

Other pictures worthy of mention are: "San Francisco Doomed"; types of poor people called "Some Shadows of Toil"; "The Flight of Satan" standing before Sirius, and recalling one of the very best productions of Rodin; and "Destiny—Youth" facing page 184, illustrating a poem of Mr. Maxim on pages 219-220.

P. C.

## SOTERIOLOGY.

*A Poetic Study in the Work of a Personal Saviour.*

BY ELIOT ROBINSON.

[Note.—These poems are a selection from twelve, written at a time when the poet, suffering from a great affliction, met a child whose sunny nature saved him from despair. Finally he made arrangements to make his home with her parents, and share the family life of his little favorite. The name under which these poems are published is a pseudonym.]

## CONSTANCE ON EARTH.

Lo, 'tis August, but an odor  
As of May the day perfumes,  
Like the sâl-trees on the Buddha  
Shedding their untimely blooms.

Evermore that fragrance haunts me  
Like a sea of blossom wild,  
Evermore I feel before me  
One eternal Saviour-Child.

'Tis her soul that makes the whiteness  
Of the foamy bloom appear;  
'Tis her soul perfumes the roses,  
Through the cycle of the year.

'Tis her soul so far above me,  
Where no human feet have trod,  
Like the tree of life in blossom  
In the paradise of God.

## CONSTANCE IN HEAVEN.

Will she be in heaven fairer  
Than she is on earth to-day?  
Will she be the radiant wearer  
Of a finer form than clay?

Clay or ether, light or splendor  
Could not make her soul more fair,  
But the childhood sweet and tender  
Shall be everlasting there.

Never more than years eleven,  
Always in the bloom of spring,  
That alone is home and heaven—  
God can do no greater thing.

Gone, forgotten be the story  
 Of the heart of earth and fire,  
 While her eyes' immortal glory  
 Shall immortal love inspire.

## HOME AT LAST.

Fare ye well, ye hosts of devils,  
 Ghosts of evil, things that were!  
 Fare ye well, I say, forever;  
 I am going to live with Her.

Fare ye well, ye lonely wakings,  
 Ere the household be astir;  
 I shall wake with love around me,  
 I am going to live with Her.

Fare ye well, ye wasted evenings,  
 Thoughts that wander, feet that err;  
 I have found a home, a heaven,  
 I am going to live with Her.

Often in the holy twilight  
 I shall think of hells that were—  
 Quenched forever in her eye-light:  
 I am going to live with Her.

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 A FLYING SHIP IN 1709.

Invention and the belief of having invented something new are very different, and we present here to our readers a curious instance. In No. 56 of the *Evening Post*, a newspaper published in the reign of Queen Anne, and bearing the date 20-22d Dec. 1709, we find the following curious description of a Flying Ship, stated to have been invented by a Brazilian priest, and brought under the notice of the king of Portugal in the following petition, translated from the Portuguese:

“Father Bartholomew Laurent says that he has found out an invention, by the help of which one may more speedily travel through the air than any other way either by sea or land, so that one may go 200 miles in 24 hours; send orders and conclusions of councils to generals, in a manner, as soon as they are determined in private cabinets; which will be so much the more advantageous to your Majesty, as your dominions lie far remote from one another, and which for want of councils cannot be maintained nor augmented in revenues and extent.

“Merchants may have their merchandise, and send letters and packets more conveniently. Places besieged may be supplied with necessaries and succours. Moreover, we may transport out of such places what we please, and the enemy cannot hinder it.

“The Portuguese have discovered unknown countries bordering upon the extremity of the globe; and it will contribute to their greater glory to be authors of so admirable a machine, which so many nations have in vain attempted.