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THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

BY GEORGE LEE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CATS AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY.

THOMAS and Charlotte Hemenway were twins. They were a year younger than Elisha and myself, in whose ages there was a difference of a few weeks only. The intimacy which existed between the heads of our respective families had extended to us juniors, and we were friends. They had lately visited us at the parsonage, where they became acquainted with Agnes; and their delighted interest in every thing, together with their gentle manners, had completely won Aunt Cynthia's easily won heart. They were shrinking, sensitive little creatures, as unlike as possible to Mr. Hemenway. They were perfect pictures of their mother, Grandma Prime once told us. We speedily returned their visit, spending a day with them in New Haven, and they showed me their poor mamma's picture. It was Lottie who called the delicate, sad-looking lady, with large, melancholy eyes, "poor mamma," and the child's own dark lashes were moistened with tears as she spoke. She remembered her moth-

er very well, and so did Tommy; but Lottie, in speaking of her, always said "poor mamma." The picture was an old-fashioned daguerreotype, in a great square case. Somehow every thing in and about the house seemed to be as square as itself, which was as square as square could be. Mr. Hemenway did business on the square, lived in a square house in the middle of a square acre lot, situated near a public square. He had a square silver-plate precisely in the middle of his door, on which his respectable name was engraved in unmistakable square letters. The principal rooms were square, and the furniture was squarely arranged, in other words, stiffly. He always wore square-toed boots, whether they were in fashion or not, in order that, to use his own jocular expression, everybody might see that he toed the mark. He appeared to always have an imaginary straight line in view, although I have no idea what it was supposed to represent, which he was continually finding people guilty of not toeing. He never passed a Sunday at the parsonage, at which place he had spent a good many of late, without putting us through a severe catechising; and an indispen-

the arm and hand are mere modifications of the leg and foot. A man and a monkey are made on the same plan; a man is not, therefore, a mere modification of a monkey. Yet some believe this, and it is what the doctrine naturally and logically leads to."

There are certain laws of change prevalent in the natural kingdom. In examining the fossils of the different strata of rocks, geology reads that the lower forms of vegetable life at first predominated. The carboniferous period is characterized by an acrogenous flora, containing a large proportion of ferns and their allied forms. Gymnosperms are found principally from the coal-formation to the tertiary period. From the commencement of this latter period, angiosperms began to as-

sume their present position. We have also the successive reigns of fishes, reptiles, mammals, and man.

Suns and stars are slowly changing their motion and their place. Our pole-star is not the same that guided the ancients; and, before long, Polaris will be displaced by Alpha Lyræ. The solar system revolves not around exactly the same center as formerly, and not always in the same orbits. The world has grown older and wiser, and we laugh at some of the old-fashioned notions of long ago.

Yet there is limit to this progression. It moves only in certain directions, and at certain rates, whose course we can not determine. It is not development, but progression, and progression of classes rather than of individuals.

AT SET OF SUN.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

THE sun is almost down;
It burns on the top of the hill,
Like a fire when the wood is bare
And all the air is still.

Like the fire of a camping host
It smolders away in the night,
And the tents of the clouds around
Are reddened with the light.

And throngs of my evil thoughts,
The sins of the striving day,
Are gathered there in the West
Before they shall flee away.

Fainter and still more faint,
Their bivouac glows on the sky—
First, the silence of darkness,
And then the morning is nigh.

First, the day of the battle,
And then the day of the crown;
And the Sun of Righteousness rises
As the sun of our life goes down.