

The children prattle around the doors,
And the old men join in their glee.

But hark! On the wings of night there comes
A sound that strikes fear into every eye;
Too well they know that clash of arms,
Too oft they've heard that battle-cry.
The wild Goths come! The wild Goths come!—
They can only turn and fly.

Chatillon lies so drear, so drear,
In the blaze of the noonday sun;
No sound is heard in its lonely streets,
The bells have hushed their joyous song.—
Like a smoking hearth lying cold and still
When the flash of its flame-heart is gone.

No more will the hills be laid to rest
With the psalms they have loved so long;
No more will fair Italy's skies be drunk
With that flood of glorified song;
The quiet eve will no more be stirred
By the wings of that watching throng.

The wild Goths flee to their mountain height
With the treasure no price could buy.
"They have taken my bells, my perfect bells,
I must go," was the master's cry.
"I cannot live without their song,
And without it I cannot die."

So forth he went to the cold north land.
His heart grew old in pain
As the years sped on; and still he roamed,
But always he cried in vain,
"Oh, I cannot live and I cannot die
Till I've heard my bells again."

One night two fishermen down the Rhine
Were bearing a wanderer old
On to the sea. His hair was white,
And the light in his eyes was cold.
When soft through the quiet evening air
A distant church bell tolled.

What was it they saw in the old, sad face
As the beautiful chimes sang on?
Was it hope? was it joy? was it finding at last
The thing he had sought so long?
And why did he raise his face to heaven
As he heard that evening song?
They look again when the song has ceased.
"What is it?" they softly say;
"Why is that smile on his still face?
Why looks he so cold and gray?"
Ah, why?—The music his soul had loved
Had wafted his soul away.

—FLORA BULLOCK.

THE U. B. D. C.—WESLEYAN DEBATE.

When the eight debaters took their places upon the platform of Wesleyan chapel, Saturday evening, the chances looked somewhat unequal. The Wesleyans were all old men—men with pulpit ease and assurance, besides whom the representatives of the U. B. D. C. appeared decidedly boyish.

Mr. Wimberly began by stating that his friends proposed to prove the truth of the proposition, "Resolved, that the spoils system is the chief cause of our political corruption." After he had reiterated his resolution with variations, Mr. Lien modestly asked for some evidence, and pointed out many other potent sources of the evil. Mr. Cocking replied that he believed the spoils system to be the chief cause of corruption because it was an abominable system, therefore it must be the chief cause. Mr. McGuffey said that the system was the one by which Methodist ministers were appointed to office, a system whose use or abuse depended alone on the character of the people. Mr. Beck did not attempt to refute the statement. He added more examples of the workings of the infamous system. Mr. Newbranch pointed out to the men on the affirmative that they were wasting their ammunition, they were insisting that the camel was very tall—a fact unquestioned by any—when they should be showing why it was taller than the giraffe. The point on which the strength of the negative side depended, the fact that the system was an effect and not a cause, had not been touched. Then Mr. Geddes arose and made the best address of the evening on the affirmative of the question. Though not always logical, it was strong and based upon evidence other than the opinion of the speaker or even the *World-Herald*. He was followed by Mr. N. C. Abbott, who talked as only Mr. N. C. Abbott can talk. When he had ended, there was very little to say upon the question, so Mr. Wimberly proceeded to belabor with his blunted cudgel the "gold rimmed glasses" of his victors. His personal compliments were received with perfect good humor. We appreciated the situation. We should have felt cross ourselves.