

INCOMPLETE.

A harp that has been touched,
But never waked to tone;
A little frost killed flower
That blossomed out too soon;
A young voice hushed in death,
Its sweet song half unsung;
Hands folded, cold and still,
Their life-work but begun,—
Unfinished, incomplete,
And yet forever done.

A leaf turned down to mark
A story-book half read;
The book forgotten now,
The reader lying dead.
A piece of work laid by,
The needle in it still;
Two feet already tired
Just starting up life's hill;
A home made desolate,—
O God!—is this Thy will?

With aching hearts we cry,
O God! is this the end?
Or may her harp from heaven
Its music to us send?
The blossom lost from earth,
The sweet unfinished song,
Shall it continue there?
The blighted rose re-bloom?
For all of life's lost joys
Shall recompense be given?
Is the life unfinished here
To grow complete in Heaven?
—Mary E. C. Johnson.

[For the Torch]
ESSAYS.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE BRASSY.

No. 6.—On Sepulchres.

There is something exceedingly disagreeable in the idea of sepulchres, especially if whitened. Whitewash is an appropriate apparel when a man is alive and impecunious, but it is overdoing the thing when he is dead.

Sepulchres are legitimate subjects of commercial enterprise, same as wild lands and timber licences. All that is required is an acre of dry ground and a laborer, whom we shall call John, with a spade. Duly subdivided into lots, sepulture pays. Plant an alderman and he comes up grass; and pasture, you know, produces city milk. A fashionable clergyman can be had to inurn dear departed, at \$2.50, with services full enough to qualify for a glorious resurrection. Young doctors of much rashness and little experience can be retained as a protection to the native industry. Coffin-makers and hewers of red granite are called into existence, and, if God sends a green yule, the sepulchre yieldeth a better dividend than many Insurance Companies.

Sepulchres are mere articles of luxury. When cremation prevails we shall be buried in snuffboxes, perhaps snuffed up as "old high-dried." Time was when the unburied wandered as ghosts along the Stygian shore. But that is over. Beecher has abolished the place most of us were afraid of going to, and, if he had not, the genius of the nineteenth century would think nothing of incorporating a company to tunnel the Styx. A strong popular movement would also be made to abolish Charon's monopoly of the ferry.

But there are other sepulchres, peripatetic as to habit and mostly whitened as to chokers. Men of dried hearts who have grown puffy in the

scraping of pelf that has done good to no other than themselves, may be charitably described as sepulchres,—graves of youthful aspirations, manly ambitions, consolations of age. All these may be assumed to be dead and buried in the "respectable" Pecksniffian sepulchre, and when he opens his ponderous and marble jaws there is not much chance of his casting them up again.

When I see a little faded woman, in whose heart a first love lies buried, appearing in society with frivolous smiles and factitious graces, says I to myself, says I, those are artificial immortelles (at \$1.50) warranted not to wash out with tears.

There be other sepulchres,—impalpable, immaterial, but wept over by sad eyes. These are the graves of buried hopes.

I have no doubt that when I die my neighborhood will combine to do me honor. The Motley and Illustrious Order of Corsican Brothers (of which I am a Grand Worthy Past) will demand to walk in their absurd little aprons, and will take some refreshment stronger than water before setting out from the lodge. Horsey and Co.'s hearse, overshadowed by its colossal plumes of rusty black, and drawn at a snail's space by its two spavined hacks, will want to carry me home. The doctor who killed me, and the clergyman to whose church I have left nothing, would like to occupy the first mourning coach. Mutes diffusing a pleasant aroma of whiskey will beg to be there. My neighbors who care nothing about me, or I about them, will doubtless consider it correct to straggle after, like a flock of black crows, and lay me in a cemetery lot within hearing of the railway whistle and the swearing of cabmen. But I will disappoint them all, for I have left direction in my will (the only thing I have left), that two or three good fellows whom I love shall bear me quietly to a nook I know of beneath tall hemlocks,—a little streamlet singing near,—and lay me down under the wild thyme. Then, as they blow their noses to conceal their emotion, they will murmur in broken accents: "poor devil!" Perhaps by-and-by they may put at my heels a stone, and on it for epitaph: "DE BRASSY." I am in doubts about adding "RESURGAM." Perhaps they, and even the readers of the TORCH, might be disappointed if I did. HUNTER DUVAR.

The Term Porte.

The term "Porte," which is used to denote the administrative government of the Ottoman empire, and includes the Sultan, Grand Vizier, and the great council of state, had its origin in this way: In the famous institutes established by the warrior Sultan, Mahomed II., the Turkish body politic was described by the metaphor of a stately tent whose dome rested upon four pillars. "The Viziers formed the first pillar, the judges the second, the treasurers the third, and the secretaries the fourth." The chief seat of government was figuratively named "The Lofly Gate of the Royal Tent," in allusion to the practice of earlier times when the Ottoman rulers sat at the tent door to administer justice. The Italian translation of his name was "La Porto Sublima." This phrase was modified in English to the "Sublime Porte," and finally the adjective has been dropped, leaving it simply "The Porte."

During a cold, no one should be so foolish as their health by sitting by a stove without it.—*Whitehall Times.*

A MARVELOUS YOUNG MAN.

Talk about girls who coquette and mince and primp and attitudinize, why, there is one young man we know of who can give any girl a round number of points to start with and then leave her far behind.

Of course many young men can do this, but one particular young genus homo can to a certainty. He is so sweet, so polite, so courteous, so artificial, that one longs to pull him to pieces, and finding other cast-off members in a rag bag, make him over again into a respectable charcoal vender.

He is a wonder and a marvel to his numerous acquaintance. He is everywhere at all times, without ever having been especially invited.

He occupies by no means a brilliant position in some mercantile house, but dresses like a young swell with patrimonial acres to back him. His salary is at a low figure, but he manages to wear new clothes every month, and to keep up with the fashions like a Prince. Girls hate to snub him, as his utility is unquestionable. He holds fans and parasols like an automaton, is always at the elbow of any young lady who desires to make use of him, and although the greatest bore on earth, is not wholly ornamental but often useful.

It is impossible to cut this urbane young man.

He will not be cut.

He is determined to keep in society at all hazards, and winks at guys and downright snubs, growing more useful and more polite all the time.

By sheer impudence and cheek he procures entree into excellent company, and keeps his position by the same means.

He manages to be on hand at every party, wedding, kettledrum or rout, although everybody wonders how he got there.

He is a moral young man; attends weekly prayer-meetings, and bible-classes. He is always at church, and walks home with one of the prettiest girls every Sunday, while other men—substantial, eligible men—are dying to take his place.

His every smile and bow is studied. He has forgotten how to be natural. He spends hours on his back hair and his moustache. The style of his necktie is the envy of all the young men who know and despise him. He has not a spare dollar at the end of the month—in fact is heavily in debt, but is looking for a fortune, and hopes that his appearance and that immaculate moustache will bring him into a good family and a competency.

He wants to marry, and board with his wife's mother.

He is one of the many young men who earn seventy-five dollars a month and spend two hundred without feeling it; but somebody feels it—and several too. Now the question is who keeps up this miraculous young man? The butcher, the baker, or candle-stick maker? But he lives through all sorts of epidemics and gets to be a greater bore every day.

The Interregnum.

The following may be useful as a calendar of the papal Interregnum of 1878:

Feb. 7. Pius IX. dies 4.57 p. m. Italy guarantees the independence of the Conclave.

Feb. 8. Pope's last wishes read—Cardinals Pecci, Bilio and Di Pietro appointed to govern the Church.

Feb. 9. Cardinal McCloskey sails for Rome.

Feb. 10. Body of Pius IX. exposed in state at St. Peter's.

Feb. 13. Catholic ambassadors notify the Cardinals that they will exclude certain irreconcilable candidates if elected—St. Peter's closed.

Feb. 17. Obsequies of Pío Nono concluded.

Feb. 18. Cardinals enter Conclave at 6 p. m.

Feb. 19. Two unsuccessful ballots taken.

Feb. 20. Cardinal Pecci elected Pope, and proclaimed as Leo XIII.