

How harsh upon her ears his words did sound !
 In foreign tongue he seemed his thoughts to tell.
 She feigned the knowledge of his words profound
 And deigned to yield the hand he loved so well.
 "I oft have wished to be on yonder height."—
 The coyish maiden quickly gave reply,
 "To see disrobing day prepare for night,
 And plead protection from the stars on high"—
 Ah, see ! the Earth heaves up her mighty breast,
 The blushing Sun extends his radiant arms,
 And in that fond embrace the two will rest
 Until commanding day brings her new charms.

We've reached the hill where elms stand high and proud,
 But look ! How, fettered by a native grape
 That crouching dogwood, clothed as with a shroud,
 Or with a fall of snow, has lost its shape.
 What heaven is this that makes such burdens great ?
 Fair flower, well dost thou symbolize to me
 A true nobility, and emulate
 The highest noble clothed in honesty,
 In such a scene each thought that rolls within,
 In such there is no guilty thought to hide ;
 As through the crystal case the hour is seen,
 So see I through the veil the heavens provide."

Her lover stood enchanted by her song,
 And yet a pain reached deep into his heart ;
 His soul was moved, he knew something was wrong,
 That to his love he could not now impart.
 His face was all aglow with loving fear ;
 He turned to stay the thoughts his mind contained,
 And spied a robin's carcass lying near,
 By which this man his self possession gained.
 "Ah, see !" he raised the cold and lifeless form ;
 This migratory thrush with brown-red breast
 Has met its death and now is scarcely warm.
 A male was this because so brightly dressed,
 He lacks his tips of white upon his tail
 And owns a spot that's rare on robin's wing.
 Some men in ignorance these birds assail
 To save the fruits that ripen while they sing."

Thus to his friend the man of science spoke
 With concise reasons answering every "why ;"
 Yet all the observations he could make
 Had yielded but a weary yawning sigh.
 Her thoughts could not with such dry facts accord ;
 The fibre of her brain is finer drawn ;
 Her converse is with Nature, not by word ;
 But by her words we learn of Nature's song.
 "A life was sacrificed in this bird's death,
 A God takes note and will avenge his own.
 What value to a world of sin is breath,
 However pure, when mid corruption sown ?
 God values life beyond our own conceit,
 The Savior suffered gross insult and pain
 That we his life in ours might repeat ;
 And thus a soul from Satan's clutches gain.
 This awful silence, sir, so sweet to life,
 Oft comes to those who feel life's bittr'est woes ;
 And in whose soul redeeming love is rife ;
 And o'er whose heart grief ne'er a shadow throws.

This stillness deep, as darkness round us folds,
 Makes audible the voice that speaks within.
 How mystic is the flower that twilight holds
 Ere tongues of night their melodies begin.
 Do not our thoughts, transcending earthly bounds,
 Reach upward to the one Eternal Mind,
 While in our souls the faintest echo sounds
 These words:—"O, man ! this life eternal find !"
 Night follows close observed in sable gown
 And at our beds oft breathes it in our ears,
 So myriads stars that from their height look down
 Invite our thoughts to a world of endless years."

More bitter now this lover felt his pain,
 For every word estranged him from his love ;
 His song could ne'er accord with her sweet strain ;
 His eyes were turned upon the star above.
 Then through his learned mind such different thoughts
 Were coursing, as he traced the astral field,
 Dividing it into its stellar plots
 And making sure that each its own would yield.
 In wordless contemplation he recalled
 The scientific name of every star ;
 He knew at last what most his love appalled
 And now resolved to finish cupid's war.
 "My dear," he said, "Your world and mine are two ;
 In yours I find no place where I can dwell ;
 In mine the things my senses find, are true ;
 Against all else my wisdom must rebel.
 I hear her objective sounds : I see and touch,
 My pleasure lies in knowing why 'tis so.
 I taste and smell of matters only such
 As reach my tongue or through my nostrils go.
 In such a world you ne'er could be content ;
 On what I live you soon would find a grave ;
 These days in idle courtship we have spent,
 To end which, I your humble pardon crave."

The fair poetic maiden stood erect,
 Her face illumined by a starry sky ;
 And ere that prosy lover could detect
 Her pleasure, she proceeded to reply.
 "You need not crave for pardon, honored sir,
 The gods would ne'er consent that we should wed,
 Before so great an error could occur
 All power of guardian angels must have fled.
 Most gladly do I hear your parting word,
 Yet trust that we shall ever be such friends
 That, though we find each other most absurd,
 We may for past offenses make amends."

BISMARCK'S POLICY.

Graduation Address by H. R. Layden.

Twenty years ago the powerful German Empire of to day was but a loose confederation of semi-independent states. What is now perhaps the most powerful military nation of Europe, was but a mass of petty monarchies that were at almost