawning till the night.

Our fatherland lies still and calm,
With cooling shade of fronded palm,
And breath of asphodel.
The golden hours in quiet glide,
While rest and solace e'er abide,
With bliss no one may tell.

The drifting seaweed, tangled, brown,
Like fun'ral plumes where seaman drown,
Ne'er strayeth from the deep
To fringe the gleaming strand above,
Where parted souls the Father-love
Unites, no more to weep.

The pearly gates are open wide
E'er waiting till the ocean tide
Yields up the dead who sleep
In countless numbers low. The graves
Are dreary, chill: no sunshine laves
The resting place, or daisies creep.

The call of bird at sound of spring,
And perfume rare that flowers bring,
Ne'er drifteth out to sea
When mournful cry of albatross
Is blent with darkling waves that toss
In woe and frantic glee.

Then change of mood, and creeping surge,
E'er low and plaintive, moans a dirge
In wailing minor strain,
Portraying joy or mortal fears,
Thus soundeth through eternal years
The music of the main.

Above, the drip of golden notes
Falls sweetly soft, as always floats
The worshipful refrain,
Like tender grace of April showers
That softly weave o'er dreaming flowers
A soothing, quiet strain.

The perfumed air doth never bend
Beneath the sighs that mortals send
From hearts in weary pain;
The Angel Peace with snow white wing
Is brooding e'er where seraphs sing
Mid joys that never wane.

The Hills of the Lord.

BY REV. WILLIAM GANNETT.

God ploughed, one day, with an earthquake,
And drove His furrows deep,
The huddling plains upturned,
The hills were all aheap.
But that is the mountain's secret,
Aye, hidden in his breast;
God's peace is everlasting,
Are the dream words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunts of beauty,
The home cleft of His grace;
He spreadeth His mornings upon them,
His sunsets lighten their face;
His thunders tread in music
Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them,
Wild storm news from the main;
They sing it down to the valleys
In the love-song of the rain.
Green tribes from far come trooping,
And over the uplands flock;
He hath woven the hours together
As a robe for His risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers,
Nests for the flying cloud,
Homesteads for new-born races,
Masterful, free and proud;
The people of tired cities
Come up to their shrine and pray;
God freshens again within them
As He passes by all day.

And lo, I have caught their secret,
The beauty deeper than all;
This faith—that life's hard moments,
When the jarring sorrows befall,
Are but God ploughing His mountains,
And those mountains yet shall be
The source of His grace and freshness,
And His peace everlasting to me.

Over the Wires.

I hear a faint low singing,
Like the sound of distant choirs:
'Tis a message gleefully winging
Over the telegraph wires,
And what are the glad wires humming
As they stretch in the sunlight away?
'I am coming, coming, coming—
I am coming home to-day!"

And now I hear a sobbing,
Like some soul sitting alone,
With a heart that is wearily throbbing,
And lips that can only moan.
Oh! what are the sad wires sighing?
As they reach through the darkness of night?
"He is dying, dying, dying—
Come on the wings of light!"

The titillation of laughter
Next falls upon my ear,
And a burst of mad merriment after,
Like the sound of a distant cheer.
And what is the gleeful story
That the round wires spread afar?
"Our Nine is crowded with glory—
Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Oh, what are the wires relating,
Morning noon, and night?
"The market is fluctuating!"
Report of the Senate fight?
"Cashier X—a defaulter!"
"Arrest a man named Brown!"
"Jones died to-night by the halter!"
"Wheat went suddenly down!"
"Dead!" "Born!" "Going!" "Coming!"
"Deluge!" and "Drought!" and "Fires!"
Singing, and sobbing, and humming
Over the telegraph wires.

Baltimore Sun.

The Castle Clock; or, How Hans Upset the Solar System.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

A long time ago there lived on the banks of the Rhine a small boy named Hans. He was the son of the warder of the Castle of Klatterdasche—a stone castle on a wooded hill, not many miles from Bingen. Below, in the valley next the river, was the village of Schlossburg. Hans and his mother lived in the village; but his father had to stay up in the castle, to lock the doors and windows, pull up the drawbridge, and wind up the castle clock every Monday morning.

All this was so long ago that watches had not been invented, and the big clock in the southwest tower of the castle was thought to be a truly wonderful piece of machinery. It had a big dial, that could be seen from all parts of the village, and even from the other side of the river. It had also a big bell, that sounded the hour. On still nights it could be heard for miles up and down the Rhine. It was even said that once the Lorely heard it at her home on the crags, and was so alarmed that she forgot to sing to the fishermen. This fact, however, is not mentioned in any of the story-books about Miss Lorely, which was certainly a great oversight on the part of her historians.

The people of Schlossburg had neither clocks nor watches. Clocks cost much money, and nobody had ever seen a watch. Before Baron Klatterdasche put the clock in the castle-tower, they had depended on the sun-moon and stars for the time of day and night. They got up when the cocks crew; and they went to bed when it was dark, as they felt sure it must then be night. They planted beans when the spring frogs piped in the meadows. They cut the grass

when the raspberries were ripe, and they piled up the winter wood when the birds flew away. Once when there was an eclipse of the sun, the entire population went to bed at half-past two in the afternoon, only to wake up at three, in broad daylight. Once a foolish young cockerel, who had been dreaming, crowed at midnight. All the people got up and started their fires for breakfast, and were surprised to find how long the sun was in rising that morning. So they went to bed again and slept till noon; for the cockerels being disturbed so early, were too sleepy to crow.

For boys with well regulated minds such a state of affairs would have been perfectly dreadful. For Hans and his playmates of Schlossburg it didn't make much difference. The sun rose and set pretty regularly; the moon waxed and waned just about so; the stars seemed to go through their motions with a regularity that was quite comforting; the winter and spring summer and autumn came round in the same order every year; and all the Schlossburgers, both young and old, felt sure the entire universe was carried on pretty much the same all the time.

When Baron Klatterdasche put up the clock, and in a free lecture at the townhall explained what it was for, the Schlossburgers felt deeply grateful. Now, said they, we can get breakfast, and have dinner, and put the children to bed without paying any attention to the sun or the moon. In fact, the clock would make them independent of the Solar System. Hans's father, being the most learned man in the place (he could write his name and he knew vulgar fractions), was appointed to the honorable position of town clock-winder. Soon after this Baron Klatterdasche went off to the wars; and so it happened Hans's father was left in charge of the castle and the new clock.

The Schlossburgers were very proud of their clock; and for the first few nights sat up all night to hear it strike the hours, as they were not quite sure it would go in the dark.

After this they paid no attention to the cockerels; but got up when the clock struck five, had breakfast at six and went to work at seven; at twelve they had dinner; at six they came home to supper; at eight o'clock the small children went to bed; at nine the bigger boys and girls went off; and every candle in the place went out at the same instant on the first stroke of ten.

Hans's mother used to put the dinner on to cook by looking at the sun, and let it boil by an hour-glass. Now she went to the door and looked up at the castle, and governed her cooking by the big clock. Hans's father stayed at the castle and every day Hans carried his dinner up to him. So it happened that Hans made the acquaintance of the castle clock. He stood by when his father oiled the wheels, and helped him turn the crank when he wound it up on Monday mornings. His father explained every point, and showed him how the pendulum worked, and how it made the clock go slower when it was lengthened and faster when it was shortened. All these things Hans remembered; for no doubt, in time he would succeed his father in the honorable position of town clock-winder.

The children of Schlossburg soon found the clock was a terrible nuisance. When they depended on the sun to tell them when to come home from playing in the fields, they had a good time. The mornings were long and the afternoons quite splendid. Some days didn't seem to have any end at all, and they really only stopped playing because it was dark. The castle clock changed all this. It struck every hour and cut the time into little bits. Dinner time came before they were half ready for it, and it was six o'clock and time to go home right in the middle of the best games. They were sure it was not bed-time so soon after supper, and always insisted it struck seven when it was eight. The mornings were dreadful. They were sure it struck five in the middle of the night. Every boy and girl fairly hated the sound of the castle clock.

One day they had an indignation meeting in the woods on the hill, and decided that the clock was a very bad thing for Schlossburg. Hans was there, and said he knew all about that clock, and that it was not such a wonderful thing after all.

"You turn the crank, and the wheels go round, and the pen-du-lum—"

"Oh! what awful let he must know!" cried Tina Deckels.

Pen-du-lum! What a terrific word!

"The pen-du-lum," continued Hans proudly, "regulates it and makes it go fast or slow. If it is short, the clock goes fast; and if it is long, the clock goes slow."

"I say, Hans," said one of the big boys, "couldn't you hook up into the tower, and just piece out that pen-du-lum?"

"You don't have to do that. You screw down the bob."

"The bob! What was that?"

"I know, but I'm not going to tell. My father is an official, and I'm not going to let out state secrets."

"Well, you could fix it to go slow, couldn't you?"

"Yes," said Hans, doubtfully. "The clock would go slow."

"Oh! how nice that would be," said Tina. "We wouldn't have to get up so early."

"Nor come home from play so soon," said Gretchen Tyler.

"Nor go to bed right after supper," said Lesa Saltsburg.

"Do it Hans! Do it!" cried all the boys and girls.

Hans thought it a pretty bold plan; but the advantages to be gained by all the boys and girls of Schlossburg were so great, he would try it. Some day, while his father was at dinner, he would steal up in the castle-tower and lower the bob. Just a little, not

enough to be noticed.

So the meeting broke up in great glee. Hans promised to regulate the clock; and they all crossed thumbs, and said, they would never, never tell anybody.

This was Saturday afternoon, and on the following Monday, as luck would have it, Hans went up to the castle with his father's dinner, and found him sitting in the sun at the castle-gate.

"Hans, lad, thee must wind the clock to-day. My rheumatism is bad and I can't climb those steep stairs to the tower. There is nothing to be done but to put on the crank and turn it round fourteen times, as thee has seen me do it."

He climbed up the dark and winding stairs of the tower. At every step he heard the tick of the clock growing louder and louder. He passed a narrow wooden door, and shuddered. In that room was the great pendulum swinging in the dark. He went on up more stairs, and came at last to the small room in the belfry where the clock works stood. How very loud they ticked. His heart seemed to tick too. He picked up the crank, put it on the works, and turned it slowly round fourteen times, for it was pretty hard work for a boy. Then he went to a narrow window, and looked out on the beautiful Rhine, the woods, the vineyards rising in stone terraces up the steep hillsides and the red roofs of little Schlossburg so far below. It was a lovely sight; but he saw nothing. He was thinking of that pen-du-lum.

Fifteen minutes later Hans appeared at the castle-porch, looking very red in the face.

"Thee has been a long time about it, my son. I'll do it myself next time."

Hans was terribly frightened; but he said not a word and hoped that nothing serious would come of it.

For a week nothing in particular happened. The Schlossburgers regulated everything by the castle clock; and if on Saturday night the sun did go down a trifle early, it was not noticed. The next week the people began to wonder why they slept so late in the morning. They rose with the clock, and yet the sun seemed to be ahead of them. Everybody began to be hungry before dinner was ready and the sun popped down behind the hills in the most alarming manner. Next week it grew worse. The week after still worse. The sun rose a whole hour before the time set for it by the clock. It was noon at eleven o'clock and dark at five. Perhaps the sun was getting out of order. Some of the people who were out late at night said that even the stars were behind time, and the moon had plainly lost her way in the sky.

The next week it was still worse. The sun rose in the night and set in the middle of the afternoon. The maids got up to late to milk the cows, and the children sat up long after dark, because it was not yet eight o'clock; though every one knew that the chickens had gone to bed long ago. Day by day things grew worse, and the people were alarmed, and went in a body to the village priest, to see if he knew what had happened in Heaven, for the Solar System was evidently quite upset.

The priest gravely said that undoubtedly some one had done something very wicked, and perhaps the end of the world was near. When Hans heard this, he nearly had a fit and his mother put him to bed, with a bottle of hot water at his feet. Poor boy. The bottle was bad; but thinking about the Solar System was worse. His father wound up the clock through all this, and insisted it was all right. Baron Klatterdasche, no doubt, would be greatly offended, if the people thought anything was wrong with the castle clock. Things went on from bad to worse. The sun rose at one in the morning and set at eleven. The full moon rose in the middle of

the afternoon, and the stars ran wild without the slightest regard to anything. The universe was breaking to pieces and the entire Solar System was out of order.

In despair, the Schlossburgers sent a committee of one to Nuremburg for help. Several wise men lived there—astrologers, astronomers, and clockmakers. The committee laid the case before some of these learned men, and one of them offered to go to Schlossburg and see if the Solar System could be fixed. The committee and the learned men arrived at Schlossburg about noon; but really at six o'clock. Didn't the castle clock point squarely at six, with the little hand down and the big hand up? Anybody could see it was six o'clock, and yet the sun was high overhead. Clearly, the sun was out of order.

The entire population, including Hans and all the boys and girls, assembled on the green to welcome the committee and the learned man of Nuremburg. He looked at the clock and then at the sun; and so did all the people. The priest suggested that perhaps the angels had forgotten to oil the wheels of the sun, and that the Judgment Day was near. The learned man laughed; but all the people shuddered. Then the wise man took out a sun-dial and a compass, and placed them on a flat rock, that the village boys had used as a table on which to play jack-stones. He adjusted the dial by the compass, and looked at the sun, and then at the clock, and then at the sun again. There was a solemn silence among all the people, for they felt sure something wonderful was about to happen.

The learned man looked at the clock. It was ten minutes past six. Then he said with a solemn air:

"The clock is six hours slow. It must be losing several minutes a day. Shorten the pendulum."

"Then the Solar System is safe?" said the priest.

"Yes, quite so. Let the clock be set at twelve."

The people gave three cheers; and Hans's father ran up in the tower, and turned the hands back to twelve before all the people. Hans, who knew how it all happened, was terribly frightened; but as it was dinner-time instead of supper-time, of course there was the whole afternoon to play. It was a clear gain, too; for he had one afternoon already that day. This the children found quite consoling; and, as they had crossed thumbs, they would never tell and Hans was safe.

The Schlossburgers gave the learned man a grand dinner at the townhall, and congratulated each other on the continued safety of the Solar System.—Independent.

Not so Dreadful after all.

"Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Psa xxiii: 4.

When we returned from Italy some years ago, the Mount Cenis Tunnel was newly opened, and we reckoned that it must be a dreary passage. We thought it must be very dark, and therefore we had better be provided with a candle. It would be damp and close, and therefore we reckoned upon closing every window, for fear we should breathe the impure air. So we speculated; but when we traversed that wonderful passage, the carriages were well lighted, and much of the tunnel also, and we sat with open windows, finding it as easy to breathe as on the mountain's side. It was a joy rather than a peril to pass through the dreaded tunnel. So shall the voyager along the good old way find that death is not what he dreams. Jesus will light the darksome way, and the soul will need no candle of earth; fresh breezes from glory shall drive away the death damps, and the music of angels shall make the heart forgetful of all pains. How can the good old way lead into danger? What can it conduct us to but eternal rest?—Spurgeon.