

Original Poetry.

CHANGE.

'Tis the evening of Time, and it is not strange
That Change should tread on the heels of
Change.

Upheaving events, like a swelling surge,
Are moving onward to Time's last verge;
And vortex-like, in their foaming haste,
Will swallow the nations or lay them waste.

The present transit across the plains,
Compared with the early "Mormon trains,"
Is much like the antelope's fleet race
Compared with the terrapin's burden'd pace.

They thrust us out—we were sent adrift
In untrodden wilds to make a shift:
Our pioneer men were brave and bold—
They trusted in God like the saints of old—
Though slow their progress, their foot-prints
tell

They fill'd their mission, and fill'd it well.
No heart was faint and no hand was slack,
As they felt out the way and mark'd the track:
'Twas said of them (it is verily true),
They did what no other men could do.

But change has swept o'er their path since
then,
And smothered the track of the pioneer men,
Who "made the bridges and killed the snakes,"
As they wended their way to the mountain
lakes.

In the pathless desert's unbeating heart,
We awoke a pulse and we formed a mart:
We discover'd gold, but we valued more
The produce of soil than the shining ore:
We tilled the earth and produc'd the bread
On which the stranger has freely fed;
For we were not long in our wild redoubt,
Ere multitudes follow'd where we led out.

As Change march'd on the electric wire,
With its lightning pulse and its heart of fire,
Mov'd on in our wake successfully and
Unites us again with our father land,
With lightning's speed—with its pow'r com-
press'd

We can speak to the East—we can speak to the
West;
And then, at our leisure, with social ease,
Can chat with the settlements when we please.

'Tis the evening of Time and results will prove
That Change with a hasty step should move.
The ungodly nations of every land,
That wait his coming may fear his hand.
While Change is filling the world with fear
He comes with a smiling visage here;
With a noble brow and a look of pride,
He walks in our midst with a haughty stride.

Electric speed is now all the rage—
'Tis truly a fast and racy age.
The "iron horse" with its fiery gear,
With a mighty rush is now coming here.

To clip time and distance, the rail and wire,
With artistic effort and skill, conspire;
And Change is combining a powerful team
Of the lightning flash and the puffing steam,
Which, boldly harness'd and train'd to chime,
Ignore all distance and laugh at time.
The President's Message, a wreath of gold,
Was spread on our tables a few hours old.

The eastern cities their hats may don—
The "Mormons" are now but a few days off,
And every day are still drawing near,
As the "iron horse" is approaching here.

Let the Saints awake—let the world prepare
For coming events; There's no time to spare:
'Tis the evening of Time, and the hours are few,
And change has very much yet to do.

E. R. S.

SAGACITY IN ADMINISTERING JUSTICE.

A rich old citizen of Bermago had lent
to one of his countrymen at Florence
four hundred crowns, which he advanced
without any witness, and without
requiring a written acknowledgment.
When the stipulated time had elapsed,
the creditor required his money, but
the borrower, well apprised that no
proof could be brought against him, po-
sitively denied that he had ever received
it. After many fruitless attempts to
recover it, the lender was advised to re-
sort to the Duke, who would find some
method of doing him justice.

Alessandro accordingly ordered both
the parties before him, and after hear-
ing the assertions of the one, and the
positive denial of the other, he turned
to the creditor, saying: "Is it possible
then, friend, that you have lent your
money when no one was present?"

"There was no one indeed," replied
the creditor, "I counted out the money
to him on a post."

"Go bring the post then, this instant,"
said the Duke, "and I will make it con-
fess the truth."

The creditor, though astonished on
receiving such an order, hastened to
obey, having first received a secret cau-
tion from the Duke not to be very

speedy in his return. Meantime the
Duke employed himself in transacting
the affairs of his other suitors, till at
length, turning to the borrower, he said,
"This man stays a long while with his
post."

"It is so heavy, sir," replied the oth-
er, "that he could not have brought it."

Again Alessandro left him, and re-
turning some time afterward, carelessly
exclaimed: "What kind of men are they
that lend their money without evidence?"

"No, indeed, sir," replied the knave.
"The post is a good witness, then,"
said the Duke, "and shall make thee
pay the man his money."

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