

THE DESERTED CITY.

BY MRS. EMILY BUGBEE JOHNSON.

Fairest of earth's embodied dreams,
Her magic spell is o'er,
For she who sat a peerless queen
Shall wield her sway no more.
No more the thronging millions pass
Her charmed gateways thro',
Or haste with wonder-asking eyes,
Her treasured stores to view.

No more the gondolier shall sing
Upon the broad lagoon,
Or the soft peal of sunset chimes
Blend with his merry tune,
While fairy peristyle and tower,
With sunlight all agleam,
Reflected in the water's glow
Like a transcendent dream.

Fair mansions buildd for a day,
With wealth and glory filled,
The eager throngs have vanished all,
The echoing courts are stilled.
The glory of departed things,
A memory and a spell,
A blossom of time's centuries thrown
Upon its tidal swell.

The banners of all nations, long
In unity unfurled,
Proclaiming brotherhood of man
And friendship of the world,
Are folded like the Arab tents,
'To wave in pride no more
Above the gathered millions here
Upon Columbia's shore.

And like some swift dissolving view
The splendid scene will fade,
The "Ivory City" of our dreams
In shapeless ruin laid ;
Yet golden suns and silver moons
Have visioned it in light,
A fadeless picture of the soul,
A memory of delight.

Oh ! city with thy walls agleam,
Thy spires and golden towers,
A fairer city waits the soul,
A holier dream is ours.
And no destroying hand shall fall
Upon its mansions fair,
And all its wondrous treasure store
Is held for ever there.

THE PHANTOM CITY.

BY HENRY A. DELANO.

Mirage of splendour and glory,
That rose like a phantom at night,
Eclipsing all fable and story,
Or dreams of pagan delight.
White city, of domed architecture,
Of temples, palaces, halls,
Of triumph that conquered conjecture,
Of triumph that knows no recalls.

As a dream when one waketh at morning,
A vision that melteth at light,
I see thee dissolve without warning,
O mirage of grandeur so bright.
Were thy towers only clouds of a painting
Aurora had sketched on the sky ?
The arches but rainbows, now fainting,
'Mid colours of darkness to die ?

Ye are gone ! The glory and beauty,
Pavilion, and court, and bazaar,
No guard nor wheelman on duty,
No caliph, mikado, or czar.
Gone, with your Persians so royal,
Egyptian, and Spaniard, and Moor,
Celestial and Buddhist so loyal,
Esquimaux, and Arabs of yore.

All nations, all sunshine, all tropics,
All the splendours of Orient zones,
All questions discussed and all topics,
St. Louis, the home of all homes,
The great West is warmed by the vision,
(All rivers to ocean must run,)
'Tis not all a dream of elysium,—
Mankind henceforth shall be one.