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## THE SONG OF THE CARBONS.

(From the Home Journal)

A weird, sweet melody, faint and far,  
A humming murmur, a rhythmic ring,  
Flows down from the tower where the lonesome  
Ages dwell;

Can you hear the song which the carbons  
sing?  
Millions of years have rolled away  
In the grand choral which the stars re-  
hearse,  
Since the note, so sweet in our song today,  
Was struck in the chord of the universe.

The vast vibration went fluting on  
Through the diapason of space and time,  
Till the impact swelled to a deeper tone,  
And mellowed and thrilled with a finer  
rhythm.

Backward and forward the atoms go  
In the surging tide of that soundless sea,  
While billows from nowhere to nowhere flow,  
As they break on the sands of eternity.

Yet, through all the coasts of the endless All,  
In the ages to come, as in ages gone,  
We feel but the throbs of that mystic thrill  
Which binds responsive the whole in one.

We feel but the pulse of that vision hand  
Which ever beats and will shall be,  
In the stellar orb and the grain of sand,  
Through nature's endless paternities.

The smile which plays in the maiden's  
glance,  
Or shines in the beat of an insect's wing,  
Is of kin with the north light's spectral  
dance,  
Or the dazzling robe of the planet's ring.

From our lonely tower aloft in air,  
With the breeze around us, tranquil and  
free,  
When the storm rakes in the lightning's  
fire,  
Or the light sleeps in the sleeping sea.

We send our greeting through breathless  
space,  
To our distant cousin, the nebulae,  
And catch in the comet's misty trace,  
But a drifting leaf from the tribal tree.

The song we hum is but one faint echo  
In the hymn which echoes from pole to  
pole,  
Which fills the domain of creation's round,  
And catches its life from the over-soul.

And when it ceases all life shall fall,  
Time's metronome shall arrested stand,  
All voice be voiceless, the stars turn pale,  
And the great conductor shall drop his  
wand.

## EYES TO THE BLIND.

BY LOUISA LANE.

After leaving college I was many years  
absent from my native country. Shortly  
after my return I met Frederick Dorsey,  
who had been my most intimate friend at  
school and college. In the course of the  
long conversation in which we mutually en-  
lightened each other as to the events of the  
past, he related to me the following story of  
his marriage:

I have never yet told you that I was  
totally blind some time before my marriage.  
I was travelling in Switzerland, alone, when  
one summer evening I found myself in the  
neighborhood of Bale. I had walked the  
entire day, and was absolutely broken down  
by fatigue; my eyes were dimmed, and I  
was at the magnificent mountain scenery, I  
entered the first hotel, went to bed and  
went to sleep, and my dreams were most  
delightful.

I was awakened by the merry song of a  
pedestrian under my window, and I imagined  
that the sun had risen, but could perceive  
nothing but profound darkness. Then I  
heard the birds singing, and asked myself  
with some alarm, "Do the birds sing in the  
night?"

Quitting my bed, I groped along the wall  
and presently touched the window pane.  
I opened the casement, and the warm,  
flower-laden breeze fanned my face. Again  
I said to myself, with terror, "Flowers,  
trees, grass do not give out such perfumes  
at night." I pressed my trembling hand  
around the window frame, and felt the wall  
on one side was warm to the touch, and  
with increasing terror I said, "O, can not  
the sun shine in the night! What time can  
it be?"

Just then the clock of the village church  
answered me by striking twelve. At the  
same time a servant knocked at the door,  
and I said to myself, with terror, "Flowers,  
trees, grass do not give out such perfumes  
at night." I pressed my trembling hand  
around the window frame, and felt the wall  
on one side was warm to the touch, and  
with increasing terror I said, "O, can not  
the sun shine in the night! What time can  
it be?"

When I recovered my senses, I found myself  
in a carriage, rapidly rolling along the  
highway. I had not time to get my bearings,  
and I was gently placed in mine. It was  
evident that I had a travelling companion  
whom I could not see, so I asked,—  
"Where are you taking me, madam?"  
She answered me in the sweetest voice,—  
"We are on the road to Germany."

And to what charitable friend have I the  
honor of speaking, madam?"  
"To the Countess Rose de Morny."

"What induced you to take pity on my  
misfortune, madam?"  
"The fact that you were unhappy and alone!"  
"That was showing great benevolence to an  
unknown traveller."

"I remembered you sufficiently well to re-  
cognize you at the first glance. I saw you  
very often last winter at our ambassador's  
in Paris. Your name is Frederick Dorsey."  
By your passport I felt sure it was I, and  
I was glad to see you again. I was on my way  
to Vienna to join my family, and thought  
you might as well travel together."

"But what can I see for you, Frederick?"  
"At first I imagined I must still be dream-  
ing in the hotel room; but as I realized my  
position and the terrible state of my eyes,  
I turned to the hand of this woman, who was  
young, rich and pretty, and yet willing to  
give up her time to an unfortunate invalid,  
so I naturally eyed her with the greatest in-  
terest."

"We travelled by short stages; the Countess  
Rose was truly a rare, a marvellous com-  
panion. Not satisfied by being only my  
friend and protector, she endeavored to  
console, to enliven me by the charms of her  
imagination, wit and conversation. The  
generosity of friends in this world brings us  
their own troubles without being willing to  
share ours—but not so with my protector.  
It was as ever weared by this *fele a tele*  
with a blind man, not a word of reproach or  
weakness ever escaped her lips. I knew by  
a sort of second sight that Rose always  
smiled upon me. I seemed to see the smiles  
in her words, and she gave sight to my  
darkened eyes by the accuracy with which  
she described the beautiful scenery through  
which we were travelling. As we were  
nearing the end of our journey, I dared to  
say to my friend and protector,—  
"O, Rose, since invalids are only spared  
to be punished, let me ask you a question which  
is almost impertinent."  
"I don't think so," said Rose.

I went on impatiently, pressing the hand  
of the Countess, which I held in mine,—  
"Rose, I know you are clever, for you are  
amused and divert me all day long; I know you  
are noble, for you hear one of the most aristocratic  
names in Austria; I know you are  
good, benevolent, for your devotion to me is  
sublime. I even know that you are a widow,  
for you have spoken of the death of your  
husband. But what I do not know and  
should like to find out—for I am very  
inquisitive and indiscreet—can you not  
guess what it is, Rose?"  
"Yes, I understand, I guess; but I advise  
you to wait for a woman's confidence when it  
is a question of age."  
"But when it is a question of beauty?"  
"Then look at her."  
"But when one is blind?"  
"Then you must try to see without look-  
ing."

I am going to try.  
My inquisitive hand, guided by instinct,  
was placed on her head. Rose's forehead  
was as smooth and polished as marble, and  
I felt that it would be beautifully white and  
transparent. The hair I thought must be  
black; it was thick and silky, and it became  
clear to me that my Antigone was a brunette.  
Passing my hand slowly over the  
cheek, I felt sure that Rose was perfectly  
lovely; it only remained to guess her age,  
and from her lively manner of talking and  
laughing, I thought she could not be more  
than twenty-five.

One arrived in Vienna, I was installed  
in the Countess's mansion; her servants over-  
whelmed me with attentions, and my  
friends from the British embassy visited me  
daily every evening. I was charmed with  
the most exquisite music. Rose, to my  
blinded eyes, was younger and prettier every  
day. To complete my happiness I needed  
only the light of the sun, one ray of light,  
one day, after dinner, the countess led

me to my room and placed me in a deep  
chair. Presently two persons entered the  
room; one walked like Rose, the other slow-  
ly, like an old man, and approached my  
chair without speaking; they looked at me,  
and I felt sure they were compassionating  
my misfortune.

"Then my friend," I asked in a voice trem-  
bling with emotion and anger. A hand was  
placed upon my forehead which I felt to be  
Rose's, and I said,—  
"Who else is in my room, Rose?"  
"My friend, it is the most celebrated oculist  
in Germany who is with me; he will re-  
store your eyes and cure you. I do not speak  
Frederick, and do not move under the doc-  
tor's hand."

The doctor raised my eyelids and almost  
simultaneously two sharp pricks, two punctures  
by a keen blade, drew from me a cry of  
anguish. A bandage was placed over my  
eyes, and all was over till to-morrow.

The next evening a small lamp was light-  
ed in the room. Rose placed herself in  
front of me; the doctor was near by, and  
several other people were around. At last  
the bandage was lifted from my eyes, and  
I saw my friend, my dear, my lovely  
Frederick, and do not move under the doc-  
tor's hand."

A voice, whose familiar sound made me  
start, seemed to answer my thought.  
Frederick, said the Countess, after God,  
who has protected you, you must thank Dr.  
Muller, who has restored you."

"Why should I thank the doctor? He  
might have restored me, but it was Rose  
who really saved me. My first glimpse  
belonged to Rose by right, and I wish  
to express the gratitude of my eyes to  
their saviour. But what a fearful surprise  
and disappointment! Rose so charming, so  
loved, looked dead and rankled, looked  
fifty years of age. I confess I almost faint-  
ed with rage as I knelt at her feet.

"I will gladly correct my eyes and become  
blind again by the doctor's orders. In the  
depths of my heart I found the portrait I  
had imagined of the woman I loved, and all  
the illusions of my dream. My eyes were  
Every evening they accompanied me by  
degrees to the candle light; then a lamp re-  
placed the candle, and I waited impatiently  
for the day when I might face the sunshine.  
It was a strange thing, but every evening,  
when looking at her closely, I seemed to  
cover under the old age of my protector  
some great beauty, and I was charmed by  
smile, some glances that were almost coquet-  
ish, some graces that love had left behind  
when youth departed. Every evening they  
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