

## 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 builded 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.