

And to drown himself he went down to the shore,
And he jumped in, like a fool, For he couldn't swim, and you'll
Bear in mind that water Dan ne'er took before.

CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea,
They haven't found him yet, For the water it was wet—
And they say his weary ghost haunts the docks at break of day—
Dressed in his best Sunday clothes.
EXPLICIT DOWN WENT MCGINTY.

There is one thing that must be said of it, and that is, it is a three volume novel in a small compass. There is a succession of well-connected disasters ending in a mournful tragedy, all of which must be balm to the heart of the sensationalist. It may seem strange that a person would fall six stories in order to gain a small wager. But it will be remembered that, when the Parnellites in the British Parliament charged the government with brutality to convicts in Irish prisons, Balfour replied that Irish prisoners made themselves sick purposely to embarrass the government. Finally one prisoner named Mandeville died in prison, and Henry Labouchere asked Balfour did Mandeville kill himself to harass the Tories. An Irish patriot in Ireland may put himself in the way of being killed, but there is little fear of an Irish patriot in America doing so, but McGinty, though an Irish citizen, does not rank as a patriot.

In my opinion we have many lyrics in our own literature far surpassing the McGinty one, both in dramatic strength and practical vigor. I read a short time ago in Tullidge's History of Salt Lake City, a poem entitled "The Prospector," which, in my opinion, far transcends McGinty. In "The Prospector" there are a few slips in the rhyme which could be adjusted if the bard availed himself of the usual poetic license. For instance in these lines:

"From the wondrous visions of 'long ago'
To the naked shade that we call now."

AgO and nOw are supposed to rhyme, but the author is careless about the matter. Notice in the McGinty poem where the poet was in a similar perplexity, how he got out of it. He says:

When his half a year was spent
They let McGinty went.

You see "went" is much better than "go," and the ear is not offended. If the "Prospector" may ring in the "Kerry Gow," then there would be a nice rhyme for "now." As to wondrous visions, we were led to believe Gentiles in Utah did not have visions. Here is a passage from the "Prospector":

And the others, too, they are all dead;
By the turgid Gila perished Ned;
Brave, noble Ernest, he was lost
Amid Montana's ice and frost;
And Bennie's life went out in gloom
Deep in the Comstock's vaults of doom
And I am left, the last of all,
And as tonight the cold snows fall,
And barbarous winds around me roar,
I think the long past o'er and o'er—
That I have hoped and suffered, all,
From the twenty years roll back the pall
From the dusty, thorny, weary track
And the tortuous path I follow back.

Now, this is something more mournful, more tenderly pathetic than McGinty. Think of Bennie, poor Bennie! down in the vaults of

gloom; that is grander and more poetic than McGinty at the bottom of the sea, though the Comstock ought to be more suggestive of gold and silver than of gloom. But the chief beauty of "The Prospector" lies in the fact that Bill Nye drew his inspiration from it to write his

"APOSTROPHE TO AN ORPHAN MULE."

Oh! lonely, gentle, unobtrusive mule;
Thou standest idly 'gainst the azure sky,
And sadly sing like Pat Lannan's hired man.

Who bought thee thus to wamble
In the noontide heat and wrestle with
Thy deep, corroding grief and joyless woe?

Who taught thy simple heart
Its pent-up, wildly-warning waste
Of wanton woe to carve forth upon
The silent air?

I hide thee not, because thy
Song is fraught with grief-embittered
Monotone and joyless minor chords
Of wild imported melody, for thou
Art restless, woe-begirt and
Compass'd 'round about with gloom,
Thou timid, trusting, orphan mule;
Few joys, indeed, are there,
Thou thrice-beat-ricken, madly—
Mournful, melancholy mule.
And he alone who strews
Thy pathway with his cold remains
Can give thee recompense
Of loneliness woe.

He who hath sought to steer
Thy limber, yielding trail
Forinst thy crasper band,
Hath given thee joy, and he alone
Sing on, O mule, and warble
In the twilight gray.

Unhidden by the heartless throng;
Sing of thy parents on thy father's side:
Years for the days now past and gone,
For he who pens these halting,
Limping lines to thee
Doth bid thee yearn, and yearn, and
yearn.

Comment is superfluous on Mr. Nye's lyric. Of course its beauty, pathos and melody must be attributed to the inspiration derived from perusing "The Prospector."

Last Sunday the famous evangelist, Mr. Moody, preached a sermon in this city which has raised a commotion in religious communities. He preached on the second coming of Christ. His language has no equivocation or ambiguity about it. Orthodox preachers are abusing him, and strict sectarians are calling him a "Mormon," a follower of Joseph Smith, etc.; and really his sermon is well worth perusing, especially by Utah citizens. Inasmuch as this sermon was delivered to a vast and attentive congregation, it is a good index of what is coming, and will show to Latter-day Saints that light is breaking. On several occasions heretofore I have stated that Mr. Moody was borrowing largely from "Mormon" doctrine and "Mormon" discipline. His Bible Institute is now completed and in full working order. He is training 600 students, male and female, for evangelical work. This Institute is simply a "Mormon" Sunday school on a large scale. The work, teaching, discipline and doctrine he has taken bodily from the "Mormon" Church, and some day he will perhaps say so. As his sermon of last Sunday makes much better reading than that about prize-fighting or baseball playing, I cannot do better than submit a lengthened extract from it, as published in one of our local papers, and one too especially inimical to Latter-day Saints and to Utah. Here it is:

"I have announced that I will preach this morning upon 'Christ Returned,'" said Mr. Moody in beginning the sermon. "It is called a controverted subject. I don't propose to take it up in that way. Christian people are all agreed that the Lord will return. The time of His coming is alone in doubt. The pre-millennialists say that Christ will return to reign over the world and set up His Kingdom among us for a thousand years. The post-millennialists say that the world will grow better and better until Christ will be drawn right down here from Heaven. I believe that Christ is going to reign here on earth. Man will have his day and then Christ will come and reign. What if our watches do not agree as to the time? Take that grand old First Corinthians: 'Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.' Paul believed that not all of us should die. In the fourteenth chapter of John Christ says: 'For I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you with myself.'"

BIBLE PROPHECIES OF CHRIST'S RETURN.

"Notice this thing: that we have the same authority that Christ will come again that was given to the world of His first coming. When the disciples stood looking up into heaven at the time of His ascension there appeared two angels, who said unto them: 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as you have seen Him go to heaven.'"

"Of the five great sermons in the Gospel of St. Matthew we have in the last, the sermon on Mount Olivet, the promise of His return, but He gives no time. In the twenty-fourth chapter, thirty-fifth verse of Matthew, he says: 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away.' Now, nineteen hundred years almost have passed away, and at no time has the world known Him so well. The Bible is just coming in. You have heard what the moon did when the dog barked at it. It just kept on shining. The infidels can keep on barking at Christ. He will come again, perhaps, when He is most expected. The world will be busy making money and won't be ready. Chicago won't be ready. Chicago will be reading the Sunday newspapers. 'Therefore be ye also ready.' What a stir it will make in Chicago. 'For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.'"

"The first portion of the New Testament was written on the second coming of Christ. Before Matthew, Luke, Mark and John, before the Acts and the other epistles, Paul wrote his first letter to the Thessalonians. 'For of me believe that Christ died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven. Then we which are alive shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air and so shall we ever be with the Lord.'"

NO SIGN WILL BE GIVEN.

"Isn't that glorious. Then say it is too wonderful to be true, too glorious and grand. But it is not half so wonderful as His first coming. 'Take ye