

THE EVENING NEWS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Wednesday, Aug. 2, 1872.

Price, 25 cents.

Midnight Musings.

It is midnight, and the world seems asleep.

Over the hills of this secluded valley,

the stars seem to be the most clear ones,

and the moon is full only in some fairy

landscapes.

Methought, while I sat upon the

old stone wall, that man's

strength, beauty, and power

were all in me.

With such a resounding sound, "Thank

you, my God!"

From lands afar, to these I have been

drawn.

You, however, those whom you estimate,

My bosom swells with pride and gratitude.

That man has given me his name, "Joseph,"

and I am his, and one-born with him,

and he is mine.

While I muse and gaze on Nature's

works, I am filled with the soul that will

evermore live in me.

The marmots run me soon to whisper

sweet,

whose beings live in common with our

selves.

The Squirrels with their preys, "There be an

old God!"

Man stands upright at such a height as this,

and well the world he works himself.

The stars that gleam in the vault above,

The Sun and Moon, with grandeur in their

course,

The fish that swim, and beasts that walk

upon the earth,

With birds that by attend their common

sources.

God, the noblest work of Deity,

With attributes befitting all his works,

On whom is stamped Jehovah's duplicate,

Man well deserves that all things have a

Nay more from whence have come these

meanings that

So often thrill my soul with anxious

thoughts.

I find that the ever-living source,

Alas! the prophet's might but bitter

woe.

The Jordan to be found the forest glade

Strength east, this point the way to

heaven;

In this life, blushing some dark robes,

Man by whom their precious selves

are given.

Whose kind restorative balm wins,

But this the root of mortals, prate

One moment,

To us insatiate, still performs its

round.

But thought that man, though cast upon

this Earth,

Is not an outcast from our Father's care?

But to gain a knowledge of blunders,

And too grand and better, where pre-

ferred to.

Then this the gospel has been sent

Our angels lips, with truth and mercy

stocked.

A few among the many have received

The key by which these treasures are un-

locked.

J. A. L.

EASTERN NOTES.

A New York waggon swindler, who calls himself Koontz, says in his confidential report to the police department on Monday, June 26th, that it was shown from statistics that from 1850 to the present time Methodism in New York has been at a stand-still, hardly holding its own. There are now 1,000,000 members in that city, not more than these were in 1855, and not so many communants.

Mr. Harriet Ulman and a

daughter and two sons were poison-

ed at Cincinnati, by eating broiled

steaks, which showed symptoms

of approaching lock-jaw, but the others were brought out of dan-

ger soon.

Our son was born a large

and healthy, sickened caused a chil-

dren to hold that trout is unfit for food

two days after being killed, and

that there is no process by which it

can be kept good.

Failed to be stated in old-fash-

ioned books of natural history that

"the world to the New." But the whole race of horses lived and perished in American ages before men went down into the sea in ships. There are now in "the Museum" in Chi- cago, and later in the same fish, it is held, that trout is unfit for food two days after being killed, and that there is no process by which it can be kept good.

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Rev. Mr. Chadwick has been

ridiculed a little for his beautiful

tribute to the character of Mr. E. S.

Miller. Preachers often mistake

in the character of their parishes

and are easily led to turn their

best face towards the pulpit.

Mr. Chadwick eulogized the

man as he and others had known

him, but was not Mr. Chadwick's

fault that Mr. Miller's man

was taken to be.

There was nothing the preacher's

posture only the original was

not like it. That is all.—N. Y.

Graphic.

ORGANS!

PIANOS!

GRAND PIANOS!

PIANOS!

PIANOS!