

Who says that a jewel is rare!
Ah me! for I would I could number
The hidden sky-fires that slumber
Thro' the measureless depths of the air:—

Hidden only with the sun in our eyes;
By and by will break out all their gleaming
And show us their glorious meaning,—
God's face in the light of the skies.

Is only that well called a gem
That has use for the grace of adorning?
That is just how the face of the morning
And the bosom of night shine with them.

Diamonds and rubies
All in a glow,—
Sapphires and emeralds,
Brighter they grow.

Who says that a jewel is rare!
There's a stream that is ever swift flowing,
Swift broadening and deepening and growing
With the manifold strength working there.

It flows through the heart and the soul
Of the life that is common to mortals,
And it bears as it sweeps thro' the portals
Countless treasures and riches untold.

The graces that pure souls have worn
Gleam soft in the deeps and the hollows;
Each thought has a sparkle that follows
As the river sweeps on to its bound.

Diamonds and pearls—
Fullest of measure—
Sapphires and emeralds,
These the King's treasure.

—B. B.

THE PRESS.

THE perfection of the Printing Press should be one of the grandest achievements of the nineteenth century.

The modern newspaper is capable by placing in the hands of the people an upright and conscientious combination of facts, or becoming the most influential factor in the moral and political uplifting of mankind. The office of the newspaper, we refer more particularly to the dailies, is to furnish news, political, secular, and religious, endeavor to eliminate superstition, stop crime, and frown down political corruption.

Since the lower classes, those vast fluctuating waves of humanity, gather most of their ideas from the newspapers, both because they are cheap and because they are everywhere obtainable, the character

of the Press will to an almost infinite extent mould the character of the people.

Notwithstanding we live in an age of freedom as regards the lawful sphere of the press, in contradistinction from the days of Milton; and there is no need of an "Areopagitica" to plead for editorial privileges; yet virtually the true liberty of the press is being squeezed and contracted into a very narrow resting place. The freedom of modern journals is chained to the rock of partyism. Party politics and accompanying narrow-mindedness, a shackle of ever increasing weight. Opposition organs, instead of elucidating their policy; cry, corruption! and misrule! Government sheets employ their time and brains to the *tit for tat* principal rather than to the intelligent defense of a political movement. Religious sects, basking in the rays of infallibility, have found it necessary, on account of the multiplicity of doctrines to establish organs, in which, rather than set forth in clear logical term the foundations they are building upon, devote themselves to picking out what in *their opinions* are flaws in other systems.

Money, or rather the want of it, is another quicksand into which monopolists have thrust the press. This is without doubt the most excusable cause for that inconsistency which is so abundant. The publication of sensational literature is calculated not only to lessen the power and true freedom of the press, but is also a stumbling block in the way of moral development and a sure stimulant to social indifference and degradation. The predominance of descriptions of horse races, murders, etc., over literature which would create greater mental activity, has grown and is increasing to such an extent that it now forms the most objectionable feature of the modern newspaper.

The elaborate glorification of the prize ring and corresponding suppression of more moral subjects, not only tends to make strength the governor of reason, but is also a method of notoriety which supports these professors of the manly art, or rather bestial savageness, and makes the successful pommeling of one of the lowest individuals in existence, the modern pugilist, appear to be one of the grandest attainments of life.

Scandal, which is sufficiently disgusting from the fact that it must to some extent exist, is relished and emblazoned to satisfy the unnatural appetites of the make-troubles of our land. In its devotion to these things the press ceases to be an instrument of good and evolves itself into a tool through which by perjured and prejudiced statements, the diseased mind can find repose.

There must be a cause for this injustice and also a remedy. What is the cause? What should the remedy be? The coat is made to fit the wearer; man because of being accustomed to this wrong is blind