

"Put out the signals for the other train!"
 No nobler utterance since the world began
 From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
 Electric through the sympathies of man.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
 Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside,
 God give us grace to live as Bradley died!

IN WAR TIME.

EXTRACT FROM "THY WILL BE DONE."

And if, in our unworthiness,
 Thy sacrificial wine we press;
 If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
 Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
 Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
 Of trial hath vicarious power,
 And, blest by Thee, our present pain,
 Be liberty's eternal gain,
 Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
 The anthem of the destinies!
 The minor of Thy loftier strain,
 Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
 Thy will be done!

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

Men feared that the last day had come. The hero, a member of the Connecticut State Legislature, is determined that business shall go on as usual.

"This well may be
 The day of judgment which the world awaits;
 But be it so or not, I only know
 My present duty, and my Lord's command
 To occupy till he come. So at the post
 Where he hath set me in His Providence,
 I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face,—
 No faithless servant frightened from my task,
 But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
 And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
 Let God do His work, we will see to ours.
 Bring in the candles. And they brought them in."