

gardens thrive and flourish under the license of our national laws. Whisky shops and gambling dens find protection beneath the stars and stripes of the American Union. The fate of stranded nations darkens these dangers and appeals to us that only true education and proper development of intellectual powers will destroy social vices. Cultured intellect marks the standard of man's existence and proud aspirations elevate his moral character. We find in the ruins of Rome, Carthage and Greece that ignorance was the despot upon the throne, war a proud resort for pleasure, and crime the blazing sword of nobility. As the barbarities sank to the earth the nations crumbled into oblivion and the Divine arm created mightier powers. The sunshine of prosperity has dawned upon this fair land and the gentle breeze of intelligence has fanned every hill and valley. We have scaled the lofty peaks of knowledge and reached the highest pinnacle of glory. We gaze with delight through the Gallilian telescope, upon the beauties of the celestial world. We solve God's hidden problems and calculate the magnitude of a vast eternity. Science and art are mastered by the mind of man and he searches for more difficult problems to satisfy his superior capabilities. The very dome of intellectual attainments is our footstool and while we may boast of our knowledge, worth and splendor we may question the security of our foundation. Our pride may blight our expectations and our magnificence may vanish as the vapor. While our national prosperity is guarded by superior intellects our existence is corrupted by political demagogues. While peace and liberty wave their banners from the Atlantic to the Pacific, dangers pollute the

atmosphere of a mighty nation. Money is the strong arm of political power and corruption funds elect governors and presidents. Legislation suppresses the wage worker to favor the foreign capitalist, and each year makes the poor poorer and the rich richer.

In union there is strength and in division destruction, and the fragments of two grand political parties are hurled in every direction. Democracy teaches her new born babe to triumph by conquest and combat; republicanism warns her posterity that opponents are dreaded foes, and ere these tender youths reach their maturity their conflicts will shake the pillars of the mightiest nation on the globe. More than twenty-five years have elapsed since the roll of drum or the roar of cannon was heard in America, but scarcely three years have passed since our clear sky of peace was clouded by a cloud that rose from Italy's western shore, darkened in Chili's warm atmosphere and sank on the borders of Mexico's plains. These troubles perhaps will not be resurrected by coming years, yet they prove to us that enmity lives in this enlightened age. Extravagance is fast undermining our finances, and our political current is drifting toward a destiny that will startle the American citizen.

A. M.

TO NELLIE.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

Oh! fair thy name and rare thou art,
 To me who loveth thee so dear,
 The sweetest name on earth to hear
 Is that dear name of thine, sweetheart.
 But oh! how soon that we must part,
 Alas! alas! too soon I fear.
 For you, my love, to ever hear
 The sad outpouring of my heart.
 For all my love, is thine, dear one,
 And all my heart to you I give,
 Will you, sweetheart, accept my love?
 Only grant to me this boon,
 For you I never more may see
 Until we meet in Heav'n above.

—NEMO.