

over some one lying upon the ground, while at the same time he was hallooing for help.

Miss Raymond went to the head of the stairs and called to her father, and then aroused the servants, after which she put a shawl over her own head, and, being not at all backward or timid when she felt that she could be of any service herself, ran down the gravel walk into the street.

But there is some subsidiary matter with which our readers should be made acquainted before we give farther particulars concerning this catastrophe. This, with the account of the accident, and some farther matter of interest, we will reserve for another chapter.

SYLVESTER.

(to be continued.)

SILENT ORATORS.

The ancients with their beautiful ideas of the appropriate, represented the goddess of eloquence with her finger on her lips; thus to typify that silence is the highest type of oratory. We of to-day appreciate more fully than they, that as true as it is grand is the saying "Speech is silver and Silence golden: "Speech is human, Silence is divine."

The orator stands before us a magician. In his presence we are powerless. The grandure of his thoughts, the music of his voice enchant us, his burning words of eloquence paralyze us, his magnetism subdues us.

He waves his magic wand, we laugh, we weep, we applaud, we stand aghast. Under his condemnation how we quail. At his command how dormant duty springs into action. What grand undertakings, what rites of religion, what acts of sacrifice, what deeds of valor we determine to perform.

But he stops. The spell is broken. We were his willing slaves. But a sense of relief comes over us, we draw a long breath, look into each others eyes and say "it *was* good" and though good has

been done—for no grand, true sentiment can be uttered but that the world is richer for it—yet we soon sink back into the old life of inactivity and neglect.

Not so the workings of those men whose lives and characters have spoken to the world; what they have said can never die; for good or ill they are instinct with perpetual life. The chords which they have struck will vibrate through eternity. Silently surely have they moulded from the clay of human remembrance enduring statues of their lives; which through all time will give us instruction and enthusiasm, or warning and reproach, as we shape our lives to befit God's image.

The perpetual psalm of life is not that words, but—

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime."

In this utilitarian age the universal proverb is "Actions speak louder than words."

Webster, Clay and Calhoun had wonderful eloquence. Burke Erskine and Sheridan stood at the head of British oratory yet more men have been influenced to good and led to the paths of righteousness by the knowledge that they have been traversed by one noble man like Bunyan than by the combined eloquence of them all.

Webster spoke glowing words for Liberty but the glorious spectacle of Lincoln shattering half a million fetters excites a hundred fold greater admiration for the spirit of universal emancipation.

Zalucus the Locrian chieftan falling upon his own sword to vindicate by his death the law he had in time of great public danger unintentionally broken, or Brutus laying aside parental affection and in the character of a magistrate condemning his sons to death, speaks as powerfully for the supremacy of the Law as did ever Chancellor Kent.

John Howard's actions which spake for the suffering prisoners in Bedford jail pleads as eloquently for oppressed humanity as does Burke's great speech for