

heard of, much less seen or talked of. Although rarely seen we hear of such things now, through people from a distance, and they are *talked* of a great deal, and although the changes in civilization are slow, we might venture the remark that some future generation in this vicinity will *actually have them*.

A DREAM.

BY JOHN SMITH.

A rapping at my bolted door
Succeeded steps upon the floor
 Within the hall.

Unburdened of the cares of day
I rested in my chosen way
 Until the call.

No stranger could have found my room
Unaided in that midnight gloom
 Who could it be?

I sat in silence in my chair,
My fingers resting in my hair,
 So peacefully.

When startled by this midnight rap
I waited for the second tap
 That should succeed.

But haste or danger stood without,
And ere I turned myself about
 I felt a need.

Of stronger arms than I possessed,
Which now my shaking frame confessed
 Against my will.

The knob was tried impatiently
And set my doubt at liberty—
 He wished to kill.

I called in accents bold and strong
"Who's there? and what can be so wrong
 " In this dark night.

" That haste impels your thoughtless hand
" To deeds that soon to crimes expand
 " Without daylight?"

My door was locked, but not secure,
And ere I could myself assure
 That all is well.

I felt the presence of my foe
But why I had no power to go
 I cannot tell.

Large drops of sweat hung o'er my brow;
Hope seemed a phantom to me now,
 " Who is my guest?"

To this a sweet voice made reply,
" A messenger of truth am I,
 " Thou shalt be blest.

" Men's deeds and words, and thoughts are known,
" Their deeds are like the seed that's sown
 " To yield like fruit.

" Their words are like refreshing dew
" That brings new life where sickness grew
 " In death's pursuit.

" And, too, their words like killing frosts
" May nip the tend'rest life that costs
 " A human soul.

" Their thoughts can harm but self and God,
" In words the thoughts are set abroad
 " And onward roll.

" All thoughts that yield were idle pain
" Are human loss and devil's gain
 " When once expressed.

" Kill evil thoughts while yet unsaid,
" And keep the graveyard in the head,
 " And thou art blest."

I turned upon my feathered bed,
And from my room the vision fled
 With noiseless speed.

A dream engaged my mind in sleep,
Portrayed a truth I fain would keep
 And daily heed.

Feb. 1, '90.

GEN. LEE'S CAREER.

IN the grand old State of Virginia, in the year 1807, was born the man whose military career was destined to win for him, from both friend and foe universal admiration.

After passing the satisfactory examination for entering West Point, and enduring the hardships inflicted upon all "Plebs," Lee at the age of 22 graduated with honors from that institution. On account of his superior ability, he was not compelled to pass his life in seclusion in the wilds of the West, like most of his brother officers, but was promoted from assistant engineer at Washington to Superintending Engineer of Improvements on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.