## THE SOWER OF SIN.

## AN ALLEGORY.

By the pathway which led to the village a traveller walked alone; his dark eves sparkled with a lurid light, his face was pale and contorted as the face of one who had been strangled. As he walked he hummed a few bars of a song, wicked, weird, alluring melody, which made the night ashamed, and frightened the echoes, so that none of them ventured to repeat it.

As he walked by, the trees shook as with the rushing of a mighty wind; the little birds ceased singing, and concealed their young under their wings. When he came to the church, the Holy Saints, who were painted on the windows, became pale with terror; and the bell, which was ringing for evening service, suddenly stopped. This made the bell-ringer swear. He was immediately turned away from his situation for cursing in church. Then the school-children robbed the alms-box and bought sugar sticks.

As he passed through the village all the old women, and many of the young ones, began to talk scandal, and have never stopped since. The faithful dog, who lay in his master's kitchen, stole the cold meat and broke the tea things. When he departed the stranger gave a laugh which made the screech-owls jealous He said my master will be pleased. He was a district visitor of Satan's. An his mission was to sow sin.

M.

## The Medley.

## ACROSTICS.

Two STATES.

When sinks the sun, my lov'd one, in the west.

> Sadly forlorn I rest, On mother earth's cold breast.

So hearts whom love has filled with ecstasy, And thus passed by,

Forsaken lie, Silent and cold, oppressed by cruel sorrow: The rippling ocean sparkles, and the zephy mankind Their joy is o'er

For evermore; But I shall shine and sparkle on the morrow:

I dream'd the earth was fair on which w stood.

That life was happiness, that men were good modified Awake I shudder, for I know the truth; But still I cling to thee, sweet dream youth.

III.

light are blowing,

And swiftly 'neath her canvass white to gallant bark is going.

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