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THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

[Deuteronomy xxxiv., 6.]

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angel of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever rose on earth,
And no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly in the daylight
Comes back when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them th t wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell the battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster-transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never Earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for a pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave—

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land:
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace—
Ways that we can not tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

THE SOUL OF THE VIOLIN.

I.

"But, after all, Julius, is it not possible that you may be a little unreasonable? You not only had the lion's share of applause to-night, but it was also hearty and spontaneous."

"I can not see how it is possible for you to misunderstand me, Lisa," her lover replied. "Do you think that I play for applause alone—that my art means to me nothing but so much clapping and stamping? In fact, I think this very applause of which you think so much is at the bottom of my dissatisfaction to-night."

"Well, you are unreasonable. First you complain that you are wasting your life playing to dumb ears, and now you quarrel with your audience because it has shown its pleasure in the only way open to it."

Julius shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and looked at Lisa, half in doubt whether she was in earnest or not. But she sat leaning toward the fire, looking intently at it, with so quiet and grave a face that he knew she must mean all she said.

"Of course," he replied after a moment's hesitation, "applause is all very well in its way. It would be an affectation in me to deny its value; but an artist can receive a higher tribute. There is a certain silence that sometimes—not often—follows my playing that is more eloquent than any noise can be. Then, too, my dear, we who stand before audiences soon learn the source of the applause. The 'spontaneous' racket that was made to-night came from the boys in the back benches and the roughs in the gallery. You would hardly expect me to be flattered by their appreciation?"

"I do not see why you should not. They are capable of feeling, if not of judging. You do not want merely brain criticism."

"Now, Lisa, you are growing conventional. You know that the talk of any appreciation of real art by the mob is simply bosh! These fellows could be touched by a song if the words appealed to their feelings; but to the meaning of music alone they are insensible. What do they care for in my violin but the merest trick of skill?"

Lisa looked at him, but made no reply, so he quickly added:

"But such appreciation as you give me is worth everything to me. I shall never forget the first night I saw you, played to you!"

"Nor I, Julius," she replied, in a low tone. "How brilliant and full of light your eyes grew! You were as sensible to the tones of my violin as the air was. After that I played to no one else if you were present; and, no matter where you sat, I found you. When you were not present, and when I played in other cities, I might as well have been a machine. I have been a different artist since I have known you, dear."

"I shall never forget the first time you spoke to me, Julius."

"I had a right to do it, my love. You knew it then. Out of the whole world we had already chosen each other, and what had I to wait for? But I can see you now, half hidden in a corner, all dressed in flimsy blue, with absent-looking eyes, waiting for your father to find the carriage! You were not in the least startled when I came to you. Come, confess, Lisa, did you expect me?"

Lisa took the hand he extended in both of her own, laid her cheek softly against it, making no other reply.

"But, Lisa, to come back to what we were speaking about, and, to be frank, I think what troubles me most is my own want of self-control. It seems to me that an artist, if he were true to his art, would always be under its influence; that no outside worry, no disturbing element, could affect him after he had given himself up to his instrument. But my worship is divided; I can not play as I ought if anything at the moment troubles me. Why, the very tones of my violin, to-night, were sharp and thin, and I had neither feeling nor power. Yet I especially wanted to play well. You know you were no better satisfied than I was. You sat there like a stone."

"I wish I could deny it, dear. I wish I could persuade you that, even when you seem cold to yourself, you have the power of touching others. But then, you know, Julius, everybody does not pretend to be as much *en rapport* with your music and you as I do; and, for me to see you uneasy, and with a hard expression, was enough to distress me. But, while you played, I fancied—for you know your violin always awakes my imagination—but do you want to hear?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"I fancied, then, how fine it would be if you could only give your violin a soul!"

"I would be content to give that to my hearers."

"But listen to me, dear. You know how the fibres of the wood, the molecular structure, become affected by continued playing, so that an old violin becomes so finely sensitive that every tone is impregnated with the music the wood has before echoed. You know how sweet, how mellow, it grows, until every year adds a new grace and beauty to its sounds. Well, then, suppose that you could inspire these tones with the inspiration you feel, so that not only your mechanism, but also your soul, would speak through it. Suppose that playing on it year after year, with the same enthusiasm, you should give its tone a vitality, a living tenderness, that would always breathe from it, no matter what your present mood might be. Then your violin, Julius, would have the magical power of returning to you, in inspiration, the passion you had before breathed in it."

Julius smiled upon the eager eyes, the glowing face, now so near his own.

"Show me, love, how to do it! But it would require the sacrifice of my own soul—or, some one else's," he add softly—"to work this miracle. Everything has its price, and why should I die, to leave my violin to other hands, to have my passion, my aching heart, made to serve another? No, Lisa, the cost is too great! And yet," he said, after a long silence, "it is not impossible! some voices have this touching quality; they move you to tears while the singers have no ideas of pathos or feeling. A violin has, to start with, more sensitiveness than nine out of ten human beings. But you look like an inspiration yourself, my love, and as long as you keep those tender eyes for me I shall always play at my best!"

Lisa smiled as she replied, "But were my tender eyes cold to-night?"

"Do not let us talk of that. Let me play for you now. In this dim firelight, alone with you, I feel as though I must play, and then, too, I do not want you to go to sleep with the echo of my encore on your ears."

Without waiting for any reply, though he might have read one in the eager, wistful look she gave him, he took his violin from its case on the table beside him, and after softly tuning it, began to play, while Lisa, sinking down into her easy chair, laid her head on its cushioned back and quietly listened.

At first, his music was dreamy and uncertain in character, although it was gentle, but the melody wandered incoherently through a maze of fantasy, as the player hardly seemed conscious of his own intentions. But soon the tones became firmer, more distinct, and a quick and passionate air awoke from them. Lisa turned her head to look at him, her lips parted, the quietness forsook her eyes, she leaned forward, and then, by a quick, impulsive movement, slipped to the floor, and sat there, leaning her arm on a low cushion, and looking up into his eyes

As Julius watched her, his music grew more intense and sharper. The tones became staccato and quicker, as some unquiet thought seemed to vex his heart. He wandered among minor tones, he made half modulations and restless combinations, until Lisa's sensitive little heart could hear it no longer. Her breath was coming and going in gasps, her eyes were filled with tears, and an indescribable ferment of feeling made her heart beat uneasily. It seemed to her as if some lost love forbidden to love but doomed to long—some active, eager heart, with paralyzed speech, was trying to express itself; she listened, as long as she could, and then leaning over, she laid her hand on his arm and said:

"Julius, I can not endure it!"

Her lover looked down on her with a smile that was not all love, nor altogether pleasant. An enthusiast in science, watching the writhing of some dumb animal in the agonies he had predicted when he gave the poison, might have so looked, so smiled. Fortunately, Lisa did not see this, she was simply conscious of the strong and tender arm that lifted her from the floor and placed her on the chair again. Once there, her head sank wearily back into its old position, and Julius played so softly and quietly that when he left her, soon after, she was asleep.

II.

Julius was by no means a selfish or cold-hearted man, but he was capable of being absorbed in one idea, and of sacrificing much personal comfort to any enterprise in which he was interested. Before he knew Lisa, he had lived for his art alone, and friends, as well as sweethearts, had meant but little to him. He now loved her most heartily, and after their marriage felt her every day grow more indispensable to him. As she often said, her only rival was his violin; and yet, as she, perhaps, instinctively knew—although being a woman and so desirous of being loved for her own sake alone, she would never confess to herself—it was also her best friend. If Julius had been thrown into everyday association with her, he might have been won by her beauty and her sweetness; but, as it was, he had undoubtedly been attracted by her sensitiveness to his music. He was not only an artist of very rare merit, but he was a composer of exceedingly fine music.

Unlike most writers for their own instrument, he cared but little for music that displayed his technical ability, but aimed, instead, at an emotional development of his ideas. He had, perhaps, a morbid desire to exercise power over the feelings of his hearers, and was never really satisfied unless he had worked himself into intense excitement, and aroused in others a corresponding enthusiasm. As he had said, the remarkable susceptibility shown by Lisa had attracted his attention, as she sat in the audience, and, as actors and artists are apt to do, he had soon learned to single her out and to estimate the power of his performance by the impression he produced on her. After their marriage, her influence upon him grew still stronger, until it seemed to him that he became more than ever averse to playing in public, and the long row of expectant faces, the sudden bursts of indiscriminate applause, were almost hateful to him.

But when he was alone with his wife in their shady garden he played for hours with content and pleasure, until her pale and exhausted face would warn him to stop. That it pleased her was only too true, for she found that her keenest happiness was in listening to him. So subtle became their understanding of each other that the music answered for words, and all the love that lovers find so hard to speak was sung by the violin to her. One day she told him that if she were dying she thought it would be harder for her to choose whether she would rather have his arms around her or have him free her spirit with his music. "But sometimes I think," she added with the playfulness that daily became more rare, "that if I were to lay my ear to your violin it would breathe again to me all it has in these happy days told me. So, perhaps, dear, you might, after speaking our farewell through it, lay it by me, and as I rested on your heart it would tell me what your lips would then refuse to say."

Julius smiled quietly, as he always did at the tender little fancies of his wife, but, as he turned to look at her a few moments after she left the room, he was struck by the extreme fragility of her appearance. He hardly dared to confess to himself that she was weak or sick, but after this he could not help seeing that, day by day, she grew more quiet, cared less to walk or visit, and was more reluctant to see strangers, but more eager to hear the violin, and so keep him by her.

But others had noticed this change before her husband had, and, finally, some one who knew them best spoke of it, and told him that she needed medical aid. Her old physician was sent for, and he indeed startled Julius whe he said that medicine alone could do but little for her, and that it was more than probable that nothing could save her life but change. She had no disease, he said, but, as sensitive people sometimes do, she was fading for want of vitality. Her life, he thought, was too introverted, and so he advised her husband to take her from home, and let her find in new scenes new life and strength. This was a hard verdict to both Julia and Lisa; their little, quiet home had become very dear to them; but while she had no desire to die, Julius was animated by a fierce intention of saving her; and so they left America at once, and sailed for Europe.

But new places and strange faces seem d to have but little power over Lisa. She never complained, but grew weaker day after day, until their journeys became shorter, their stoppages longer. But nothing interfered with their pleasure in the violin. It was, Lisa said, her best tonic, her only restorative; and, when fatigued and worn out by a journey, she asked for nothing but a lounge to lie upon, and the violin to soothe her. Thus, Julius played to her constantly, and their route through Europe might have been traced by tones of music. Every where the artist and his delicate wife were noticed, while everywhere people would noiselessly gather under their window and by their door, to listen to the magic tones of this violin, that seemed to articulate the tenderness and love of the player.

But, as they drew near Italy, Lisa began to fail rapidly, while Julius' trouble found expression in the most passionate and vehement music. He rarely talked to her, but, when he was not holding her in his arms, he played to her. When they reached Venice she asked for a long rest, and they found rooms in a lonely palace on the Grand canal.

The continued and marvelous strain of the violin soon caught the attention of the Venetians, and through the long summer nights the gondolas floated quietly by, as the occupants silently listened to the music in the dimly lighted rooms where Lisa lay on her lounge.

Julius could not conceal from himself the knowledge that the end was now growing very near. But it was the one inevitable thing he could not accept, and he spent frantic hours battling with his grief.

None of the physicians gave him any hope, although they all hesitated in declaring that she suffered from active disease. She must have quiet and whatever she wanted, they all said. It was very easy to obey them, for all she asked was her husband and his violin; so now, as her nights became more disturbed, and it was difficult for her to sleep, the violin was heard long past midnight, and a celebrated Berceuse, credited to a Venetian composer, was caught, it is said, by him as he lay in his gondola under the window.

But at last the music ceased. One August night, when the air was quiet, but fresh and pure, a few gondolas lay at rest by the palace, from which the most tender and heart-broken music was escaping. The listeners held their breath, the young girls trembled, and the gondoliers were motionless. Suddenly the sharp twang of a broken string was heard, a frantic cry rent the air, and, simultaneously, the gondolas were turned, and they fled swiftly away, leaving Julius alone with his dead.

When Julius, years after this, appeared in public, it was said that he was not only unnaturally aged, but that his music had changed. Years and study, they said, had given a passionate pathos to the very tones of his violin, as well as an inspiration to his music, that was unknown to other artists.

But, whether this was true or not, whenever he played, it was impossible for some of his hearers to remain unmoved. Young girls drew closer to their lovers, and some of them half fancied that a woman's voice was speaking from the music, breathing little tender, self sacrificing fancies men never know. Here and there a man who had been faithful to some woman who was dead—but Julius had but few of these in his audiences—was seen to start and look round as if he heard a familiar voice calling to him. Sometimes Julius heard of these fancies, but he took no heed of them; and, when he was told how his music affected others by arousing what was best in them, he faintly smiled, but made no reply.

He never alluded to the past, and never spoke of Lisa, but it was noticed that he was rarely separated from his violin. He never played on but the one, and never allowed any one else to touch it. It lay within reach of his hand at night, and among the many stories that were told of his infatuation about it was the one that he had left his fortune to a charity upon the condition that his violin should be buried with him.—*Appleton's Journal.*

A Curious Story.

In the year 1851, among the shipping at New Orleans, was a Mexican trading vessel commanded by an eccentric Dutch captain, whose character had been morbidly affected in some respects by the recent loss of an infant son for whom he had almost an insane affection. The child had died in Mexico, and a letter from his wife in their adopted home there informed the bereaved father of the sad event, but it seemed as though the man could neither comprehend the locality nor the fact of the death; and after reading and frantically destroying the letter it became his delusion that he had brought the boy with him on the voyage and would presently find find him astray in the streets. Otherwise fully master of his reason, in this matter he was hopelessly insane, and spent days in wandering moodily along the water side of the city in search of the supposed truant. At last, after coming aboard his ship very hastily one afternoon with some kind of muffled bundle in his arms, and hurriedly locking it in his private cabin, he gave orders for immediate sailing in the most excited manner, and betrayed intense agitation until the vessel was fairly under way. Great was the amazement of mates and sailors to discover by and by that the bundle which had been so hurriedly carried into the cabin was a very handsome little boy, about three years old, who, by the time he was allowed to play on the deck, exhibited no particular sense of strangeness or distress. Where he came from no one could guess. The captain called and treated him as his own son, and appeared unconscious of any other relationship; and as the deluded man was happy once more in the misconception, his inferiors did not long trouble themselves with speculations on the subject. Upon the arrival of the ship at her Mexican port the crazed father carried the child ashore to his house, and had scarcely astonished his wife by the introduction when he was seized with a brain fever, imperilling his life for many weeks. During the delirium of the disease he repeatedly boasted of having recovered the son they would have made him believe was dead. But with his ultimate recovery came a curious change. Regaining his full reason with his health, he did not at first even recognize the boy, and it was only with great caution that he was gradually reminded of the manner of the young stranger's coming. For a time he could remember nothing about it, and then almost reverted to insanity as the facts came slowly and mistily back to his mind. Leaving the child at home, he hastened back to New Orleans. Returning, he sold his ship, removed to the City of Mexico, and from thenceforth he and his wife adopted the lad as their own, and called him by their name. He was reared and educated with ample parental care and liberality, made the sole heir of his foster father's very respectable property, and allowed to reach manhood without a dream of his true nativity. Two or three years ago the captain's wife died, and was filially mourned by the youth; and not until within a few weeks of the present writing did the captain's own death bed bring a solution of the mystery of more than twenty years. Finding himself near his end, some two or three months ago, the former skipper of the trader, now a decrepit old man, showed to his adopted son a crumpled and discolored New Orleans newspaper, of 1851, containing an advertisement of a handsome reward for the recovery of the body of a little boy supposed to have been drowned, the son of the captain of a New Jersey vessel. A news item of the same paper explained that the child had strayed from his father's ship at the wharf, and must have fallen into the water, as the police, after exhaustive search, could find no trace of him ashore. It was also told that the bereaved captain was from Cape May, New Jersey, and was returning home without hope of even finding the body of the child, which had probably drifted out to sea. When the young man beside the bed of death in Mexico had curiously read this—for his education had included a particularly thorough course of English—the dying man solemnly and remorsefully revealed to him that he had been the infant supposed to be drowned, and was stolen from the very gang-plank of his father's vessel by a maniac. When the self-confessing kidnapper awoke from his insanity, with the abatement of the brain fever, in his own home, he had hurried back to the Crescent City to see what amends he could make for his mad act, only to find that the New Jerseyman had sailed away in despair, and obtain the newspaper above quoted. With the discovery that the child was supposed to be drowned, the Dutchman's yearning for his prize returned with fresh force, and he guilfily determined to keep it. And this, while he lay dying, he related to the astounded young man beside him; living only long enough thereafter to bless and be forgiven. Last week a heavily bearded man of foreign aspect presented himself at the home of a former sea captain in Cape May, New Jersey, with the old New Orleans newspaper and the above strange history, and asked to be received as the long-lost son. According to a dispatch in a Philadelphia paper, his pretension was denied, and he has returned to Mexico where he is a rich man! Just this unexpected conclusion was needed to make the story one of the most curious narratives of the day, and the reader may feel justified in assuming therefrom that the history is not yet ended.—*New York World.*

Respect for old age never had a brighter illustration than in the case of the young lady who always refuses to go to the washtub when her mother or grandmother is present.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

At last! at last! O steed nev born,
Born strong of the will of the strong New World,
We shoot to the summit, with the shafts of morn,
Of the Mount of Thunder, where clouds are curled.
Below, in a splendor of sun-dad seas,
A kiss of welcome on the warm west breeze
Blows up with a smell of the fragrant pine,
And a faint, sweet fragrancefrom far-off seas
Comes in through the gates of the great South Pass,
And thrills the soul like a flow of wine.
The hare leaps low in the storm-bent grass,
The mountain ram from his cliff looks back,
The brown doe hies to the tamarack,
And afar to the south, with a sound of the main,
Roll buffalo herds to the limtless plain.

On, on o'er the summit, and onward again,
And down like a sea bird the billow enshrouds,
And down like the swallow that dips in the sea,
We dart and we dash and we quiver, and we
Are blowing to heaven white billows of clouds.

The Humboldt desert and the alkaline land,
And the seas of sage and of arid sand,
That stretch away till thestrained eye carries
The soul where the infinite spaces fill,
Are far in the year, and the fair Sierras
Are under our feet, and the heart beats high
And the blood comes quick; but the lips are still
With awe and wonder, and all the will
Is bowed with a grandeur hat frets the sky.

A flash of lakes through the fagrant trees,
A song of birds and a sound of bees
Above in the boughs of the sugar pine;
The pickaxe stroke in the placer mine,
The boom of blasts in the gall ribbed hills,
The grizzly's growl in the grge below,
Are dying away and the sound of rills
From the far off shimmerin crest of snow;
The la nel green and the ivie oak,
A yellow stream and a cabin's smoke,
The brown bent hills and thesheperd's call,
The hills of vine and of fruitsand all
The sweets of Eden are here, and we
Look out and afar to a limitless sea.

THE BATTLE OF MONEY.

The first lecture: "The Battle of Money," of the Star Course, fifth season, was delivered recently at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, by Mrs Mary A. Livermore. The magnificen building was thronged. Carl Sentz's parlor orchestra gave a choice selection from Verdi's "Rigoletto," which was followed by a ballad by Mrs. Josephine Schimpf, entitled "Ye Merry Birds," by Gumpert. Strauss' popular waltz: "Morjen Blaetter" concluded the musical prelude. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore then walked upon the stage, and without an introduction, and with but a slight inclination of her head, commenced upon her subject.

The lecturer commenced by referring to the changes of thought, lifting the world upward and onward, and he difference between those of the past and the present In nothing is the difference greater than in the estimate of labor. Of old slavery existed, and labor and the utilitrian aspects of science were despised. Plao declared shopkeeping a degradation. Aistotle and wise philosophers scorned labr. Agriculture alone was held in honor, and even that was soon degraded to the slave. But the early Christian teachers opposed slavery and honored labor. The Benedictine monks made labor compulsory on their members; true, the labor taught by Christin churches was one of poverty. The crusades gave a great stimulus to labor, for the nobles needed money, but these expeditons in many ways nourished commerce.

In the twelth centurr, merchants and artisans formed their guills or trading communities to prevent nobles, kings and clergy from plundering them. But we can not follow this; let us come to the republic. Here we work to the sacrifice of health, mind and almost soul. There is a cause for this. We are induced by our love of money. We are of Saxon ancestry, and their peculiarity is the love of wealth. The Hebrews were and are markel for their undying trust in God; the Greks for their devotion to the beautiful; the Romans, in much the imitators of the Greeks, for their skill in organizing men; their best legacy is their laws, which in much underlie our own; but the Saxon race has ben a bold, hardy, practical people, not partcularly religious, but moral, who have torn down everything for money and power.

They are the richest of all the tribal families of to-day; they lead the commerce and manufacture of the work, and own more than one half the shipping They love the good metal iron, but have not the barbaric love for gold: they regard it as a metal for commerce. Their language, too, is the only one through which liberty speaks. It only can speak that tongue. Only one other race is as full of promise—the Slavonic, with Russia at its head—Russia who is now playing a game with England for the power of Asia. These two only will remain; they will absorb, weld, mould, and take in all others.

In 1861 in this country was raised the question between liberty and gold, and our people paid in blood for liberty. Before one couldn't have told which we loved best, but since the war, when nothing in particular is to call for our attention and watching, the clamor is all for money High places are held here by rich men without regard to culture or character. In Europe it is different. It has been said that the chief attraction a Yankee has in his hopes for heaven is that its streets are said to be "paved with fine gold." This is an age of greed in England, where gred sits in the bosom of the Established Church, rapacious and insatiable; where the god Queen Victoria hoards her millions as a miser and squeezes her tax burdened subjects like a juiceless orange to endow her numerous sons and daughters. Here, too, thrived the great lust of money, the hunger for wealth. Our war gave wonderful opportunities of money making, to some by good luck, to others by play, to some by such flagrant dishonesty that deserved shooting more than the spy and traitor.

Victories were postponed, that cotton might be dickered for behnd the shotted batteries; our suffering soldiers were fed with tainted meat and hard tack, and clothed with shoddy coats, which dropped from their backs, while contractors grew fat on their spoils. In those times honor and conscience were stripped off as an overcoat one can lay aside. Since the war the fever of speculation has damaged legitimate business, and "the end is not yet." We demand now colossal profits; we are striving to get something for nothing, to make the pauper a millionaire. Wall street has become a gambling hell, where fraud and chicanery run riot. We Yankees cheat one another and call it business. We read lately how Jay Gould had been compelled to disgorge $9,000,000 stolen from the Erie Railroad Company, but within a week we read that by some stroke of finesse he had won as much again. We are now beginning to get the result. "We have sown the wind and are reaping the whirlwind."

Our late crash has, too, demonstrated the brotherhood of nations, for failures here were felt in England and Germany. This downfall of speculators is all right, but there are those suffer who should not—the widows, orphans, men and women of small means and hard earnings. So, too, other troubles come from this; our merchants have caught somewhat the fever; often they sacrifice home, happiness and family; their home is merely a place for troubled sleep. So we often find forgeries and false entries "to tide over this little trouble," but they have then entered the first circle of that awful malestrom which will inevitably take them down. Then we find them cheating the government in customhouse entries, and dividing the spoils with the officials; and their clerks are not slow to learn this lesson, and often it will not do to investigate them when detected.

The lecturer here referred at length to personal illustrations in the great wheat corner and crash in Chicago last winter, to the dead defaulter, Mills, of Brooklyn, and said: We are nervous about opening the papers and learning who has failed or proven faithless. This taint of dishonesty, this unwillingness to get rich slowly, and to leave behind us an honest fortune slowly acquired is widespread. We find religious papers pretending to give $10 maps for $2 subscripsions. A New York firm manufactures and ships idols to the heathen in one end of the same ship in which missionaries go out to convert them from idolatry. We find quack universities peddling out degrees and diplomas until these honorable distinctions become a mere matter of barter. Our flour is mixed with plaster of paris; our milk is watered; our shoes are glued together, and our clothes are shoddy, "but business is business;" and this can't be reproved. Money has debased our public morals and tainted our public system.

The shame of America is the corruption of her legislative bodies, where the lobby is too often the controlling influence, and the people do not manifest their hatred of it. The lobby knows who are incorruptible and who can be bought and their price. Our courts and judges are not untouched. Do you think if Tweed and Stokes had been a common Irish thief or assassin, the one would not have been in jail and the other hung before this? Then, there is the Freedmen's Bureau, with a defalcation of $750,000, which can not be traced; nobody disgorges, and no one is punished. There, too, is the Vienna Exposition scandal; beverages get the first places in our national exhibition, until one might think we were chiefly famous for our gin cocktails, brandy slings and mint juleps.

One of our greatest perils is the consolidation of enormous wealth into gigantic companies. Our railroads have been granted by the government hundreds of millions of dollars and millions of acres of land, covering one-third of our domain, and all the railroads in our land are owned or under the controlling influence of eight or ten gigantic companies. We should not forget the great debt of gratitude we owe our railroads, nor the great good they have done us; but the railroads as a political power are another thing.

They are more powerful than the slave oligarchy, which, for so many years, ruled our councils. We can understand what it means, when, in Iowa or Kansas, they contribute thousands of dollars to the election expenses of a United States Senator. When corporations make Senators they own them. If our public morals are low, dear people, it is because you have allowed it. We are properly represented, for private morals are tainted, and you, pure minded, who stay away from elections, must blame yourselves that you are not represented. Thieves are now called defaulters and embezzlers, and "financial irregularities" are regretted.

We shall soon be obliged to expurgate from our dictionaries the stern words our fathers put in them. It was not just the thing for God Almighty to say, "Thou shalt not steal;" "Thou shalt not commit adultery." He should have said, "Thou shalt not be financially irregular, nor commit a social indiscretion." When we misuse language, our ideas are tangled; we need to go back and call things strongly and by their right names. Our dangerous classes are not the ignorant, soul-trodden emigrant, nor the petty thieves and burglars of our cities—no; but they who sit behind enormous capital, in defiance of humanity and its calls.

Of these, chief is the liquor interest, and those who, menacing law, control our Legislatures—laying their hands on the United States Senate and disorganizing commerce and business. Wealth is not dangerous, but power is always, and must be carefully watched and jealously restrained. Wealth is indispensable, and we must not drop back into the poverty of the past. Rich as the world is, it suffers more from its poverty than from its wealth. We have barely touched the resources of our great country, and can scarcely imagine what we may do, since science is now the handmaid of industry. We need not fear wealth, but only its power by consolidation.

Thus far have I spoken of those who have scaled the heights of fortune; but ninety-three of every hundred die poor, and only seven leave property to be administered. This is largely due to liquor, but many are badly born—sent into this world poorly made up. In Massachusetts has been established, for four years, the bureau of labor statistics, and their report shows that the average yearly earnings of the laborer, skilled and unskilled, in that State, is $611 33. This is to buy all he or his family needs. The love of drink, perhaps, induces this in a measure, but we must recollect that great poverty is a great provocative to drunkenness. Think of the artisan's comfortless home in our cities, with no stimulus, mental or moral; his overworked, spiritless wife; his Sunday, when his poor clothes, in these days of dress and pew rent, almost debar him from the churches of God, and do not wonder at his indulging in artificial stimulus.

Then, too, we must dread our illiteracy. Why, in my own State, Massachusetts, 97,742, over ten per cent our our population over ten years of age, can neither read nor write, while in the great United States more than twelve per cent, 5,500,000, can not. In the little kingdom of Wurtemburg not a soul above six years is there but can do both. The Germans are far ahead of us in this. A republic must have an educated constituency, and we must fear this ignorance, alas! is on the increase. We find our laboring men organizing, which is well, and though the jargons and misstatements of their societies are often weak and absurd, they are feeling their way up slowly. And now they are joined by our farmers, who cry, as their grievance, the extortions of the railroads; but other causes are at work. It is well that they are organizing, and thus far they have counseled wisely and urged slowly. Capitalists are beginning to see that the laborers are fighting a battle of life. In Europe it is a smouldering fire, ready to burst forth in fury at any moment; but here, where all have the vent of the ballot, nothing is to be feared save unwise political action, which will remedy itself.

And now of our women. We hear men speak of being glad that they can support their wives; but we find they furnish them simply with board and clothing in return for services as seamstress, nurse, laundry maid, and cook, which they will admit are invaluable. All the wife's surplus earnings go into the husband's pockets, where she is glad to have them go. But she has a right to complain of this word "support." Gail Hamilton once raised a storm by writing: "It is every woman's chief business to be as useless as possible;" but she meant that, if men will make us seem useless, let us enjoy the pleasures, as well as the blame of being so. Women are not taught anything of money-making, and thousands are married to men for whom they don't care a copper that they may get a home.

Among the White Mountains, last summer, I found as waitresses at the hotels young ladies of refinement, and their wages averaged from $8 to $10 per month; young men received from $20 to $25 per month for doing the same and less work. The 90,000 female teachers receive wages far below the males. In Washington the female government clerks receive $900 for the same services for which men receive $1200, $1400 and $1800. It was thought Congress would remedy this evil, but they refused, and raised their own salaries from $5000 to $7000. Secretary Richardson has insulted women by saying they could not earn $400 per annum. I have given you a sombre picture, and did so intentionally.

Last summer, as I saw in the Western mountains the great stone face cut far up the cliffs by the finger of God, with its weird aspect of painful longings, I thought just so has the great heart of humanity looked over the future when we shall be brothers. Amidst all this corruption and commotion I hear sweet voices of prophecy. These cries are mere incidentals. We may hope we are drifting to a bright realization of the cherished dreams of philosophers and poets in all time.

To-day we need an infusion of manhood which can not be bought of womanhood, demanding a chance, which dare rebuke dishonesty, and will not sell itself even for a home.

In 1876, in Philadelphia, though we may fill a lower status than our fathers dreamed we should, yet we may have hope. Let us have personal holiness and we will have national holiness. Help, good people, and be of good cheer, nor let our mothers and daughters falter.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A celebrated doctor—celebrated almost as much for his love of good living as for his professional skill—called upon an eccentric nobleman, whom he found sitting alone at a very nice dinner. After some time, the doctor receiving no invitation to partake of it, said, "My dear lord, if I were in your lordship's place, I should say, 'Pray, doctor, do as I am doing!'" "A thousand pardons for the omission," replied his lordship. "Pray, then, my dear doctor, do as I am doing—go home and eat your own dinner!"

The Protestant Church has never had so fair a prospect before as it has now in the Ottoman Empire. "The results of forty years of labor of great and good men, living and dead, are now beginning to show themselves," writes a foreign correspondent of the *Observer*. "My observations in foreign countries force this conviction upon me, that if the munificence and faith of the Christian Church are equal to her opportunities, the whole world lies a conquest at her feet."

THE PEACE COMMISSION.

A Pi-ute Pastoral.

It was a peace commissioner,
And his garb was sober drab;
His hair was long and white, and he
Economized his gab.
In short, he was a reticent
And inoffensive slab.

His style was philanthropic,
And he wore a carpet-bag,
In which he stored his tracts and soap,
And other peaceful swag,
Which Indians patronize when war
And cattle stealing lag.

Long they sat in solemn council,
The agent and the red,
Mildly talking flabby virtue,
Till the sachem shook his head,
As with doubt and dim suspicion;
Then he grunted low and said—

Not with eloquence of nature—
Not in metaphoric style,
But in simpler frontier lingo,
Mingled slang and grammer vile—
"Na-ree-trow-zis; want some whisky;
Injun empty; drink a pile."

Then that meek and lowly Quaker
Remonstrated with a tear;
Spoke of fire-water and ruin
With an eloquence severe—
Said, quite feelingly, that whisky
Was a foe most insincere.

Spake once more the child of nature,
Keeping down his growing bile:
"Has my brother brought tobacco?
Is there powder in his pile?"
But the honest agent answered
With an unsuspecting smile:

"Had my variegated brother
Ever studied Mr. Trask,
He would never, I am certain,
Such a foolish question ask.
Read these pamphlets; they will teach you
In the light of truth to bask.

"Powder I have none, nor whisky,
Nor the brain destroying leaf;
But of moral tracts and stories
I have many for the chief."
Then the Indian, weeping sadly,
Said it caused him bitter grief,

That his moral sense compelled him
To extract his brother's hair;
Which he did with nice precision
And a sadden-stricken air;
And that hopeful peace commission
Terminated then and there.

Shakespeare's Portrait.

At Steinway Hall, New York, last week, Mr. William Page, the well known artist, delivered a lecture on the genuineness of the German mask of Shakespeare before an audience not large in numbers, but including a remarkable proportion of people well known for literary taste and culture. He had on easels before the audience two large copies of the mask, one rendering faithfully its present appearance, and one in which certain injuries and defacements are obliterated. There were also exhibited copies of the other accepted representations of the man—the Chandos portrait, which was painted from life; the Droeshout print, the same to whose accuracy Ben Johnson testifies in the 1623 folio of Shakespeare's works, and the bust over the poet's tomb, in the church at Stratford, which Mr. Page believes to have been made from the mask, but by a poor artist. Mr. Page's own portrait of the dramatist, which is the result of a careful study of all these, was also placed in view of the audience.

After giving account of how twelve photographs of the mask, presenting strongly the various different points, fell into his possession, the lecturer proceeded to give his reasons for believing that it was really taken from the face of the dead Shakespeare. The cast, which was discovered in the private museum of the Von Kestelstadt, family, of Hesse Darmstadt, is of plaster, but according to Mr. Page that originally taken must have been of wax. According to his theory, a waxen effigy was made and laid in state for exhibition in Stratford after the body was buried, and this was seen by a Count Von Kestelstadt, who had the face copied for himself. Some twenty years after he had a small picture of the original scene of the body lying in state painted under his own direction. This is the original of the picture erroneously designated the "Death Bed of Shakespeare." The internal evidence of the authenticity of the mask, the lecturer believed to be very strong. In the first place it includes all the strong points of the other three representations, all those points which are in accordance with nature, and they are harmoniously combined, as they would have been in the face of the man, from which each artist succeeded in catching some of the truth, while in other parts he failed. It has the full and expansive forehead of them all, the prominent chin of the Droeshout etching and the wide and prominent cheek bones of the Chandes painting. It moreover satisfies the mind and presents a face which no man could invent in any of its parts or in their combination, and which we instinctively feel may have belonged to the foremost man of all this world. A curious bit of evidence, which was dwelt on with great emphasis, is the existence of two small scars over the right eyebrow. Mr. Page, who has never seen the original mask, but derives his notions of it altogether from photographs and descriptions, is thoroughly convinced on the subject of these scars, though others who have seen the mask think they are but imperfections in the cast. Mr. Page supports his own view by ingenious arguments drawn from the Chandos portrait and a supposed reference to the scar in one of Shakespeare's sonnets. The portrait was at one time "restored" and patched up by an indifferent artist, and what were regarded as its imperfections obliterated. Years afterward the Arundel Society had the new paint removed in order that the original might be restored, and then these scars appeared, showing that they were put in by the first artist, who had worked from the living subject. The allusion which the lecturer finds to these marks is in sonnet 112:

"Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow,
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?"

Stronger than all other evidence of authenticity, Mr. Page regards the perfect representation of our idea of the man in this mask. He finds it—

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal—
To give the world assurance of a man."

The lecturer made no reference to his own work in reproducing the portrait of the living man from the cast of the dead face, and such hints as could be got from the Chandos portrait, the Droeshout print and the Stratford bust, but the result was exhibited on the platform, and many went up to obtain a closer view after the lecture was over. It is a noble representation of the immortal bard, but a good deal idealized. The expression, which is mainly drawn from the artist's own conception to fill the forms and outlines furnished by the mask, is one of a superabundance of sensibility. It lacks strength and massive composure, and seems filled to overflowing with the tenderness, not to say weakness, of human nature.

G. B. Emerson, in the Boston Daily *Advertiser*, urges that "at least one wo