

THE OLD WORLD

There's a checkmate
In this blind old world
The earth has lost its
Men's brains have

Alas! for the young
And the flowers that
Alas! for the lack of
Alas! for the love

Alas! for the thirsty
And the moors that
Alas! for the finger
And the still delay

By millions starve the
Around the untill
And the orphans we
Of the rich and su

There's a checkmate
In this deaf old world
The earth has lost its
Men's brains have

Yet I hear an angel
"Away to the Vin
Away to the bound
Fresh from God's

And I see the East
Point to the broad
And I watch the sea
To the golden re

There's a checkmate
In this dumb old
The earth hath lost
Men's brains have

Yet I know the flow
Will soon roll wi
And the merry stre
Over the desert p

Break up old types
Pave roads with
Hew from the pyra
The Future's ton

Interesting

AN ADVENTURE

BY L. B.

It was about dusk,
August, 1854, that the
Antarctic, let go her an
the river on which is
ment of Encheyrol, or
leria. Night soon sh
scone of the shore; le
ous crew of us on bo
place before daylight
was nearly calm at th
tained the desired
put off from the ship
of which I found mys

The night proved
deed, that we lost sight
saw the shore; but, a
ed with a compass, an
caution to obtain our
this gave us no une
steadily on until we l
amid a white line of
had gained the mouth
sought.

We had anticipated
ing the stream; but s
that the current was
utmost exertion of th
could only make very
it.

Suddenly the bow
something like a dese
partly round, and wa
feather. In less than
a sand bar, rolled o
was thrown into the

Crises of distress ar
air, and thrilled th
were not themselves
heard us aboard the
sible another boat pu

My companions w
myself. In less than
fine of the accident,
picked up. Luckily
breakers and hurled
ed and confused, th
alive to tell the tale.

I have only a dim
of being whirled aroun
of my ears being fil
soud, and of having
tion of drowning.

How long I remai
what dangers I went
known to mortal man
lost consciousness, in
night, to find myself
haps the very one th
with my head on s
waves, and my body
lashing surf. With
wild-rem of mind, I
son, caused me to cra

Blank pages in original issues.