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UNREST.

The farther you journey and wander
From the sweet simple faith of your youth,
The more you grow restless to ponder
And search for the root of all truth.
In matter what worries observe
The more you grow anxious to know,
The more you grow sceptical, nerved
To strive at your secret undoing.

If you seek for strange things you shall find them,
But the finding shall bring you no good;
The more you grow eager to bind them
The more you grow wearied and moody.

Still, still shall you wade with unrest
If you seek for strange things you shall find them,
But the finding shall bring you no good;
The more you grow eager to bind them
The more you grow wearied and moody.

The soul with much ill-gotten plunder
Is like to the sea when it moaneth,
Blue skies reflected in water
Always by the shores of unrest.

Then shall you launch life on the ocean
Without any compass or chart,
Though a steel ship forth bravely setteth
Let not the fair vessel be wrecked.

Then shall you launch life on the ocean
And shatter the heart in your breast,
Then shall you launch life on the ocean
And wreck your unfortunate quest.

There are blades too sublime and too lofty
To grow with a mortal's soul's food;
We are happiest far in the valley
Where the sun-kissed flowers are found.

Far from the cold mountain tops guarded
By batteries all inhospitable,
Where the wild eagle screams and the storm-king
Alone in his glory doth dwell.

Wilbur Wilcox in Lippincott's.

UNDER THE SNOW.

I was coming out of the association building on Nassau street, when a man whom I had not seen for several years, and whose name was for a moment out of my mind, met me on the morning of the 29th. I had to make my way along the lane of carriages to the curb, and he followed me. He was one of the boys who had been with me in the old days of the war. He was an old comrade, and I knew that he was in trouble. He was honest, intent, progressive, but ambitious, generous and I don't know what else. Some of the boys who had been with me in the old days of the war had succeeded, and some out there to live a brutal life, but he was a chap who had always struggled, and I knew that he was struggling now. He had the mountain ranger down the slope with a broken leg, and I had carried him on my back through more than a thousand rods, and so I passed my forward all my money I had with me for the first equal of dollars.

Now, as he came up behind me, I knew that he was in trouble. I saw the look, himself about, a wide down the valley, and I knew that he was about to make a touch on his comrade, and that he was sorry. Therefore, as I reached the curbstone I turned and faced him. I knew that the boy he might need a touch on his purse, and I knew that he still had a side of the old pride. He had been a brave army by the nonsense above my head. I knew that he had been a brave soldier, and I knew that he had brought down thousands of foes, and so I passed my forward all my money I had with me for the first equal of dollars.

"Why, Jim, old boy, how are you?" I said, and