

en don't have the easiest
he comes back the other
through the cloth well
t to find the eye, but in
ient jabbing, the needle
against the solid parts of
en he loses patience, his
nd that three inches he
n slips through the eye
ton rolls leisurely across
without a single remark,
en, and makes another
me when coming back
n the thread and button
m with his thumb, and
rt of him that he feels
y careful and judicious
his philosophy as the
ore hopeless, he falls to
avage manner, and it is
e opening, and comes
part way through his
human ingenuity can
down the things, with
d presses the injured
en holds it under the
into his mouth, and all
floor, and calls upon
that there has never
e world was created,
ans, and sobs. After
uts on his pants, and
stick, and goes to his

BAT.

er, the comic opera
acts.)
sey's manner as he
lace,
sey's bearing, and a
ace;
rs he lightly doffed
bub 'twas Casey at

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his
hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped
them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into
his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled
Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came whirling
thro' the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur
there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
"That ain't my style," said Casey, "Strike one,"
the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up
a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and
distant shore;
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on
the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey
raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage
shone,
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the
spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said,
"Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the
echo answered, "Fraud!"
But the scornful look from Casey, and the audience
was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his
muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go
by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are
clenched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the
plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets
it go.
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's
blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is
shining bright,
The hand is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light,

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere
children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has
struck out.

THE MAGICAL ISLE.



HERE'S a magical isle in the River of Time,
Where softest of echoes are straying;
And the air is as soft as a musical chime,
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime
When June with its roses is swaying.
'Tis where memory dwells with her pure golden hue
And music forever is flowing:
While the low-murmured tones that come trembling
through
Sadly trouble the heart, yet sweeten it too,
As the south wind o'er water when blowing.
There are shadowy halls in that fairy-like isle,
Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;
Yet the light of their eyes, and their sweet, sunny
smile,
Only flash round the heart with a wildering wile,
And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of this isle is the Beautiful Past,
And we bury our treasures all there:
There are beings of beauty too lovely to last;
There are blossoms of snow, with the dust o'er them
cast;
There are tresses and ringlets of hair.
There are fragments of song only memory sings,
And the words of a dear mother's prayer;
There's a harp long unsought, and a lute without
strings—
Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

E'en the dead—the bright, beautiful dead—there
arise,
With their soft, flowing ringlets of gold;
Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet
eyes,
The unbroken signet of silence now lies,
They are with us again, as of old.

In the stillness of night, hands are beckoning there,
And, with joy that is almost a pain,
We delight to turn back, and in wandering there,
Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair,
We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,
Is a vista exceedingly bright:
And the River of Time, in its turbulent flow,
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
When the years were a dream of delight.