

Annam, August 25, and soon afterward a treaty of peace was signed.—On September 1 the French forces, after a desperate engagement, defeated the Black Flags, between Ha-Noi and Sontay.

According to official reports of the recent cholera epidemic in Egypt, there were 27,318 deaths up to September 1.

DISASTERS.

August 15.—Twelve miners killed by the breaking of a rope, near Redruth, England.

August 21.—One-third of the city of Rochester, Minnesota, destroyed by a cyclone. Railroad train on its way from Rochester to Zumbrota lifted from the track and completely demolished. Thirty persons killed and fifty wounded.

August 25.—Twenty-three workmen killed by the fall of a scaffold at the King of Bavaria's new palace on Chiem See.

August 26.—Eighteen of the crew of the steamer *Woodburn* lost, with the vessel, off Ed-dystone Light.—Many fishing vessels wrecked off the Grand Bank. Over sixty lives supposed to have been lost.

August 27.—Violent volcanic eruptions near the island of Java, followed by a huge tidal wave causing the loss of many thousand lives. Several towns were destroyed, light-houses disappeared, and the mountain of Kramatoa sank beneath the sea. Sunda Strait was greatly changed, and navigation rendered dangerous.

August 28.—Explosion of steamer *Riverdale's* boilers, on the North River, New York. Five persons killed and several injured.

August 31.—News of the loss of the Dutch arctic steamer *Varna*, in the Kara Sea, on July 4.—Steamer *Ludwig*, sixty days out from Antwerp, with seventy persons on board, given up for lost.

September 2.—Forty persons killed in a crowd run into by a railroad train at Steglitz.

September 4.—Nine militiamen killed and fifteen wounded by a railroad accident near Grayville, Illinois.

September 14.—News of the loss of the steamer *Proteus*, of the Greeley Relief Expedition, in Smith Sound, July 23.

OBITUARY.

August 18.—At Cardiff, Wales, William Wirt Sikes, author and United States Consul, aged forty-six years.

August 19.—At York, Pennsylvania, Judge Jeremiah S. Black, in his seventy-fourth year.

August 24.—At Frohsdorf, the Comte de Chambord, aged sixty-three years.

August 27.—Announcement of death, on July 13, of Ranavalo II., Queen of Madagascar.

September 3.—At Bongival, France, Ivan Sergyeevich Tourguéneff, aged sixty-five years.

September 11.—In Paris, France, Henri Conscience, aged seventy years.

September 12.—At Monmouth Beach, New Jersey, Hugh J. Hastings, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, aged sixty-five years.

September 16.—At Manchester, Massachusetts, Junius Brutus Booth, aged sixty-two years.

September 18.—In London, England, John Payne Collier, in his ninety-fifth year.

Editor's Drawer.

THERE appears to be too much electricity around this year, or else it is unevenly distributed. It is a year of uncommon atmospheric disturbance, volcanic activity, and general disaster. We can not yet predict these disturbances and disasters, but in our newly acquired wisdom we fancy that we can assign their cause. We watch what we call electric storms in the sun, and its ominous and changing spots, and though we are not sure that the sun's troubles induce our earthly calamities, yet we are inclined to refer both to one cause. We fortunately have an agency, about which we know little, that can be made accountable for all our unexplained misfortunes. In our empirical condition electricity now is as useful in our perplexity as malaria is to the doctors in their experiments: it is a handy scapegoat. We know, in fact, that electricity is the most skittish agency that man ever attempted to harness to his uses. We have tamed it to go in single and double teams, duplex and even quadruplex; we can send it round the globe on a wire, or we can store it and carry it round in a trunk (subject, of

course, when it enters the port of New York, to a duty), and we make it repeat speech, turn machinery, and dispel darkness. We have done all this within a few years, and got to feel quite comfortable in our ability to handle it, and yet every few days it shows new freaks, mocks us with its subtle eccentricity, storms the sun, tears the earth to pieces, and declares itself master instead of servant.

All this is so clearly outside the province of the Drawer that we should not have alluded to it but for another aspect of the electric agency, which is clearly within our purview, and that is the moral. We know that it is usually held nowadays that crime is either hereditary, or caused by badly cooked food, poor clothes, and unwholesome lodgings; at any rate, that it is a disease, with little personal responsibility, caused by something akin to malaria, and to be cured by physical treatment. The so-called criminal should be pitied rather than punished. If a man is properly nurtured he will be pure. It is so well settled that when an exception occurs in the case of a well-nurtured man or woman who steals, we

put the action out of the catalogue of crimes by calling it kleptomania. And the proof of this is that no poor and shabby person has ever been known to have kleptomania. We are accustomed also to trace other delinquencies to like causes. We know that certain views of life and moral duty, called by their authors systems of philosophy, are due to dyspepsia. We have recently had Carlyle explained by a diagnosis of his stomach made by Mrs. Carlyle and Mr. Froude. We can tell the cause of most of our latter-day poetry: we say at a glance that such a poem came from the under-crust of a pie, and that another one is the result of anæmia, and that another has the sentiment of gin, and that others show a clogged state of the biliary duct. A proper course of medical treatment would cure most of these.

This is, as they say of evolution, a very pretty working theory for philanthropists, but it does not altogether satisfy us. Does it account for the suicides, of which there has been an epidemic in 1883? Or for the eccentric conduct of so many women, which is reported in our daily newspapers? Or for the moral condition of what is called fast and high society in London and New York and Bucharest? Not satisfactorily. But there is an agency that covers the whole like a mantle. We do not say that sin is merely perverted electricity. But we do say that in all our observation of mankind it never before acted as it has done since the sun spots turned up. There may have always been spots in the sun; perhaps there has, as there has always been more or less wickedness around; but we have been very slow to see the connection between the two. We can now, by the light of electricity itself, so to speak, observe the close relation of electric disturbances to moral disorders. If there is anything in this theory, when we have electric storms we ought not only to look out for atmospheric disasters, shipwrecks, tidal waves, earthquakes, and for collisions and railway and steamboat catastrophes, which are directly caused by human stupidity and carelessness, but also for an access of mental disorders, crimes, and eccentricities. People are probably moved to suicide and a general violation of the decalogue (we refer to the old one, and not to the Shapira revision) by electricity. The normal electric conductors of the system are disturbed. Under such a disturbance some are made ill, some fly to poetry, some steal, some slander, some run off with other people's husbands. This of course. But the question is, are we always controlled in our actions by this subtle fluid, even when there is no unusual display of it? For instance, is "affinity" electricity? We have not space here to pursue the subject, which our readers will see has infinite relations to human life.

But assuming the physical, mental, and moral interference of electricity with human beings, and that it is as much the cause of

crime as it is of virtue—the latter resulting, of course, from a well-regulated electricity—there is a practical suggestion to be made. Instead of coddling criminals, as we should do if they are simply unfortunate victims of disease, we ought to treat them by electricity. Police courts ought to be provided with electrometers, or whatever machine it is for measuring the quantity of electric fluid in an object, and put those arraigned to a scientific test, not for the purpose of punishment, but of cure. A bad man is merely an overcharged thunder-cloud. Of course he is dangerous. He ought to be shut up until his electric condition is made normal. We can not afford to run the risk of being struck by his lightning. And our jails and penitentiaries ought to be under charge of electricians. We want, in short, to apply electricity to moral diseases as we do to physical, and no one can tell what wonders may be wrought. The treatment can always be adjusted to the condition of the subject. The electrician can strike some of them with lightning at once, and end all. Or he can give just the right charge to induce a flow of virtue through the heart. It must be matter of experiment for a good while. But if the system works well in prisons, a still wider field is opened outside for this moral agency. Perhaps those characters known as "dangerous women" are merely the subjects of electric disturbance. All they need is the battery to become sweet ornaments of society. If this theory is sound, a glorious prospect is before us. What could not a skillful electrician do in Congress and in our State Legislatures? A new era will dawn when we can rectify moral evil as easily as we can whisper the tones of deardearment into a beloved, delicate, pink ear fifty miles from our lips.

A MILLIONAIRE in Philadelphia who indorses the views of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., about the dead languages, says that he lives in the most convenient place in the city, for "the horse-cars run *pro* and *con* on his street."

IN this country first, second, and third class cars are not common on our railways, and those who travel much know that occasionally persons who belong in the cattle train get into a passenger-car. An accident of this sort, which is related by the Lynn (Massachusetts) *Transcript*, the Drawer desires to make as conspicuous as possible for the benefit of all concerned. The incident occurred on the Eastern Railroad, between Boston and Lynn.

A very well known citizen of Lynn, returning from Boston, found the cars very much crowded, and in fact only one seat not occupied by a passenger, but utilized by one to hold a valise. Our fellow-citizen, whom we will call Mr. B——, quietly lifted the baggage from the cushion with a view to setting it on the floor and filling the seat himself.

"What are you doing there?" sharply exclaimed the occupant of the inner seat. "That belongs to a friend of mine."

"Never mind your friend," calmly replied Mr. B——; "I will take care of him when he comes."

Both parties "ceased firing" at this point, and the train moved on to Somerville; but no "friend" claimed the valise and seat, and Mr. B—— reminded his fellow-traveller of that fact, who said,

"Well, that gentleman will be here soon."

But as Everett and Chelsea were passed, and there was no change in the situation, Mr. B—— concluded to make a movement. He accordingly left his seat, and, walking to the rear of the car, said to the conductor:

"There's a suspicious character in this car. A gentleman has left a valise in that seat, and I believe that man means to steal it, and I want you to stop him."

The conductor replied, "Yes, I've seen that class of gentry before, and I'll attend to his case." Whereupon Mr. B—— returned to his seat.

As the train slowed up at Oak Island the traveller gave signs of preparing to leave the car; observing which, the conductor approached. As was expected, the traveller grasped the valise; but the conductor interposed, ordering him to drop it. He indignantly refused, saying,

"It is mine!"

But Mr. B—— here said: "You're a liar, sir! You told me that it belonged to a 'gentleman' who was to occupy the seat."

The traveller retained the valise and attempted to go; but the conductor sternly said:

"If you don't leave that I'll arrest you. I will take it to head-quarters in Boston, where you can get it by proving property."

The Oak-Islander, beaten at all points, was obliged to surrender on the terms offered, and left the train—a specimen of a baffled and disgusted hog (that's the word).

It is hard to be good, early. A mother recently took her four-year-old boy to church, but had to be constantly chiding him for speaking out in meeting. He finally broke out: "Mamma, if you won't let me talk, take off my shoes so I can work my toes."

A YOUNG couple who had just moved, and found themselves seriously embarrassed by the expense of the operation, were discussing the state of the larder at the dinner table, when the Irish maid thrust her head in at the door and brought this to a crisis with, "Every blessed thing is given out but the tay and coffee, and sure they will if they last long enough."

THERE seems to be a rivalry in various parts of the country as to what place can produce the meanest man. The prize is claimed by a man in the West who unfortunately lost his

wife just after he had procured her a new set of teeth. The husband felt the loss deeply, because she was a good woman, and had, as they say, "tongue enough for two sets of teeth," and pondered how he could lessen his cost. Before the funeral he removed the set of teeth and took them back to the dentist, with the request that he should have his money back, as they had been very little used. The award of the prize is, however, disputed in the case of an Israelite in an Eastern city who, having been a grasping miser all his life, repented on his death-bed, and seeming to think that an atonement could be made by burying some of his gains with him, made his wife promise to seal up ten thousand dollars in his coffin. The good wife, reluctant to part with so much money, consulted his brother. Pondering the problem, at last he exclaimed, "I have it. I will put in a *shirtified sheeck*."

THE war was just over, and Major B——, of the Confederate army, having gone back to New Orleans and exchanged his tattered gray uniform for a new civil outfit, started out to the extreme frontier of Texas on business. After a long day's ride across the prairies he was not sorry after night-fall to come upon a cabin in whose window a friendly light was gleaming, the only habitation he had seen for hours. Counting confidently upon the well-known hospitality of the people, he rode up to the fence and called loudly several times before he could make himself heard. At last the door was thrown open, and a gaunt, gigantic figure, holding a pine torch flaming above his head, came down the path and out of the gate to see who it was and what was wanted. He inspected the well-dressed, well-mounted stranger, who returned the compliment as well as he could by a light that fell fitfully upon a stern face surrounded by a shock of coarse red hair and beard, a suit of "butternut" clothing, and a pair of enormous rawhide boots in which the trousers were carelessly stuffed.

"Good-evening," said the major, with suavity. "Can I get a night's lodging here? I have been riding all day in the hot sun, and am not long out of a sick-bed, so I am pretty well used up."

The giant advanced, and thrusting his torch near, took another long look, and then said: "No, siree! You kain't stop at no house of mine."

"Well, how far is it to the next place?"

"Nigh on seventeen mile."

"Seventeen miles! I can't make that to-night."

"P'raps you kin; p'raps you kain't," said the giant, philosophically.

The major was very tired and very hungry, and condescended to expostulate, "Well, I must say I never heard of a Texan turning any man away from his door at this time of night."

The giant shuffled uneasily on his feet, and

this appeal to his hospitality might have been successful, but the major went on:

"I am willing to pay you well, and I wish you would let me have a little corn for my horse."

"You'd *pay*? You be derved!" swore the giant, greatly incensed. "I ain't keepin' a hotel; no, nor runnin' a livery-stable neither; and I 'ain't got nothin' to give yer, nor any of your sort."

"All right. Then I'll go into camp. I'm used to that. Any water about here?" asked the major.

"Been a soldier?" inquired the giant, in a mollified voice.

"Yes."

"Which side?"

"Confederate."

"You don't say so! Where did you serve? and what's the name of your colonel and brigade commander?"

Satisfactory answers were given to these questions, and the giant, laying aside his suspicious, unfriendly manner, said, heartily:

"That's all right. You kin stay a year, ef you want to. Git down. What mought your name be?"

"Major B——."

"Any relation to General John B—— and Colonel George B——?"

"Yes; nephew."

"Nephew! Git right down off that horse. Git down, I tell you! git down! Come right in. Nephew! Well, ef that don't beat the Jews! I fit the Indians fur ten years with old Jack, and his brother was colonel of my regiment," burst out the giant, and throwing away his torch, he almost seized the major bodily, and having helped him to alight, caught up his saddle-bags and pistols, and led the way into the cabin, shouting to an invisible wife:

"Looisy! Looisy! come here! Here's a nephew of my old colonel. Git some supper. Kill a chicken and make some biscuits right away, and be sure the coffee is good. Be quick about it, now."

"Looisy" was not prepared to meet the public gaze, and remained invisible some time—indeed, until she had cooked the meal her husband had ordered—when she came in to make acquaintance—a pale, delicate-looking woman, in a perfectly new calico dress. Never was a more cordial welcome given a visitor. Supper over, the two soldiers sat talking on the little porch until very late.

"Got any terbacker about yer close?" inquired miue host.

Pipes were lit, and it was under that confiding influence that he said, in a shamefaced, awkward way between the puffs of smoke:

"You must have thought me a low-lived cuss and no gentleman to turn you off like that, but dern me if I didn't think you was one of them Yankee bummers or a Freedman's Bureau! I ax your pardon fur it freely. But

you are the first of the boys I've seed dressed up like a wax figger! I ax your pardon again. A soldier, even if he fit agin me, would er been welcome, but I do hate a buzzard bummer worse than a rattlesnake."

Next morning there was a smoking good breakfast ready for the major. His horse, already bridled and saddled, was waiting at the gate, to which his host accompanied him. As he mounted, the giant, as if in justification of his want of penetration, waved his hand toward him, and said:

"You see, major, them breeches was mightily agin yer." And as he rode off, after a hearty shake of the hand, and charged with innumerable messages to "General John and Colonel George," called out, "Better not be wanderin' round Texas in 'em, major; them breeches is *mightily* agin yer."

A GENTLEMAN in an Eastern city, having occasion to publish a paper on local antiquities, stated that a certain old house was formerly occupied by the "*step-mother* of Colonel Lear, Washington's private secretary." Soon after, he received a call from one of the descendants of the same family, who, with great indignation, informed him that "Mrs. Lear was no such a person, but always bore a most respectable character."

SISYPHUS TO THE STONE.

SISYPHUS, having tried in vain to roll the stone to the top of the hill, one day thought it might not be a bad idea to talk to and reason with it, and so he stopped when about half-way to the top, braced his feet against a couple of projecting rocks, lay with his chest against the stone, and remarked:

"Well, now, you are an unsociable sort of a stone, anyhow, to go rolling back against me all the time. I have been acquainted with you a long while now, and you don't seem to like me at all. What did I ever do to you that you should roll back and break my ribs, and knock out my artificial teeth, and keep me in a lather of perspiration all the time? In winter, when it is cold, and the hill is all slippery, you allow me to roll you half-way up, and then suddenly fall back, and we both go rolling down together. And then in the summertime, when it is ninety in the shade, you get me so warm that my standing collar grows limp, and my collar-button soaks out of the button-hole and works down my back. And when I begin to feel happy because I know I have got you almost to the top, you suddenly whirl back, and down we go to the bottom of the hill, and I get my clothes all torn, and sand down my back."

Here Sisyphus paused, because he was rested, and started to push the stone up a little further. He hadn't pushed it far before he lost his footing, and down they went together. When they reached the bottom, Sisyphus said:

"Now, then, old stone, here we are again! But why don't you roll past me once, and let me proceed to the top of the hill alone? I would then brace myself on the top and pull you up with a rope, that we might always be together. There is no use of your rolling—a rolling stone gathers no moss—and, come to think of it, I don't know that moss ever did a stone much good, anyhow. You don't gather anything but my ribs, and what good do they do you? No good at all."

At this juncture Sisyphus braced himself, placed his palms against the stone where he knew he could secure the best hold, and remarked:

"I always like to start with the thumb of my right hand against this knob, and the thumb and forefinger of my left hand in these apertures. Now, then, be a good old stone. I have just got time to try to roll you to the top of the hill once, before the whistle blows for six o'clock, and if we can make it all right, my years of labor will be crowned with success before the *table d'hôte* is over."

And Sisyphus stopped talking and commenced rolling the stone. At the start, he went on easy enough, but when he had ascended about sixty feet he stretched himself out, let the stone remain against his left shoulder, while he jammed his hand into one of his pockets, took out some small stones, and placed them under the large one to keep it from moving back. Then he said:

"If I could only put on harness and wear spiked shoes, I might get that rock up all right. I know it is against the rules for me to sit here and rest, just as well as I know it is against the rules for me to keep the stone stationary by putting smaller stones on the under side of it. But still I have something to be thankful for. That stone has no patent-medicine advertisement on it, so I am not a rolling advertisement. If that old rock had a fever-and-ague advertisement on it, the letters would be painted on it afresh every fortnight, and then when the rock would roll back on me I should get my clothes all covered with paint. Besides, the letters would become impressed on me; every time the stone would roll on me I would take a fresh impression, and by the time I resulted in a five-o'clock edition I might have the painter's colic."

Having spoken the above, Sisyphus again got into position, and moved the stone upward an inch or so, when he stopped, and said:

"Come, now, be a nice, dear, good, kind stone, just for old Sis's sake. That's right, move along easy, just like that, a little longer, and we will be all right. There, now, steady, that's a good fellow. Just go on that way a little longer, and old Sis will never go back on you. Any one that says you're a clumsy old stone doesn't know anything about graceful stones; that's all I have to say about it. Now just a little further to the left, and miss that sharp rock that's jutting out, because I can't roll you

over that, and it might take me an hour to roll you around it. Now go along all right, and I'll never sharpen my knife on you again. In union there's strength."

Sisyphus at this juncture was suddenly stopped, because one of his feet came in contact with one of the small stones which he had placed under the large one to keep it from rolling back, and in another instant the stone had fallen back into his arms, and they rolled speedily to the bottom of the hill. When they got there, Sisyphus jumped up, and running over to the stone, kicked it several times, and said:

"You're a healthy old rock, anyhow. I believe you just take delight in whirling downhill with me and breaking my bones. Do you think I have nothing else to do but purchase arnica, you mean old thing? I don't believe you're a natural rock anyhow, dern you! I believe you're only made of sand, and haven't a spark of genuine rockhood in you. I guess I've had all the rolling I want. If I got to the top, I might get some of the miasmatic gases that arise from the base. If I remain at the bottom, the people at the top will get the malaria. Besides, I don't believe there is anything at the top but a German beer garden; and, after all, the bottom of the hill is good enough for me."

Then Sisyphus sat down upon the stone, drew a match angrily across it, lighted his pipe, blew graceful rings from his mouth, and looked as happy as a pasha smoking cigarettes on a silken couch. R. K. MUNKITRICK.

THE following story is not invented; and the Drawer would not make room for it if it had not confidence in the entire truthfulness of the Union officer, whom we will call Colonel B—, who relates it, and if he had not had confidence in the truthfulness of the soldier who told him the dream and the singular accompanying circumstances, which here follow:

Colonel B—, while lying wounded in a Southern hospital during the late war, became interested in a soldier who was ill and occupied the cot next to his. One day Colonel B—'s servant killed and cooked a hare, which he brought to his master, and the colonel offered a bit of the meat to this wounded soldier, who had been eying it wistfully. To his surprise, the soldier refused it, and when asked the reason, replied that he did not eat meat that day. The colonel, thinking he was a Romanist, said, "You are out in your reckoning, for to-day is not Friday." But the man replied that he knew it was not Friday—he was not a Catholic; but he did not eat meat on Thursday. The colonel's curiosity was aroused by this reply, and he asked the soldier to tell him the reason. He refused at first, but finally said that he was afraid the colonel would laugh at him if he gave his reason. Upon the colonel's assuring him that he would not, the soldier confessed that it was owing to a

dream he once had. He said that he was once riding through an almost uninhabited part of the country, and coming to a small cabin by the road-side, he stopped to see if he could get shelter there for himself and his horse for the night. Three villainous-looking men came to the door, and he was so repelled by their appearance that he simply inquired the distance to the nearest town, determining to ride on to a more reputable-looking place. However, when they told him that the nearest house was seven miles distant, and night had already come, and both he and his horse were very tired, he decided to ask the men to keep him overnight. After consulting together for a moment they replied that they would. He accordingly put up his horse, and went to the room which was shown him, and in spite of his fears fell asleep directly. Almost immediately, as it appeared afterward, he dreamed that he saw these three men in an adjoining room; one was sharpening an ordinary butcher knife on a whetstone; another was melting some lead, and running it in a mould of peculiar shape; and the third was cleaning an old musket. As he watched them in his dream he saw the man load the musket with the bullet which had been cast in the mould of the peculiar shape. The three men then left the room, and went to a retired part of the garden, which the soldier saw distinctly in his dream, and one of them began to dig a grave with a spade which had a broken wooden handle. At this point the soldier awoke in a great fright, and as the house seemed perfectly quiet, he determined at once to escape. He jumped from the window upon a shed, and from the shed to the ground, and ran, as for his life, until he reached the nearest house. Upon inquiring there he learned that these men were a bad lot, but it was not supposed that they would murder an unoffending traveller. In the morning the soldier persuaded the landlord and his sons to accompany him to the house from which he had escaped, to get his horse. On reaching the house they found it deserted. They entered, and there found the same knife and whetstone and musket which the soldier had seen in his dream. They unloaded the musket, and drew from it the bullet of peculiar shape, and also found the vessel in which the lead had been melted. The soldier then led the way to the garden, and there, in the spot which he had seen in his dream, was the newly dug grave, and the spade with the broken wooden handle lying beside it.

When Colonel B—— asked the soldier what connection all this had with his refusal to eat meat on Thursday, he replied, in rather a shy and shamefaced way, that as his life had been spared in consequence of this dream on a Thursday, to show his gratitude to God he had abstained from eating meat on that day. Colonel B—— believed that the soldier was an honest and trustworthy person.

It gives us pleasure to receive and to print—and we are sure that it will give all those who have enjoyed these pages in previous years pleasure to read—the following just and beautiful tribute to the memory of the late editor of the *Drawer*, Mr. William A. Seaver:

W. A. S.

[*Obit January 7, 1883.*]

"GOOD-NIGHT, my boy;" and with a smile

He turned his steps and sped away:

Since then 'tis but a little while,

And he is dead to-day:

Dead, and the friend that once I knew,

My comrade both in joy and pain,

So often tried and always true,

Will never smile again.

His days were many, and the world

Had most of all his thought and care;

But now his sails of toil were furled

In Art's serener air.

The evening lamp, the storied page,

The mantling glass, the song, the jest—

These turned the twilight of his age

To morning and to rest.

The thorny paths of life he knew;

His tender heart was quick to feel;

And wounds his pity wept to view

His bounty glowed to heal.

Of worldly ways, of frailty's slips,

Of mortal sin, he had his share;

Yet still could breathe, with childhood's lips,

His artless childhood's prayer.

Good deeds were all the work he wrought;

Sweet thoughts and merry all he prized;

Nor power nor fame by him was sought,

Nor humble things despised.

Strife could not live before his face,

But wheresoe'er his footsteps fell

Came kindness, with its smile of grace,

And everything was well.

He did not strive to win the heights;

Enough for him the lowly vale,

The autumn sunset's pensive lights,

The autumn's perfumed gale.

But toilers on the upward slope,

Who greatly strove and bravely dared,

Had cheer of him, and felt new hope,

Howe'er their fortune fared.

To brighten life, where'er he went,

With laughter's sparkle, and to make

Home's fireside lovely with content,

For gentle Humor's sake—

This was his fate. Ah, darkly shows

The path where yesterday he shone—

That downward path of many woes

That we must tread alone!

Yet he, like us, had lost and grieved:

He knew how hard it is to bear,

When, lone and listless and bereaved,

We sink in dumb despair.

And could those lips, now marble chill,

But speak once more from that true heart,

With what a jocund, blithe good-will

They'd bid our grief depart!

It was but yesterday he went:

This is the room and that the door:

When some few idle days are spent,

'Twill all be as before:

The heavenly morning will destroy

This rueful dream of death and pain,

And I shall hear him say, "My boy,"

And clasp his hand again.

WILLIAM WINTER.



FAUSTUS.—FROM A DRAWING BY E. A. ABBEY.

See Poem, Page 115.