Something.

A something hovers in the air,
And follows me the live long day,
And robs my joys of half their charm,
Yet leaves me less than nothing behind.

Sometimes I think it is a sigh
Breathed from the heart of some poor soul
Who, in the depth, through night, cries out
Against the sins of men and God.

Or, it may be, it is the moan
Of some poor creature, who has lost
Hope, love, and life, and all that makes life worth living.

A something in the forest wood,
Mysterious, can be sensed, at times,
Its influence comes a sense of awe,
And in the heart it leaves a sweet desire.

A something whispers in my heart,
Which makes me feel the worth of life,
Which makes me feel the worth of my fellows,
Which makes me feel the worth of God.

A something, then, with its might,
Can move me to the highest joy,
Can move me to the lowest depth of woe,
And lead to the Divine God.

Who, or what, is this something?
Is it a spirit, good or evil?
Is it a being, real, or imaginary,
Or, what is it? I know not.

I know, I feel, it is a something
Too sacred, too divine, for me to define.

—Emma Lucille Gates, in Young Companion.

TOUGHT TO A FINISH.

HOW CHILI TOOK THE MONITOR HUASCAR FROM PERU.

The Captain Lived Her Against Big Odds and the Men Knew Where She Was Whipped—Story of a Desperate Battle at Sea.

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[illegible] Chili made a point of the Peruvian Huascar. The vessel had sailed with the Chilean squadron from the United States, and struck a time at Point Angel, which she found [illegible] Peru was [illegible] to save the lives of other [illegible]

Now she goes home. It was the battle of Iquique, Oct. 8, 1879, that made Chili's reputation—a not to dispute. It proved conclusively the superiority of armored ships to wooden ships, and it was the Huascar, Peru's ironclad, [illegible] Chili had [illegible] the Huascar, [illegible] Peru's ironclad, [illegible] Chilean navy and [illegible] Chilean [illegible] Chilean [illegible] Chilean