

uable. Who has not felt nobler aspirations arise within him while looking at a beautiful painting, or contemplating a noble character, portrayed by a master hand? Is it a weakness to shed tears over true pathos? No. The mind that produced it must have felt similar emotions. Nor are we carefully to avoid all influences of joy and sorrow that may originate in our own lives. The mind is thus led on to higher, nobler views of existence, and better prepared for its stern battle. The soul comes forth from its seasons of grief sweeter and purer, and, like the flower after rain, springs into new beauty and activity.

Passion, that knows no master is a fearful thing; but when controlled by reason and purity, a powerful instrument for good.

ALTEVOLANS.

*A LEAF FROM MY HAND-BOOK OF
THE "CENTENNIAL."*

I have not chosen that leaf which recalls a beautiful day spent in the more beautiful Memorial Hall, amid the splendor of Fine Art, as perhaps most would have done, but have recalled the gloomiest day in all that memorable season. The 25th of October is indeed a cheerless day; too dark for beauty; we will visit Machinery Hall and see the exhibition of power.

I shall omit all descriptions of the form and dimensions of the building which must be familiar to all, and note only a few of the impressions, which a close study of the mechanical inventions creates. Humanity follows the general law of gravity, and we move at once to the great Corliss Engine. There it stands majestic, and solemn, and still, until 8:30 o'clock, the time for it to begin the day's work. Around it is a space of twenty feet or more in which a number of seats are placed. Here are gathered a few hundred people, pleasure seekers, most of them evidently unused to the occupation, waiting

for the great engine to start. What a spectacle! Hardly a face but is as gloomy as that of nature. Scarcely a word is spoken and not the faintest trace of the emotion of pleasure is to be seen, except in the workmen who whistle and sing as they rub the sides and joints of the huge monster preparing him for his breakfast of coal and water. Presently a hiss, and the great wheel, an hundred feet in circumference, begins to move. Mark the change of countenance in the spectators. A thrill comes up from the floor as it trembles with the power of the great engine. Faces brighten, every one turns to his friend with smiles and pleasant words. Nature's gloomy influence is chased away by this king of man's invention. How like a living thing it seems, as the walking beams, like huge arms move up and down with steady motion. And it seems to reflect something of the character of Mr. Corliss, as it appeared when he took the first decided stand in the controversy over opening the "grounds" on Sabbath days, and said: "Open them on Sunday if you will, but my engine shall not move." This engine furnishes the power to run all the machines on exhibition here. One after another the belts of the various machines are slipped to their places, and each answers to the call of the master, in its own peculiar language, until a babel of voices is heard. There is a kind of sublime music in this din of clashing metal. The engine itself thunders forth a deep thorough base. The numerous scroli saws which carve out curiosities for polite visitors who have a quarter; the improved Fire-Engines, as they madly throw great jets of water toward each other from opposite sides of an artificial pond; the great Printing Press, as it rattles off fac-similes of the political organs of '76, with the voices from an hundred other great inventions, make up a grand chorus in honor of American progress.

A kind of awe steals over one as he examines some of these complicated machines with their innumerable shafts and wheels