"CHORUS CITIZENS."

BY BENJAMIN STORRY PERKIS.

"You tell the story of your love!
I heard at one who did not hear;
Across the opening lips of hope
Creep the low finger of a fear.

Against the bird count which bliss
From love's beginning all love's end,
The shrieked warning of hope's death
The hoarse croaks of a friend.

You've chosen thus; not thus, indeed,
I would make choice for you;
And if you misset the position
Why, maybe the error lies not the fault.

If, beside the perfect pulse of love
You might have listed—in twilight, hour—
And if you chose heared to wear
A little upon your breast?

If, for the tidal wave of life
Blessed a time ripple blue,
Will fathoms deep under your lies
The sea's lost treasures sleep for you?

Why then!—what then? You've only missed
A world that with you never sets.
Be sure you secure that to your lot
Whatever unto yourself you let!

No Moses ever parted for you
The waters of the deep High place!
Nor ever land, the dry sands slept
Into the thing that shall be your's!

Ah, woman, what mortals know
For little waves trip merrily;
And merely, rather why you once!
Nor secret the little cross be.

And should my doubts and dreams be both
Should I be mistaken and counsel not
Should lovely marriage trust prove
To you, then my wise fears be true!

Since God's own purpose ever sure
Is bridge and pillar as a wing,
And never best love strikes so love's self
Must one (I know not anything)

Why then—oh then! Go you life on ways,
Not mine. His is the Summer sea
On which the little waves shall trip,
And like the little cross be.

But if love one let there come
(As one one I know) to you
The Giver's search, the Giver's force,
The Giver's reserve, the ripples's joy!

It is full out to Heaven's mind
To give one both the sweet and true—
Though Heaven asked it both your
This lost let Pil not chance with you.

—Atlantic Monthly, April 1874.

"SHIP AHOY!"

A Yarn in Thirty-six Cable Lengths

TWENTY-FIRST CABLE LENGTH.

NOW SHERMAN CRAWL.

Philip Merritt came regularly to sit and talk, nominally with Mr. Halley; but secondarily his companion Miss Mary was very frequent, and probably was reasons for politely forbidding to make any orientation. Singing of Mr. Longlade I was quite astonished thing that he was engaged in her.

said Longlade; who was very ready to catch each oth-ers as it set; "or you relieve me of one anxiety which pressed upon my mind. You can have her, and I'll take the risk, and responsibilities fall on me. I was really afraid that you had made a false step in engaging with that poor Anderson, and had not done our duty to the crew."

"If anyone, Mr. Longlade, saved your's sel, it would have been now afloat," said Mr. Halley. "I grieve much for the loss of John Anderson, and would gladly give half I possess to shake his cousin once by the hand."

"Not one hair bearing your free our subject," said Merritt, who was anxious to go to the drawing-room and join Mary.

"Yes," said Mr. Halley; "I was talking about the loss of the Victoria."

Longlade's face gave an angry twitch, for this was not the subject he wished to discuss.

"They have been saying very ugly things about her loss," said Mr. Halley, slowly.

"Ugly things! About her loss! Good heavens, Mr. Halley, what do you mean! exclaimed Longlade, turning in his chair.

"Those say that Rotherbys sent out the ship ill fitted, and badly insured, and did not expect to see her back."

"Great Heaven!"

Longlade's clenched hand came down upon the table with a heavy blow that made every glass ring.

"Some annoyed, contemptible rascal of an underwriter, who has fifty or a hundred pounds in the concern, and could not be satisfied with moderate trust profit."

"Do you, then, my wise lass or me?

Since God's own purpose ever sure
Is bridge and pillar as a wing,
And never best love strikes so love's self
Must one (I know not anything)

Why then—oh then! Go you life on ways,
Not mine. His is the Summer sea
On which the little waves shall trip,
And like the little cross be.

But if love one let there come
(As one one I know) to you
The Giver's search, the Giver's force,
The Giver's reserve, the ripples's joy!

It is full out to Heaven's mind
To give one both the sweet and true—
Though Heaven asked it both your
This lost let Pil not chance with you.

—Atlantic Monthly, April 1874.

"SHIP AHOY!"

A Yarn in Thirty-six Cable Lengths

TWENTY-FIRST CABLE LENGTH.

NOW SHERMAN CRAWL.

Philip Merritt came regularly to sit and talk, nominally with Mr. Halley; but secondarily his companion Miss Mary was very frequent, and probably was reasons for politely forbidding to make any orientation. Singing of Mr. Longlade I was quite astonished thing that he was engaged in her.

"Yes, Mr. Halley, there are awful changes in this life. Did you read the announcement of poor Mr. Gurnett?

"I did," said May, coldly.

"It is a most sad affair," said Longlade, ignoring a kick which he received from Merritt below the table. "They who go down to the sea in ships—poor Mr. Gurnett, poor Mr. May bowed her head; but Longlade could not read the disgust written in her countenance, and went on—

"So sad! A fine ship—one of the finest in the service—and a fine crew, and to be lost in a moment, not swallowed up."

May had not meant to reply, but the words caught her ear, and she turned to him.

"You seem to place the losses in order according to their importance," said she, coldly, but with a heavy mass of gain at her heart; and as Merritt looked, he saw, with lightning rapidity, the change upon her face, now all unconsciously, though, for she was only assisting at a game of chess.

"Exactly," said Longlade, who was too startled to notice the change; "just as a barber shaves, carefully, as Mr. Halley, I place our poor ship down and leave the chin of no one, and, consequently, I think, that the brave men who have lost their lives by the wreck of the Victoria, in her attempt to get a ship-owner's protégé, Mr. Gurnett, lost, I mean, they have lost their lives, and, of course, the brave men who have lost their lives are as a matter of course, more important than the