

THE SILENT VOICE.

BY JOHN SMITH.

Once in the sadness of despair
 I wandered out familiar things to hide,
 My heart was low—and in the glare
 Of human smiles, I found no light to guide
 My troubled soul—my wearied mind;
 But only greater darkness, deeper woe
 I thought parchance my soul could find
 A balm in kindness whence our pleasures flow.

I wandered out alone that day
 That others should not suffer of my pain
 And tried by thinking of hearts gay,
 To drown my feelings in my thoughts in vain,
 Concealed grief! Thou stubborn foe!
 Yield not until blood innocent thou hast!
 And when the wounds should cease to flow
 Fear of men, till hope of life is past!

Thus ever were my feelings stirred
 As long as by my strength alone I fought,
 But in the forest sounds I heard
 That whispered news of help I had forgot
 The winds were playing through the trees,
 And birds were whistling songs of joy and love
 And flowers nodding to each breeze
 Proclaimed to me Almighty God above.

Our sinful bodies hold us bound
 To sinful thoughts that leave no room for God,
 We hear the voice of Nature sound
 And lo! our hearts swell out to love and land,
 Each flower that comes within my sight
 Is now a messenger of joy and peace,
 And each portrays *His* power and right.
 My heart and soul from evil to release.

I spied a little saxifrage,
 'Twas growing from the crevice of a rock
 That told me of a former age,
 When life was not in flower nor in flock,
 The plant so often unobserved,—
 Poetical in beauty and in name,—
 Has joy for him alone reserved
 Who sees the hand of most creative fame.

Just to the left of where I stood,
 I saw a mass of native columbine,
 The flower a dove resemble should
 But fact and fancy often fail in fine,
 Of orange hue the nodding flower
 Portrays an humble sinner at his cross,
 Humility has untold power
 To make of that a gain we count a loss.

Ah! yes, 'twas in the month of May
 When every flower is like a new-born hope,
 When birds sing out their sweetest lay,
 And buoyant life is seen on every slope,
 What lovely blue I now disclose
 In petals of the common violet;
 It makes me think of him who knows
 'No beauty but in wealth and coronet.

It was a joy to live with God,
 And taste the happiness He has in store,
 To see how Nature 'beys His rod
 And sinful men His name and Son adore,
 Within my heart again is peace
 I now retire behind th'accustomed smile
 And know—though human love may cease,
 The love of God will never man beguile.

THE AMERICAN ENGINEER.

ENGINEERING may be defined as "the science and art of utilizing the forces and materials of nature." It was formerly classed in two main branches, *civil* and *military*. Civil engineering, including all engineering not directly involved in the science of war.

So rapid has been the progress of science that to-day civil engineering is understood as the science of bridges, railroads, tunnels, highways, canals, river and harbor improvements, water supply and sanitation with all of their involved details.

What was formerly civil is to-day divided into several distinct parts, each a complete and sufficient study for a man's whole life.

The numerous inventions in labor-saving machinery have advanced to such a state that mechanical engineering is a full and complete science in itself. The development of electricity in later years has shown that it is to take a prominent part in all of our arts and sciences, and bidding fair to revolutionize our present system of motive powers, demands that a thorough research into some of the deepest of nature's mysteries, guided by sound mathematical and scientific reasoning.