Boetry.

SONG OF IRON.

My hot ships blugh the yading seas,
My sharp shears sheeve the lands;
I bind the western prairies
Unto the eastern sands.
Across the gulfs my bridges swing. The lightnings wed my wires; From deep, swart mines my working fling My treasures to the spires.

These are the offspring I begot-My name is Iron; I am Monarch of metal-Autocrat Of power. The oriflamme Of proudest prince droops pale before The mystery of my face; And tyrants tremble when my ore Glows for the human race.

Where'er my fervid forges gleam, Where or my hammer smite; Where er my pathways interseam The spaces—there is light. Within the hollow of my tread Puissant cities rise, And deserts burst in wine and bread, With dawnings from my eyes.

I quicken all the plodding years, I make the world grow tall; The master-secrets of the spheres I liberate from thrall. I weld Earth's adverse thoughts in one. Rear the vast Future's shrine; And carve the ways whereby men run Forward to the Divine.

I am a Prophet of the Time; Behold! there springs the hour, When, flushed by me, through sap sublime Life throbs the perfect hour. And swords shall rust, and shackles fall, And pruning hooks increase; And, as the sunlight, over all Brood dove-like wings of Peace.

THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH DAY. BY GERALD MASSEY.

The merry birds are singing, And from the fragrant sod The spirits of a thousand flowers Go-sweetly up to God; While in his holy temple We meet to praise and pray. With cheerful voice and grateful lay, This summer Sabbath day!

We thank thee, Lord, for one day To look Heaven in the face ! The poor have only Sunday ; The sweeter is the grace. Tis then they make the music That sings their week away : O, there's a sweetness infinite In the Poor Man's Sabbath day.

Tis as a burst of suushine. A tender fall of rain That gets the barest life abloom, Makes old hearts young again. The dry and dusty roadside. With smiling flowers is gay; 'Tis open heaven one day in seven-The Poor Man's Sabbath day!

Tis here the weary pilgrim Doth reach his Home of Ease! That blessed house called "Beautiful," And that soft chamber, "Peace," The River of Life runs through his dream And the leaves of heaven are at play ! He aces the Golden City gleam, This shining Sabath day !

Take heart, ye faint and fearful; Your cross with courage bear; So many a face now tearful Shall shine in glory there, Where all the sorrow is banished, The tears are wiped away ; And all eternity shall be An endless Sabbath day!

Ah! there are empty places Since last we mingled here; There will be missing faces When we meet another year But heart to heart before we part, Now all together pray That we may meet in heaven to spend The eternal Sabbath day !

Tales and Sketches.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES."

prod S. ADAMS.

"Yes, All, the waves have always to me a sad, uncertain sound:" a, uncorram sound: " , source de ma section de constitue de la constitue de la

"Thore's, no bosh shout it. I am in barnelt; were obliged to succumb, and soon, stopped, The restless see slways breethes in my cum si pasting and recking will populiration. tale in which bitter disappointment is mingled zidl The driver, as soon as the could appears, soil your hands on him.

surgings of your soul on paper. I am sure you blinded with dust, but unburt.

would be a success, at least, in the eyes of

"No, no! Alf, yet are sarcastic. You mis-nderstand me. I contile tell you a sad tale that the later was to listen in the later to be dis-condizings as you now profess to be dislove-sick girls ." tol with." Indeed!"

the waves always has such a melancholy effect, and prompt you were !'

"Oh, tell it by all means." Will you listen attentively "

"And not interrupt me with any of your discordant, unfeeling comments?"

"No."

"All right; I'll tell it then." And thereupon Tom Blanchard related to my qurious ears the following account of a hitherto unrevealed episode in his life.

"It was two years ago. I was sojourning for the summer by the sea side, and occupied comfortable quarters in the 'Spray House.' The season was ghy. Beautiful girls, resplendent in all the decorations of the fashionable artists; watchful, wary, gorgeous mothers; eager, restless young bucks, like myself, with a sprinkling of fathers, who oscillated between the attractions of the place and the stern demends of business,—these were the principal elements of the throng that made glad the landlord of the Spray House.

"You can readily imagine that I was not backward in participating in the pleasures of the place. I had plenty of money, and went in on my nerve, as the boys say. Oh, it was a grand carnival of flirting! Hearts were toyed with, smiles were flung about, and glances shot at willing targets with a luxurious looseness. The mad frolics of those in whom nonsense held prime sway made lively work for the anxious matrons, whose grip on the reins was only too infantile in its weakness.

"One day there was a new arrival. A woman with eyes like the reflection of the midnight moon in still water, hair spun from gathered darkness, a round, soft, perfectlyshaped face, complexion of alabaster whiteness, with cheeks of warmest crimson-an indescribable air which was irresistibly fascinating. Ah, words can convey but a faint, tame, insufficient picture of Irene Nance!

"She at once created a sensation, and there was a regular stampede of young fellows seeking introductions to her. She received the homage showered upon her very quietly and cooly, treating all with an easy grace that, to those who wished to approach her beyond a certain point of polite cordiality, was fairly maddening. She was an orphan, so it came to be understood, and said alie was possessor of a snug fortune in her own right. She was accompanied by an aunt, an olderly, respectable, matronly-looking woman, who said but nttle, but who, I more than once noticed, had a very sharp, observant eye. This, however, was as it should be, I thought, for Irene was besieged with attentions, and it was well for her to be under the guardianship of one versed in the ways of the world.

"I fell in love with her, as was to be expected, and did not endeavor to cenceal my admiration. But she treated in a provokingly cool and unconscious manner the bestownly any marked attention, which corduct of course only stimulated my desires.

"She had her carriage, horses, and coachman, and it was not long before I discovered the particular drive she took each morning. forward I made it my daily to a point on the beach which I knew she would pass, and soon it became a part of each forenoon's programme for me to station myself on a certain rocky perch, and look up from my book to greet her as she passed. These morning greetings actually grew to be s part of my existence. For her smiles grow more free and cordial day by day, and threw me into an ocstacy that is always felt by one who imagines himself on a smooth course of true love.

"One morning I occupied my accustomed position, and at the usual time discovered Trends carriage approaching. Something, however, seemed to be wrong. The horses were coming at an unusual rate of speed, and the coachman was standing up in front of his seat, apparently using his utmost exertions, to con-

After a moment's anxious watching, I saw, with a thrill of horror, that the figry steeds wore running away. Irone was in danger

Full of fright and distress, on heraccount, I maked to the roadside. The horses came flying along at a mad speed, heeding notithe energetic pulling on the roins by the driver, nor his frautic shouts at them

My course was determined upon it, so instant. I braced my nerves for a desperate struggle, and awaited the approach of the running team. They were soon close upon mo, and yet appealingly. "Don't be soft, Tom." I have been and I spreng forward and seized the reins But I tell you it is true. Just listen, now, close to the life. I churg with an ironlike to the murisar of the surf. It rushes and religip, and litted myself up from the ground to be rebuffed. He made some rough remark cedes like the caming and going of memories avoid being transpled upon, as well as to bring about receiving the amount due on his wages.

"What is it Wiss Transpled upon, as well as to bring about receiving the amount due on his wages." which one would " (o. 8) 1978 out to 307 a dead weight on the horses heads. I was "Bosh Mary obivory of oldern vitors han able to retain my hold firmly. The animals

with longing regret for something swalldwarf from his seat, and came to my relief. He here the said, an something more than his hands in the irrevocable past. The point of the point of the profuse thanks but I not would be soiled should be attempt it!" said "Oh, come now, Tom, you sicken me. heeding him, ran round to the side of the partitle ruffien.

You'd better turn, poet, and pour out the riage. I was out of breath, and somewhat "Be respectful, you blackguard," said I.

Irono sat upright, clinging to the seat, with a wildown in her eyes, and a frightened flush on hor theck. At made her dazzlingly beautiful. As soon, however, as she realized that the danger was last, the color flod from her face, and she mank back, almost overcome.

"Thank heaven! you are safe," I ejaculated.

"Thank you also, she said, in trembling Yes; and if you should hear it, you would the Thank you also, she said, in trembling then understand why it is than the sould of accents, Oh, it was fearful! How brave

> "She gave me a melting look that nenetrated to the very marrow of my hone

> "Don't speak of that," I said. "It is enough for me to know that you are unhurt." "Is it, indeed?" she said, in a sort of shy

> "Your safety would repay us for a dozen broken boues," I rejoined, with fervor, "let alone this slight sprinkling of dast, What caused the horses to run away?"

> "I cannot imagine. They are spirited, but soldom fractions. Something must have fright. ened them. I can never feel grateful enough to von."

> "Grateful! Please do not use that word, It is cold, as compared with my joy at sceing you unharmed."

> "Is my safety, then, so much --." She hesitated and blushed."

"It is everything to me," I said, carnestly, Are you not afraid to continue to ride now ?" "Oh, no! The horses, I think, will make no more trouble. James usually manages them with perfect ease. I think he must be slightly intoxicated this morning.'

"Then you must not think of intrusting yourself with him again! If you insist on finishing your ride, you will at least permit me to accompany you."

"If it will not be interrupting your mornmorning siests," she said, hesitatingly, but I imagined with a wistful look.

"I mentred her that it would be a most charming interruption, and waiting only long enough to brush some of the dust from my clothes, sprang into the carriage beside her.

"When we were under way, I informed her that our daily greeting, as sho passed my favorite resort on the beach, was a bright spot in each morning of my life.

"She opened her eyes in innocent; wonder, and expressed a doubt that such a little thing s that deserved such extravagant mention.
"I assured her that it was not a little thing

that a kind look from her was a great thing in my estimation.

"She then suggested that I was given to flattery.

"I disclaimed any such propensity with carnestness, and then she grew pensive and thoughtful.

"After that we became more confidential and talked in low tones. It is a light with a

"Ah, that ride! I wished it might never come to an end! But it did, and after assisting her to alight and bidding her good morn ng, I walked about with a swelling exultation and buoyant joy that knew no bounds.

"After that I was with Irene much. We walked, and rode, and sat together, and occasionally had long, solitary blicaful interviews, that seemed to me like glimpes of some higher

"To be sure, my public attentions to her were little in excess of others—she would was successionally piqued at this, a walk in the moonlight, or a half hour's tete-a-tete in a solitary corner of the versuhal, would set matters right, and elevate to me an exalted point of beatitude. And so my infatuation raxed stronger and approached its zenith.

"One evening-I shall never forget it-Irene came to me in trouble. I, was sitting on the verandah, taking my customary smoke, at an hour when most of the guests had fled to their rooms to make their evening toilectes.

"Suddenly I heard footsteps approaching, and the sound of voices engaged in hostile discussion. One voice was that of a man, and the other was Irone's. I was immediately all atten ion.

"The two came pearer, and turning around a corner at the building, were in close proxim ity to ras

Voll, James, said Irone, 'you will have to quit my service immediately.

Quite your service, is it, mum ! said James, angrily. I recognized his voice as that of her coachman.

"Yes; I cannot put up with your impudence and your tabits ony longer. Last night you were attoxicated again, and

firere Trene allrugtly consed speaking, havng observed me. Vames saw me also, but was in nowise abashed." Said he:

And if hlad can't take a dhrop of the cra ter once in a while, where his liberty gone By the powers, mum, yo'd wish me to be as struight laced as any praste or parson !

"Hid spoke with a tone and air of insolence Trene looked at me in confused embarrasament,

"I grose and greated her, ignoring the pres ency of a conchinan. But the latter was not "What is it, Miss Irone ?" I asked, "Ar

you in trouble. And would it sorve you any to have me pitch this fellow over the railing? "Oh " bie exclaimed, "I bog of you not to

"or it will be the worse for yea."

"With an exclamation of distress, Irone placed herself between

"Keep silent, James," she entreated, "and listen, Mr. Hambard, "The I employed to desirate James, on account this bad habits—"

"Let the bad bebits alone and give January his pay, and fait he'll be off!" faterrupted the coachiminate

" You shall have your pay,' exclaimd Irene turning toward him in indignation. 'Do not presume to speak to me again in that way !' An it's versell that knows how I can b

silenced.'" "I made a restless movement, and could hardly refrain from attacking the fellow.

"Irene said in a low tone: 'Let him alone Mr.; Blanchard; He is as strong as an ox, and would kill you. And a fracas with a servant would be so disgraceful."

· "'Ob, I am in a terrible situation,' she continued, 'I ought not to mention it to you,

though.' " 'Do not hesitate,' I implored. 'You know what a privilege I will regard it to serve you.'

"With a blush, and a pained look, she said : Lowe James seventy dollars, and all I have with me is a check on a New York blank for three hundred. I was going to the city to draw the money next week, not dreaming that I should need it before that time. I cannot bear to ask a servant to wait. They know nothing of such things, and can make one a world of trouble and embarrassment? . Live

"'Is that all your trouble!' I hastened to say. 'If so, you shall be relieved immediately.

"'Oh, I am afraid I impose on your gencrosity. Perhans I had better ask the landlord -though I dislike to approach a stranger on such a subject. James was so noisy, that I could not help letting you know it.'

" 'Certainly,' I replied. 'I appreciate your feeling. You shall have the money to pay this individual and get rid of him, and the matter shall be between us two exclusively! • 1 will go now to the office safe and get the mo-

"'Are you sure it will not discommode you?' and the second specification of

"'Not in the least. I am going to New York in a day or two and then I will get the check cashed for you, if you wish, and you can hand me the amount.

"You are very kind; but I im ashanied to suggest it. Perhaps you will be willing to do still more. If it is convenient for you to let me have the entire amount of the check, I can pres it over to you, and the transaction will be ended. There are other bills that can be put off, but it will be more pleasant— You shall have the entire three hundred dollars, I will deposit the check to the credit of

my own bank account. "' My good fellow,' said I, turning to the coachman, and speaking in a tone of severe irony, would it be too much of a trespuss on your good nature to ask you to wait five minntes for your pay ?'

"'No. sir,' he replied, in an humble tone. apparently somewhat ashamed of his unruly behavior.

"lu five minutes the transaction was ended. I handed Irene three hundred dollars, and pocketed the check. It left me with less than twenty dollars in cash, but that was of no moment, as I could replenish my pocket book on my forthcoming trip to the city.

" It is just like a woman, in her stupidity and icrorance of business to be caught in such a prodicament,' said Irene, in an applogetic, all my fortune to do honor to the memory, of

tone. 'You have relieved me greatly. "'Do not embarrass me with thanks,' was

my reply. "She was all smiles that evening, though I noticed a certain uneasiness and agitation in her manner that I ascribed to excitement and grief owing to the coachman's impudence. It is needless to say that I was in a happy frameof mind at having served her for the second time in a material, substantial way.

"We promenaded and danced together, al though she still persisted in dealining to receive exclusive public attention from me. My jealousy was excited when, while I was in the midst of the 'Lancers,' I saw her take the arm of a handsome young Culan, and walk slowly, with him from the ball room to the outer ball. By the time the dange was concluded, however, they had returned, and she mingled with: the gay throng, casting occasional glances on me, that removed all distrust, and made ma pity the deluded Cuban, who was evidently smitten with her.

When we parted for the night, it was with ailingering pressure of the hand, and an appointment for a ride on the following foremoon!

" " I now come, said Tom, with a long breath, and, I fancied, a cynical twinkle in his eye," to the painful portion of this parrative. "When I went down from my room the next morning. I found a little excited crowd in the hotel office. The Cuban, who had aroused my ino dentary Jenlous on the precoding evening, was pacing the room in a towering rage, and voiciferating something about having been swindled. The landlord was leaning glumily over his deak, with anything but an annable took ou his face Others seemed to be indignant, while there ware a

himsed about something."
I included the cause of this state of things, and you can imagine what a horrible, sickening, discouraged sensation I felt, when I learned that Irone Vance, her auut, and the

coachm with the carriage and horses, had

departed pretly during the night what di"Thou are no trace to inches what direcion by had taken. Numerous unpaid
bills were of behind, and three empty, worthless trums.

I won't attempt to describe my state of mind. The power of the whole dategory of words all my command is utorly inadequate to the task. There was no use in trying to evade the conclusion that I had been taken in -sold-bamboozled-victimized.

I was sensible enough, however, to keep secret my connection with the beautiful swindier, though, perhaps, some thought it strange that I did not join in the laugh against the Cuban, from whom Irene had extorted money on some pretext similar to that by which she had 'operated' on me. I nover saw her, nor any traces of her, afterward. A detective, to whom she, her aunt, and coachman were described, said the trio were in reality husband. wife, and daughter, and that they were well known though exceeding slippory confidence operators.

"I never had the hardihood to present the check at the bank on which it was drawn. My money was gone, and my finer feelings outraged. The runaway and the quarrel with the cosohman were of course well-rehearsed

"All this, you know, happened on the seashore; and you understand—don't you, Alf? -why it is that the murmuring waves and the rolling surf breathe to my cars a tale of something lost, yet longed for-why they have to me such a sad, uncertain sound!"

SLIDING SCALE OF A WIDOW.

'How rapid is the progress of oblivion with respect (to those who are no more! How many a quadrille shall we see this winter, exclusively made up from the ranks of inconsolable widows! Widows of this order exist only in the literature of the tombstone. In the world, and after a lapse of a cortain period, there, is one sort of widows inconsolable those who refuse to be comforted because they can't get married again.

One of our most distinguished sculptors was summoned, a short time since, to the house of a young lady, connected by birth with a family of the highest grade in the aristocracy of wealth, and who had been united in marriage to the heir of a military title, illustrious in the military annals of the empire. The union, formed under the happies auspices, was of short duration. Death, unpitying death, ruptured it, by prematurely carrying off the young husband. The sculptor was summoned by the widow.

He traversed the apartment, silent and moody, until he was introduced into a bedroom, and found himself in the presence of a lady, young and beautiful, but habited in the deepest mourning, and with a face furrowed by tears.

"You are aware of the blow I have received!" the lady remarked.

The artist bowed with an air of respectful condolence.

"Sir." continued the widow, "I am anxious to have a funeral monument erected in honor of the husband I have lost."

The artist bowed again.

"I wish that the monument should be superb, worthy of the man whose loss I weep; proportioned to the ending grief into which his loss has plunged me, I care not what it costs. I am rich, and I will willingly sacrifice an adored husband. I must have a templewith columns—in marble, and in the middle on a pedestal—his statue."

"I will do my best to fulfil your wishes, madam," replied the artist; " but I had not the honor of acquaintance with the deceased. and a likeness of him is indispensable for the due execution of my work. Without doubt you have his portrait? Him Was and a

The widow raised her arm and pointed deapairingly to a splandid likeness, painted by Amsprey Duval.

" A most admirable picture," observed the artist, "and the painter's name is a sufficient guarantee for its striking resemblance to the original." And the control of the

These are his very features, sir it is himself. It wants but life; ah, would that I could restore it to him at the cost of my for-

tung." I of an anatolle findered "I will have this portait carried to my studio, andam, and I profite that the marble

shall reproduce it exactly?" unvisa has bes The widow at the words sprang up, and at a single bound; throwing herself toward the picture, with arms stretched out as though to

dofend it. vexclaimed: 441 in sequel a cont "Take pway! this (portrait!) carry off my only consolation; my only femiling comfort never, never the policy to be the policy to the polic

Buts madani, you will only be deprived

of it but a short time; and Ina refeate for Not an hour-not a minute, could I exist

without his beloved image. Look, you, sir, I have had it placed here in my own room that my eyes may be fastened on it without ceasing, and through my tears. His portrait shall ever leave this spot one single instant, and in contemplating that I will pass the remainder of a miserable and sorrowful existence."

In that case, madam, you will be com pelled to permit me to take a capy of it. But to not be mersy, I shall not have occasion to trouble your solitude for any length of time; one sketch, one sitting, will suffice.'

The willow agreed to this arrangement; she