

"God Knows!"

In the burying ground of Dungeness,
Where the graves of the shipwrecked lie,
Through the grass-grown loam, like flocks of foam
Blown in from sea, hard by;
Mid the time-worn marbles, with many a trace
Of the writhing wind's spread,
Is a tablet white as an upturned face
When the spirit of life hath fled,
With "God Knows" brokenly carved thereon,
Like a sob that has stiffened along the stone.
Like a sob that is knotted in breast and throat
Long after its voice's congeal;
That mute "God Knows" amid death's windrows
To the reader of tombs appeals.
'Tis a child's light body those daisies deck,
From the emigrant Northfleet's ill-starred wreck
And her wave-whelmed human store;
The only body of all the drowned,
Nameless and nude, that was ever found.
The clergyman paused in the funeral rites—
"The name of the dead?" quoth he,
"God knows," said the clerk of the parish kirk,
And the wait of the dark, deep sea,
With only those words on the headstone gray,
Which so much to the heart express,
Was folded away till the Judgment Day,
Neath the daisies of Dungeness,
And ever at hand, in a cadence deep,
The winds and the waves their requiem keep.
And the mist at morn, and the sun at noon,
And the stars when the day is done;
And the soft moon, too, in the shimmer of dew,
Wheel over the nameless one.
But God, in His infinite goodness knows,
What ethereal name and rare,
From lips scarp'd in music flows
When they call to our wail up there!
God knows! In the earth's maternal breast,
Nameless and titled find equal rest."
—Nathan D. Urner.

The North Wind.

All night, beneath the flashing hosts of stars,
The North poored forth the passion of its soul
In mighty longings for the tawny South,
Sleeping far among the orange-blossoms.
All night, through the deep canyon of organ-pipes,
Swept down the grand orchestral harmonies
Tumultuous, till the hills' rock buttresses
Trembled in unison.
The sun has risen,
But still the storming sea of air beats on.
And over the broad green stage a flood of light
Comes streaming through the heavens like wind,
Till every leaf and twig becomes a lyre
And thrills with vibrant splendor.
Down the bay
The furrowed blue, save that 'tis starred with
foam,
Is bare and empty as the sky of clouds;
For all the jiffie sails, that yesterday
Flocked past the islands, now have furled their
wings,
And huddle frightened at the wharves—just as,
A moment since, a flock of twittering birds
Whirled through the almond trees like scattered
leaves,
And hid beyond the hedge.
How the old oaks
Stand stiffly to, and wrestle with the storm!
While the fall eucalyptus' plummy tops
Tumble and toss and stream with quivering light-
Hark! when it hurls a memento on the ear.
The fir-trees sing their sea-song—now again
The roar is all about us like a flood;
And like a flood the fierce light shines, and burns
Away all distance, till the far blue ridge,
That rims the ocean, rises close at hand,
And high, Prometheus-like, great Tamalpais
Lifts proudly his grand front, and bears his scar,
Heaven's scathe of wrath, defiant like a god,
I thank thee, glorious wind! Thou bringest me
Something that breathes of mountain crags and
pines,
Yea, more—from the unsullied, farthest North.
Where crashing icebergs jar like thunder-shocks,
And midnight splendors wax and fade and flame
Thou bring'st a keen, fierce joy. So wilt thou
help
The soul to rise in strength, as some great wave
Laps forth, and slouts, and lifts the ocean-foam,
And rides exultant round the shining world.
—E. R. Sill, in *Californian for May*.

Athanasios.

"The trees look like winter," she said, "but the
grass is like the spring."
Out in the air the trees are naked;
The hills are warm in the autumn sun;
The boughs are gray in thy leaden sky,
But the grass is green, though the leaves are gone.
Daily and yearly the frost is falling—
Boiling and rolling the world goes on;
The head is gray and the eyes are fading—
But the heart is young, though the eyes are gone.
White as age is the snow on the hillside;
Melting not in the winter sun,
Far beneath is the warm sun growing—
The grass will be green when the snow is gone.
Smiles, like a frozen rainbow, glisten
Under the tears, as time goes on.
Green are the graves where death lies hidden;
For love is young, though the loved are gone.
Cold are the trees where the winds are wailing;
Warm is the ground, and the shining sun;
Heaven and earth are growing together—
The grass is green, though the leaves are gone.
Closer and closer we cling to our mother,
Warmed in her bosom, when life is done;
The heart in the earth and the soul in Heaven;
The grass is green, though the leaves are gone.
—Frank Phelps.

Friendship.

Friendship is love grown sober,
A lasting, holy tie,
That binds our lives together
With instincts from on high.
Love is like the folded bud,
With its fragrance hidden;
Friendship, like the full, red rose
Shedding essence unhidden.
Love is like the burning noon,
That lasts but one short hour;
Friendship, evening's golden calm,
Old age's sweetest dower.
—Jane W. Trimmer.

Bishop Hatto.

The story goes that there once lived
in Germany, in a handsome, spacious,
palace, a selfish, fat old bishop. His
table was always spread with the
choicest dainties, and he drank an
abundance of wine of the very best;
he slept long and soundly, and looked
so comfortable and happy and fat that
the people whispered to each other,
"How grand it must be to be a
bishop!"

One summer, in the neighborhood
where the bishop lived, the rain came
down in such torrents, and continued
so long, that the grain was utterly
ruined, and when autumn arrived
there was none to be gathered. "What
shall we do," said the poor fathers and
mothers, "when the long winter comes,
and we have no food to give our
children?"

Winter arrived, bringing the cold
winds and the snow and the frost.
The little ones begged for bread, and
the poor mothers were compelled to
say the bread was all gone.

"Let us go to the bishop," at last
said the poor pining creatures.
"Surely he will help us. He has far
more food than he needs, and it is
useless our starving here when he has
plenty."

Very soon from his palace window
the bishop saw numbers of the poor
people flocking to his gates, and he
thought to himself: "So they want
my corn; but they shall not have it;
and the sooner they find out their
mistake, the better." So he sent them
away. The next day others came.
Still the bishop refused, but still the
people persevered in calling out for
food at the gates.

At last, wearied with their cries,
but still unmoved by their pitiable
condition, the bishop announced that
on a certain day his large barn should
be open for any one to enter who
chose, and that when the place was
full, as much food should be given
them as would last all the winter.

At last the day came, and for a
time forgetting their hunger, the
women and children, as well as the
men, both old and young, crowded up
to the barn-door.

The bishop watched them with a
smile on his deceitful old face, until
the place was quite full; then he
fastened the door securely, and
actually set fire to the barn, and
burned it to the ground. As he lis-
tened to the cries of agony, he said to
himself, "How much better it will be
for the country when all these rats,"

As he called the poor sufferers, "are
killed, because while they were living
they only consumed the corn!"

Having done this, he went to his
palace, and sat down to his dainty
supper, chuckling to himself to think
how cleverly he had disposed of the
"rats."

The next morning, however, his face
wore a different expression, when his
eye fell upon the spot where the night
before had hung a likeness of himself.
There was the frame, but the picture
had gone; it had been eaten by the
rats.

At this the wicked bishop was
frightened. He thought of the poor
dying people he had spoken of as rats
the day before, and he turned cold
and trembled. As he stood shivering,
a man from the farm ran up in terror,
exclaiming that the rats had eaten all
the corn that had been stored in the
granaries.

Scarcely had the man finished
speaking when another messenger ar-
rived, pale with fear, and bringing
tidings more terrible still. He said
ten thousand rats were coming fast to
the palace, and told the bishop to flee
for his life, adding a prayer that his
master might be forgiven for the
crime he had committed the day be-
fore.

"The rats shall not find me," said
Bishop Hatto, for that was his name.
"I will go and shut myself up in my
strong tower on the Rhine. No rats
can reach me there; the walls are
high, and the stream around is so

strong the rats would soon be washed
away if they attempted to cross the
water."

So off he started, crossed the Rhine,
and shut himself up in his tower. He
fastened every window securely,
locked and barred the doors, and gave
strict injunctions that no one should
be allowed to leave the tower or to
enter it. Hoping that all danger was
over, he lay down, closed his eyes, and
tried to sleep. But it was all in vain;
he still shook with fear. Then, all at
once, a shrill scream startled him. On
opening his eyes he saw the cat on
his pillow. She too was terrified, and
her eyes glared, for she knew the rats
were close upon them.

Up jumped the bishop, and from his
barred window he saw the black cloud
of rats swiftly approaching. They
had crossed the deep current, and were
marching in such a direct line toward
his hiding-place that they might have
been taken for a well-marched army.
Not by dozens or scores, but by
thousands and thousands the creatures
were seen. Never before had there
been such a sight.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
and faster and faster his beads did he tell.
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.
And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they
poured,
And down from the ceiling and up through
the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind
and before,
From within and without, from above and
below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones,
They gnawed the flesh from every limb.
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

Such was the horrible fate of Bishop
Hatto; and whether it be perfectly
true or not, it is a striking illustration
of the folly, as well as the cruelty, of
selfishness.—*Harper's Young People*.

One Failing.

MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"Hiram Manson has but one failing.
If Elva Stearns can cure him of that,
she can't do better than marry him."
"What is his one failing?" was asked.

"He sometimes drinks more liquor
than is good for him. Don't do it
right along; but once in a while he
takes too much."

"He takes too much if he takes
any. A girl would run a great risk to
marry him."

"Well, I don't know about that.
He is one of the best hearted fellows
in the world. He is very intelligent,
and a splendid workman. Makes
large wages, and can do as much work
as two ordinary workmen. If it
wasn't for his drinking he would have
been foreman of the shop long ago. It
is a pity, but I suppose it wouldn't
exactly do to trust him. I don't
know, either, as he would trust him-
self."

"Does he wish to marry?"

"Appearances are that way. To
use a common expression, he just wor-
ships Elva Stearns, and there is no
doubt but she loves him. What she
will decide I can't tell yet, but if she
is like most other women, her heart
will settle the question. She is quite
alone in the world, and Manson is a
fine, manly fellow, with only this one
failing. It don't seem quite right to
condemn a man for one fault, does it?"

"Would you trust him with any
business requiring constant care and
wise management?"

"I should be afraid to."

"A woman's happiness is of more
consequence than any business which
has only a money value."

"But you know a woman is ex-
pected to influence her husband, so
that he will do better with her, than
without her."

"And can she do it with one who
loves liquor better than he loves her?
with a drunkard, her chances are
small?"

"Hiram Manson is not a drunkard.
Sometimes he does not taste of liquor
for months; and then, I suppose the
craving for it is so strong he cannot
resist it. He gives right up and
drinks until he is satisfied. Then he
goes to work again. It takes him a
week or two to get over it, but after
that he is all right."

"Why don't some of you reform
him?"

"Plenty of good people have tried,
but no one has succeeded. After he
got acquainted with Elva Stearns, we
thought he would do better, and he
did. But last week he was away from
his work five days."

"Drunk?"

"Perhaps that would be putting it
rather strong, but he was so much un-
der the influence of liquor, that he
was in no condition to work, or to
see his friends. He never goes near
Elva Stearns, when he has been drink-
ing. He knows enough to keep away
from her; and perhaps she does not
really know how bad he is some-
times."

"Would you advise her to marry
him?"

"No, I shouldn't; and then, I don't
as I should advise her not to marry
him. So many men drink, more or
less, that the woman who makes up
her mind to marry only a tee-totaler
stands more than an even chance to
not marry at all."

"Better anything else than to be a
wife of a drunkard. She never
knows what to depend upon. One
failing! Why, my friend, a man un-
der the influence of intoxicating drink

is a brute. His moral sense is for the
time destroyed. He is a maniac.
His brain is on fire. His one failing
will ruin him, soul and body. It
makes him a reckless spendthrift; a
careless provider of home comfort;
and finally degrades him to a place so
low in the scale of existence, that it
would have been better for him, and
for all connected with him, if he had
never been born. Mr. Manson may
be kind hearted, generous and affec-
tionate; but liquor will transform him
into a tyrant. He may be a skillful
workman, earning large wages; but
his habits will bankrupt him both in
skill and strength. His one failing is
a universal failing; a radical defect in
his character for which nothing can
compensate. The woman who mar-
ries him will run the risk not only of
bringing misery upon herself, but of
entailing wretchedness upon unborn
generations."

"You state it strongly. If Elva
Stearns should consult you, I am
afraid she would never marry Hiram
Manson."

"I presume she would. A woman
who has not sufficient decision to say
at once she will never marry a man
who uses alcoholic drinks, is not like-
ly to be influenced by what another
can say."

"But they seem made for each other,
with the exception of this failing,
and the poor girl needs a home. It
will be hard for her to give him up."

It was very hard. Elva Stearns
loved Hiram Manson, despite the un-
fortunate habit which made it impos-
sible for her to trust him. He prom-
ised to reform; and as so many have
done before him, assured her that he
would never neglect the woman he
loved; and that whatever might
come, his wife would receive from
him the utmost tenderness and consid-
eration. Not however, like many
others, did she confide in the promise
thus made.

Their acquaintance began under
circumstances in which his genial, so-
cial qualities and general intelligence
made him a most agreeable compan-
ion, and it was not until her pleasure
in his society had developed into a
warmer sentiment, that she became
aware of his habits. But she dared
not marry him. Her loneliness would
be harder to bear than before she had
enjoyed his companionship, but better
loneliness than wedded misery.
Yet another young girl, whose so-

cial position was even better than her
own, with father and brothers who
should have outstretched their hands
to save, became the bride of Hiram
Manson and entrusted her happiness
to his keeping. She had no fears for
the future. She would win her hus-
band to a life of sobriety, and show
the world how much a woman's love
could accomplish.

Alas for her misplaced confidence!
She learned, when too late, that appe-
tite is stronger than the restraints of
a woman's love. She was the wife of
a drunkard, with helpless children de-
pendent upon her care; houseless and
homeless, while her husband squan-
dered his earnings for the drink
which was slowly but surely destroy-
ing him.

His promises were broken and his
obligations forgotten.

One failing had ruined him.—*Pitts-
burg Advocate*.

An Illogical Woman.

Let the man argue never so logically,
the closely-linked chain of his reason-
ing will be severed at a single blow by
an illogical woman, who reckons not
so much on what should be as what is.

The man says, that in proportion as
civilization advances, the lot of woman
is ameliorated.

The woman immediately throws in
his face the case of Mrs. B., the mother
of five children, who, besides acting in
the capacity of nurse, cook, washer
and ironer and maid of all work—
working from early morn till dewy
eve, and far into the night, by some
means unknowable continues to earn
by her needle enough to clothe herself
and children; while Mr. B.—with an
emphasis on the Mr.—eats and smokes,
eats and smokes, eats and smokes, and
smokes.

He says that at no time was the
science of ethics more generally un-
derstood, and its lessons more widely
disseminated, than at present.

She simply runs over the names of
a few of the inmates of Concord's
reformat.

He eulogizes the better education of
the masses.

She asks for the name of the young
man who prefers classics to base-ball,
or literature to pedestrianism.

He speaks hopefully of the purifica-
tion of politics.

She asks what he and a few others
were doing in the back parlor the
other evening when they met to "fix
things"—whatever that might be—
for the caucus.

He dilates upon the beneficence of
labor-saving inventions.

She says that Mr. John Smith has
lost his place as switchman—the
automatic switch has taken his place.

He speaks of the general diffusion
of wealth in the country.

She responds, that Tom Slender-
purse is again thrown out of employ-
ment, and the Slenderpurses are said
to be at starvation's door.

He holds up to her admiration the
vastness and grandeur of the United
States, the most favored country upon
which the sun ever shone.

She commends to his notice the
record of the daily papers.

The husband will tell of the beauties
of his lodge associations and its
charities.

The wife will everlastingly remem-
ber that when Steve Goteryder, who
was way up in the order, died, Mrs.
G. got a verbose set of resolutions,
laudatory of the departed Goteryder,
but not so much as a cent of money.

He will speak of the achievements
of science in its many and far-reach-
ing ramifications.

She will ask him about Keeley's
motor, or refer ironically to the
electric light.

He will refer to rapid strides made
in medical knowledge.

She will tell of some vexatious cure
made by an old ignorant woman, after
all the doctors had given the patient
up.

He may generalize eloquently.
She will particularize pointedly.—
Boston Transcript.