

The Silent City.

There's a city vast yet voiceless, growing ever street on street,
Whither friends with friends e'er meeting, ever meeting never greet;
And where rivals fierce and thoughtful, calm and silent mutely meet;
Never greeting, ever meet:
There are traders without traffic, merchants without looks or gains;
Tender brides in new made chambers, where the trickling water stains;
Where the guests forget to come, and strange, listening silence reigns;
Listening silence ever reigns.
Ships sail past this silent city, but their owners quiet lie,
And no signals fly from top-tree 'gainst the glowing, crimson sky,
Telling the neglectful owner that his well-built Argoe
For the fleece is sailing by.
Here the belle forgets the fashions, mindless of her snow white-dress;
All unheeded now her toilet, free, ungathered lock and tress;
None here flatter face or figure, none come fondly to caress;
Tresses flow and none caress.
Hushed are all these many mansions, barred and bolted door and gate;
Narrow all the walls and earthy, and the roof-trees steep and straight;
Room for all—the high and lowly, Rich and poor here equal mate.
Equal dwell and equal mate.
Flowers are blooming near these mansions, kissed by loving dew at night;
Breathing softly round their porches, flowing through the cooling light;
Pealing from their bells sweet music, pealing odors pure and white;
Pealing only to the night.
Here each keeps his well-ceil'd dwelling, fearing naught of quarter day;
Here no landlord duns the tenant, and no tenant moves away;
Dwelling ever unevicted, dwelling on from May to May;
Paying never quarter-day.
Beacons ever this mute city to its comrade living far,
To its comrade laughing fondly, sitting on the pulsing bay;
Dwelling from its masqueraders pale, white specks day by day;
Spectres now, men yesterday.
Thus two cities grow forever, parted by a narrow tide,
This the shadow, that the substance, growing by each other's side;
Gliding one into the other, and for evermore shall glide;
Growing ever side by side.
—The West Shore.

"Am Meer."

I.
The long moan of the monotonous sea,
And ceaseless wash of never-ending waves;
The roll of foaming billows thro' dim caves
Shirting the unknown shores; and hushfully
The dip of lapping wavelets in soft glees
About the moonlit sand. No wild wind raves
Above the solemn waste; the night is still
Save the sea-sound and casual sea-bird's shrill.
Hark! the moan grows into a troubled cry,
The billows plash more suddenly, and leap
Like startled herds that plunge before they fly;
A weird wind riseth swiftly and doth sweep
The salt sand from each wave-top toward the sky,
And the great sea awaketh from its sleep.
II.
The wild wind wails above the foaming seas,
The billows break in swirling clouds of white,
The sickly moon, cloud-hidden, scarce gives light,
And the dense mists are blown to shreds of fleece;
The whole sea panteth for a wild release,
Like some great brute with fleeing prey in sight;
And the harsh echo from the surf-beat shore
Blends with the boom where the great caverns roar.
Hush! the wind shivers, moans, and dies away!
The foam-wreath'd billows now no longer flee
Along the dismal track of swirling spray.
The stars come forth and shimmer mournfully.
There is no sound at all but the soft sway
Of long waves breathing on the sleeping sea.
—Schubert.

Books.

In my friend's library I sit alone,
Hammed in by books. The dead and living there,
Shrined in a thousand volumes rich and rare,
Tower in long rows, with names to me unknown.
A dim, half-remembered light o'er all is thrown.
A shadowed Dante looks with stony stare
Out from his dusky niche. The very air
Seems hushed before some intellectual throne.
What ranks of grand philosophers, what choice
And gay romancers, what historians sage,
What wits, what poets, on those crowded shelves!
All dumb forever, till the mind gives voice
To each dead leech of each senseless page,
And adds a soul they own not of themselves!
—C. P. Cranch, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Luck for Marriage.

Patrick and Biddy were engaged,
And the time set to be married;
But Biddy flirted, and Pat got mad,
And so the plan miscarried.
Then Biddy soothed her wounded heart,
And was to Michael wed:
Michael fell down between two cars,
And home was carried dead.
"That was a lucky scape," said Pat,
"For if I'd married Biddy
I would have been in Michael's place,
And she'd have been my widdy."
Give neither counsel nor salt until
you are asked for it.

The Criminal.

MRS. C. P. BOZMAN.

"Halloo, Jones! what the dickens are you doing moping in your room this sultry afternoon, and half the city out for an airing; studying for the ministry, or writing a moral essay for the religious press?"

"Neither," replied the young man familiarly addressed as Jones, closing a Testament he was reading and placing a sealed letter and some writing material in a table drawer at his hand—"only writing to my mother, and looking over the little book she gave me at parting."

"Dutiful boy," said the visitor with a smile, more contemptuous than pleasant. "mothers are well enough in their way," he went on, falling into a chair, flinging one leg over the back of another, and lighting a cigar, "but if yours has a proper regard for the health of her pious son, she will hardly approve his present plan of preserving that inestimable blessing."

"Oh, I've not been shut up all day. I walked out to the cemetery early this morning, and took a turn around the square after church. By the way, what church do you attend, Mr. Lovat?"

"My dear fellow, do you mistake me for a greenie? Churches are the most monotonous places on earth, and as for ministers—phew! they are the most unreliable, hypocritical set of rascals in existence—a fact that you will discover for yourself in time."

Although somewhat shocked, the young man, as in duty bound, deferred to the superior judgment of his friend, and smiled at the witticism, while struggling with a bad cigar.

"But come," continued the wily tempter, "we'll not discuss the ministry at present, but take a stroll into the suburbs, where the wealthiest of our citizens live in homes more beautiful and grand than any you have yet seen in the crowded part of the city."

"Please excuse me, Mr. Lovat. I have another letter to write," and the faint flush on the youth's cheek revealed his secret to the crafty man of the world.

"A rustic beauty, eh?" he answered with an ill-concealed sneer, that the simple-minded boy mistook for pleasantry. "Time enough to write letters after you return from sight-seeing—and a description of the same may prove interesting to your fair correspondent."

"Perhaps so," assented the younger and weaker man, "but really, Mr. Lovat, I have a book from the circulating library I must finish to-night or pay an extra shilling—and to one in my position, pennies are not wholly unimportant."

This objection was soon overruled, and Jones, tired of contending, reluctantly consented. Locking the drawer that held his mother's letter, and brushing the dark hair from his smooth, white brow, he made some changes in his toilet and went out to his bedroom.

The young man whom we have called Jones, and whose name was Jones, had been brought up by a widowed mother, whose humble home was nestled among the hills of Kentucky far removed from the turmoil and bustle of the great world. The family was poor and the mother, who had managed to give her son a plain education consented to his earnest wish to seek a better fortune in the city, trusting that his careful religious training would prove a sufficient safeguard against its numerous temptations.

He soon obtained employment, and the mother's heart was gladdened by frequent letters and very small remittances—all he could afford—from her darling son, of whose future she cherished the brightest hopes, and her long letters to the absent boy were filled with loving admonitions, which, she doubted not, would be regarded by one always gentle and obedient.

But heaven help the unsophisticated

youth called to walk alone among the snares and pitfalls of a large city! for awhile, all went well: and close attention to humble business gave promise of something better and more lucrative, when the country boy accidentally fell in with the man who was to prove his evil genius.

A gambler of the vilest type, a scoffing infidel and a shameless profligate, he soon exerted an evil influence over the ignorant, unsuspicious young man, who only saw in the faultless dress, diamonds and gold watch, unmistakable evidence of wealth and refinement, while ostentation passed for elegance, and free easy manners for culture and high breeding. Flattered by the notice of one whom he honestly believed to belong to the highest social circles, his sneers at religion and purity daily became less offensive, and his profanity and vulgar stories only harmless levity, very becoming to a man of such varied attainments, extensive information, and knowledge of the world.

Why such a man should seek to attach to himself one in the humble position of Jones, is not quite plain. Perhaps because he saw in the mountain boy's pliant, trustful nature, material for a future tool for his villainy, or in wanton wickedness sought to destroy the freshness and innocence of youth, that was a silent reproach to his own wretched life.

It required time to bring about these changes, to neutralize the good effects of early training; but the gambler was patient, and the boy, confiding. Flattery and ridicule succeeded where argument failed; resistance became weaker and weaker, until, as we have seen, the victim was in the toils of the sharper, while the anxious mother was thankful for the good friend her child had found in his distant home.

Arm in arm the two men sauntered leisurely down Main street towards Portland, stopping at one of the low saloons, which forty years ago dotted every corner of that section; and, although it was the Lord's day, and stringent Sunday laws were then in force, managed to effect an entrance. The single glass of brandy, that steadied the nerves and quickened the intellect of the older man, fired the blood and crazed the brain of the younger. Reason was dethroned, and when near the rope-walks, they fell in with a noisy crowd of both sexes, and he saw Lovat engaged in deadly combat with one of the ruffians. With no will to guide and with no thought save to aid his friend, the intoxicated youth joined the fray and committed murder.

When the sun went down that lovely summer evening, the two men looked through the iron bars of the old Louisville jail; one sullen, enraged and defiant, the other pale with fright, frantic with remorse; yet too much bewildered to realize the dreadful thing that had befallen him.

"My mother, my poor mother!" wailed the ruined victim of strong drink, "this will kill my mother! In jail for murder! Is it true, Mr. Lovat, or only a horrible dream, caused by the brandy? It was very, very strong—and has taken away my senses. Murder? I never murdered any one. It is, it must be only a dream—a terrible nightmare. Who is murdered? Merciful God! will I never wake or see the sweet skies again? O mother, mother! who will tell this crushing news to my dear mother?"

Small comfort did his friend prove in this dire extremity. "Hold your tongue," he snarled savagely, "if you don't want to stretch a rope in my company. Send for a minister? What in the name of all furies do you want of a minister? Can he save your neck or infuse any pluck into your craven soul? Lawyers are more to my taste at present—being the only professional men likely to render assistance or comfort in our embarrassing position—which concerns the body

more than what you please to call the soul."

Thus months passed away in that dreary prison. The trial came on at last, and the verdict was guilty. Lovat received his well-merited sentence with the stolid indifference of the hardened villain; Jones, with a sharp cry of utter despair, shrinking from death in any form, the fearful doom that awaited him could not be contemplated with any degree of resignation or calmness. Truly penitent for his crime, he looked forward with mortal dread to its horrible punishment. The unhappy young criminal found his only solace in the visits and prayers of pious ministers and charitable Christians, who sought to reconcile him to his impending fate and instill into his tortured mind a hope of God's mercy; and few ever left the condemned cell with tearless eyes during the dreary weeks that intervened between the sentence of death and day of execution.

But who would attempt to speak of that little home in the hills; or presume to gauge the grief of the loving mother, surrounded by her frightened children, who wrung her bleeding heart with artless questions about their lost, but still beloved, Brother? Her anguish may not be measured. "The iron had entered her soul"—only God could heal.

The end drew near. The fatal Friday dawned in beauty; the sun rose bright and clear; not a cloud dimmed its rays or obscured the lovely sky on that cold winter morning in February, 1834. The carriage was waiting to convey the prisoners to the place of public execution, and in that narrow cell, amid sob and prayers from one, and horrible oaths from the other, they were being prepared for the sacrifice. Jones was dressed with scrupulous neatness in a dress suit of black cloth—and perhaps a more pitiful sight was never seen in our sin-stricken world than the handsome young stripling robed for the scaffold; a more eloquent appeal for the cause of temperance than was ever uttered by Gough or Father Mathew; a sight to make our rulers pause and tremble before a just God, when they license the traffic of a poison which may bring their own loved sons to the felon's doom and their own heads in sorrow to the grave.

"All ready!" announced the Sheriff; and, supported by his faithful friends, the ministers, Jones was almost lifted into the close carriage. His whole frame was convulsed with mortal anguish, and clasping his arms around the neck of Mr. S., a worthy Methodist clergyman, he gave way to the most violent emotions of fear and remorse. Tears became the boy better than bravado, for he was a boy—only nineteen. Passing an arm gently around the slight form, Mr. S. drew him near his heart and whispered loving prayers and hopeful words as the carriage, driven at a funeral pace, moved slowly on, and with his head resting, like a tired child, on the good man's shoulder, the penitent wept himself into something like calmness as they neared the fatal spot where more than a thousand people were assembled, waiting impatiently for the show to begin.

The motley crowd who had braved the bitter cold to witness the last dread scene, surged forward, jostled and pushed each other, to watch the criminals mount the steps of the scaffold; but when the graceful form of the younger culprit stood before them, in the hands of the hangman; when they saw the gleaming cord on the white neck, the straps placed on the trembling limbs, and the awful black cap drawn over the shining curls and blanched face, the stoutest were touched with compassion and melted into tears.

Lovat "died as the fool dieth," blaspheming his Maker, cursing his own fate, and reviling the pitying, tearful ministers who prayed for his

sin-stained soul until it was launched into eternity.

There are people living now who witnessed this noted execution who will never forget it until their dying day, or recall its thrilling scenes without a shudder. But for that corner grocery on Main street, and its lawless owner, the tragedy would not have occurred to haunt their memories. Did the law's vengeance reach the only criminal? Our law-makers, magistrates, juries, city councils and honorable boards must decide the question. Our "brother's blood cries from the ground," our prisons are filling up, vice stalks abroad unrebuked, and "sin lieth at the door"—but the traffic goes on. Hearts are broken, reputations ruined, our daughters brought to poverty, our sons to the scaffold, and souls to endless woe, by corner groceries and sumptuous saloons. Are they worth the price? Let our rulers answer in the sight of God.—*Christian Standard*.

A Fine Sermon "Smashed."

In the *Sunday Magazine* the following incidents is given, which is illustrative of the modern practice of spiritualising texts of Scripture and giving them a meaning foreign to that intended by the inspired writer:

A young preacher, a graduate in one of the theological schools of the country, preached a very nice discourse from the following words: "Then fearing lest they should fall upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern and wished for the day." Acts xvi. 29.

Said the young preacher: "The ship represents the Church. The four anchors are faith, hope, love and prayer. Christians are the crew. The sea represents the great ocean of life. The storm that prevailed are the trials to which we are incident here; and the Island of Melita, where all are escaped safe to land, means Heaven." He dwelt with becoming fervency on the importance of casting out the anchors, faith, hope, love and prayer, the necessity of abiding in the ship, in order to be saved; and the consolation to be found in the fact that not a hair of their heads should be hurt, but that the (members of the Church) should all reach shore in safety. The preacher concluded by asking one of our aged preachers, whom he had invited into the pulpit, out of respect for his gray hairs, to close the meeting with a few remarks. The old brother arose and placed his hand on the young theologian's head, as if giving him a phrenological examination, and proceeded, in his plain, uneducated style, substantially as follows:

"My young brother, you have preached us a mighty purty discourse to-day; but I am afeard you've made some awful big mistakes. You said that the ship meant the Church. If that's so, we haven't got any Church now, for the ship was all smashed to pieces and destroyed. You also said that the four anchors were faith, hope, love and prayer. If that's so we haven't got any faith, hope, love and prayer in the Church, as they have been cast out. And you say that Christians are the crew. If that's so, they are a mighty blood thirsty set for they wanted to kill Paul. You tell us that the Island of Melita meant Heaven. Well, if that's true, Heaven must be a mighty snaky place, as a snake bit Paul as soon as he landed."

It is stated as a historical fact that that young preacher was never known to preach that "purty" discourse again in all that region of country.

Not a Drug.

The public have suffered long enough from drugging, and have become afraid of pill and potion. "Compound Oxygen" is not a drug, and does not cure by the substitution of one disease for another, as when drugs are taken but by an orderly process of revitalization. See what has been said before in this paper, and send for our Treatise giving full information. It will be mailed free. Drs. STANLEY & PALMER, 1112 Girard St., Phila., Pa.