

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come ?

Who'll tread yon church with willing feet
A hundred years to come ?

Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth,

The rich and poor on land and sea,—
Where will the mighty millions be

A hundred years to come ?

We all within our graves shall sleep.

A hundred years to come,

No living soul for us shall weep

A hundred years to come.

But other men our lands will till,

And others then our streets will fill,

And other birds will sing as gay,

As bright the sunshine as to-day,

A hundred years to come.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Who can mistake great thoughts!

They seize upon the mind; arrest and sear

And shake it; bow the tall mind as by

Rush over it, like rivers over reeds,

Which quaver in the current;—leave

A rocking and a ringing;—glorious

But momentary, madness that it