

THE IRON GATE.

The following is Dr. Holmes's poem read lately at the Breakfast in Boston.

Where is this patriarch you are so kindly greeting?
Not unfamiliar to my ear his name,
Not yet unknown to many a joyous meeting
In days long vanished,—is he still the same?

Or changed by years, forgotten and forgetting,
Dull-eyed, dim-sighted, slow of speech and thought,
Still o'er the sad, degenerate present fretting
Where all goes wrong and nothing as it ought?

Old age, the gray-beard I well, indeed, I know him—
Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the prey;
In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem,
Oft have I met him from my earliest day;

In my old *Æsop*, toiling with his burden—
His load of sticks—politely asking Death—
Who comes when called for—would he lug or trundle
His fagot for him?—he was scant of breath.

And said "Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher,"—
Has he not stamped the image on my soul
In that last Chapter, where the worn-out Teacher
Sighs o'er the loosened chord, the broken bowl?

Yes, loag, indeed, I've known him at a distance,
And now my lifted door-latch shows him here,
I take his shrivelled hand without resistance
And find him smiling as his step draws near.

What though of gilded bangles he bereaves us,
He takes the heart of youth, to manhood's prime,
Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves us,
The hoarded spools, the legacies of time!

Alas once flaming, still with incense fragrant,
Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,
Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less fragrant,
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream how deep!

Still as the silver chord gets worn and slender,
Its lightened task-work tings with lessening strain,
Hands get more hopeful, voices grown more tender,
Soothie with their softened tones the slumberous brain.

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers;
Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,
Spreads his thin hands above the whitening embers,
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last.

Dear to its heart is every loving token
That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows cold,
Ere the last lingering ties of life are broken,
Its labors ended and its story told.

Ah, when around us rosy youth rejoices,
For us the sorrow-laden breeze sighs,
And through the chorus of its jocund voices
Thrills the sharp note of misery's hopeless cry.

As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying,
From some far orb I track our watery sphere—
Home of the struggling, suffering, doubting, dying,
The silvered globe seems a glistening tear.

But nature lends her mirror of illusion
To win from saddening scenes our age-dimmed eyes,
And misty day-dreams blend in sweet confusion
The wintry landscape and the summer skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,
And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,
Visions that shunned the glaring noonday find us,
And glimmering starlight shows the gates of pearl.

—I come not here your morning hour to sadden,
A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff,—
I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden
This vale of sorrow with a wholesome laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came,
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

But oh, my gentle sisters, oh, my brothers,
These thick-own snow-flakes hint of toil's release;
These feeble pulses bid me leave to others
The tasks once welcome; evening asks for peace.

Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden;
Let me not vex the too long suffering lyre;
Though to your love untrusting still beholden,
The curfew tells me—cover up the fire.

And now with grateful smile and accents cheerful,
And warmer heart than look or word can tell,
In simplest phrase—these traitorous eyes are tearful—
Thanks, Brothers, Sisters—Children—and Farewell!

FOREVER!

A STORY OF THE HEART—BY THE LATE HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

"Promise!"
"I do solemnly."
"Forever?" continued the solemn, broken voice.

"Forever," echoed the weeping maiden by the bedside.

The wasted hands were raised over the heads of the kneeling figures; the pale lips of the dying woman parted, the tongue tried to utter a blessing; but all brightness faded from the eyes. The woman was dead.

Two young girls knelt at the bedside. Constance Owen was the name of one, with fallow skin and large brown eyes, and Edith Ormond, she was called, with ringlets of gold floating around her fair neck, and whose head was leaning upon the shoulders of Constance, who had promised the dying woman to be a sister, protector—mother even—to the fair maiden at her side.

The strong, faithful, homely girl called Constance was an adopted daughter of the dead lady—one of those waifs of the street, whose only hope of life is in the charity of some tender-hearted stranger. She, however, repaid her protector by a love and regard as filial as that of her own daughter, and when upon her death-bed Mrs. Ormond bade Constance Owen make her the solemn promise recorded, the brave girl not only did not falter, but whispered once more to the stricken girl at her side:

"Yes, Edith, for the sake of the love your

dear mother gave to the orphan will I love you better than myself for ever." * * * * *

Two years passed—two years since Edith the beautiful and Constance the brave had lost their best earthly friend. The former had grown more lovely even than the promise of the dawn of her radiant maidenhood; the latter more homely, larger featured, in the face, but with two years an added dignity of mien, a more intelligent light in the quiet, tender brown eyes, and force of character better defined in every movement. There came many suitors to Bonnybrook—so the little country-seat belonging to Edith was called—but, so far, the little coquette did not pay much heed to any of them. She was chasing the butterflies of fancy around that Garden of Eden—first youth. But at length her beauty, grace and perhaps high social position, brought one day to the gates of Bonnybrook one Dr. Paulding, a superior and rising young physician, who lived in the city close by, and when he had found his way to that pleasant country nook, somehow he discovered patients in that vicinity very frequently. Was it Edith's fair face that made him take that blooming highway so often?

He was indeed fascinated by her bright, girlish beauty, and one evening after he had been wandering in the gardens, under the moon, soft pleasant words must have been spoken, for after he had gone, Edith, with a flushed face, dashed into the room where Constance was awaiting her, and throwing her arms around her, said in a happy, trembling voice:

"O! darling, I am so happy. He has told me he loved me."

Constance spoke not a word; Edith was held a moment to the beating heart, a soft kiss touched her forehead, and the next moment she was alone.

"He loves me! He loves me!" And Edith looked out over the gardens from which the dews of night were distilling all their odors; she gazed at the round, beautiful moon, and peeped the shadows with the image of the man who had first stirred her young life with the divine music of love.

A month after the pleasant confession had been made, Edith was called to the mountains of Vermont to attend a dying aunt, the only sister of her dear mother, and she had to proceed alone, as Bonnybrook would have lacked a guardian if Constance had accompanied her—Dr. Paulding's duties utterly denying him that pleasure.

Constance was engrossed in her home duties and saw but little society, save a few rustic neighbours, who only recommended themselves by their goodness of heart, and certainly not by the brilliancy of their wit or understanding. Once in a while Dr. Paulding would ride out to Bonnybrook, as Constance told him, "from the force of old habit," but soon it seemed that the man of medicine and science did not carry on the conversation with the old ease, grace and spirit. What had come between Constance Owen and himself? Something inexplicable. The noble woman found a strange, rare pleasure in the society of the gifted man; the scholarly man a sympathy with the large-hearted, intellectual woman which he had never known or experienced in any of her sex. "True," he said to himself, "she is not beautiful; indeed, measured by the rules of beauty, she is positively ugly. But who can gauge the charms of a melodious voice, or define the tenderness of an honest, kindly eye?"

And she, too, mused in this wise: "This Dr. Charles Paulding is a marvellously gifted man. What powers of language, what treasures of imagination he possesses! What a noble career he has before him; and Edith—here she would pause and think of that clinging tendril, not as helping the growth of the oak, but as drawing from its strength. Yet from all such thoughts as these her staunch and loyal heart would resolutely turn away—yet for all this her speech would not come as "trippingly on the tongue" as in the old days, and he would oftentimes finish a sentence in the middle of it, and then lose himself in vague glances at the ceiling or out into the gardens.

Oh, it was a dangerous time for both of these awakening hearts. But they glided on this treacherous stream, and seemed only conscious that the hours were sweet and that the sun shone on the waves. There was no thought of disloyalty in either heart. He was above all a man of honour, and she of all else a loyal woman. Yet how hearts delude themselves. In the very pride of his strength Samson was shorn of his locks.

One quiet evening in July, Dr. Paulding had taken tea at Bonnybrook, and Constance—his "hostess" only, she called herself—strolled down to the gate with him. His impatient horse was biting the rough old hitching-post and throwing up clouds of dust with his fore feet. He had been kept there four hours, and he seemed more eager than his master to leave Bonnybrook behind him. The doctor idly plucked some heliotropes as they strolled down the rose-bordered paths, and mingled with the flowers some dainty mignonette and a pale bud or two of the tea rose. At last he placed the bouquet in her hands and said dreamily:

"Read the emblems, Constance—you who are a priestess in Flora's beautiful temple."

She quickly looked over them.
"Ah," she said, "you choose well, Sir Botanist. Here you have 'beauty in retirement,' 'constancy'—that is good—and 'I am not a summer friend'—that is better than all. But you flatter with your flowers nevertheless."

"Not you," he replied eagerly, almost tenderly, and in a voice that somewhat frightened her.

She replied almost coldly—although her heart was strangely beating and a warm, unusual colour was in her face: "My best friends will tell you, doctor, that I am ugly and commonplace. Believe them, I beg of you, and do not let your imagination invest me with any charms."

He seemed all at once to be carried away by his passion. He leaned over her and replied, warmly: "I say you are beautiful, Constance Owen. I feel your beauty in my very soul." But he said no more.

The face of Constance was a study; the flush that before had crimsoned her cheeks had died out, and she became ghostly pale. Her fingers, which had clasped the flowers, slowly opened and they dropped to the ground at her feet. All at once the vision of the dead woman seemed to present itself to her mind, and the trust she was violating struck cold to her heart. Was this the "Forever" she had spoken? She staggered and would have fallen; the arms of Dr. Paulding were about her, but she waved him away in a moment with such a piteous, despairing gesture that he obeyed her without a word. She only had strength to falter:

"Go—and remember Edith!"—and she staggered back towards the house, leaving him standing there, bent and trembling.

She stood for hours white and motionless, looking out at the sunset and the gathering gloom of evening, with wild thoughts chasing themselves through her brain and a dumb, aching pain in her heart; every hope trailing in the dust, like those sweet flowers he had given her. She laid her head after awhile upon her hands, on the window casement of her room, and wept softly through the long, long hours, until she heard the village bell strike the hour of midnight. She had prayed and wrestled with her grief and agony, and rose up at length quiet and calm. She had yielded to duty and her promise to the dead.

Somehow Constance Owen seemed to grow prettier as the months passed by; there was some refining change which was softening her rugged features and rounding every line in her stately form. The summer and autumn had flown, and still Edith Ormond had not returned to Bonnybrook. Her aunt had died, and letters came from time to time saying that ere long she would be home, yet she came not. Could she suspect the disloyalty of her lover?

It was late in the fall, when the woods had put on their pomp of glory, and the chill winds sent the fallen leaves through the valleys near Bonnybrook, when Dr. Paulding rode up to the house and asked for Constance. She had only received him twice before since the summer evening, and had then contrived by womanly tact not to be alone with him—although she no longer doubted her strength. Constance, on this occasion, received her guest alone; there seemed a strange embarrassment in his manner. After the first greeting was over, he said:

"Constance, I have much to say to you to-day. Do you think you can listen to me calmly?"

"Yes," she replied. "If it is upon a subject on which you should speak—and" she added tremblingly—"to which I should listen."

"Both," he said. "When first I saw Edith Ormond I was captivated by her beauty and girlish graces; I thought I loved her."

Constance would have stopped him by a gesture but he begged her to listen—"for you can do so now," he said, "in all honor and reason."

He continued.
"I had never had my heart stirred by the full knowledge of love, however, until I knew you and discovered the breadth of your sympathies and the womanliness of your character. I never respected you more than when you rejected me, knowing I was the engaged husband of Edith. But fate has been kind to us both." His voice was trembling with emotion. "Read the last part of this letter."

He handed a folded paper to Constance, who took it as one in a dream.

"From Edith?" she said.

"Yes."

The portion she read ran:

"So you see, dear Dr. Paulding, it is better I should tell you now that I have met one here—my cousin Ray—whom I feel that I love better than anybody in the world. I have promised to be his wife and I am sure you will forgive me, for you are so noble and grand and all that, and I should feel, I know, that I never could fill worthily the exalted sphere of Dr. Paulding's wife."

Constance could read no more; a mist gathered over her eyes, but this time a strong arm was about her and a voice, deep and melodious, whispered to her: "Dearest Constance, will you be mine at last?" Their lips met for the first time in one long kiss of love, and her answer was: "Yes, thine—Forever!"

THE author of the regulations for press correspondents with an army in the field was no other than General Sir Garnet Wolseley himself. It is said that Sir Garnet drew up these regulations and submitted them to the Horse Guards a short time before he went to Cyprus as Governor and High Commissioner of the Island, and that it was at his suggestion that they were applied to Afghanistan by the Indian Government. It is significant that it is acknowledged at the Horse Guards that the code was drawn up in England.

THE GLEANER.

A NUMBER of appointments are about to be made to the Star of India in recognition of the services rendered by officers in connection with the operations in Afghanistan.

MR. JOHN B. CLAY is the only child of Henry Clay who is now living. He has a comfortable home at Lexington, Ky., owning two hundred of the paternal acres and many beautiful horses.

THE temporary iron church now being erected beside the present Oratory at Brompton, to supply its place during the erection of the new church, will be the largest iron church ever erected. It will contain four chapels and an ample sanctuary. The foundation stone of the new church will be laid in January, probably by Cardinal Newman.

HER MAJESTY has given her sanction to the issue of an Afghan war medal, and nominal rolls are to be sent in of all officers and men who have actually served beyond the frontier during the last winter's campaign. A clasp will be added in the case of those officers and men who have served in the recent operations under Sir F. Roberts.

GUSTAVE DORÉ is working with ardour on the illustrations of the works of Shakespeare which he began several years since. His last design represents the scene of the meeting of Macbeth with the three witches on the heath. A novel process of engraving is used to reproduce, in facsimile and directly from the drawing, the sketches *au lapis*.

THE Evangelical Church in Hungary have been under the erroneous belief that they were the owners of Martin Luther's last will and testament. According to Professor Ranke's researches, the only real testament of Luther—that which he had written with his own hand—is in the Heidelberg Library, and is there kept in a glass case, for the inspection of visitors.

AN arrangement concluded between England and France provides that any distressed mariner of either country landing in a colony of the other country or in the territories of a third Power shall be supplied with board, lodging, clothing, and travelling expenses until he finds fresh employment or is able to leave. The arrangement comes into force on the 1st of January, and is terminable at twelve months' notice.

BALLOONS, as instruments of importance in warfare, are beginning to assert themselves in the British army. At present their use is confined to purposes of reconnoitring, but the time is probably not far off when they will be furnished with heavy guns, wherewith to pepper the enemy. Between ballooning, the electric light, the heliograph, and the new helmet, the Duke of Wellington, could he be permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, would feel himself as much out of his element as Julius Cæsar.

SEMI-OFFICIAL letters from India announce that Lord Lytton's resignation of the Viceroyalty will be sent home very shortly. His Lordship has of late been in the reverse of good health, and the care and worry caused by the responsibilities of the Afghan War have not helped to improve his condition. His term of office does not expire until 1881, but he has been strongly advised not to pass another hot season in the East. Lord Lytton has been greatly annoyed by the responsibility of the Press Laws being forced upon him.

MR. DELANE was the greatest of English journalists, and yet he could not write. It was his duty to be "susceptible to new impressions," and see that the latest wave of popular feeling was noticed in his columns. There was one trait in Mr. Delane's character which his journal does not notice. He never spoke about the *Times*. He was the *Times*, and to speak about it was more painful to him than to speak about himself. He distrusted as assistants also those who were fond of avowing their connection with his staff. What he wanted was men who did not speak, but thought and worked.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.