

## Poetry.

### Silent Griefs.

There are sighs unheeded, there are tears unwept,  
There are fates unknown, there are harps untwined,  
There are griefs unthought, there are thoughts unaided,  
There are hearts that beat warm when they seem but cold,  
There are wounds unseen that have often bled,  
For the soul feels most when in silence deep  
It lives unheeded as the winds in their sleep.

There are sorrows that of olden days  
And that the heart in our life's glow;  
There are joys unmet, there are hopes unmet,  
There are pledges unmet, there are vows unmet,  
There are flowers dead among the spring leaves,  
There are treasures lost among the golden sheaves,  
There are memories swept and we love them well,  
But the eyes grow dim as their currents swell.

There are friendships gone like the dew of dawn,  
There are smiles now turned to the coldest frown,  
There are dreams we loved in the days gone by,  
When the sun was warm and so bright our sky,  
That are still like spray on the ocean's breast,  
When the storm has ceased and her waters rest,  
And the heart grows dim as its loves have fled,  
That its hopes are gone and its garlands dead.

### Literature.

#### A STORY OF ALL-HALLOW-EVE.

I wonder how many of the children who read these pages will be able to tell you a story of All-hallow-eve, or how many of the children who read these pages will be able to tell you a story of All-hallow-eve, or how many of the children who read these pages will be able to tell you a story of All-hallow-eve.

More than eighty years ago three little English children were playing their mystic games for All-hallow-eve. They were alone in a tiny cottage, nearly half a mile from any neighbor, and their father and mother had gone to the town of Waverley, taking the baby with them, and would not be back before the next night, so the three children were left alone, each to his own company, were preparing without a shadow of fear to amuse themselves in their own fashion. Two big lumps of lead were ready to be melted, and then poured into water, there to assume the shape of the children's wishes, the chestnuts, carefully watched and named, were hopping gaily about on the fire, and half a dozen rosy cheeks floated blushing in a tub of water waiting for a courageous diver.

Rupert, a strong and active boy of twelve, captured his apple at every plucking, thrusting his curly head fairly into the tub, and never bringing it out until his teeth were firmly fixed in its glossy sides. Margery, who did not fancy getting wet, nibbled at hers, and sent it bobbing about the surface of the water, while poor little Nance would dive bodily down and come up gasping and choking, her blue eyes tight shut, her hair streaming from her fair hair, and looking more like a half-drowned kitten than a little girl who had not succeeded in catching a slippery apple.

"It's no use, Nance," said her sister; "you will never get one, if you keep diving like that. Let us see who will be married and who will see Rupert go into the garden, and bring me some earth on a plate, while I get the ashes and water."

The boy took a dish of yellow soot, and went out to dig up the mould. It was a clear night but blowing hard, and wild scraps of cloud came flying before the face of the moon, while to the left he saw the white banks of the river, and could hear the rush of the waters as they swept angrily by. How high the night looked! thought Rupert, watching it, trowel in hand, and how loudly it sounded! He had never before, when alone, felt so alone, and for a moment he stood wondering what had caused this sudden rise. Then Margery's voice calling him for the earth he forgot all about, and in another minute he was back in the warm, bright kitchen, without a thought of the foaming torrent outside.

The little girl placed side by side on the table the three dishes, one of which held the mould, the other ashes, and the third clear water. Then she found a handkerchief tightly over Nance's eyes, and after turning her around a couple of times, she bewilder her, laid her on the ground and put her hand in one of the plates. He touched the water, she would be married; if her fingers wandered into the ashes, she was doomed to be an old maid; and if she touched the earth first, then she would surely die before the next All-hallow-eve.

Fully impressed with the solemnity of this awful rite, Nance slowly groped her way to the table, and after a moment's hesitation put her little fat fingers softly down, when plump they went right into the water. Margery gave a gasp, and then she saw her sister's hand, and she was sure, and with a sigh of profound relief, she matters were not so promising, for advancing with a great share of confidence her evil genius led her straight to the ashes, greatly to her own disgust and Rupert's undisguised delight. It was her turn now, but just as his eyes were being bandaged, little Nance called out, "Look! Margery, look! the floor is all wet!"

With a bound the boy sprang to the door and opened it. Nothing but water met his eyes—water as yet but a couple of inches deep, but when he stepped softly, steadily rising in the moonlight, while the rush of the river now sounded as if it were close by his side, in an instant he realized what had happened. The sea, swollen by heavy rains, had overflowed its banks, and the water was gaining on them fast. Already it had entered the room where the frightened children stood, only half understanding their great danger.

great peril, with only a boy of twelve to save them!

Poor little Nance sobbed and shivered as she crept closer to her brother's side; Margery, bewildered with fright, stood as if frozen into stone; but Rupert, with fast beating heart and a desperate light in his blue eyes, watched the cruel waters as they rose, and tried to think how best to ask for his sister's sake, and for his own, that he could hear in the distance cries and shouts, and could see bonfires blazing on many roofs—signals of the common danger. He knew that along the outskirts of the town, and through the scattered parish of Waverley, relief boats were even now rowing from house to house to save those who lived in cottages too low to shelter them. He called out to his sister, "Rupert, if you can, go to the door, and knock on the door of the man who lives in the cottage next to the Leas and beating of the waves around him. Already they were hurrying against the attic windows. Something must be done, and quickly, if he would save his sisters from perishing."

"Margery," he said at last, "would you be very much afraid to stay here alone with Nance, while I try and get some help?"

"Rupert!" shrieked the child, throwing her arms around him, "you would surely be drowned, and so would I, if I could see you in such an awful flood!"

"I could try and swim to the manor farm, and the boy who lives there is not more than half a mile off at the farthest, and there are plenty of floating boughs and twigs, and the water is not so deep as it looks. Margery, I must go, or we shall all drown together, and you know," he added, with a sob, "I promised father that I would take care of you."

"But to leave us here alone! Oh, Rupert's mind was made up. It must be done at once," he said, "or it will be too late. Margery, try and be a little brave, and keep light hold of Nance if the waves reach you before I can come. Please God, I will save you yet." Then, throwing off his shoes and jacket, he said once more, "Rupert, if you can, go to the door, and knock on the door of the man who lives in the cottage next to the Leas and beating of the waves around him. Already they were hurrying against the attic windows. Something must be done, and quickly, if he would save his sisters from perishing."

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it. It proved him a deeper fellow than any one had supposed.

The duty of defending the prisoner, who had no money to employ counsel for himself, was assigned to me, the judge, no doubt considering that such a case ran little or not at all in my inexperienced hands.

On the day of trial I went into court with little hope of the benefiting my client beyond seeing that he was hanged in due form of law, for hanged he must be unconditionally.

The State's attorney brought out the facts clearly and without a hitch, till he called the physician who made the autopsy and attended at the inquest.

The doctor began with a detailed description of the wounds found on the body, and then proceeded to the inquest.

"Look at that knife," proceeded the prosecuting officer.

The witness took in his hand and scrutinized it closely, drawing his thumb over the edge from half to point.

"State witness, bring your opinion, the wounds you have described were inflicted with that weapon?"

"The doctor laid the blade flat on a sheet of white paper placed on a small table at his side. Then he produced a small folded packet which he unfolded, letting something too small to be visible to the lookers on, drop from it on the paper near the edge of the table. Next looking through a magnifying glass he busied himself for some seconds adjusting something carefully with the point of a pin.

"I testified before the jury," he said, looking up quietly, "that I believed the mortal wounds had been given with this knife. Now I am convinced of the contrary."

Everybody looked astonished.

"What has changed your opinion?" asked the prosecuting counsel, with evident annoyance.

"Because I am sure it was with this weapon that Mr. Thane defended himself against the murderer."

"How do you know that?"

"Please look at the edge, near the tip, through the glass, said the doctor.

A FIGHT WITH UNWITTED WOMAN.

It is a story of a fight between a man and a woman, who had no money to employ counsel for himself, was assigned to me, the judge, no doubt considering that such a case ran little or not at all in my inexperienced hands.

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