

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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Now Ready. LIFE OF "STONEWALL" JACKSON. By S. N. Randolph. Illustrated.



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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MAY, 1876.

THE CENTURY—ITS FRUITS AND ITS FESTIVAL.

V.—MINOR STRUCTURES OF THE EXHIBITION.



FOUNTAIN OF THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

COMPRESS it as you may, this globe of ours remains quite a bulky affair. The world in little is not reducible to a microscopic point. The nations collected to show their riches, crude and wrought, bring with them also their wants. For the display, for its comfort and good order, not only space, but a carefully-planned organization and a multiplicity of appliances are needed. Separate or assembled, men demand a home, a government, workshops, show-rooms and

restaurants. For even so paternal and, within its especial domain, autocratic a sway as that of the Centennial Commission to provide all these directly would be impossible. A great deal is, as in the outer world, necessarily left to private effort, combined or individual.

Having in our last paper sketched the provision made by the management for sheltering and properly presenting to the eye the objects on exhibition, we shall now turn from the strictly public build-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

it was only as the symphony sounding in sad harmony with her unspoken wail. Flash followed flash, swifter, nearer, more vivid; the thunder crashed and roared as if it would have beaten the house to the ground and rent the very earth whereon it stood; the rain fell in torrents that broke the flowers like hail and ran in turbulent rivulets along the paths. Never had there been such a furious tempest as this at North Aston since the days of tradition. It made the people in the village below quail and cry out that the day of judgment had come upon them: it made Leam at last forget her sorrow and quail

in her solitude as if her day of judgment too had come upon her.

Then there came one awful flash that seemed to set the whole room on fire; and as Leam started up, thinking that the place was indeed in flames, her eyes fell on the Tables of the Ten Commandments given her by madame; and there, in letters of blood that seemed to cry out against her like a voice, she saw by the light of that accusing flash those words of terrible significance to her:

THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROSE-MORALS.

I.—RED.

WOULD that my songs might be
 What roses make by day and night—
 Distillments of my clod of misery
 Into delight.

Soul! could'st thou bare thy breast
 As yon red rose, and dare the day,
 All clean, and large, and calm with velvet rest?
 Say yea—say yea!

Ah, dear my Rose! good-bye!
 The wind is up; so drift away.
 That songs from me as leaves from thee may fly,
 I strive, I pray.

II.—WHITE.

Soul! get thee to the heart
 Of yonder tuberos: hide thee there—
 There breathe the meditations of thine art
 Suffused with prayer.

Of spirit grave but light,
 How fervent fragrances uprise
 Pure-born from these most rich and yet most white
 Virginities!

Mulched with unsavory death,
 Grow, Soul! unto such white estate,
 Strong art and virginal prayer shall be thy breath,
 Thy work, thy fate.

SIDNEY LANIER.