A NIGHT RIDE BY RAIL.

BY RENNELL RODD.

Deep into the night we flew, through the great plains broadening far
To the south of hills and the north of seas, low under moon and star.

And we scared with a midnight shriek the slumbering haunts of men,
Dived into the gloom of forests, whirled out by river and fen;

On and away, and ever away, through the night like a moving flame,
Till the folk have a different speech and the lands have another name!

We had left the cloud in our wake, the sky had been overcast,
But here was the moon stood still, and the world went wildering past;

And there grew such a sense of space, like a prisoner's suddenly freed,
In that slumberous rest of motion, safe borne on the wings of speed;

And the silvery greys of midnight, the shadowy land, the stream,
Grew part with the phantom pictures 'twixt sleep and a waking dream.

So the night went by and a wave of light gained over us while we sped,
The stars went down in the rosy wave and the westering shadows fled;

A wide opalescent water lay blanched in the dawn mists dim,
And the blaze of the advent day grew flame on the eastward rim.

The work of the world began for team and harrow and hind,
The smoke curled up from the farm house roof and mixed with the morning wind;

Then we came to a world of meadows, a pastoral land of kine,
The meads were grayed with the early dew, the poplars waved in a line;

The grazing cattle looked up to stare as over their plains we flew,
Their bells rang crisp in the morning chill, you could see their tracks in the dew.

Then the hills began, and the covert side, and the pear and the apple tree,
And here and there was a village spire, with a life we shall never see.

We stayed by a town stream-girded with gardens green to the marge,
And laboring men unloading red tiles from a resting barge;

With bleaching linen, the white and brown that flapped on a line in the breeze,
And carts laid up in the central street, and avenue rows of trees.

It was easy to see it was market day, the folk were in market blouse;
There were booths and stalls and clatter of life, and chatter of homely news.

—*The Athenæum.*

THE DISMANTLED ENGINE.

BY D. M.

Side-tracked and silent
Stands the dismantled engine,
As silent now as the hills and
The mountains whose echoes she wakened
As she whistled through the valleys:
When men, alert and clear-sighted,
Stood at her potent throttle.

Worn out, powerless, and useless,
And robbed of her burnished brasses,
With dead-drawn fires she stands;
And everywhere the corroding rust,
Even where the well-oiled piston
Shot swiftly in and out, is rust.

The country school boy, books forgetting,
Dreams of her standing there desolate.
Dismissed for the day from his studies
He climbs to her vacant cab and
Mimics the man who once drove her.
Thinks of her ancient splendor,
Laboring up the steep grades
And spinning along the levels,
Creeping across the bridges,
Rattling over the culverts,
Shrieking through the forests
And puffing at the stations,
And resting in the round house;
Struggling through the snow storm
And damaged in the collision.

Now, like a dethroned monarch,
Powerless and helpless in exile,
Days of great glory departed,
She waits for her utter extinction.

THE ANGLER.

He rises'ere the dews at dawn
Like diamonds gleam upon the lawn,
And down the fragrant pasture goes
Through buttercups and wild primrose;
The bobolinks amid the grass
Laugh merrily to see him pass.
O, foolish gossips, in the mist
He speeds to keep no morning tryst!

With fixed intent, he does not heed
The mottled moth, a fairy steed,
That seeks the wood till night enfold
The day, and steal its wealth of gold.
He gains the grove where woodbines twine
Around the boles of elm and pine,
Nor pauses till he stands amid
The reeds where Pan the piper hid.

What joy is his to see the gleam
Of silvery fin within the stream,
To hold in leash each eager sense
With silence breathless and intense,
To mark an arrowy flash, and feel
The sudden pulsing of the reel,
As with elastic current fine
He sends his nerve along the line!

Companioned by a keen desire,
His sturdy patience does not tire;
Through waning hours, in sun or rain,
He smiles, content with meagre gain,
Breathing that perfect calm that broods
In nature's secret solitudes,
Gleaning from river, wood and sky,
A deep and broad philosophy.

THE EMPTY NEST.

BY EMILY H. MILLER.

We found it under the apple tree,
Torn from the bough where it used to swing,
Softly rocking its babies three,
Nestled under the mother's wing.

This is a leaf all shrivelled and dry,
That once was a canopy overhead;
Doesn't it almost make you cry
To look at the poor little empty bed?

All the birdies have flown away;
Birds must fly, or they wouldn't have wings;
Don't you hope they'll come back some day?
Nests without birdies are lonesome things.

Deep in the mother's listening heart
Drops the prattle with sudden sting,
For lips may quiver and tears may start;
But birds must fly, or they wouldn't have wings.

—*Our Little Ones.*

AN UNWORDED PRAYER.

My Alpine lake, 'neath shady rock,
The herd-boy knelt beside his flock,
And softly told with pious air
His A B C as evening prayer.

Unseen, the pastor lingered near—
"My child, what means the sound I hear?"
"Where'er the hills and valleys blend,
The sounds of prayer and praise ascend.

"Must I not in the worship share,
And raise to heaven my evening prayer?"
"My child, a prayer that ne'er can be;
You have but said your A B C."

"I have no better way to pray.
But all I know to God I say,
I tell the letters on my knees,
And He'll make words Himself to please."

—*Christian Register.*

ENOUGH.

When all the overwork of life
Is finished once, and fallen asleep
We shrink no more beneath the knife,
But having sown prepare to reap,
Delivered from the crossway rough,
Delivered from the thorny scourge,
Delivered from the tossing surge,
Then shall we find—please God!—it is enough.

Not in this world of hope deferred,
This world of perishable stuff;
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor heart conceived that full "enough;"
Here moans the separating sea,
Here harvests fail, here breaks the heart;
There God shall join and no one part,
All in one Christ, so one—please God!—with me.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

ACROSS THE WAY.

A charming maiden with hazel eyes
I often see from my window seat;
She sings and smiles and she pouts and sighs,
But all unconscious of my retreat.

Although I love my pretty neighbor,
Although her ways are dear to my heart;
She has caused me a great amount of labor
In thinking how far we are apart.

A single step and such thoughts would flee,
Or so it looks to the careless eye;
But fifty summers, it seems to me,
Is a space too great to even try.

—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

JUST BEYOND.

When out of the body the soul is sent,
As a bird speeds forth from the open tent,
As the smoke flies out when it finds a vent,
To loose itself in the spending—

Does it travel wide? does it travel far,
To find the place where all spirits are?
Does it measure long leagues from star to star,
And feel its travel unending?

And caught by each baffling, blowing wind,
Storm-tossed and beaten, before, behind,
Till the courage fails and the sight is blind,
Must it go in search of its heaven?

I do not think that it can be so,
For weary is life as all men know,
And battling and struggling to and fro
Man goes from his morn to his even.

And surely this is enough to bear,
The long day's work in the sun's hot glare,
The doubt and the loss which breed despair,
The anguish of baffled hoping.

And when the end of it all has come,
And the soul has won the right to its home
I do not believe it must wander and roam,
Through the infinite spaces groping.

No, wild may the storm be, and dark the day
And the shuddering soul may clasp the clay,
Afraid to go and unwilling to stay,
But when it girds it for going,

With a rapture of sudden consciousness,
I think it awakes to a knowledge of this,
That heaven earth's closest neighbor is,
And only waits for our knowing.

That 'tis but a step from dark to day,
From the worn out tent and burial clay,
To the rapture of youth renewed for aye,
And the smile of saints uprisen.

And that just where the soul, perplexed and awed,
Begins its journey, it meets the Lord,
And finds that heaven, and the great reward,
Lay just outside of its prison!

LITTLE CHIPS.

Cemeteries are to be abolished at Naples and cremation made compulsory.

There are said to be eight hundred opium smokers in the city of Boston.

The consumption of lead pencils in the United States is placed at 250,000 a day.

A sister of the Sultan of Turkey is earning her living in Berlin by giving lessons in the Arabic language.

Now that fashion has declared that the pug dog must go, perhaps the dude can catch on again.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A reward of £100 has been offered in England for the proof of a case of drunkenness that has been cured without total abstinence.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean speaks of a lady's skeleton, but leaves its readers in the dark as to whether a hoopskirt or a bustle is referred to.

The keeper of a convict camp near Lumpkin, Ga., says that among the eighty-six negro convicts thirty-five are preachers, and all are members of the church.

The young ladies at Bar Harbor have organized a dream club, the daily sessions being devoted to the relating of wonderful dreams and miraculous stories.

It is encouraging to the friends of the President to know that, although he fired three unsuccessful shots at a deer on the shore of Lake Saranac, he succeeded in hitting the lake.

It is awful to contemplate the meeting of the Mexican and American navies, that is, to see them hustling for shallow water. The race of the Galatea and Mayflower would not be a marker for speed.—*Daily News.*

All things generally even themselves up in the long run. If baldheaded men have the front seats at the theatre of burlesque performances, they are always willing to take back seats at church.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The average exportation of horses from Canada to the United States for some years past has been 22,000 head. A few years ago the average value per head of horses so exported was $95, whereas last year it was $140.

A small boy in Bangor, Me., thought it would be fun to tie paper and straw to his dog's tail and set them afire. The dog ran into the boy's father's barn, which, with an adjoining house, was burned to the ground. Loss, $4,000.

An English exchange states that Colonel Good, late of the 107th regiment, and formerly Lieut.-Governor of Guernsey, has decided to settle in Canada, as a direct result of the impression produced by the exhibits of Canadian products at the Colonial Exhibition.

At Cannes, in France, one distillery alone uses in a season in the making of perfumes 130,000 pounds of orange flowers, the same of rose leaves, 20,000 pounds of acacia blossoms, 32,000 pounds of jesmine flowers, 20,000 of tuberoses and an unmeasured amount of Parma violets.

Tourists who have just returned from the seashore, report that down on the Camden coast, a wealthy Philadelphian is about to erect a cottage, the outside of which is to be constructed wholly of shells and pebbles. When completed, the structure will cost thirty-five thousand dollars.

Bibles are distributed at Castle Garden, New York, printed in the following languages: English, Welsh, French, Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, Russian, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Slavic, Arabic, Greek, Armenian, Hebrew and Portuguese.

The total amount of salt mackerel landed at all U. S. ports for the week ending August 26, 1886, was 17,066 barrels. The total catch to date and corresponding dates since 1882, was as follows: 1886, 84,516 barrels; 1885, 212,999 barrels; 1884, 202,584 barrels; 1883, 87,054 barrels; 1882, 251,955 barrels.

So rapid is the progress of events that it is hard to believe the first anti-slavery man sent to the United States senate on that issue is still living, but such is the fact. Joseph Cilley is the man, and he remains on his old family homestead at Nottingham, N. H. He is 96 years old, and talks of the old-time political struggles with remarkable energy and clearness.

During the recent Grand Army festivities in California about one thousand veterans visited Passadena, which is the home of Jason and Owen Brown and Mrs. Thompson, children of old John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame. The soldiers placed the Brown descendants in a carriage, and, detaching the horses, hauled them through the streets with a long rope. The band played John Brown's Body, and the crowd sang the familiar hymn with great enthusiasm.

Adolphe Gaiffe and Armand Baschet, well known litterateurs, lately took a trip down the Rhine. In one of the huge ruins in the vicinity of Oberlahnstein the guide called their attention to an enormous fireplace. "Here," said he, "they roasted daily a whole ox." "Why don't they serve oxen whole nowadays?" inquired Baschet of his fellow tourist, "My dear boy," replied Gaiffe, "because the potatoes of the age we live in would be too small."

Truth (London) calls attention to the high-handed proceedings of the Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon. It seems that he has gutted the parish church, removed galleries which accommodated 200 or 300 worshippers and cost the best part of £10,000 only 50 years ago; and among other things, has allowed the mural tablet sacred to the memory of George and Esther Hart, who were closely connected with the Shakespeare family, to be thrown out in the churchyard, where the inscription has been partly obliterated by the weather. Having done all this, he asks the admirers of Shakespeare to give him money enough to finish the work he has undertaken.

A correspondent of the Boston *Globe*, who has just visited the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, writes as follows from The Hague, Holland: "The finest things in the London Exhibition come from our side of the water, and everyone admitted the superior quality of the Canadian exhibits. The best drawings from schools, the finest hand painting and the daintiest show of canned fruits, were sent over by our Canadian neighbors. We must take lessons of them in preparing fruit in glass jars. Greening apples, russets, bosc pears and many others were preserved whole in the most perfect manner. The Canadians may well be proud of their part in the Colonial London Exhibition of 1886. Other portions were confused and tiresome; in their department perfect order reigned.

The Bath *Independent* says: Mrs. McKean of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a wealthy lady, said to be worth $1,000,000 in bank stock alone. Her income is estimated at from $200,000 a year. She owns Jewell's Island, for which she paid $5,000 and proposes this fall and winter to build a dozen cottages, wherein she may another season entertain her friends. When she is sick and needs a doctor she hoists a signal, which is noted on Monjoy Hill, Portland, and a physician comes. When she is in need of provisions and the weather is bad she hoists another flag, and a Portland steamer is sent with stores. On the island the lady has thirty-five sheep, many lambs, two yokes of oxen, five cows, a bull, five hogs and a jackass.

RONDOUT, N. Y., Aug. 30.—A sea serpent was seen in the Hudson river, between Coddington's dock and Kingston point, yesterday afternoon, by a number of Rondout boatmen and boys who were in swimming, and by Captain R. Brush of the schooner Mary Ann. All unite in saying that its head was raised about six feet out of the water, and was of the shape and general appearance of the well-known anaconda or water boa of the Amazon, but much larger, being about two feet in diameter on a line with the eyes. The throat is described as being dirty white, while the back appeared to be mottled with light and dark brown. From a point about six feet back of the eyes, a fin appeared, which extended the entire length of that portion of the body visible, which was about 55 feet. Half a mile below Coddington's dock Captain Brush said the serpent lashed the water with its tail. The serpent was also seen by other persons on the Dutchess county shore. The parties say it was not seaweed they saw, and that they were all "perfectly sober."

The other day as an Ohio bee man was going to the field to work he told his daughter, a buxom lass of 18, that a certain stock of bees didn't act right, and he told her to watch them, and if they swarmed and tried to go off, to shoot them, looking at his wife and laughing as he said it, but never dreaming that she would do anything of the kind. But pretty soon out came the bees; but not making any attempt to alight, they rose right up from the hive and began to move away. She, seeing they were going, concluded something must be done to stop them, so she ran into the house and grabbed a shotgun loaded with a heavy cartridge of shot, and out and after them. By this time they had got off quite a piece, and were rising rapidly in the air, in a funnel-shaped cloud, and were getting nearly out of sight, evidently fixing for a long flight, when she raised her gun, braced herself, and pointing the muzzle straight at them, blazed away. She says a shot bird would not have dropped to the ground any quicker than those bees did, where they clustered on a little bush, and she hived them at her leisure. Well, that shot took the romance all out of them, for they went right to work like good bees.—*Gleanings.*

The most peaceable and dangerous man in all the United States lives in Murray county, Ga. He is kind-hearted, good tempered, never had a quarrel in his life, wouldn't hurt a fly, and everybody is afraid of him. About a year ago he was cutting wood, when the axe flew off the handle and killed a man who had come to pay him $50. He never got a cent of the money. The next week, while ferrying a friend across the river, he ran the boat against a snag and his friend was drowned. About a month later he felled a tree on top of a stranger who was lying asleep in the woods, killing him instantly. Not long after he shot at a wild turkey and killed a neighbor whom he didn't see at all. Three weeks later he lighted a kerosene lamp, when it suddenly exploded, burning to death a colporteur to whom the inoffensive Georgian had courteously extended the hospitality of his home. All this man's friends run when they see him coming. He would be afraid to extend any kindnesses save to his enemies, if he had any. His last public act was to cross the street with a ladder on his shoulder last Fourth of July, while the procession was passing, and when somebody shouted to him to "hurry on," he obligingly turned around and started back. The procession was laid out, and the day was spoiled.

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