TREASURES NEW AND OLD

ALICE L. WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PR1188
.B3

Chap. ..... Copyright No. .....

Shelf PR1175
.W55

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Frontispiece—See poem on page 101.

TREASURES NEW AND OLD.

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY

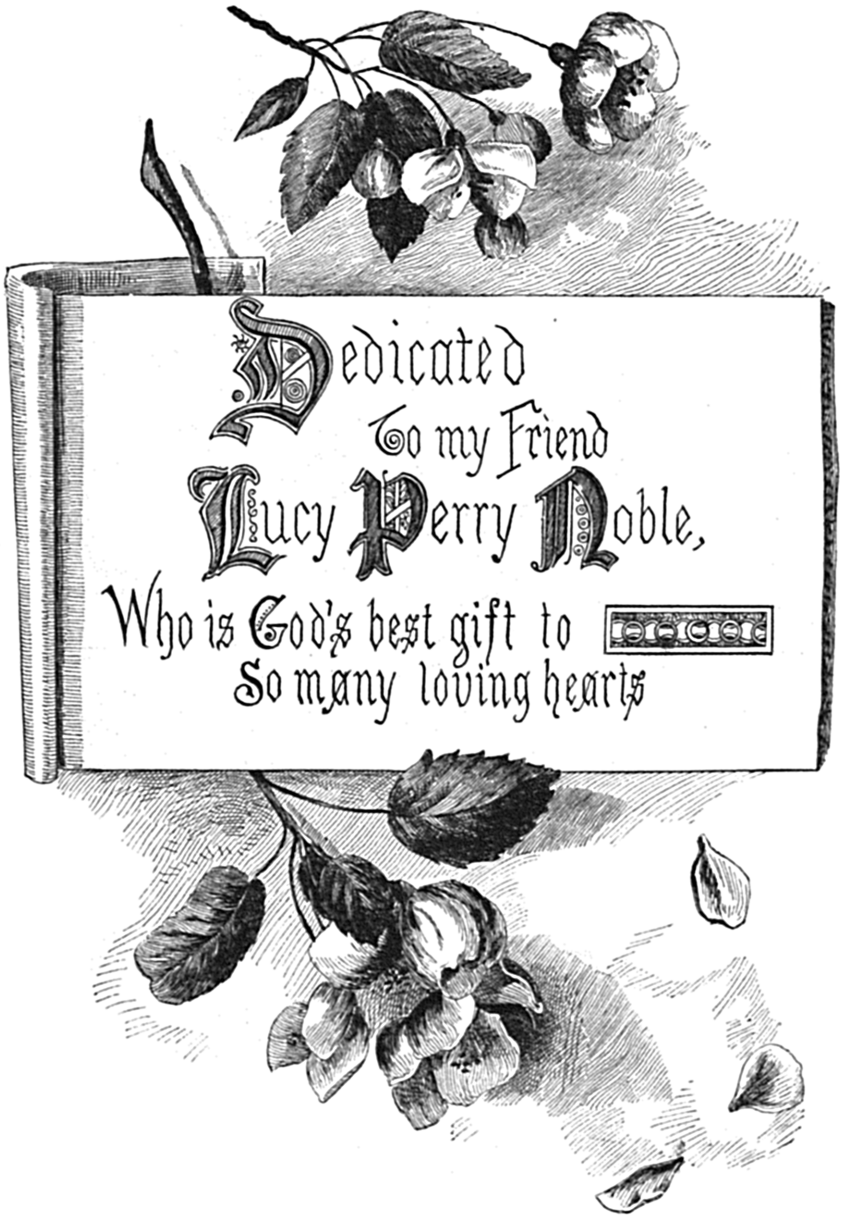
ALICE L. WILLIAMS.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT.
NOV 23 1883
No. 20195
CITY OF WASHINGTON.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:
BELFORD, CLARKE & COMPANY.
1884.

COPYRIGHT.
ALICE L. WILLIAMS.
1883.

PRINTED AND BOUND BY
DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY,
CHICAGO.


Dedicated
To my Friend
Lucy Perry Noble,
Who is God's best gift to
So many loving hearts

Go, little booke: God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayere,
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part, or all.

CHAUCER.

THE editor desires to express publicly her very cordial thanks to the authors who have so kindly given her permission to use poems, and extracts from their prose writings, for this work; also to make especial mention of the generous courtesy of the following publishers controlling copyrights: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; J. R. Osgood & Co.; J. B. Lippincott & Co.; D. Appleton & Co.; Roberts Brothers; and The Century Co.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

DRAWN BY IRENE JEROME.

	PAGE
Hymn to the Flowers	*Frontispiece*
Dedication	v
Many Thoughts for Many Hours	25
From "The Waterfall"	43
The Shell	59
The Ocean	81
Nature	93
Hepaticas	114
Notice on My Door	123
To a Waterfowl	132
To An Oriole	142
Over the Mountains High	147
Golden-Rod	152
Sweet Peas	165
In Blossom Time	175
Summer Studies	185
The Spirit of Love is Moving There	196
Bright as is the Sun, Green as are the Leaves	211
Ferns, Beautiful Ferns	224
Ferns, Feathery Ferns	225
As Flows the River	241
Autumn	255
Paths of the Fields	271
A Rose Song	275
Longing	293
Daffodils	305
Hare-Bells	321
Common Things	335
The Soul Compared to a River	341
Evening Brings Us Home	345
Love and Friendship	357
Tailpiece	359
Mottoes	397
By the Waters of Life	417
A Rosary	437
At the Window	451
Secrets	477
To L. P. N.	493
Tailpiece	494
A Handful of Letters	495
Those Little White Lily-Bells	517
A Service of Sorrow	523
Ask God to Give Thee Skill	525
I Will Give unto Him That is Athirst	539
Evanishing	553
Thou art as Much His Care	569
Be — Rather Than be Called	577

PAGE
Joy Shall Come With Early Light 603
Oh, Let Me Know Thee 615
Far Out of Sight 629
God Does Not Send Strange Flowers 647
The Rose that Climbed My Garden Wall 663
Not All the Year 679
A Vesper Song 687
The Sun Hath Set 699
In Memoriam 705
Thy Birds are only Flown . . . 737
And I Give Unto Them Eternal Life 747

CONTENTS.

PAGE

ABRAHALL, HOSKYNS,
Birds 128

AIKEN, BERKELY,
Uncrowned Kings 290

ALDRICH, T B.,
A Hopeful Disposition . . . 178

ADDISON, JOSEPH,
On Friendship 182
Cato's Soliloquy 668

ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES,
The Burial of Moses 636

ALFORD, HENRY,
Trust 653
Life's Question 586

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM,
A Day on the Hills 90

ALGER, W. R.,
Among the Mountains . . . 98

ALCOTT, LOUISA M.,
The Cheerfulnesses of Life . . 182

ALCOTT, A. Bronson,
Love 392

ALISON, ARCHIBALD,
On George Washington . . . 247

ANDREW, JOHN A.,
The Field is Too Wide . . . 285

ANGELO, MICHAEL,
The Might of one Fair Face . . 411
Death and Love 598
Sonnet 431

PAGE

ANNAN, ANNIE R.,
Recompense 163

ARNOLD, EDWIN,
After Death in Arabia 533

ARNOLD, MATTHEW,
Calm Me 339
On Goethe 232
On Shakespeare 228

AUERBACH, BERTHOLD,
Extracts 351

BACON, FRANCIS,
Power to Do Good 57
A Crowd 372
Extracts 585

BAILEY, PHILIP J.,
From "Festus" 588

BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA,
Life 624
Sabbath of the Soul 174

BARTON, BERNARD,
Not Ours The Vows 363

BATES, CHARLOTTE FISKE,
The Living Book 195
Satisfied 154
Music 61

BATES, CLARA DOTY,
Overtaken 685

BAKER, ELLA M.,
The Protest 399

PAGE

BAYNE, MRS. J. S.,
Hepaticas 114

BAXTER, RICHARD,
Friends in Heaven 698

C. D. B.,
This Wandering Brook . . . 703

BEECHER, HENRY WARD,
Letter to John H. Raymond . . 512
Death 653
Refinement 276

BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL,
Song 404

BENNETT, WILLIAM C.,
Paths of the Fields 271

BJORNSEN, E.,
I Shall Journey Far 147

BLANCHARD, LAMAN,
The Pastor Dead 300

BLAKE, WILLIAM,
Kiss Joy as it Flies 164

BLACKIE, J. S.,
Three Blissful Words 170

BLIND, MATHILDE,
The Street Children's Dance . . 64

BONAR, HORATIUS,
The Inner Calm 154

BOKER, GEORGE H.,
Sonnet 405
Where Lags My Mistress . . . 450

BOURDILLON, F. W.,
Light 467
Before the Daybreak 491

BRENAN, JOSEPH,
Come to Me, Dearest 485

BROWNE, SIR THOMAS,
No Just Censure 351
Impatience 351

BOYLE, A. B.,
Widowed 640

PAGE

BRONTÉ, CHARLOTTE,
A Picture from Shirley . . . 156

BRONTÉ, EMILY,
Remembrance 667

BROWN, FRANCES,
Losses 632

BROOK, LORD,
The Chief Use 55

BROWNING, ROBERT,
The Twins 54
There's a Woman Like a Dewdrop 428
Love Greatens and Glorifies . . 362
Two Sides 366
Spring 156
He Fixed Thee 338
No Good of Life but Love . . 413
One Way of Love 482
Apparitions 444
It Must Oft Fall Out 299
The Preliminary Step 273
Things Painted 258
Little Praise 184
Abt Vogler 61

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT,
Sonnet 52
From "Aurora Leigh" 204
Three Kisses 377
Earnest Work 298
Love Me, Belovèd 390
Say Over Again 489
Look Up, Friends 580
An Apprehension 594
Irreparableness 595
Extract From a Letter 659
And She is Gone 673
From "De Profundis" 669
Pray Thou Who Weepest . . . 674
Is God Less God 695
O The Little Birds Sang East . . 605
How Do I Love Thee 436
From "A Drama of Exile" . . 432
For Love's Sake 410

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, *con.* PAGE
Wrong 350
Consolation 530
Two Sayings 541
Not Lost For Aye 742

BRYANT, WILLIAM C.,
To a Waterfowl 132
Glimpses 85
A Dance of Leaves 334
I Would Not Always Reason . . 350
Blessed Are They That Mourn . 603

BUDDHA,
From "The Drammapada" . . 338

BURLEIGH, W. H.,
Who Never Mourned 622

BUNSEN, BARONESS,
Extracts from Letters . . . 531

BURTON, ROBERT,
A Faithful Friend 450

BURNS, ROBERT,
Charity 352
Hope 177
Jean 415
Still o'er These Scenes . . . 119
Oh Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast . 488
Till Then, and Then I Love Thee 414

BURKE, EDMUND,
On the Death of his Only Son . 543

BUNYAN, JOHN,
Quiet 652

BYRON, LORD,
Nevermore 635
On the Castle of Chillon . . . 89

CAREW, LADY ELIZABETH,
If I be Silent 352

CAREW, THOMAS,
My Mistress Commanding . . 457

CARLYLE, JANE WELSH,
The Swallow at Craigenputtoch . 134

CARLYLE, THOMAS, PAGE
Portrait of Dante. 237
On Verse 189
On the Book of Job 193
Extracts 288
The Wealth of Man 53
Letter to R. W. Emerson . . . 545
Dawning 547
Blessedness 556

CARY, ALICE,
Krumley 471
Not What we Think 298
Kindness 57

CARY, PHŒBE,
Winter Flowers 117
Nearest to the Light 614
Christ 36

CAMPBELL, THOMAS,
From "Pleasures of Hope" . . 176

CHAPMAN, GEORGE,
Virtue 133
Love 391

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY,
Gentleness 334
When Maistre Comth 402

CHARLES, ELIZABETH,
From "Kitty Trevylyan" . . . 704
From "The Early Dawn" . . 610
Not Grudgingly or of Necessity . 50
Thou Art The Way 600
Service 355
True Instinct 431

CHADWICK, J. W.,
By The Sea-Shore 87
Two Waitings 542

CHILD, LYDIA MARIA,
Mementoes of Birthdays . . . 164
Some Human Beings 210

CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN,
When Shall We Meet Again . . 409
Christ's Presence in the House . 656

CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN, *continued.* PAGE
Looking Back 592
What is Being Religious . . . 46
Power of Affection 489
CLARENDON, LORD,
Friendship 492
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH,
Not Unavailing 535
COBBE, FRANCES POWER,
Rest in the Lord 329
When Prayer Begins 624
COLERIDGE, S. T.,
Genevieve 373
He Prayeth Best 371
A Child of God 577
The Bible 194
Broken Friendship 393
Shakespeare 226
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY,
The Word in Nature 532
COLLYER, ROBERT,
Under the Snow 32
A Psalm of Thanksgiving . . 273
James T. Fields 740
COLTON, N.,
Death 743
CONDER, JOSIAH,
Day by Day 80
COOLIDGE, SUSAN,
A Benediction 472
From "Commissioned" . . . 627
COOKE, ROSE TERRY,
Trailing Arbutus 104
COOLBRITH, INA D.,
In Blossom Time 175
CRAIK, DINAH MULOCK,
Forgotten 618
Sonnet 646
Plighted 367
Too Late 426
Philip, My King 78
CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER P., PAGE
Thought 295
CROFFUT, WILLIAM A.,
Four Years After 573
CROSS, A. C.,
O Land of Love and Light . . 674
CRABBE, GEORGE,
Sorrow 660
CURTIS, GEORGE W.,
On Nathaniel Hawthorne . . . 243
On Robert Burns 188
On Poetry 188
CUYLER, THEODORE L.,
Disappointment 684
COWLEY, ABRAHAM,
True Delight 149
COWPER, WILLIAM,
Salvation 314
Friendship 387
Wisdom 583
Great Offices 116
From "Lines to My Mother's Picture" 620
An Idler 350
Thou Art The Source 549
God Made the Country . . . 125
Communion with the Skies . . 164
CONGREVE, WILLIAM,
Music 304
CORNWALL, BARRY,
Common Things 335
COTTON, CHARLES,
A Delight 179
COOPER, J. F.,
Most Worthy 349
COOK, JOSEPH,
Duty 292
From a Lecture 215
COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND,
Watchwords 296
O Wondrous Lord 555

PAGE

DAVIES, SIR JOHN,
The Soul Compared to a River . 341
The Soul Compared to a Virgin . 343
DANTE, ALIGHIERI,
Heaven's Light 42
DEHON, BISHOP,
The Sabbath 659
DE KOVEN, DR.,
Sin and its Consequences . . . 333
DERZHAVIN, GAB'L ROMANOWITCH,
God 171
DE STAËL, MME.,
To Pray Together 339
DE VERE, MARY AINGE,
My Child 76
DE VERE, AUBREY,
My Lady Singing 422
DEKKER, THOMAS,
The Happy Heart 178
DICKENS, CHARLES,
Constancy in Love 450
Voices in the Waves 433
Death of Little Nell 579
Death of Paul 576
A Point Not Easy of Decision . 656
Earnestness 298
DICKINSON, MARY LOWE,
We Should Fill the Hours . . 701
DINGELSTEDT, F.,
Ebb and Flow 484
DIMAN, J. LEWIS,
The Soul 339
DIDEROT, DENIS,
Sentences 27
DODGE, MARY MAPES,
Secrets 477
Cheerful Trust 181
DORR, JULIA C. R.,
Goldenrod 152
Thou Knowest 657
The Fallow Field 143

PAGE

DOMMET, ALFRED,
A Christmas Hymn 29
EICHENDORF, J. VON,
O Silence Deep and Strange . . 580
ELIOT, GEORGE,
Love 427
What Greater Thing 453
From "The Mill on the Floss" . 625
True Love 364
A Bright Spring Day 154
From "Legend of Jubal" . . 259
From "Agatha" 260
From "How Lisa Loved the King" 262
From "A Minor Prophet" . . 262
From "Brother and Sister" . . 263
What Times are Little . . . 187
Blessed Influence 476
A Supreme Love 459
Extracts 311
Duties 281
From "Adam Bede" 221
From "Armgart" 267
O May I Join the Choir Invisible 268
Deep Suffering 607
ELIZABETH, QUEEN,
I Pluck Goodlisome Herbs . . 28
ELY, JOSEPH A.,
Longing 293
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO,
On Shakespeare 227
On Milton 240
On Abraham Lincoln 233
On George Herbert 235
Nothing Divine Dies 701
Extracts 302
From "The Problem" . . . 98
Thy Friendship 454
The Amulet 488
Literary Reputation 210
Eros 490
On the Death of His Little Son . 544
Cheerfulness 274

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, *continued.* PAGE
Discontent 182
Poetry 191
The Rhodora 127
Pitiful 57
Personal Vigor 298
The Soul 468
Essence of Friendship 468
Spring 474
Love's Nobility 222

FABER, FREDERICK WM.,
The Shore of Eternity . . . 744
Autumn 255
Harsh Judgments 282
The Weariness of Jesus . . . 677

FAWCETT, EDGAR,
To an Oriole 142
A Humming Bird 131

FLETCHER, GILES,
Drop, Drop Slow Tears . . . 616

FINCH, FRANCIS M.,
The Execution of Nathan Hale . 251

FÉNÉLON, F. DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE,
Letter to the Duke of Burgundy . 518
Seek God 661

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN,
Serving Others 346

FRANCES, CONVERS,
Questions and Doubts 315

FREELAND, WILLIAM,
A Nook and a Book 209

FROTHINGHAM, O. B.,
The Lord Giveth 697

FIELDS, JAMES T.,
Letter to Leigh Hunt in Elysium 497
Perseverance 297

FULLER, MARGARET,
Friends 390

FULLER, THOMAS,
A Public Office 349
Difference of Opinion 350

GANNETT, W. C., PAGE
Flowers 165
Harvest 692
Resurrection 670
Aunt Phillis' Guest 157
Listening for God 151

GARRETT, EDWARD,
When Satan Sets a Trap . . . 423
Extract 622
No Better Work 611

GARFIELD, JAMES A.,
Epitaph 572

GARRISON, WILLIAM LLOYD,
Sonnet 354

GALILEO,
On His Blindness 602

GILDER, RICHARD WATSON,
Through Love to Light . . . 153

GILL, T. H.,
Be Bright 44

GODWIN, PARKE,
Sonnet 639

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON,
Lose This Day Loitering . . . 300
The Golden Age 181
Shakespeare 227
Hold Fast the Best Things . . 269
Enlighten Thou My Heart . . 315

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER,
The Village Preacher 248

GIEBEL, EMANUEL,
The Two Angels 434
Beauty, Action, Truth 57
Who Truly Loves 460
Bridges and Wings 380

GREENWELL, DORA,
The Edel-Weiss 104

GLÜCK, ELIZABETH,
That Thy True Soul 463

GUYON, MME., PAGE
A Little Bird Am I 601
Love is My Teacher 600
HALL, DR. JOHN,
Kind Words 318
HALL, ROBERT,
Attachment of Kindred Spirits . 464
Friendship 478
HARE, AUGUSTUS AND JULIUS C.,
From "Guesses at Truth" . . 587
HAMILTON, A. E.,
Little Worries 602
HARDY, ARTHUR S.,
Goodness and Virtue 315
Words 347
HAWTHORNE, SOPHIA,
Letter on the Death of Her Husband. 515
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL,
Lovely Days 544
HELPS, SIR ARTHUR,
Making Others Happy . . . 320
Extracts 319
HEINE, HEINRICH,
Fathoms Deep 426
Love's Résumé 380
HERBERT, GEORGE,
Gratefulnesse 605
In Soul Man Mounts 666
The Holy Scriptures 194
Salute Thyself 36
Be Thrifty 51
Sum Up At Night 344
Music at Midnight 292
Teach Me 292
A True Hymn 141
Sunday 145
Gifts of God 555
HERVEY, THOMAS K.,
Farewell 715
In Storm or Shine 381
HERRICK, ROBERT, PAGE
Hymn to the Graces 483
HEYLIN, DR. PETER,
Verses Presented With a Bible . 115
HEYWOOD, THOMAS,
Shakespeare 226
Love's Good Morrow 416
HILL, D. H.,
To-Day 605
HINDS, DR.,
Not Dead but Sleeping . . . 565
HIPPOCRATES,
Life Short, Art Long 327
HOLLAND, J. G.,
I Count This to be True . . . 310
Faith 319
From "Miss Gilbert's Career" . 559
HUNT, W. M.,
Judging 299
HOLMES, O. W.,
Build Thee More Stately Mansions 36
Living 36
O Hearts That Break 561
Deal Gently With Us 340
HOOD, THOMAS,
The Death-Bed 713
Love 366
Evil 287
HOUGHTON, GEORGE,
Charity 660
HOWLAND, MARY WOOLSEY,
Rest 675
HOMER,
From "The Iliad" (Wm. C. Bryant, translator) 92
HUGO, VICTOR,
Supreme Happiness 363
Be Like the Bird 543

HUGO, VICTOR, *continued.* PAGE
Because 466
It is Nothing to Die 612
HOWITT, MARY,
Children 557
HUNT, LEIGH,
From "Song of the Flowers" . 110
Abou Ben Adhem 56
Jenny Kissed Me 442
HUNTINGTON, F. D.,
Strong Qualities 352
HUTCHINSON, ELLEN MACKAY,
A Flower's Epitaph 116
Under the Stars 101
June 108
HUGHES, THOMAS,
Gift of Making Friends . . . 460
From "Tom Brown at Rugby" . 622
HOWARD, HENRY (Earl of Surrey),
In Praise of His Lady-Love . . 463
I. E. G.,
A Flown Bird to Her Mate . . 447
INGELOW, JEAN,
Lamentation 536
Regret 286
Extracts 316
Giving 52
Like a Laverock in the Lift . . 393
INGERSOLL, ROBERT G.,
Shakespeare 226
INNSLEY, OWEN,
Service 460
Love's Calendar 444
A Rosary 437
IRVING, WASHINGTON,
Trifles 431
JACKSON, HELEN HUNT,
Spinning, ... 280
Absence 383
JAMESON, ANNA,
The Roving Heart 425
JEFFREY, FRANCIS, PAGE
On Shakespeare 226
JERROLD, DOUGLAS,
Yes and No 333
JOHNSON, KATHARINE H.,
Parting 696
JOHNSON, DR. S.,
Genius 290
One Consolation 686
Kings or Laws 351
Shakespeare 226
JOHNSON, ROSSITER,
Laurence 563
Barren as Sea-Sand 404
JONSON, BEN,
The Shepherd's Love 378
Valor 281
Love a Bitter Sweet 492
The Noble Nature 184
JONES, J L. L.,
Hold Me Accountable . . . 270
JOUBERT, JOSEPH,
Thoughts 107
JOYCE, ROBERT D.,
The Song of the Robins . . . 128
KEATS, JOHN,
A Fragment 91
Sweet Peas 165
A Thing of Beauty 334
KEMBLE, FRANCES A,
Absence 422
KEBLE, JOHN,
The Waterfall 43
Thou Art His Care 569
If in Our Course 702
Music in the Heart. 654
Life's Sign 396
KEMPIS, THOMAS A,
Nothing Sweeter than Love . . 359

K. H. M., PAGE
Come With the Birds 381

KINLOCH, LORD,
The Day Not Lost . . . 620

KINGSLEY, CHARLES,
Death a New Birth 746
Not All who Seem to Fail . . 616
Extracts from Letters 551
The Welfare of Our Bodies . . 353
Education for Women . . . 212
Quarreling and Misery . . . 47
A Farewell 72
Belief in a Special Providence . 550
Love 372

LAIGHTON, ALBERT,
Under the Leaves 112

LAMARTINE, ALPHONSE DE,
Fear Not Ye Who Love . . . 646

LANDOR, WALTER S.,
Shakespeare & Bacon 223
Writings of the Wise 27
Immoderate Grief 541

LACORDAIRE, JEAN B. H.,
Suffering 669

LARCOM, LUCY,
F. W. R. 732
The Curtain of the Dark . . . 653
Giving is My Need 464
The Best Thing 276

LATHROP, GEORGE P.,
Love's Calendar 368

LAMB, CHARLES,
Innocence 594
Grace 201

LAYCOCK, SAMUEL,
The New Comer 77

LEIGHTON, ROBERT,
Duty 549

LIDDON, H. P.,
The Church of Christ 685

LOCKER, FREDERICK, PAGE
A Nice Correspondent 455
A Garden Idyl. 403
The Widow's Mite 75
Mabel 461
The Cuckoo 130

LONGFELLOW, SAMUEL,
I Look to Thee 621

LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.,
The Chamber Over the Gate . . 528
Ballads 192
Where Should the Scholar Live . 326
Sleep 324
Tributes to Friends 245
Robert Burns 244
Birds 128
From "New England Tragedies" 44
Santa Filomena 326
The Full Soul 581
No Death 595
In Vain 661
Go to the Woods and Hills . . 91
Faith Alone 546
How Dark the Discipline . . . 598
God's Singers 191
Angels of Life and Death . . . 572
Ah, How Skillful Grows the Hand 462

LOWELL, MARIA W.,
The Morning Glory 562

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL,
My Love 365
O, What a Face Was Hers . . 718
Why Make We Moan 742
No Evidence 381
Abraham Lincoln 730
From "The Cathedral" . . . 94
From "Under the Willows" . . 99
On the Death of a Friend's Child . 564
To the Dandelion 126
From "The Biglow Papers" . . 100
Careless Seems the Great Avenger 347
Sorrow 529

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, *continued.* PAGE
Love for One 402
What Were I Stripped of Thee . 411
It May Be Glorious to Write . . 254
Every Man Has His Block . . 184
Be Noble 54
Who Gives Himself 52
From "The Birch Tree" . . . 109

LYNCH, T. T.,
From "Essays on Forms of Literature" 201

LYTTON, R. BULWER,
A Love Letter 429
Love's Quarrel 465

LYTTON, LORD (E. Bulwer),
Content 310
Sacred Poetry 191
From "The Caxtons" . . . 197

LOVELACE, RICHARD,
To Althea 427

LUTHER, MARTIN,
The Human Heart 219

LUSHINGTON, HENRY,
To the Memory of Pietro D'Alessandro 665

MACAULAY, T. B.,
After His Defeat at Edinburgh . 305
Mathematics 348

MACDONALD, GEORGE,
A Few Wayside Flowers . . . 28
Oh the Hurt of Love 476
Up in the Tree 120
Willingness to be Nothing . . 270
The Love of God 277
The Poet's Heart 203
Life and Religion 314
From "Robert Falconer" . . . 557
Thoughts 613
The Deeper Heart 614
With What a Power of Hope . . 327
Love Me, Beloved 445
The Spirit of Love 196

MACDUFF, T., PAGE
Plan Not 658

MACKAY, CHARLES,
O Ye Tears 628
Clear the Way 179
The Building of the House . . 159

M. G. M.,
A Fancy 454
A Beloved Physician 710
Night Blooming Cereus . . . 107

MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE,
Sonnet 712

MASSEY, GERALD,
Not by Appointment 279
Our White Dove 574
O Weep No More 538

MASSINGER, PHILIP,
Virtue and Brave Action . . . 300
The Poor 56

MAY, JULIA H.,
Which One 649

MIDDLETON, DR.,
True Thought 28

MILL, JOHN STUART,
Happiness 182

MILNES, R. M.,
A Sense of an Earnest Will . . 608
The Brook-Side 443
Love 364
Sonnet 90

MILTON, JOHN,
Epitaph on Shakespeare . . . 223
Who Best can Suffer 531
They Also Serve 652
Purity 353
Glory 240
Love Virtue 340
Contemplation 550
A Good Book 583

PAGE

MILLER, WILLIAM,
The Wonderfu' Wean 72

MORE, HANNAH,
Women in Action 214

MOORE, THOMAS,
Oh Thou that Dry'st the Tear . 660
Let Fate do her Worst . . . 90

MOTTOES 397

MONTGOMERY, JAMES,
The Recluse 150

MOZART, LEOPOLD,
A Prayer 547

MÜLLER, MAX,
Without Thought 347

MUHLENBERG, W. A.,
Who Would Live Alway . . . 721

NADAND, GUSTAVE,
Carcassonne 277

NEWMAN, J. H.,
Warfare the Condition of Victory . 283
God Has Will'd 274
Bright as Is the Sun 211
Joy of Sad Hearts 718
Lead Kindly Light 743
Time Was I Shrank 588
God's Providences 691
One Alone All in All 538

NICOLL, ROBERT,
Cleanse Thy Heart 320

NIGHTINGALE, FLORENCE,
Letter to Miss Jane Martineau . 513
" " Mrs. Maria Chapman 514
Nursing an Art 330

NOBLE, F. A.,
The Divine Love For Men . . 550
From a Lecture 336
Ambition and Aspiration . . . 294
Belief, The Cure of Trouble . . 623
Evanishing 553
The Baptism of Brotherhood . . 297
Motives to Earnestness . . . 297

NORRIS, JOHN, PAGE
An Aspiration 693

NOVALIS,
Thoughts 581

O'REILLY, J. BOYLE,
Unspoken Words 328
Knowledge 347
Her Refrain 441

OSGOOD, SAMUEL,
Petty Sacrifice 53
Be Strong 292

OSTERWALD,
The True Spring 421

OTWAY, THOMAS,
O Woman, Lovely Woman . . 213
A Prayer 433

OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS,
Birth, Beauty, Wealth 347

PAINE, THOMAS,
Reputation 333

PARKER, THEODORE,
Hymn 615
R. W. Emerson 236
Out of Graves 530

PARSONS, T. W.,
On A Lady Singing 382
" " Bust of Dante 238
In Memoriam 707
Paradisa Gloria 593

PATMORE, COVENTRY,
If Thou Dost Bid Farewell . . 287
Who Follows Pleasure . . . 344

PAUL, St.,
Love 396

PIATT, S. M. B.,
His Share and Mine 568

PIERPONT, JOHN,
My Child 566

PLATO,
The Name of Wise 201

PAGE

POLLOK, ROBERT,
Voice of Friend 430

PETOFI, ALEXANDER
All the Earth is Wrapped in Shadows 432

POPE, ALEXANDER,
Birds 128

POWERS, HORATIO NELSON,
Wings 38
The New Year 35
Apple Blossoms 161
From "Deukalion" 733
Nearer and Nearer, Lord . . . 662
You and I 439

PRESTON, MARGARET JUNKIN,
Charles Kingsley 242
The Shadow 640

PROCTER, ADELAIDE A.,
For Love's Sake 52
If Thou Couldst Know . . . 597
I Take You as a Gift from God . 487
O What if Life were All . . . 598

PROCTOR, E. D.,
Thy Birds are only Flown . . . 737

PRINGLE, THOMAS,
Here While the Night Winds . . 638

PYCHOWSKA, L. D.,
Hare-Bells 321

PRECIOUS PROMISES, ... 676

READ, T. B.,
Extract 662

REALF, RICHARD,
At The Window 451
Alas! 654
An Old Man's Idyl 419
Love is Love 440
Life's Essence 153

RICHTER, JEAN PAUL,
A Divine Hunger 590
Real Life 58

ROBERTSON, F. W.,
Revelation 619
Heart and Manhood 284

ROBERTSON, HARRISON,
Thelga and Ethred 474

ROGERS, CAROLINE S.,
Nature 93

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL,
Soul-Light 412

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G.,
Confluents 408
A Birthday 439
Dost Thou Not Care 678
A Christmas Carol 30
Consider the Lilies 113
Sonnet 413

RUSKIN, JOHN,
The Sky 84
How to Live 581
The Right Faith 610
The Best Prayer 591
No Music in a Rest 602
Thoughts 330
The Picture 258
The Grass 125

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER,
Death 704

RÜCKERT, FREDERICK,
Greeting From Far Away . . . 424
Shelter 428
From "Wisdom of the Brahmin" (Charles T. Brooks, translator) 217
What Love Said 402
Love Doth to Her Eyes Repair . 487

RUSSIAN PROVERB 352

SANGSTER, MARGARET E.,
A Vesper Song 687
Lilies 105
Our Own 284

SAVAGE, M. J.,
Weeds 28
Light on the Cloud 611

PAGE

SAXTON, ANDREW B.,
Delay 320

SCHEFER, GOTTLEIB L. I.,
Diabolus, the Doubter (Charles T. Brooks, translator) 355

SCHEFFLER, JOHANNES,
From "The Cherubic Pilgrim" . 682

SHEA, JOHN A.,
The Ocean 81

SHELLEY, PERCY B.,
To the Skylark 135
To the Moon 83
This Notice on my Door . . . 123

SCHILLER, J. C. FREDERICK VON,
Death 595
If Thou Hast Something . . . 334
No Double in Friendship . . . 433
A Serene Spirit 703

SCOTT, SIR WALTER,
The Bible 195
Woman 214
The Hour of Death 529
The Song of Rebecca 162
An Hour with Thee 392

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM,
Our Doubts 177
Absence 377
The Web of Life 288
Portrait of Himself 232
Reverence 243
In Ourselves 340
Every Humor 302
Ambition 254
Remembrance 412
Post Mortem 414
Sleep 348
Silence 352
All Your Acts Queens . . . 446
Still Telling What is Told . . 421
Time's Glory 89
Sunrise 92
God's Goodness to Thee . . . 279

PAGE

SHENSTONE, WILLIAM,
Style 28

SHIPMAN, W. A.,
What She Could 659

SHORTHOUSE, HENRY,
The Infinite Pity 352

SILL, E. R.,
Life 281

SIMMS, W. GILMORE,
Friendship 389

SMILES, SAMUEL,
Books 193
Good Character 315

SMILEY, SARAH F.,
We Rarely Receive 340

SMITH, ALEXANDER,
Each Time We Love 621
Nature and Friendship . . . 364

SMITH, HORACE,
Hymn to the Flowers 101

SMITH, SIDNEY,
Coxcombry 258
Hope and Despair 177
Most Painful 456

SMITH, M. R.,
From "Sometime" 703

SPITTA, KARL JOHANN P.,
O Happy House 37

SPOFFORD, HARRIET PRESCOTT,
A Four-o'Clock 121
The Love I Bring You . . . 407

STANLEY, A. P.,
Show Thy Light 331

STEDMAN, E. C.,
The Inner Life 332
The Constant Heart 449

STODDARD, R. H.,
William Shakespeare 228
A Rose Song 275
Abraham Lincoln 232
Liber Amoris 384

STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER, PAGE
Summer Studies 185
Sorrow 596
Repression 448
Friends 394
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP,
Nothing Too Great for My Friend 464
The Countenance of a Friend . 460
Secret of My Friend 372
Pedigrees 355
Service 355
Sonnet 407
SWINBURNE, A. C.,
A Baby's Death 560
A Baby's Feet 74
George Eliot 736
Not a Child 74
SMYTH, NEWMAN,
This Wonderful Life 552
SOUTHEY, ROBERT,
Pure and True Affection . . . 430
Love is Indestructible 416
SOUTH, ROBERT,
Love, Friendship 492
SPENCER, CAROLINE,
Some Hearts Like Wells . . . 479
SPENCER, ROBERT WM.,
Too Late I Stayed 470
SPENSER, EDMUND,
The Noble Heart 287
Sonnet 490
To the Memory of a Friend . . 591
SPIELHAGEN, F.,
From "Through Night to Light" 413
SPURGEON, CHARLES H.,
He Who Climbs 599
SWING, DAVID,
Too Late 631
T. A. E.,
Sonnet 686
One of God's Choir 48
TAYLOR, BAYARD, PAGE
Rest 340
The Song of the Camp . . . 480
TAYLOR, JEREMY,
On Friendship 362
On the Death of a Child . . . 543
God Governs the World . . . 531
Fruit of Disciplinary Pain . . 608
TAYLOR, SIR HENRY,
From "Philip Van Artevelde" . 353
Doubtful Knowledge 353
TAYLOR, TOM,
Abraham Lincoln 233
TERSTERGEN, GERHARD,
Within 599
At Evening 558
O Mother Heart 558
TENNYSON, ALFRED,
Song 383
Love Took Up the Glass of Time 410
Prayer 220
Something I Would Say . . . 527
Break, Break, Break 639
From "In Memoriam" . . . 700
Thoughts 219
Though Night has Climbed . . 698
From "Idyls of the King" . . 491
Spiritual Communions 645
Who Shuts Love Out 386
Knowledge 219
THACKERAY, W. M.,
Joseph Addison 249
True Love 390
From "The Newcomes" . . . 557
THAXTER, CELIA,
What Opportunities 44
From Prize Christmas Card, 1881 . 465
The Sandpiper 140
THOREAU, H. D.,
On Friendship 385
Autumn 256

THOREAU, H. D., *continued.* PAGE
Strange 434
Goodness 314
THROCKMORTON, ALLAN,
Lasting Friendship 468
TIMROD, HENRY,
Sonnet 454
TILTON, THEODORE,
The Wanderer's Song 379
TRENCH, R. C.,
Three Sonnets 322
None but God 279
When Afflicted 689
Little Sins 614
TROWBRIDGE, J. T.,
Midsummer 118
Service 167
Gold 362
VAUX, LORD,
Thinking 237
VERY, JONES,
Nature 91
VIRGIL,
From "The Æneid" (George Howland's Translation) 214
WARE, E. S.,
The Washerwoman's Song . . 45
WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY,
Christmas, Thanksgiving . . . 32
WAUGH, EDWIN,
The Dule's i' This Bonnet o' Mine 406
W. C. B.,
Apple Blossoms 105
WEBSTER, DANIEL,
The Memory of the Heart . . 378
WEBSTER, AUGUSTA,
We Are Lovers 442
The Gift 462
Thou and I 447
WELLS, EBEN HALE,
The Storm at Sea 83
WESTON, EDWARD P., PAGE
Prayer for Rain 606
WEEKS, ROBERT K.,
Song 468
Her Name 473
WHITNEY, A. D. T.,
God Does Not Send Strange Flowers 647
WHITMAN, WALT,
O Captain! My Captain! . . . 236
WELSH, A. H.,
Shakespeare 227
WHITTIER, J. G.,
From "Among the Hills" . . 368
Hearts of Love 337
From "The Chapel of the Hermits" 41
William Wordsworth 732
Alas for Him 702
Self-Ease 558
The One Necessity 457
Not by the Page Word Painted . 204
From "The Eternal Goodness" . 532
Better to Stem the Tide . . . 547
From "My Soul and I" . . . 548
His Love 480
He Prayeth Well 681
WILSON, PROF.,
Shakespeare 226
WILLIS, N. P.,
My Memory 302
WITHER, GEORGE,
On Poesy 191
Vanished Blessings 650
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM,
She Was a Phantom of Delight . 70
Early Dawn 85
London at Sunrise 86
From "Peter Bell" 86
John Milton 240
Suffering 617

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, *continued.* PAGE
Daffodils 305
Lucy 572
Sonnet 239
To the Cuckoo 139
Contempt 304
On the Sonnet 193
The World too Much With Us . 354
To a Distant Friend 391
Life is Energy of Love . . . 414
From "Intimations of Immortality" 690

WOTTON, SIR HENRY,
Character of a Happy Life . . 182
Ye Meaner Beauties 483

YOUNG, EDWARD,
Death 633
The Crown of Life 274

ANONYMOUS.
A Treasure in Heaven . . . 694
A True Friend 458
A Ladder to Heaven 392
A Spring Song 120
Anne Hathaway 435
Artemas Ward 257
Autumn 256
At Beethoven's Grave 253
Arabic Inscription 179
As Flows the River 241
Ask God to Give Thee Skill . . 525
Countless Gold 181
Carrara 609
Chrysanthemums 122
Common Sense 347
Evening Brings Us Home . . 345
Even for the Dead 663
Forget-Me-Not 109
Faith, Hope and Love . . . 338
Far Out of Sight 629
God Is Love 651
Gems of the Orient 58
Girlhood 71
George Washington 247

ANONYMOUS, *continued.* PAGE
He Mistakes Who Tries . . . 187
He Remembereth Our Frame . 612
Inscription on a Library . . . 194
Is It True 339
Inscription in an Old Churchyard 626
Judas Iscariot 634
Love the Only Price of Love . . 401
Love 490
Life 674
Love is the Priceless Thing . . 53
Linger Not Long 467
Little Troubles 627
Minnelied 446
My Peace Art Thou 489
Mizpah 387
My Queen 441
New Year's Day 34
Not All the Year 679
Not to the Swift 608
Not Musical 68
Noble Deeds 292
Not This the End 584
Not To Be Unhappy 595
O Hearts That Yearn 650
Poems Unwritten 188
Pray for Whom Thou Lovest . . 479
Praise Not Thy Work 351
Power of Religious Influence . . 333
Patient Waiting 628
Release 689
Russian Proverb 352
Sorrow 604
Say You Love Me 409
Sunshine Like Love 182
Sorrow 558
Sowing in Tears 571
Shut in 618
So Very Sweet and Fair . . . 72
Service 661
Sympathy 582
The Sacrifice of the Will . . . 556
The Discipline of Uselessness . 641

ANONYMOUS, *continued.* PAGE
The Noblest Prayer 113
The Only Avenue of Bliss . . 319
Take Unto Thyself, O Father . . 559
The Sun Hath Set 699
Trouble: Sorrow 617
True Kindness 382
The Great Adventurer . . . 469
The Secret 79
The Richest of All 56
The Lovers Go 395
The Noblest Life 423
The Hidden Life 655
There is the Peace 657
To L. P. N 493
Worry 183
We Often Fail 299
What Is Love 401
What Others Think 349
What is There Left For Me to Say 440

IN MEMORIAM.
Annie 708
My Boy 709
A. H. B 710
C. B. H 710
E. H 710
Å. C. W 711
C. H. L 711
Nannie O 711
A. E. B 711
S. L 712
W. B 712
E. F. P 713
A. B. T 713
R. F. T 714
L. F 714
H. G. W 714
W. B. W 714
E. R. W 715
R. B. C 715
Fanny G 715
Stalham Williams 716
M. E. B 716

IN MEMORIAM, *continued.* PAGE
Lottie 717
Carrie A. and Susie 717
Our Baby 717
A. M. L 718
C. V. L 718
G. M 718
J. M 719
T. M 719
R. M 719
B. N. C 720
J. H. Raymond 720
W. A. Muhlenberg 721
C. G. G 721
C. B. L 722
J. C. 722
L. C 722
S. W. C 723
Walter, Katy and Ruth . . . 723
Little Rose R 723
M. P. M 724
H. B 724
Mary D 724
A. B. P 725
H. G. L 725
Addison Gardiner 726
Edith H. C 726
M. E. M 726
S. D. P 726
S. P. K 727
A. E. L 727
Nellie 727
J. L. L 728
J. C. C 728
Charles Sumner 728
Arthur 729
C. D. B 729
Abraham Lincoln 730
Lydia Maria Child 730
James A. Garfield 731
William Lloyd Garrison . . . 731
Lucretia Mott 731
Louis J. R. Agassiz 731

IN MEMORIAM, *continued.* PAGE

F. W. Robertson 732
William Wordsworth 732
Charles Kingsley 733
Bayard Taylor 733
Henry W. Longfellow . . . 734
William C. Bryant 734
Elizabeth Barrett Browning . . 734
Ralph Waldo Emerson . . . 735
Charlotte Brontè 735
Nathaniel Hawthorne 735
George Eliot 736

IN MEMORIAM, *continued.* PAGE

William M. Thackeray . . . 736
Charles Dickens 737
Ole Bull 737
Arthur P. Stanley 737
Josiah Gilbert Holland . . . 738
Thomas Arnold 738
William E. Dodge 739
James T. Fields 740
C. A 741
L. P. F 741
M. B. F 741

Many Thoughts for Many Hours.

MANY THOUGHTS FOR MANY HOURS.

Come, and take a choice of all my library;
And so beguile thy sorrow.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sentences are like sharp nails, which force truth upon us.

DENIS DIDEROT.

The writings of the wise are the only riches our posterity cannot squander.

W. S. LANDOR.

"The wisdom of the wise and the experience of ages, may be preserved by quotations."

I have but marked the place,
But half the secret told,
That, following this slight trace
Others may find the gold.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I hate a style, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that slides along like an eel, and never rises to what one can call an inequality. WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

A few dear wayside flowers—
Harebells, red poppies, daisies, eyebrights blue,—
Gathered them by the way for comforting.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

It may be weeds I've gathered too;
But even a weed may be
As fragrant as the fairest flower
With some sweet memory.

M. J. SAVAGE.

By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we quote.

R. W. EMERSON.

I look upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and, like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current. DR. MIDDLETON.

I pluck up the goodlisome herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, digest them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory by gathering them together; that so, having tasted their sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of life.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought,—
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

O strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still,—but knew not why
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed;
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,—
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and silent night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness,—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMMETT.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him
  Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
  When He comes to reign;
In the bleak midwinter
  A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
  Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him whom cherubim
  Worship night and day
A breastful of milk
  And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for him whom angels
  Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
  Which adore.

Angels and archangels,
  May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
  Throng'd the air;
But only His mother,
  In her maiden bliss,
Worshiped her Beloved
  With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
  Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
  I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man,
  I would do my part,—
Yet what I can I give Him,
  Give my heart.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

While Thanksgiving has its foundation on Plymouth Rock, Christmas rests upon the Rock of Ages. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

UNDER THE SNOW.

A STORY IN RHYME.

It was Christmas Eve in the year fourteen,
And, as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they ever had seen,
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell,

When wagoner John got out his team,
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,
With the light in his eyes of a young man's dream,
As he thought of his wedding on New Year's Day,

To Ruth, the maid with the bonnie brown hair,
And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,
Modest and winsome, and wondrous fair,
And true to her troth, for her heart was true.

"Thou's surely not going!" shouted mine host;
"Thou'll be lost in the drift, as sure as thou's born;
Thy lass winnot want to wed wi' a ghost,
And that's what thou'll be on Christmas morn.

"It's eleven long miles from Skipton toon
To Blueberg hooses 'e Washburn dale;
Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon,
And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o' good ale."

Turn the swallows flying south,
Turn the vines against the sun,

Herds from rivers in the drouth,
Men must dare or nothing's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way?
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December to May.

But the wind from the north brings a deadly chill
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are deep,
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg hill.
He is weary and falls in a pleasant sleep,

And dreams he is walking by Washburn side,
Walking with Ruth on a summer's day,
Singing that song to his bonnie bride,
His own wife now forever and aye.

Now read me this riddle, how Ruth should hear
That song of a heart in the clutch of doom
Steal on her ear, distinct and clear
As if her lover was in the room.

And read me this riddle, how Ruth should know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy door,
That her lover was lost in the drifting snow,
Dying or dead, on the great wild moor.

"Help! help!" "Lost! lost!"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded and tempest-tossed,
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill,
Ridsdale and Robinson, each with a light,
To find her there holding him white and still.

"He was dead in the drift, then,"
I hear them say,
As I listen in wonder,
Forgetting to play,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

"Nay, nay, they were wed!" the dalesman cried,
"By Parson Carmalt o' New Year's Day;
Bless ye! Ruth were me great-great grandsire's bride,
And Maister Frankland gave her away."

"But how did she find him under the snow?"
They cried with a laughter touched with tears.
"Nay, lads," he said softly, "we never can know—
No, not if we live a hundred years.

"There's a sight o' things gan
To the making o' man."
Then I rushed to my play
With a whoop and away,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

ROBERT COLLYER.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A flower, dear friend, I bring,
A gleam of light from clay,
That waiting not for Spring,
Shines forth on New Year's Day.
As little, oh, may we
Regard what season rolls,
So this sweet snowdrop be
No whiter than our souls.

ANON.

THE NEW YEAR.

A Flower unblown; a Book unread;
A Tree with fruit unharvested;
A Path untrod; a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A Landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed;
A Casket with its gifts concealed;
This is the year that for you waits,
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates.

Oh, may this Flower unfold to you
Visions of beauty sweet and new;
This Book on golden pages trace
Your sacred joys and deeds of grace;
May all the fruit of this strange Tree
Luscious and rosy-tinted be;
This Path through fields of knowledge go;
This House with love's content o'erflow;
This Landscape glitter with the dew
Of blessed hopes and friendships true;
This Fountain's living crystal cheer,
As fail the springs that once were dear;
This Casket with such gems be stored
As shine in lives that love the Lord.

HORATIO N. POWERS.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

O. W. HOLMES.

Living, thou dost not live
If mercy's spring run dry;
What Heaven has lent thee wilt thou freely give,
Dying, thou shalt not die!

He promised even so!
To thee His lips repeat:
Behold, the tears that soothed thy sister's woe
Have washed thy Master's feet!

IDEM.

We think what joy it would have been to share
In their high privilege who came to bear
Sweet spice and costly gem
To Christ, in Bethlehem.

And in that thought we half forget that He
Is wheresoe'er we seek Him earnestly;
Still filling every place
With sweet, abounding grace.

PHŒBE CARY.

By all means, use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.

GEORGE HERBERT.

O HAPPY HOUSE!

O happy house! where Thou art loved the best,
  Dear Friend and Saviour of our race,
Where never comes such welcome, honored Guest,
  Where none can ever fill Thy place;
Where every heart goes forth to meet Thee,
  Where every ear attends Thy word,
Where every lip with blessing greets Thee,
  Where all are waiting on their Lord.

O happy house! where man and wife in heart,
  In faith and hope are one,
That neither life nor death can ever part
  The holy union here begun;
Where both are sharing one salvation,
  And live before Thee, Lord, always,
In gladness or in tribulation,
  In happy or in evil days.

O happy house! whose little ones are given
  Early to Thee, in faith and prayer,—
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
  Guards them with more than mother's care.
O happy house! where little voices
  Their glad hosannas love to raise,
And childhood's lisping tongue rejoices
  To bring new songs of love and praise.

O happy house! and happy servitude!
  Where all alike one Master own;
Where daily duty in Thy strength pursued,
  Is never hard nor toilsome known;
Where each one serves Thee, meek and lowly,
  Whatever Thine appointment be,
Till common tasks seem great and holy,
  When they are done as unto Thee.

O happy house! where Thou art not forgot
When joy is flowing full and free;
O happy house! where every wound is brought,
Physician, Comforter, to Thee.
Until at last, earth's day's work ended,
All meet Thee in that home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy heaven of glory and of love!

KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA.

WINGS.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles." ISAIAH XL, 31.

The real marrow of life is in its higher experiences. The exultant moods are always the most joyous. We manage to endure a great deal that is disagreeable and depressing, if now and then come seasons of spiritual uplifting, moments of soul-glow and sunrise, when we are translated from the low flats of a dull, earthly monotony, to higher levels and better fellowships.

"They shall mount up on wings as eagles," says the prophet. This is our privilege. The soul is free. It has wings in the joy of pure emotion, in the upspringing might of faith, in the ardor of heavenly aspiration, in the swift flight of love, in the liberty of exultant hope.

With some these wings are often folded. They droop often through sheer weariness. They trail frequently in the dust. But again they shine in the clear air of cerulean heights. The sunlight of truth is on them. On their strong pinions life is held above defeats and woe. Making ample allowance for differences in temperament and scope of thought in individuals, the devout nature is not ignorant of blessed experiences that impel the soul onward,— sympathies, insights, ardors,— refreshing and enriching to the hidden life. A few hints will awaken precious memories.

You remember how the spring odors of the tender-leaved woods seized your finer sense as you came forth from the place of prayer, and wafted

your thought to the trees of Paradise; and how, on the billowy splendors of indescribable sunsets, you were borne to the gates of light, which seemed uplifted, as if to welcome the King of Glory; and how, on the mountain-top, as day flung its roses over the sky, and kissed the wide waters to crimson, you were borne afar; and how, awed and ravished beneath the midnight stars, you seemed to wander through the eternal deeps amid the blossoming constellations, until you almost heard the sphery harmony, and touched the uncreated throne! More than once, in the solitude and by the sea, amid the noon's delicious peacefulness, and when the fresh winds blew health and music out of the west, over leagues of prairie starred with unnumbered flowers, your heart overran with sacred emotion, and expanded to embrace the beautiful repose! Wings were yours.

Then, too, after a season of spiritual depression; where you had gone mournfully with a sense of barrenness and burden, the painful spell was finally broken, and you seemed set in "a large place." Ay, your soul bounded outward into blessed light. Great freedom was yours, and you wondered why such doubt could have fettered the faith that now exults in the joyful confidence of a son beloved. And so, too, when the news of that dear friend's espousal of Christ reached you; when the darling child of many prayers went with you, for the first time, to the table of the Lord; when the prodigal, who had made the house so sorrowful, came back with the glow of forgiveness on his brow; and when, gathered around the old hearthstone at the family festival, the unutterable peace of God came down,— on what gracious wings were you upborne! What refreshing renewal was yours! You remember how, before now, you have come into the church, heavy, gloomy, discouraged, an evil world shadowing your hope, and life looking sepulchral and poor amid earth's losses and changes and delusions, and how hymn and psalm and confession and prayer have little by little stolen away your unrest, and then how the word of grace uttered from the depths of a prophetic soul flowed with healing and light and comfort to your heart, and how, on the wings of its benediction, you rose up stronger and clearer visioned, and went forth as on the landscape of a better world.

And so when the evil spirit of wrath and revenge was cast from you, and self conquered in granting forgiveness that linked your life in closer bonds to one estranged; when, bowing in the great congregation where a thousand hearts went up in importunate supplication, or in triumphant

Te Deums stormed heaven with praise, you rose on the wave of devotion, and when all at once the transcendent vision of Love incarnate and on the cross burst with illustrious glory on your soul, then there was no dull plodding in the way,—pinions were at your feet.

But it is in the closet, if you live nobly, that your strength is most graciously renewed. There, with the world put away, with faith resting serenely on the promise, while the place seemed instinct with a hallowing presence, you waited for your Lord. Nay, you waited with your Lord, for He came in and supped with you, and you with Him. On Him you emptied all your burdens and your sins. It was enough to feel the pulses of his peerless love, to see life's consummate ideal met in His perfection; enough to see every thorn of His crown of suffering blossom into celestial anadems, and to rest without a doubt in the tabernacle of His peace. Perhaps you are one who, in the wondrous disclosures of these hours, can say, "Whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell."

We give grudgingly, we labor in heaviness, we minister painfully, we worship coldly, we live meanly, until the higher life is begotten within us,—until the soul gets a glow and an earnestness and a breadth of sympathy, and an impulse of high and pure aspiration that make it a joy to do good. Love is always winged. If you would conquer your besetments, rise to a more gracious benevolence, enjoy a livelier consciousness of eternal things, and have your christian duties delightful, get the ardent, unselfish, consecrated heart of love, through the grace of the Holy Spirit, the Inspirer and Comforter.

It were easy to picture more in detail instances of these spiritual upliftings in the fervor of your first discipleship, in times of blessed awakening in the churches, and in all your most precious experiences. But these are all revived as you recall the bright places of your pilgrimage. Through their impulse you have done your most genuine work for Christ, have had the clearest glimpses of the heavenly beatitude, and have gathered the choicest fruits of holiness. These experiences give the lie to an atheistic materialism. They strangle doubts of our immortality. They attest our divine relationship. In these illuminations the letter of Scripture delivers a grander and more inspiring meaning. In them we antedate the everlasting life. HORATIO N. POWERS.

"He that hath love in his breast hath spurs in his side."

FROM "THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS."

I do believe; and yet, in grief,
I pray for help to unbelief;
For needful strength aside to lay
The daily cumberings of my way.

I'm sick at heart of craft and cant;
Sick of the crazed enthusiast's rant,
Profession's smooth hypocrisies,
And creeds of iron, and lives of ease.

I ponder o'er the sacred word;
I read the record of our Lord;
And, weak and troubled, envy them
Who touched His seamless garment's hem,—

Who saw the tears of love He wept
Above the grave where Lazarus slept,
And heard, amidst the shadows dim
Of Olivet, His evening hymn.

Oh, bear me thither! Let me look
On Siloa's pool and Kedron's brook,—
Kneel at Gethsemane, and by
Gennesaret walk, before I die!

So spake my friend, one autumn day,
Where the still river slid away
Beneath us, and above the brown
Red curtains of the woods shut down.

Then said I,—for I could not brook
The mute appealing of his look,—
I, too, am weak, and faith is small,
And blindness happeneth unto all.

Yet sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right!
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man:—

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here,—
The still small voice in Autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
And now, and here, and everywhere.

J. G. WHITTIER.

FROM DANTE.

There is in heaven a light, whose goodly shine
Makes the Creator visible to all
Created, that in seeing Him, alone
Have peace; and in its circuit spreads so far
That the circumference, with enlarging zone,
Doth girdle in the worlds.

FROM "THE WATERFALL."

Go where the waters fall,
Sheer from the mountain's height,—

Mark how a thousand streams in one,—
One in a thousand on they fare,
Now flashing to the sun,
Now still as beast in lair.

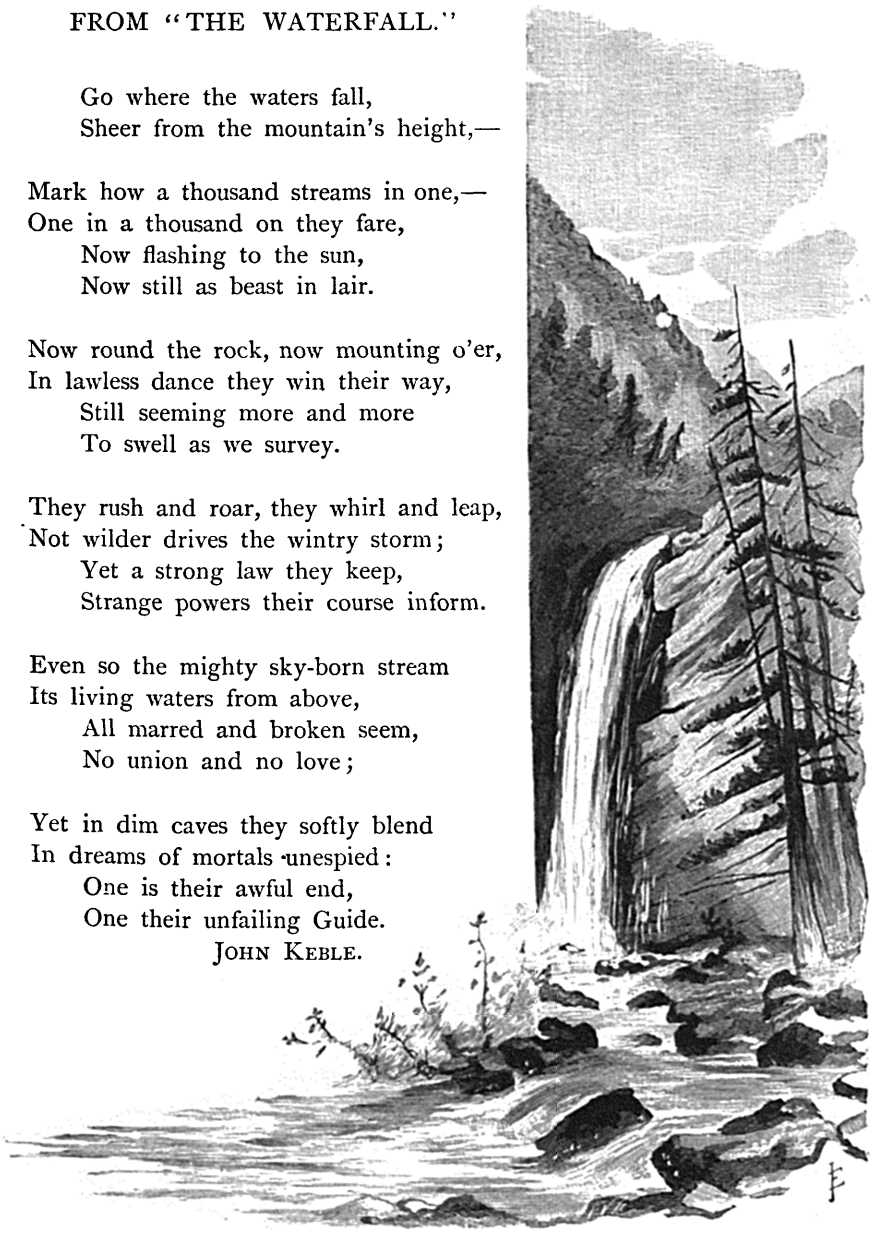
Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,
In lawless dance they win their way,
Still seeming more and more
To swell as we survey.

They rush and roar, they whirl and leap,
Not wilder drives the wintry storm;
Yet a strong law they keep,
Strange powers their course inform.

Even so the mighty sky-born stream
Its living waters from above,
All marred and broken seem,
No union and no love;

Yet in dim caves they softly blend
In dreams of mortals unespied:
One is their awful end,
One their unfailing Guide.

JOHN KEBLE.



FROM "NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES."

Let us, then, labor for an inward stillness and an inward healing;
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
In singleness of heart, that we may know
His will, and in the silence of our spirits,
That we may do His will, and do that only!
* * * * * * And then,
As the flowing of the ocean fills
Each creek and branch thereof, and then retires,
Leaving behind a sweet and wholesome savor:
So doth the virtue and the life of God
Flow evermore into the hearts of those
Whom He hath made partakers of His nature;
And when it but withdraws itself a little,
Leaves a sweet savor after it, that many
Can say they are made clean by every word
That He hath spoken to them in their silence.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"Soul, be but inly bright,
All outer things must smile, must catch
The strong, transcendent light."

T. H. GILL.

See how everywhere
Love comforts, strengthens, helps and saves us all!
What opportunities of good befall
To make life sweet and fair!

CELIA THAXTER.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
  In the suds and in the soap,
  Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone,
  "With a Saviour for a friend,
  He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along
I had heard the semi-song,
  And I often used to smile,
  More in sympathy than guile,
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
  As she sang about her friend
  Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
  As her children, three or four,
  Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long,
  "With a Saviour for a friend,
  He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
  Of the stories that are told
  Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
  the anodyne of grief,
  And will always be a friend
  That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
  But her spirits always rose,
  Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone:
  Of a Saviour and a friend
  Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and rub
On the washboard in the tub,
  While the baby, sopped in suds,
  Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools,—
  She still humming of her friend
  Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs,
  And I would not wish to strip
  From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring;
  For the woman *has* a friend
  That will keep her to the end.

E. S. WARE.

What is being religious, but always seeing God's infinite love in everything, and loving Him all the time? It is seeing His mercy in the sun and sky; in the hills and plains; in daily life, with its discipline and education; in the friendships of our friends; in our insight into new truths; in the grand opportunities of daily service of the human race which He affords us. It is hearing and answering His invitation to come to Him to be inspired, to be filled with light, to be filled with love, to

be filled with power. Suppose all the little buds and seeds should say, "Oh, dear! April has come; and now we shall have to unpack ourselves, and go out of these snug little chambers where we have been sleeping all winter, with nothing to do but rest. It is getting warmer every day. Strange thrills pass through us, 'the blind motion of the spring.' But do let us stay as long as we can, shut up here; for it will be a very gloomy thing to go out into the soft summer air, and unfold ourselves in the sunlight into tremulous leaves, bending stalks, and fragrant flowers."

But Nature does not look unhappy in unfolding. And why, if seeds and buds enjoy unfolding in the sun, should not our souls enjoy unfolding in the sunlight of our Father's infinite tenderness and perfect love? Why should we give ourselves grudgingly, and as of necessity, to the love of God? Why hesitate and tremble, and think we are not good enough to love Him, or to be loved by Him? Love does not hesitate. Love leaves all and follows. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

What does half the misery and all the quarreling in the world come from, but from people's loving themselves better than their neighbors? Would children be disobedient, and neglectful to their parents, if they did not love themselves better than their parents? Why does a man kill, commit adultery, steal, bear false witness, covet his neighbor's goods, his neighbor's custom, his neighbor's rights, but because he loves his own pleasure or interest better than his neighbors; loves himself better than the man whom he wrongs? Would a man take advantage of his neighbor if he loved him as well as himself? Would he be hard on his neighbor, and say, "Pay me to the uttermost farthing," if he loved him as he loves himself? Would he speak evil of his neighbor behind his back, if he loved him as himself? Would he cross his neighbor's temper, just because he will have his own way, right or wrong, if he loved him as himself? What would the world become like this moment if every man loved his neighbor as himself, thought of his neighbor as much as he thinks of himself? Would it not become heaven on earth at once? There would be no need then for soldiers and policemen, lawyers, rates and taxes, and all the expensive and heavy machinery which is now needed to force people into

keeping sometning of God's law. Ay, there would be no need of sermons, preachers and prophets to tell men of God's law, and warn them of the misery of breaking it. They would keep the law of their own free will by love. For love is the fulfilling of the law; and as St. Augustine says, "Love your neighbor, and then do what you will—because you will be sure to will what is right." So truly did our Lord say, that on this one commandment hung all the law and the prophets.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ONE OF GOD'S CHOIR.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."

She sang in the daylight hour
  Her matin hymn;
She sang in the evening hour
  When skies were dim:
She sang in the midnight drear
  When stars were hid;
She sang when the rising moon
  The darkness chid.

In the morn she praised the sun,—
  God sent the light;
She sang while His work she did
  With all her might;
She sang while she viewed His earth
  Its flowers and fruit;
Her song was the song of songs,
  God's love its root.

At the evening hour she sang,
  The day is past;
Thanks, thanks for the good work wrought,
  Its power shall last.

Thanks, thanks for the hours,—each hour
  Has brought some cheer;
Thanks, too, for the power to work
  From year to year.

In the midnight drear she sang,
  Thank God for rest.
He has hid the stars in cloud,
  His way is best.
I grope for the light. I seek
  For work some way,
But lo! He has said, "Be still;
  The night is grey.

"Work not this hour, but dream
  I visions bring,
Of the past—of the future too–
  Thy heart shall sing.
'Tis the midnight hour, my child,—
  No toil is meet;
Rest thou in thy Father, God,
  His rest is sweet.

"Soon shall the calm moon arise
  With pale, sweet light;
Though the sun come not again
  With flashes bright,
Though the warmth and glow of noon
  Are gone for aye,
The soft, fair light of the eve
  Shall tinge thy sky."

So she sang a sweeter song
  Than e'er before,
And she lived a gentler life
  Than that of yore.

The friends who had known her best
  Saw God had shed
From His censer a fragrance sweet
  On her drooping head.

Now she sang the sweetest song
  She ever sung,
And the noblest thoughts poured forth
  From heartstrings wrung.
Her joy was of others' joy,
  The reflex bright
As the moon's pale face is lit
  By the sun's gay light.

A. E. T.

THE USE OF WEALTH.

Wealth is a means, and life the end;
You lose your hoard, have what you spend.
For that unhappy mortal pray
Who never learned to give away.
His heaped-up wealth made him its slave:
He did not use who never gave.

FROM THE GULISTAN. SAADI.

When the Spaniard gives to the poor, he does it with uncovered head, and humbly. HOWELL'S LETTERS, 1688.

NOT GRUDGINGLY, OR OF NECESSITY.

The Hand that strews the earth with flowers
  Enriched the marriage-feast with wine;
The Hand once pierced for sins of ours
  This morning made the dewdrops shine.

It freely gives its very best
  Not barely what the need may be,
But for the joy of making blest;
  Teach us to love and give like Thee!

Not narrowly men's claims to measure,
  But daily question all our powers,
"To whose cup can we add a pleasure?
  Whose path can we make bright with flowers?"

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
  Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
  To compass this, find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
  To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Be thrifty, but not covetous; therefore give
Thy need, thine honor, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to *Live!*
Then live, and use it; else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

IBID.

Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold;
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

IBID.

Give what you have. To some one, it may be better than you dare to think.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The first thing a kindness deserves is acceptance; the next, transmission.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

I hold him great who, for Love's sake,
Can give, with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

---

* * * "But you know, John," she answered, as if excusing herself, "we are not at all sure that we shall have any possessions, anything of our own, in the future life — anything, consequently, to give away. Perhaps it will all belong to all. So let us have enough of giving while we can, and enjoy the best part of possession.

JEAN INGELOW.

The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

J. R. LOWELL.

Give your life royally.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.

God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand
And share its dewdrop with another near.

E. B. BROWNING.

The wealth of man is the number of things he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by. THOMAS CARLYLE.

Every man and woman trying to be honest, pure and helpful in this world, finds that the very highest work set before them is that of self-sacrifice. Very few of us will have the chance of heroic self-devotion; but every day brings the petty wearing sacrifice which weighs full weight in God's scales. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with holy care,
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing;
The treasure our treasure must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold
(By the love that cannot be told).

Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in Thy presence drawn near.
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear;
Look, Master! the love is here.

ANON.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

J. R. LOWELL.

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

IBID.

"The good character is diffusive in his influence. It is astonishing how much good goodness makes." "I was common clay till roses were planted in me," says some aromatic earth in the Eastern fable.

THE TWINS.

"Give" and "It-shall-be-given-unto-you."

Grand rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables — flowers on furze,
The better the uncouther:
Do roses stick like burrs?

A beggar asked an alms
One day at an abbey door,
Said Luther; but, seized with qualms,
The abbot replied, "We're poor!

"Poor, who had plenty once,
When gifts fell thick as rain;
But they give us nought for the nonce,
And how should we give again?"

Then the beggar: "See your sins!
Of old, unless I err,
Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,
Date and Dabitur.

"While Date was in good case
Dabitur flourished too;
For Dabitur's lenten face,
No wonder if Date rue.

"Would ye retrieve the one?
Try and make plump the other!
When Date's penance is done,
Dabitur helps his brother.

"Only, beware relapse!"
The abbot hung his head.
This beggar might be, perhaps,
An angel, Luther said.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The chief use, then, in man of that he knows,
Is his painstaking for the good of all;
Not fleshly weeping for our own-made woes,
Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
Not hating from a soul that overflows
With bitterness, breathed out from inward thrall;
But sweetly rather to ease, to loose or bind,
As need requires, this frail fall'n human kind.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE, B. 1554.

"Men who have great possessions won
May be needy none the less;
They are rich, and they alone,
Who have store of nobleness.
Gold and silver may depart,
Proudest dynasties may fall:
He who has the truest heart
Is the richest of us all."

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light.
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed:
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

Look on the poor with gentle eyes, for in such habits, often, angels desire an alms. PHILIP MASSINGER.

Live in that whole to which all parts belong;
Thus Beauty, Action, Truth, shall be thy dower.
Compose thyself in God and so be strong,
Since only in life's fullness is its power.
As in a plant, leaves, flowers and fruits must grow
Out of one germ, each centered in the whole,—
So must Love, Thought and Deed forever flow
Forth from one fountain in the human soul.

EMANUEL GEIBEL. *Translated by L. C.*

'Tis pitiful the things by which we are rich or poor,—a matter of coins, coats and carpets, a little more or less stone or wood or paint, the fashion of a cloak or hat; like the luck of naked Indians, of whom one is proud in the possession of a glass bead or a red feather, and the rest miserable in the want of it. R. W. EMERSON.

"Seldom can the heart be lonely
If it seek a lonelier still,
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill."

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

ALICE CARY.

Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts, though God accept them, yet toward men they are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. LORD BACON.

He is crowned with all achieving, who perceives and then performs.
J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

GEMS OF THE ORIENT.

The great man is he who does not lose his child-heart. To keep tenderness, I pronounce strength. CHINESE.

He needs no other rosary, whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought. PERSIAN.

Sweep the *snow* from thine own door; spy not at the *frost* on another's tiles. CHINESE.

He whose days pass without imparting and enjoying, is like the bellows of a smith: he breathes indeed, but he does not live. HINDU.

Constantly rising up, a man should reflect and ask himself, "What good thing have I done this day? The setting sun will carry with it a portion of my life." HINDU.

The shell was not filled with pearls until it was contented (i. e., ceased from unrest). PERSIAN.

Not to have loved is never to have been blessed.

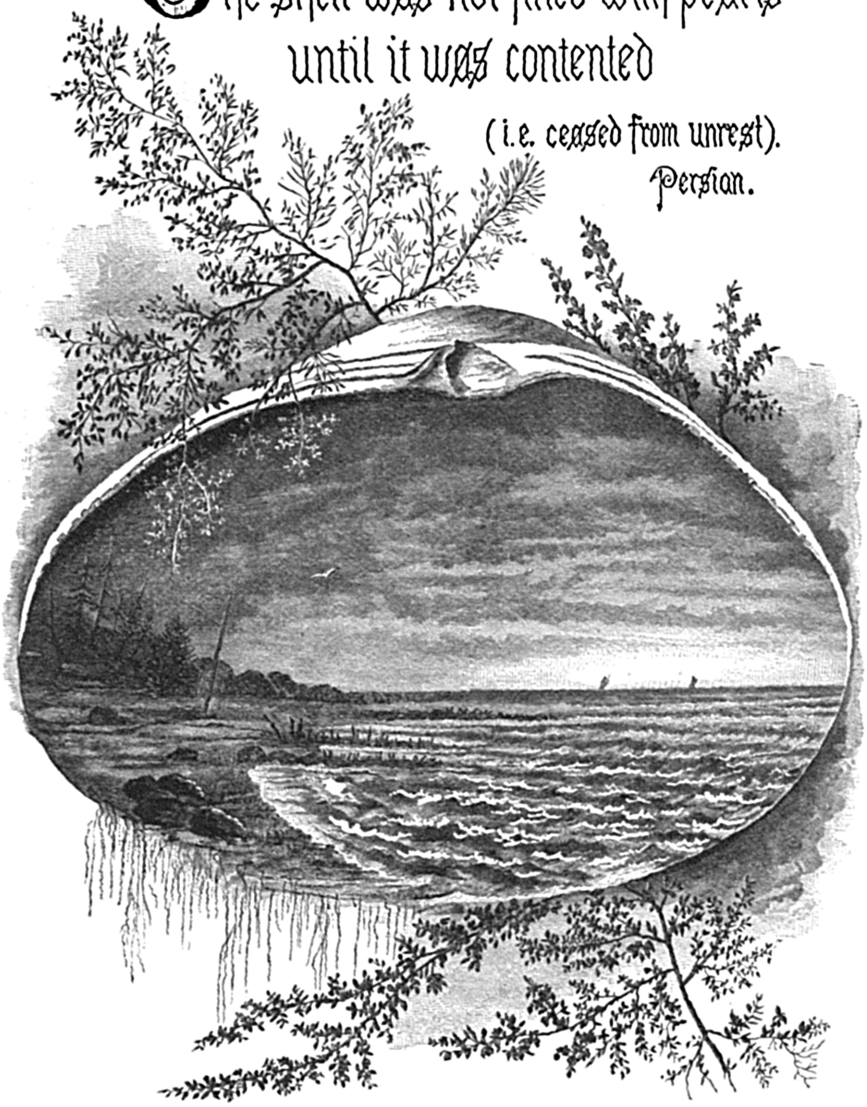
The highest of men is he who strikes what is right without effort.
CHINESE.

Spener, in a low tone, spoke of the real life that knows no death, and which man must beget in himself. He said that for himself, though an old man, he wished neither to die nor to live, because one could already, even here, be with God so soon as one only had God within him, * * * and that a man must not so much prepare himself for eternity as plant in himself the eternity which is still, pure, light, deep, and everything.
JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

The shell was not filled with pearls
until it was contented

(i.e. ceased from unrest).

Persian.



MUSIC.

My being is absorbed in bliss so high
That at the very portal, speech is stayed.
In trembling garments is my joy betrayed,
In eyelids heavy as when sleep is by,
In eyes where passions seem to liquefy,
And, lest the soul slip through them, half afraid.
Of what, then, is this wondrous music made
That numbs the wish to know where Heaven doth lie?
Of all the splendors all the seasons know;
Of night, and dawn and tempest of each zone;
Lights, flowers and odors; rains that soothe and stir;
Of loveliest outlines breath and marble show;
All beauties shape her man hath ever known,
All he has felt—that is the soul of her.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

ABT VOGLER.

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,
Adverse, each from the other, heaven-high, hell-deep removed,—
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!
Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!

And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,—
Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest;
For higher still and higher, as a runner tips with fire
When a great illumination surprises a festal night —
Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire,
Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth,
Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:
Novel splendors burst forth, grew familiar, and dwelt with mine,
Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze; and they did not pale nor pine,
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

Nay, more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow,
Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,
Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,
Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;
Or else the wonderful dead who have passed through the body and gone,
But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new;
What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;
And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for I was made perfect too.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth;

Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told:
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled:—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well; each tone of our scale in itself is naught;
It is everywhere in the world,—loud, soft, and all is said;
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;
And, there! Ye have heard and seen; consider and bow the head!

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.
Never to be again! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance; is this your comfort to me?
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God; ay, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands.
What, have fear of change from Thee, who art ever the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its likeness, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign;
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found,
The C Major of this life; so, now I will try to sleep.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE STREET CHILDREN'S DANCE.

Now the earth in fields and hills
Stirs with pulses of the spring,
Nest-embowering hedges ring
With interminable trills;
Sunlight runs a race with rain,
All the world grows young again.

Young as at the hour of birth;
From the grass the daisies rise,
With the dew upon their eyes,
Sun-awakened eyes of earth.
Fields are set with cups of gold:
Can this budding world grow old?

Can this world grow old and sear,
Now when ruddy tasselled trees
Stoop to every passing breeze,
Rustling in their silken gear;
Now, when blossoms, pink and white,
Have their own terrestrial light?

Brooding light falls soft and warm,
Where in many a wild-rocked nest,
Curled up 'neath the sea-bird's breast,
Clustering eggs are hid from harm;
While the mellow-throated thrush
Warbles in the purpling bush.

Misty purple bathes the spring;
Swallows flashing here and there
Float and dive on waves of air,
And make love upon the wing;
Crocus-buds in sheaths of gold
Burst like sunbeams from the mould.

Chestnut leaflets burst their buds,
Perching tiptoe on each spray,
Springing towards the radiant day,
As the bland pacific floods
Of the generative sun
All the teeming earth o'errun.

Can this earth run o'er with beauty,
Laugh through leaf and flower and grain,
While in close-pent court and lane
In the air so thick and sooty,
Little ones pace to and fro,
Weighted with their parents' woe?

Woe-predestined little ones!
Putting forth their buds of life
In an atmosphere of strife,
And crime-breeding ignorance;
Where the bitter surge of care
Freezes to a dull despair.

Dull despair and misery
Lie about them from their birth;
Ugly curses, uglier mirth,
Are their earliest lullaby;
Fathers have they without name,
Mothers crushed by want and shame.

Brutish, over-burdened mothers,
With their hungry children cast
Half-nude to the nipping blast;
Little sisters with their brothers
Dragging in their arms all day,
Children nigh as big as they.

Children mothered by the streets,
Shouting, flounting, roaring after
Passers-by with gibes and laughter,
Diving between horses' feet,
In and out of drays and barrows
Recklessly, like London sparrows!

Mudlarks of our slums and alleys,
All unconscious of the blooming
World behind those housetops looming,
Of the happy fields and valleys,
Of the miracle of spring
With its boundless blossoming.

Blossoms of humanity!
Poor soiled blossoms in the dust!
Through the thick defiling crust
Of soul-stifling poverty,
In your features may be traced
Childhood's beauty half effaced.

Childhood stunted in the shadow
Of the light-debarring walls;
Not for you the cuckoo calls
O'er the silver-threaded meadow;
Not for you the lark on high
Pours his music from the sky.

Ah, you have your music too!
And come flocking round the player
Grinding at his organ there,
Summer-eyed and swart of hue,
Rattling off his well-worn tune
On this April afternoon.

Lovely April lights of pleasure
Flit o'er want-beclouded features
Of these little outcast creatures,
As they swing with rhythmic measure,
In the courage of their rags,
Lightly o'er the slippery flags.

Little footfalls, lightly glancing
In a luxury of motion,
Supple as the waves of ocean
In your elemental dancing,
How you fly, and wheel, and spin,
For your hearts, too, dance within.

Dance along with mirth and laughter,
Buoyant, fearless and elate,
Dancing in the teeth of fate,
Ignorant of your hereafter
That with all its tragic glooms
Blindly on your future looms.

Past and future, hence away!
Joy diffused throughout the earth,
Center in this moment's mirth
Of ecstatic holiday,
Once in all their lives' dark story
Touch them, Fate, with April glory.

MATHILDE BLIND.

I am not musical — I never could
  Fall into raptures o'er Italian singing;
"Songs Without Words" I never understood,
  Tho' soft and sweet as "harp of houri's stringing";
I never ask a lady for a song
  (No matter how divinely she may sing it)
Without a secret hope it won't last long,
  Unless the poetry has beauty in it.

Yet there is music, to whose sound my heart
  Beats in glad unison,—sweet music filling
The soul with joy, tho' all unschooled by art —
  Sometimes in melodies low-voiced and thrilling

It comes; and sometimes on the charmed ear
  Falls in a gush of sweet, wild minstrelsy;
Anon its lofty organ-tones I hear,
  Lifting my soul in solemn gladness high.

Wouldst hear this music? Then go forth in spring,
  When nature from her death-like trance is waking;
Hear the glad robin and the bluebird sing;
  List to the sweet clamor that the brooks are making;
Hark to the whispers of the young leaves, telling
  That May, sweet May, is come to us once more;
Stand by the lake, where tiny wavelets swelling,
  Break in melodious chorus on the shore.

Wouldst hear this music? Listen to the thunder,
  Mingling its deep voice with the summer rain;
Stand mutely gazing, filled with awful wonder
  And hear Niagara's loudest anthem-strain;
Or when the winds lift up their voice on high,
  Swaying the forest branches round and o'er us,
Say, in what mood of loftiest ecstasy,
  Could human genius frame sublimer chorus?

And music dwells, homely indeed, yet sweet,
  In many a household sound of gentle meaning,
The soft, quick pattering of tiny feet,
  The quiet voice that in our childhood's dreaming
We called the woodworm's song before he died;
  The cricket's note, the kettle's cheerful humming;
The gentle purring of the cat beside
  The fire, fresh heaped to wait her master's coming.

These, and those softened rural sounds that seem
  To make the summer stillness only deeper —
The cowbells' tinkle by the distant stream;
  The soothing hum that lulls the noontide sleeper;

The labor-lightening music of the bee;
The long-wound horn, the laborer's toil suspending,
Are voices all of varied melody,
In one sweet praiseful concord ever blending.

ANON.

EXTRACT FROM AN ESSAY OF CHARLES KINGSLEY'S.

It has been said, and truly, I believe, that children cannot be brought up among beautiful pictures — I believe even among any beautiful sights and sounds — without the very expression of their faces becoming more beautiful, purer, gentler, nobler; so that in them are fulfilled the words of the great and holy poet concerning the maiden brought up according to God and the laws of God:

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

GIRLHOOD.

An exquisite incompleteness, blossom foreshadowing fruit;
A sketch faint in its beauty, with promise of future worth;
A plant with some leaves unfolded, and the rest asleep at its root,
To deck with their future sweetness the fairest thing on the earth.

Womanhood, wifehood, motherhood — each a possible thing,
Dimly seen through the silence that lies between then and now;
Something of each and all has woven a magic ring,
Linking the three together in glory on girlhood's brow.

ANON.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TO FRANCES G.

Thou art so very sweet and fair,
With such a heaven in thine eyes,
It almost seems an over care
To ask thee to be good and wise.

As if a little bird were blamed
Because its song unthinking flows;
As if a rose should be ashamed
Of being nothing but a rose.

ANON.

THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

Our wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw:
It would tak me a lang simmer day to tell a'
His pranks, frae the mornin' till night shuts his ee,
When he sleeps like a peerie 'tween father and me;

For in his quite turns siccan questions he'll speir!
How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear?
What gars the wind blaw? and whar frae comes the rain?
He's a perfec' divirt—he's a wonderfu' wean!

Or wha was the first bodie's father? and wha
Made the vera first snaw-shooer that ever did fa'?
And wha made the first bird that sang on a tree?
And the water that sooms a' the ships in the sea?
But after I've told him as weel as I ken,
Again he begins wi' his wha and his when;
And he looks aye sae wistfu' the whiles I explain;
He's as auld as the hills—he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk wha hae skill o' the lumps on the head
Hint there's mae ways than toilin' o' winnin' ane's bread;
How he'll be a rich man, and hae men to work for him,
Wi' a kyte like a baillie's, shug-shuggin' afore him;
Wi' a face like the moon—sober, sonsy and douce,
And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house.
'Tweel! I'm unco ta'en up wi't—they mak a' sae plain.
He's just a town's talk; he's a by-ord'nar wean!

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,
To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat;
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far owre his knees
The tap-loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease;
Then he marched through the house, he marched but, he marched ben,
Like owre mony mae o' our great little men,
That I leuch clean outright, for I cou'dna contain;
He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean!

But 'mid a' his daffin sic kindness he shows,
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose;
And the unclouded hinny-beam aye in his ee
Maks him every day dearer and dearer to me.

Though Fortune be saucy, and dorty and dour,
And gloom through her fingers like hills through a shooer,
When bodies hae gat a bit bit bairn o' their ain,
How he cheers up their hearts! — he's a wonderfu' wean!

WILLIAM MILLER.

A BABY'S FEET.

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch, and spread, and wink,
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells, that expand and shrink,
Gleam half so heavenly sweet,
As shine on life's untrodden brink,
A baby's feet.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

NOT A CHILD.

* * * * * * *

Not a child? Alack the year!
What should ail an undefiled
Heart, that he would fain appear
Not a child!

Men, with years and memories piled
Each on other, far and near,
Fain again would so be styled.

Fain would cast off hope and fear,
Rest, forget, be reconciled.
Why would you so fain be, dear,
Not a child?

Child or boy, my darling, which you will,
Still your praise finds heart and song employ,
Heart and song both yearning toward you still,
Child or boy.

All joys else might sooner pall or cloy
Love than this which inly takes its fill,
Dear, of sight of your more perfect joy.

Nay, be aught you please, let all fulfill
All your pleasure; be your world your toy:
Mild or wild, we love you, loud or still,
Child or boy.

IBID.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A Widow—she had only one!
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The Widow's mite.

The Widow's mite—ay, so sustain'd,
She battled onward, nor complain'd
Tho' friends were fewer;
And while she toil'd for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then,—and now I see
That, though resign'd and cheerful, she
Has sorrow'd much;
She has, He gave it tenderly,
Much faith; and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

MY CHILD.

His love hath filled my life's fair cup
Full to the crystal brim;
The dancing bubbles crowding up
Are dreams of him.

I work, and every thread I draw
Sets in a thought,—
The letter of Love's tender law
In patience wrought.

I serve his meals,— the fruit and bread
Are sound and sweet:
But that invisible feast I spread
For gods were meet.

I pray for him. All else I do
Fades far away
Before the thrill that smites me through,
The while I pray:

Ah, God, be good to him, my own,
Who on my breast
Sleeps, with soft dimpled hands out-thrown,
A child at rest!

MARY AINGE DEVERE.

THE NEW COMER.

LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

Tha'rt welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just whèn tha did;
Toimes are bad.
We're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,
But that, of course, tha' didn't know,
Did ta, lad?

Aw've often yeard mi feyther tell
'At when aw coom i' th' world misel'
Trade wur slack;
An' neaw it's hard wark pooin' throo—
But aw munna fear thee, iv aw do
Tha'll go back.

Cheer up! these toimes 'll awter soon;
Aw'm beawn to beigh another spoon—
One for thee;
An', as tha's sich a pratty face,
Aw'll let thee have eawr Charley's place
On mi knee.

Hush! hush! tha munna cry this way,
But get this sope o' cinder tay
While it's warm;
Mi mother used to give it me,
When aw wur sich a lad as thee,
In her arm.

Hush a babby, hush a bee—
Oh, what a temper! dear a me,
Heaw tha shroikes!
Here's a bit o' sugar, sithee;
Howd thi noise, an' then aw'll gie thee
Owt tha loikes.

We'n nobbut getten coarsish fare,
But eawt o' this tha'll ha' thi share,
Never fear.
Aw hope tha'll never want a meal,
But allus fill thi bally weel
While tha'rt here.

An' tho' we'n childer two or three,
We'll make a bit o' reawm for thee—
Bless thee, lad!
Tha'rt th' prattiest brid we ha' i' th' nest;
Come, hutch up closer to mi breast—
Aw'm thi dad.

SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen handmaiden.
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified! Rule kindly,

Tenderly over thy kingdom fair!
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King!
The spirit tnat there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King!
Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the King!"

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

THE SECRET.

Ah, dainty, dainty rose!
How did you come to be
The sweet and precious thing
That here today I see?

Ah, sweet and passionate rose,
Thy secret now impart;
I listen and I wait
Above thv fragrant heart.

Ah, pure and perfect rose!
  Glowing and yet serene;
I crave thy balanced joy,
  What does thy beauty mean?

A little tender stir—
  I heard as in a dream:
"We roses wait God's time,
  However long it seem.

"Where he hath planted us
  We grow as He doth will;
And show our love for Him
  By simply standing still.

"And so He giveth us
  Color, and form, and grace;
And sudden, unaware,
  We glorify the place."

ANON.

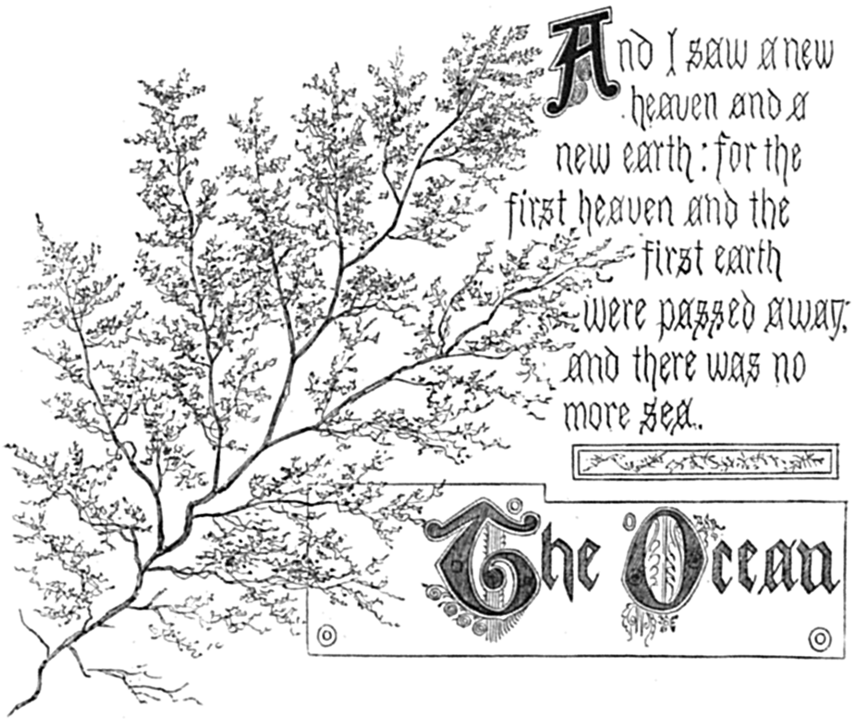
"Day by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn the lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

"Day by day, the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of today."

* * * * *

Oh, to live exempt from care.
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued
Yet elate with gratitude!

JOSIAH CONDER.



Likeness of heaven!
    Agent of power!
Man is thy victim,
    Shipwrecks thy dower!
Spices and jewels
    From valley and sea,
Armies and banners,
    Are buried in thee!

What are the riches
    Of Mexico's mines
To the wealth that far down
    In thy deep water shines?

The proud navies that cover
  The conquering West—
Thou fling'st them to death
  With one heave of thy breast.

From the high hills that visor
  Thy wreck-making shore,—
When the bride of the mariner
  Shrieks at thy roar,
When, like lambs in the tempest
  Or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge-broken billows
  The canvas is cast,—

How humbling to one
  With a heart and a soul
To look on thy greatness
  And list to thy roll;
And to think how that heart
  In cold ashes shall be
While the voice of eternity
  Rises from thee!

Yes! where are the cities
  Of Thebes and of Tyre?
Swept from the nations,
  Like sparks from the fire;
The glory of Athens,
  The splendor of Rome,
Dissolved—and forever—
  Like dew in thy foam!

But thou art almighty—
  Eternal—sublime—
Unweakened—unwasted—
  Twin-brother of Time!

Fleets, tempests nor nations
  Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
  Still chainless art thou!

But hold! When thy surges
  No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
  Is drawn back like a scroll,
Then—then shall the spirit
  That sighs by thee now
Be more mighty, more lasting,
  More chainless than thou!

JOHN A. SHEA.

TO THE MOON.

Art thou pale for weariness
  Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
  Among the stars, that have a different birth;
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy.

P. B. SHELLEY.

A STORM AT SEA.

Out from her port a vessel sailed. Restless
On board I lay, and could not sleep. Toward morn
The heavens grew darker than before. No moon,
No stars ventured into the night. The air
Was heavy with the consciousness of evil
Imminent. Far to the east I heard
The distant muttering of a coming storm,

Feeble and indistinct, but swelling on
To the low rumble and the awful clash
Of jarring elements. The dark clouds rolled
And fought, and the great god of storm
Thundered upon the deep. Anon a flash
Would light up all, then darkness come and leave
Imagination to complete the scene
Nature dared not reveal. A louder thunder
Followed at the last. Fiercer the clouds
Wrestled and rolled and fought, and wilder yet
The foaming waves tossed high. It was as if
Nature rebelled, and the Almighty's arm
Had loosed the loud artillery of heaven
To quell her strife. Ocean and hurrying winds
Mingled in one mad fray, and all around
The wild confusion of a storm at sea.
Long, long they fought, but now the sullen waves,
Less wildly tossing, lash the driven ship
As loth to yield their fury, and the winds
Relent their wonted wrath, while far away
The distant rumbling of the thunder sounds
Like the grim muttering of an angry god.
The awful storm is hushed. The lingering clouds
Yield to the splendor of the rising sun:
The morn is breaking, and the joyous ship
Sails softly on the bosom of the deep.

EBEN HALE WELLS.

THE SKY.

Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential. JOHN RUSKIN.

Hast thou not glimpses in the twilight here
Of mountains where the immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not through the silence to thine ear
A gentle rustling from the morning gales,—
A murmur wafted from that glorious shore
Of streams that water banks forever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before
More musical in that celestial air?

W. C. BRYANT.

If God has so arrayed
A fading world that quickly passes by,
Such rich provision of delight has made
For every human eye,—
What shall the eyes that wait for Him survey,
Where His own presence gloriously appears,
In worlds that were not founded for a day,
But for eternal years?

R. C. TRENCH.

THE CONSECRATING EFFECTS OF EARLY DAWN.

What soul was his when from the naked top
Of some bold headland he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light! He look'd—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.

In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired;
No thanks he breathed; he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A VIEW OF LONDON AT SUNRISE.

Earth hath not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty!
This city doth now like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning, silent, bare;
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Ne'er did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep.
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,—
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

IBID.

DESCRIPTION OF PETER BELL'S DULLNESS TO ALL THE SWEET INFLUENCES OF NATURE.

He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day—
But Nature ne'er could find her way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before:
A primrose by a river brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

In vain through water, earth and air
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter, on some April morn,
Beneath the brown and budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

At noon, when by the forest edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart — he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky.

IBID.

The sun is fixed,
And the infinite magnificence of heaven
Fixed within reach of every human eye.
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears,
The vernal field infuses fresh delight,
Into all hearts. * * *
The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man,— like flowers.

IBID.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

The curvèd strand
Of cool, gray sand
Lies like a sickle by the sea;
The tide is low,
But soft and slow
Is creeping higher up the lea.

The beach-birds fleet,
With twinkling feet,
Hurry and scurry to and fro,
And sip, and chat
Of this and that
Which you and I may never know.

* * * * * *

Where ends the beach,
The cliffs upreach
Their lichen-wrinkled foreheads old;
And here I rest,
While all the west
Grows brighter with the sunset's gold.

Far out at sea
The ships that flee
Along the dim horizon's line
Their sails unfold
Like cloth of gold,
Transfigured by that light divine.

A calm more deep
As 'twere asleep,
Upon the weary ocean falls;
So low it sighs,
Its murmur dies,
While shrill the boding cricket calls.

O peace and rest!
Upon the breast
Of God himself I seem to lean,
No break, no bar
Of sun or star;
Just God and I, with naught between.

Oh, when some day
In vain I pray
For days like this to come again,
I shall rejoice
With heart and voice
That one such day has ever been.

J. W. CHADWICK.

ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD BYRON.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Try not, or murmur not if tried in vain,
In fair rememberable words to set
Each scene or presence of especial gain,
As hoarded gems in precious cabinet.
Simply enjoy the present loveliness;—
Let it become a portion of your being;
Close your glad gaze, but see it none the less,
No clearer with your eye, than spirit, seeing;
And, when you part at last, turn once again,
Swearing that beauty shall be unforgot;
So in far sorrows it shall ease your pain,
In distant struggles it shall calm your strife,
And in your further and serener life,
Who says that it shall be remembered not?

R. M. MILNES.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the nighttime of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

A day on the hills! True king am I
In my solitude public to earth and sky!
Fret inhales not this atmosphere;
Wingèd thoughts only can follow here;
Folly and falsehood and babble stay
In the ground-smoke somewhere far away!
Let them greet and cheat
In the narrow street:
Who cares what all the newspapers say?

WM. ALLINGHAM.

A FRAGMENT OF AN ODE FOR MAY-DAY.

"Oh, might I," Keats cries to May, "Oh, might I
* * * * * thy smiles
Seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles,
By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan!
Oh, give me their old vigor, and unheard
Save of the quiet primrose, and the span
Of heaven, and few ears,
Rounded by thee, my song should die away,
Content as theirs,
Rich in the simple worship of a day!"

JOHN KEATS.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small;
The flowers that on the lovely hillside grow
Expect me there when Spring their bloom has given;
And many a tree and bush my wanderings know,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;

For he who with his Maker walks aright
Shall be their lord, as Adam was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress which then it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

JONES VERY.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FROM THE ILIAD.

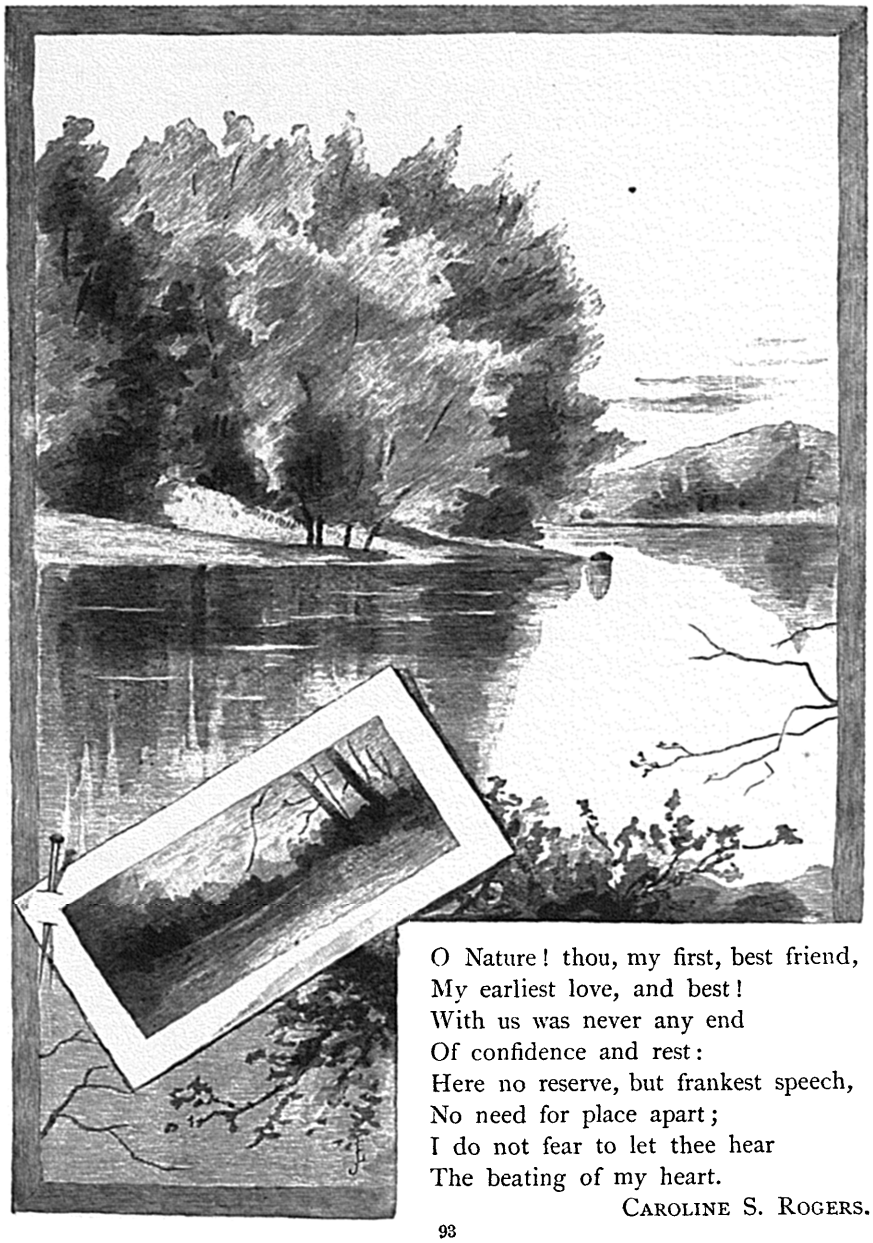
Yet reproach me not
With the fair gifts which golden Venus gave.
Whatever in their grace the gods bestow
Is not to be rejected; 'tis not ours
To choose what they shall give us.

* * * * *

Now from the gently tossing deep the sun
Began to climb the heavens, and with new rays
Smote the surrounding fields.

* * * * *

And now into the sea the sun's bright light
Went down, and o'er the foodful earth was drawn
Night's shadow.



O Nature! thou, my first, best friend,
My earliest love, and best!
With us was never any end
Of confidence and rest:
Here no reserve, but frankest speech,
No need for place apart;
I do not fear to let thee hear
The beating of my heart.

CAROLINE S. ROGERS.

THE TROJANS AND GREEKS AT NIGHT.

So, high in hope, they sat the whole night through
In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed.
As when in heaven the stars looked brightly forth
Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars
Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart,
So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed,
Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships
And eddying Xanthus; on the plain there shone
A thousand; fifty warriors by each fire
Sat in its light. Their steeds beside the cars—
Champing their oats and their white barley—stood
And waited for the golden morn to rise.
The Trojans thus kept watch; while through the night
The power of Flight, companion of cold Fear,
Wrought on the Greeks, and all their bravest men
Were bowed beneath a sorrow hard to bear.
As when two winds upturn the fishy deep,—
The north wind and the west, that suddenly
Blow from the Thracian coast; the black waves rise
At once, and fling the seaweed to the shore,—
Thus were the Achaians troubled in their hearts.

BRYANT'S HOMER.

FROM "THE CATHEDRAL."

Second thoughts are prose;
For beauty's acme hath a term as brief
As the wave's poise before it break in pearl.
At a flash
We snatch the essential grace of meaning out,
And that first passion beggars all behind.
* * * * * * *

So memory cheats us, glimpsing half revealed,
Even as I write she tries her wonted spell
In that continuous redbreast boding rain;
The bird I hear sings not from yonder elm;
But the flown ecstasy my childhood heard
Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him.

* * * * * *

I know not how it is with other men,
Whom I but guess, deciphering myself;
For me, once felt is so felt nevermore;
The fleeting relish at sensation's brim
Had in it the best ferment of the wine.

* * * * * *

I blame not in the soul this daintiness,
Rasher of surfeit than a humming-bird,
In things indifferent by sense purveyed;
It argues her an immortality
And dateless incomes of experience,
This unthrift housekeeping that will not brook
A dish warmed-over at the feast of life,
And finds Twice stale, served with whatever sauce.

* * * * * *

One feast for her I secretly designed
In that Old World so strangely beautiful
To us the disinherited of eld—
A day at Chartres, with no soul beside
To roil with pedant prate my joy serene
And make the minster shy of confidence.
I went, and, with the Saxon's pious care,
First ordered dinner at the pea-green inn,
The flies and I its only customers,
Till by and by there came two Englishmen,
Who made me feel, in their engaging way,
I was a poacher on their self-preserve,
Intent constructively on lese-anglicism.
To them (in those old razor-ridden days),

My beard translated me to hostile French;
So they, desiring guidance in the town,
Half condescended to my baser sphere,
And clubbing in one mess their lack of phrase,
Set their best man to grapple with the Gaul.
"Esker vous ate a nabitang?" he asked;
"I never ate one; are they good?" asked I;
Whereat they stared, then laughed, and we were friends.
The seas, the wars, the centuries interposed,
Abolished in the truce of common speech
And mutual comfort of the mother-tongue.
Like escaped convicts of Propriety,
They furtively partook of the joys of men,
Glancing behind when buzzed some louder fly.

* * * * * *

Chance led me to a public pleasure-ground,
Where I grew kindly with the merry groups,
And blessed the Frenchman for his simple art
Of being domestic in the light of day.
His language has no word, we growl, for Home;
But he can find a fireside in the sun,
Play with his child, make love, and shriek his mind,
By throngs of strangers undisprivacied.
He makes his life a public gallery,
Nor feels himself till what he feels comes back
In manifold reflection from without;
While we, each pore alert with consciousness,
Hide our best selves as we had stolen them,
And each bystander a detective were,
Keen-eyed for every chink of undisguise.

* * * * * *

I entered, reverent of whatever shrine
Guards piety and solace for my kind
Or gives the soul a moment's truce of God,
And shared decorous in the ancient rite
My sterner fathers held idolatrous.

* * * * * *

Be He nowhere else,
God is in all that liberates and lifts,
In all that humbles, sweetens and consoles;
Blessed the natures shored on every side
With landmarks of hereditary thought!
Thrice happy they that wander not lifelong
Beyond near succor of the household faith,
The guarded fold that shelters, not confines!

* * * * * *

Science was Faith once; Faith were Science now,
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by
And arm her with the weapons of the time.

* * * * * *

I, that still pray at morning and at eve,
Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
And prizing more than Plato things I learned
At that best academe, a mother's knee,
Thrice in my life perhaps have truly prayed,
Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt
That perfect disenthralment which is God;
Nor know I which to hold worst enemy,—
Him who on speculation's windy waste
Would turn me loose, stript of the raiment warm
By Faith contrived against our nakedness,
Or him who, cruel-kind, would fain obscure,
With painted saints and paraphrase of God,
The soul's east-window of divine surprise.

* * * * * *

This is no age to get cathedrals built.

* * * * * *

Shall not that Western Goth, of whom we spoke,
So fiercely practical, so keen of eye,
Find out, some day, that nothing pays but God.

J. R. LOWELL.

FROM "THE PROBLEM."

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
* * * * *
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.

R. W. EMERSON.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

My way in opening dawn I took
Between the hills, beside a brook;
The peaks one sun was climbing o'er,
The dewdrops showed ten millions more.

The mountain valley is a vase
Which God has trimmed with rarest grace;
And, kneeling in the taintless air,
I drink celestiai blessings there.

Behold that guiltless bird! What brings
Him here? He comes to wash his wings.
Let me, too, wash my wings with prayer,
And cleanse them from foul dust and care.

To one long time in city pent
The lesson seems from heaven sent.
For pinions clean yon bird takes care;
Of soul defiled do thou beware!

W. R. ALGER.

FROM "UNDER THE WILLOWS."

June is the pearl of our New England year,
Still a surprisal, though expected long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,
With one great gush of blossom storms the world.
A week ago the sparrow was divine;
The bluebird, shifting his light load of song
From post to post along the cheerless fence,
Was as a rhymer ere the poet come.

* * * * * *

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
A ghastly parody of real spring
Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern wind;
Or if, o'er confident, she trust the date,
And, with her handful of anemones,
Herself as shivery, steal into the sun,
The season need but turn his hour-glass round,
And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,
Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms,
Her budding breasts and wan dislustred front
With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard
All overblown.

* * * * * *

What a day
To sun me and do nothing! Nay, I think
Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
The student's wiser business; the brain
That forages all climes to line its cells,
Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish,
Will not distil the juices it has sucked
To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,
Except for him who hath the secret learned

To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take
The winds into his pulses.

* * * * * *

I care not how men trace their ancestry,
To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;
But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my far progenitors,
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us.

* * * * * *

In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every sense,
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart.

* * * * * *

The years between
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none
Wiser than this,— to spend in all things else,
But of old friends to be most miserly.

* * * * * *

I take
My little gift of being clean from God,
Not haggling for a better, holding it
Good as was ever any in the world,
My days as good and full of miracle.

J. R. LOWELL.

FROM "THE BIGLOW PAPERS."

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE.

This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks, an' things,
Ez though we'd nothin' here that blows and sings,—
(Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink).

* * * * * * *

Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o' winch
Ez though 't wuz sunthin' paid for by the inch.
* * * * * * *
Though I own up I like our back'ard springs
Thet kind o' haggle with their greens and things,
An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout more words
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds;
Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,
But when it doos git stirred, ther' 's no gin-out!
* * * * * * *
One word with blood in 't 's twice ez good ez two!

J. R. LOWELL.

UNDER THE STARS.

O Night, look down through cloud and star
  Upon our fret and pain!
Bid all the dreams that day denies
  Bloom into faith again!
In silvery shades of shadow come
And take Earth's weary children home!

Sweet teacher, wiser than the schools,
  Thy speechless lessons bring;
The rebel soul, the aching heart,
  The will like broken wing,
Make ready for a stiller night,
And for a dearer Morning Light!

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
  From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dewdrops on her lonely altars sprinkle
  As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostle! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's widespread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure;
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Tinged with color faintly
Like the morning sky,
Or, more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie—
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I tomorrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE EDEL-WEISS.

I was born in my little shroud,
All woolly, warm and white;
I live in the mist and cloud,
I live for my own delight.

I see far beneath me crowd
The Alpine roses red,
And the gentian blue, sun-fed,
That makes the valleys bright.

I bloom for the eagle's eye,
I bloom for the daring hand,
I live but for God, and I die
Unto him, and at his command!

DORA GREENWELL.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Written upon a card of painted apple-blossoms, and accompanied by a basket of the real flowers.

Apple blossoms, false and true,
Side by side are lying,
The first have never known sweet life,
The last will soon be dying:
One by human hand was wrought,
One is the great Creator's thought.

Many would choose the false and fair,
For their unfading beauty,
But I would rather, would not you?
My life should be brief, than fail to be true,—
Brightly to bloom, though soon to die,
Leaving a fragrant memory.

C. B. W.

LILIES.

The lilies, ah, the lilies!
They stand superb in light,
In field and bank and garden fair,
A wonder to the sight;
So rich their royal scarlet is,
So pure their stainless white!

Consider, then, the lilies,
O heart of mine, today;
They neither toil nor spin, to win
Their beautiful array;
I would that thou couldst live a life
So fearless-sweet as they.

They gather when the summer
  Her silver bugle thrills;
When troop, to meet her shining feet,
  The bright, uncounted rills;
And when the purple glories lie
  All softly o'er the hills.

Each in her place appointed,
  The lily dwells serene;
She cares not though the thistle blow
  Anear her leaf of green;
Her neighbors cannot vex her soul,
  For she was born a queen.

She fills the air with fragrance,
  She crowns the day with bloom;
From dewy morn to darkling eve,
  Our shadows to illume,
She bears a torch, divinely fed,
  And smiles away our gloom.

Fair lilies, gentle teachers,
  Evangelists of love,
The word that bids me heed your voice
  Is spoken from above;
Ye are the gracious gift of Him
  In whom our spirits move.

We, too, would wear unspotted
  The garments of the King,
Would have the royal perfume
  About our paths to cling,
And unto all beholders
  A lilied beauty bring.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THOUGHTS FROM JOSEPH JOUBERT.

To reach the regions of light, you must pass through the clouds. Some stop there; others know how to go beyond.

Properly speaking, man only inhabits his head and his heart. All places which are not there may be before his eyes, beside him, under his feet; he is not in them.

Questions show the breadth of the mind; answers, its delicacy.

It is always our impotencies which irritate us.

Tenderness is the repose of passion. There is nothing good in man but his young feelings and his old thoughts.

Life's evening brings its lamp with it. Age, neighbor of eternity, is a kind of priesthood.

Wear your velvet within; show yourselves amiable to those above all who live with you.

Wisdom is rest in light. Morality needs heaven, as a picture needs air.

To think what one does not feel is to lie to oneself.

Without duty, life is soft and boneless, and cannot hold up.

Happy those who have a lyre in their heart, and a music in their mind which their actions perform.

Simple and sincere minds are never more than half mistaken.

Light is the shadow of God: clearness, the shadow of light.

Justice is truth at work.

Children need models more than critics.

Poets, in seeking the beautiful, find more truths than philosophers, in seeking the true.

Attention is narrow-mouthed. Pour into it what you have to say carefully, and so to speak, drop by drop.

NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

Last night there came to me a lovely ghost,
And near my bedside rested, pale and proud.
Almost I heard its fragrant lips aloud
Murmuring, "I came back from all the host

Of heavenly blossoms which our earth has lost
With its creation's freshness." Then it bowed
Its delicate head, while, o'er its snowy shroud,
With one more perfumed sigh, its arms were crossed,
And it had left me, as the midnight chimed,
To sleepless hours, yet not devoid of bliss,
For, in its wake, before my fancy's eyes,
A band ethereal floated—footsteps timed
To harmonies of other worlds than this—
Wand'rers, like thee, fair flower, from Paradise.

M. G. M.

JUNE.

Of silvery-shining rains
  And noonday golds and shadows
June weaves wild-daisy chains
  For the happy meadows.

She stoops to set the stream
  With scented alder-bushes,
And with the rainbow gleam
  Of iris 'mid the rushes
She scatters eglantine
And scarlet columbine.

Ah, June, my lovely lass,—
Sweetheart, dost thou not see
I stay to watch thee pass—
What has thou brought to me?
Thy mystic ministries
  Of glorious far skies,
Thy wild-rose sermons, sweet,
  Like dreams profound and fleet,
    Thy woodland harmony
    Thou givest me.

The vision that can see,
The loving will to learn,
How fair thy skies may be,
  What in thy roses burn,
Thy secret harmonies,—
  Ah, give me these!

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

When to the flowers so beautiful
  The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
  (All timidly it came,)
And standing at its Father's feet
  And gazing in His face
It said, in low and trembling tones:
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
  Alas! I have forgot."
Kindly the Father looked him down
  And said "Forget-me-not."

ANON.

FROM "THE BIRCH-TREE."

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences;
Thy shadow scarce seems shade; thy pattering leaflets
Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,
Thou sympathizest still; wild and unquiet,
I fling me down, thy ripple, like a river,
Flows valleyward where calmness is, and by it
My heart is floated down into the land of quiet.

J. R. LOWELL.

FROM "SONG OF THE FLOWERS."

We are the sweet Flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith);
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath;
All who see us love us—
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles—and unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March winds pipe to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.
We tread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,—
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh atop, sweet flowers!

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how Heaven loves color!
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green!
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues made solely to be seen!
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman of the flowers!

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travelers, weary-eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden truce;

Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truths than Babylonian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether man or May-fly profit of the balm;
As fair fingers healed
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.
Even the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

* * * * * * *

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,—
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say!
Then think in what bright showers
We thicken fields and bowers,
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle Wanton May;
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains lone lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach and roughest nut were blossoms in the spring;
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pellmell,
And dances in the gloomy thicks with darksome antheming;
Beneath the very burden
Of planet-pressing ocean,
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace — a thought for meek devotion.

* * * * * * *

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?

Who its love, without us, can fancy — or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there,
And came not down, that Love might bring one peace of heaven the more?
Oh, pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down 'twixt their golden pinions.

LEIGH HUNT.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blest foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

Today the south wind sweeps away
The types of Autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,
Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet-flowers! with lips of bloom,
Outvying in your beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells,—
Ye teach me faith and duty!

"Walk life's dark ways," ye seem to say,
"With love's divine foreknowing
That where man sees but withered leaves
God sees sweet flowers growing."

ALBERT LEIGHTON.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
The rose saith in the dewy morn,
I am most fair;
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn.
The poppy saith, Amid the corn
Let but my scarlet head appear
And I am held in scorn;

Yet juice of subtle virtue lies
Within my cup of curious dyes.
The lilies say, Behold how we
Preach without words of purity!
The violets whisper from the shade
Which their own leaves have made,
Men scent our fragrance on the air,
Yet take no heed
Of humble lessons we would read.

But not alone the fairest flowers;
The merest grass
Along the roadside where we pass,
Lichen, and moss, and sturdy weed,
Tell of His love who sends the dew,
The rain and sunshine too,
To nourish one small seed.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

"The noblest prayer is, when one evermore
Grows inly liker that he kneels before."

Out on the hills in mild Spring weather,
So early only the bluebirds knew,
Thousands of little flowers grew together,
Purple and pink and white and blue.

While the March storm raged, and fretted and wept,
  And froze its song in the bluebird's throat,
'Neath mottled leaf-blankets they soundly slept,
  Close wrapped in their soft fur overcoats.

Now the sun shines warm, and under our feet
  They nod and smile, though branches are bare;
So daintily hued and faintly sweet—
  What blossoms of Summer are half so fair?

And the sweet old sermon is preached again
  Of life from death, to the doubter's need,
Of rest after struggle, and grief and pain,
  The text, "The Lord is risen indeed."

MRS. J. S. BAYNE.

The following verses were written by Dr. Peter Heylin, and presented by him to a friend, with a Bible, in 1655.

Could this outside beholden bee
To cost and cunning equally;
Or were it such as might suffice
The luxurie of curious Eyes;
Yet would I have my Dearest looke
Not on the Cover, but the Booke.

If thou art Merie, here are Aires;
If Melancholie, here are Prayers;
If Studious, here are those things writ
Which may deserve thy ablest Wit;
If Hungry, here is food Divine;
If Thirsty, Nectar, Heavenly Wine.

Read then, but first thyself prepare
To read with Zeal, and marke with Care;
And when thou read'st what here is writt,

Let thy best practice second it;
So twice each precept read shall bee,
First in the Booke and next in Thee.

Much reading may thy spirits wrong,
Refresh them, therefore, with a song;
And that thy musicke praise may merite,
Sing David's Psalms with David's spirit;
That as thy Voice doth pierce men's Ears,
So shall thy Prayers and Vows the Spheres.

Thus read, thus sing, and then to thee
The very Earth a Heaven shall bee;
If thus thou readest, thou shalt find
A private Heaven within thy Minde;
And singing thus before thou die,
Thou sing'st thy part to those on High.

Great offices will have
Great talents; and God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A FLOWER'S EPITAPH.

These dead leaves were a violet once,
A tender, timid thing,
A sleeping beauty till the wind
Kissed it awake in spring.

Then for one little, little hour
It knew Love's deep delight;
Unto the wooing wind it gave
All that a violet might.

And then it drooped and faded happily;
For having loved, it was not pain to die.

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

WINTER FLOWERS.

Though Nature's lonesome, leafless bowers,
With Winter's awful snows are white,
The tender smell of leaves and flowers
Makes Maytime in my room tonight;

While some, in homeless poverty,
Shrink moaning from the bitter blast;
What am I, that my lines should be
In good and pleasant places cast?

When other souls despairing stand,
And plead with famished lips today,
Why is it that a loving hand
Should scatter blossoms on my way?

O flowers, with soft and dewy eyes,
To God my gratitude reveal;
Send up your incense to the skies
And utter, for me, what I feel!

O innocent roses, in your buds
Hiding for very modesty;
O violets, smelling of the woods,
Thank Him, with all your sweets for me!

And tell Him, I would give this hour
All that is mine of good beside,
To have the pure heart of a flower,
That has no stain of sin to hide.

PHŒBE CARY.

MIDSUMMER.

Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.

O softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the Summer lays!

Becalmed along the azure sky,
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer-day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet,—
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers, as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.

The cattle graze, while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, where Summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.

Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house.
The oriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read;
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His voice:
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

ROBERT BURNS.

UP IN THE TREE.

What would you see if I took you up
My little aerie-stair?
You would see the sky like a clear blue cup
Turned upside down in the air.

What would you do up my aerie-stair,
In my little nest on the tree?
My child with cries would trouble the air,
To get what she could but see.

What would you get in the top of the tree,
For all your crying and grief?
Not a star would you clutch of all you see—
You could only gather a leaf.

But when you had lost your greedy grief,
Content to see from afar,
You would find in your hand a withering leaf,
In your heart a shining star.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

A SPRING SONG.

O Springtime sweet!
Over the hills come thy lovely feet;
The earth's white mantle is cast away,
She clothes herself all in green today;
And the little flowers that hid from the cold
Are springing anew from the warm, fresh mould.

O springtime sweet!
The whole earth smiles thy coming to greet;
Our hearts to their inmost depths are stirred
By the first spring flower and the song of the bird;
Our sweet, strange feelings no room can find,
They wander like dreams through heart and mind.

O springtime sweet!
How the old and the new in thy soft hours meet!
The dear, dead joys of the days long past,
The brightness and beauty that could not last,—
Their fair ghosts rise with the ending of snow,—
The springs and the summers of long ago.

O springtime sweet!
How thou once wert dear and fair and complete!
No sweetness of words nor of music could tell
The gladness that once made my bosom swell;
And thou art not the same as the springs of yore
For the beauty and blessing that come no more.

O springtime sweet!
With silent hope thy coming I greet;
For all that in winter the bright earth lost
Doth rise, new-born, with the ending of frost;
Even so shalt thou bring me—at last, at last!
All the hope and the joy and the love of the past.

ANON.

A FOUR-O'CLOCK.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so,—
Forever in mid-afternoon!
Ah, happy day of happy June!

Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
The piny wood with perfume fill,
And breathe across the singing sea
Land-scented breezes, that shall be
Sweet as the gardens that they pass,
Where children tumble in the grass.

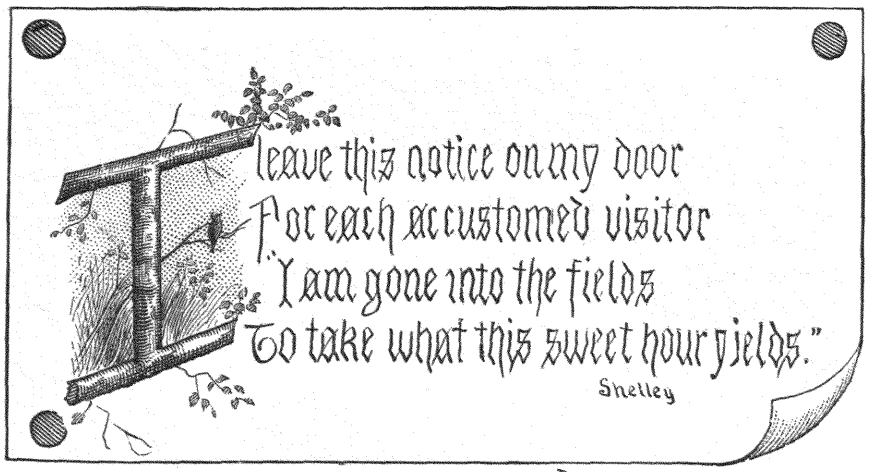
Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
And long not for thy blushing rest
In the soft bosom of the west;
But bid gray evening get her back,
With all the stars upon her track.
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide warm wings
While summer her enchantment flings.

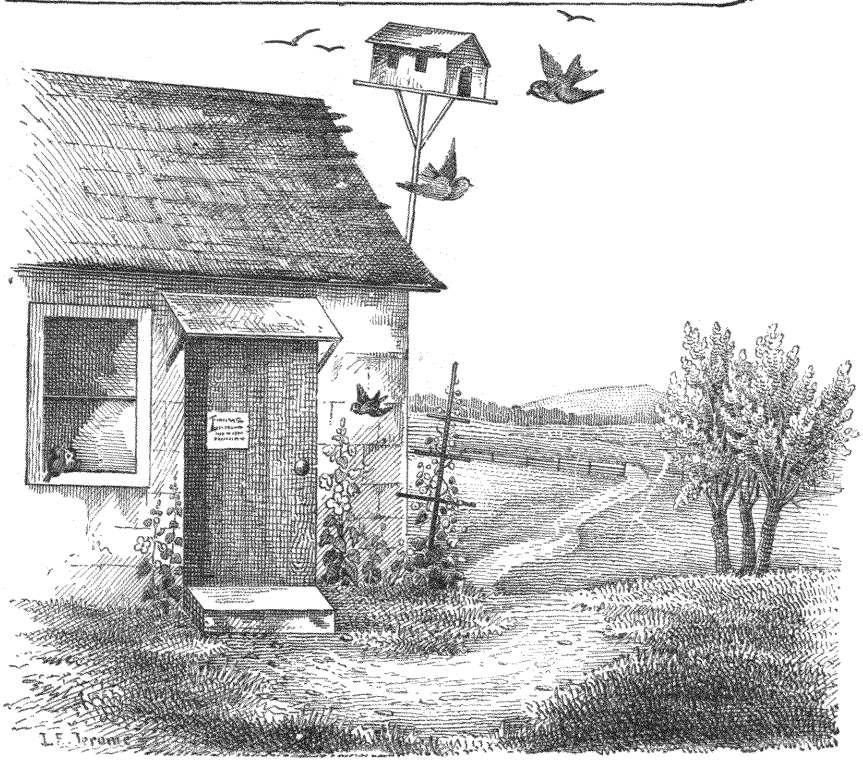
Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever let thy tender mist
Lie, like dissolving amethyst,
Deep in the distant dales, and shed
Thy mellow glory overhead!
Yet wilt thou wander? — call the thrush,
And have the wilds and waters hush
To hear his passion-broken tune!
Ah, happy day of happy June!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

"Ye come the heart to gladden with your smile,—
A gleam of brightness ere the winter near,—
Chasing our sadness with your magic will.
Happy their lot, like you, who soothe and cheer,
And life's November brighten and beguile."


I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor
"I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields."
Shelley


I. F. Jerome

THE GRASS.

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point,—not a perfect point, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much cared for example of Nature's workmanship; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on today, and tomorrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in Summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes and good for food,—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine,—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. JOHN RUSKIN.

God made the country and man made the town,
What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves.

WILLIAM COWPER.

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart,
Reveals some clue to spiritual things.

J. R. LOWELL.

O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

There's not a flower of Spring
That dies in June, but vaunts itself allied
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence, to that spirit world,
Outside the limits of our space and time,
Whereto we are bound.

E. B. BROWNING.

"TO THE DANDELION."

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.

* * * * * * *

'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summerlike warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

* * * * * * *

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,

Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

J. R. LOWELL.

"His presence
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees."

THE RHODORA.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
The purple petals fallen in the pool,
Make the black waters with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flowers that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought you.

R. W. EMERSON.

BIRDS.

Bearing His cross, while Christ passed forth forlorn,
His Godlike forehead by the mock-crown torn,
A little bird took from that crown one thorn,
To soothe the dear Redeemer's throbbing head.
That bird did what she could; His blood, 'tis said,
Down dropping, dyed her tender bosom red.
Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest;
Weasel nor wild cat will her young molest;
All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast.

HOSKYNS-ABRAHALL.

Hear how the birds on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!

ALEXANDER POPE.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE SONG OF THE ROBINS.

They come from a land of splendor,
The tribe of the ruddy breast,
When the blossoms and leaflets, tender
Awake from their wintry rest;

In the stilly and fragrant morning
  Of the season of flowers, they come
And the streams to the winds give warning
  With a joyous sound, and the hum
Of the bees in the meadow greet them,
  And the voice of the storm is dumb.

One sits on the Manse's Elm,
  High on the topmost spray,
That speaks like a plume on the helm
  In the airs of the jocund day;
And even the blithe new-comer
  Singeth his gladsome song,
"O Summer! O beautiful Summer!
  O life of our lives! O strong,
Sweet child of the amorous sunbeams,
  With thee from thy heaven, we throng!"

From the copse of the sumac-bushes
  Rings out the oriole's strain,
And the bobolink's sweet note gushes
  With the thrill of its love's first pain,
And mixed with their songs like laughter
  Of a babe on its mother's knee,
Came the robin's glad notes after,
  As he sits on his branching tree
Where the young lambs shine beneath him
  And dance in their morning glee.

They come the sweet song singing
  Of the little Babes in the Wood;
They come, the memory bringing
  Of Christ on the Holy Rood.
When there by the Sacred City
  The robin forsook its nest
In the glow of immortal pity

To stanch with its faithful breast,
The blood, from the dread wound flowing,
Still worn at the Lord's behest!

Ah! could I know what wings them
From lands with all beauty rife,
Ah! could I know what brings them,
I'd know the riddle of life;
What magical hand impels them
From climes of the south to stray,
What wonderful whisper tells them
O'er deserts and woods their way
To their natal homes, returning
At the breath of the winter gray!

ROBERT D. JOYCE.

THE CUCKOO.

We heard it calling, clear and low,
That tender April morn; we stood,
And listened in the quiet wood,
We heard it, aye, long years ago.

It came, and with a strange, sweet cry,
A friend, but from a far-off land;
We stood and listened, hand in hand,
And heart to heart, my Love and I.

In dreamland then we found our joy,
And so it seemed as 'twere the bird
That Helen in old times had heard,
At noon beneath the oaks of Troy.

O time far off, and yet so near!
It came to her in that hushed grove;
It warbled while the wooing throve,
It sang the song she loved to hear.

And now I hear its voice again,
And still its message is of peace;
It sings of love that will not cease—
For me it never sings in vain.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

A HUMMING BIRD.

When the mild gold stars flower out
As the summer gloaming goes,
A dim shape quivers about
Some sweet, rich heart of a rose.

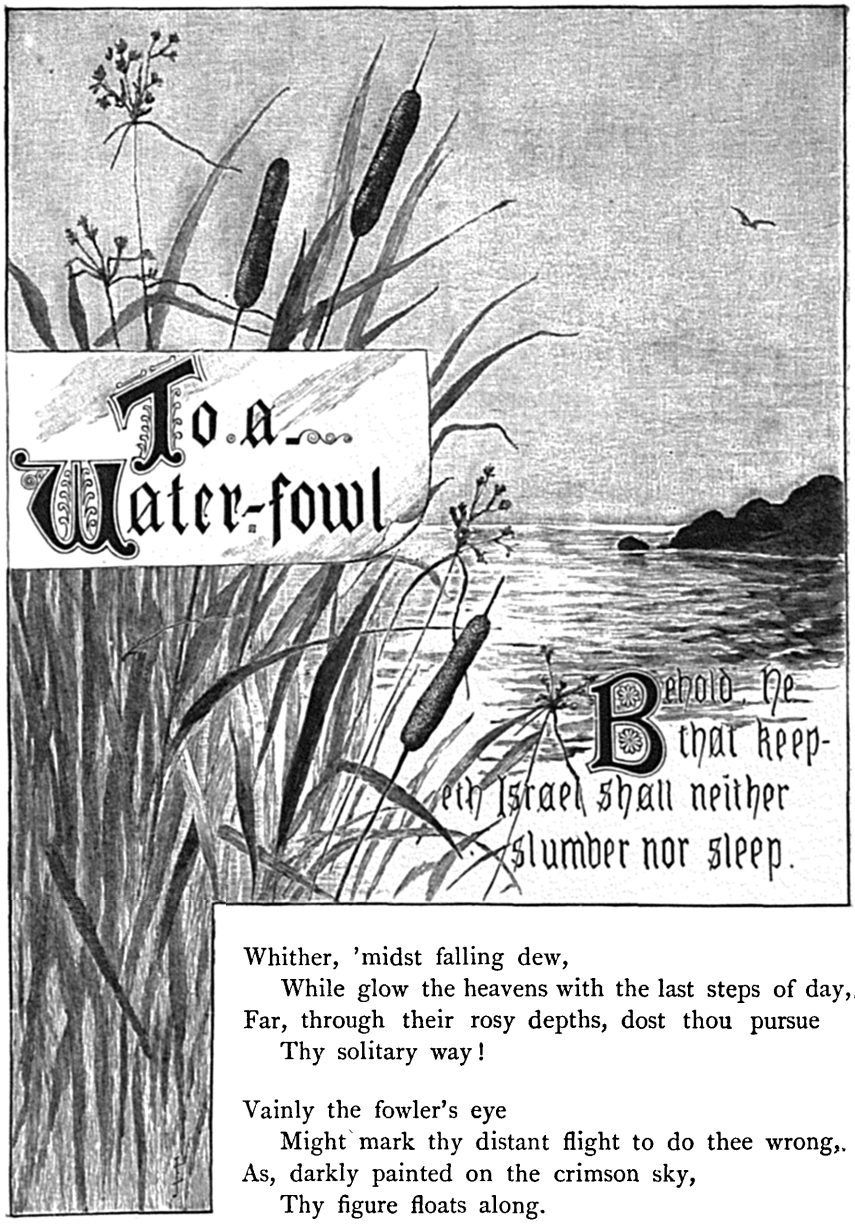
If you watch its fluttering poise,
From palpitant wings will steal
A hum like the eerie noise
Of an elfin spinning-wheel!

And then from the shape's vague sheen
Quick lustres of blue will float,
That melt in luminous green
Round a glimmer of ruby throat!

But fleetly across the gloom
This tremulous shape will dart,
While searching for some fresh bloom,
To quiver about its heart.

Then you, by thoughts of it stirred,
Will dreamily question them:
"Is it a gem, half bird,
Or is it a bird, half gem?"

EDGAR FAWCETT.



Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way!

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
  Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
  On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
  Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
  Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
  At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
  Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
  Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
  Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
  Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
  And shall not soon depart:

He who from zone to zone
  Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
  Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wastes:
Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE SWALLOW AT CRAIGENPUTTOCH.

Thou, too, hast traveled, little fluttering thing,
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
Thou, too, must rest;
But much, my little bird, couldst thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well
To build thy nest.

For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight,
A world lay all beneath thee where to light;
And strange thy taste,
Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye—
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky—
To choose this waste.

Did fortune try thee, was thy little purse
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,
Felt here secure?
Ah, no! thou need'st no gold, thou happy one!
Thou know'st it not, of all God's creatures, man
Alone is poor!

What was it, then, some mystic turn of thought
Caught under German eaves and hither brought,
Marring thine eye
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that dost but mope and moan,
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak;
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might and main,
Nor more need'st seek.

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got,
By instinct wise, much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care
Whether an Eden or a desert be thy home,
So thou remaineth alive and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird! may thy small nest
With little ones all in good time be blest!
I love thee much;
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I! oh, ask not what I do with mine!
Would I were such!

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

TO THE SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The deep blue thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale, purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower!

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphant chant
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shades of annoyance
Never come near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream;
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear,—
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,—
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
  I hear thee and rejoice:
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
  Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
  Thy loud note smites my ear!
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
  At once far off and near!

I hear thee babbling to the vale
  Of sunshine and of flowers;
And unto me thou bringest a tale
  Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
  Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,—
  A voice, a mystery!

The same whom in my schoolboy days
  I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
  In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
  Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love,—
  Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet,—
  Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
  That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place
That is fit home for thee.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts, in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses nigh.
Almost as far as eye can reach,
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
This little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be tonight,
When the loosed storm-breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

CELIA THAXTER.

A TRUE HYMN.

My joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say;
And still it runneth muttering up and down
With only this, "My joy, my life, my crown!"

Yet slight not these few words;
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art.
The fineness, which a hymn or psalm affords
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the soul, and strength, and time,
If the words only rhyme,
Justly complains that somewhat is behind
To make his verse, or write a hymn in kind.

Whereas, if th' heart be moved,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supply the want,
As when th' heart says (sighing to be approved)
"O, could I love!" and stops; God writeth, "Loved."

GEO. HERBERT.

TO AN ORIOLE.

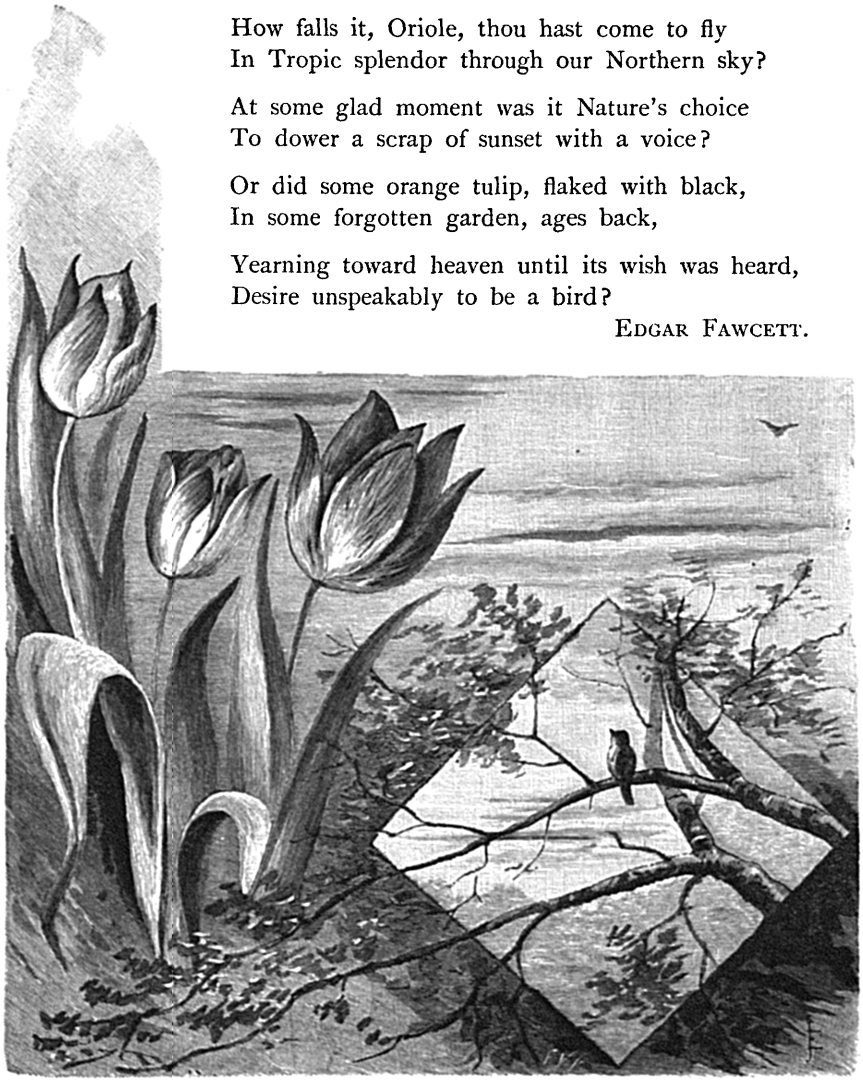
How falls it, Oriole, thou hast come to fly
In Tropic splendor through our Northern sky?

At some glad moment was it Nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

EDGAR FAWCETT.



THE FALLOW FIELD.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down;
The night mist shroudeth the sleeping town;
But if it be dark or if it be day,
If the tempests beat or the breezes play,
Still here on this upland slope I lie
Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field;
Never a crop my acres yield.
Over the wall at my right hand
Stately and green the corn-blades stand,
And I hear at my left the flying feet
Of the winds that rustle the bending wheat.

Often while yet the morn is red
I list for our master's eager tread.
He smiles at the young corn's towering height,
He knows the wheat is a goodly sight,
But he glances not at the fallow field
Whose idle acres no wealth may yield.

Sometimes the shout of the harvesters
The sleeping pulse of my being stirs,
And as one in a dream I seem to feel
The sweep and the rush of the swinging steel,
Or I catch the sound of the gay refrain
As they heap their wains with the golden grain.

Yet, O my neighbors, be not too proud,
Though on every tongue your praise is loud.
Our mother Nature is kind to me,
And I am beloved by bird and bee,
And never a child that passes by
But turns upon me a grateful eye.

Over my head the skies are blue;
I have my share of the rain and dew;
I bask like you in the summer sun
When the long bright days pass, one by one,
And calm as yours is my sweet repose
Wrapped in the warmth of the winter snows.

For little our loving mother cares
Which the corn or the daisy bears,
Which is rich with the ripening wheat,
Which with the violet's breath is sweet,
Which is red with the clover bloom,
Or which for the wild sweet-fern makes room.

Useless under the summer sky
Year after year men say I lie.
Little they know what strength of mine
I give to the trailing blackberry vine;
Little they know how the wild grape grows,
Or how my lifeblood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cups I fill
For the mosses creeping under the hill;
Little they think of the feast I spread
For the wild wee creatures that must be fed;
Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,
And the creeping things that no eye may see.

Lord of the harvest, Thou dost know
How the summers and winters go.
Never a ship sails east or west
Laden with treasures at my behest,
Yet my being thrills to the voice of God
When I give my gold to the goldenrod.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

From "Harper's Magazine."

SUNDAY.

O Day most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of Time; Care's balm and bay;
The week were dark but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow;
The worky-days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heav'n's palace archèd lies;
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden; that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife*
Of the eternal glorious King.

*The Church.

On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake which at His passion
Did the earth and all things with it move
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offense;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth;
And where the weekdays trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

GEORGE HERBERT.

Once I know I shall journey far
Over the mountains high
Lord, is thy door already ajar?
Dear is the home where thy saved ones are
But bar it awhile from me
And help me to long for Thee.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
  Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known.
  Rumour can ope the grave;
Acquaintance I would have; but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
  My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
  My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand; not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
  And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
  But boldly say each night,
Tomorrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd today.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Every really able man, if you talk sincerely with him, considers his work, however much admired, as far short of what it should be. What is this Better, this flying Ideal, but the perpetual promise of his Creator?

R. W. EMERSON.

We ask for long life, but 'tis deep life, or grand moments, that signify. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical. IBID.

THE RECLUSE.

A Fountain issuing into light
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon a humbler course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface played,
Birds 'midst the alder-branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows strayed;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colors catch
As if 'twere raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charmed the eye, but missed the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream
Whose unimprisoned waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock, and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I when I saw the face,
By happy portraiture revealed,
Of one adorned with every grace,
Her name and date from me concealed,
But not her story; she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolicked in the gayest ring,
Where fashion's high-born minions sport
Like sparkling fireflies on the wing;
But thence when love had touched her soul
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of lowly life,
Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
No fountain scattering diamond-showers,
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LISTENING FOR GOD.

* * * * * *

O God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be judge, be friend, be Father still,
And in thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine,— my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song!

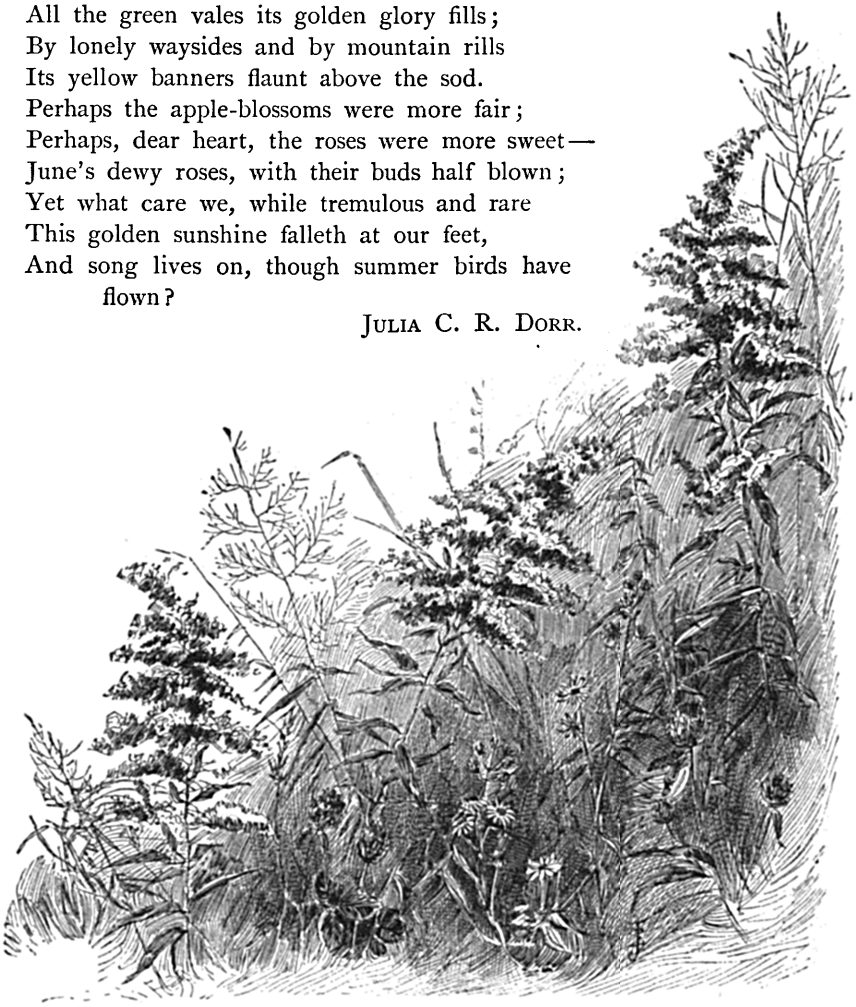
They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
They ever seem to say, "My child,
Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way."

W. C. GANNETT.

GOLDEN-ROD.

Let us go forth and gather goldenrod!
Oh, love, my love, see how upon the hills,
Where still the warm air palpitates and thrills,
And earth lies breathless in the smile of God,
Like plumes of serried hosts its tassels nod!
All the green vales its golden glory fills;
By lonely waysides and by mountain rills
Its yellow banners flaunt above the sod.
Perhaps the apple-blossoms were more fair;
Perhaps, dear heart, the roses were more sweet—
June's dewy roses, with their buds half blown;
Yet what care we, while tremulous and rare
This golden sunshine falleth at our feet,
And song lives on, though summer birds have flown?

JULIA C. R. DORR.



LIFE'S ESSENCE.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed in the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater.
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

RICHARD REALF.

Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea!
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to Thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

I might mention all the divine charms of a bright spring day. but if you had never in your life utterly forgotten yourself in straining your eyes after the mounting lark, or in wandering through the still lanes when the fresh-opened blossoms fill them with a sacred, silent beauty like that of fretted aisles, where would be the use of my descriptive catalogue? I could never make you know what I meant by a bright spring day.

GEORGE ELIOT.

SATISFIED.

Life is unutterably dear,
God makes today so fair;
Though heaven is better,—being here,
I long not to be there.

The weights of life are pressing still,
Not one of them may fall;
Yet such strong joys my spirit fill,
That I can bear them all.

Though Care and Grief are at my side,
There would I let them stay,
And still be ever satisfied
With beautiful today.

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

THE INNER CALM.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
  Soft resting on Thy breast:
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
  And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
  Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
  Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
  The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
  Calm in the bustling street,

Calm in the hour of buoyant health
  Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
  Calm in my loss or gain,

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
  Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
  Who hate Thy holy name;

Calm when the great world's news with power
  My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
  E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star
  Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war
  The eternal calm to gain.

H. Bonar.

A PICTURE FROM "SHIRLEY."

The gray church, and grayer tombs, look divine with this crimson gleam on them. Nature is now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling before those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs in moors, and unfledged birds in woods. * * * I saw—I now see—a woman-Titan: her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing; a veil, white as an avalanche, sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon; through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture—they are clear, they are deep as lakes, they are lifted and full of worship, they tremble with the softness of love and the luster of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers; she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stilbro' Moor, her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face she speaks with God.

CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

Nature never hurries: atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her work. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting or planting is the manners of Nature; patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, bad weather, excess or lack of water.

R. W. EMERSON.

Thou will remember one warm morn when winter
Crept aged from the earth, and Spring's first breath
Blew soft from the moist hills! the blackthorn boughs
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening
In the sunshine were white with coming buds.
Like the bright side of a sorrow, and the banks
Had violets opening from sleep like eyes.

ROBERT BROWNING.

AUNT PHILLIS' GUEST.

ST. HELENA ISLAND, 1863.

I was young and "Harry" was strong,
The summer was bursting from sky and plain,
Thrilling our blood as we bounded along,
Till a picture flashed,—and I dropped the rein.

A black sea-creek, that like a snake
Slipped thro' a low green league of sedge,
An ebbing tide and a setting sun,
And a hut and a woman by the edge.

Her back was bent, and her wool was gray,
The wrinkles lay close on the withered face;
Children were buried and sold away,—
The Freedom had come to the last of a race.

She lived from a neighbor's hominy-pot;
There was praise in the hut when the "pain" passed by;
From its floor of dirt the smoke curled out
Where the shingles were patched with bright blue sky.

"Aunt Phillis, you live here all alone?"
I asked, and pitied the old gray head;
Sure as a child, in quiet tone,
"*Me and Jesus, Massa,*" she said.

I started, for all the place was aglow
With a presence I had not seen before:
The air was full of a music low,
And the guest divine stood at the door!

Ay, it was true that the Lord of Life
Who seeth the widow give her mite,
Had watched this slave in her weary strife,
And shown Himself to her longing sight.

The hut and the dirt, the rags and the skin,
The groveling want and the darkened mind,—
I looked on this,—but the Lord within;
Oh, I would what He saw was in me to find!

A childlike soul, whose faith had force
To see what the angels see in bliss;
She lived and the Lord lived,—so of course
They lived together,—she knew but this.

And the life that I had almost despised
As something to pity, so poor and low,
Had already borne fruit that the Lord so prized;
He loved to come near and see it grow.

No sorrow for her that the life was done!
A few days more of the hut's unrest,
A little while longer to sit in the sun,
Then!—*He* would be host and *she* would be guest!

And up above, if an angel of light
Should stop on his errand of love some day,
And ask, "Who lives in the mansion bright?"
"Me and Jesus," Aunt Phillis will say.

A fancy, foolish and fond, it seems?
And things are not as Aunt Phillis dreams?
Friend, be it so;
But this I know,—
That our faiths are foolish by falling below
Not coming above, what God will show;

That His commonest thing hides a wonder vast,
To whose beauty our eyes have never past;
That His *fact* in the present, or in the to-be,
Outshines the best that we think we see.

W. C. GANNETT.

THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE.

I have a wondrous house to build,
  A dwelling, humble yet divine;
A lowly cottage to be fill'd
  With all the jewels of the mine.
How shall I build it strong and fair?
This noble house, this lodging rare,
  So small and modest, yet so great?
How shall I fill its chambers bare
  With use—with ornament—with state?

My God hath given the stone and clay:
  'Tis I must fashion them aright;
'Tis I must mould them day by day,
  And make my labour my delight;
This cot, this palace, this fair home,
This pleasure-house, this holy dome,
  Must be in all proportions fit,
That heavenly messengers may come
  To lodge with him who tenants it.

No fairy bower this house must be,
  To totter at each gale that starts,
But of substantial masonry,
  Symmetrical in all its parts:
Fit in its strength to stand sublime,
For seventy years of mortal time,
  Defiant of the storm and rain,
And well attemper'd to the clime
  In every cranny, nook, and pane.

I'll build it so, that if the blast
  Around it whistle loud and long,
The tempest when its rage has pass'd
  Shall leave its rafters doubly strong.

I'll build it so that travellers by
Shall view it with admiring eye,
  For its commodiousness and grace:
Firm on the ground—straight to the sky—
  A meek, but goodly dwelling-place.

Thus noble in its outward form,
  Within I'll build it clean and white;
Not cheerless cold, but happy warm,
  And ever open to the light.
No tortuous passages or stair,
No chamber foul, or dungeon lair,
  No gloomy attic shall there be,
But wide apartments order'd fair
  And redolent of purity.

With three compartments furnish'd well,
  The house shall be a home complete;
Wherein, should circumstance rebel,
  The humble tenant may retreat.
The first a room wherein to deal
With men for human nature's weal,
  A room where he may work or play,
And all his social life reveal
  In its pure texture day by day.

The second, for his wisdom sought,
  Where, with his chosen book or friend,
He may employ his active thought
  To virtuous and exalted end.
A chamber lofty and serene,
With a door-window to the green
  Smooth-shaven sward, and arching bowers,
Where lore or talk or song between,
  May gild his intellectual hours.

The third an oratory dim,
  But beautiful, where he may raise,
Unheard of men, his daily hymn,
  Of love and gratitude and praise.
Where he may revel in the light
Of things unseen and infinite,
  And learn how little he may be,
And yet how awful in thy sight,
  Ineffable Eternity!

Such is the house that I must build—
  This is the cottage—this the dome,—
And this the palace, treasure-fill'd
  For an immortal's earthly home.
O noble work of toil and care!
O task most difficult and rare!
  O simple but most arduous plan!
To raise a dwelling-place so fair,—
  The sanctuary of a man.

CHARLES MACKAY.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The apple trees with bloom are all aglow—
  Soft drifts of perfumed light—
A miracle of mingled fire and snow—
  A laugh of Spring's delight.

Their ranks of creamy splendor pillow deep
  The valley's pure repose;
On mossy walls, in meadow nooks, they heap
  Surges of frosted rose.

Around old homesteads clustering thick they shed
  Their sweets to murm'ring bees;
And o'er hushed lanes and wayside fountains spread
  Their pictured canopies.

Green-breasted knolls and forest edges wear
Their beautiful array;
And lonesome graves are sheltered, here and there,
With their memorial spray.

The efflorescence on unnumbered boughs
Pants with delicious breath;
O'er me seem laughing eyes and fair smooth brows,
And shapes too sweet for death.

Clusters of dimpled faces float between
The soft caressing plumes,
And lovely creatures 'mid the branches lean,
Lulled by faint, flower-born tunes.

A rude wind blows and, as the blossoms fall,
My heart is borne away;
Fainter and fainter tender voices call
Of my enamored May.

Fainter and fainter—Oh, how strange it seems
With so much sweetness fled!
I go like one who dreams within his dreams
That, living, he is dead.

HORATIO N. POWERS.

THE SONG OF REBECCA.

FROM IVANHOE.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
  And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
  With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze;
  Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
  And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
  When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
  To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
  In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
  A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
  The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
  And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
  The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
  Are mine accepted sacrifice."

WALTER SCOTT.

RECOMPENSE.

The summer coaxed me to be glad,
Entreating with the primrose hue
Of sunset skies, with downward calls
From viewless larks, with winds that blew
The red-tipped clover's breast abroad,
And told the mirth of waterfalls;
In vain! my heart would not be wooed
From the December of its mood.

But on a day of wintry skies
A withered rose slipped from my book,
And as I caught its faint perfume
The soul of summer straight forsook
The little tenement it loved,
And filled the world with song and bloom,
Missed, in their season, by my sense:
So found my heart its recompense.

ANNIE R. ANNAN.

When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where the pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Of mementoes of birthdays Mrs. L. M. Child says: "For my part I am delighted to find a few flowers on the milestones as I pass along. No matter how simple they are: a buttercup is as good as a japonica; somebody placed it there who remembered I was going by, and that is sufficient."

"We do not always realize that our good things in this world are all transitory and to be enjoyed promptly, each in its season."

He who bends to his life a joy,
Does the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Poetry is full of flower-fields, because each flower seems full of poetry to us. The flower-names are often little poems in themselves. Those long, uncouth names, dreaded in botany, hide nature-meanings in them. Heliotrope is "she who turns to the sun"; Mesembryanthemum is "flower of the mid-day"; Nasturtion carries its meaning of "bent-nose" in its face; Geranium is "crane's-bill,"—let the seed-vessel grow and it will tell the reason why; Saxifrage is "rock-cleaver," named so from its birthplace in the clefts; Anemone is "wind-flower." These, you see, were but simple heart-and-eye names to the Greeks or Romans, just as

we call the pets heart's-ease, day's-eye, morning-glory, honeysuckle, mignonette. Each people has its own. Other flower-names come down to us impearled with myth and story,—the hyacinth, narcissus, Solomon's-seal, arethusa, the passion-flower. What sacred romances the lotus-flower, the martyr's-palm, the victor's laurel, recall! There is probably no famous poet that has not sealed his fame into a song about some favorite of the field. Wordsworth's celandines and daffodils are noted, and Burns' daisy, and Herbert's rose, and Emerson's rhodora, and Lowell's dandelion; while in Chaucer the whole spring buds and sings, and all along the lines of Tennyson flowers brush you with fine touches.

Nay, every one plays poet with them, although he write no verses. We use them to interpret all the tenderest things in life. When the lovers want to tell the unutterable words, they betake themselves to the dumb messengers who have learned to say so much. When we want to remember a hilltop view, a meeting that has made a holiday, some spot holy with old history, we pluck a flower to hold the memory fast. When we want to send the home-presence tangibly in a letter, a flower from the window or the field close by will carry it best. Old books drop out the faded blossoms, put there "to mark great places with due gratitude." The California miner caught sight of the mountain heart's-ease just where his uplifted pick was going to fall, and, ere it fell, he was at home across the continent, and in his own pasture, where, a barefoot boy, he drove the cows a thousand times. Hollyhocks and lilacs,—who thinks of them and does not see a quiet country dooryard in the sunshine? The sick soldiers in army hospitals, longing for certain faces, tones and touches, greeted the flowers as the best substitute. "Now, I've got something for you!" said a woman nurse, holding the bunch behind her, to a very sick New England soldier,—"something for you, just like what grows in your front dooryard at home. Guess!" "Lalocs!" he whispered, and she laid them on his folded hands. "Oh, lalocs! how did you know that?" The lilacs outlived him. * * * We bring flowers into our churches: like music visible, they fill the pauses in the service; and who comes here with purer face or life of sweeter obedience to the laws of Nature? So sweet, so pure they are, that, like our holiest friends, they fit not joy and wedding moments only, but still more naturally they come in amid the tragedies, the silences, the heartbreaks. Is not this the reason why?—

"When heaven grows dim, and faith seeks to renew
The image of its everlasting dower,
I know no argument so sweet as through
The bosom of a flower,—

"A wicket-gate to heaven (of which Death
Is the grand portal, sealed to mortal eyes),
Between whose little bars there comes the breath
Of airs from Paradise."

When the "grand portal" has opened and shut close to us, and we are left with straining gaze outside, the "wicket-gate" seems to give comfort. It seems to grant some little vision into the hidden heart of things, suggesting that the darkness everywhere holds possibilities better even than our hopes. Save for the flower-fact who could have dreamed that such beauty lurked in the dark earth, was latent in the tiny seed? So we place the flowers around the still, cold face; we lay them on graves; we bring them to the sick room and the bedside of the dying; and everywhere, after words fail and even music hushes, their presence is a voiceless, unconfuted argument that the Power within all silences and pains and tragedies is Love, and that the possibilities of life are infinite.

W. C. GANNETT.

SERVICE.

When I beheld a lover woo
A maid unwilling,
And saw what lavish deeds men do,
Hope's flagon filling,—
What vines are tilled, what wines are spilled,
And madly wasted,
To fill the flask that's never filled,
And rarely tasted;

Devouring all life's heritage,
  And inly starving;
Dulling the spirit's mystic edge,
  The banquet carving;
Feasting with Pride, that Barmecide
  Of unreal dishes;
And wandering ever in a wide,
  Wide world of wishes;

For gain or glory, lands and seas
  Endlessly ranging,
Safety and years and health and ease
  Freely exchanging;—
When, ever as I moved, I saw
  The world's contagion,
Then turned, O Love! to thy sweet law
  And compensation,—

Well might red shame my cheek consume!
  O service slighted!
O Bride of Paradise, to whom
  I long was plighted!
Do I with burning lips profess
  To serve thee wholly,
Yet labor less for blessedness
  Than fools for folly?

The wary worldling spread his toils
  Whilst I was sleeping;
The wakeful miser locked his spoils,
  Keen vigils keeping;
I loosed the latches of my soul
  To pleading Pleasure,
Who stayed one little hour, and stole
  My heavenly treasure.

A friend for friend's sake will endure
  Sharp provocations;
And knaves are cunning to secure,
  By cringing patience,
And smiles upon a smarting cheek,
  Some dear advantage,—
Swathing their grievances in meek
  Submission's bandage.

Yet for thy sake I will not take
  One drop of trial,
But raise rebellious hands to break
  The bitter vial,
At hardship's surly-visaged churl
  My spirit sallies;
And melts, O Peace! thy priceless pearl
  In passion's chalice.

Yet never quite, in darkest night,
  Was I forsaken;
Down trickles still some starry rill
  My heart to waken.
O Love Divine! could I resign
  This changeful spirit
To walk thy ways, what wealth of grace
  Might I inherit!

If one poor flower of thanks to thee
  Be truly given,
All night thou snowest down to me
  Lilies of heaven!
One task of human love fulfilled,
  Thy glimpses tender
My days of lonely labor gild
  With gleams of splendor!

One prayer,— "Thy will, not mine!" and bright,
O'er all my being,
Breaks blissful light, that gives to sight
A subtler seeing;
Straightway mine ear is tuned to hear
Ethereal numbers,
Whose secret symphonies insphere
The dull earth's slumbers.

"Thy will!"—and I am armed to meet
Misfortune's volleys;
For every sorrow I have sweet,
Oh, sweetest solace!
"Thy will!"—no more I hunger sore,
For angels feed me;
Henceforth for days, by peaceful ways,
They gently lead me.

For me the diamond dawns are set
In rings of beauty,
And all my paths are dewy wet
With pleasant duty;
Beneath the boughs of calm content
My hammock swinging,
In their green tent my eves are spent,
Thy praises singing.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Three blissful words I name to thee,
Three words of potent charm,
From eating care thy heart to free,
Thy life to shield from harm — pray, work, and sing.

J. S. BLACKIE.

GOD.

A POEM BY DERZHAVIN, A RUSSIAN POET, BORN 1763.

[Derzhavin, after serving some time in the army, was made successively a Councillor of State, Ambassador of Senate, President of the College of Commerce, Public Cashier, and, in 1802, Minister of Justice. The poem on God, by this author, has been translated into Japanese by order of the Emperor, and is hung up embroidered with gold in the Temple of Jeddo. It has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the Imperial Palace of Pekin.]

O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God,—and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou, from primeval nothingness, did call
First chaos, then existence. Lord, in Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from Thee; of light, joy, harmony,

Sole Origin; all life, all beauty, Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hath bound,
And beautifully mingled Life and Death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise!

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with light, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns, lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yet, as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness,—is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I, then?—Nought!

Nought but the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too:
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live and breathe and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the Throne of Thy divinity;
I am, O God, and surely Thou must be!

Thou art; directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something; fashioned by Thy hand,
I hold a middle rank 'twixt Heaven and Earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit — Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? So marvelously
Constructed and conceived — unknown. This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,

Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source — to Thee, its Author — there.

O thought ineffable! O visions blest!
(Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee!)
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence,—Being, wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN BOWRING.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

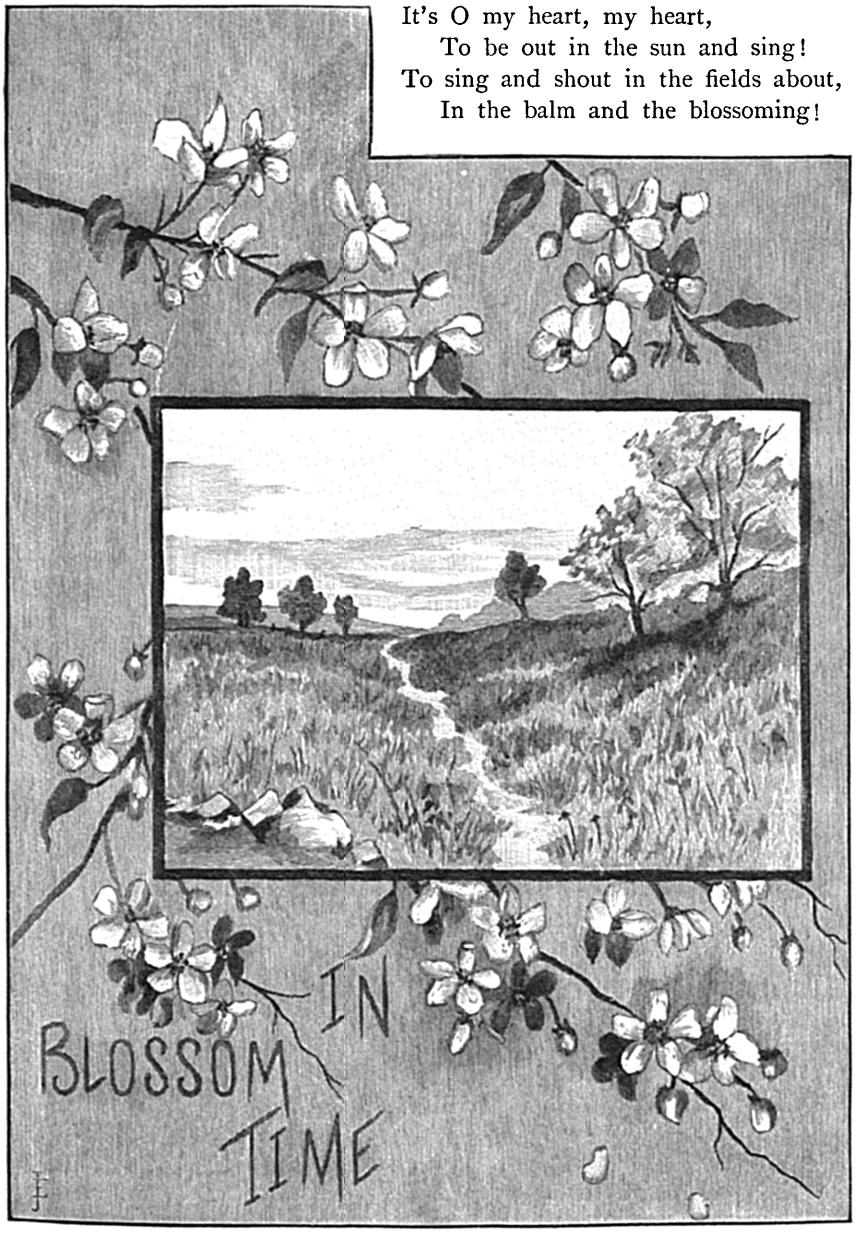
Sleep, sleep today, tormenting cares,
  Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
  From this celestial morn.

Tomorrow will be time enough
  To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
  The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts,
  Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
  A God of purity!

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing!
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming!



Sing loud, O bird in the tree!
  O bird, sing loud in the sky!
And honey-bees, blacken the clover-bed —
  There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
  Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
  Entices my soul away!

For oh, but the world is fair, is fair —
  And oh, but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
  And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
  I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossoms, more pure and meek,
  May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush!
  O skylark, sing in the blue!
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
  And my soul shall sing with you!

INA D. COOLBRITH.

FROM "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hill below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way,
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

* * * * * * * *

Eternal hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began,—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Some very excellent people tell you they dare not hope. To me it seems much more impious to dare to despair.

SIDNEY SMITH.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"Our hopes, though they never happen, yet are some kind of happiness; as trees whilst they are still growing please in the prospect, though they bear no fruit."

Hope is the cordial of the human heart.

ROBERT BURNS.

A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears. T. B. ALDRICH.

Among some of the South Sea Islanders the compound word for hope is beautifully expressive. It is manaolana, or the *swimming-thought,* — faith floating and keeping its head aloft above water, when all the waves and billows are going over — a strikingly beautiful definition of Hope, worthy to be set down along with the answer which a deaf and dumb person wrote with his pencil, in reply to the question "What was his idea of forgiveness?" "It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled on."

THE HAPPY HEART.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers,
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face,
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face,
Then hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny nonny!

T. DEKKER.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit or sleep at one's own ease,
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease!

CHARLES COTTON.

ARABIC INSCRIPTION.

Sir William Jones, in his voyage to India, found in the island of Johanna, a secluded speck in the Atlantic off the coast of Africa, this inscription (in Arabic) above the door of a mosque:

"The world was given us for our own edification,
Not for the purpose of raising sumptuous buildings;
Life, for the discharge of moral and religious duties,
Not for pleasurable indulgence;
Wealth, to be liberally bestowed,
Not avariciously hoarded;
And learning, to produce good actions,
Not empty disputes."

CLEAR THE WAY!

Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,

There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!
Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day,
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!
With the Right, shall many more
Enter, smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong, shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

CHARLES MACKAY.

My friend, your golden age is gone;
But good men still can bring it back again;
Rather, if I must speak the truth, I'll say
The golden age of which the poet sings
In flattering phrase, this age at no time was
On earth one whit more than it is today;
And, if it ever was, 'twas only so
As all good men can bring it back tomorrow.

J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

Why not take life with cheerful trust,
With faith in the strength of weakness?
The slenderest daisy rears its head
With courage and with meekness.
A sunny face
Hath holy grace
To woo the sun forever.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

"The countless gold of a merry heart,
The rubies and pearls of a loving eye
The idle man never can bring to the mart,
Nor the cunning hoard up in his treasury."

"I wonder if ever a song was sung,
But the singer's heart sang sweeter;
I wonder if ever a rhyme was sung,
But the thought surpassed the metre;
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought,
Or if ever a painter with side and shade,
The dream of his inmost soul portrayed!"

"Sunshine is like love, — it makes everything shine with its own beauty."

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.

R. W. EMERSON.

There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves till the meeting breaks up. JOSEPH ADDISON.

It is a part of my religion to look well after the cheerfulnesses of life, and let the dismals shift for themselves; believing with good Sir Thomas More that it is wise to "be merrie in God."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

I have learned to seek my happiness by limiting my desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them. JOHN STUART MILL.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

"Worry is the rust of the soul."

What stronger *breastplate* than a heart *untainted?*
Thrice is he *armed* that hath his quarrel *just,*
And he but *naked,* though locked up in *steel,*
Whose conscience with injustice is *corrupted.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May.
Although it fall and die that night
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

'Twere little praise
Did full resources wait on our good will
At every turn.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Welcome such rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go.

IBID.

"The aim should be perfection,
Patience the road."

Every man has his block given him, and the figure he cuts will depend very much upon the shape of that — upon the knots and twists which existed in it from the beginning. We were designed in the cradle, perhaps earlier, and it is in finding out this design and shaping ourselves

Why shouldst thou study in the month of June
In dusky books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
When the great Teacher of all glorious things
Passes in hourly light before thy door?

to it, that our years are spent wisely. It is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes, and lives left in the rough.

J. R. LOWELL.

"Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toil'd and striven."

SUMMER STUDIES.

Why shouldst thou study in the month of June
In dusky books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
When the great Teacher of all glorious things
Passes in hourly light before thy door?

There is a brighter book unrolling now;
Fair are its leaves as is the tree of heaven,
All veined, and dewed, and gemmed with wondrous signs,
To which a healing, mystic power is given.

A thousand voices to its study call
From the fair hilltop, from the waterfall;
Where the bird singeth, and the yellow bee
And the breeze talketh from the airy tree.

Now is that glorious resurrection time,
When all earth's buried beauties have new birth;
Behold the yearly miracle complete,—
God hath created a new heaven and earth!

No tree that wants his joyful garments now,
No flower that hastes his bravery to don;
God bids thee to this marriage feast of joy,
Let thy soul put the wedding-garment on.

All fringed with festal gold the barberry stands;
The ferns exultant clap their new-made wings;
The hemlock rustles broideries of fresh green,
And thousand bells of pearl the blueberry rings.

The long, light fingers of the old white pines
Do beckon thee into the flickering wood,
Where moving spots of light show mystic flowers,
And wavering music fills the dreamy hours.

Hast thou no *time* for all this wondrous show,—
No thought to spare? Wilt thou forever be
With thy last year's dry flower-stalks and dead leaves,
And no new shoot or blossom on thy tree?

See how the pines push off their last year's leaves,
And stretch beyond them with exultant bound!
The grass and flowers with living power o'ergrow
Their last year's remnants on the greening ground.

Wilt thou, then, all thy wintry feelings keep,—
The old dead routine of thy book-writ lore?
Nor deem that God can teach by one bright hour
What life hath never taught to thee before?

See what vast leisure, what unbounded rest,
Lie in the bending dome of the blue sky!
Ah! breathe that life-born languor from thy breast,
And know once more a child's unreasoning joy.

Cease, cease to *think*, and be content *to be*,—
Swing safe at anchor in fair Nature's bay;
Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul
Let God's sweet teachings ripple their soft way.

Soar with the birds, and flutter with the leaf;
Dance with the seeded grass in fringy play;
Sail with the cloud; wave with the dreaming pine,
And float with Nature all the livelong day.

Call not such hours an idle waste of life;
Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power;
It treasures from the brooding of God's wings
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

So shall it be with thee, if restful still
Thou rightly studiest in the summer hour;
Like a deep fountain which a brook doth fill,
Thy mind in seeming rest shall gather power.

And when the summer's glorious show is past,
Its miracles no longer charm thy sight;
The treasured riches of these thoughtful hours
Shall make thy wintry musings warm and bright.

H. B. STOWE.

"And he mistakes who tries
To search all mysteries,
Who leaves no cup undrained, no path untracked:
Who seeks to know so much
Brushes with eager touch
The bloom of fancy from the brier of fact.

Keep one fair myth aloof
From hard and actual proof;
Preserve some dear delusions, as they seem,
Since the reality,
How bright soe'er it be,
Shows dull and cold beside our marvelous dream."

What times are little? To the sentinel
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard.

GEORGE ELIOT.

POEMS UNWRITTEN.

There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
  Sweeter than any that ever were heard—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
  Songs that but long for a Paradise bird.
Poems that ripple through lowliest lives,
  Poems unnoted and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives,
  Sweetly as flowers in the airs of the May.
Poems that only the angels above us,
  Looking down deep in our hearts may behold,
Felt, though unseen, by the beings who love us,
  Written on lives as in letters of gold.
Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest!
  Read me the poem that never was penned—
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest
  Fresh from thy spirit, oh, beautiful friend!

ANON.

FROM GEORGE W. CURTIS' ORATION AT THE UNVEILING OF THE BURNS STATUE IN NEW YORK.

Once more we recognize that no gift is more divine than the poet's, that no influence is more profound, that no human being is a truer benefactor of his kind. The spiritual power of poetry, indeed, like that of natural beauty, is immeasurable. * * * It is not easy to define and describe Robert Burns' service to the world. To what other man was it ever given so to transfigure the country of his birth and love? He interpreted Scotland as no other country has been revealed by a kindred genius. England does not love Shakespeare, nor Italy Dante, nor Germany Goethe, with the passionate ardor with which Scotland loves Burns. * * * Burns was the singer of songs immortal as love, pure as the dew of the morning and sweet as its breath; songs with which the

lover woos his bride, and the mother soothes her child, and the heart of a people beats with patriotic exultation; songs that cheer human endeavor and console human sorrow and exalt human life. We cannot find out the secret of their power. Until we know why the rose is sweet, or the dew-drop pure, or the rainbow beautiful, we cannot know why the poet is the best benefactor of humanity. Whether because he reveals us to ourselves, or because he touches the soul with the fervor of divine aspiration; whether because in a world of sordid and restless anxiety he fills us with serene joy, or puts into rhythmic and permanent form the best thoughts and hopes of man,—who shall say? But none the less is the heart's instinctive loyalty to the poet the proof of its consciousness that he does all these things, that he is the harmonizer, strengthener and consoler. How the faith of Christendom has been stayed for centuries upon the mighty words of the old Hebrew bards and prophets, and how the vast and inexpressible mystery of divine love and power and purpose has been best breathed in parable and poem! If we were forced to surrender every expression of human genius but one, surely we should retain poetry. * * * The poet's power is not dramatic, obvious, imposing, immediate, like that of the statesman, the warrior and the inventor, but it is as deep and strong and abiding. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for, and fires the warrior's heart with the fierce energy that makes his blow invincible. The statesman enlarges and orders liberty in the state, but the poet fosters the love of liberty in the heart of the citizen. The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living. GEORGE W. CURTIS.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON VERSE.

It is one of my constant regrets, in this generation, that men to whom the gods have given a genius (which means a light of intelligence, of courage, and all manfulness, or else means nothing) will insist, in such an earnest time as ours has grown, in bringing out their divine gift in the shape of *verse,* which now no man reads entirely in earnest. That a man has to bring out his gift in *words* of any kind, and not in silent divine *actions,*

which alone are fit to express it well, seems to me a great misfortune for him; but that he should select verse, with its half-credibilities and other sad accompaniments, when he might have prose, and be wholly credible, if he desired it — this I lay at the door of our spiritual teachers (pedants mostly, and speaking an obsolete dialect), who thereby incalculably rot the world; making him who might have been a soldier and a fighter (so terribly wanted just at present) a mere preacher and idle singer. This is a fixed perception of mine, growing ever more fixed these many years; and I offer it to you, as I have done to many others in the like case, not much hoping that you will believe in it all at once. But certainly a good, wise, earnest piece in prose from you would please me better than the musicallest verses could.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

"As for such an assertion as that Shelley's, or Tennyson's or Wordsworth's poetry, *or any true poetry whatever*, loses 'earnestness' by its form of verse, it seems to us simply ludicrous. * * * Who would venture to distort and torture into prose the highest specimens of specifically 'earnest' poetry, Milton's 'Samson Agonistes' or Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty'?"

"Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know I anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through
thee, are fresh and strong."

"No; Mr. Carlyle's objection to verse is the objection of a noble mind out of tune, which is always craving to mark the discords of its own depths. Verse is the natural and only possible instrument of expression both for overpowering lyrical feeling and for complete imaginative insight."

God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Poetry is the only verity,—the expression of a sound mind speaking after the ideal, and not after the apparent.

R. W. EMERSON.

He shall daily joy dispense
Hid in song's sweet influence.

IBID.

I do loves poetry, sir, 'specially the sacred. * * * For there be summut in it * * * which smooths a man's heart like a clothes-brush wipes away the dust and dirt, and sets all the nap right.

BULWER LYTTON.

OF POESY.

In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight:
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling,
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed,

Or a shady brush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also, now,
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the busy gall of sadness,
The dull loneness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss,
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect
Walled about with disrespect,
From all these and this dull air,—
A fit object for despair,—
She hath taught me, by her might,
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy! thou sweet'st content
That e'er heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.

GEORGE WITHER.

I have a passion for ballads. * * * They are the gypsy-children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature—in the genial Summertime. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"THE SONNET."

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small Lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this Pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an Exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle Leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glowworm Lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery Land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a Trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Books wind into the heart; the poet's verse slides into the current of our blood. We read them when young, we remember them when old.

SAMUEL SMILES.

I call that, the Book of Job, aside from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book! all men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny—and God's way with him here in this earth. And all in such free, flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconcilement. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true* every way; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual; the horse—"hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"—he *laughs* at the shaking of the spear!

Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind; so soft and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

INSCRIPTION ON THE LIBRARY AT ALEXANDRIA.

[Founded about 300 B.C. Destroyed A.D. 640.]

The Nourishment of the Soul: or, according to Diodorus, The Medicine of the Mind.

D'ISRAELI'S "CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

In the Bible there is more that *finds* me than I have experienced in all other books put together; the words of the Bible find me at greater depths of my being; and whatever finds me brings with it an irresistible evidence of its having proceeded from the Holy Spirit.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Oh, that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.
This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third that ten leaves off doth lie.
Then, as dispersed herbs do make a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destiny.
Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee. For in everything
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.
Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss:
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

GEORGE HERBERT.

O Book! infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck every letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part,
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain!
Thou art all health; health thriving till it make
A full eternity!

IBID.

"Oh, holy, holy Book of God!
There are no words like thine;
The tones the angels bow to hear
Flow through these lines divine;
And come with love's own melody
From the King's heart to mine."

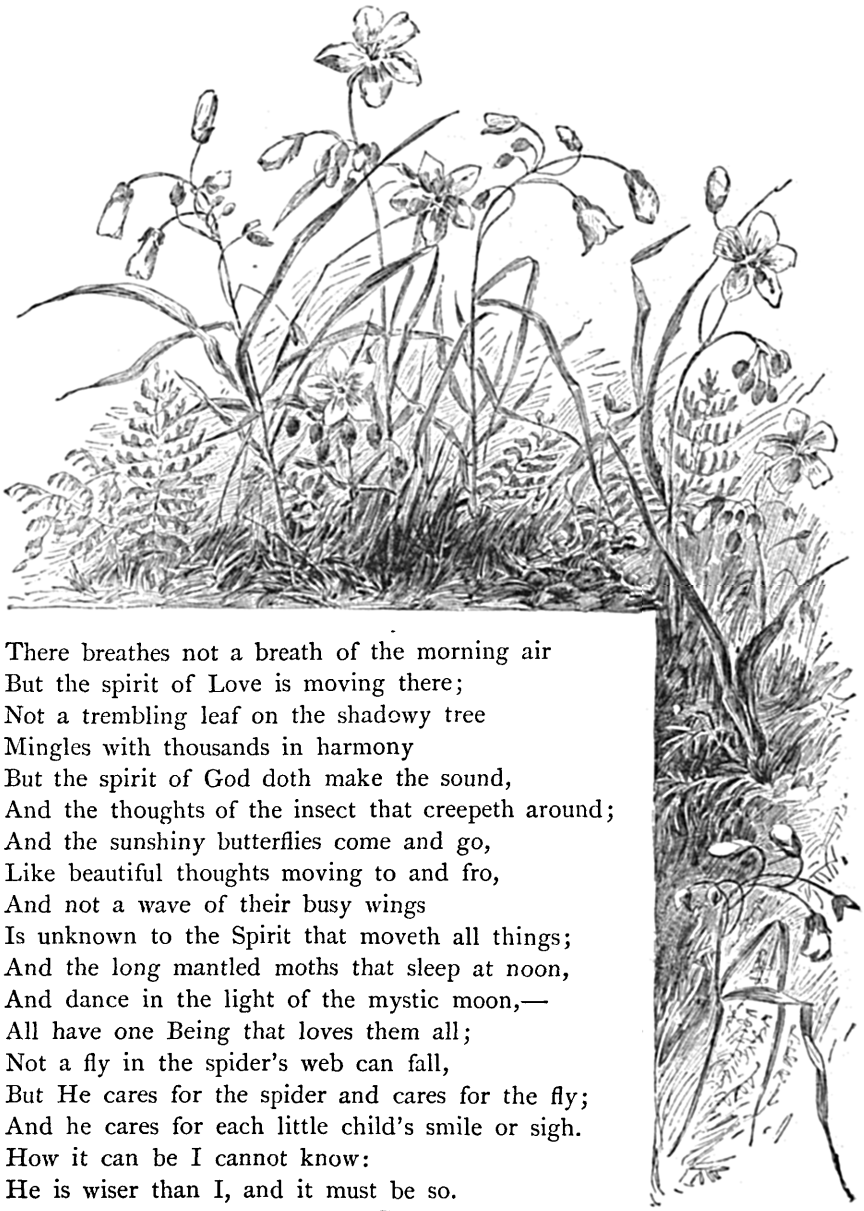
Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE LIVING BOOK.

This bears the seal of immortality,
For every soul that reads it, feels the search
Of answering thought, and thousands there may be
Saying at once, "How straight that looks at me!"
Nor child nor fool it leaveth in the lurch;
But, like the eyes that mark great Guido's fame,
It follows every one, as if by name.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.



There breathes not a breath of the morning air
But the spirit of Love is moving there;
Not a trembling leaf on the shadowy tree
Mingles with thousands in harmony
But the spirit of God doth make the sound,
And the thoughts of the insect that creepeth around;
And the sunshiny butterflies come and go,
Like beautiful thoughts moving to and fro,
And not a wave of their busy wings
Is unknown to the Spirit that moveth all things;
And the long mantled moths that sleep at noon,
And dance in the light of the mystic moon,—
All have one Being that loves them all;
Not a fly in the spider's web can fall,
But He cares for the spider and cares for the fly;
And he cares for each little child's smile or sigh.
How it can be I cannot know:
He is wiser than I, and it must be so.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Sir William Jones, the great European and oriental scholar, said, "I am of opinion that the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and purer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatsoever age or language."

FROM "THE CAXTONS."

"I say, then, that books, taken indiscriminately, are no cure to the diseases and afflictions of the mind. There is a world of science necessary in the taking them. I have known some people in great sorrow fly to a novel, or the last light book in fashion. One might as well take a rose-draught for the plague! Light reading does not do when the heart is really heavy. I am told that Goethe, when he lost his son, took to study a science that was new to him. Ah! Goethe was a physician who knew what he was about. In a great grief like that you cannot tickle and divert the mind; you must wrench it away, abstract, absorb—bury it in an abyss, hurry it into a labyrinth. Therefore, for the irremediable sorrows of middle life and old age, I recommend a strict chronic course of science and hard reasoning—counter-irritation. Bring the brain to act upon the heart! If science is too much against the grain (for we have not all got mathematical heads), something in the reach of the humblest understanding, but sufficiently searching to the highest—a new language—Greek, Arabic, Scandinavian, Chinese, or Welch! For the loss of fortune the dose should be applied less directly to the understanding. I would administer something elegant and cordial. For as the heart is crushed and lacerated by a loss in the affections, so it is rather the head that aches and suffers by the loss of money. Here we find the higher class of poets a very valuable remedy. For observe that poets of the grander and more comprehensive kind of genius have in them two separate men, quite distinct from each other—the imaginative man, and the practical, circumstantial man; and it is the happy mixture of these that suits diseases of the mind, half imaginative and half practical.

There is Homer, now lost with the gods, now at home with the homeliest, the very 'poet of circumstance,' as Grey has finely called him; and yet with imagination enough to seduce and coax the dullest into forgetting, for awhile, that little spot on his desk which his banker's book can cover. There is Virgil, far below him, indeed—

> "Virgil the wise,
> Whose verse walks highest, but not flies,"

as Cowley expresses it. But Virgil still has genius enough to be two men—to lead you into the fields, not only to listen to the pastoral reed, and to hear the bees hum, but to note how you can make the most of the glebe and the vineyard. There is Horace, charming man of the world, who will condole with you feelingly on the loss of your fortune, and by no means undervalue the good things of this life, but who will yet show you that a man may be happy with a *vile modicum* or *parva rura.* There is Shakespeare, who, above all poets, is the mysterious dual of hard sense and empyreal fancy—and a great many more, whom I need not name; but who, if you take to them gently and quietly, will not, like your mere philosopher, your unreasonable stoic, tell you that you have lost nothing; but who will insensibly steal you out of this world, with its losses and crosses, and slip you into another world before you know where you are! a world where you are just as welcome, though you carry no more earth of your lost acres with you than covers the sole of your shoe. Then, for hypochondria and satiety, what is better than a brisk alterative course of travels—especially early, out-of-the-way, marvelous, legendary travels! How they freshen up the spirits! How they take you out of the humdrum yawning state you are in! See, with Herodotus, young Greece spring up into life; or note with him how already the wondrous old Orient world is crumbling into giant decay; or go with Carpini and Rubruquis to Tartary, meet the carts of Zagathai laden with houses, and think that a great city is traveling toward you! Gaze on that vast wild empire of the Tartar, where the descendants of Jenghis multiply and disperse over the immense waste desert, which is as boundless as the ocean. Sail with the early northern discoverers, and penetrate to the heart of winter, among sea-serpents and bears, and tusked morses, with the faces of men. Then, what think you of Columbus, and the stern soul of Cortes, and the kingdom of Mexico, and the strange

gold city of the Peruvians with that audacious brute, Pizarro? and the Polynesians, just for all the world like the ancient Britons? and the American Indians, and the South-sea Islanders? how petulant, and young, and adventurous, and frisky your hypochondriac must get upon a regimen like that! Then, for that vice of the mind which I call sectarianism—not in the religious sense of the word, but little, narrow prejudices, that make you hate your next-door neighbor, because he has his eggs roasted when you have yours boiled; and gossiping and prying into people's affairs, and backbiting, and thinking heaven and earth are coming together, if some broom touch a cobweb that you have let grow over the window-sill of your brains—what like a large and generous, mildly aperient (I beg your pardon, my dear) course of history! How it clears away all the fumes of the head! better than the hellebore with which the old leeches of the middle ages purged the cerebellum. There, amidst all that great whirl and *sturmbad* (storm-bath), as the Germans say, of kingdoms and empires, and races and ages, how your mind enlarges beyond that little feverish animosity to John Styles; or that unfortunate prepossession of yours, that all the world is interested in your grievances against Tom Stokes and his wife!

I can only touch, you see, on a few ingredients in this magnificent pharmacy: its resources are boundless, but require the nicest discretion. I remember to have cured a disconsolate widower, who obstinately refused every other medicament, by a strict course of geology. I dipped him deep into gneiss and mica schist. Amidst the first strata, I suffered the watery action to expend itself upon cooling crystallized masses; and, by the time I had got him into the Tertiary period, among the transition chalks of Maestricht, and the conchiferous marls of Gosan, he was ready for a new wife. Kitty, my dear! it is no laughing matter. I made no less notable a cure of a young scholar at Cambridge, who was meant for the church, when he suddenly caught a cold fit of freethinking, with great shiverings, from wading out of his depths in Spinosa. None of the divines, whom I first tried, did him the least good in that state; so I turned over a new leaf, and doctored him gently upon the chapters of faith in Abraham Tucker's book (you should read it, Sisty); then I threw in strong doses of Fichte; after that I put him on the Scotch metaphysicians, with plunge-baths into certain German transcendentalists, and having convinced him that faith is not an unphilosophical state of mind,

and that he might believe without compromising his understanding— for he was mightily conceited on that score—I threw in my divines, which he was now fit to digest; and his theological constitution, since then, has become so robust, that he has eaten up two livings and a deanery! In fact, I have a plan for a library that, instead of heading its compartments 'Philology, Natural Science, Poetry,' etc., one shall head them according to the diseases for which they are severally good, bodily and mental —up from a dire calamity, or the pangs of the gout, down to a fit of the spleen or a slight catarrh; for which last your light reading comes in with a whey-posset and barley-water. But," continued my father, more gravely, "when some one sorrow that is yet reparable gets hold of your mind like a monomania—when you think, because heaven has denied you this or that, on which you had set your heart, that all your life must be a blank—oh! then diet yourself well on biography—the biography of good and great men. See how little a space one sorrow really makes in life. See scarce a page, perhaps, given to some grief similar to your own; and how triumphantly the life sails on beyond it! You thought the wing was broken!—Tut—tut—it was but a bruised feather! See what life leaves behind it when all is done! a summary of positive facts far out of the region of sorrow and suffering, linking themselves with the being of the world. Yes, biography is the medicine here! Roland, you said you would try my prescription—here it is,"—and my father took up a book and reached it to the captain. My uncle looked over it—"Life of the Reverend Robert Hall," "Brother, he was a dissenter, and, thank heaven! I am a church-and-state man to the backbone!" "Robert Hall was a brave man and a true soldier under the Great Commander," said my father, artfully. The captain mechanically carried his forefinger to his forehead in military fashion and saluted the book respectfully. "I have another copy for you, Pisistratus—that is mine which I have lent Roland. This, which I bought for you today, you will keep." "Thank you, sir," said I, listlessly, not seeing what great good the "Life of Robert Hall" could do me, or why the same medicine should suit the old weather-beaten uncle and the nephew yet in his teens. "I have said nothing," resumed my father, slightly bowing his broad temples, "of the Book of Books, for that is the *lignum-vitæ*, the cardinal medicine for all. These are but the subsidiaries."

LORD BULWER LYTTON.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon other occasions besides my dinner. Why have we no form of grace for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Faerie Queen.

CHARLES LAMB.

The name of "Wise" seems to me, O Phædrus, a great matter, and to belong to God alone.

A man may be more fitly denominated "philosophus," "*would-be-wise,*" or some such name.

PLATO.

FROM "ESSAYS ON SOME OF THE FORMS OF LITERATURE."

* * * In all our estimation of the various qualities of books, if it be true that our reading assists our life, it is true also that our life assists our reading. If we let our spirit talk to us in undistracted moments—if we commune with friendly, serious Nature, face to face, often—if we pursue honorable aims in a steady progress—if we learn how a man's best work falls below his thought, yet how still his failure prompts a tenderer love of his thought—if we live in sincere, frank relations with some few friends, joying in their joy, hearing the tale and sharing the pain of their grief, and in frequent interchange of honest, household sensibility—if we look about us on character, marking distinctly what we can see, and feeling the prompting of a hundred questions concerning what is out of our ken;—if we live thus, we shall be good readers and critics of books, and improving ones. * * * In meditative hours, when we blend despair of ourself with complaint of the world, the biography of a man successful in this great business of living is as the visit of an angel sent to strengthen us. Give the soldier his sword, the farmer his plow, the carpenter his hammer and nails, the manufacturer his machines, the merchant his stores, and the scholar his books; these are but implements; the man is more than his work or

tools. How far has he fulfilled the law of his being, and attained its desire? Is his life a whole; the days as threads and as touches; the life, the well-woven garment, the well-painted picture? Which of two sacrifices has he offered—the one so acceptable to the powers of dark worlds, the other so acceptable to powers of bright ones—that of soul to body, or that of body to soul? Has he slain what was holiest in him to obtain gifts from Fashion or Mammon? Or has he, in days so arduous, so assiduous, that they are like a noble army of martyrs, made burnt-offering of what was secondary, throwing into the flames the salt of true moral energy and the incense of cordial affections? We want the work to show us by its parts, its mass, its form, the qualities of the man, and to see that the man is perfected through his work as well as the work finished by his effort. * * * If poetry, as light from the heart of God, is for our heart, that we may brighten and distinguish individual things; if it is to transfigure for us the round, dusk world as by an inner radiance; if it is to present human life and history as Rembrandt pictures, in which darkness serves and glorifies light; if, like light, formless in its essence, all things shapen toward the perfection of their forms under its influence; if, entering as through crevices in single beams, it makes dimmest places cheerful and sacred with its golden touch; then must the heart of the Poet in which this true light shineth be as a hospice on the mountain pathways of the world, and his verse must be the lamp seen from far that burns to tell us where bread and shelter, drink, fire and companionship may be found; and he himself should have the mountaineer's hardiness and resolution. From the heart as source, to the heart in influence, Poetry comes. The inward, the upward and the onward, whether we speak of an individual or a nation, may not be separated in our consideration. Deep and sacred imaginative meditations are needed for the true earthward as well as for the heavenward progress of men and peoples. And poetry, whether old or new, streaming from the heart moved by the powerful spirit of love, has influence on the heart, public and individual, and thence on the manners, laws and institutions of nations. If Poesy visit the length and breadth of a country after years unfruitfully dull, coming like a showery, fertilizing wind after drought, the corners and the valley-hidings are visited too, and these, perhaps, she now visits first, as these, sometimes, she has visited only. For miles and for miles the public corn, the bread of the nation's life, is bettered;

and in our own endeared spot the roses, delight of our individual eye and sense, yield us more prosperingly their color and their fragrance. For the universal sunshine which brightens a thousand cities, beautifies ten thousand homesteads and rejoices ten times ten thousand hearts. And as rains in the mid season renew for awhile the faded greenness of spring; and trees in fervent summers, when their foliage has deepened or fully fixed its hue, bedeck themselves through the fervency with bright midsummer shoots; so, by Poetry, are the youthful hues of the soul renewed, and truths that have long stood full-foliaged in our minds, are by its fine influences empowered to put forth fresh shoots. Thus age, which is a necessity for the body, may be warded off as a disease from the soul, and we may be like the old man in Chaucer, who had nothing hoary about him but his hairs—

> "Though I be hoor I fare as doth a tree
> That blosmeth er the fruit ywoxen be,
> The blosmy tree n' is neither drie ne ded;
> I feel me nowhere hoor but on my head.
> Min herte and all my limmès been as grene
> As laurel through the yere is for to sene."

* * * * * *

To unite earthly love and celestial—'true to the kindred points of heaven and home'; to reconcile time and eternity; to draw presage of joy's victory from the delight of the secret honey dropping from the clefts of rocky sorrow; *to harmonize our instinctive longings for the definite* and the infinite, in the ideal Perfect; to read creation as a human book of the heart, both plain and mystical, and divinely written; such is the office fulfilled by best-loved poets. Their ladder of celestial ascent must be fixed on its base, earth, if its top is to securely rest on heaven.

T. T. LYNCH.

> Better to have the poet's heart than brain,
> Feeling than song; but better far than both,
> To be a song, a music of God's making.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted;
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul;
Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

J. G. WHITTIER.

FROM "AURORA LEIGH."

I sat on in my chamber green,
And lived my life, and thought my thoughts and prayed
My prayers without the vicar; read my books
Without considering whether they were fit
To do me good. Mark, there. We get no good
By being ungenerous even to a book,
And calculating profits — so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth —
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

* * * * * *

Books, books, books!
I had found the secret of a garret room
Piled high with cases in my father's name;
Piled high, packed large, — where creeping in and out
Among the giant fossils of out my past,
Like some small nimble mouse between the ribs
Of a mastodon, I nibbled here and there
At this or that box, pulling through the gap,
In heats of terror, haste, victorious joy,

The first book first. And how I felt it beat
Under my pillow, in the morning's dark,
An hour before the sun would let me read!
My books!
At last, because the time was ripe,
I chanced upon the poets.
As the earth
Plunges in fury, when the internal fires
Have reached and pricked her heart, and throwing flat
The marts and temples, the triumphal gates
And towers of observation, clears herself
To elemental freedom — thus, my soul,
At poetry's divine first finger touch,
Let go conventions and sprang up surprised,
Convicted of the great eternities
Before two worlds.
O life, O poetry,—
Which means life in life! cognizant of life
Beyond this blood-beat,— passionate for truth
Beyond these senses,— poetry, my life,
But I could not hide
My quickening inner life from those at watch,
They saw a light at a window now and then
They had not set there. Who had set it there?
My father's sister started when she caught
My soul agaze in my eyes. She could not say
I had no business with a sort of soul,
But plainly she objected — and demurred,
That souls were dangerous things to carry straight
Through all the spilt saltpetre of the world.
She said sometimes, "Aurora, have you done
Your task this morning? — Have you read that book?
And are you ready for the crochet here?"
As if she said, "I know there's something wrong;
I know I have not ground you down enough
To flatten and bake you to a wholesome crust
For household uses and proprieties,

Before the rain has got into my barn
And set the grains asprouting. What, you're green
With outdoor impudence? You almost grow?"
To which I answered, "Would she hear my task,
And verify my abstract of the book,
And should I sit down to the crochet-work?
Was such her pleasure?" * * * Then I sat and teased
The patient needle till it split the thread,
Which oozed from off it in meandering lace
From hour to hour. I was not, therefore, sad;
My soul was singing at a work apart,
Behind the wall of sense, as safe from harm
As sings the lark when sucked up out of sight,
In vortices of glory and blue air.

* * * * * *

My Father! — thou hast knowledge, only thou.
How dreary 'tis for women to sit still
On winter nights by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off,
Too far! ay, praising our quick sense of love.
Our very heart of passionate womanhood,
Which could not beat so in the verse without
Being present also in the unkissed lips,
And eyes undried because there's none to ask
The reason they grow moist.

* * * * * *

I say
Your words—I could say other words of yours,
For none of all your words has been more lost
Than sweet verbena, which, being brushed against,
Will hold you three hours after by the smell,
In spite of long walks on the windy hills.

* * * * * *

More's felt than is perceived,
And more's perceived than can be interpreted,

And Love strikes higher with his lambent flame
Than Art can pile the fagots.

* * * * * *

Art is much, but love is more.

* * * * * *

Beloved, let us love so well
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work.

* * * * * *

And when all's done, all tried, all counted here,
All great arts and all good philosophies,—
This love just puts its hand out in a dream
And straight outreaches all things.

* * * * * *

But if 'tis sweet for love to pay its debt,
'Tis sweeter still for love to give its gift.

* * * * * *

'Tis said that women have been bruised to death,
And yet, if once they loved, that love of theirs
Could never be drained out with all their blood;
I've heard such things and pondered.

* * * * * *

What form is best for poems? Let me think
Of forms less, and the external. Trust the spirit,
As sovran nature does, to make the form;
For otherwise we only imprison spirit,
And not embody. Inward evermore
To outward—so in life, and so in art,
Which still is life.

* * * * * *

O sorrowful great gift
Conferred on poets, of a twofold life,
When one life has been found enough for pain
We staggering 'neath our burden as mere men,

Being called to stand up straight as demigods,
Support the intolerable strain and stress
Of the universal, and send clearly up
With voices broken by the human sob,
Our poems to find rhymes among the stars!

* * * * * *

For the truth itself
That's neither man's nor woman's, but just God's;
None else has reason to be proud of truth;
Himself will see it sifted, disenthralled,
And kept upon the height and in the light,
As far as, and no farther than, 'tis truth;
For — now He has left off calling firmaments
And strata, flowers and creatures, very good —
He says it still of truth, which is His own.

* * * * * *

There are fatal days, indeed,
In which the fibrous years have taken root
So deeply, that they quiver to their tops
Whene'er you stir the dust of such a day.

* * * * * *

The book is in my heart,
Lives in me, wakes in me, and dreams in me;
My daily bread tastes of it.

* * * * * *

She thanked God and sighed
(Some people always sigh in thanking God).

* * * * * *

A woman cannot do the thing she ought,
Which means,— whatever perfect thing she can,
In life, in art, in science,— but she fears
To let the perfect action take her part
And rest there; she must prove what she can do
Before she do it; talk of woman's rights
And woman's mission —

Soft, my sister,—not a word!
By speaking, reproof only we can speak,
Which he, the man here, never doubted. What
He doubts is whether we can do the thing
With decent grace we've not yet done at all!
Now do it!

Then, there is no need to speak;
The universe shall henceforth speak for you
And witness,—she who did this thing was born
To do it; claims her license in the work;
And so with more works!

E. B. BROWNING.

Give me a nook and a book,
And let the proud world spin round;
Let it scramble by hook or by crook
For wealth or a name with a sound,
You are welcome to amble your ways,
Aspirers to place or to glory;
May big bells jangle your praise,
And golden pens blazon your story!
For me, let me dwell in my nook,
Here, by a curve of this brook,
That croons to the tune of my book,
Whose melody wafts me forever
On the waves of an unseen river.

Give me a book and a nook
Far away from the glitter and strife;
Give me a staff and a crook,
The calm and the sweetness of life;
Let me pause—let me brood as I list,
On the marvels of heaven's own spinning,—
Sunlight and moonlight and mist,
Glorious without slaying or sinning.

Vain world, let me reign in my nook,
King of this kingdom, my book,
A region by fashion forsook;
Pass on, ye lean gamblers for glory,
Nor mar the sweet tune of my story!

WILLIAM FREELAND.

I like some human beings better than books, but not many. Books have one very great advantage over people; you can put them aside whenever you don't care to be with them any longer. Moreover, I can make up a contemptuous mouth and say, 'Pshaw! all bosh!' when a book says what I don't like, but it won't do to treat people with so much freedom.

L. M. CHILD.

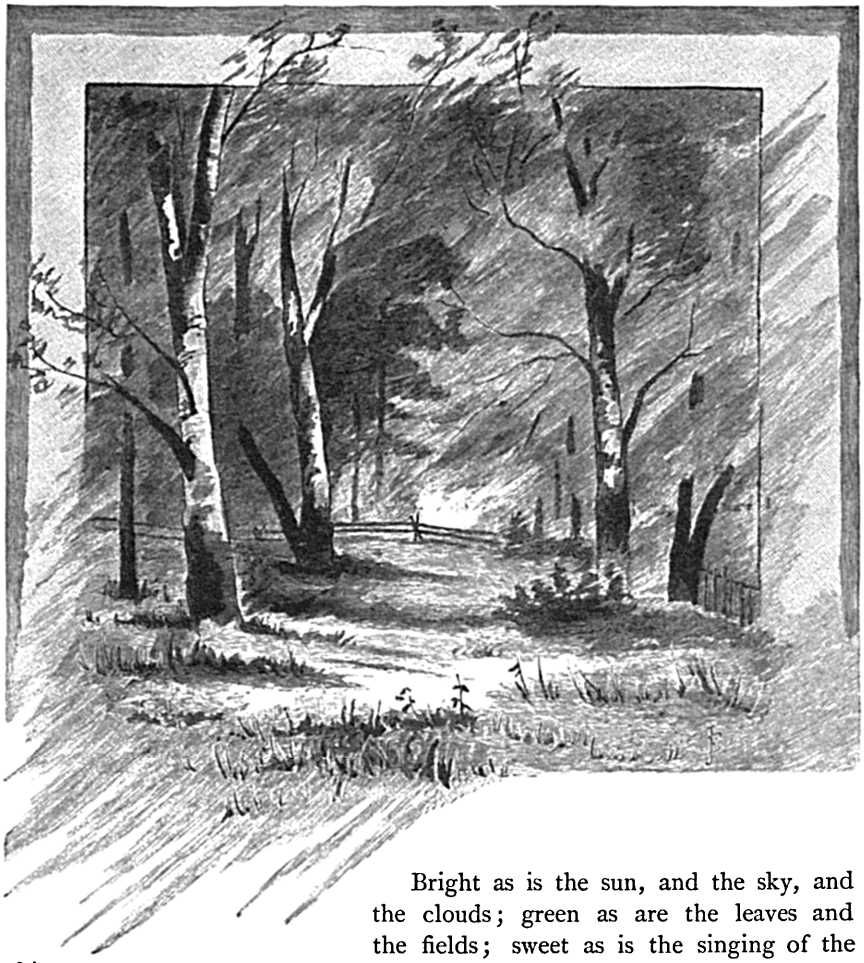
Charles Kingsley once said if he could have but one book for the rest of his life, he should choose the "Faerie Queen" above all, and without hesitation; nothing so rested him and took him out of himself.

There is no luck in literary reputation. They who make up the final verdict upon every book are not the partial and noisy readers of the hour when it appears; but a court as of angels, a public not to be bribed, not to be entreated, and not to be overawed.

R. W. EMERSON.

The true bards have been noted for their firm and cheerful temper. Homer lies in sunshine; Chaucer is glad and erect. Not less sovereign and cheerful,—much more sovereign and cheerful, is the tone of Shakespeare.

IBID.



Bright as is the sun, and the sky, and the clouds; green as are the leaves and the fields; sweet as is the singing of the birds; we know that they are not all, and we will not take up with a part for the whole. They proceed from a center of love and goodness, which is God Himself; but they are not His fullness; they speak of heaven, but they are not heaven; they are but as stray beams and dim reflections of His image; they are but crumbs from the table. We are looking for the day of God, when all this outward world, fair though it be, shall

perish. * * * We can bear the loss, for we know it will be but the removing of a veil. We know that to remove the world which is seen will be the manifestation of the world which is not seen. We know that what we see is as a screen hiding from us God and Christ, and His saints and angels. And we earnestly desire and pray for the dissolution of all we see, from our longing after that which we do not see.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Let me ask women to educate themselves, not for their own sakes, merely, but for the sake of others. For, whether they will or not, they must educate others. I do not speak merely of those who may be engaged in the work of direct teaching: that they ought to be well taught themselves, who can doubt? I speak of those — and in so doing I speak of every woman, young and old — who exercise as wife, as mother, as aunt, as sister, or as friend, an influence, indirect it may be, and unconscious, but still potent and practical, on the minds and characters of those about them, especially of men. How potent and practical that influence is, those know best who know most of the world and most of human nature. There are those who consider — and I agree with them — that the education of boys under the age of twelve years ought to be entrusted as much as possible to women. Let me ask, of what period of youth and of manhood does not the same hold true? I pity the ignorance and conceit of the man who fancies he has nothing left to learn from cultivated women. I should have thought that the very mission of women was to be, in the highest sense, the educator of man from infancy to old age: that that was the work toward which all the God-given capacities of women pointed — for which they were to be educated to the highest pitch. I should have thought that it was the glory of woman that she was sent into the world to live for others, rather than for herself; and therefore I should say, let her smallest rights be respected, her smallest wrongs redressed; but let her never be persuaded to forget that she is sent into the world to teach man what, I believe, she has been teaching him all along, even in the savage state, namely, that there is something more necessary than the claiming of rights, and that is, the performing of duties; to teach him specially, in these so-called intellectual

days, that there is something more than intellect, and that is, purity and virtue. Let her never be persuaded to forget that her calling is not the lower and more earthly one of self-assertion, but the higher and diviner calling of self-sacrifice; and let her never desert that higher life which lives in others and for others, like her Redeemer and her Lord.

And if any should answer that this doctrine would keep a woman a dependent and a slave, I rejoin — Not so: it would keep her what she should be, the mistress of all around her, because the mistress of herself. And more, I should express a fear that those who made that answer had not yet seen into the mystery of true greatness and true strength; that they did not yet understand the true magnanimity, the true royalty, of that spirit by which the Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

O woman, lovely woman! Nature made you
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,—
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

THOMAS OTWAY.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumor,
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good humor,
And sensible, soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults, then," Envy says, "Sir?"
"Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf and does not hear."

JEAN INGELOW.

Women, in a course of action, describe a smaller circle than men; but the perfection of a circle is not in its dimensions, but in its correctness. HANNAH MORE.

O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

WALTER SCOTT.

FROM "THE ÆNEID."

MEETING OF ÆNEAS WITH THE SHADE OF HIS WIFE CREUSA.

I ventured so far as to send forth my voice through the darkness,
Filling the streets with my shouts and sorrowful calls for Creusa,
While I again and again redoubled my cries to no purpose.
As on this endless search in wild frenzy I roamed 'mid the city's
Dwellings, the shade of Creusa herself and her sorrowful phantom
Seemed to present herself to me, but larger than here we had known her.
I was astonished, my hair stood erect, and all utterance failed me.
Then with these words she addressed me, thus seeking to banish my troubles:
"Why do you so much delight to give your sad grief this indulgence,
O my sweet husband? 'Tis but by the will of the gods that this happens;
It is not fated to take your Creusa from here as companion,
Nor does the ruler, who sits upon lofty Olympus, permit it.
Tedious exile is yours; vast seas must be plowed by your vessels;
You are to see the Hesperian land, where the Lydian Tiber
Flows with its gentle current through fields abounding in heroes;
There will propitious times and a kingdom be yours, and a royal
Bride be your portion; dispel, then, your tears for beloved Creusa!

Now the proud seats, where the Myrmidons dwell, or the Dolopes, never
Shall I behold, or go as the slave of the high Grecian matrons—
I, a Dardanian, daughter-in-law of Venus, fair goddess;
But of the gods the great mother upon these shores has detained me.
Now farewell, and preserve for our common son your affection."
She after speaking these words, as in tears I stood there with many
Things that I wished to say, into thin air faded and left me.
Thrice I endeavored to throw my arms round the neck of my loved one;
Thrice my vainly extended hands her image eluded,
Like the light winds, or most like the fleeting forms of a vision.

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE HOWLAND.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

You leave this land, uttering the prayer of its own motto, "Advance, Australia," and in a few days, pausing only for a single lecture at beautiful Auckland, in green New Zealand, you are at the Sandwich Islands. You meet a chief justice, several professors and missionaries, see the king, gather a collection of curiosities and state documents, deliver a lecture and get back to your steamer through the tropical dusk, all inside of five hours.

You are leaving at Honolulu the last land that you are to visit before you see once more America, your own. There is a crowd on the wharf, partly of Americans, but chiefly of natives, and as your majestic steamer drops off shore into the scented dark you hear many voices call out "Aloha," which is the Hawaiian for "Farewell, and God bless you." You have studied these islands from afar, and understand that this call is in some sense the wail of a race about to be exterminated. *Morituri salutamus*: "We who are about to die salute you." There is endless pathos in the tender intonation of the final courteous wish of the natives as you drift from their shore. You find summed up in that wail your whole experience of listening to the innermost heart of humanity. In that wail you hear the millions of India utter their desire for progress,

the millions of China call out for a better future, Japan express herself with emphasis on the side of advanced civilization, the islands of all the seas lift up their prayer to Almighty God for regeneration.

REMINISCENCE AND RETURN.

For more than an hour or a day you feel like turning back upon your course and visiting again every people that you have found struggling toward the light. Your heart is on the Thames and the Rhine; indeed, it is on the Tiber and the Ilissus; but you find your enthusiasms for classical lands overborne by the tides of new Oriental and Southern enthusiasms. Your heart is on the Ganges and on the Yang-tse-kiang, it is on the slopes of Fuji-yama and the Himalayas; it is on the shores of Australia and in the islands of the Pacific; it is here in the Hawaiian group at the foot of Mauna Loa. You feel almost ready to make a resolve to go back around the globe before you die, if God will, and this time toward the setting sun, and meet once more all the nations that the English speech can reach. You lean, in the midnight, against the mast of your ship and look upward on the familiar constellations which now begin to rise out of the north. They are tremorless in spite of the tossing of all beneath you, and your heart is as fixed as they, never, on land or sea, to be disloyal to international duties. America is dear to you as never before. The first sight of it, as you strain your lonely and thirsty eyes eastward, overwhelms you. You have been a pilgrim long. On the sunrise of your twenty-fifth day from Sydney, the blue heights of the Coast Range, above the dim mists that shroud the Farallone Islands and the Golden Gate, greet you from your own skies. El Capitan seems near. Whether you have any friends left in your native land you do not know. You make no predictions, no promises; but you are resolved that, whatever may betide, you will do your utmost while you live to lift your own nation to a sense of cosmopolitan obligations.

Nowhere on the globe is there a nation which has such influence beyond its own borders as our own. Great Britain has more political but the United States more moral influence than any other nation. It is because of the advance of education and democracy; it is because of the progress of Christianity, that at the bottom of the wail of every semi-civilized people you find American aspirations. In Switzerland I heard

the news of the death of Garfield, and all the Alps seemed quivering in sympathy with our national bereavement. In Ceylon I heard of the death of Longfellow, and all the tropical forests seemed trembling in pain at our grief. In the inland sea of Japan I heard of the death of Emerson, and all the sacred groves seemed uttering their sympathy with our loss. Wherever on the earth I have put my ear upon the breast of the nations and listened, not to what the people are ready to say publicly in the face of tyranny, but to what they say at firesides and in their secret thoughts, I have always heard President Lincoln's prayer, that government of the people, for the people and by the people may not perish from the earth. There is another prayer uttered by one whose pierced palms are molding the ages into the pattern which he loves—a prayer that we all may be one. You land in America resolved to make that prayer your own while life lasts. You return hoping that those pierced palms may mold you and your nation and all the earth until the ideal of the heart behind them becomes that of the entire family of man. You wish to draw the whole globe into God's bosom so closely that the sound of his pulses may become the marching song of all the ages:

Ring, bells, in unreared steeples—
The joy of unborn peoples:
Sound trumpets, far off blown,
Your triumph is my own.

JOSEPH COOK.

FROM "WISDOM OF THE BRAHMIN."

BY FREDERICK RÜCKERT.

Of all insipid fools, the insipidest is he
Who is insipid from sheer finicality.
The rough may be planed down, the dull made sharp; with one
Who has too fine a point there's nothing to be done.

* * * * * * * * *

Men's praise or blame makes not thy true nobility;
Yet better than half praise is hearty blame for thee.

Blame is a spur to thee which, as just blame, thou prizest;
The unjust harms thee not, which justly thou despisest.
But bald, flat praise, as if for sop of riddance meant,
That is a crumb which none but beggars can content.

* * * * * * *

Learn patience from the earth, thy field and dwelling-place;
The plough tears through her heart, and she repays 't with grace.

* * * * * * *

Revenge a rapture is that may live out the day,
But magnanimity a bliss that lasts for aye.

* * * * * * *

Flatterers, my Prince, shalt thou far more than ravens dread,
Who peck not out men's eyes till after they are dead.
The flatterer steals away from living men their eyes,
And cheats the keenest sight with lying sorceries.
Whoever in his youth has thus been robbed of sight,
Henceforth like one born blind lives on in hopeless night.

* * * * * * *

The master of himself is the true *autocrat;*
The *headstrong* may not be *strong-headed* for all that.
The ruler of himself, true ruler none but he;
Who conquers *hearts,* alone, wins the true victory.

* * * * * * *

Heart, be not thou the grape that underneath the leaves
Hides, that it may not be the prey of garden-thieves.
No thief has found that grape; but ah! no sunbeam's power
Has reached its dark retreat, and so that grape is sour.

* * * * * * *

How little, after all, worth saying, men can say,
In that self-torment called society today.
As if his own ennui each one could easier bear,
When others could be found the load with him to share.
When pompous ignorance puts on the learned air,
Wofully must the wise play ignoramus there.

How seldom a good word escapes by hook or crook,
For each would rather save his wit to make a book.

* * * * * * *

The man who cannot jest is a poor wight at best,
None poorer, save the man who naught can do *but* jest.
Earnest is weak that shuns a jest with jealous eyes,
And jest is weaker still in which no earnest lies.

* * * * * * *

The best of human hearts, is that which would from others,
Far sooner bear all wounds itself, than wound a brother's.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on; but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away.

MARTIN LUTHER.

"There are some people with whom it seems to be necessary to carry out Uncle Toby's treatment of the exasperating little fly. He did not crush it. Far otherwise. But he took it very gently between his thumb and finger, carried it to the window and said, "Go, little fly; the world is wide enough for me and for thee."

THOUGHTS FROM ALFRED TENNYSON.

Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed;
Drink deep until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip, and spite,
And slander, die. Better not to be at all
Than not be noble.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule, and dare not lie!

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born.

Courage, sir,
That makes a man or woman look their goodliest.

I had liefer ye were worthy of my love
Than to be loved again of you.

How dull it is to pause to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend!

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of love on earth?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

FROM "ADAM BEDE."

I allays said that o' Judith, as she 'd bear a pound weight any day, to save anybody else carrying a ounce.

* * * * * * * *

We can't say half what we feel with all our words.

* * * * * * * *

And the best o' working is, it gives you a grip hold o' things outside your own lot.

* * * * * * * *

Do we not all agree to call rapid thought, noble impulse, by the name of inspiration? After our subtlest analysis of the mental process we must still say that our highest thoughts and our best deeds are all given to us.

* * * * * * * *

Ah, but the moods lie in his nature, my boy, just as much as his reflections did, and more. A man can never do anything at variance with his own nature. He carries within him the germ of his most exceptional actions, and if we wise people make eminent fools of ourselves on any particular occasion, we must endure the legitimate conclusion that we carry a few grains of folly to an ounce of wisdom.

* * * * * * * *

You make but a poor trap to catch luck if you go and bait it wi' wickedness.

* * * * * * * *

That is Nature's way; she will allow a gentleman of splendid physiognomy and poetic aspirations to sing wofully out of tune and not give him the slightest hint of it; and takes care that some narrow-browed

fellow, trolling a ballad in the corner of a pothouse, shall be as true to his intervals as a bird.

* * * * * * * *

"Yes, I know I've done it," said Mrs. Poyser, "but I've had my say out, and I shall be th' easier for't all my life. There's no pleasure i' living if you're to be corked up forever, and only dribble your mind out on the sly, like a leaky barrel."

* * * * * * * *

I canna turn her, say what I will. It's allays the way wi' them meek-faced people; you may's well pelt a bag o' feathers as talk to 'em.

* * * * * * * *

Ay, Ay! said Mrs. Poyser; one 'u'd think, an' hear some folks talk, as the men war' cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn door, *they* can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on't. "Ah!" said Bartle, sneeringly, "the women are quick enough, they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself." "Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser; for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail; I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting's tongue ready; an' when he outs wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men.

GEORGE ELIOT.

This is Love s nobility,—
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand, and body, and blood,
To make his bosom counsel gored.
For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

R. W. EMERSON.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

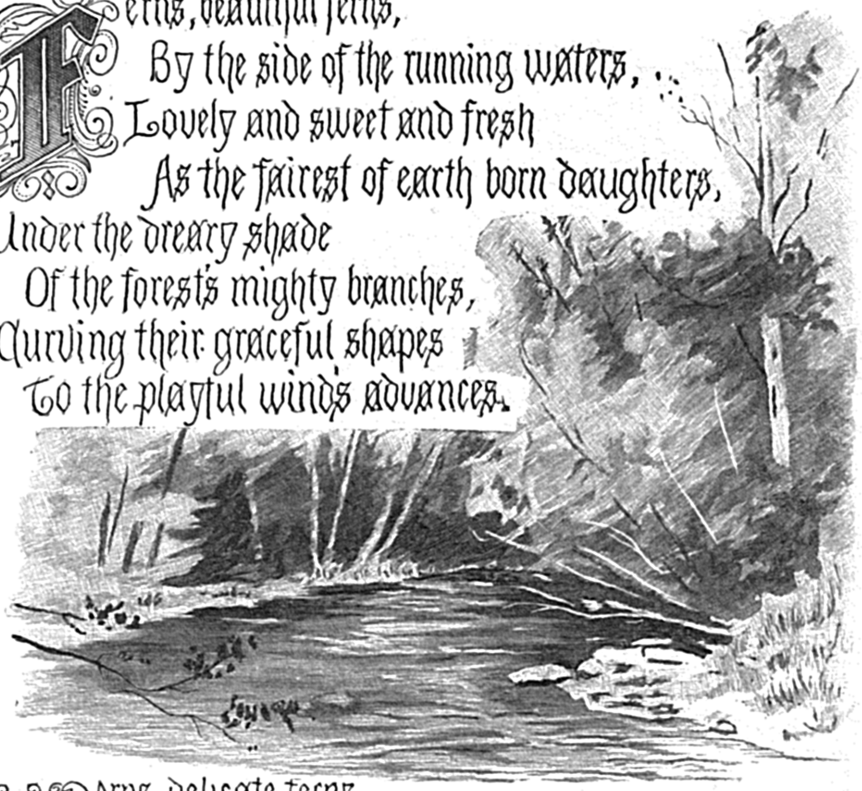
What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones,
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory! great heir of fame!
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name!
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument;
For whilst, to the shame of slow endeavoring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving.
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving:
And, so sepulchered, in such pomp doth lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON, 1630; ÆT. 22.

Walter S. Landor, speaking of the difference between Shakespeare and Bacon, says:

"There is as great a difference between Shakespeare and Bacon as between an American forest and a London timber-yard. In the timber-yard the materials are sawed and squared and set across; in the forest we have the natural form of the tree,—all its growth, all its branches, all its leaves, all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it; now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness; now bright bursting glades, with exuberant grass and flowers and fruitage; now untroubled skies; now terrific thunderstorms; everywhere multiformity; everywhere immensity."

Ferns, beautiful ferns,
By the side of the running waters,
Lovely and sweet and fresh
As the fairest of earth born daughters,
Under the dreary shade
Of the forest's mighty branches,
Curving their graceful shapes
To the playful winds advances.



Ferns, delicate ferns,
Neighbors of emerald mosses,
Having no thought or care
For worldly attainments or losses
Children of shadow serene,
Fresh at the heart through the summer
Over the cool springs they lean
Where the sunbeam is rarely a comer.

Ferns, feathery ferns,
Delicate, slender and frail;
Nursed by the streamlet, whose song
Is music for hillside and vale.
Purity, modesty, grace,
Emblems of these to the mind;
Loving the quietest place
That ever a sunbeam will find.

Anon.

TRIBUTES TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

Mellifluous Shakespeare.

T. K. HEYWOOD.

His thoughts, passions, feelings, strains of fancy, all are of this day as they were of his own; and his genius may be contemporary with the mind of every generation for a thousand years to come.

PROF. WILSON.

Shakespeare, the thousand-souled.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabric of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare.

DR. S. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean whose waves touched all the shores of thought—upon which were all the lights and shadows and over which brooded all the calms and swept all the storms and tempests of

which the soul is capable. * * * Shakespeare harvested all the fields of dramatic thought, and from his day until now there have been but gleaners of straw and chaff. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Shakespeare exhausts all human experience, and imagines more; searches the heart, lays bare its strength and weakness, its excesses and its rages; divines the secret impulses of humanity; depicts all manners and conditions, high and low, such as the world will always find; shines, like the sun, on the evil and the good; runs without effort the round of human ideas, records his convictions on questions that knock at the gate of every brain, on life, love, trial, immortality, freedom, fate,—the ends of existence, and the means. A. H. WELSH.

Of Shakespeare what can we say, but that he is and remains an exceptional mind in the world; that a universal poetry began and ended with him; and that mankind have required the three hundred years since his birth to familiarize themselves with his supreme genius?

Shakespeare is as much out of the category of eminent authors as he is out of the crowd. He is inconceivably wise; the others, conceivably. A good reader can, in a sort, nestle into Plato's brain, and think from thence; but not into Shakespeare's. We are still out-of-doors. * * * He is wise without emphasis or assertion; he is strong, as Nature is strong, who lifts the land into mountain slopes without effort, and by the same rule as she floats a bubble in the air, and likes as well to do the one as the other. R. W. EMERSON.

He was not of an age, but for all time.

BEN JONSON.

Shakespeare is a great psychologist, and whatever can be known of the heart of man may be found in his plays.

J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

Others abide our question—Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Outtopping knowledge! So some sovran hill
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the border, often, of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality;
And thou, whose head did stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on earth unguess'd at—Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, ON SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

APRIL 23, 1564.

She sat in her eternal house,
  The sovereign Mother of Mankind;
Before her was the peopled world,
  The hollow night behind.

"Below my feet the thunders break,
  Above my head the stars rejoice;
But man, although he babbles much,
  Has never found a voice.

"Ten thousand years have come and gone,
  And not an hour of any day
But he has dumbly looked to me
  The things he could not say.

"It shall be so no more," she said;
  And then, revolving in her mind,
She thought, "I will create a child
  Shall speak for all his kind."

It was the springtime of the year,
  And lo, where Avon's waters flow,
The child, her darling, came on earth,
  Three hundred years ago.

There was no portent in the sky,
  No cry, like Pan's, along the seas,
Nor hovered round his baby mouth
  The swarm of classic bees.

What other children were he was;
  If more, 'twas not to mortal ken;
The being likest to mankind
  Made him the man of men.

They gossiped, after he was dead,
  An idle tale of stealing deer;
One thinks he was a lawyer's clerk;
  But nothing now is clear,

Save that he married, in his youth,
  A maid his elder; went to town;
Wrote plays; made money; and at last
  Came back and settled down,

A prosperous man among his kin,
  In Stratford, where his bones repose;
And this — what can be less? — is all
  The world of Shakespeare knows.

It irks us that we know no more,
  For where we love we would know all:
What would be small in common men
  In great is never small.

Their daily habits, how they looked,
  The color of their eyes and hair,
Their prayers, their oaths, the wine they drank,
  The clothes they used to wear:

Trifles like these declare the men,
  And should survive them, nay, they must;
We'll find them somewhere; if it needs,
  We'll rake among their dust!

Not Shakespeare's! He hath left his curse
  On him disturbs it: let it rest,
The mightiest that ever death
  Laid in the earth's dark breast.

Not to himself did he belong,
  Nor does his life belong to us;
Enough he *was*, give up the search
  If he were thus, or thus.

Before he came his like was not,
  Nor left he heirs to share his powers;
The mighty Mother sent him here
  To be her voice and ours;

To be her oracle to man;
  To be what man may be to her —
Between the Maker and the made
  The best interpreter.

The hearts of all men beat in his,
  Alike in pleasure and in pain;
And he contained their myriad minds,
  Mankind in heart and brain.

Shakespeare! What shapes are conjured up
  By that one word! They come and go,
More real, shadows though they be,
  Than many a man we know.

Hamlet, the Dane, unhappy Prince
  Who most enjoys when suffering most:
His soul is haunted by itself—
  There needs no other Ghost.

The Thane, whose murderous fancy sees
  The dagger painted in the air;
The guilty King, who stands appalled
  When Banquo fills his chair.

Lear in the tempest, old and crazed,
  "Blow winds, spit fire, singe my white head!"
Or, sadder, watching for the breath
  Of dear Cordelia—dead!

The much-abused relentless Jew,
  Grave Prospero in his magic isle,
And she who captived Antony,
  The serpent of old Nile;

Imperial forms, heroic souls,
  Greek, Roman, masters of the world,
Kings, queens, the soldier, scholar, priest,
  The courtier, sleek and curled;

He knew and drew all ranks of men,
  And did such life to them impart
They grow not old, immortal types,
  The lords of Life and Art!

Their sovereign he, as she was his,
  The awful Mother of the Race,
Who, hid from all her children's eyes,
  Unveiled to him her face;

Spake to him till her speech was known,
  Through him till man had learned it; then
Enthroned him in her heavenly house,
  The most Supreme of Men.

R. H. STODDARD.

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

GOETHE.

He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place
And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This man whose homely face you look upon
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downward, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race!

R. H. STODDARD.

A great style of hero draws equally all classes, all the extremes of society, till we say the very dogs believe in him. * * * Abraham Lincoln is perhaps the most remarkable example of this class that we have seen,—a man who was at home and welcome with the humblest, and with a spirit and a practical vein in the times of terror, that commanded the admiration of the wisest. His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

R. W. EMERSON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen,—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work,—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle on the side
That he felt sure was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his pleasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights,—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture,—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long suffering years,
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers.

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon had, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR.

Herbert is the psalmist dear to all who love religious poetry with exquisite refinement of thought. So much piety was never married to so much wit. Herbert identifies himself with Jewish genius, as Michael Angelo did when carving or painting prophets and patriarchs,— not merely old men in robes and beards, but with the sanctity and the character of the Pentateuch and the prophecy conspicuous in them. His wit and his piety are genuine, and are sure to make a lifelong friend of a good reader.

R. W. EMERSON.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead!

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up! for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills.
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores acrowding;
For you they call the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

Theodore Parker said of R. W. Emerson: "He has not uttered a word that is false to his own mind or conscience; has not suppressed a word because he thought it too high for man's comprehension. * * *

Nothing impedes him in his search for the true, the lovely, and the good; no private fear, no love of wife or child or gold or ease or fame. * * * He takes care of his being, and leaves his seeming to take care of itself. Fame may seek him; he never goes out of his way a single inch for her.

As a sample of Thomas Carlyle's power to render poetically a human countenance, take this description of Dante:

"To me it is a most touching face; perhaps of all faces that I know, the most so. Blank there, painted on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless; significant of the whole history of Dante! I think it is the mournfullest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud, hopeless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent, scornful one; the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing that is eating out his heart,—as if it were withal a mean insignificant thing, as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, and life-long unsurrendering battle against the world, affection all converted into indignation: an implacable indignation; slow, equable, implacable, silent, like that of a god! The eye, too, it looks out as in a kind of surprise, a kind of inquiry, Why the world was of such a sort! This is Dante: so he looks, this 'voice of ten silent centuries,' and sings us his 'mystic unfathomable song.'"

Our wealth leaves us at death, our kinsmen at the grave,
But virtues of the mind unto the heavens with us we have.
Wherefore, for virtue's sake, I can be well content
The sweetest time of all my life to deem in thinking spent.

LORD VAUX.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

See, from the counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song!
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn abide —
Small friendship for the lordly throng,
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was, but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here — this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant cankerworms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now.
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

T. W. PARSONS.

William Wordsworth celebrates the excellence of Izaak Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert and Sanderson, in the following sonnet:

There are no colors in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men
Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity,

In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
Oh, could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,
Apart — like glowworms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

MILTON.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

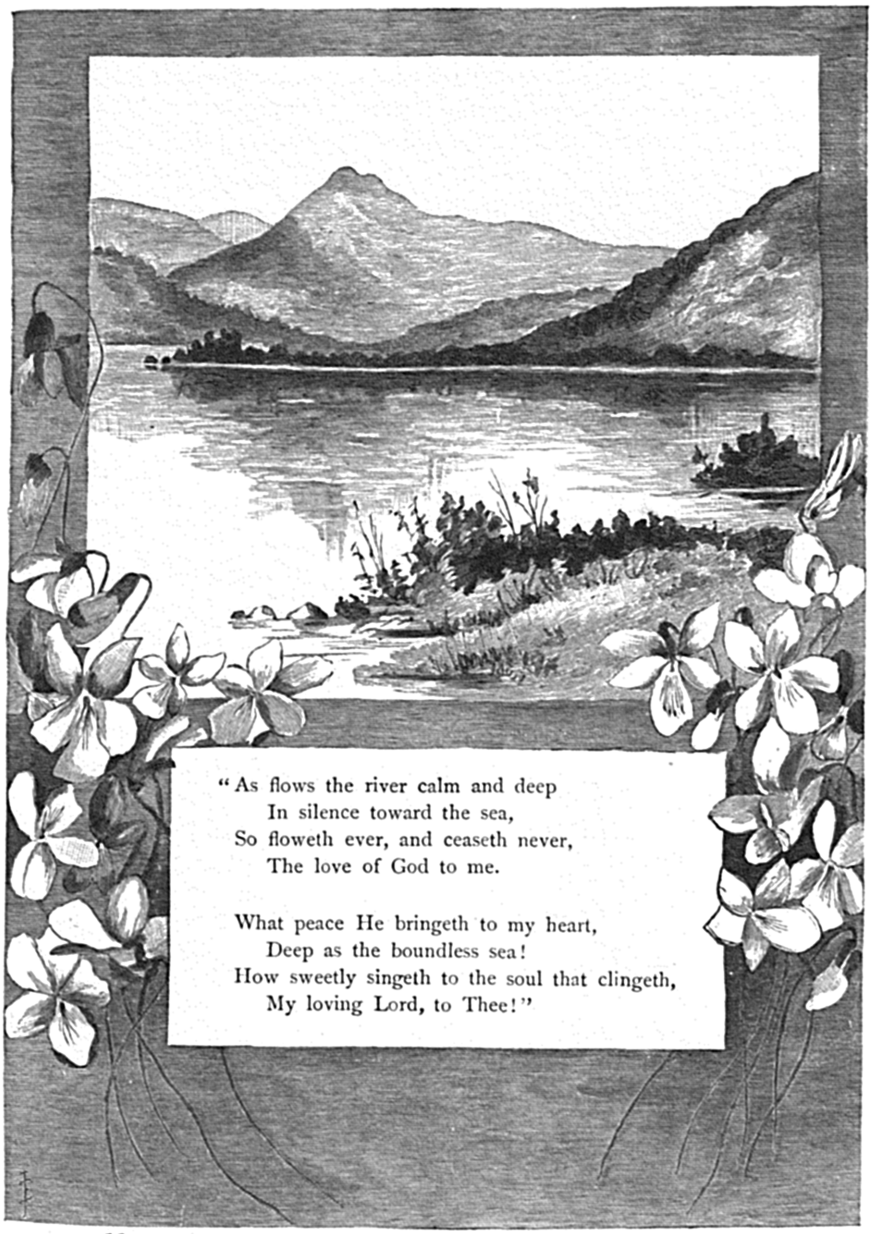
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Milton was the stair or high table-land to let down the English genius from the summits of Shakespeare.

R. W. EMERSON.

If there be in glory ought of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence.

JOHN MILTON.



"As flows the river calm and deep
In silence toward the sea,
So floweth ever, and ceaseth never,
The love of God to me.

What peace He bringeth to my heart,
Deep as the boundless sea!
How sweetly singeth to the soul that clingeth,
My loving Lord, to Thee!"

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

DIED JAN. 24, 1875.

One voice the less to plead with men
  For God's down-trodden poor;
One hand the less to wield the pen
  With aim so bold and sure;
One heart the less to pity when
  The ill was past his cure!

Through Britain's length of island strand —
  From bald Ben Lomond's head
To Devon's reach of silver sand —
  The sudden tidings spread;
And there was shadow on the land,
  Because this man was dead.

How had that active brain been stressed,
  That tender heart been wrung!
What eloquence had poured its zest
  Through that persuasive tongue,
That hoary wrongs might be redressed,
  And work's true idyl sung!

With life scarce past its equinox,
  Its shortening days still fair,
We stagger at the blow that mocks
  The deeds he yet might dare.
Who now will bid the "Alton Lockes"
  Rise from their grim despair?

What arm will fling the banner high
  On which the legend ran,
"*Room in the lists to fight or die!*
  Let conquer him who can!"
What lips take up his tilting-cry,
  "The brotherhood of man"?

Full fairly has he won his prize,
  A prize the proud may scorn,—
That thousand honest English eyes,
  Once hopeless and forlorn,
Today lift brighter to the skies,
  Because this man was born.

Too busied with his ends to weigh
  The charm or cheat of fame,
While routed wrong maintained the fray,
  Unsought the guerdon came;
The wires that coil the world today
  All vibrate with his name!

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

George W. Curtis, speaking of Nathaniel Hawthorne, says: "He was strongly formed, of dark, poetic gravity of aspect, lighted by the deep, gleaming eye that recoiled with girlish coyness from contact with your gaze; of rare courtesy and kindliness in personal intercourse, yet so sensitive that his look and manner can be suggested by the word glimmering, giving you a sense of restrained impatience to be away. Mostly silent in society, and speaking always with an appearance of effort, but with a lambent light of delicate humor playing over all he said in the confidence of familiarity, and firm self-possession under all, as if the glimmering manner were only the tremulous surface of the sea, Hawthorne was personally known to few, and intimately to very few. But no one knew him without loving him, or saw him without remembering him; and the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne which, when it was first written, was supposed to be fictitious, is now one of the most enduring facts of English literature."

Reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ROBERT BURNS.

I see amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul and fair,
Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain;
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye,
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumes
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force,
The treacherous undertow and stress
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;
The brushwood, hung
Above the tavern door, lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall,
Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song
Rises o'er all elate and strong:
Its master-chords
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood;
Its discords, but an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
Is this than wandering up and down
An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth: his hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room tonight,
A form of mingled mist and light
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Who has equaled H. W. Longfellow in tributes to friends? The rare beauty of his nature is vividly shown in the immortal verse that gives us an insight into his friendship for Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier, Tennyson, Dana, Bayard Taylor and others.

Of Hawthorne he said:

"The day he went away—
I was as one who wanders in a trance
Unconscious of his road:
The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear,
For the one face I looked for was not there,
The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit.
Ah! who shall lift his wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!"

Of a little friend:

"Sweet as the tender fragrance that survives
When martyred flowers breathe out their little lives,
Sweet as a song that once consoled our pain,
But never will be sung to us again,
Is thy remembrance."

To Agassiz, the tenderly beloved:

"When common men are busy with their trivial affairs,
* * * When thou hadst read Nature's mysterious manuscript,
And wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent?"

To Charles Sumner:

"Good night! good night! as we so oft have said, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed.
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn."

How tenderly he lingered over the memory of all his dear ones who had passed on.

"I wait for them," he said, "but they will come no more,
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied the thirst and hunger of my heart."

An Englishman who visited Mr. Longfellow a few years ago said: "If asked to describe the poet's appearance, I should compare him to the ideal representations of early Christian saints and prophets. There is a kind of halo of goodness about him, a benignity in his expression which one associates with Saint John, when at Patmos he blessed his followers and brethren, saying, 'Little children, love one another.'"

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By broad Potomac's silent shore
  Better than Trajan lowly lies,
Gilding her green declivities
  With glory now and evermore;
Art to his fame no aid hath lent;
  His country is his monument.

ANON.

Modern history has no so spotless a character to commemorate. Invincible in resolution, incorruptible in integrity, he brought to the helm of a victorious republic the simplicity and innocence of rural life; he was forced into greatness by circumstances, rather than led into it by inclination, and prevailed over his enemies rather by the wisdom of his designs and the perseverance of his character, than any extraordinary genius for the art of war. A soldier from necessity and patriotism rather than disposition, he was the first to recommend a return to pacific councils when the independence of his country was secured, and bequeathed to his countrymen an address, on leaving their government, to

which there is no composition of uninspired wisdom can bear a comparison. He was modest without diffidence; sensible to the voice of fame without vanity; independent and dignified without asperity or pride. It is the highest glory of England to have given birth, even amid transatlantic wilds, to such a man; and if she cannot number him among those who have extended her provinces or augmented her dominions, she may at least feel a legitimate pride in the victories which he achieved, and the great qualities which he exhibited, in a contest with herself, and indulge with satisfaction in the reflection that that vast empire, which neither the ambition of Louis XIV nor the power of Napoleon could dismember, received its first rude shock from the courage which she had communicated to her own offspring; and that amid the revolutions and convulsions of other states, real liberty has arisen in that country alone, which inherited in its veins the genuine principles of British freedom.

ARCHIBALD ALISON ON WASHINGTON.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His home was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven;
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

FROM "THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched

brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity — we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as, if my audience will think their reading and hearing over, doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of Heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this preacher without orders — this parson in the tye-wig. When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the Heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture; a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him; from your childhood you have known the verses; but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe? —

> "Soon as the evening shades prevail,
> The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
> And nightly to the listening earth,
> Repeats the story of her birth;
> And all the stars that round her burn,
> And all the planets in their turn,
> Confirm the tidings as they roll,
> And spread the truth from pole to pole.
> What though, in solemn silence, all
> Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
> What though no real voice nor sound,
> Among their radiant orbs be found;
> In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice,
> Forever singing as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine."

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind; and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees; at the children in the streets;

in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merrymaking, or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterward for his happy and spotless name. W. M. THACKERAY.

THE EXECUTION OF NATHAN HALE.

To drum beat and heart beat
  A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
  There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum beat and heart beat
  In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight
  He seeks the Britons' camp;
He hears the rustling flag
  And the arm'd sentry's tramp,
And the starlight and moonlight
  His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
  He scans the tented line,
And he counts the battery guns
  By the gaunt and shadowy pine,
And his slow tread and still tread
  Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
  It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars

Like the glimmering of a lance,—
A dark wave, a plumed wave.
On an emerald expanse;

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound,
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found,
And with sharp clang and steel clang
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow and steady brow
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom,
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the calm night, the still night
He kneels upon the sod,
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God;
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree,
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm

A patriot might die.
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From fame leaf and angel leaf
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on fame leaf and angel leaf
The name of Hale shall burn.

FRANCIS M. FINCH.

AT BEETHOVEN'S GRAVE.

From the high rock I marked a fountain breaking;
It poured its riches forth o'er glade and plain;
Where'er they streamed I saw new life awaking,
The grandam world was in her prime again;
To the charm'd spot the tribes of earth came thronging,
And stoopt to that pure wave with eager longing.

Yet of these hosts few only, keener-sighted
Than were their fellows, all its glamour knew:
The simple multitude surveyed, delighted,
Its diamond glitter and its changing hue;
But — save unto those few that saw more clearly —
That wondrous fountain was a fountain merely.

At last its source dried up, its torrent dwindled,
And all mankind discerned its virtue then:
In minstrels' breasts and bards' a fire was kindled,
And brush and chisel vied with harp and pen:
But wild desire, and minstrelsy, and wailing
To call it back to life were unavailing.

* * * * * *

Thou who sleep'st here, thy toil, thy bondage ended!
  Lo! in that fountain's tale is told thine own.
Marveled at oft, more oft misapprehended,
  By the few only thou was truly known.
All shall exalt thee, now that low thou liest;
That thou may'st live, O deathless one, thou diest.

ANON.

It may be glorious to write
  Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
  Once in a century:

But better far it is to speak
  One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
  And friendless sons of men:

To write some earnest verse or line,
  Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
  In the untutored heart.

J. R. LOWELL.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AUTUMN.

Autumn once more begins to teach;
Sere leaves their annual sermon preach;
And with the southward-slipping sun
Another stage of life is done.

* * * * *

Thou comest, Autumn, to unlade
Thy wealthy freight of summer shade,
Still sorrowful as in past years,
Yet mild and sunny in thy tears,
Ripening and hardening all thy growth
Of solid wood, yet nothing loth
To waste upon the frolic breeze
Thy leaves, like flights of golden bees.

Have I laid by from summer hours
Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers?
Hath my past year a growth to harden,
As well as fewer sins to pardon?
Is God in all things more and more
A king within me than before?
I know not, yet one change hath come,—
The world feels less and less a home.

My soul appears, as I get old,
More prompt in act, in prayer less cold;
Crosses, from use, more lightly press;
Mirth is more purely weariness;
With less to quarrel with in life,
I grow less patient with its strife;
I wish more simply, Lord, to be,
Ailing or well, always with Thee!

F. W. Faber.

We climbed up a high bank to get a nearer sight of the autumnal flowers. Asters and goldenrods were the livery which Nature wore at present. The latter alone expressed all the ripeness of the season and shed their mellow lustre over the fields, as if the now declining summer's sun had bequeathed its hues to them. It is the floral solstice a little after midsummer, when the particles of golden light, the sun-dust, have, as it were, fallen like seeds on the earth and produced these blossoms. On every hillside, and in every valley, stood countless asters, coreopses, tansies, goldenrods, and the whole race of yellow flowers, like Brahminical devotees, turning steadily with their luminary from morning till night. H. D. THOREAU.

"I see the goldenrod shine bright,
As sun-showers at the birth of day,
A golden plume of yellow light,
That robs the Day-god's splendid ray.

"The aster's violet rays divide
The bank with many stars for me,
And yarrow in blanch tints is dyed,
As moonlight floats across the sea.

"I see the emerald woods prepare
To shed their vestiture once more,
And distant elm-trees spot the air
With yellow pictures softly o'er.

* * * * *

"No more the water-lily's pride
In milk-white circles swims content,
No more the blue-weed's clusters ride
And mock the heaven's element.

* * * * *

"Autumn, thy wreath and mine are blent
With the same colors, for to me
A richer sky than all is lent,
While fades my dreamlike company.

"Our skies grow purple, but the wind
Sobs chill through green trees and bright grass:
Today shines fair, and lurk behind
The times that into winter pass.

"So fair we seem, so cold we are,
So fast we hasten to decay;
Yet through our night glows many a star
That still shall claim its sunny day."

ARTEMAS WARD.

Is he gone to a land of no laughter,
This man that made mirth for us all?
Proves death but a silence hereafter
From the sounds that delight or appal?
Once closed, have the lips no more duty,
No more pleasure the exquisite ears?
Has the heart done o'erflowing with beauty,
As the eyes have with tears?

Nay! if aught be sure, what can be surer
Than that Earth's good decays not with Earth?
And of all the heart's springs none are purer
Than the spring of the fountains of Mirth.
He that sounds them has pierced the heart's hollows,
The places where tears are and sleep:
For the foam-flakes that dance in life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep.

He came with a heart full of gladness
From the glad-hearted world of the West—
Won our laughter, but not with mere madness,
Spake and joked with us, not in mere jest;
For the Man in our heart lingered after,
When the merriment died from our ears.
And those that were loudest in laughter
Are silent in tears.

FROM THE LONDON SPECTATOR.

The picture which has the nobler and more numerous ideas, however awkwardly expressed, is a greater and a better picture than that which has the less noble and less numerous ideas, however beautifully expressed. No weight, nor mass, nor beauty of execution, can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought. JOHN RUSKIN.

We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that—
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I like pictures, without knowing anything about them; but I hate coxcombry in the fine arts, as well as in anything else. I got into dreadful disgrace with Sir George Beaumont once, who, standing before a picture at Bowood, exclaimed, turning to me, "immense breadth of light and shade!" I innocently said, "Yes; about an inch and a half." He gave me a look that ought to have killed me.

SIDNEY SMITH.

EXTRACTS FROM GEORGE ELIOT'S POEMS.

* * * With such blissful trouble and glad care
For growth within unborn as mothers bear,
To the far woods he wandered, listening,
And heard the birds their little stories sing
In notes whose rise and fall seemed melted speech—
Melted with tears, smiles, glances—that can reach
More quickly through our frame's deep-winding night,
And without thought raise thought's best fruit, delight.
* * * * * * *

Then Jubal, standing, rapturous arms upraised,
And on the dark with eager eyes he gazed,
As had some manifested god been there.
It was his thought he saw; the presence fair
Of unachieved achievement, the high task,
The mighty unborn spirit that doth ask
With irresistible cry for blood and breath,
Till feeding its great life we sink in death.

He said, "Were now those mighty tones and cries
That from the giant soul of earth arise,
Those groans of some great travail heard from far,
Some power at wrestle with the things that are,
Those sounds which vary with the varying form
Of clay and metal, and in sightless swarm
Fill the wide space with tremors; were these wed
To human voices with such passion fed
As does but glimmer in our common speech,
But might flame out in tones whose changing reach
Surpassing meagre need, informs the sense
With fuller union, finer difference—
Were this great vision, now obscurely bright
As morning hills that melt in new-poured light,
Wrought into solid form and living sound,
Moving with ordered throb and sure rebound,

Then — Nay, I Jubal will that work begin!
The generations of our race shall win
New life, that grows from out the heart of this,
As spring from winter, or as lovers' bliss
From out the dull unknown of unwaked energies."

FROM "THE LEGEND OF JUBAL."

Her years were few,
Her outward beauties all in budding-time,
Her virtues the aroma of the plant
That dwells in all its being, root, stem, leaf,
And waits not ripeness.

* * * * * *

Rank for her meant Duty, various,
Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
Command was service; humblest service done
By willing and discerning souls was glory.

* * * * * *

I take it much to heart
That other people are worse off than I,—
I ease my soul with praying for them all.

COUNTESS LINDA.

That is your way of singing, Agatha;
Just as the nightingales pour forth sad songs,
And when they reach men's ears they make men's hearts
Feel the more kindly.

AGATHA.

Nay, I cannot sing;
My voice is hoarse, and oft I think my prayers
Are foolish, feeble things; for Christ is good
Whether I pray or not,—the Virgin s heart

Is kinder far than mine; and then I stop
And feel I can do naught towards helping men,
Till out it comes, like tears that will not hold,
And I must pray again for all the world.

* * * * * *

'Tis but dim light I see by. * * * I try
All ways I know of to be cleansed and pure;
I would not sink where evil spirits are.
There's perfect goodness somewhere; so I strive.

* * * * * *

I

Never had better clothes than these you see.
Good clothes are pretty, but one sees them best
When others wear them, and I somehow thought
'Twas not worth while, I had so many things
More than some neighbors, I was partly shy
Of wearing better clothes than they, and now
I am so old and custom is so strong
'Twould hurt me sore to put on finery.

* * * * * *

COUNTESS LINDA.

* * * * * *

I oft heard more
Of Agatha. I liked to hear her name,
As that of one half grandame and half saint,
Uttered with reverent playfulness. The lads
And younger men all called her mother, aunt,
Or granny, with their pet diminutives,
And bade their lasses and their brides behave
Right well to one who surely made a link
'Twixt faulty folk and God by loving both.

FROM "AGATHA."

* * * Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,
No more than any little knot of thyme
That he with careless foot may often tread;
Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sublime
And cleave to things most high and hallowed.

FROM "HOW LISA LOVED THE KING."

I, too, rest in faith
That man's perfection is the crowning flower,
Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree
Is pressing,—seen in puny blossoms now,
But in the world's great morrows to expand
With broadest petal and with deepest glow.

* * * * * *

The faith that life on earth is being shaped
To glorious ends, that order, justice, love
Mean man's completeness, mean effect as sure
As roundness in the dewdrop—that great faith
Is but the rushing and expanding stream
Of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past.
Our finest hope is finest memory.
As they who love in age think youth is blest
Because it has a life to fill with love.
Full souls are double mirrors, making still
An endless vista of fair things before,
Repeating things behind; so faith is strong
Only when we are strong, shrinks when we shrink.
It comes when music stirs us, and the chords,
Moving on some grand climax, shake our souls
With influx new that makes new energies.
It comes in swellings of the heart and tears
That rise at noble and at gentle deeds—

At labors of the master-artist's hand,
Which, trembling, touches to a finer end,
Trembling before an image seen within.
It comes in moments of heroic love,
Unjealous joy in joy not made for us—
In conscious triumph of the good within,
Making us worship goodness that rebukes.
Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears
After that fair and true we cannot grasp;
As patriots who seem to die in vain
Make liberty more sacred by their pangs.
Presentiment of better things on earth
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
To admiration, self-renouncing love,
Or thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one,
Sweeps like the sense of vastness, when at night
We hear the roll and dash of waves that break
Nearer and nearer with the rushing tide,
Which rises to the level of the cliff,
Because the wide Atlantic rolls behind,
Throbbing respondent to the far-off orbs.

FROM "A MINOR PROPHET."

I cannot choose but think upon the time
When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
Because the one so near the other is.

He was the elder and a little man
Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran,
Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.

I held him wise, and when he talked to me
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
Where men *grew blind, though angels knew the rest.*

If he said, "Hush!" I tried to hold my breath;
Wherever he said, "Come!" I stepped in faith.

* * * * * *

The firmaments of daisies since to me
Have had those mornings in their opening eyes,
The bunched cowslip's pale transparency
Carries that sunshine of sweet memories.

And wild-rose branches take their finest scent
From those blest hours of infantine content.

* * * * * *

Our meadow-path had memorable spots:
One where it bridged a tiny rivulet,
Deep hid by tangled blue Forget-me-nots;
And all along the waving grasses met

My little palm, or nodded to my cheek,
When flowers with upturned faces gazing drew
My wonder downward, seeming all to speak
With eyes of souls that dumbly heard and knew.

Then came the copse, where wild things rushed unseen,
And black-scathed grass betrayed the past abode
Of mystic gypsies, who still lurked between
Me and each hidden distance of the road.

A gypsy once had startled me at play,
Blotting with her dark smile my sunny day.

Thus rambling we were schooled in deepest lore,
And learned the meanings that give words a soul,
The fear, the love, the primal passionate store,
Whose shaping impulses make manhood whole.

Those hours were seed to all my after good;
My infant gladness, through eye, ear, and touch,
Took easily as warmth a various food
To nourish the sweet skill of loving much.

For who in age shall roam the earth, and find
Reasons for loving that will strike out love
With sudden rod from the hard year-pressed mind?
Were reasons sown as thick as stars above.

'Tis love must see them, as the eye sees light;
Day is but Number to the darkened sight.

Our brown canal was endless to my thought;
And on its banks I sat in dreamy peace,
Unknowing how the good I loved was wrought,
Untroubled by the fear that it would cease.

Slowly the barges floated into view
Rounding a grassy hill to be sublime
With some Unknown beyond it, whither flew
The parting cuckoo toward a fresh spring time.

The wide-arched bridge, the scented elder-flowers,
The wondrous watery rings that died too soon,
The echoes of the quarry, the still hours
With white robe sweeping on the shadeless noon,

Were but my growing self, are part of me,
My present Past, *my root of piety*.

* * * * * *

We had the selfsame world enlarged for each
By loving difference of girl and boy;
The fruit that hung on high beyond my reach
He plucked for me, and oft he must employ

A measuring glance to guide my tiny shoe
Where lay firm stepping-stones, or call to mind
"This thing I like my sister may not do,
For she is little, and I must be kind."

Thus boyish Will the nobler mastery learned
Where inward vision over impulse reigns,
Widening its life with separate life discerned,
A Like unlike, a Self that self restrains.

His years with others must the sweeter be
For those brief days he spent in loving me.

His sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy
Sent little leaps and laughs through all my frame;
My doll seemed lifeless, and no *girlish* toy
Had any *reason* when my brother came.

I knelt with him at marbles, marked his fling
Cut the ringed stem and made the apple drop,
Or watched him winding close the spiral string
That looped the orbits of the humming top.

Grasped by such fellowship my vagrant thought
Ceased with dream-fruit dream-wishes to fulfill;
My aëry-picturing fantasy was taught
Subjection to the harder, truer skill,

That seeks with deeds to grave a thought-tracked line,
And by, "What is," "What will be" to define.

School parted us; we never found again
That childish world where our two spirits mingled
Like scents from varying roses that remain
One sweetness, nor can evermore be singled.

Yet the twin habit of that early time
Lingered for long about the heart and tongue;
We had been natives of one happy clime
And its dear accent to our utterance clung.

Till the dire years whose awful name is Change
Had grasped our souls still yearning in divorce,
And pitiless shaped them in two forms that range
Two elements which sever their life's course.

But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there.

FROM "BROTHER AND SISTER."

True greatness ever wills —
It lives in wholeness if it live at all,
And all its strength is knit with constancy.

* * * * * *

GRAF.

You said you dared not think what life had been
Without the stamp of eminence; have you thought
How you will bear the poise of eminence
With dread of sliding? Paint the future out
As an unchecked and glorious career,
'Twill grow more strenuous by the very love
You bear to excellence, the very fate
Of human powers, which tread at every step
On possible verges.

ARMGART.

I accept the peril.
I choose to walk high *with sublimer tread*
Rather *than crawl in safety.*

* * * * * *

GRAF.

A woman's rank
Lies in the fulness of her womanhood:
Therein alone she is royal.

* * * * * *

ARMGART.

I was blind
With too much happiness; *true vision comes*
Only, it seems, with sorrow.

FROM "ARMGART."

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

* * * * *

And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better — saw within

A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love —
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty —
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

People are so inclined to occupy themselves with what is commonest, mind and senses so easily become blunted to impressions of what is good and beautiful, that we ought in every way to try and hold fast the capability of feeling the best and highest things. No one can afford entirely to dispense with these enjoyments, and the fact that so many people take delight in what is worthless and absurd, provided only it be a novelty, is accounted for by the few opportunities they have of enjoying anything really good. We ought to hear at least one little song every day, read a good poem, see a first-rate painting, and if possible, speak a few sensible words. J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

"Courage is adversity's lamp."

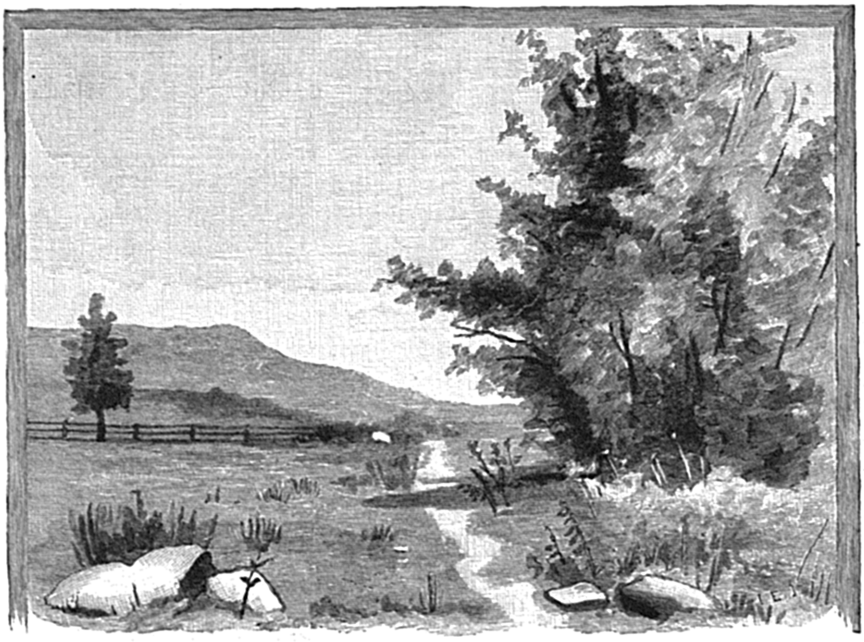
Perhaps the highest moral height which a man can reach, and at the same time the most difficult of attainment, is the willingness to be *nothing* relatively, so that he attain that positive excellence which the original conditions of his being render not merely possible, but imperative. It is nothing to a man to be greater or less than another—to be esteemed or otherwise by the public or private world in which he moves. Does he, or does he not behold, and love, and live, the unchangeable, the essential, the divine? This he can only do according as God hath made him. He can behold and understand God in the least degree, as well as in the greatest, only by the godlike within him; and he that loves thus the good and great has no room, no thought, no necessity for comparison and difference. The truth satisfies him. He lives in its absoluteness. God makes the glowworm as well as the star; the light in both is divine. If mine be an earth-star to gladden the wayside, I must cultivate humbly and rejoicingly its green earth-glow, and not seek to blanch it to the whiteness of the stars that lie in the fields of blue. For to deny God in my own being is to cease to behold him in any. God and man can meet only by the man's becoming that which God meant him to be. Then he enters into the house of life, which is greater than the house of fame. It is better to be a child in a green field than a knight of many orders in a state ceremonial.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Friends, hold me strictly to account for all I do; bind me to my conduct with as inflexible a chain as God does, but then I protest against your taking that as the adequate measure of the man, for there is a background of things desired in this picture where things accomplished form the foreground; take me for what I am, as God does; but He takes me, and you ought to take me, for that plus what I want to be, plus what I am trying to be, even though I most signally fail. Truly the poet is right when he says:

"Tis not what man
Does which exalts him, but what man would do."

J. L. L. JONES.



Paths of the fields,
O pleasant paths, that stray
Through the deep wind-trod pastures of the spring,
Through all the glory and the blossoming
That summer yields,
From the world's weariness from hope's decay,
Lead me, oh! lead me, pleasant paths, away —
Paths of the fields!

William C. Bennett.

A PSALM OF THANKSGIVING AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1871.

O Lord our God, when storm and flame
  Hurled homes and temples into dust,
We gathered here to bless thy name,
  And on our ruin wrote our trust.

Thy tender pity met our pain,
  Swift through the earth thine angels ran,
And then thy Christ appeared again,
  Incarnate, in the heart of man.

Thy lightning lent its haughty wing
  To hear the tear-blent sympathy,
And fiery chariots rushed to bring
  The offerings of humanity.

Thy tender pity met our pain,
  Thy love has raised us from the dust,
We meet to bless thee, Lord, again,
  And in our temples sing our trust.

ROBERT COLLYER.

"Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back."

The preliminary step to following Christ is the leaving the dead to bury the dead, not clamoring on his doctrine for an especial solution of difficulties which are referable to the general problem of the Universe.

FROM ROBERT BROWNING'S ESSAY ON SHELLEY.

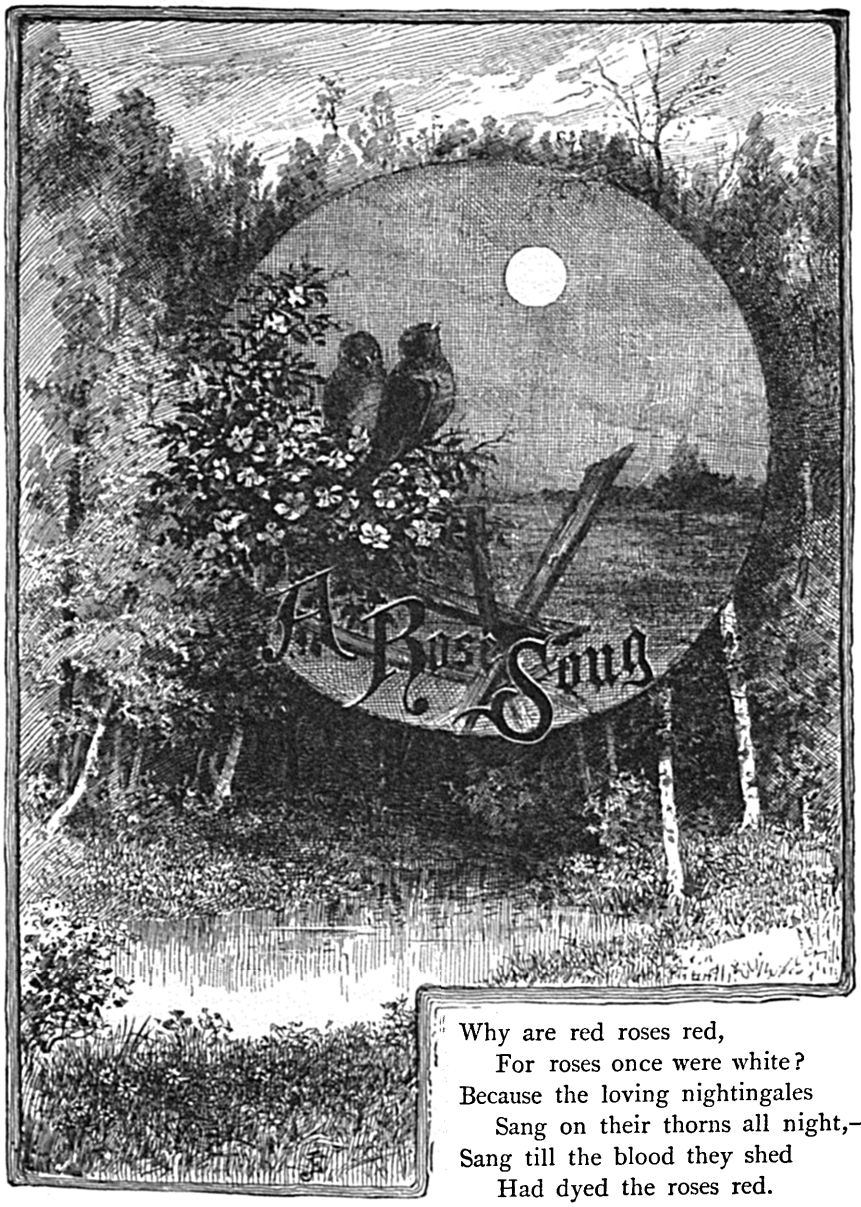
Thus God has will'd
That man, when fully skill'd,
Still gropes in twilight dim;
Encompass'd all his hours
By fearfullest powers
Inflexible to him;
That so he may discern
His feebleness;
And e'en for earth's success
To Him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the keys of either home.
Earth and the world to come.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Death is the crown of life!
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure;
We fall, we rise, we reign!
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sighs.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I die? When shall I live forever?

EDWARD YOUNG.

'Tis a Dutch proverb that "paint costs nothing," such are its preserving qualities in damp climates. Well, sunshine costs less, yet is finer pigment. And so of cheerfulness, or a good temper, the more it is spent, the more of it remains. R. W. EMERSON.



Why are red roses red,
For roses once were white?
Because the loving nightingales
Sang on their thorns all night,—
Sang till the blood they shed
Had dyed the roses red.

Why are white roses white,
For roses once were red?
Because the sorrowing nightingales
Wept when the night was fled,—
Wept till their tears of light
Had washed the roses white.

Why are the roses sweet,
For once they had no scent?
Because one day the Queen of Love,
Who to Adonis went,
Brushed them with heavenly feet,—
That made the roses sweet!

R. H. STODDARD.

I said it in the mountain path,
I say it on the mountain stairs;
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet
Sweeter to me the wild-rose red
Because it makes the whole world sweet.

LUCY LARCOM.

Refinement which carries us away from our fellow-men is not God's refinement. H. W. BEECHER.

Not by literature or theology, but only by rare integrity, by a man permeated and perfumed with airs of heaven,—with manliest or womanliest enduring love,—can the vision be clear.

R. W. EMERSON.

The love of God is the soul of Christianity. Christ is the body of that truth. The love of God is the creating and redeeming, the forming and satisfying power of the universe. The love of God is that which kills evil and glorifies goodness. It is the safety of the great whole. It is the home-atmosphere of all life. Well does Robert Browning say:—

> "The loving worm within its clod,
> Were diviner than a loveless God
> Amid his worlds, I will dare to say."

Surely then, inasmuch as man is made in the image of God, nothing less than a love in the image of God's love, all-embracing, quietly excusing, heartily commending, can constitute the blessedness of man; a love not insensible to that which is foreign to it, but overcoming it with good. Where man loves in his kind, even as God loves in His kind, then man is saved, then he has reached the unseen and eternal. But if, besides the necessity to love that lies in a man, there be likewise in the man whom he ought to love something in common with him, then the law of love has increased force. If that point of sympathy lies at the centre of the being of each, and if these centres are brought into contact, then the circles of their being will be, if not coincident, yet concentric. We must wait patiently for the completion of God's great harmony, and meantime love everywhere and as we can.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CARCASSONNE.

How old I am! I'm eighty years!
I've worked both hard and long;
Yet patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen —
It almost seems a wrong:
A dream I had when life was new,—
Alas, our dreams! they are not true,—
I thought to see fair Carcassonne,
That lovely city — Carcassonne!

One sees it dimly from the height,
Beyond the mountains blue:
Fain would I walk five weary leagues—
I do not mind the road's fatigues—
Through morn and evening's dew;
But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes—that yellow blight:
I could not go to Carcassonne;
I never went to Carcassonne!

They say it is as gay all times
As holidays at home!
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up like those of Rome!
The bishop the procession leads,
And generals curb their prancing steeds:
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!

Our vicar's right! He preaches loud,
And bids us to beware;
He says, "Oh! guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart,
Against ambition's snare!"
Perhaps in autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind,
I then could go to Carcassonne,
I still could go to Carcassonne.

My God and Father, pardon me
If this, my wish, offends!
One sees some hope more high than he,
In age as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends!

My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,
My grandson went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne,
But I have not seen Carcassonne.

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
Half dreaming in his chair;
I said, "My friend, come go with me
Tomorrow, then thine eyes shall see
Those streets that seem so fair."
That night there came for passing soul
The church-bell's low and solemn toll,—
He never saw gay Carcassonne.
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE NADAND.

Not by appointment do we meet delight
And joy,—they heed not our expectancy;
But round some corner in the streets of life
They, on a sudden, clasp us with a smile.

GERALD MASSEY.

None but God can satisfy the longings of an immortal soul; that as the heart was made for Him, so He can fill it. R. C. TRENCH.

God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SPINNING.

Like a blind spinner in the sun
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall, but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young,—
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not: the bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun:
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

LIFE.

Forenoon, and afternoon, and night: Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night: Forenoon, and—what!
The empty song repeats itself? No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is vanquished, and thy victory won.

E. R. S.

Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace or their father and mother. GEORGE ELIOT.

Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valor;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valor too.

BEN JONSON.

HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O God, whose thoughts are brightest light,
  Whose love always runs clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
  Amidst their sins are dear!

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
  With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
  On earth which does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
  Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
  Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

How Thou canst think so well of us,
  Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
  But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul:
  More grace, O Lord, more grace!
More sweetness from Thy loving heart,
  More sunshine from Thy face.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
  We deem the world unkind;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
  Only the poison find.

'Tis not enough to weep my sins;
  'Tis but one step to heaven;
When I am kind to others, then
  I know myself forgiven.

Would that my soul might be a world
  Of golden ether bright,
A heaven where other souls might float,
  Like all Thy worlds, in light.

All bitterness is from ourselves,
  All sweetness is from Thee;
Sweet God! for evermore be Thou
  Fountain and fire in me!

F. W. FABER.

FROM A SERMON ON "WARFARE THE CONDITION OF VICTORY."

The whole church, all elect souls, each in its turn, is called to this necessary work. Once it was the turn of others, and now it is our turn. Once it was the apostles' turn. It was St. Paul's turn once. * * * And after him the excellent of the earth, the white-robed army of martyrs, and the cheerful company of confessors, each in his turn, each in his day, likewise played the man. And so down to our time, when faith has well-nigh failed, first one and then another have been called out to exhibit before the great King. It is as though all of us were allowed to stand around His throne at once, and He called on first this man and then that, to take up the chant by himself, each in his turn having to repeat the melody which his brethren have before gone through. Or as if we held a solemn dance to His honor in the courts of heaven, and each had by himself to perform some one and the same solemn and graceful movement at a signal given. Or as if it were some trial of strength, or of agility, and, while the ring of bystanders beheld and applauded, we in succession, one by one, were actors in the pageant. Such is our state: angels are looking on, Christ has gone before, Christ has given us an example that we may follow His steps. Now it is our turn, and all ministering spirits keep silence and look on. Oh, let not your foot slip, or your eye be false, or your ear dull, or your attention flagging! Be not dispirited; be not afraid; keep a good heart; be bold; draw not back; you will be carried through.

J. H. NEWMAN.

I hold to heart, to manhood and nobleness, not correct expression. I try to judge words and actions by the man, not the man by his words and actions. F. W. ROBERTSON.

There are three things in this world which deserve no quarter,—Hypocrisy, Pharisaism and Tyranny. IBID.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come back at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn;
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The field is too wide, the harvest too great, the world too broad, and humanity too precious, either for delays, for jealousies, or for strifes. Indeed, this human life is all too short to allow the indulgence of vain regrets. And when the sense of weakness, or of guilt, or sin, overbears the weary head and heart, I can but remember the trusting and triumphant joy of the Apostle. JOHN A. ANDREW.

Let your good wishes turn into acts; let no hard thing be done even toward an enemy; and let those around you be the happier because you are in the midst of them. EPHRAIM PEABODY.

There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claiming the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul. JOHN RUSKIN.

Life is hardly respectable—is it?—if it has no generous guarantying task, no duties or affections, that constitute a necessity for existing.

R. W. EMERSON.

REGRET.

O that word Regret!
There have been nights and morns when we have sighed,
"Let us alone, Regret! We are content
To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep
For aye." But it is patient, and it wakes;
It hath not learned to cry itself to sleep,
But plaineth on the bed that it is hard.

We did amiss when we did wish it gone
And over: sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.
They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.

For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But O this thread of gold!
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout;
It makes me sigh to think on it,—but yet
My days will not be better days should I forget.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow;
When I remember this, I mourn,—but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

JEAN INGELOW.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine;
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that tomorrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months,
And months to lagging years, ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain;
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm the hand
Of him who goeth forth:
Unseen, fate goeth too;
Yea, find thee always time to say some earnest word,
Between the idle talk, lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

THOMAS HOOD.

The noble heart that harbors virtuous thought
And is with child of glorious-great intent,
Can never rest until it forth have brought
The eternal brood of glory excellent.

EDMUND SPENSER.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOUGHTS FROM THOMAS CARLYLE.

The fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself.

Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.

Do the duty which liest nearest thee! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.

To sit as a passive bucket, and be pumped into, can, in the long run, be exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending.

In books lies the Soul of the whole past time; the audible voice of the Past when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream.

Remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based upon Eternity, and encompassed by Eternity. Find out your task; stand to it; the night cometh when no man can work.

The deepest depth of vulgarism is that of setting up money as the ark of the covenant.

Man, it is not thy works which are mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the *spirit thou workest in*, that can have worth or continuance.

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy will be done." What else can we say? I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature; right worthy to be recommended with an "After this manner pray ye."

It is an everlasting duty, the duty of being brave.

Great men are like fire pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind; they stand as heavenly signs, ever-living witnesses of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be, the revealed embodied possibilities of human nature.

Think of living! Thy life, wert thou the "pitifullest of all the sons of earth," is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; — it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work, then, like a star, unhasting, yet unresting.

It's ever my thought that the most Godfearing man should be the most blithe man.

Detached, separated! I say there is no such separation; nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside, but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all; is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order: else how could it *rot?* Despise not the rag from which man makes paper, or the litter from which the earth makes corn. Rightly viewed, no meanest object is insignificant: all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into infinitude itself. THOMAS CARLYLE.

Carlyle wrote that genius is only an immense capacity for taking trouble. Dr. Johnson's definition was, "Genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction."

UNCROWNED KINGS.

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Made royal by the brain and heart!
Of all earth's wealth the noblest part,
Yet reckoned little in the mart
Where men know naught but sordid things—
All hail to you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose breath and words of living flame
Have waked slave-nations from their shame,
And bid them rise in manhood's name,—
Swift as the curved bow backward springs—
To follow you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose strong right arm hath oft been bared
Where fire of righteous battle glared,
And where all odds of wrong ye dared!—
To think on you the heart upsprings,
O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose burning songs, like lava poured,
Have smitten like a two-edged sword
Sent forth by Heaven's avenging Lord
To purge the earth, where serfdom clings
To all but you, O kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
To whose ecstatic gaze alone
The beautiful by Heaven is shown,
And who have made it all your own;
Your lavish hand around us flings
Earth's richest wreaths, O noble kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
The heart leaps wildly at your thought;
And the brain fires as if it caught
Shreds of your mantle; ye have fought
Not vainly, if your glory brings
A lingering light to earth, O kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose souls on Marah's fruit did sup,
And went in fiery chariots up
When each had drained his hemlock cup,—
Ye priests of God, but tyrant's stings,
Uncrowned, but still the kingliest kings!

BERKELEY AIKEN.

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities
A still and quiet conscience.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Duty done is the Soul's fireside. JOSEPH COOK.

Be strong by choosing wisely what to do; be strong by doing well what you have chosen. S. OSGOOD.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

* * * * *

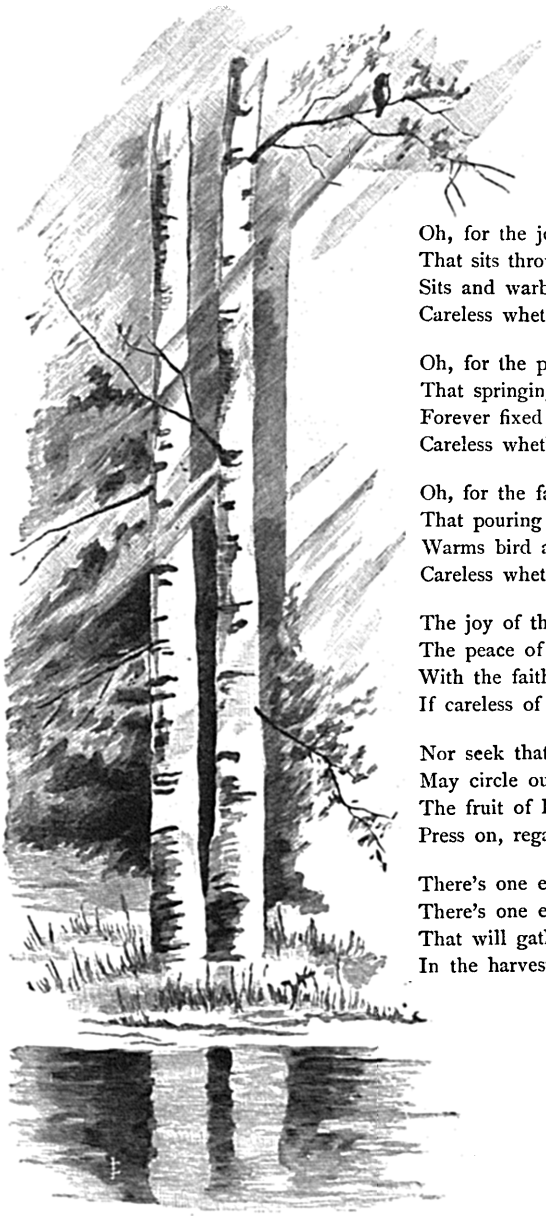
All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, for Thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

* * * * *

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Noble deeds are held in honor,
But the wide world sadly needs
Hearts of patience to unravel this—
The worth of common deeds. ANON.



LONGING.

Oh, for the joy of the little bird!
That sits through the long, long summer's day—
Sits and warbles its soul away,
Careless whether its song be heard.

Oh, for the peace of the bladed green!
That springing in beauty holds its eye
Forever fixed on the distant sky,
Careless whether its growth be seen.

Oh, for the faith of the tireless sun!
That pouring its floods of light and heat
Warms bird and blade to their service sweet,
Careless whether results be won.

The joy of the bird can be ours today,
The peace of the grass in our souls may rest,
With the faith of the sun our lives be blest,
If careless of notice we hold our way;

Nor seek that the crown of earthly fame
May circle our brow, nor ask to see
The fruit of labor; but firm and free
Press on, regardless of praise or blame.

There's one ear listening that all things hears;
There's one eye sleepless, and one hand just,
That will gather each seed of faith and trust
In the harvest of glory that crowns the years.

JOSEPH A. ELY.

AMBITION AND ASPIRATION.

In the estimation of a great many people, ambition is a commendable thing. It is put down to the credit of a man almost always, when he announces his determination to gain some high place. We say of the clerk in the store, of the student in the college, of the cadet in the military academy, of the apprentice in the shop, if he has no ambition he will never amount to much. But the thing which is really approved in all such speech is not ambition, but *aspiration.* Aspiration is a wholly good thing, and a wholly safe thing. Aspiration is always to be encouraged. For aspiration is a longing desire, eager even to panting, after something for its own sake, and because it is a good in itself to have it. Ambition carries with it something of the taint of solicitation, of intrigue and flattery, of the bad political method which gave the word birth. Aspiration fixes the eye on fitness, and is often content if it can be only qualified for a place, whether it has the place or not. Ambition wants the place without any regard to qualification, and resorts to all sorts of means to get it. Aspiration is considerate, tender; it will not jostle others in its upward struggles. Ambition does not care how many others may be displaced and hurt, if so be its own objects can be accomplished. Aspiration includes the virtues; for the very idea of the word keeps one up in the ranges of the pure air. Ambition strides right on, no matter how many pure things and right things and true things are trampled under foot. Aspiration concerns ideas, excellencies, rather than places and honors. Ambition concerns places and honors and gains chiefly. This is what makes ambition the dangerous passion it is. When the mind is fully possessed with the notion that a certain office, or preferment, or a certain form of power, must be obtained at all risks—just what ambition is when most highly excited—then everything is liable to be swept into the current, and carried along with it,—principle, truth, purity, fidelity, goodness, everything together.

F. A. NOBLE.

Fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels; how can man, then, the image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOUGHT.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
  Feeling, deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
  What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
  Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
  To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
  Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns, left alone,
  Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
  Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
  All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
  But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
  But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
  Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
  What the dim-eyed world hath taught;

Only when our souls are fed
  By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
  Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
  Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
  Melting, flowing into one.

C. P. CRANCH.

WATCHWORDS.

We are living — we are dwelling
  In a grand and awful time:
In an age on ages telling,
  To be living — is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
  Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth, is Creation's
  Groaning for its latter day.

* * * * * *

Hark! the onset! will you fold your
  Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, oh up! for, drowsy soldier,
  Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging — heaven beholding!
  You have but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
  On, right onward, for the right!

What! still hug your dreamy slumbers?
  'Tis no time for idling play;
Wreaths, and dance, and poet-numbers,
  Flout them, we must work today!

Oh! let all the soul within you
  For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
  Tell on ages — tell for God!

A. C. COXE.

THE BAPTISM OF BROTHERHOOD.

We want two baptisms. We want the baptism of the Holy Spirit, that we may apprehend and feel, and come under the sway of divine things; and then we want, through this, the baptism of human brotherhood. How touching and impressive is the injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." How much more touching and impressive is the statement, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." No man was shut out from Him who wanted to come to Him and be taught and purified and strengthened by Him. He brooded over all men with His care. He was near to all men with His divine sympathies, and His mission was to seek and to save that which was lost. We must go out to men in the spirit of one Father, one Lord, one family, and then we shall be mighty. Toward these men who have been unfortunate in their inherited propensities, and in their social and business surroundings, and who have been sinful as well as weak in giving way to temptation, we must be as tender and coaxing as the breath of spring. They must be permitted to feel the quickening touch of our human hands, and know at once that they are in contact with those who mean to help, and who surely will help. This is the mother's way. It is God's way. He that *winneth* souls is wise.

F. A. NOBLE.

MOTIVES TO EARNESTNESS.

Behind us are the solemn centuries along whose aisles the nations have marched. Behind us are the sacred battle-fields where human rights have been defended, and human liberties have been won. Behind us are the Prophets and Apostles and Lawgivers, whose quick ears have caught the accents of God's voice through the din of earth-tumults, and whose inspired pens have given out their revelations to enrich and save the world. Behind us are the martyrs whose sufferings helped to illuminate and spread and sanctify the truth for which they died. Behind us are the magnificent discoveries and inventions, in which mankind rejoices. Behind us are the

great poetries, and literatures, and art-achievements of the nations. Behind us are names, illustrious and sacred forevermore, because of their association with deeds and events which were the victories of humanity. Behind us are the memorable and inspiring triumphs of the saintly and the great. It is impossible to think of a single one of the grandly heroic deeds of history which does not seem to have a tongue whose one impressive and never ceasing injunction is, "*Be in earnest.*"

Out before us are the beckoning splendors of the bright illimitable To-morrow. Out before us are all possibilities of victory and growth:—all possibilities of bravest doing and daring. Out before us, open to our walking, are the shining paths which lead straight up to the Golden Gates of the Celestial City. Out before us, drawing us with all the sweet force of His great Divine Heart, is God. The august Future blends its voice with the mighty Past, and says, as though it were repeating a strain caught from out the solemn litanies of Eternity, "*Be in earnest.*" IDEM.

There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent and sincere earnestness. CHARLES DICKENS.

No earnest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much
It is not gathered, as a grain of sand,
To enlarge the sum of human action used
For carrying out God's ends.

E. B. BROWNING

Not what we think, but what we do,
Makes saints of us.

ALICE CARY.

I cannot even hear of personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance, without fresh resolution. We are emulous of all that man can do. R. W. EMERSON.

"We often fail by searching far and wide
For what lies close at hand. To serve our turn
We ask fair wind and favorable tide;
From the dead Danish sculptor let us learn
To make occasion not to be denied.
Against the sheer, precipitous mountain side,
Thorwaldsen carved his lion of Lucerne."

"The fellows who have succeeded here sweated more than others. It's a case of open pores."

It must oft fall out
That one whose labor perfects any work
Shall rise from it with eye so worn, that he
Of all men least can measure the extent
Of what he has accomplished.

ROBERT BROWNING.

You all undertake to judge too much of your own work, why, its none of your business, this judging. W. M. HUNT.

I cannot abide to see men throw away their tools the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure in their work, and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much. The very grindstone 'ill go on turning a bit after you loose it. GEORGE ELIOT.

Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results.

J. T. FIELDS.

Every power that fashions and upholds works silently,—all things whose life is sure, their life is calm. R. C. TRENCH.

Man, if he do but live within the light of high endeavor, daily spreads abroad his being armed with strength that cannot fail.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
Tomorrow, and the rest more dilatory.
Thus indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it!
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it;
Only engage and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed.

J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

As you have
A soul moulded from heaven, and do desire
To have it made a star there, make the means
Of your ascent to that celestial height
Virtue mingled with brave action: they draw near
The nature and the essence of the gods
Who imitate their goodness.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

THE PASTOR DEAD.

He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,
The sweetness that still lurks in human powers;
If heaven be full of stars, the earth has flowers.

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind;
The gentle will, to others soon resigned;
But, more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from reeds—
Sweet books, deep music, and unselfish deeds,
Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

True to his kind, nor of himself afraid,
He deemed that love of God was best arrayed
In love of all the things that God has made.

He deemed man's life no feverish dream of care,
But a high pathway into freer air,
Lit up with golden hopes and duties fair.

He showed how wisdom turns its hours to years,
Feeding the heart on joys instead of fears,
And worships God in smiles, and not in tears.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,
On whose far top an angel stood and smiled—
Yet in his heart was he a simple child.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"The spirit which from God is made
The noblest of its kind,
Asks not the help of rules that serve
To guide the feeble mind.
It soars, however bold its flight,
Right onward, safe and free,
And all that schools and books can teach
In its own self can see.
What charms this soul all souls must charm,—
What grieves it saddens all:
It holds the choicest of the world
Within its subtle thrall."

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse,
And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

I have stored
My memory with thoughts that can allay
Fever and sadness; and when life gets dim,
And I am overladen in my years,
Minister to me.

N. P. WILLIS.

THOUGHTS FROM R. W. EMERSON.

Today is a king in disguise.

If your eye is on the eternal, your intellect will grow, and your opinions and actions will have a beauty which no learning or combined advantages of other men can rival.

Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish: murder will speak out of stone walls.

The hero is he who is immovably centered.

The joy of the spirit indicates its strength.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradicts everything you said today.

A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms.

I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled, far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people. * * * When the political economist reckons up the unproductive classes, he should put at the head this class of pitiers of themselves, cravers of sympathy, bewailing imaginary disasters. An old French verse runs, in my translation:

"Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived!"

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent,
All are needed by each one:
Nothing is fair or good alone.

Character is higher than intellect. * * * A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think.

'Tis the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society. Fine society is only a self-protection against the vulgarities of the street and the tavern.

I see not any road of perfect peace which a man can travel but to take counsel of his own bosom. R. W. EMERSON.

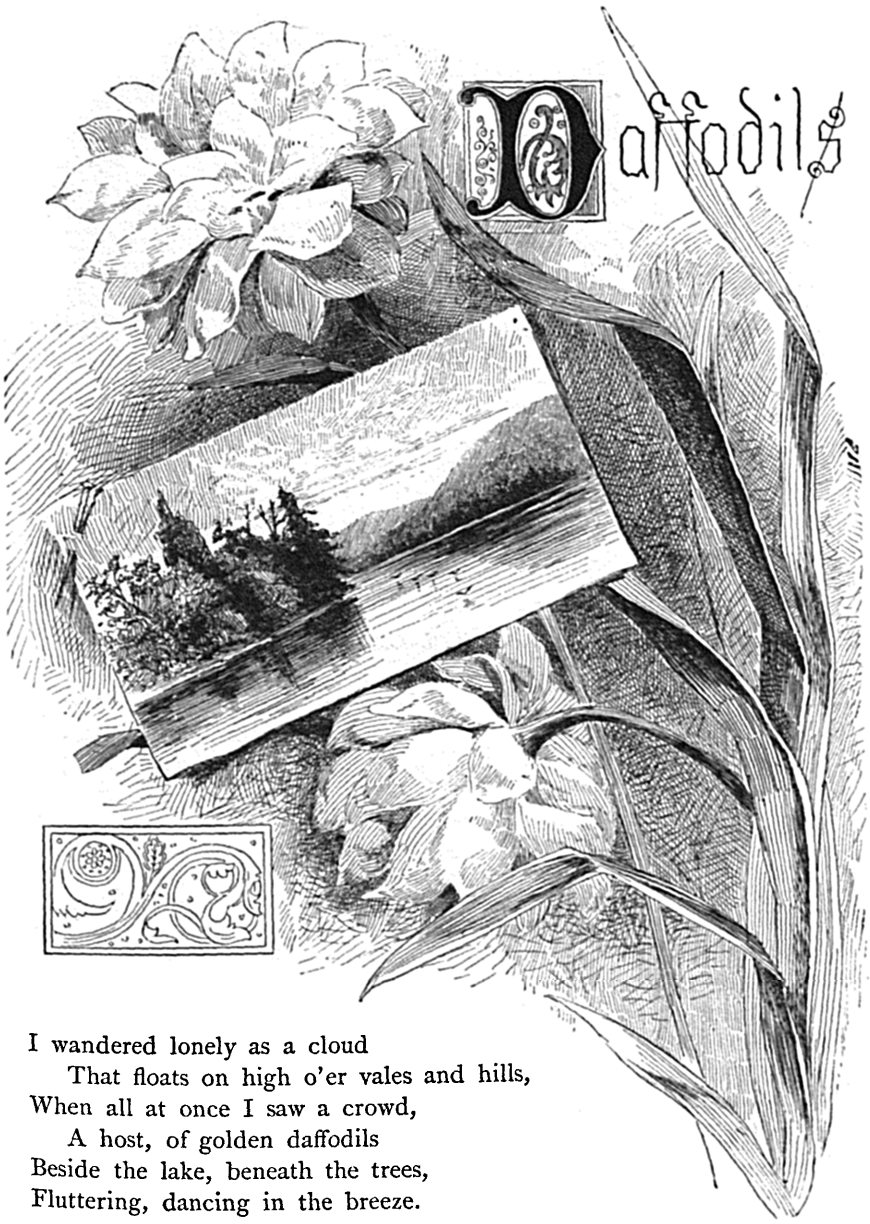
Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

"Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
Hath its own mission.
The very shadow of an insect's wing,
For which the violet cared not while it stayed,
Yet felt the lighter for it vanishing,
Proves that the sun was shining, by its shade."

He who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used:—thought with him
Is in its infancy.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering, dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves besides them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
  In such a jocund company!
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS DEFEAT AT EDINBURGH.

The day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er.
Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen,
I slumbered, and in slumber saw once more
A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light;
Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray
Full on a cradle, where, in linen white,
Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

* * * * * * *

And lo! the fairy queens who rule our birth
Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom;
With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast,
Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain.
More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed,
With mincing gait and sneer of cold disdain.

The Queen of Power tossed high her jeweled head,
And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown.
The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed
Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

Still fay in long procession followed fay;
And still the little couch remained unblest;
But when those wayward sprites had passed away
Came One, the last, the mightiest, and the best.

O glorious lady, with the eyes of light,
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
Warbling a sweet strange music, who wast thou?

"Yes, darling; let them go," so ran the strain;
"Yes; let them go,—gain, fashion, pleasure, power,
And all the busy elves to whose domain
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

"Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign.
Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

* * * * * * *

"O the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;
And, if for some I keep a nobler place,
I keep for none a happier than for thee.

"There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem
Of all my bounties largely to partake,
Of me as of some rival's handmaid deem,
And court me but for gain's, power's, fashion's sake.

"To such, though deep their lore, though wide their fame,
Shall my great mysteries be all unknown;
But thou, through good and evil, praise and blame,
Wilt not thou love me for myself alone?

"Yes; thou wilt love me with exceeding love;
And I will tenfold all that love repay;
Still smiling, though the tender may reprove;
Still faithful, though the trusted may betray.

* * * * * * *

"In the dark hour of shame, I deigned to stand
Before the frowning peers at Bacon's side;
On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,
Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde.

"I brought the wise and brave of ancient days
To cheer the cell where Raleigh pined alone;
I lighted Milton's darkness with the blaze
Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne.

"And even so, my child, it is my pleasure
That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh,
When in domestic bliss and studious leisure,
Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly.

* * * * * * *

"No; when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
When weary soul and wasting body pine,
Thine I am still, in danger, sickness, sorrow,
In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine:

"Thine, where on mountain waves the snowbird's scream,
Where more than Thule's winter barbs the breeze,
Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly gleam
Lights the drear May-day of Antarctic seas;

"Thine, when around thy litter's track all day
White sandhills shall reflect the blinding glare;
Thine, when, through forest's breathing death, thy way
All night shall wind by many a tiger's lair;

"Thine most, when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,
When, hard beset, thy spirit justly proud,
For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy
A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
Hate's yell, and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,
Remember me; and with an unforced smile
See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

"Yes; they will pass away; nor deem it strange;
They come and go, as comes and goes the sea;
And let them come and go; thou, through all change,
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me."

T. B. MACAULAY.

"Make me as one that casteth not by day
A dreary shadow, but reflecting aye
One little beam, loved, warmed and golden, caught
From the bright sun that lights our daily way."

CONTENT.

There are times when the troubles of life are still;
The bees wandered lost in the depths of June,
And I paused where the chime of a silver rill
Sang the linnet and lark to their rest at noon.

Said my soul, "See how calmly the wavelets glide,
Though so narrow their way to their ocean-vent;
And the world that I traverse is wide, is wide,
And yet is too narrow to hold content."

O my soul, never say that the world is wide—
The rill in its banks is less closely pent;
It is thou who art shoreless on every side,
And thy width will not let thee inclose content.

BULWER LYTTON.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.
We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

J. G. HOLLAND.

The habit of looking at the best side of any event is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year. DR. S. JOHNSON.

THOUGHTS FROM GEORGE ELIOT.

I like to read about Moses best, in the Old Testament. He carried a hard business well through, and died when other folks were going to reap the fruits. A man must have courage to look at his life so, and think what'll come of it after he's dead and gone. A good solid bit o' work lasts: if it's only laying a floor down, somebody's the better for it being done well, besides the man as does it.

You talk of substantial good, Tito! Are faithfulness, and love, and sweet, grateful memories no good? Is it no good that we should keep our promises on which others build because they believe in our love and truth? Is it no good that a just life should be justly honored? Or, is it good that we should harden our hearts against all the wants and hopes of those who have depended on us? What good can belong to men who have such souls? To talk cleverly, perhaps, and find soft couches for themselves, and live and die with their base selves as their best companions.

Our caresses, our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of autumn sunsets, or calm majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty Our emotion in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence; our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery.

Love does not aim simply at the conscious good of the beloved object; it is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart: it aims at its own completeness.

Wherever affection can spring, it is like the green leaf and the blossom — pure, and breathing purity, whatever soil it may grow in.

It seems to me it's the same with love and happiness as with sorrow— the more we know of it, the better we can feel what other people's lives are or might be, and so we shall only be more tender to 'em, and wishful to help 'em. The more knowledge a man has, the better he'll do's work; and feelin's a sort o' knowledge.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are a part of the divine power against evil.

It is never too late to be what you might have been.

It seems as if people were worn out on the road to great thoughts, and can never enjoy them because they are too tired.

The tale of the Divine pity was never yet believed from lips that were not felt to be moved by human pity.

There are new eras in one's life that are equivalent to youth,— are something better than youth.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry heir comfort about with them.

It's poor work, allays settin' the dead above the livin'. We shall all on us be dead some time, I reckon — it 'ud be better if folks 'ud make much on us beforehand, instid o' beginnin' when we're gone. It's but little good you'll do a-waterin' the last year's crop.

Family likeness has often a deep sadness in it. Nature knits us together by bone and muscle and divides us by the subtle web of our brains; and ties us by our heartstrings to the beings that jar us at every movement.

Esther. But that must be the best life, father.

Rufus. What life, my dear child?

Esther. Why that where one bears and does everything because of some great and strong feeling — so that this and that in one's circumstances don't signify.

Rufus. Yea, verily; but the feeling that should be thus supreme is devotedness to the Divine Will.

'Tis a great and mysterious gift, this clinging of the heart, whereby it hath often seemed to me that even in the very moment of suffering our souls have the keenest foretaste of heaven. I speak not lightly, but as one who hath endured. And 'tis a strange truth that only in the agony of parting we look into the depths of love.

When one is grateful for something too good for common thanks, writing is less unsatisfactory than speech: one does not, at least, *hear* how inadequate the words are.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.

Thee mustna undervally prayer. Prayer mayna bring money, but it brings us what no money can buy — a power to keep from sin, and be content with God's will, whatever He may please to send.

GEORGE ELIOT.

SALVATION.

Oh, how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile:
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity;
Inscribed above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quickening words — Believe and live.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Life and religion are one, or neither is anything. I will not say neither is growing to be anything. Religion is no way of life, no show of life, no observance of any sort. It is neither the food nor medicine of being. It is life essential.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Goodness is the only investment that never fails. In the music of the harp which trembles round the world it is the insisting on this which thrills us.

H. D. THOREAU.

I will never believe that a man has a real love for the good and beautiful, except he attacks the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

As, up by self-impulsion driven,
The tree its weight sustains in air,
To Love, almighty Love, 'tis given
All things to form, and all to bear;
Around me sounds a savage roaring,
As rocks and forests heaved and swayed,
Yet plunges, bounteous in its pouring,
The wealth of waters down the glade,
Appointed, then, the vales to brighten;
The bolt, that flaming struck and burst,
The atmosphere to cleanse and lighten,
Which pestilence in its bosom nursed,—
Love's heralds both, the powers proclaiming,
Which, aye creative, us infold.
May they, within my bosom flaming,
Inspire the mind, confused and cold,
Which frets itself, through blunted senses,
As by the sharpest fetter-smart!
O God, soothe Thou my thoughts bewildered,
Enlighten Thou my needy heart!

J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

Goodness and virtue! I cannot value nor comprehend them if they cost nothing. Costing nothing they disappear altogether. Without the struggle and temptation of Gethsemane, Calvary itself would have no meaning. A. S. HARDY.

"Good character is property. It is the noblest of all possessions."

SAMUEL SMILES.

Questions and doubts are mostly the devil's work. *While we are with God* we know little or nothing of them. CONVERS FRANCIS.

THOUGHTS FROM JEAN INGELOW.

Consider it
(This outer world we tread on) as a harp,—
A gracious instrument on whose fair strings
We learn those airs we shall be set to play
When mortal hours are ended. Let the wings,
Man, of thy spirit move on it as wind,
And draw forth melody. Why shouldst thou yet
Lie groveling? More is won than e'er was lost:
Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,
Shake off the dew and soar.

So take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn,
It is a comely fashion to be glad,—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

Art tired?
There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?
There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head,
The lovely world, and the over-world alike,
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,
"Thy Father loves Thee."

Words—they but render half the heart;
Deeds—they are poor to our rich will.

If God gives me work to do, I will thank Him that He has bestowed on me a strong arm; if He gives me danger to brave, I will bless Him that He has not made me without courage; but I will go down on my knees and beseech Him humbly to make me fit for my task, if He tells me it is *only* to stand and wait.

Is life a field? Then plow it up—resow
With worthier seed. Is life a ship? Oh, heed
The southing of thy stars. Is life a breath?
Breathe deeper; draw life up from hour to hour,—
Ay, from the deepest deep in thy deep soul.

Hence we may learn, if we be so inclined,
That life goes best with those who take it best;
That wit can spin from work a golden robe
To queen it in; that who can paint at will
A private picture gallery, should not cry
For shillings that will let him in to look
At some by others painted.

When I reflect how little I have done,
And add to that how little I have seen,
Then furthermore how little I have won
Of joy or good,—how little known or been;
I long for other life more full, more keen,
And yearn to change with such as well have run;
Yet Reason mocks me—nay, the soul, I ween,
Granted her choice, would dare to change with none.

There are some days that die not out,
Nor alter by reflection's power,
Whose converse calm, whose words devout,
Forever rest, the spirit's dower.

Even a just punishment may become unjust, unless it is administered in the spirit of love.

What is thy thought? There is no miracle?
There is a great one, which thou hast not read,
And never shalt escape. Thyself, O man,
Thou art the miracle. Ay, thou thyself,
Being in the world and of the world, thyself
Hast breathed in breath from Him that made the world;
Thou art thy Father's copy of Himself,—
Thou art thy Father's miracle.

Learn that to love is the one way to know
Or God or man: it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed
Shall do it.

JEAN INGELOW.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes,—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles. DR. JOHN HALL.

Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain, and only faith can do it.

J. G. HOLLAND.

"The only avenue of bliss we have
Is by the calmer by-ways of our lives,
In service of our duties traveled well
With steady foot of kindly household faith.
The eagle could not poise his wings on air
Without an eye on earth to steady them."

THOUGHTS FROM SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence: so much is there in the way of doing things.

The heroic example of other days is in great part the source of the courage of each generation; and men walk up composedly to the most perilous enterprises, beckoned onward by the shades of the braves that were.

To praise, with anything like judgment, is the work of an artist. To condemn, to vilify, is within every man's power.

The thing which makes one man greater than another, the quality by which we ought to measure greatness, is a man's capacity for loving.

It is only the busy and the overworked men upon whom you can throw any extra work with some chance of its being welcomed.

I believe that fatigue, simple fatigue, is the cause often of our gravest errors.

I do not know any way so sure of making others happy as of being so oneself, to begin with. I do not mean that people are to be self-absorbed; but they are to drink in nature and life a little. From a genial, wisely-developed man good things radiate; whereas you must allow that benevolent people are very apt to be one-sided and fussy, and not of the sweetest temper if others will not be good and happy in their way. ARTHUR HELPS.

DELAY.

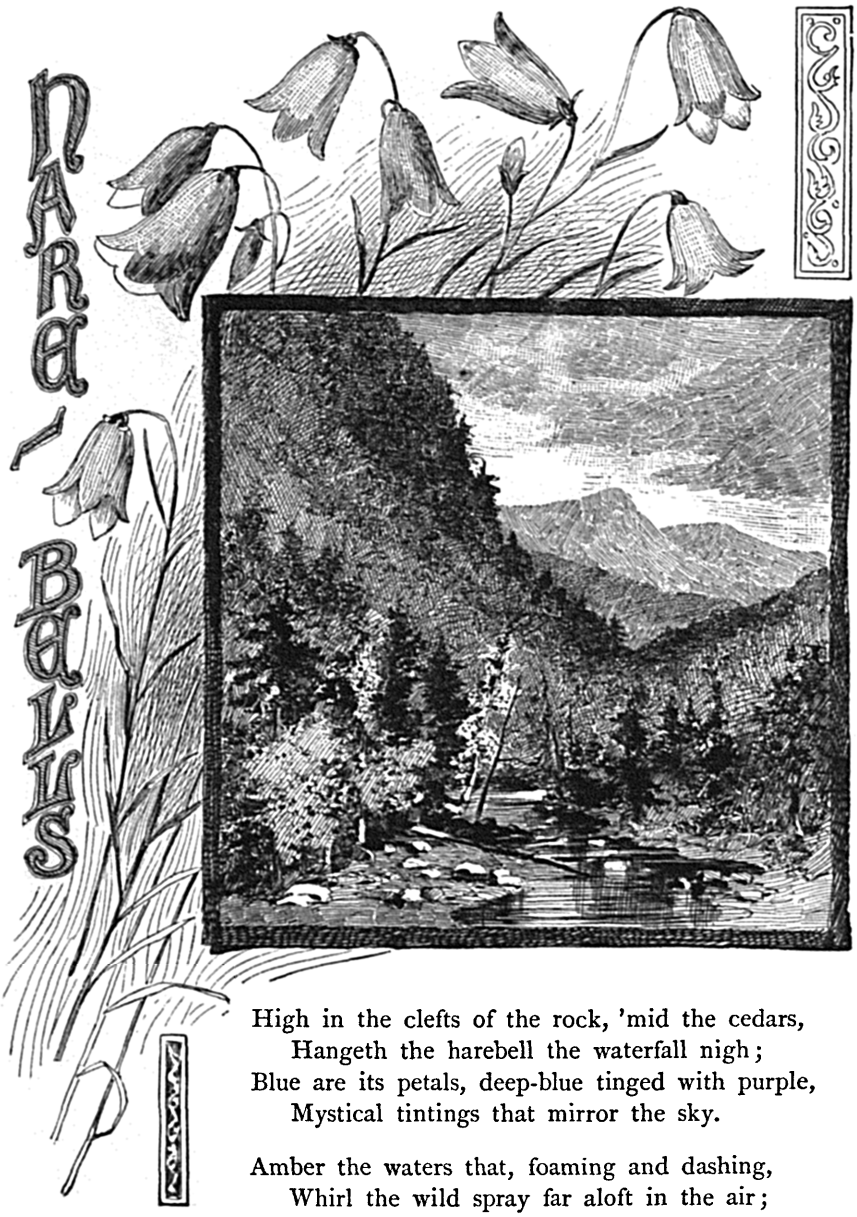
Thou dear, misunderstood, maligned Delay,
What gentler hand than thine can any know?
How dost thou soften Death's unkindly blow,
And halt his messenger upon the way!
How dost thou unto Shame's swift herald say,
"Linger a little with thy weight of woe!"
How art thou, unto those whose joys o'erflow,
A stern highwayman, bidding passion stay,
Robbing the lover's pulses of their heat
Within the lonesome shelter of thy wood!
Of all Life's varied accidents we meet,
Where can we find so great an offered good?
Even the longed-for heaven might seem less sweet
Could we but hurry to it when we would.

ANDREW B. SAXTON.

Go, cleanse thy heart and fill
Thy soul with love and goodness:
This is thy task on earth,
This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal,
To cast all meanness and world-worship forth,
And thus exalt the soul.

ROBERT NICOLL.

"For the best that thou canst be
Is the service asked of thee."



High in the clefts of the rock, 'mid the cedars,
Hangeth the harebell the waterfall nigh;
Blue are its petals, deep-blue tinged with purple,
Mystical tintings that mirror the sky.

Amber the waters that, foaming and dashing,
Whirl the wild spray far aloft in the air;
Jagged the rocks that, piled stratum on stratum,
Earth's primal secrets and life-throes lay bare.

Sturdy green cedars and graceful blue harebell,
  Wild amber waters and opaline spray,
Wondrous brown rocks with strange tales of past ages,
  All overarcheth the clear summer day.

Ring out, O harebell, thy loveliest measures,
  Chime with the falling of waters below;
Earth's brightest glories, her purest of treasures,
  Spring from some agony, some needful woe.

Signed with the cross is the form of dear Nature,
  Heart's blood still ransoms each gift from the soul;
High over all bend the arms of the Maker,
  Tenderly folding and blending the whole.

L. D. PYCHOWSKA.

THREE SONNETS ON PRAYER.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others — that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage, are with Thee?

A garden so well watered before morn
Is hotly up that not the swart sun's blaze
Down beating with unmitigated rays,
Nor arid winds from scorching places borne,
Shall quite prevail to make it bare and shorn
Of its green beauty—shall not quite prevail
That all its morning freshness shall exhale,
Till evening and the evening dews return;
A blessing such as this our hearts might reap,
The freshness of the garden they might share,
Through the long day a heavenly freshness keep,
If, knowing how the day and the day's glare
Must beat upon them, we would largely steep
And water them betimes with dews of prayer.

When hearts are full of yearning tenderness
For the loved absent, whom we cannot reach
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech,
The spirit's true affection to express;
When hearts are full of innermost distress,
And we are doomed to stand inactive by,
Watching the soul's or body's agony,
Which human effort helps not to make less—
Then like a cup capacious to contain
The overflowings of the heart is prayer;
The longing of the soul is satisfied,
The keenest darts of anguish blunted are;
And, though we cannot cease to yearn or grieve,
Yet we have learned in patience to abide.

R. C. TRENCH.

"Without faith there is no excellence in the world; faith in something wiser, happier, diviner than we see on earth."

THOUGHTS FROM H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SLEEP.

Sleep, death's beautiful brother,—fairest phenomenon—poetical reality, —thou sweet collapsing of the weary spirit; thou mystery that everyone knows; thou remnant of primeval innocence and bliss, for Adam *slept* in Paradise. To sleep—there's a drowsy mellifluence in the very word that would almost serve to interpret its meaning,—to shut up the senses and hoodwink the soul; to dismiss the world; to escape from one's self; to be in ignorance of our own existence; to stagnate upon the earth, just breathing out the hours, not living them—"Doing no mischief, only dreaming of it"; neither merry nor melancholy, something between both, and better than either. Best friend of frail humanity, and, like all other friends, best estimated in its loss.

Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves that rock and rise,
With endless and uneasy motion;
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.

Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come, we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Prince Henry. Thou seemest to me like the angel
That brought the immortal roses
To Saint Cecilia's bridal-chamber.
Elsie. But these will fade.
Prince Henry. Themselves will fade,
But not their memory:
Memory has power
To re-create them from the dust.

What is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires.
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

We often excuse our own want of philanthropy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

SANTA FILOMENA.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
    Our hearts in glad surprise
    To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
    And lifts us unawares
    Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
    And by their overflow
    Raise us from what is low!

WHERE SHOULD THE SCHOLAR LIVE?

Where should the scholar live? In solitude or in society? in the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat, or in the dark gray town, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray town. Oh, they do greatly err who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees. Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies

the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; — the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering brought into that narrow compass; and to be in this, and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing, with his fellow-men; — such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armor should be somewhat bruised by rude encounters even, than hang forever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Sarine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought; not green grass, and flowers, and moonlight. Besides, the mere external forms of Nature we make our own and carry with us everywhere, by the power of memory.

FROM HYPERION, BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Life is short, and the Art long; the occasion fleeting; experience fallacious, and the judgment difficult. The physician must not only be prepared to do what is right himself, but also to make the patient, the attendants, and the externals coöperate. HIPPOCRATES.

With what a power of life and hope does a woman, young or old, with a face of the morning, a dress like the spring, and eyes full of sympathy,— with what a message from Nature and life does she, looking death in the face with a smile, dawn upon the vision of the invalid? She brings a little health, a little strength to fight, a little hope to endure, actually lapt in the folds of her gracious garments.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that rise within the heart
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin;
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so: another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor banished Hagar!—prayed a well might burst
From out the sand to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the expected movement of the lip;
Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart, and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,
Are valueless until we give them birth;
Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,
Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.
How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!
But oh, what pain when, at God's own command,
A heart-string thrills with kindness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry,—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh, let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak;
And He will bless you,—He who struck these chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

J. Boyle O'Reilly.

REST IN THE LORD.

God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn,—
Would we ask why?
It is, because all noblest things are born
In agony.

Only upon some cross of pain or woe
God's Son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
Its Calvary.

Yet we must crave neither for joy or grief;
God chooses best;
He only knows our sick souls' fit relief
And gives us rest.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,
That Father in His tenderness divine
Yearneth to bless.

He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain;
Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove,
Our faith—the rain.

In His hands we are safe—we falter on
Through storm and mire;
Above, beside, around us, there is One
Will never tire.

What tho' we fall and bruised and wounded lie,
Our lips in dust,—
God's arm shall lift us up to victory;
In Him we trust.

For neither life nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us, that we should go
From His great love.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THOUGHTS FROM JOHN RUSKIN.

Those who have keenest sympathy are those who look closest and pierce deepest and hold securest.

One of the noblest things about a lion is his magnificent indolence, his look of utter disdain of trouble when there is no occasion for it.

Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion, all in one.

God intends no man to live in this world without working; but He intends every man to be happy in his work. * * * Now in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: they must be fit for it, they must not do too much of it, and they must have a sense of success in it. JOHN RUSKIN.

Nursing is an art, and, if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body — the temple of God's spirit? It is one of the Fine Arts,— I had almost said, the finest of the Fine

Arts. I have seen somewhere in print that nursing is a profession to be followed by the "lower middle class." Shall we say that painting or sculpture is a profession to be followed by the "lower middle class"? Why limit the class at all? Or shall we say that God is only to be served in His sick by the "lower middle class"? The poorest child without shoes, the most highly-born, have alike followed all these professions with success, have alike had to undergo the hardest work, if for success. There is no such thing as amateur art; there is no such thing as amateur nursing.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

SHOW THOU THY LIGHT.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence,
  And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretense
  Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact; though clouds of night
  Down on thy watch-tower stoop;
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
  Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind; though safer seem
  In shelter to abide.
We were not made to sit and dream;
  The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,
  Cry not, "The way is plain";
His path within for those without
  Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed word,
  Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half-heard,
  And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
  Set not thy bushel down;
The smallest spark may send his beam
  O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Woe, woe to him on safety bent,
  Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
  Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
  And as thy thought, thy speech:
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
  Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on — thou hast the rock,
  The foes are on the sand;
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
  Scatters their shifting strand.

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
  We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
  The true, in Him that's true.

ARTHUR P. STANLEY.

THE INNER LIFE.

Thou, who dost feel Life's vessel strand
Full-length upon the drifting sand,
And hearest breakers close at hand,
Be strong, and wait! nor let the strife,
With which the winds and waves are rife,
Disturb that sacred inner life.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Some one has said nothing but a miracle can interfere between sin and its consequences. I hold the forgiveness of sins to be such a miracle. It is a resurrection from spiritual death; it is an impartation of spiritual life; it brings back the presence of the Holy Ghost to the soul; it renews the sundered relations which bind the individual to the body of Christ; it transforms, by a spiritual correlation of forces, physical pain and a weakened body, the physical result of sin, into spiritual powers. It may not alter natural laws, but it lifts them up into a higher region; it brings back opportunities, it may even restore a wasted life, just as in the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the fragments that remained were more than the original quantity. DR. DEKOVEN.

"The power of religious influence and the essential value of religious activity are in proportion to the quality and the amount of secret religious life. The nearer the spirit dwells to the Father, the more bright and clear its light. And our Father is *in secret;* dwelleth in secret, and in secret is to be sought and found. In *secret,*—in spirit, in silence, in thought, in meditation, in prayer, in feeling. Through the door of the heart that opens inward and upward His communications of grace come in, His spirit enters to visit the soul, the divine life flows down. Through this door leads the path to highest truth. Through this door the soul correspondeth with the Deity, and in proportion to this correspondence is faith and love, is wisdom and might, is true life."

Reputation is what men and women think of us: character is what God and the angels know of us. THOMAS PAINE.

Open thy mind to that which I reveal,
And fix it there within; for 'tis not knowledge,
The having heard without retaining it.

DANTE.

Yes and No are, for good or evil, the Giants of Life.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Deem no man in any age
Gentle for his lineage,
Though he be not highly born,
He is gentle if he doth
What 'longeth to a gentleman.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

JOHN KEATS.

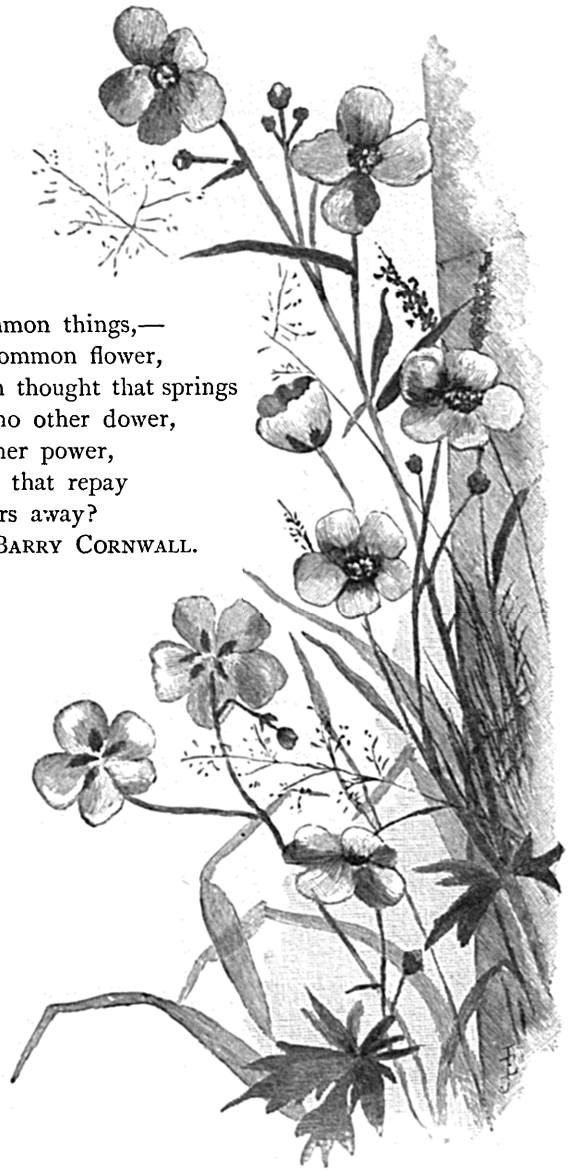
If thou *hast* something, bring thy goods—
A fair return be thine;
If thou *art* something, bring thy soul
And interchange with mine.

FREDERIC SCHILLER.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.
And look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look and he'll smile thy gloom away.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

"I doubt if you can yet tell what it is to know the presence of the living God in and about you. * * * But believe me that, in any case, however much a man may have of it, he may have it endlessly more."



Methinks I love all common things,—
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind, common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else Fortune tears away?

BARRY CORNWALL.

Professional critics can appreciate neither rough diamonds, nor gold in bars.

Taste is the soul's literary conscience.

The surprising surprises once; the admirable is always more and more admired.

Perfection leaves nothing to wish at the first glance; but leaves always some beauty, some charm, some merit to be discovered.

JOSEPH JOUBERT.

FROM A LECTURE.

I look forward to a time when, not in the spirit of that sentimental philosophy which would speculate the moral and the immoral into indiscriminate confusion, nor of that refining Pantheism in which the All is exalted that God may be debased, but in the sincere devoutness of reverence, and trust, and love, and faith—in the true interest of the Higher Life—the questions at issue shall be, not whether the world was made in six days, but whether, having been made as it is, men are using it for the highest and holiest purposes; not whether the bush ever burned in the presence of the awed Moses, but whether, for him who has an eye to see, every tree and every shrub is not aflame with the glory of God; not whether the sun ever paused in mid-heaven to aid the warring Joshua, but whether all suns and systems of suns, all stars and constellations of stars, are not forever the waiting servants of the wrestling human race; not whether, in long gone ages, the still, small voice penetrated the attent souls of priests and prophets, and apostles, revealing truths and inspiring utterances above the range of the human, but whether there be not clear heavenly notes still lingering on the vibrant air, and tones celestial and divinely burdened for all who have an ear to hear; not whether sin came into the heart through some mysterious process of an original fall, but whether, being in the heart as it palpably is, and circulating its leprous taint through all the veins and arteries of our being,—blinding the eyes, weakening the hands, thwarting the will, poisoning the affections, destroying all peace,—it be not the wisest and best thing to get it expelled out of the heart as speedily as possible; not whether there be men of so much culture and refinement that they do not need the Lord's Christ, but whether the highest and the purest can ever

bring enough of the Divine One, with His holy life and light and love into their souls; not whether the Cross of Calvary is efficacious for the saving of a sinner from his sins, but whether there can be anything, constitution, law, custom, art, science, book, home, power, office, shop, mill, in the highest sense divinely true and good, until it has been sprinkled with the Redeemer's blood, and leavened with the Redeemer's spirit; not whether it be worth while to seek to escape from a far-off and future hell, but whether any soul can afford to linger for a solitary moment in the hell of the here and now; not whether a single faculty be God's monitor within, but whether all faculties may not be inlets of divine illumination and organs of heavenly appeal and heavenly approach; not whether one day in seven has been set apart for the hallowed uses of spiritual contemplation and rest, but whether all days, and the services of all days, may not be sublimed into psalms of devout praise to the benignant Father; not whether it be possible to gain near access and hold sweet communion with the Crucified One through the simple sacrament of bread and wine, but whether every act of our life may not be so performed as to keep Him in constant remembrance, and our own heart in a blessed fellowship of the spirit; not whether a small capital of trust and righteousness will suffice to give heirship to the heavenly inheritance, but whether it be not the crowning wisdom to have in vital and ever-increasing possession that faith, and virtue, and knowledge, and temperance, and patience, and godliness, and brotherly kindness, and charity, through which an abundant entrance shall be ministered unto us, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

F. A. NOBLE.

O hearts of love! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest;
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean, like John, upon His breast!

J. G. WHITTIER

The heart has reasons that reason does not know. PASCAL.

"Faith, Hope and Love were questioned what they thought
Of future glory, which Religion taught;
Now Faith believed it firmly to be true,
And Hope expected so to find it, too;
Love answered, smiling, with a conscious glow,
'Believe! expect! — I know it to be so!'"

"As through an ill-thatched roof
The pelting rains descend,
So an unthinking mind
The stormy passions rend;
As well-thatched roofs defy the rain,
So passions crash and dash against the
thoughtful mind in vain."

FROM THE DHAMMAPADA.

He came laying His hand upon our head in sickness, His fingers upon our eyes, sighing out His soul upon us, breathing His peace into us; touching, taking us by the hand as we sink; entering into our homes; lifting us up in fever; teaching, chiding, enfolding, upholding, enlarging, inviting, encouraging, drawing, calming, controlling, commanding..

H. S. HOLLAND.

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest;
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The soul once brought into an inner and immediate contact with a divine power and life is never left to itself.

J. LEWIS DIMAN.

Is it true, O Christ in heaven!
  That the wisest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest,
  And most hopelessly are lost?
That the mark of rank in nature
  Is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer
  Makes the sweetness of the strain?

ANON.

CALM ME.

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar!
The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that men can contract in this life.

MADAME DE STAËL.

The tree overthrown by the wind had more branches than roots.

CHINESE MAXIM.

Very rarely indeed do we receive any good gift out of the spiritual treasures of our God in ripe completeness at the first. It would be as difficult to put a full-grown grace into the soul as it is to transplant a full-grown tree. SARAH F. SMILEY.

Love Virtue; she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

JOHN MILTON.

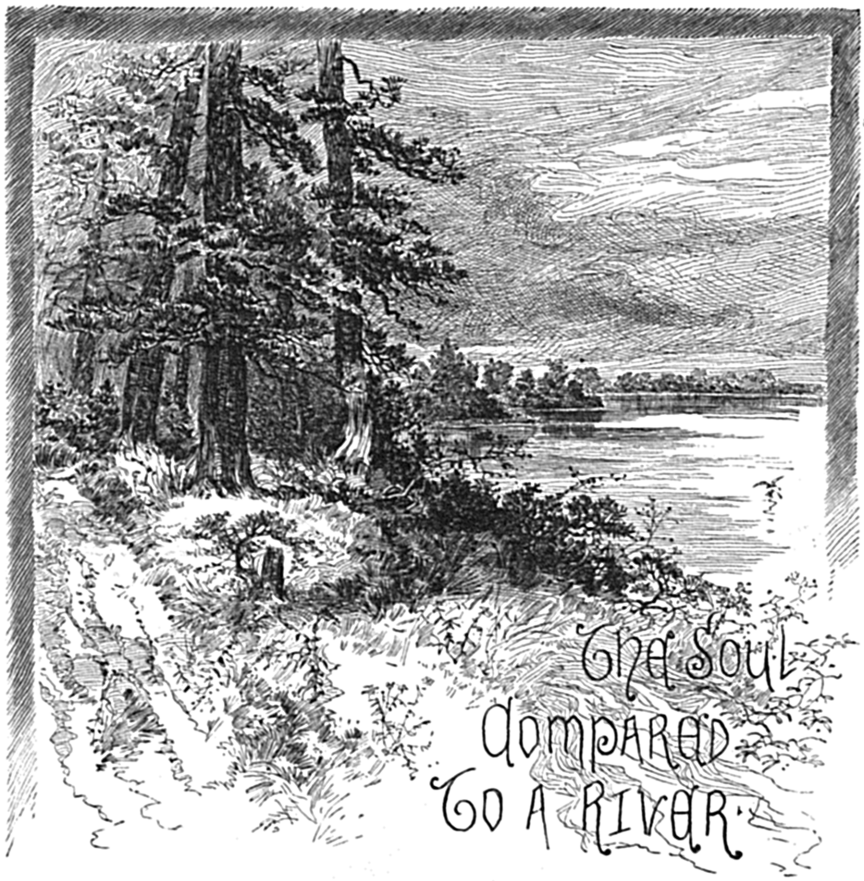
'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop, and weed up thyme, * * * have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry,—why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hope is unfulfilled—
The promise still outruns the deed
The tower, but not the spire, we build.
Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

O. W. HOLMES.

Rest, that strengthens unto virtuous deeds,
Is one with Prayer.

BAYARD TAYLOR.



FROM "NOSCE TEIPSUM."

And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
  Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
  And runs a nymph along the grassy plains;

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
  From whose soft side she first did issue make,
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
  Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake;

Yet Nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
  As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
  Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay:

Even so the Soul which in this earthly mould
  The spirit of God doth secretly infuse;
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
  And only this material world she views;

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
  And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
  And mounts not up with her celestial wings.

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
  That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
  She cannot in this world contented be;

For who did ever yet, in honor, wealth,
  Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceased to wish, when it had health?
  Or, having wisdom, was not vext in mind!

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
  Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
  But, pleas'd with none, doth rise and soar away:—

So, when the Soul finds here no true content,
  And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
  And flies to Him that first her wings did make.

THE SOUL COMPARED TO A VIRGIN WOOED IN MARRIAGE.

FROM "NOSCE TEIPSUM."

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
Of divers princes, who do neighbor near,
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
Though she to all do lend a gentle ear;

Yet she can love a foreign emperor,
Whom of great worth and power she hears to be,
If she be woo'd but by ambassador,
Or but his letters or his pictures see,—

For well she knows that when she shall be brought
Into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign,
Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,—
Himself, his state, his glory and his train:

So while the virgin Soul on earth doth stay,
She woo'd and tempted is ten thousand ways
By these great powers, which on the earth bear sway,—
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise.

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
These do by fits her fantasy possess;
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness.

But if upon the world's Almighty King
She once do fix her humble, loving thought,
Who by His picture, drawn in everything,
And sacred messages, her love hath sought;

Of Him she thinks,—she cannot think too much;
This honey tasted still, is ever sweet!
The pleasure of her ravished thought is such
As almost here she with her bliss doth meet;

But when in heaven she shall His essence see,—
This is her sovereign good, and perfect bliss,—
Her longings, wishings, hopes, all finished be;
Her joys are full, her motions rest in this.

There is she crown'd with garlands of content,
There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink;
That Presence doth such high delights present,
As never tongue could speak, nor heart could think.

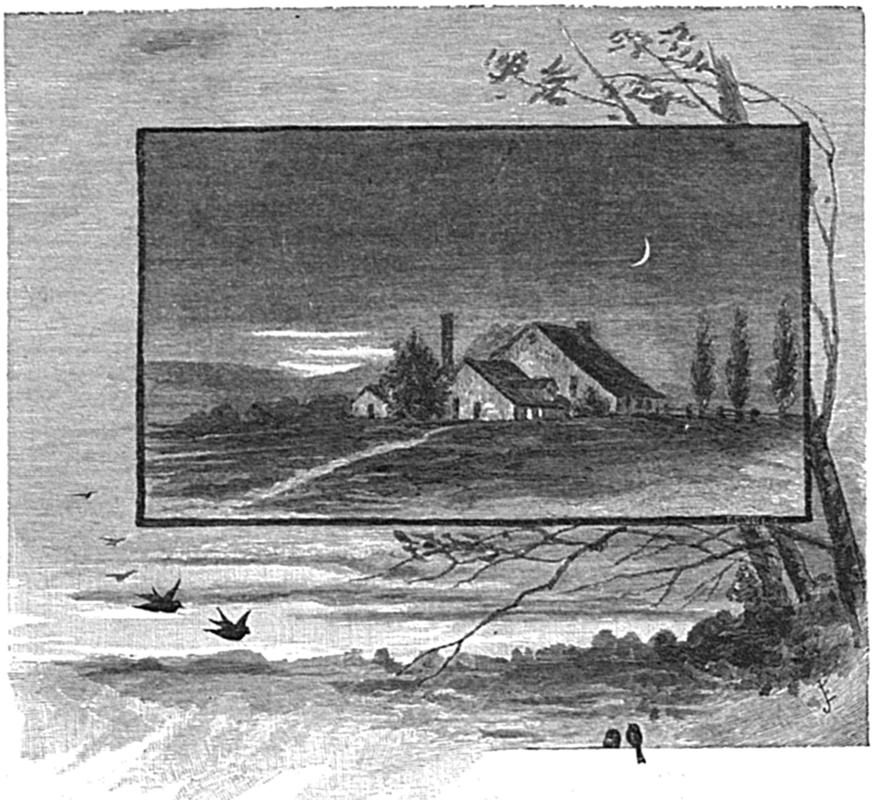
SIR JOHN DAVIES, 1599.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do:
Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it. * * *
In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man;
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go;
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor span
Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Who pleasure follows, pleasure slays;
God's wrath upon himself he wreaks;
But all delights rejoice his days
Who takes with thanks, yet never seeks.

COVENTRY PATMORE.



Evening Brings Us Home.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold;
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold;
And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold,
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints; oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts;
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming; when the light departs
At evening bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are;
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us and the snowdrifts thicken.
O Thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night: our tardy footsteps quicken;
At evening bring us home.

ANON.

For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but as paying debts. In my travels and since my settlement I have received much kindness from men and numberless mercies from God. Those kindnesses from men I can therefore only return to their fellow men; and I can only show my gratitude for these mercies from God by my readiness to help my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Birth, beauty, wealth, are nothing worth alone,
All these I would for good additions take;
'Tis the mind's beauty keeps the others sweet.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Words are nothing, save as *we* dwell in them. The same sentence may be a sword of flame or of steel, as we ourselves are cold or hot, or if indifferent, as we often are in going through the sham fights and parades of society, a stage weapon, with neither edge, point, nor weight.

A. S. HARDY.

Knowledge is gold to him who can discern
That he who loves to know, must love to learn.

J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

Better to be forever alone than to have an indiscriminate inrush of the world into one's sanctum. L. M. CHILD.

Careless seems the Great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word:
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own!

JAMES R. LOWELL.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do, and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternity!

MAX MÜLLER.

"Common sense is the gift of heaven; enough is genius."

"It's going on and up that's the fun of study, not arriving at the place; — arriving is the end."

SLEEP.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath;
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Bad Thought's a thief! He acts his part;
Creeps through the window of the heart,
And, if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in.

ANON.

I can scarcely bear to write on mathematics or mathematicians. Oh, for words to express my abomination of that science, if a name, sacred to the useful and embellishing arts, may be applied to the perception and recollection of certain properties, numbers and figures! Oh, that I had to learn astrology, or demonology, or school divinity! Oh, that I were to pore over Thomas Aquinas, and to adjust the relation of entity with the two predicaments, so that I were exempted from this miserable study! Discipline of the mind! Say rather starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation! But it must be. I feel myself a personification of algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of logarithms. All my perceptions of elegance and beauty gone, or at least going. By the end of the term my brain will be as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.

T. B. MACAULAY.

"Enjoy the glory of the sun, and do not put out your eyes by trying to count the spots upon his face."

"Politeness is like an air-cushion; it may have nothing very solid in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully."

It is when we are most worthy of confidence ourselves that we are least apt to distrust others. J. F. COOPER.

No man who is correctly informed as to the past will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

T. B. MACAULAY.

While you, you think
What others think, or what you think they'll say,
Shaping your course by something scarce more tangible
Than dreams, at best the shadows on the stream
Of aspen trees by flickering breezes swayed—
Load me with irons, drive me from morn till night,—
I am not the utter slave which that man is
Whose sole word, thought, and deed, are built on what
The world may say of him.

ANON.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it. THOMAS FULLER.

"I know that I have uncontrolled power over one unit in creation, and it's my business in life to govern that one as well as possible."

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which within a few days I should dissent myself.

THOMAS FULLER.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as if it stands.

WILLIAM COWPER.

We are wrong always when we think too much
Of what we think or are; albeit our thoughts
Be verily bitter as self-sacrifice,
We are no less selfish! If we sleep on rocks
Or roses, sleeping past the hour of noon,
We're lazy.

E. B. BROWNING.

I would not always reason. The straight path
Wearies us with the never-varying lines,
And we grow melancholy. I would make
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
Patiently by the wayside, while I traced
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
Around me. She should be my counsellor,
But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs
Impulses from a deeper source than hers;
And there are motions, in the mind of man,
That she must look upon with awe. I bow
Reverently to her dictates, but not less
Hold to the fair illusions of old time—
Illusions that shed brightness over life,
And glory over Nature.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"Praise not thy work, but let thy work praise thee;
For deeds, not words, make each man's memory stable.
If what thou dost is good, its good all men will see:
Musk by its smell is known, not by its label."

No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another. SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

"Elaboration is not beauty, and sandpaper has never finished a piece of bad work."

Everyone is alone who has an individual nature: there is no complete agreement. BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

The little dissatisfaction, which every artist feels at the completion of a work, forms the germ of a new work. IDEM.

We must be strong and know that hatred is death, that love alone is life, and that according to our love, so great is the measure of the life and divinity within us. IDEM.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow. Nature is the art of God. SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
The part that kings or laws can cause or cure.
DR. S. JOHNSON.

Nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life. FROM "JOHN INGLESANT."

If I be silent, 'tis no more but fear
That I should say too little when I speak.

LADY CAREW.

With God go even over the sea; without Him not over the threshold.

RUSSIAN PROVERB.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
I were but little happy if I could say how much.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

No man who is not as strong as he can be, and making himself stronger in a piety that is muscular and adventurous, is really righteous. * * * By just so much as goodness lacks greatness or strong qualities, it comes short of being divinely good. F. D. HUNTINGTON.

Then gently scan your brother man,
  Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kenning wrang,
  To step aside is human.

* * * * *

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
  Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone;
  Each spring, its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute—
  We never can adjust it:
What's done we partly may compute,
  But know not what's resisted.

ROBERT BURNS.

Ah, the waste of health and strength in the young; the waste, too, of anxiety and misery in those who love and tend them! How much of it might be saved by a little rational education in those laws of nature which are the will of God about the welfare of our bodies, and which, therefore, we are as much bound to know and to obey, as we are bound to know and to obey the spiritual laws whereon depends the welfare of our souls.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

FROM "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

VAN RYK.

If you mark, my lord,
Mostly a rumor of such things precedes
The certain tidings.

PHILIP.

It is strange, yet true,
That doubtful knowledge travels with a speed
Miraculous, which certain cannot match.
I know not why, when this or that has chanced,
The smoke outruns the flash, but so it is.

HENRY TAYLOR.

When a soul is found sincerely pure,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the soul,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

JOHN MILTON.

ON LEAVING MY NATIVE LAND FOR ENGLAND.

MAY, 1833.

Unto the winds and waves I now commit
My body, subject to the will of heaven;
Its resting-place may be the watery pit,—
'Tis His alone to take, who life has given.
But, O ye elements! the deathless soul,
Impalpable, outsoaring time and space,
Submits not to your mightiest control,
Nor meanly dwells in any earthly place.
Ocean may bleach, earth crumble, worms devour,
Beyond identity, its wondrous frame;
Decay blights not the spiritual flower,
Nor age suppresses the ethereal flame.
Thus thy dread sting, O Death! I dare to brave;
Thus do I take from thee the victory, O Grave!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

The world is too much with us: late and soon;
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers!
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our lives away, a sordid boon.
The sea, that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are regathered now, like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune.
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus, rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DIABOLUS THE DOUBTER.

FROM "THE LAYMAN'S BREVIARY," BY GOTTLIEB L. I. SCHEFER.

Diabolus the devil is the doubter,
The caviler, the sceptic, who forever
Has doubts of being, love, and of the good
He ought to do: who in his dark distrust
Of all the truth that stirs within his heart,
Would fain exempt himself from virtue's law,
From action, and at last ends in despair.
And wouldst thou know who is the angel now?
He who believes in all the good and fair
He finds in others, loves to find it there;
Finds love in God, and God's love everywhere
Throughout the universe, and gladliest
In his own bosom: who to satisfy
His honor, to be worthy of himself,
So lives as if God always looked on him!
That man, and only he, who lives a life
Worthy of God, lives the true life of man.

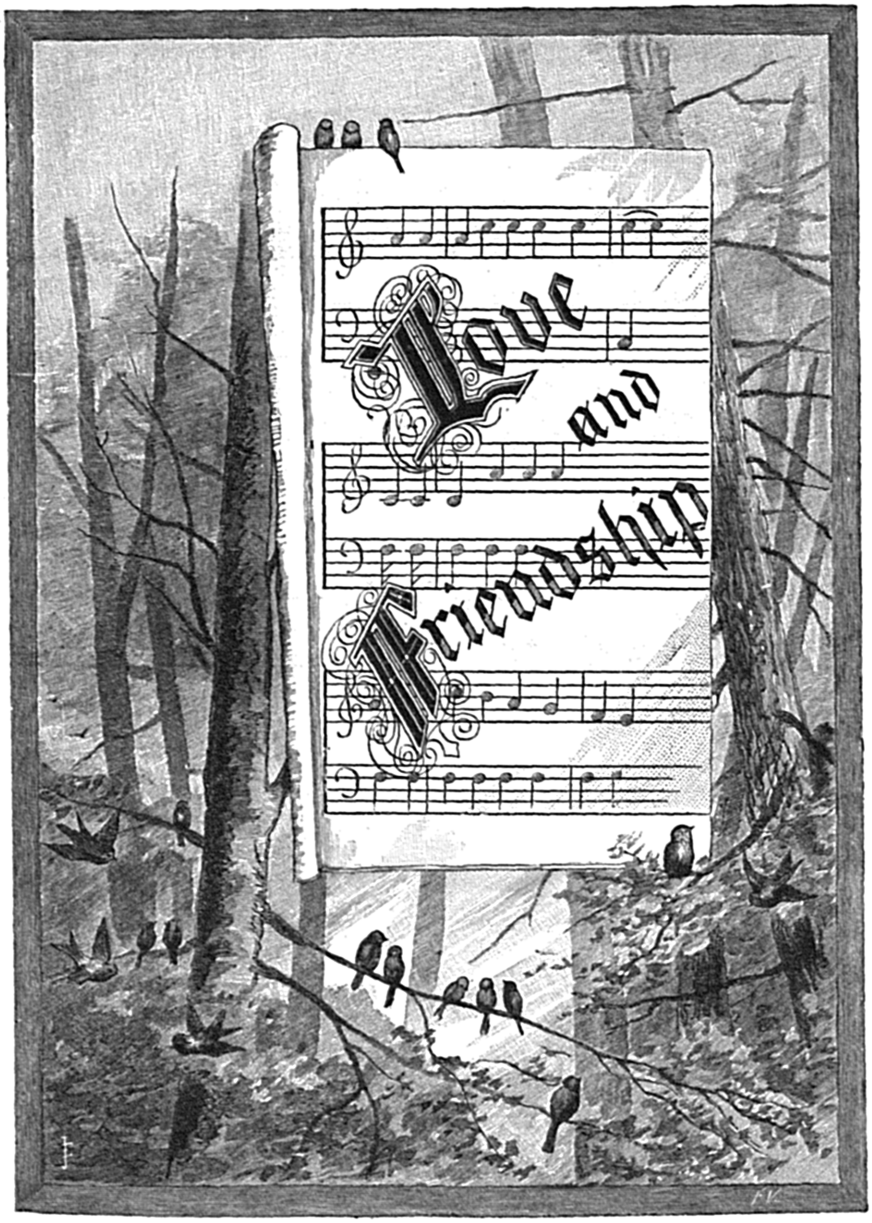
TRANSLATED BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees, it sufficeth me if I know their virtues.

There is no service like his that serves because he loves.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"Nor serve we only when we gird
Our hearts for special ministry;
That creature best has minister'd,
Which is what it was meant to be."


Love
and
Friendship

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and earth; because love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created things.

Thomas A Kempis -

God is love.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned. BIBLE.

Beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise.
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou mayst ascend.
JOHN MILTON.

For love is lord of truth and loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust,
On golden plumes, up to the highest sky,
Above the reach of loathly, sinful lust;
* * * * * * * *
Such is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refinèd soul doth newly fashion,
Unto a fairer form.
EDMUND SPENSER.

The more the love, the mightier is the prayer.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Love is precisely to the moral nature what the sun is to the earth.

JEAN L. G. DE BALZAC.

Gold is but gloss,
And possessions are dross,
And gain is all loss,
Without love.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

As Jacob in his dream saw on the ladders of heaven the angels of God not only ascending but also descending, so for ever do the good and true come down into a greater sympathy while they go up into loftier purity.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Love greatens and glorifies
Till God's aglow to the loving eyes
In what was mere earth before.

ROBERT BROWNING.

By Friendship, I suppose you mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communications, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplary faithfulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable. JEREMY TAYLOR.

"Friend is a word of royal tone;
Friend is a poem all alone."

High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts.

R. W. EMERSON.

NOT OURS THE VOWS.

Not ours the vows of such as plight
  Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
  To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
  The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
  Yet deeper gloom tomorrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
  Have drawn our spirits nearer;
And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,
  Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
  With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
  Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
  And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
  By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON.

The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved; loved for ourselves — say, rather, loved in spite of ourselves.

VICTOR HUGO.

NATURE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Beauty still walketh on the earth and air,
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
As ere the Iliad's music was outrolled;
The roses of the spring are ever fair,
'Mong branches green still ringdoves coo and pair,
And the deep sea still foams its music old.
So, if we are at all divinely souled,
This beauty will unloose our bonds of care.
'Tis pleasant when blue skies are o'er us bending
Within old starry-gated Poesy,
To meet a soul set to no worldly tune,
Like thine, sweet Friend! Oh, dearer this to me
Than are the dewy trees, the sun, the moon,
Or noble music with a golden ending.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Was never true love loved in vain
For truest love is highest gain.
No art can make it; it must spring
Where elements are fostering.
So in Heaven's spot and hour
Springs the little native flower,
Downward root and upward eye,
Shapen by the earth and sky.

GEORGE ELIOT.

He who for love has undergone
The worst that can befall
Is happier thousandfold than one
Who never loved at all!
A grace within his soul has reigned
Which nothing else can bring:—
Thank God for all that I have gained
By that high suffering!

R. M. MILNES.

MY LOVE.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart intwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of weekday holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman: one in whom
The springtime of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles, my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

J. R. LOWELL.

God be praised, the meanest of His creatures
Owns two soul-sides—one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Love is its own great loveliness, alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time;
Its bough owns no December and no May;
But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.

THOMAS HOOD.

PLIGHTED.

Mine to the core of the heart, my beauty!
Mine, all mine, and for love, not duty;
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake—as mine to thee.
Duty's a slave that keeps the keys,
But Love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
Just as he please—just as he please.

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,
To the silken foot that's scarce beholden;
Give to a few friends hand or smile,
Like a generous lady, now and awhile,
But the sanctuary heart, that none dare win,
Keep holiest of holiest evermore;
The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
The high priest only enters in.

Mine, my own, without doubts or terrors,
With all thy goodnesses, all thy errors,
Unto me and to me alone revealed,
"A spring shut up, a fountain sealed."
Many may praise thee—praise mine as thine;
Many may love thee—I'll love them too;
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful and true,
Must be mine, mine wholly, and only mine.

Mine! God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given
Something all mine on this side heaven;
Something as much myself to be
As this my soul which I lift to Thee;
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
Life of my life, whom Thou dost make
Two to the world for the world's work's sake—
But each unto each, as in Thy sight, *one*.

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

Thou art my morning, twilight, noon and eve,
My summer and my winter, spring and fall,
For Nature left on thee a touch of all
The moods that come to gladden or to grieve

The heart of Time, with purpose to relieve
From lagging sameness. So do these forestall
In thee such o'erheaped sweetnesses as pall
Too swiftly, and the taste tasteless leave.

Scenes that I love to me always remain
Beautiful, whether under summer's sun
Beheld, or storm-dark, stricken across with rain.
So through all humors thou'rt the same sweet one;
Doubt not I love thee well in each, who see
Thy constant change is changeful constancy.

GEORGE P. LATHROP.

FROM "AMONG THE HILLS."

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms
  That skirt the mowing-meadow,
And watched the gentle west-wind weave
  The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer heat
  To share her grateful screening,
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
  Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face
  Had nothing mean or common,—
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness
  And pride beloved of woman.

She looked up, glowing with the health
  The country air had brought her,
And, laughing, said: "You lack a wife,
  Your mother lacks a daughter."

* * * * * *

"Be sure among these brown old homes
  Is some one waiting ready,—

Some fair, sweet girl, with skillful hand
  And cheerful heart for treasure,
Who never played with ivory keys
  Or danced the polka's measure."

He bent his black brows to a frown,
  He set his white teeth tightly:
"'Tis well," he said, "for one like you
  To choose for me so lightly.

"You think, because my life is rude,
  I take no note of sweetness:
I tell you love has naught to do
  With meetness or unmeetness.

"Itself its best excuse, it asks
  No leave of pride or fashion
When silken zone or homespun frock
  It stirs with throbs of passion.

"You think me deaf and blind: you bring
  Your winning graces hither
As free as if from cradle-time
  We two had played together.

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,
  Your cheek of sundown's blushes,
A motion as of waving grain,
  A music as of thrushes.

"The plaything of your summer sport,
  The spells you weave around me,
You cannot at your will undo,
  Nor leave me as you found me.

"You go as lightly as you came,
  Your life is well without me;
What care you that these hills will close
  Like prison-walls before me?

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,
  Or daughter for my mother:
Who loves you loses in that love
  All power to love another!

"I dare your pity or your scorn,
  With pride your own exceeding;
I fling my heart into your lap
  Without one word of pleading."

She looked up in his face of pain
  So archly, yet so tender:
"And if I lend you mine," she said,
  "Will you forgive the lender?

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man;
  And see you not, my farmer,
How weak and fond a woman waits
  Behind this silken armor?

"I love you: on that love alone,
  And not my worth, presuming,
Will you not trust for summer fruit
  The tree in May-day blooming?"

Alone the hangbird overhead,
  His hair-swung cradle straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle,—
  The giving that is gaining.

And so the farmer found a wife,
His mother found a daughter;
There looks no happier home than hers
On pleasant Bearcamp water.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our dooryards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching;
The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.

And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknits the brow of ailing;
Her garments to the sick man's ear
Have music in their trailing.

* * * * * *

Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it.
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restore it.

J. G. WHITTIER.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

As the rays come from the sun, and yet are not the sun, even so our love and pity, though they are not God, but merely a poor, weak image and reflection of Him, yet from Him alone they come. If there is mercy in our hearts, it comes from the Fountain of mercy. If there is the light of love in us, it is a ray from the full sun of His love.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Everything that is mine, even to my life, I may give to one I love, but the secret of my friend is not mine.

It is folly to believe that one can faithfully love who does not love faithfulness.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Against that fool must all true thinkers laugh,
Who, counting o'er his friends, thinks most of number;
It is as if who wants a single staff
Should with a bunch of reeds his hand encumber.

FROM "ORIENTAL POETRY."

A crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, when there is no love.

LORD BACON.

Neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful ev'ning mild; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet.

JOHN MILTON.

GENEVIEVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
  Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
  And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
  Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
  Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
  Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
  My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
  The statue of the armed Knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay
  Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
  My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
  The songs that make her grieve.

I prayed a soft and doleful air,
  I sang an old and moving story,—
An old rude song that suited well
  That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
  With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
  But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
  Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
  The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and, ah!
  The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love,
  Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
  With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
  Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
  Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
  Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
  And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
  In green and sunny glade,—

There came, and look'd him in the face,
  An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
  This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
  He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
  The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees,
  And how she tended him in vain —
And ever strove to expiate
  The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave;
  And how his madness went away
When on the yellow forest-leaves
  A dying man he lay;

His dying words — but when I reached
  That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
  Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
  Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,
The music and the doleful tale,
  The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
  An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
  Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
  She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
  I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved — she stept aside;
  As conscious of my look, she stept —
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
  She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
  She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, looked up
  And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
  And partly 'twas a bashful art
That I might rather feel, than see,
  The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears; and she was calm,
  And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
  My bright and beauteous Bride.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Tully was the first who observed that friendship improves happiness and abates misery by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief: a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayists upon Friendship that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship.

* * * * * * * *

A mind that is softened and humanized by friendship cannot bear frequent reproaches: either it must quite sink under the oppression, or abate considerably of the value and esteem it had for him who bestows them. The proper business of friendship is to inspire life and courage; and a soul thus supported outdoes itself; whereas, if it be unexpectedly deprived of these succours it droops and languishes. We are in some measure more inexcusable if we violate our duties to a friend than to a relative; since the former arise from a voluntary choice, the latter from a necessity to which we could not give our own consent. As it has been said on one side that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expose the weakness of his choice, it will doubtless hold much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a treasure which was once in his possession.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

ABSENCE.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him;
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grow;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THREE KISSES.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And ever since it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world greetings—quick with its "O, list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height,
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

E. B. BROWNING.

THE SHEPHERD'S LOVE.

Here she was wont to go ! and here ! and here !
Just where those daisies, pinks and violets grow.
The world may find the Spring by following her,
For other print her airy steps ne'er left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blowball from his stalk !
But like the soft west-wind she shot along,
And where she went the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot !

BEN JONSON.

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain ;
Names, things and facts—whate'er we knowledge call,
There is the common ledger for them all:
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impressions, and are soon effaced.
But we've a page more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there:
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Best friend, my well-spring in the wilderness.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE WANDERER'S SONG.

Through many a kingdom and city and land,
I travel away from the clasp of thy hand;
But whether on mountain or river or sea,—
Wherever I wander, my heart is with thee!

The purple and gold at the break of the day,
The sparkle of dewdrops that sprinkle my way,
The bloom on the meadow, the bud on the tree,—
Whatever hath beauty reminds me of thee!

The trill of the lark as he soars to the sky,
The sigh of the pine as the wind fleeth by,
The hymn of the locust, the hum of the bee,—
Whatever makes melody whispers of thee!

If I, as a bard, strike a note of my own,
Of banquet and laughter, of battle and groan,
My song is a love-song, whatever the key,—
Whatever I sing of, I sing it for thee!

The brow of the mower is beaded with sweat,—
His task is a hardship, his toil is a fret;
But light as a feather my load is to *me*,—
Whatever the burden, I bear it for thee!

The air is enchanted wherever I go—
Thyself the enchantress who charmeth it so!—
And bountiful Nature is buoyant and free
Because her own spirit is borrowed of thee!

Without thee the world would be empty and drear,
For thou art the blessing that gives it its cheer!
I care not what fortune the Fates may decree,—
My treasure of treasures is only in thee!

Of all the fair fancies that flit through my brain,
That come and go quickly, too bright to remain,
One vanisheth never, though others may flee,—
And this is the image, my darling, of thee.

To love thee in absence is rapture of bliss;
Then what were thy presence, and what were thy kiss?
From mountain to river, from river to sea,
I hasten, my darling, I hasten to thee!

THEODORE TILTON.

LOVE'S RÉSUMÉ.

BY HEINRICH HEINE.

The Sun, the Rose, the Lily, the Dove,—
I loved them all, in my early love.
I love them no longer, but her alone,
The Pure, the Tender, the Only, the One.
For she herself, my Queen of Love,
Is Rose, and Lily, and Sun, and Dove!

TRANSLATED BY J. F. C.

BRIDGES AND WINGS.

BY EMANUEL GEIBEL.

Each song I send thee is a bridge,
  Built by thy happy lover,—
A golden bridge, by which my love
  To thee, sweet child, comes over.

And all my dreams have angel-wings,
  Made up of smiles and sighing;
Lighter than air, on which my love
  To thee, dear heart, comes flying.

TRANSLATED BY J. F. C.

By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith that mounts on angel wings,
By dreams that make night-shadows bright,
And truths that turn our day to night,
By childhood's smile, and manhood's tear,
By pleasure's day, and sorrow's year,
By all the strains that fancy sings,
And pangs that time so surely brings,
For joy or grief, for hope or fear,
For all hereafter, as for here,
In peace or strife, in storm or shine,
My soul is wedded unto thine!

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

Come with the birds in the spring,
  Thou whose voice rivaleth theirs;
Come with the flowers, and bring
  Sweet shame to their bloom unawares;

Come,—but oh, how can I wait!
  Come through the snows of today!
Come, and the gray earth elate
  Shall leap for thy sake into May!

H. M. K.

Love asks no evidence
To prove itself well placed; we know not whence
It gleans the straws that thatch its humble bower:
We can but say we found it in the heart,
Spring of all sweetest thoughts, arch foe of blame,
Sower of flowers in the dusty mart,
Pure vestal of the poet's holy flame,—
This is enough, and we have done our part
If we but keep it spotless as it came.

J. R. LOWELL.

ON A LADY SINGING.

Oft as my lady sang for me
That song of the lost one that sleeps by the sea,
Of the grave on the rock, and the cypress-tree,
Strange was the pleasure that over me stole,
For 'twas made of old sadness that lives in my soul.

So still grew my heart at each tender word
That the pulse in my bosom scarcely stirred,
And I hardly breathed, but only heard.
Where was I? — not in the world of men,
Until she awoke me with silence again.

Like the smell of the vine, when its early bloom
Sprinkles the green lane with sunny perfume,
Such a delicate fragrance filled the room.
Whether it came from the vine without,
Or arose from her presence, I dwell in doubt.

Light shadows played on the pictured wall
From the maples that fluttered outside the hall,
And hindered the daylight — yet ah! not all:
Too little for that all the forest would be —
Such a sunbeam she was, and is, to me!

When my sense returned, as the song was o'er,
I fain would have said to her, "Sing it once more";
But soon as she smiled my wish I forebore:
Music enough in her look I found,
And the hush of her lip seemed sweet as the sound.

T. W. PARSONS.

"True kindness is a pure divine affinity,
Not founded upon human consanguinity:
It is a spirit, not a blood relation,
Superior to family and station."

SONG.

In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all:

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ABSENCE.

The shortest absence brings to every thought
Of those we love a solemn tenderness;
It is akin to death. Now we confess—
Seeing the loneliness their loss has brought—
That they were dearer far than we had taught
Ourselves to think. We see that nothing less
Than hope of their return could cheer or bless
Our weary days. We wonder how—for aught
Or all of fault in them—we could heed
Or anger, with their loving presence near,
Or wound them by the smallest word or deed.
Dear absent love of mine—it did not need
Thy absence to tell me thou wert dear—
And yet the absence maketh it more clear.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

LIBER AMORIS.

WHY?

If you see a flower today,
And the scent of it is sweet,
You will know what it is—
No flower, but a kiss,
For I blow one your way,
And it grows at your feet

If you hear a bird today,
And its melody is dear,
You will hearken to it long—
No bird, but a song,
For I wing one your way,
And it sings in your ear!

If you have my song today,
And you feel its gentle art,
And if you have my kiss,
And know how pure it is—
Be careful of them, pray,
For they are my soul and heart.

R. H. STODDARD.

The height of heights is love. The philosopher dries into a skeleton like that he investigates, unless love teaches him.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

How sweet is the prayer of the virgin heart to its love! Thy virtues won me. With virtue preserve me! Dost thou love me? Keep me, then, still worthy to be loved! SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

To say that a man is your friend, means commonly no more than this, that he is not your enemy. Most contemplate only what would be the accidental and trifling advantages of friendship, as that the friend can assist in time of need, by his substance, or his influence, or his counsel; but he who foresees such advantages in this relation proves himself blind to its real advantage, or indeed wholly inexperienced in the relation itself. Such services are particular and menial, compared with the perpetual and all-embracing service which it is. Even the utmost good will and harmony and practical kindness are not sufficient for friendship, for friends do not live in harmony merely, as some say, but in melody. We do not wish for friends to feed and clothe our bodies,—neighbors are kind enough for that,—but to do the like office to our spirits. For this few are rich enough, however well disposed they may be. * * * In our daily intercourse with men, our nobler faculties are dormant and suffered to rust. None will pay us the compliment to expect nobleness from us. Though we have gold to give, they demand only copper. We ask our neighbor to suffer himself to be dealt with truly, sincerely, nobly; but he answers no by his deafness. * * * But sometimes we are said to *love* another, that is, to stand in a true relation to him, so that we give the best to and receive the best from him. Between whom there is hearty truth there is love; and in proportion to our truthfulness and confidence in one another, our lives are divine and miraculous, and answer to our ideal. There are passages of affection in our intercourse with mortal men and women, such as no prophecy had taught us to expect, which transcend our earthly life, and anticipate heaven for us. * * * My Friend is that one whom I can associate with my choicest thought. * * * There are times when we have had enough even of our friends, when we begin inevitably to profane one another, and must withdraw religiously into solitude and silence, the better to prepare ourselves for a loftier intimacy. Silence is the ambrosial night in the intercourse of friends, in which their sincerity is recruited and takes deeper root. The language of friendship is not words, but meanings. It is an intelligence above language. One imagines endless conversations with his friend, in which the tongue shall be loosed, and thoughts be spoken without hesitancy or end; but the experience is commonly far otherwise.

Acquaintances may come and go, and have a word ready for every occasion; but what puny word shall he utter whose very breath is thought and meaning? Suppose you go to bid farewell to your friend who is setting out on a journey; what other outward sign do you know than to shake his hand? Have you any palaver ready for him then? any box of salve to commit to his pocket? any particular message to send by him? any statement which you had forgotten to make?—as if you could forget anything! No; it is much that you take his hand and say farewell; that you could easily omit; so far custom has prevailed. It is even painful, if he is to go, that he should linger so long: if he must go, let him go quickly. Have you any *last* words? Alas, it is only the word of words, which you have so long sought and found not; *you* have not a first word yet. There are few even whom I should venture to call earnestly by their most proper names. A name pronounced is the recognition of the individual to whom it belongs. He who can pronounce my name aright, he can call me, and is entitled to my love and service. Yet reserve is the freedom and abandonment of lovers. It is the reserve of what is hostile or indifferent in their natures, to give place to what is kindred and harmonious. A true friendship is as wise as it is tender. The parties to it yield implicitly to the guidance of their love, and know no other law nor kindness. It is not extravagant and insane, but what it says is something established henceforth, and will bear to be stereotyped. It is a truer truth, it is better and fairer news, and no time will ever shame it, or prove it false. This is a plant which thrives best in a temperate zone, where summer and winter alternate with one another. The friend is a *necessarius*, and meets his friend on homely ground; not on carpets and cushions, but on the ground and on rocks they will sit, obeying the natural and primitive laws. They will meet without any outcry, and part without loud sorrow. Their relation implies such qualities as the warrior prizes; for it takes a valor to open the hearts of men as well as the gates of castles. It is not an idle sympathy and mutual consolation merely, but a heroic sympathy of aspiration and endeavor.

H. D. THOREAU.

Who shuts love out shall be shut out from love.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MIZPAH.

GENESIS XXXI, 49.

"The Lord be our watchman while leagues intervene,
Upholding unfelt, and directing unseen,—
By night and by day, at home and abroad,
Almighty, all-present — our guardian God.

The Lord be our witness while roaming apart,
How fervent our friendship, how constant each heart,
The Lord be our witness that hourly we meet
In converse divine, around Mercy's high seat."

FRIENDSHIP.

True bliss, if man may reach it, is compos'd
Of hearts in union mutually disclos'd;
And, farewell else all hope of pure delight!
Those hearts should be reclaim'd, renew'd upright;
Bad men, profaning friendship's hallow'd name,
Form, in its stead, a covenant of shame.

* * * * * * *

But souls that carry on a blest exchange
Of joys they meet with in their heavenly range,
And, with a fearless confidence, make known
The sorrows sympathy esteems its own;
Daily derive increasing light and force
From such communion in their pleasant course;
Feel less the journey's roughness and its length,
Meet their opposers with united strength,
And, one in heart, in interest, and design,
Gird up each other to the race divine.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Who seeks a friend should come disposed
To exhibit in full bloom disclosed,
  The graces and the beauties
That form the character he seeks,
For 'tis a union that bespeaks
  Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied
And equal truth on either side,
  And constantly supported;
'Tis senseless arrogance to accuse
Another of sinister views,
  Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice?
It is indeed above all price,
  And must be made the basis;
But every virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
  All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
  By ceaseless sharp corrosion;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
  At one immense explosion.

* * * * *

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams
  If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove an envious foe indeed,
  But not a friend worth keeping.

* * * * *

Then judge yourself, and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
  And, having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
  Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
  That constancy befits them,
Are observations on the case,
That savor much of common place,
  And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead and stone,
An architect requires alone
  To finish a fine building—
The palace were but half complete
If he could possibly forget
  The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack
And proves by thumps upon your back
  How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
  To pardon or to bear it.

IDEM.

Friendship is a seed
Needs tendance. You must keep it free from weed,
Nor, if the tree has sometimes bitter fruit,
Must you for this lay axe unto the root.

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

LOVE ME, O BELOVED.

O thou, who stronger art,
And standest ever near the Infinite,
Pale with the light of Light!

Love me, beloved! me, more newly made,
More feeble, more afraid;
And let me hear with mine thy pinions moved,

As close and gentle as the loving are,
That love being near, heaven may not seem so far.

E. B. BROWNING.

Friends should love not merely for the absolute worth of each to the other, but on account of a mutual fitness of character. They are not merely one another's priests or gods, but ministering angels exercising in their part the same function as the Great Soul does in the whole —of seeing the perfect through the imperfect, nay, of creating it there.

MARGARET FULLER.

As I think of the immense happiness which was in store for me, and of the depth and intensity of that love which, for so many years, hath blessed me, I own to a transport of wonder and gratitude for such a boon,—nay, am thankful to have been endowed with a heart capable of feeling and knowing the immense beauty and value of the gift which God hath bestowed upon me. Sure, love *vincit omnia* is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name. He knows not life who knows not that: he hath not felt the highest faculty of the soul who hath not enjoyed it. In the name of my wife I write the completion of hope, and the summit of happiness. To have such a love is the one blessing, in comparison of which all earthly joy is of no value; and to think of her is to praise God.

W. M. THACKERAY.

Love is nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines;
And as, without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colors, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men; so, without love,
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried;
For love informs us as the sun doth colors;
And, as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honorable fruits
Of valor, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution and divine discourse.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant,
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant
Bound to thy service with unceasing care—
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For naught but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's nest fill'd with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

AN HOUR WITH THEE.

An hour with thee! — When earliest day
Dapples with gold the eastern gray,
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear
The toil and turmoil, cark and care,
New griefs, which coming hours unfold.
And sad remembrance of the old? —
One hour with thee.

One hour with thee! — When burning June
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon,
What shall repay the faithful swain
His labour on the sultry plain;
And more than cave or sheltering bough,
Cool feverish blood and throbbing brow?
One hour with thee.

One hour with thee! — When sun is set,
Oh, what can teach me to forget
The thankless labours of the day,
The hopes, the wishes, flung away,
The increasing wants, and lessening gains,
The master's pride, who scorns my pains? —
One hour with thee.

WALTER SCOTT.

"There is a ladder to heaven, whose base God has placed in human affections, tender instincts, symbolic feelings, sacraments of love, through which the soul rises higher and higher, refining as she goes, till she outgrows the human, and changes, as she rises, into the image of the divine."

Love you none? Then you are lost. Love is the key to felicity; nor is there a heaven to him who has it not. A. B. ALCOTT.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth!
And constancy lives in realms above;
  And life is thorny: and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
  Doth work like madness in the brain.

* * * * * *

Each spake words of high disdain
  And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted,—ne'er to meet again!
  But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
  A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
  Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love! — what can it do?
I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and new.
If the world have miss'd the mark, let it stand by,
For we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me thy man; now the song begins
"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

---

* * * For, as to every leaf and every flower there is an ideal to which the growth of the plant is constantly urging, so is there an idea to every human being,—a perfect form in which it might appear, were every defect removed and every characteristic excellence stimulated to the highest point. Once in an age, God sends to some of us a friend who loves in us, not a false-imagining, an unreal character, but, looking through the rubbish of our imperfections, loves in us the divine ideal of our nature,—loves, not the man that we are, but the angel that we may be. Such friends seem inspired by a divine gift of prophecy—like the mother of St. Augustine, who, in the midst of the wayward, reckless youth of her son, beheld him in a vision, standing clothed in white, a ministering priest at the right hand of God, as he has stood for long ages since. Could a mysterious foresight unveil to us this resurrection form of the friends with whom we daily walk, compassed about with mortal infirmity, we should follow them with faith and reverence through all the disguises of human faults and weakness, "waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." But these wonderful soul-friends, to whom God grants such perception, are the exceptions in life; yet sometimes we are blessed with one who sees through us, as Michael Angelo saw through a block of marble, when he attacked it in a divine fervor, declaring that an angel was imprisoned within it;—and it is often the delicate, resolute hand of such a friend that sets the angel free. There are soul-artists, who go through this world, looking among their fellows with reverence, as one looks among the dust and rubbish of old shops

for hidden works of Titian and Leonardo da Vinci, and finding them, however cracked and torn and painted over with tawdry daubs of pretenders, immediately recognize the divine original, and set themselves to cleanse and restore. Such are God's real priests, whose ordination and anointing are from the Holy Spirit; and he who has not this enthusiasm is not ordained of God, though whole synods of bishops laid hands on him. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE LOVERS GO.

And see, the lovers go
With lingering steps and slow,
Over all the world together, all in all,
Over all the world. The empires fall,
The onward march of man seems spent;
The nations rot in dull content;
The blight of war, a bitter flood
From continent to continent,
Rolls on with waves of blood;
The light of knowledge sinks, the fire of thought burns low;
There seems scant thought of God; but yet
One power there is, men ne'er forget,
And still through every land beneath the skies,
Rapt, careless, looking in each other's eyes,
With lingering steps and slow,
The lovers go.

A pillar of light
Goes evermore before their dazzled eyes,
Purple and golden bright,
Youth's vast horizon spread, and the unbounded skies,
Oh, blessed dream, which for awhile dost hide
The sorrows of the world, and leave life glorified!
Oh, blessed light that risest still
Young eyes and eager souls to fill.

Linked arms and hearts aglow:
Wherever man is more than brute
To this self-sacrifice our natures grow.
Rapt each in each they go, and mute,
Listening to the sweet song
Which Love, with unheard accents, all day long
Sings to them, like a hidden bird,
Sweeter than e'er was seen or heard,
Which from Life's thick-leaved tree
Sings sadly, merrily.
A strange, mixed song, a mystic strain,
Which rises now to joy and jollity,
Now seemeth to complain:
But with a sweeter music far than is
Of earth-born melodies.

ANON.

LIFE'S SIGN.

Wouldst thou the life of souls discern,
Not human wisdom nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn,
Love is life's only sign.

JOHN KEBLE.

"Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not: love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

And now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

By love serve one another

Friend is a word of royal tone;
Friend is a poem all alone.

The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust.

R. W. Emerson

Friendships in Christ are forever.

Those that live in the Lord never see each other for the last time

German Motto.

A faithful friend is better than gold,—a medicine for misery, an only possession.

-Burton-

And there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother

THE PROTEST.

IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE.

I felt dear Love about me close
Her strong and clinging arms; there rose
Before I could to her control
Resign in conscience all my soul
The protest of an honest mind.
"Love thinks," I said, "in me to find
Rare qualities her own sweet thought
Has from imagination wrought.
She loves me as the thing her love
Deserves to have, nor waits to prove
The thing I am, and gauge by it;
Love me not so; I am not fit!"

O Love, dear Love! she loved me still,
Naught I could say would change her will
To love me, love me, love me so.
I was abashed; I did not know
How I could undeserving bear
That disproportioned love unfair.
I told her o'er and o'er how I
Before her with humility
Disowned the gift of grace she would
Ascribe to me; I was not good.
She only smiled; what could I do?
And would she love me if she knew?
O Love, what could I say to you,
Giving me so much more than due?

Through autumn woods I went my way
To seek the church one smiling day,
And in the outer courts I stopped
To see bright leaves the maple dropped

Outside the door, the while inside
High, tinted windows scattered wide
On aisle and chancel from the same
Rich god of light, his gold and flame.
"Thus Love," I sighed, "with her own hues
Transfigures me, then raptured views
What she calls me — poor Love, blind Love;
When all is hers she doth approve."

Did angels soundless cross the floor
To find me by the shady door?
"It doth not yet appear to me,"
The still air said, "what we shall be";
And then my heart leaped up to read
How right Love is, how ne'er is need
That we should criticize and fret
When Love interprets: we forget
She is the teacher, we but learn;
She's never wrong; she can discern.
Love, you are right! yes, Love, love me;
You love the thing that is to be.

Where I should run I often halt,
Where I should soar fall into fault;
But now can meet your eyes, for, Dear,
I know it doth not yet appear
What I shall be: I think amends
I can make then to all my friends.
I'll take your love now, without fear,
In pawn until it doth appear
What I shall be. So, Dear, love me;
Love me as some day I shall be;
And all this poured-out love some day
Perfected, strong, I will repay.

ELLA M. BAKER.

From "The Christian Union."

My heart, I will question thee.
  What is love, say?
"Two souls and one thought,
  Two hearts and one beat."

And speak, whence comes love?
  "It comes, and is there!"
And tell, how is love lost?
  "It was not love, that passed."

And what is pure love?
  "That which forgets itself!"
And when is love the deepest?
  "When it the stillest is!"

And when is love the richest?
  "That is it when it gives!"
And say, how talks love?
  "It *talks* not, it loves!"

FROM THE GERMAN.

LOVE THE ONLY PRICE OF LOVE.

"The fairest pearls that northern seas do breed,
  For precious stones from eastern coasts are sold,
Nought yields the earth that from exchange is freed
  Gold values all, and all things value gold.
Where goodness wants an equal change to make,
There greatness serves, or number place doth take.

"No mortal thing can bear so high a price,
  But that with mortal thing it may be bought;
The corn of Sicil buys the western spice;
  French wine of us, of them our cloth is sought.
No pearls, no gold, no stones, no corn, no spice,
  No cloth, no wine, of Love can pay the price.

"What thing is love, which naught can countervail?
Nought save itself, ev'n such a thing is Love.
All worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,
As lowest earth doth yield to heaven above.
Divine is Love, and scorneth worldly pelf,
And can be bought with nothing but with self."

WHAT LOVE SAID.

Love said,—"A beauty not of earth, but heaven,
Still seek in thy beloved's glances bright;
For love to man as his best strength is given,
A guiding star, not a false wandering light."

Love said,—"In the sweet eyes where thou dost see
Pure light, not flame, there shalt thou seek thy fate;
So a clear lamp to light thy path shall be,
No wasting fire thy heart to desolate."

Love said,—"This blessing to thy life is given,
To draw thy heart from things of little worth;
Wings shall it give, to lift thy heart to heaven,
Not chains to hold it closer to the earth."

F. RÜCKERT.

Translated by L. C.

That love for one, from which there doth not spring
Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing.

J. R. LOWELL.

When maistrie comth, the god of love anon
Beateth his wings, and, farewell! he is gone.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

A GARDEN IDYL.

We have loiter'd and laugh'd in the flowery croft,
  We have met under wintry skies;
Her voice is the dearest voice, and soft
  Is the light in her wistful eyes;
It is sweet in the silent woods, among
  Gay crowds, or in any place
To hear her voice, to gaze on her young
    Confiding face.

For ever may roses divinely blow,
  And wine-dark pansies charm
By the prim box path where I felt the glow
  Of her dimpled, trusting arm,
And the sweep of her silk as she turn'd and smiled
  A smile as fair as her pearls;
The breeze was in love with the darling child,
    As it moved her curls.

She show'd me her ferns and woodbine sprays,
  Foxglove and jasmine stars,
A mist of blue in the beds, a blaze
  Of red in the celadon jars;
And velvety bees in convolvulus bells,
  And roses of bountiful June—
Oh, who would think the summer spells
    Could die so soon!

For a glad song came from the milking shed,
  On a wind of that summer south,
And the green was golden above her head,
  And a sunbeam kiss'd her mouth;
Sweet were the lips where that sunbeam dwelt—
  And the wings of Time were fleet
As I gazed: and neither spoke, for we felt
    Life was so sweet!

And the odorous lines were dim above
  As we leant on a drooping bough;
And the darkling air was a breath of love,
  And a witching thrush sang "Now!"
For the sun dropt low, and the twilight grew
  As we listen'd, and sigh'd, and leant—
That day was the sweetest day—and we knew
    What the sweetness meant.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

SONG.

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
    In the atmosphere
    Of a new-fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of eternity:—
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love, again?
Tell me how many beads there are
    In a silver chain
    Of evening rain
Unravelled from the tumbling main
And threading the eye of a yellow star:—
So many times do I love again.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

Barren as sea-sand is every ambition—
  Pride proves of clay when its feet are revealed;
Only affection brings joy's full fruition—
  O love that will triumph! O life that must yield!

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

Imagine, love, that I bent over thee:
Imagine, love, I brushed thy eyelids dry,
Hushed in my hands thy oft-recurring sigh,
Warmed thee within my arms, and patiently
Talked down thy sorrows, till thy heart in glee
Leaped up and rapturously laughed: while I
Stared in blank wonder at the mystery.
Then, with moist lashes, put thy tresses by—
Marvelling in silence at the happy spell
That brought thee comfort—and thy features dyed
With added crimson, as my kisses fell
Warm on thy lips and forehead. In my pride
I fancy thus, and thou canst do as well;
'Twould be no fancy, were I at thy side.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

Tonight the tempest rages. All without
Is darkness, terror, and tremendous wails
From the mad winds. Fierce rains and savage hails
Dash on my window; and the branches shout,
To see their luckless blossoms strewn about,
Like frantic mourners. God, this night she sails
O'er the chaotic ocean! Fear prevails
Above my cowering spirit; and a rout
Of dark forebodings makes this pitchy night
One solid gloom. Hark, how the rushing air
Clashes my casement! Ah! what heart shall dare
Stand between her and danger, as I might,
Cheering her courage with love's steady light?
God, I am absent, wilt not Thou be there?

IDEM.

"I should not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine;
  My ribbins 'll never be reet,
Here, Mally, aw'm like to be fine,
  For Jamie'll be comin' to-neet;
He met me i' th' lone tother day
  (Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well),
An' he begged that aw'd wed him i' May.
  Bi' th' mass, iv he'll let me, aw will!

When he took my two honds into his:
  Good Lor: heaw they trembled between!
An' aw durstn't look up in his face,
  Becose on him seein' my e'en,
My cheek went as red as a rose:
  There's never a mortal con tell
Heaw happy aw felt—for, thae knows,
  One couldn't ha' axed him theirsel'!

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung:
  To let it eawt wouldn't be reet,
For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung;
  So aw towd him aw'd tell him toneet.
But, Mally, thae knows very weel,
  Though it isn't a thing one should own,
Iv aw'd the pikein' o' th' world to mysel',
  Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw've towd thae my mind;
  What would tha' do iv it wur thee?
"Aw'd tak him just while he're inclined,
  An' a farrantly bargain he'll be:
For Jamie's as greadly a lad
  As ever stept eawt into th' sun.
Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed:
  An' mak th' best o' th' job when it's done!"

Eh, dear! but it's time to be gwon:
  Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait:
Aw connut for shame be too soon,
  An' aw wouldn't for th' world be too late.
Aw'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel:
  Dost think 'at my bonnet'll do?
"Be off, lass—thae looks very weel;
  He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo!"

EDWIN WAUGH.

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings:
Draw in thy beams and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how ill becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see;
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

What love do I bring you? The earth,
  Full of love, were far lighter;
The great hollow sky, full of love,
  Something slighter.

Earth full and heaven full were less
  Than the full measure given;
Nay, say a heart full,—the heart
  Holds earth and heaven!

H. PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

CONFLUENTS.

As rivers seek the sea,
  Much more deep than they,
So my soul seeks thee
    Far away;
As running rivers moan
On their course alone,
    So I moan
    Left alone.

As the delicate rose
  To the sun's sweet strength
Doth herself unclose,
    Breadth and length:
So spreads my heart to thee
Unveiled utterly,
    I to thee
    Utterly.

As morning dew exhales
  Sunwards pure and free,
So my spirit fails
    After thee:
As dew leaves not a trace
On the green earth's face,
    I no trace
    On thy face.

Its goal the river knows,
  Dewdrops find a way,
Sunlight cheers the rose
    In her day:
Shall I lone sorrow past,
Find thee at the last?
    Sorrow past,
    Thee at last?

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Say you love me o'er and o'er,
Still my heart will long for more;
Pluck we blossoms sweet and fair,
Sweeter still the spring will bear,
Rove from starry space to space,
Orbits new your eye shall trace.
Thus with infinite desire
Deathless beauty doth inspire
Human souls: one goal attained,
Higher summits must be gained.

PERSIAN.

Translated by Mrs. E. M. Mitchell.

"WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?"

When shall we meet again,
  Dearest and best!
Thou going eastward and
  I going west?
Thou in whose love my heart
  Seeks for its rest;
When shall we meet again,
  Dearest and best!

Not in love's common way
  Was my love spoken —
No sweet confession made
  Sealed by sweet token:
Calmly I uttered it,
  Though half heart-broken;
Not in love's common way
  Was my love spoken.

What will its issue be?
  Cloud-shadows fall —
All is uncertainty —
  Yet over all

One guideth steadily
Great things and small:
What will the issue be?
God guideth all.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile, her look, her way
Of speaking gently; for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day,"—
For these things in themselves, beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so wrought
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry;
A creature might forget to weep who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on through love's eternity.

E. B. BROWNING.

There are loves in man's life for which time can renew
All that time may destroy. Lives there are, though, in love,
Which cling to one faith, and die with it: nor move
Though earthquakes may shatter the shrine.

ROBERT LYTTON.

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands:
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

The might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
For oh, how good, how beautiful, must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove!

Forgive me if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven;
For they are guiding-stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;
An if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What were I, Love, if I were stripped of thee,
If thine eyes shut me out whereby I live,
Thou who unto my calmer soul dost give
Knowledge, and Truth, and holy Mystery,
Wherein Truth mainly lies for those who see
Beyond the earthly and the fugitive,
Who in the grandeur of the soul believe,
And only in the Infinite are free?
Without thee I were naked, bleak, and bare
As yon dead cedar on the sea-cliff's brow;
And Nature's teachings, which come to me now,
Common and beautiful as light and air,
Would be as fruitless as a stream which still
Slips through the wheel of some old ruined mill.

J. R. LOWELL.

REMEMBRANCE.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes now wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I now pay as if not paid before;
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SOUL-LIGHT.

What other woman could be loved like you,
Or how of you should love possess his fill?
After the fullness of all rapture, still—
As at the end of some deep avenue
A tender glamour of day,—there comes to view
Far in your eyes a yet more hungering thrill,—
Such fire as Love's soul-winnowing hands distill
Even from his inmost ark of light and dew.

And as the traveler triumphs with the sun,
Glorying in heats midheight, yet startide brings
Wonder new-born, and still fresh transport springs
From limpid lambent hours of day begun:—
Even so, through eyes and voice, your soul doth move
My soul with changeful light of infinite love.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Trust me, I have not earned your dear rebuke,
  I love as you would have me, God the most;
  Would lose not Him, but you, must one be lost,
Nor with Lot's wife cast back a faithless look
Unready to forego what I forsook;
  This say I, having counted up the cost,
  This, though I be the feeblest of God's host,
The sorriest sheep Christ shepherds with His crook.
  Yet while I love my God the most, I deem
    That I can never love you overmuch;
      I love Him more, so let me love you too;
    Yea, as I apprehend it, love is such
    I cannot love you if I love not Him,
      I cannot love Him if I love not you.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

FROM "THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT."

If anything can succeed in reviving, once more, the interest in life which has been almost entirely extinguished, it is love,—not the universal love of mankind, which is only another kind of egotism, but the special love for a single individual, with whose joys and sorrows we can heartily sympathize. Love is the most vigorous of all feelings; it resists annihilation better than any other, and outlives all others. The greatest psychologist who ever lived, and to whom we physicians are deeply indebted—Shakespeare—makes Lear say to the fool, shortly before insanity overwhelms him, "I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee." This one part of the heart is the sound part, where the cure must begin.

F. SPIELHAGEN.

There is no good of life but love—but love! What else looks good, is some shade flung from love. Love gilds it, gives it worth.

ROBERT BROWNING.

POST MORTEM.

If thou survive my well-contented day
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover;
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
Oh, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought;—
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

By night, by day, afield, at hame,
The thoughts of thee my breast inflame;
And aye, I muse and sing thy name,—
I only live to love thee.
Though I were doomed to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then,—and then I love thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife and tribulation; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest to endless joy.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

JEAN.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
  I dearly like the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
  The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
  And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
  Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
  I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
  I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
  By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
  But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
  Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
  Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me
  That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
  Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
  Hae pass'd atween us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part
  That night she gaed awa!
The Powers aboon can only ken
  To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
  As my sweet lovely Jean!

ROBERT BURNS.

LOVE'S GOOD MORROW.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft, larks, mount aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing, birds in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow,
Blackbird, and thrush, in every bush
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

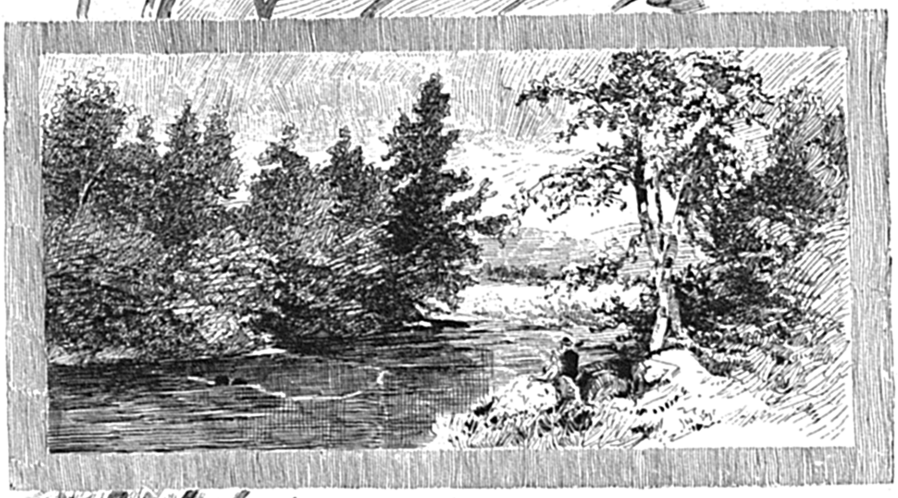
THOMAS HEYWOOD.

---

* * * Love is indestructible;
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

By the waters of life we
sat down together,



Hand in hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When hours were anthems, and speech was praise.

Richard Realf

AN OLD MAN'S IDYL.

By the waters of Life we sat together,
  Hand in hand, in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
  When hours were anthems and speech was praise;
When the heart kept time to the carol of birds,
  And the birds kept tune to the songs that ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
  And trees with voices æolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
  I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
  The burdens of being on us weighed;
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
  Mantles of joy, outlasting Time;
And up from the rosy morrows grew
  A sound that seemed like a marriage-chime.

In the gardens of Life we roamed together;
  And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
  Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.
And under the trees the angels walked,
  And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us sacredly while we talked
  Softly in tender communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
  Watching the waving harvests grow;
And under the benison of the Father
  Our hearts like the lambs skipped to and fro.
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
  Broidered fairer the emerald banks;
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
  And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
  Neither myself nor darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
  Out from the heavens with crowns of rest.
Only we knew that something bright
  Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
  Of something higher than humanhood.

Oh, the riches Love doth inherit!
  Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
  Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble, and dry, and old,
  My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
But our elixir and precious gold
  Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come upon us,
  Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us,
  Wonderful rainbows through the rain:
And we hear the tread of the years go by,
  And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
  And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
  Dreaming the dreams of long ago.
Then it was balmy summer weather,
  And now the valleys are laid in snow,
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves,
  The wind grows cold,—it is growing late,
Well, well,—we have garnered all our sheaves,
  I and my darling,—and we wait.

RICHARD REALF.

THE TRUE SPRING.

When the hour had come I must leave thy home,
  Saw I nothing of the charm of May:
Knowing this alone, that all joy was gone,
  When from thee, from thee, I must away.

Song and perfume sweet in the air did meet,
  But they could not touch my heart that day;
Knowing this alone, that all joy was gone,
  When from thee, from thee, I must away.

Now I come again, 'mid the winter rain,
  Feeling nothing of its bitter sting;
For each sound I hear says the hour is near,
  Which to thee, to thee my steps shall bring.

Though around my form roars the cruel storm,
  Tender is its voice as song of spring;
For each sound I hear says the hour is near,
  Which to thee, to thee, my steps shall bring.

OSTERWALD.

Translated by J. F. C.

Oh, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent;
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love, still telling what is told.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"Love is hurt with jar and fret."

MY LADY SINGING.

She whom this heart must ever hold most dear
(This heart in happy bondage held so long)
Began to sing. At first a gentle fear
Rosied her countenance—for she is young,
And he who loves her most of all was near;
But when at last her voice grew full and strong,
Oh, from their ambush sweet, how rich and clear
Bubbled the notes abroad—a rapturous throng!
Her little hands were sometimes flung apart,
And sometimes palm to palm together prest,
Whilst wavelike blushes, rising from her breast,
Kept time with that aerial melody,
As music to the sight! — I, standing nigh,
Received the falling fountain in my heart.

AUBREY DE VERE.

ABSENCE.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretense
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh, how, or by what means, may I contrive
  To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
  Until that blessèd time and thou art near?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake I will lay hold
  Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
  While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
  All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
  Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this drèary blank of absence make
  A noble tasktime; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
  More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomèd time build up in me
  A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
  And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES A. KEMBLE.

If a man be already on the upward way, a loving hand in his will help him on. But if he find it hard to do his duty for God's sake and his own, he will scarcely do it for a woman. Yet when Satan sets a trap for God's favorites, he often baits it with another soul that seems crying to get out.

EDWARD GARRET.

"The noblest life is the life that loves, that gives, that loses itself, that overflows, as it were, irrigates the great fields of human anxiety and toil; the warm, hearty, social, helpful life; the life that cheers and comforts, and sustains by its serenity and patience and gratitude."

GREETING FROM FAR AWAY.

So many stars as shine in the sky,
So many little winds murmuring by,
So many blessings attend thee;
So many leaves as dance on the trees,
So many flowers as wave in the breeze,
Brighter than those, love, and sweeter than these,
The loving thoughts that I send thee.

Were I the golden sun to shine,
Every ray a glad thought of mine,
Loving and true and tender,—
I would crown with my beams thy dearest head,
From morning golden to evening red;
Deep in my heart lies the thought unsaid,
The love that no speech can render.

Might I but guard thee forevermore!
A sheltering roof, a fast-shut door,
In my deep heart to hold thee;
In a still, safe room thou dost dwell apart,
Thy spirit pure in my loving heart,
So fair, so dear, so true, thou art;—
So doth my love enfold thee.

When I faint with thirst on a dusty way,
A pure spring flows for me every day,—
I drink thy love forever.
I wander alone at dead of night,
But ever before me I see a light,
In darkest hours more clear, more bright;
And the hope that I bear fails never.

Though I have journeyed across the sea,
Still before me thy face I see,
Thy form still goes before me;
And I whisper thy name to the woods and caves,
And I sing it aloud to the rushing waves:
And I have all that my spirit craves,
When the thought of thee comes o'er me.

When thou dost not know what the little brooks say,
Think they go sadly upon their way,
Because we two are parted;
When the dim forest droops its leaves,
Think that the soul within it grieves,
Because its shadow no more receives
Two lovers faithful-hearted.

When the sweet flowers droop and die,
Think that my hopes all withered lie;
Think how my heart is broken!
When, in April, with sun and rain,
Violets blossom on hill and plain,
Think thou couldst call me to life again,
By the sweet word still unspoken.

When I send thee a red, red rose,—
The sweetest flower on earth that grows,
Think, dear heart, how I love thee;
Listen to what the sweet rose saith,
With her crimson leaf and her fragrant breath,—
Love, I am thine, in life and death!
O my love, dost thou love me?

F. RÜCKERT.

Translated by L. C.

As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affections. MRS. JAMESON.

TOO LATE.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now, up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas:
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men besides seem to me like shadows—
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

DINAH M. CRAIK.

Fathoms deep may drift the snow,
It may hail and it may blow
Till my windows groan and shake,
Moan for that I ne'er will make;
For while in my breast I bear
My darling's image, Spring is there.

HEINRICH HEINE.

TO ALTHEA — FROM PRISON.

When Love, with unconfinèd wings,
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
  And fettered to her eye,
The birds, that wanton in the air,
  Know no such liberty.

* * * * *

When, like committed linnet, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

What is love itself, for the one we love best?—an enfolding of immeasurable cares, which yet are better than any joys outside our love.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Only a shelter for my head I sought,
One stormy winter night;
To me the blessing of my life was brought,
Making the whole world bright.
How shall I thank thee for a gift so sweet,
O dearest Heavenly Friend?
I sought a resting-place for weary feet,
And found my journey's end.

Only the latchet of a friendly door
My timid fingers tried;
A loving heart, with all its precious store,
To me was opened wide.
I asked for shelter from a passing shower,—
My sun shall always shine!
I would have sat beside the hearth an hour,
And the whole heart was mine!

F. RÜCKERT.

Translated by L. C.

THERE'S A WOMAN LIKE A DEWDROP.

There's a woman like a dewdrop, she's so purer than the purest;
And her noble heart's the noblest; yes, and her sure faith's the surest;
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of lustre
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild-grape cluster,
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-tinted marble;
Then her voice's music * * * call it the well's bubbling, the bird's warble.

And this woman says, My days were sunless and my nights were moonless,
Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the lark's heart's outbreak tuneless,
If you loved me not! and I who (ah, for words of flame!) adore her!
Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably before her,—
I may enter at her portal soon, as now her lattice takes me,
And by noontide as by midnight make her mine, as hers she makes me!

ROBERT BROWNING.

A LOVE-LETTER.

My love—my chosen—but not mine! I send
  My whole heart to thee in these words I write;
So let the blotted lines, my soul's sole friend,
  Lie upon thine, and there be blest at night.

Dear, I have loved you, as we love
  Light, music, odor, beauty, love itself,—
Whatever is apart from and above
  Those daily needs which deal with dust and pelf.

And I had been content, without one thought
  Our guardian angels could have blushed to know,
So to have lived, and died, demanding naught
  Save living, dying, to have loved you so.

My wildest wish was vassal to thy will;
  My haughtiest hope, a pensioner on thy smile,
Which did with light my barren being fill,
  As moonlight glorifies some desert isle.

And so I write to you; and write and write,
  For the mere sake of writing to you, dear!
What can I tell you that you know not? Night
  Is deepening through the rosy atmosphere.

About the lonely casement of this room,
  Which you have left familiar with the grace
That grows where you have been, and on the gloom
  I almost fancy I can see your face.

* * * * * *

Farewell, and yet again farewell, and yet
  Never farewell—if farewell means to fare
Alone and disunited. Love hath set
  Our days to music, to the selfsame air;

And I shall feel, wherever we may be,
E'en though in absence, and an alien clime,
The shadow of the sunniness of thee,
Hovering in patience, through a clouded time.

Farewell! the dawn is rising, and the light
Is making, in the east, a faint endeavor
To illuminate the mountain peaks. Good night!
Thine own, and only thine, my love, forever!

R. B. LYTTON.

Pure and true affection well I know,
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.

Such love of all our virtues is the gem:
We bring with us the immortal seed at birth:
Of heaven it is and heavenly; woe to them
Who make it wholly earthly and of earth!

When we love perfectly, for its own sake
We love, and not our own; being ready thus,
Whate'er self-sacrifice is asked, to make;
That which is best for it, is best for us.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair,
Was seen beneath the sun; but naught was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen
In darkest day; and many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.

ROBERT POLLOK.

SONNET.

Yes, hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It was a true instinct which had made the frailest and most perishable of flowers the tokens of love, and not the loveliest and most enduring of shells. The most colourless dried rose-leaf between the pages of an old letter, yellow and faded like itself, had more life in it than the most perfect shell glowing with rose and opal, and shining with the polish of the mighty waves which had tossed it hither and thither, yet left its most delicate spines unbroken. For the rose-leaf had life enough to die. The shell was, after all, not a life, but only the cast of a living form.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

There is, after all, something in those trifles that friends bestow upon each other which is an unfailing indication of the place the giver holds in the affections. I would believe that one who preserved a lock of hair, a simple flower, or any trifle of my bestowing, loved me, though no show was made of it; while all the protestations in the world would not win my confidence in one who set no value on such little things. Trifles they may be; but it is by such that character and disposition are oftenest revealed.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

FROM "A DRAMA OF EXILE."

The essence of all beauty I call love;
The attribute, the evidence and end,
The consummation to the inward sense,
Of beauty apprehended from without,
I still call love. As form, when colorless,
Is nothing to the eye; that pine-tree there,
Without its black and green, being all a blank;
So without love is beauty undiscerned
In man or angel. Angel! rather ask
What love is in thee, what love moves to thee,
And what collateral love moves on with thee;
Then shalt thou know if thou art beautiful.

E. B. BROWNING.

ALL THE EARTH IS WRAPPED IN SHADOWS.

All the earth is wrapped in shadows,
And the dews have drenched the meadows,
And the moon has ta'en her station,
And the midnight rules creation.
Where is my belovèd staying?
In her chamber, kneeling, praying—
Is she praying for her lover?
Then her heart is flowing over.
My beloved! is she keeping
Watch, or is she sweetly sleeping?
If she dream, her dreams are surely
Of the one she loves so purely.
If she sleep not, if she pray not,
If to listening ear she say naught—
Thought with thought in silence linking,
O, I know of whom she's thinking!

Think, O think of me, sweet angel,
Rose of life, and love's evangel!
All the thoughts that melt or move thee
Are like stars that shine above thee;
And while shining to the centre
Of thy spirit's spirit enter,
And there light a flame supernal —
Like eternal love, eternal.

ALEXANDER PETÖFI.

Translated by Sir John Bowring.

Oh hear me, bounteous Heaven,
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand; let peace,
Honour, and safety, always hover round her;
Feed her with plenty;

* * * * * * *

Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts.

THOMAS OTWAY.

The voices in the waves are always whispering, in their eternal ceaseless murmuring, of love,— of love eternal and illimitable, not bounded by the confines of this world, or by the end of time, but ranging still beyond the sea, beyond the sky, to the invisible country far away.

CHARLES DICKENS.

We can never replace a friend. When a man is fortunate enough to have several, he finds that they are all different: no one has a double in friendship.

J. C. FREDERICK VON SCHILLER.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two blessed gifts from heaven to earth are sent,—
  Know'st thou, my heart, each sister-angel's name?
One is calm Friendship, robed in white content;
  The other, rosy Love, with heart of flame.

Love's a brunette; her cheeks with fire are glowing,
  Beauteous as spring, when roses blossom wild.
Friendship is blonde,—a lily softly blowing,—
  Or moonlight, in a summer evening mild.

Love is a raging and tumultuous ocean,
  Where waves, in thousand forms, leap fast and high.
Friendship, a mountain lake, where no commotion
  Breaks the blue image of the solemn sky.

Love darts from heaven like lightning,—Friendship creeps,
  A slowly breaking dawn, o'er hill and plain.
Insatiate Love demands, devours, grasps, keeps,—
  Friendship gives all, nor asks for aught again.

But happy, three times happy, is the heart
  So large that in it both may find a home;
Where Love may come, and Friendship not depart,
  And where the Lilies with the Roses bloom.

EMANUEL GIEBEL.

Translated by L. C.

It is strange that men will talk of miracles, revelations, inspiration, and the like, as things past, while love remains.

H. D. THOREAU.

ANNE HATHAWAY, SHAKESPEARE'S WIFE,

TO WHOM HE WAS MARRIED AT EIGHTEEN, SHE BEING TWENTY-SIX, DIED WHEN SHE WAS SIXTY-SEVEN.

Would you be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine. Anne Hathaway!
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might, wandering, stop to hear;
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Anne hath a way.
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway!
To breathe delight, Anne hath a way!

When envy's breath and rancour's tooth
Do evil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray —
To soothe the heart, Anne hath a way,
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care —
Turn foulest night to fairest day,—
Thou knowest, fond heart! Anne hath a way.
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway!
To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way!

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay,
Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway!
She hath a way, with her bright eye,
Their various lustres to defy;

The jewel she, and the foil they,
So sweet to look, Anne hath a way.
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway!
To shame bright gems, Anne hath a way!

But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I'd call her heaven.
For tho' a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Anne Hathaway,
She hath a way so to control
To rapture the imprisoned soul,
And sweetest heaven on earth display
That to be heaven's self, Anne hath a way.
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway!
To be heaven's self, Anne hath a way!

ANON.

HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways:
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace;
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light;
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith,
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints; I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life! — and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

E. B. BROWNING.

A Rosary

Like pearls that form a rosary,
So lie in shining rows for me,
Strung on a golden thread of Time,
The precious hours I know with thee.

And, filled with love and praise of thee,
As one who tells his rosary,
I count upon the beads of Time
The benisons thou bringest me.

Oh, may such hours still dawn
for me.
So rich in love, so filled
with thee,
And glisten on the robe of Time
A never-ending rosary!

Owen Inasly

A BIRTHDAY.

My heart is like a singing-bird
  Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
  Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
  That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
  Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
  Hang it with fair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
  And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
  In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
  Is come, my love is come to me.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

YOU AND I.

Sweet longings hinted at and guessed,
  Tender, spiritual unrest —
We cannot near each other live,
  Unless we something take and give —
    You and I.

The world is cold, the world is vain;
  Apart, we both shall wear the chain.
Our griefs make each the other's guest;
  Two hearts in one give perfect rest —
    You and I.

HORATIO N. POWERS.

LOVE IS LOVE.

Art is fine — but love is finer.
  Who can paint a soul?
Seek'st thou beauty? What's diviner —
  Fragments or the whole?

Song is sweet — but love is sweeter.
  Was there ever hymn
That for compass and for meter
  Awed the seraphim?

Thought is great — but love is greater.
  Who can search out truth?
Love alone is revelator;
  Love is love, in sooth.

RICHARD REALF.

WHAT IS THERE LEFT FOR ME TO SAY?

What is there left for me to say,
  O love, my love, this Winter's day?
When Winter snowflakes drift and fall
  Adown our frozen garden wall,
And silent is the garden walk
  Where we have paced in eager talk.

What is there left for us to say
  But what we know by heart today?
There is no need for you to tell
  The love of which I know so well;
There is no kiss that you can take
  But what a thousand dead ones wake
To warmth and love again for you,
  Who know my heart and love are true.

There is no look hid in your eyes
  Which I could learn with new surprise,
There is no word I could not say,
  There is no prayer I could not pray,
Where, full within the light of love,
  I lift my thankful eyes above.

ANON.

MY QUEEN.

"She is standing somewhere—she I shall honour,
  She that I wait for, my queen, my queen,
Whether her hair be golden or raven,
  Whether her eyes be hazel or blue,
I know not now, it will be engraven
  Some day hence as my loveliest hue.

"She may be humble or proud, my lady,
  Or that sweet calm which is just between;
But whenever she comes, she will find me ready
  To do her homage, my queen, my queen."

HER REFRAIN.

"Do you love me?" she said, when the skies were blue,
  And we walked where the stream through the branches glistened;
And I told and retold her my love was true,
  While she listened and smiled, and smiled and listened.

"Do you love me?" she whispered, when days were drear,
  And her eyes searched mine with a patient yearning;
And I kissed her, renewing the words so dear,
  While she listened and smiled, as if slowly learning.

"Do you love me?" she asked, when we sat at rest
By the stream enshadowed with autumn glory;
Her cheek had been laid as in peace on my breast,
But she raised it to ask for the sweet old story.

And I said: "I will tell her the tale again—
I will swear by the earth and the stars above me!"
And I told her that uttermost time should prove
The fervor and faith of my perfect love;
And I vowed it and pledged it that nought should move;
While she listened and smiled in my face, and then
She whispered once more, "Do you truly love me?"

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

And we are lovers, lovers he and I;
O sweet, dear name that angels envy us!
Lovers for now, lovers for by and by,
And God to hear us call each other thus!
Flow softly, river of our life, and fair;
We float together to the otherwhere;
Storm, river of our life, if storm must be,
We brunt thy tide together to that sea.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

JENNY KISSED ME.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing dull, but add,
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

THE BROOK-SIDE.

I wandered by the brook-side,
  I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
  The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
  No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;
  I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer
  I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
  I listened for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not —
  The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
  Each in his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
  The leaves above were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
  When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
  I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer — nearer,
  We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
  Was all the sound we heard.

R. M. MILNES.

APPARITIONS.

Such a starved bank of moss,
  Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across;
  Violets were born!

Sky — what a scowl of cloud,
  Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud,
  Splendid, a star!

World — how it walled about
  Life with disgrace,
Till God's own smile came out·
  That was thy face!

ROBERT BROWNING.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

I take no heed of month, or week, or day,
Or of the times and seasons of the year.
Springtime it is with me when she is near,
And winter when the clouds of absence stray
Across my heaven, holding its sun at bay.
The morning dawns when her dear eyes appear,
And night shuts down upon me blank and drear
When those consoling orbs are taken away.
As earth is gladdened when the snows depart,
When woods and meadows are no longer bare,
But tender blossoms nestle in the grass,
So, when my Love approaches, to my heart
Her balmy breath brings floods of summer air,
And fresh flowers spring where'er her footsteps pass.

OWEN INNSLY.

LOVE ME, BELOVED.

Love me, beloved, for many a day
Will the mists of the morning pass away;
Many a day will the brightness of noon
Lead to a night that hath lost her moon;
And in joy or in sadness, in autumn or spring,
Thy love to my soul is a needful thing.

Love me, beloved, for thou mayest lie
Dead in my sight 'neath the same blue sky:
Love me, Oh, love me, and let me know
The love that within thee moves to and fro,
That many a form of thy love may be
Gathered around thy memory.

Love me, beloved, for I may lie
Dead in thy sight 'neath the same blue sky:
The more thou hast loved me, the less thy pain,
The stronger thy hope till we meet again;
And forth on the pathway we do not know
With a load of love my soul would go.

Love me, beloved, for one must lie
Motionless, silent, beneath the sky;
The pale, stiff lips return no kiss
To the lips that never brought love amiss,
And the dark brown earth be heaped above
The head that lay on the bosom of love.

I pray thee to love me, beloved of my heart;
If we love not truly, at death we part,
And how would it be with our souls to find
That love, like a body, was left behind!
Love me, beloved, Hades and death
Shall vanish away like a frosty breath;
These hands that now are at home in thine,

Shall clasp thee again if thou still art mine;
And thou shalt be mine, my spirit's bride,
In the ceaseless flow of Eternity's tide,
If the truest love that thy heart can know
Meet the truest love that from mine can flow.
Pray God, beloved, for thee and me,
That our souls may be wedded eternally."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ordering of your affairs,
To sing them too; when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No further function, each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MINNELIED.

WINTER SUNSHINE.

Shine brighter than the sun in heaven, O eyes beloved so long!
All blessed gifts that can be given, to thee, dear heart, belong;
Thine eyes hold all my sunshine, my heaven is all in thee;
I ask no other happiness, when thy dear face I see.

Oh, fair and sweet are summer flowers, but sweeter still art thou;
I hold them dear, the bright June hours, but I am gladder now;
Through storm and snow and rain I come where thou, my darling, art;
I am not cold nor weary when I hold thee to my heart!

ANON.

Where found Love his yesterday?
When is Love's tomorrow? say.
  Love has only now.
We can swear it, we who stand
In Love's present, hand in hand,
  Thou and I, dear, I and thou.

By and by and *Long ago;*
Last month's buds, next winter's snow;
  Love has only now.
Do we wot of rathe or sere
In Love's boundless summer year,
  Thou and I, dear, I and thou?

Suns that rose and suns to set;
Gone forever and *Not yet;*
  Love has always now.
Do we count by dawn and night,
Dwelling in Love's perfect light,
Thou and I, dear, I and thou?

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

A FLOWN BIRD TO HER MATE.

Flying, flying in the light of God's dear smile;
Singing, singing, making glad each weary mile;
Resting, resting in the heart that shelters me;
Thinking, thinking, wingèd thoughts that fly to thee;

Praying, praying, every breath and sigh a prayer;
Trusting, trusting, with a faith that knows no care;
Hoping, Hoping, cradled fears are lulled to rest;
Loving, *loving*,—ah, my darling, this is best!

E. G. I.

REPRESSION.

How many live a stingy and niggardly life in regard to their richest inward treasures. They live with those they love dearly, whom a few more words and deeds expressive of this love would make so much more happier, richer and better; and they cannot, will not, turn the key and give it out. People who in their souls really do love, esteem, reverence each other, live a barren, chilly life, side by side, busy, anxious, preoccupied, letting their love go by as a matter of course, a last year's growth with no present buds and blossoms.

Are there not sons and daughters who have parents living with them as angels unawares—husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, in whom the material for a beautiful life lies locked away in unfruitful silence—who give time to everything but the cultivation and expression of mutual love? The time is coming, they think, in some far future, when they shall find leisure to enjoy each other, to stop and rest side by side, to discover to each other these hidden treasures which lie idle and unused. Alas! time flies and death steals on, and we reiterate the complaint of one in Scripture, "It came to pass, while thy servant was busy hither and thither, the man was gone."

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship," "I did not know what he was to me till he was gone." Such words are the poisoned arrows which cruel death shoots backward at us from the door of the sepulcher.

How much more we might make of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are not now speaking merely of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words, and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarce a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE CONSTANT HEART.

Sadde songe is out of season
  When birds and lovers mate,
When soule to soule must paye swete toll
  And fate be joyned with fate;
Sadde songe and wofull thought controle,
  This constant heart of myne,
And make newe love a treason
  Unto my Valentine.

How shall my wan lippes utter
  Their summons to the dedde,—
Where nowe repeate the promise swete,
  So farre my love hath fledd?
My onely love! What musicke fleet
  Shall crosse the walle that barres?
To earthe the burthen mutter,
  Or singe it to the starrs?

Perchance she dwelles a spirite
  In beautye undestroyed,
Where brightest starrs are closely sett
  Farre out beyonde the voyd;
If Margaret be risen yet,
  Her looke will hither turne,
I knowe that she will heare it,
  And all my trewe heart learne.

But if no resurrection
  Unseale her dwellinge low,
If one so fayre must bide her there
  Until the trumpe shall blowe,
Nathlesse shall Love outvie Despaire
  (Whilst constant heart is myne),
And, robbed of her perfection,
  Be faithfull to her shrine.

At this blythe season bending
  Ile whisper to the clodde,
To the chill grasse where shadowes passe,
  And leaflesse branches nodde;
There keepe my watche, and crye, Alas!
  That Love may not forget
That Joye must have swifte ending,
  And Life be laggard yet!

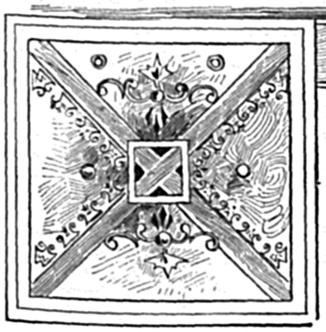
From "The Century." EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Where lags my mistress while the drowsy year
Wakes into Spring? Lo! Winter sweeps away
His snowy skirts, and leaves the landscape gay
With early verdure: and there's a merry cheer
Among the violets, where the sun lies clear
On the south hillsides; and at break of day
I heard the bluebird busy at my ear;
And swallows shape their nests of matted clay
Along the eaves, or dip their narrow wings
Into the mists of evening. All the earth
Stirs with the wonder of a coming birth,
And all the air with feathery music rings.
Spring, it would crown thee with transcendent worth,
To bring my love among thy beauteous things.

GEO. H. BOKER.

Constancy in love is a good thing, but it means nothing, and is nothing, without constancy in every kind of effort. If you have the abilities of all the great men, past and present, you could do nothing well without sincerely meaning it and setting about it. CHARLES DICKENS.

A faithful friend is better than gold, — a medicine for misery, an only possession. ROBERT BURTON.



At The Window.

The lady she sits at her window;
    I sit at my window and look,
And my fancies flock gladly toward her,
    As young swans flock forth to a brook,
And I catch from her bright face the pleasure
    I draw from an affluent brook.

I scarce know the name of the lady,
  She never has spoken to me;
But I know, by infallible symbols,
  That whatever her history be,
Her soul is as brave as the mountains—
  Her heart is as deep as the sea.

Sometimes her white fingers fly deftly
  All day with the needle and thread;
And sometimes o'er lark-throated poems
  She droopeth her beautiful head;
And sometimes she waits on the people
  Whose custom assureth her bread.

For she is but a clerk, is this lady—
  A salaried clerk in a store,
With the blessing of labor upon her
  (Not curse, as was written of yore),
And, judged by the palpable outward,
  I should hazard the guess she was poor.

But of comforts, and riches, and splendors,
  Which silver and gold cannot buy;
The things which make royal the forehead,
  Which set a delight in the eye,
And crown us with glories and lustres
  As the stars of the Lord crown the sky,—

Of these—the deep spiritual graces
  Which give unto life its divine,
Transform with miraculous touches
  The water of being to wine,
And quicken the sap of the human
  Till the drear places blossom and shine—

She has crystalline caskets and coffers,
With broad open lips to receive
The silent ineffable helpings
God's angels are gladdened to give,
Beyond half the diademed princes,
And millionaired monarchs who live

And something about her most subtly
Reminds me of daisies and birds,
Of smells of mown hay in the meadows,
Of sweet tunes to beautiful words;
And of one who clung close to my bosom
Before she was clasped to the Lord's.

Thus being so minded and bettered,
Because of the claims she has brought;
The rest to my trouble of spirit,
The peace to the ache in my thought,
And the cooing of doves in the passions
Where devils have wrestled and wrought.

All paths which the lady may travel
My blessings shall conquer; that so
No roughness may bruise her, no waters
Be bitter or brackish with woe;
While the blue heavens brood softly above her,
And the grass groweth greenly below.

RICHARD REALI.

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel tha they are joined for life, to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting. GEORGE ELIOT.

Most men know love but as a part of life;
They hide it in some corner of the breast,
Even from themselves; and only when they rest,—
In the brief pauses of that daily strife
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,—
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy),
And hold it up to sister, child or wife.
Ah me! why may not love and life be one!
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble, and the street,
Worn now like dungeon-floors by weary feet,
Seem like a golden courtway of the sun!

HENRY TIMROD.

O friend, my bosom said,
  Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
  All things through thee take nobler form,
  And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
  A sun-path in thy worth,
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
  To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
  Are through thy friendship fair.

R. W. EMERSON.

A FANCY.

Whene'er my lady turns her eyes on me,
A blue forget-me-not in each I see;
And, where the sweet flowers bloom in garden-plots,
Her blue eyes smile from the forget-me-nots.

M. G. M.

A NICE CORRESPONDENT.

The glow and the glory are plighted
  To darkness, for evening has come,
The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
  The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.
I'm alone at my casement, for Pappy
  Is summoned to dinner to Kew;
I'm alone, my dear Fred, but I'm happy—
  I'm thinking of you.

I wish you were here. Were I duller
  Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear;
I am dressed in your favorite color—
  Dear Fred, how I wish you were here!
I am wearing my lazuli necklace,
  The necklace you fastened askew!
Was there ever so rude or so reckless
  A darling as you?

I want you to come and pass sentence
  On two or three books with a plot;
Of course you know "Janet's Repentance"?
  I'm reading Sir Waverly Scott,
The story of Edgar and Lucy,
  How thrilling, romantic, and true!
The Master (his bride was a goosey!)
  Reminds me of you.

Today, in my ride, I've been crowning
  The beacon: its magic still lures,
For up there you discoursed about Browning,
  That stupid old Browning of yours.
His vogue and his verve are alarming;
  I'm anxious to give him his due,
But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
  A poet as you.

I heard how you shot at the Beeches,
  I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
I have read the report of your speeches,
  And echoed the echoing cheer.
There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,
  I envy their owners, I do!
Small marvel that Fortune is making
  Her idol of you.

Alas for the world, and its dearly
  Bought triumph, and fugitive bliss!
Sometimes I half wish I were merely
  A plain or a penniless miss;
But, perhaps, one is best with a measure
  Of pelf, and I'm not sorry, too,
That I'm pretty, because it's a pleasure,
  My dearest, to you.

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
  Your taste is for letters and art,
This rhyme is the commonplace passion
  That glows in a fond woman's heart.
Lay it by in a dainty deposit
  For relics, we all have a few!
Love, some day they'll print it, because it
  Was written to you.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

It is most painful not to meet the kindness and affection you feel you have deserved, and have a right to expect from others; but it is a mistake to complain of it, for it is of no use; you cannot extort friendship with a cocked pistol. SIDNEY SMITH.

Keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MY MISTRESS COMMANDING ME TO RETURN HER LETTERS.

So grieves the adventurous merchant, when he throws
All the long-toiled-for treasure his ship stows
Into the angry main to save from wreck
Himself and men, as I grieve to give back
These letters; yet so powerful is your sway
As, if you bid me die, I must obey.
Go then, blest papers! You shall kiss those hands
That gave you freedom but hold me in bands,
Which with a touch did give you life; but I,
Because I may not touch those hands, must die.
Methinks, as if they knew they should be sent
Home to their native soil from banishment,
I see them smile,—like dying Saints that know
They are to leave the earth and toward Heaven go.
When you return, pray tell your sovereign,
And mine, I gave you courteous entertain;
Each line received a tear, and then a kiss;
First bathed in that, it 'scaped unscorched from this;
I kissed it because your hand had been there,
But, 'cause it was not now, I shed a tear.
Tell her, no length of time nor change of air,
No cruelty, disdain, absence, despair,
No, nor her steadfast constancy, can deter
My vassal heart from ever knowing her.
Though these be powerful arguments to prove
I love in vain, yet I must ever love.
Say, if she frown when you that word rehearse,
Service in prose is oft called love in verse;
Then pray her, since I send back on my part
Her papers, she will send me back my heart.

THOMAS CAREW.

I realize more and more the truth that Love is the one sole necessity of earth and heaven, all else can be dispensed with.

J. G. WHITTIER.

A TRUE FRIEND.

Commend me to the friend that comes
  When I am sad and lone,
And makes the anguish of my heart
  The suffering of his own;
Who coldly shuns the glittering throng
  At pleasure's gay levee,
And comes to gild a sombre hour
  And give his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er,
  And when the task is done
He freely gives me all I ask—
  A sigh for every one.
He cannot wear a smiling face
  When mine is touched with gloom
But, like the violet, seeks to cheer
  The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart
  Which, like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
  To every change of sky;
Whose friendship does not fade away
  When wintry tempests blow,
But, like the Winter's icy crown,
  Looks greener through the snow.

He flies not with the flitting stork
  That seeks a Southern sky,
But lingers where the wounded bird
  Hath laid him down to die.
Oh, such a friend! He is in truth,
  Whate'er his lot may be,
A rainbow on the storm of life,
  An anchor on its sea.

ANON.

FOR MY LADY'S SAKE.

Sweet heart, the love that lives for aye
  Is all the wealth I bring;
Which neither lessens with the day,
  Nor changes with the spring.
And since to love me you have deigned,
  This motto will I take;
A life unsoiled, a soul unstained,
  For my dear lady's sake.

I care not for the world's renown,
  Yet count its guerdon sweet,
Could I but win its brightest crown
  And lay it at her feet.
A sinless kingdom would I fain
  Of my existence make,
Where she might never blush to reign,
  For my dear lady's sake.

Since all of good I have is hers,
  I hold my lot most dear,
With spotless sword and stainless verse,
  To do her honor here;
That when our dream of life be done,
  Together we may wake,
And God unite our souls in one,
  For my dear lady's sake.

FROM "THE LONDON WORLD."

A supreme love, a motive that gives a sublime rhythm to a woman's life, and exalts habit into partnership, with the soul's highest needs, is not to be had where and how she wills; to know that high initiation, she must often tread where it is hard to tread, and feel the chill air, and watch through darkness. It is not true that love makes all things easy; it makes us choose what is difficult. GEORGE ELIOT.

The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth, as proudest palaces have cause to envy the gilding. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of oneself, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and living in another man. THOMAS HUGHES.

Who truly loves has courage high;
He knows he has God's sympathy,
God's mighty arm will shield him:
And tho' he cross the raging sea,
All angel guards shall round him be,
Their care and aid to yield him.

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

Show me some way in which my soul may serve
Thy soul, its nourisher; teach me to say
Some word to ease thy heart with, or to lay
Soothing upon a sore and startled nerve;
Let me aspire to lend some gracious curve
To the straight lines dividing day from day;
Help me to hold the errant feet that stray
In paths of constancy that never swerve.
Sometimes I fail to reach thee, the ascent
Being so steep to where thou dwell'st; in vain
My hands are rich with gifts thou canst not take:
But could I see my life-blood, for thy sake,
To profit thee, flow in a crimson stain,
Dear, I believe that I could die content.

OWEN INNSLY.

MABEL

AT HER WINDOW.

Beating heart! we come again
  Where my Love reposes;
This is Mabel's window-pane;
  These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel
  In the twilight stilly?
Lily clad from throat to heel,
  She, my virgin lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
  Fading, will forsake her;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
  Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
  At her flowery grating;
If she hear me will she heed?
  Mabel, I am waiting.

Mabel will be deck'd anon,
  Zoned in bride's apparel;
Happy zone! — Oh, hark to yon
  Passion-shaken carol!

Sing thy song, thou trancèd thrush,
  Pipe thy best, thy clearest: —
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush! —
  Dearest Mabel! — dearest. . . .

FREDERICK LOCKER.

THE GIFT.

O happy glow! O sun-bathed tree!
  O golden-lighted river!
A love-gift has been given to me,
  And which of you is giver?

I came upon you something sad,
  Musing a mournful measure,
Now all my heart in me is glad
  With a quick sense of pleasure.

I came upon you with a heart
  Half sick of life's vexed story,
And now it grows of you a part,
  Steeped in your golden glory.

A smile into my heart has crept,
  And laughs through all my being;
New joy into my life has leapt,
  A joy of only seeing!

A happy glow, O sun-bathed tree!
  O golden-lighted river!
A love-gift has been given to me,
  And which of you is giver!

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

That thy true soul
  May wed with mine,
And that I may
  Be ever thine,

I pray, and trust
  In God's sole might
To keep us one,
  And so—good night.

ELIZABETH GLÜCK.

IN PRAISE OF HIS LADY-LOVE COMPARED WITH ALL OTHERS.

Give place, ye lovers herebefore
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well say'n,
Than doth the sun the candle-light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith ye may it trust
As it by writing sealèd were;
And virtues hath she many mo'
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain,
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methinks, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

HENRY HOWARD (*Earl of Surrey*).

Can I yield you blessings? says the friendly heart;
Fear not I am poorer though I much impart.
Wherefore should you thank me? giving is my need;
Love that wrought none comfort sorrow were indeed!

LUCY LARCOM.

The pleasures resulting from the mutual attachment of kindred spirits are by no means confined to the moments of personal intercourse; they diffuse their odors, though more faintly, through the seasons of absence, refreshing and exhilarating the mind by the remembrance of the past and the anticipation of the future. It is a treasure possessed when it is not employed — a reserve of strength, ready to be called into action when most needed — a fountain of sweets to which we may continually repair, whose waters are inexhaustible. ROBERT HALL.

There is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend; nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

FROM THE PRIZE CHRISTMAS CARD OF 1881.

Thy own wish, wish I thee in every place;
The Christmas joy, the song, the feast, the cheer;
Thine be the light of love in every face
That looks on thee, to bless thy coming year.

Thy own wish, wish I thee. What dost thou crave?
All thy dear hopes be thine, whate'er they be.
A wish fulfilled may make thee king or slave,
I wish thee wisdom's eyes wherewith to see.

Behold she stands and waits, the youthful year
A breeze of morning stirs about her brows;
She holds thy storm and sunshine; bliss or fear
Blossom and fruit upon the bending boughs.

She brings thee gifts, what blessing wilt thou choose?
Life's crown of good in earth, in heaven above
The one immortal joy thou canst not lose,
Is love! Leave all the rest and choose thou love!

CELIA THAXTER.

LOVE'S QUARREL.

Standing by the river, gazing on the river,
See it paved with starbeams; heaven is at our feet.
Now the wave is troubled, now the rushes quiver,
Vanished is the starlight; it was a deceit.

Comes a little cloudlet 'twixt ourselves and heaven,
And from all the river fades the silver track;
Put thine arms around me, whisper low, "Forgiven."
See how on the river starlight settles back!

BULWER LYTTON.

"BECAUSE."

Because — every soul
  Feels incessant desire
To give to some other
  Its fragrance and fire;

Because — all things give,
  Below and above,
Their roses or thorns
  To that which they love;

Because — May gives music
  To murmuring streams,
And Night, to our pains,
  Gives nepenthe in dreams;

Because — the sky gives
  The bird to the bower,
And morn drops its dew
  In the cup of the flower;

Because — when the wave
  Falls asleep on the strand,
It trembles, and gives
  A kiss to the land:—

For these reasons, my own,
  My heart is inclined
To give thee the best
  I have in my mind.

I bring my sad thoughts
  My griefs and my fears;
Take these, as the earth takes
  The night's shower in tears

Of my infinite longing,
  Take, dearest, thy part;
Take my light and my shadow,
  O child of my heart!

Take the unalloyed trust
  Which our intercourse blesses;
And take all my songs,
  With their tender caresses.

Take my soul, which moves on
  Without sail or oar,
But pointing to thee
  As its star evermore.

And take, O my darling,
  My precious, my own!
This heart, which would perish,
  Its love being gone.

VICTOR HUGO.

The night has a thousand eyes,
  And the day but one:
Yet the light of the bright world dies
  With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
  And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
  When its day is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

"Linger not long. Home is not home without thee;
Its dearest pleasures do but make me mourn.
O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return."

Not always can flowers, pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even home in another heart, content the awful soul that dwells in clay. It arouses itself at last from these endearments, as toys, and puts on the harness, and aspires to vast and universal aims. R. W. EMERSON.

Once let friendship be given that is born of God, nor time nor circumstance can change it to a lessening; it must be mutual growth, increasing trust, widening faith, enduring patience, forgiving love, unselfish ambition, and an affection built before the Throne, which will bear the test of time and trial. ALLAN THROCKMORTON.

The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. R. W. EMERSON.

SONG.

Like a fettered boat that pants and pulls,
  And struggles to be free,
When the wind is up, and the whirling gulls
  Are wild with ecstasy —
Is my heart apart from thee!

Like a boat that leans, that leaps, that flies,
  That sings along the sea,
With a sunny shower of drops that rise
  And fall melodiously —
Is my heart, Sweetheart, is my heart,
  Is my heart approaching thee!

ROBERT K. WEEKS.

THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

Over the mountains
  And over the waves,
Under the fountains
  And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
  Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest
  Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
  For the glowworm to lie;
Where there is no space
  For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture
  Lest herself fast she lay;
If love come, he will enter
  And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
  A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
  A coward from his flight;
But if she whom love doth honour
  Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
  Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
  By loving him confined;
And some do suppose him,
  Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
  Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
  Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
  To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
  The phœnix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
  To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover;
  He will find out his way.

ANON.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth Himself so to me in His gifts?

R. W. EMERSON.

TOO LATE I STAYED.

Too late I stayed — forgive the crime;
  Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
  That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks
  The ebbings of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
  That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
  Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
  Their plumage to his wings?

ROBERT WILLIAM SPENCER.

KRUMLEY.

O blushing flowers of Krumley!
  'Tis she who makes you sweet.
I envy every silver wave
  That laughs about her feet.
How dare the waves, how dare the flowers,
  Rise up and kiss her feet?

Ye wanton woods of Krumley!
  Ye clasp her with your boughs,
And stoop to kiss her all the way
  Beside her homeward cows.
I hate ye, woods of Krumley,
  I'm jealous of your boughs!

I tell ye, banks of Krumley,
  'Tis not your sunny days
That set your meadows up and down
  With blossoms all ablaze.
The flowers that love her crowd to bloom
  Along her trodden ways.

O dim and dewy Krumley,
  'Tis not your birds at all
That make the air one warble
  From rainy spring to fall.
They only mock the sweeter songs
  That from her sweet lips fall.

O bold, bold winds of Krumley,
  Do ye mean my heart to break,
So light ye lift her yellow hair,
  So lightly kiss her cheek?
O flower and bird, O wave and wind,
  Ye mean my heart to break!

ALICE CARY.

A BENEDICTION.

God give thee, love, thy heart's desire.
  What better can I pray?
For though love falter not, nor tire,
  And stand on guard all day,
How little can it know or do!
  How little can it say!

How hard it strives and how in vain,
  By hope and fear misled,
To make the pathway soft and plain
  For the dear feet to tread;
To shield from sun-beat and from rain
  The one belovèd head!

Its wisdom is made foolishness,
  Its best intent goes wrong,
It curses where it fain would bless;
  Is weak instead of strong;
Marring with sad, discordant sighs
  The joyance of its song.

I do not dare to bless or ban —
  I am too blind to see;
But this one little prayer I can
  Put up to God for thee,
Because I know what fair, pure things
  Thy inmost wishes be;

That what thy heart desires the most
  Is what He loves to grant;
The love that counteth not its cost
  If any crave or want;
The presence of the Holy Ghost,
  The soul's inhabitant;

The wider vision of the mind;
  The spirit bright with sun;
The temper, like a fragrant wind,
  Chilling and grieving none:
The quickened heart to know God's will
  And on his errands run;

The ministry of little things,
  Not counted mean or small
By that dear alchemy which brings
  Some grain of gold from all;
The faith to wait as well as work,
  Whatever may befall.

So, sure of thee, and unafraid,
  I make my daily prayer,
Nor fear that my blind zeal be made
  Thy injury or snare;
God give thee, love, thy heart's desire
  And bless thee everywhere.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

From "The Christian Union."

HER NAME.

I think her true name must be Marguerite,
So bright she is and so serenely sweet,
This girl I never spoke to, and have seen
Twice, and twice only; once as o'er the green
She walked to church, and once just now, as she
Met and passed by, and never thought of me,
Who smiled to think how all the dusty street
Seemed like fresh fields, and murmured
  Marguerite!

ROBERT K. WEEKS.

Spring still makes spring in the mind,
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers
I see the summer glow,
And, through the wild-piled snowdrift,
The warm rosebuds below.

R. W. EMERSON.

THELGA AND ETHRED.

SESTINA.

The sestina is the most complicated and difficult of all Provençal forms of verse. It is believed that the one below is the only one ever written in America, and the second of its kind in the English language, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse having published the first. There is also a rhyming sestina by Mr. Swinburne.

Once on a time there dwelt Siehild, a king,
Far to the Northward, in the icy heart
Of barren peaks that lift their heads to kiss
All passionless, the sun, their senile love;
Rich booty from the merchant seas he won,
And with a despot's scepter ruled the land.

She who was famed as fairest in the land
Was Princess Thelga, daughter of the king,
Prized by him more than all the spoils he won.
Gentle and proud, till Ethred came, her heart
Had never felt the stir of nestled love,
Her lips ne'er known the spasm of love's kiss.

And old Siehild had sworn that such a kiss,
By all the treasures of the sea or land,
Should never consecrate his daughter's love
For any suitor save the blustering king
Who ruled the realm adjoining, and whose heart
Chaste Thelga all unwillingly had won.

Hero Ethred, young and powerless, had won,
Unnoted by Siehild, until a kiss
The tyrant caught him stealing; then his heart
O'erran with rage that one with goods nor land
Should dare to woo the daughter of a king,
And balk a brother monarch of his love.

"Now, by my ships!" he stormed, "thou say'st thy love
By this unfilial damsel has been won;
I'll prove you, then: If you can tell your king
Of aught, ha! ha! that's sweeter than the kiss
You gave her, dowered with goods and land,
Her hand is yours, as is, she thinks, her heart!"

"I can!" and Thelga pressed her angered heart
As Ethred spoke. "Then," roared the king, "your love
Is false, if aught's more sweet in all the land!"
"Nay," Ethred said, "I claim that I have won;
Sweeter than that I gave her was the kiss
She gave to me!" "I yield!" confessed the king.

Ah, happy heart! the royal largess won
Of voluntary Love, in its one kiss
Is more than sea or land can give a king.

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

From "The Century."

Friendship is the greatest bond in the world.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

OH, THE HURT OF LOVE!

Oh, the hurt, the hurt, and the hurt of love!
Wherever the sun shines, the waters go.
It hurts the snowdrop, it hurts the dove,
God on His throne, and man below.

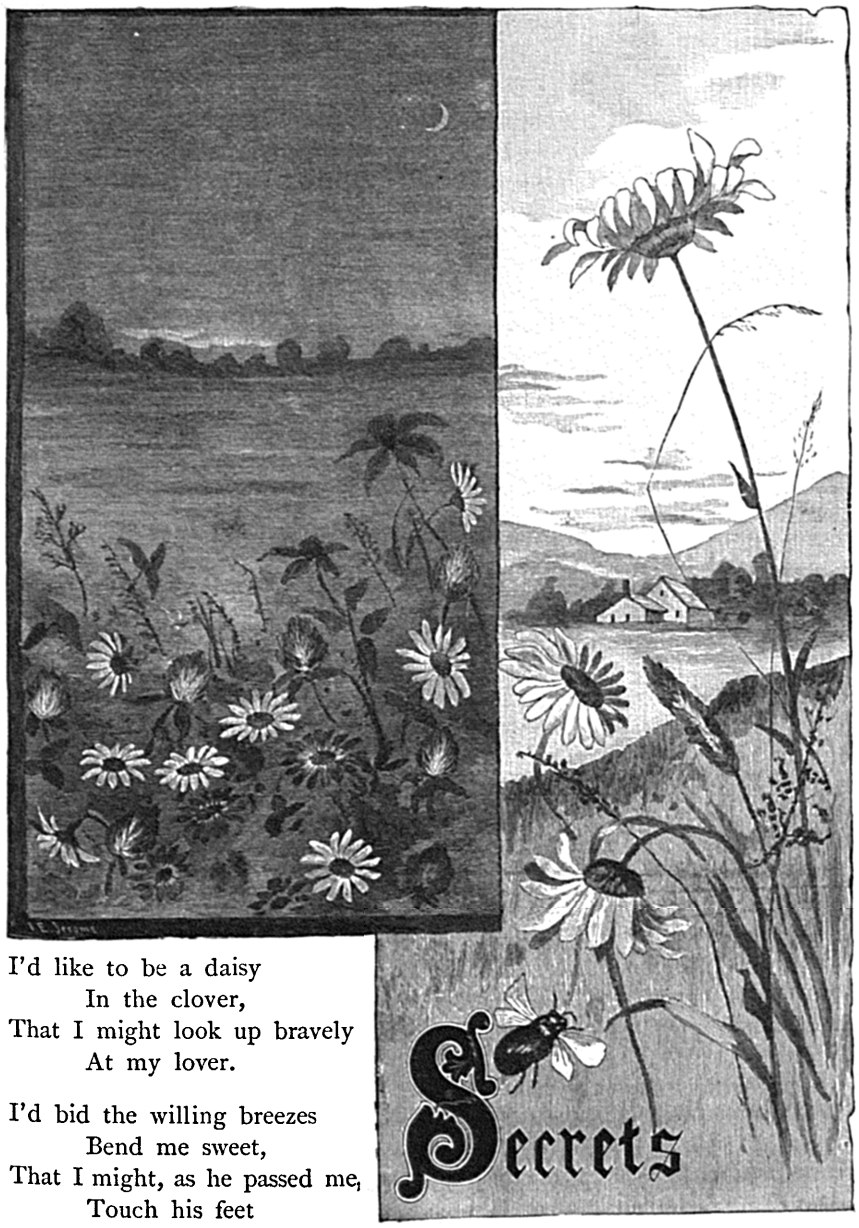
But sun would not shine, nor waters go,
Snowdrop tremble, nor fair dove moan,
God be on high, nor man below,
But for love — for the love with its hurt alone.

Thou knowest, O Saviour, its hurt and its sorrows,
Didst rescue its joy by the might of Thy pain;
Lord of all yesterdays, days and tomorrows,
Help us love on in the hope of Thy gain;

Hurt as it may, love on, love forever;
Love for love's sake, like the Father above,
But for whose brave-hearted Son we had never
Known the sweet hurt of the sorrowful love.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another! Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf and glowing tasseled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath, they touch us with soft, responsive hands, they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame. GEORGE ELIOT.



I'd like to be a daisy
In the clover,
That I might look up bravely
At my lover.

I'd bid the willing breezes
Bend me sweet,
That I might, as he passed me,
Touch his feet

I'd let the dew so quickly
Start and glisten,
That, thinking I had called him,
He would listen.

Yet he would listen vainly,
Happy me!
No bee could find my secret,
How could he?

If ever of the clover
Couch he made,
I'd softly kiss his eyelids
In the shade.

Then would I breathe sweet incense,
All for him,
And fill with perfect bloom
The twilight dim.

What should I do, I wonder,
When he went?
Why, I would — like a daisy —
Be content.

Alack! to live so bravely,
Peace o'erladen,
Has ne'er been granted yet
To simple maiden!

MARY MAPES DODGE.

The friendship which is founded on kindred tastes and congenial habits, apart from piety, is permitted by the benignity of Providence to embellish a world, which, with all its magnificence and beauty, will shortly pass away; that which has religion for its basis will ere long be transplanted, in order to adorn the paradise of God.

ROBERT HALL.

PRAY FOR WHOM THOU LOVEST.

"Pray for whom thou lovest: thou wilt never have any comfort of his friendship for whom thou dost not pray."

"Yes, pray for whom thou lovest; thou may'st vainly, idly seek
The fervid words of tenderness by feeble words to speak;
Go kneel before thy Father's throne, and meekly, humbly there
Ask blessing for the loved one in the silent hour of prayer.

Yes, pray for whom thou lovest; if uncounted wealth were thine—
The treasures of the boundless deep, the riches of the mine—
Thou could'st not to thy cherished friends a gift so dear impart,
As the earnest benediction of a deeply-loving heart.

Seek not the worldling's friendship, it shall droop and wane ere long
In the cold and heartless glitter of the pleasure-loving throng;
But seek the friend who, when thy prayer for him shall murmured be,
Breathes forth in faithful sympathy a fervent prayer for thee.

And should thy flowery path of life become a path of pain,
The friendship formed in bonds like these thy spirit shall sustain;
Years may not chill, nor change invade, nor poverty impair
The love that grew and flourished at the holy time of prayer."

There are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep
As ever summer saw,
And cool their water is — yea, cool and sweet;
But you must come to draw.
They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
And not unsought will give;
They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs that bubbling burst
To follow dusty ways,
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
Where the tired traveler strays,
That never ask the meadows if they want
What is their joy to give;
Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,
So self-bestowed they live.

CAROLINE SPENCER.

The blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
And rivers still keep flowing,
The dear God still his rain and sun
On good and ill bestowing
His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait!"
His flowers are prophesying
That all we dread of change or fate
His love is underlying.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang, "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
  For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
  Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
  Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
  The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

All June I bound the rose in sheaves;
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves,
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside? Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die?
The chance was they might take her eye.

How many a month I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute!
Today I venture all I know,
She will not hear my music? So!
Break the string—fold music's wing.
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learned to love;
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion—Heaven or hell?
She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well—
Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HYMN TO THE GRACES.

When I love, as some have told,
Love I shall when I am old;
O ye Graces! make me fit
For the welcoming of it.
Clean my rooms as temples be,
To entertain that deity;
Give me words wherewith to woo,
Suppling and successful too;
Winning postures, and withal,
Manners each way musical;
Sweetnesse to allay my sour
And unsmooth behavior;
For I know you have the skill,
Vines to prune, though not to kill;
And of any wood ye see,
You can make a Mercury.

ROBERT HERRICK.

YE MEANER BEAUTIES.

Ye meaner beauties of the night,
  That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your numbers than your light;
  Ye common people of the skies!
  What are you when the moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
  By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
  As if the spring were all your own!
  What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
  That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
  By your weak accents! — what's your praise
  When Philomel her voice shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen
  In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen;
  Tell me, if she was not designed
  Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

EBB AND FLOW.

"Ebb and flow, ebb and flow,
Slowly rising, and sinking slow;
Why, vast Ocean, movest thou so?"
Asked the maiden in accents low.

"Gazing upon thy mighty breast,
Why is my spirit so opprest?
Unquiet Ocean, why thine unrest,
And thy tide still sweeping from east to west?"

"Ebb and flow, ebb and flow,"
Answered the Ocean, rolling below;
"I follow wherever the moon may go,—
Follow always, steady and slow.

"Above my billows, with mighty power,
She lifts me high in a happy hour;
And my waves leap up in sparkle and shower,
As swells toward the sun the bursting flower.

"I follow her movement night and day;
When she has gone, I cannot stay;
When she departs, I sink away,—
Sinking from harbor and creek and bay."

Then answered the maiden, "I see, I see!
O Heart of mine! thy mystery,—
Thou who dost follow, glad and free,
The star which forever lifteth thee.

"There is ebb and flow in sea and heart;
And our life ebbs out if Love depart:
For an empty heart what joys remain?
Let my monarch come, though he go again.

"Let Love arrive, though Love must go!
Let Heart and Ocean ebb and flow!
Come, cruel pleasure! come, kindly woe!
For, where Love has never been, I know
That life is only death below."

F. DINGELSTEDT.

COME TO ME, DEAREST.

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee;
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee;
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee,
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten;
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly;
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing,
And thoughts of thy love and its manifold treasure
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O Spring of my spirit! O May of my bosom!
Shine out on my soul, till it bourgeon and blossom;
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even,
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven,
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple;—
Oh, thanks to the Saviour that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming!

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave and rhyme unto rhyme, love.
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing;
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing:
I would not die without you at my side, love;
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of tomorrow;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love.
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary—
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary;
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee.

JOSEPH BRENAN.

"LOVE DOTH TO HER EYES REPAIR."

Why ask of others what they cannot say—
  Others, who for thy good have little care?
Come close, dear friend, and learn a better way;
  Look in my eyes, and read my story there!

Trust not thine own proud wit; 'tis idle dreaming!
  The common gossip of the street forbear;
Nor even trust my acts or surface-seeming;
  Ask only of my eyes; my truth is there.

My lips refuse an answer to thy boldness;
  Or with false, cruel words, deny thy prayer,—
Believe them not, I hate them for their coldness!
  Look in my eyes; my love is written there.

F. RÜCKERT.

Translated by J. F. C.

It is not because the world's perplexèd meaning
  Grows more clear;
And the Parapets of Heaven, with angels leaning,
  Seem more near;
And Nature sings of praise with all her voices
  Since yours spoke,
Since within my silent heart, that now rejoices,
  Love awoke!
But because this human Love, though true and sweet—
  Yours and mine—
Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete;
  More divine;
That it leads our hearts to rest at last in heaven,
  Far above you;
Do I take you as a gift that God has given—
  And I love you!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
  On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
  I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
  Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
  To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste.
  Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise
  If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
  Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown
  Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE AMULET.

Your picture smiles as first it smiled;
  The ring you gave is still the same;
Your letter tells, O changing child!
  No tidings *since* it came.

Give me an amulet
  That keeps intelligence with you,—
Red when you love, and rosier red,
  And when you love not, pale and blue.

Alas! that neither bonds nor vows
  Can certify possession,
Torments me still the fear that love
  Died in its last expression.

R. W. EMERSON.

"My peace art thou,
My firm green isle within a troubled sea;
And lying here and looking upward now
I ask, if thou art this, what God must be:
If thus I rest within thy goodness, how
In goodness of the Infinite degree?"

Say over again, and yet once over again,
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
Should seem a "cuckoo-song," as thou dost treat it,
Remember never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed!
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
Cry * * speak once more * * thou lovest! Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll?—
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
The silver iterance!—only minding, dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy soul.

E. B. BROWNING.

"Do you remember the beautiful story of Silas Marner—how a man with no friendships, no affections, living alone in a solitary hut, devoting himself to saving a hoard of gold, was robbed of his money? And then, when he came back to his hut in despair, he found a little abandoned child who had crept into his house and gone to sleep on the hearth, and how this little child stirred the hidden fountains of life in the miser's heart, so that he devoted himself to the infant, and all the world became by degrees to him another world, old fears expelled and new hopes created by the power of this new affection?"

EROS.

The sense of the world is short,—
  Long and various the report,—
  To love and be beloved;
Men and gods have not outlearned it;
And, how oft soe'er they've turned it,
  'Tis not to be improved.

R. W. EMERSON.

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself ye daily such do see;
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit
And virtuous mind, is much more praised of me.
For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption that doth flesh ensue.
That is true beauty; that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
Derived from that fair Spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed.
He only fair, and what He fair hath made;
All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

EDMUND SPENSER.

"Love is not made of tears, nor yet of smiles,
Of quivering lips, or of enticing wiles;
Love is not tempted; he himself beguiles.
This is Love's language, but this is not Love.
If we know aught of Love, how shall we dare
To say that this is Love, when well aware
That these are common things, and Love is rare?"

FROM "IDYLS OF THE KING."

But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.
To break the heathen, and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BEFORE THE DAYBREAK.

Before the daybreak shines a star
  That in the day's great glory fades;
Too fiercely bright is the full light
  That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraids.

Before the daybreak sings a bird
  That stills her song ere morning light;
Too loud for her is the day's stir,
  The woodland's thousand-tongued delight.

Ah! great the honor is, to shine
  A light wherein no traveler errs;
And rich the prize to rank divine
  Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star,
  And I would be that lonelier bird,
To shine with hope, while hope's afar,
  And sing of love, when love's unheard.

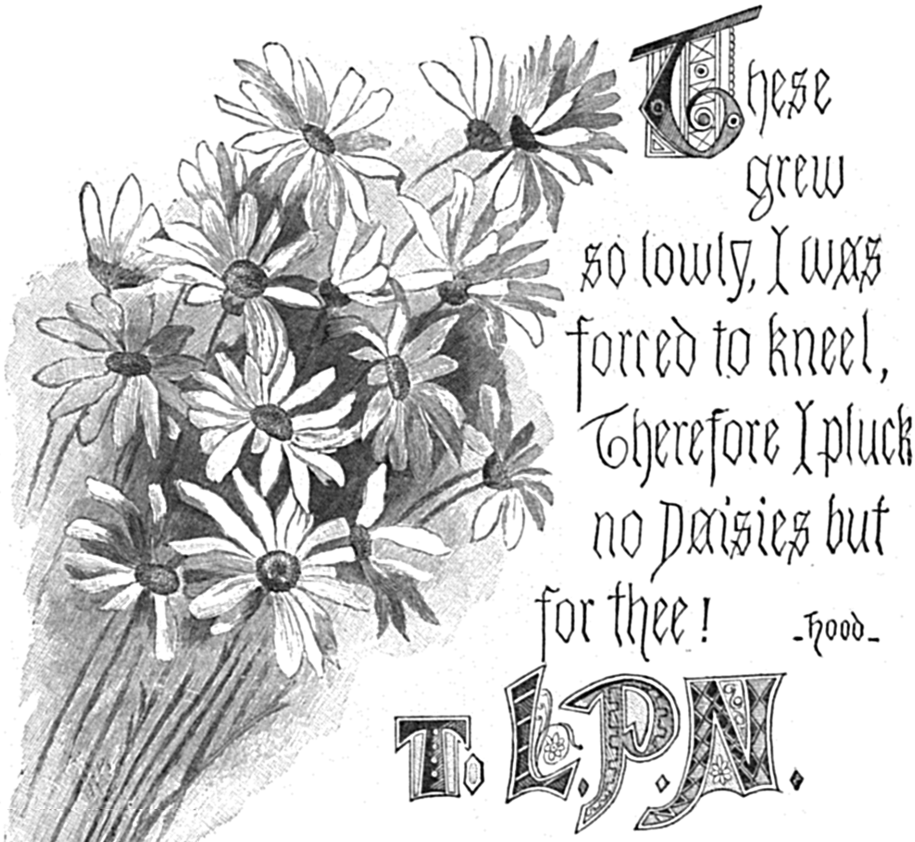
F. W. BOURDILLON.

That Love's a bitter sweet I ne'er conceive
Till the sower Minute comes of taking leave,
And then I taste it; but as men drinke up
In haste the bottom of a medicin'd Cup,
And take some sirrup after, soe do I,
To put all relish from my memorie
Of parting, drowne it in the hope to meet
Shortly againe; and make our absence sweet.

BEN JONSON.

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician; the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse; and the tenderness and patience of the best mother. LORD CLARENDON.

Love is the greatest of human affections, and friendship the noblest and most refined improvement of love. ROBERT SOUTH.



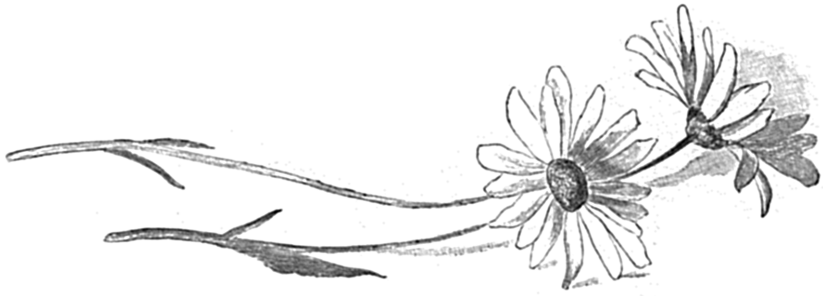
I asked the Sun,
"Canst tell me what love is?"
He answered only a smile
Of golden light.

I prayed the Flowers,
"Oh, tell me, what is love?"
Only a fragrant sigh was wafted
Thro' the night.

"Is love the soul's true life,
Or is it but the sport
Of idle summer hours?" I asked
Of Heaven above.

In answer, God sent thee,
Dear heart, to me;
And I no longer question
"What is love?"

FROM THE GERMAN.



A Handful of Letters

A HANDFUL OF LETTERS.

TO LEIGH HUNT IN ELYSIUM.

My Dear Poet:

A few days ago I fell upon this exquisite passage in one of your attractive volumes:

"How pleasant it is to reflect that all lovers of books have themselves become books! * * * May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing, as I do, what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind when he is no more."

Dear friend, I must always decline to think of you as an inarticulate phantom, but persist in regarding you habitually as an alert and active *presence*, somewhere well employed. Nothing epicedian, therefore, should ever encumber any letters to a long-absent correspondent like yourself.

Twenty years ago, when I had the never-to-be-forgotten happiness of spending a delightful evening in your cottage at Hammersmith, and you confided to me so many sacred things about your dead companions John Keats and Percy Shelley, you told me, I remember, that, if a copy were in your possession, it would have afforded you much gratification to present me with your *London Journal*, the original publication, just as it was issued during the years of 1834–35. Since that memorable evening in England under your roof (do you recall the long, calm twilight and the moonrise as we watched it glimmering among the poplar trees?) I have sought in vain for the treasure in London and American bookshops, where such priceless things

are apt to lurk. You can imagine my exceptional pleasure, dear friend, when R. C. (for years knowing my necessity) came bounding into my summer cottage on the cliff, only last night, with the coveted prize in his brawny Yorkshire fist, jubilantly shouting his fervid gladness that at last he had secured what I had so long desired to possess. R. loves the volume as much as I do, but he cannot resist the noble rage which dominates his heart for making other people happy. So now, I am actual owner of the precious leaves about which we discoursed together sitting around your jocund table a score of years ago! I cannot refrain from thanking you, as well as R. C., for the enchanting pages before me. There is a paper from your own pen in the first number of the Journal (for April 2) which comes especially near to us all. It is that one in which you hope to teach your readers of fifty years ago "the art of extracting pleasurable ideas from the commonest objects," and what graces lie in the direction of poetry and the fine arts. It is where you lean your cheek so lovingly toward those of the young and ardent seekers after what is uplifting and instructive. "Pleasure is the business of this Journal," you say often and often to your subscribers. The right kind of pleasure, of course. And how exquisitely you explain what true pleasure is! — "innocent, kindly, elevating, consoling, encouraging." Here are some of your magnetic words that I have read more than once today.

"As the sunshine floods the sky and the ocean, and yet nurses the baby buds of roses on the wall, so we would fain open the largest and the very best source of pleasure, the noblest that expands above us into the heavens, and the most familiar that catches our glance in the homestead. * * * Man has not yet learned to enjoy the world he lives in; no, not the hundred-thousand-millionth part of it; and we would fain help him to render it of still greater joy. * * * We would make adversity hopeful, prosperity sympathetic; and all to be better, kinder, richer and happier. * * * There is scarcely a single joy or sorrow within the experience of our fellow-creatures which we have not tasted; and the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, riches in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health or success. * * * We would say to every one, 'You can surely diminish pain and increase pleasure; the secret is to know more, and to know that there is more to love. The more man knows, the more he exists; and the pleasanter his knowledge, the happier his existence.' Shakespeare speaks of

a man who was 'incapable of his own distress.' A man may be poor, even struggling, but not unhappy: the commonest goods and chattels are pregnant to him as fairy tales or things in a pantomime. His hat, like Fortunato's wishing-cap, can carry him into the American solitude among the beavers, where he can sit in thought, looking at them doing their work, and hearing the majestic whispers in the trees, or the falls of the old trunks that are everlastingly breaking the silence in those wildernesses. A hundred agreeable thoughts will come to this man, thoughts of foreign lands and elegance and amusement, of tortoises and books of travels, and the comb in his mistress' hair, and the elephants that carry sultans, and the silver mines of Potosi; with all the wonders of South American history and the starry cross in its sky; so that the smallest key shall pick the lock of the greatest treasures, thus opening to the knowing man the whole universe. * * * We have been working now for upward of thirty years, and we have the same hope, the same love, the same faith in the beauty and goodness of Nature and all her prospects, in space and in time; we could almost add, the same youth. We have had so much sorrow, and yet are capable of so much joy, and receive pleasure from so many familiar objects, that we sometimes think we should have had an unfair portion of happiness if our life had not been one of more than ordinary trial."

Thanks, dear friend, for these noble, self-sustaining words, and for the permanent comfort we all find in your other health-giving writings. I have for a long time noticed the sweet influences, the almost immediate effect, of several of your essays and poems on many a downcast look and laboring breast here in America. Your charming philosophy has often recalled to me the passage which Cervantes has emphasized in *Don Quixote:* "As to being tossed in a blanket I say nothing, for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps, and, if they do come, there is nothing to be done but to wait, hold one's breath, and submit to go whither fortune and the blanket shall please."

In your writings there is nothing morbid, nothing depressing, no "perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart." You have taught us in various ways that every man has a plastic gift of happiness which will become stronger with use. It was said of the Abbe de Lille by Madame Du Molé that his body was seventy-four, and his soul only fifteen, and when I used to see your face brighten up at the sight of little children I knew the meaning of such an encomium.

In your character as Indicator you have done immeasurable service, to young people especially. You seem to have been sent into the world on a special mission to point out whatever is best in many literatures. It is said there is a bird in the interior of Africa which indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found by calling out to them with a cheerful cry. On finding itself recognized, the bird flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. Thither the gatherers go and collect the sweet treasure, while the bird flies to a little distance, observing all that passes. When the hunters have helped themselves they take care always to leave a portion for the bird that has so kindly indicated to them where the honey lay concealed. I cannot help thinking of yourself as one of the honey indicators of literature, calling out to all readers in sweet persuasive ways to come and help themselves to the choicest morsels in English prose and poetry, the honeyed words of wit and wisdom, "infinite riches in a little room." To employ your own words, you have always seemed to me

> One of the spirits chosen by Heaven to turn
> The sunny side of things to human eyes.

You once said, I remember, that birth had made you a Royalist, but that no man respected an honest Republican more than yourself, or venerated him more if he were truly great. I also remember you said that the idea of a war between England and America was a thing alike monstrous and impossible. I recall with special pleasure your assertion that you would as soon think of a quarrel between two guardian angels of mankind, in the heavens that overlook us, as a rupture between the two countries. Most earnestly and devoutly you thought the welfare of the earth committed to the keeping of the two nations. Both on your father's and mother's side you are fully American, and closely related by blood to all of us on this side of the water. Your heart readily turned to America from early boyhood, so that your books, both in prose and verse, seem very much at home among this people.

It will not disturb you, perhaps, to hear that your delightful writings are more read than ever. They have endenizened themselves in this quarter of the world especially. A bookseller told me lately he had daily calls for your perennial volumes, and it was good to hear such reports of their continued prosperity, for they "fortify like a cordial; they enlarge the heart, and are productive of sweet blood and generous spirits." As an author, you have

not passed away "like a weaver's shuttle," and not one of your modest tomes is dust-ridden or smells of mortality. My friend C. F. always keeps a supply of these three of your books on hand for bridal, new year and birthday gifts: *Imagination and Fancy, Wit and Humor*, and *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla.* He has a pretty style of binding, invented by himself for these delectable volumes, and he always adds a few words on the presentation leaf, setting forth your claims to the love and admiration of readers, young and old.

Your *Religion of the Heart* as printed by Moxon many years ago, is a soul-helping volume, but, good as it is, with your more recent experience what an improved and enlarged edition you could now put to press! If such a digression were permitted to departed essayists, what a marvelously instructive paper you could now indite for the world's enlightenment, with some such title as this: "Mistaken Ideas on the Earth with Regard to Death." I can imagine your selection of a motto for the heading of such an article. Perhaps you would choose a line for that purpose from Shakespeare's Tarquin and Lucrece.

For much *imaginary* work was there. It would be like you, Mr. Indicator, to mouse in that suggestive quarter for a fit quotation.

A few Sundays ago I heard a good clergyman quote, with a tearful voice, these admonitory lines of yours in his morning discourse. Many a hearer present listened to them with responsive moistened eyes:

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes and bring us from his bowers,
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed,— as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearts — angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air.
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

There are many things, dear friend, about which I should be so glad to ask you, but I shrink from calling off your attention to sublunary matters now.

Many of the books which I saw on your library shelves at Hammersmith have crossed over to me and become my most valuable literary treasures. Your annotated Milton, enriched with thousands of marginal notes, is a real mine of poetic lore. Some of your objections, questionings rather, in the *Paradise Lost* have puzzled me exceedingly. If I ever have the good fortune to get another long talk with you, I may venture on a few Miltonic inquiries. There is much in your copy of Shakespeare that I shall ask you to unravel, if I am vouchsafed the felicity of another interview. Your copy of Ben Jonson is delightful reading, being starred all over with subtle explanations, but something is there also to be cleared up.

One would like to be informed how you are employing yourself in your new abode. How do you get on without your library, and with no new books to criticise? Are you content so far away from the opera and Drury Lane? How do you exist with no London at your elbow? You were formerly so fond of strolling up and down the old city — where do you perambulate now? Have you and Byron met, made up, and become friendly again? One fancies you and Charles Knight hobnobbing after the old manner, comparing notes, as you used to do when you discussed with a relish those interesting personages, Parson Adams, Sancho Panza, Uncle Toby, Gil Blas, St. Januarius, Sir Roger de Coverley, Lemuel Gulliver and that gigantic despot Garagantua, who ate six pilgrims in a salad! I saw you at a friend's house years ago, holding happy converse with Barry Cornwall and Nathaniel Hawthorne, in Upper Harley street. Do you meet them often in upper streets now? And Dickens, and Adelaide Procter, and Cowden Clarke, and Charles and Mary Lamb, and William Hazlitt, are you together with them occasionally as aforetime? Do Kenyon and Landor practice wood fencing in Elysium?

One would like to know how Chaucer impresses you as an entity. (From the portrait of Geoffrey in your copy of Godwin's *Life* I judge he has, to employ Sir Philip Sidney's neat phrase, "a most kissworthy face.") Is Spencer in any way disappointing? Have you dared much converse with the potential master of them all and inquired of him as to the Prince of Denmark's hazy conduct on certain well-known occasions? (Private and confidential. Dear friend, who wrote the plays? Was it really Sha——, or only Ba——?)

There are many items of literary interest to communicate from below, but I will not enumerate them all.

William Howells, a man after your own heart, has lately made some remarkable excursions into the *Undiscovered Country*, and his book would greatly interest you. Elizabeth Phelps has touched the heart of the world in an electric manner through the pages of an exceptionally human narrative called *Gates Ajar*. I wish I could get a copy over to you, for your tender eyes were made to glisten over a book like this.

> Her senses gradually wrapt
> In a half sleep, she dreamed of better worlds,
> And dreaming heard thee still, O singing lark,
> That sangest like an angel in the clouds!

Our world-beloved Longfellow,—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—whose muse knows nothing of age, has lately addressed a poem to Robert Burns, now of Eternity. The American poet bids his Scottish brother welcome to his own fireside as "dear guest and ghost," and the whole lyric is a triumph of genuine feeling in verse.

I hear of a lecture on "Ghost Seeing," lately read in public by one of America's ripest theological and philosophical scholars. Whatever Professor H. has to say on any subject relative to the invisible world is sure of eager attention.

You were once capriciously fond of ghost-stories; does that partiality still survive the change in your locality? Or has familiarity somewhat dulled the edge of your susceptibility in that direction? Ghosts of an inferior grade are common enough everywhere in these latter days, but your opportunity for investigation must be special and deeply interesting.

Among the ladies who now belong to the ghost department you will be sure to have eagerly sought out those stately beauties of the Bridgewater family for whom Milton wrote his *Comus*, and Dante's Beatrice, and Petrarch's Laura will be sure to have attracted your attention very early in your search after the choicer residents. One other, a Florentine wife to Agolanti, you will long ago have encountered.

> Non era l'andar suo cosa mortale,
> Ma d'angelica forma.

Among the unjust books that have appeared is one containing the love-letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne. These epistles, coined out of heart's sorrow and passion, ought never to have been handled by the public. All eyes are now allowed to scrutinize *ad libitum* the inmost sacred life of one of the most sensitive beings that ever existed and suffered.

It appears it is not considered dishonorable in these days thus to unveil the sanctity of a divine memory and ruthlessly to print these quivering relics, these burning vows of an almost frenzied devotion. Tennyson's invective is recalled by this sacrilegious injustice:

> He gave the people of his best;
> The worst he kept, his best he gave;
> My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave
> Who will not let his ashes rest!

Frances Owen, a lady large of heart and brain, has published *A Study of Keats* which is worthy of all praise. Him who has

> Discoursed upon the fragile bar
> That keeps us from our homes ethereal
> And what our duties there

is most lovingly set forth in this charming brochure, and her choicely printed book deserves a place on the same shelf with what you have yourself written of the immortal youth.

Mrs. Owen quotes with appreciative judgment some lines from Keats' lovely epistle, written in September, 1816, to our dear friend Charles Cowden Clarke! How admirably that letter to the son of the poet's old schoolmaster sets forth Keats' indebtedness to young Clarke! What a blessing Charles was in those days to the young bard! Keats felt it all when he penned these memorable passages that autumn evening more than sixty years ago:

> You first taught me all the sweets of song:
> The grand, the sweet, the terse, the free, the fine;
> What swell'd with pathos, and what right divine;
> Spenserian vowels that elope with ease,
> And float along like birds o'er summer seas;

Miltonian storms, and more, Miltonian tenderness;
Michael in arms, and more, meek Eve's fair slenderness;
Who read for me the sonnet swelling loudly
Up to its climax and then dying proudly?
Who found for me the grandeur of the ode,
Growing, like Atlas, stronger from its load?
Who let me taste that more than cordial dram,
The sharp, the rapier-pointed epigram?
Show'd me that epic was of all the king,
Round, vast and spanning all, like Saturn's ring?
You, too, upheld the veil from Clio's beauty
And pointed out the patriot's stern duty;
The might of Alfred, and the shaft of Tell;
The hand of Brutus that so grandly fell
Upon a tyrant's head. Ah! had I never seen
Or known your kindness, what might I have been?
What my enjoyments in my youthful years,
Bereft of all that now my life endears?
And can I e'er these benefits forget?
And can I e'er repay the friendly debt?
* * * * * *
But many days have passed since last my heart
Was warmed luxurious by divine Mozart;
By Arne delighted, or by Handel madden'd,
Or by the song of Erin pierced and sadden'd:
What time you were before the music sitting,
And the rich notes to each sensation flitting,
Since I have walk'd with you through shady lanes
That freshly terminate in open plains,
And revell'd in a chat that ceased not
When, at nightfall, among your books we got;
No, nor when supper came, nor after that,
Nor when reluctantly I took my hat;
No, nor till cordially you shook my hand
Midway between our homes. Your accents bland
Still sounded in my ears when I no more
Could hear your footsteps touch the gravelly floor.

Sometimes I lost them, and then found again;
You changed the footpath for the grassy plain.
In those still moments I have wished you joys
That well you know to honor: "Life's very toys
With him," said I, "will take a pleasant charm;
It cannot be that aught will work him harm."
These thoughts now come o'er me with all their might;
Again I shake your hand — friend Charles, good-night."

Observe how sympathetically Mrs. Owen touches her great subject in this delightful *study:*

Such a poem as the "Ode to a Nightingale" (written on scraps of paper and thrust away as waste behind some books) is a spontaneous expression of the life the poet was then living. The nightingale sang in the plum-tree at Wentworth Place, and Keats sat and listened to it, and wrote one of the saddest and sweetest poems in our language. It was written in the same year and nearly at the same time as "Lamia," when the shadow of his approaching doom seemed to be stealing over him; when his brother Tom whom he had loved so well, had lately died; when he was waking to consciousness of the love that was his fate. There is noticeable all through the poem that languor and failure of the springs of life which mark the first approach of death, however distant the event may be, and that remarkably quickened sympathy with all natural life which is so often to be seen in those who are doomed to die. It was this sympathy which made Keats write a few months later: "How astonishingly does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us! The simple flowers of our spring are what I want to see again." It was therefore no mere poetic wish, but the expression of a real sadness, which prompted the longing "to fade away into the forest dim" with the nightingale:

Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few sad last gray hairs;
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

We can imagine, too, how his thoughts were haunted by the sufferings of his brother's last weeks when he wrote of being "half in love with easeful death," and how true it is in that passionately loving nature, which loved even its brothers with more than the love of women, that, thinking of Tom in his new-made grave, and of George far away in America, John Keats should write from his heart,

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self."

The whole of this magical ode seems to make life vocal for us as we read it, but it also brings us very close to the wearied young heart that was nearing death.

You remember Vincent Novello and that exceptional nest of London singing-birds in Oxford street many a year gone by! These suggestive lines will surely not be unfamiliar to you, and will recall the delightful family:

When lovely sounds about my ears
  Like winds in Eden's tree-tops rise,
And make me, though my spirit hears,
  For very luxury close my eyes,
Let none but friends be round about
  Who love the soothing joy like me,
That so the charm be felt throughout,
  And all be harmony.

And when we reach the close divine,
  Then let the hand of her I love
Come with its gentle palm on mine
  As soft as snow or lighting dove;
And let, by stealth, that more than friend
  Look sweetness in my opening eyes,
For only so such dreams should end,
  Or wake in Paradise.

Only yourself could have written such exquisite verses on "hearing music," and you did write them, for Vincent's piano and a lovely voice, years and years ago. Well, Vincent's daughter Mary, wife of warm-hearted, poetry-loving, poetry-making Charles, sister of the lute-voiced Clara,— a lady well known and admired by yourself many a year gone by,— has printed a sweet, refreshing volume of *Recollections*. I do not believe that a more lovable work was ever sent into the waiting world by man or woman than this enchanting mirror of the beautiful vanished Past, thus arranged by Mary Clarke in her flower-covered Genoese villa, where, thank Heaven! she is living still, a blessing to her old and young companions. Mary's heart, like her husband's and your own, has no age in it; for something dwells perpetually there —

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found.

Among your native authors whom we are especially anxious to detain from the skies as long as possible is Addington Symonds, a comparatively new name in literature. His *Studies of the Greek Poets* are volumes of never-ending delight, and it is a good sign for both countries when England and America demand increasing editions of these fascinating books. This enchanting scholar brings us into the very presence of Homer's women, and their sunbright forms, as represented by him, are just as real to us as they were to the heroes of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. With that pure and perfect maiden Nausicaa he makes us all in love afresh; and as we see her moving along the olive-gardens down to the sea, our boyish enthusiasm for the beautiful princess is rekindled with added fervor. These *Studies* are full of suggestive thought. Every chapter is radiant with light from the Hellenic world, the far-off glory of "a lustrous, lovelier past." The emotions, speculations and passions of an ideal people are all set forth in these sculpturesque and luminous pages; and as we linger over them we think of those immortal smiles and tears depicted on the Æginetan pediments, preserved through the ages as eternal records of a noble human race that can never be indifferent to mankind. In perusing the *Studies* I have often thought what enjoyment you would have in reading many of the chapters, especially the conclud-

ing one. The philosophy contained in that chapter you taught us long ago, and its reproduction by Symonds is thus doubly welcome now.

Buxton Forman, a man of genuine taste in letters, has edited and collected the complete works of Shelley, poetry and prose, in regal form, both as regards type, paper and binding. It is an edition worthy of the most musical of singers, won to us from "the pale planet mercury."

I must not omit to mention the advent of a specially noteworthy American book. A more excelling volume of pure literary criticism than Clarence Stedman's *Victorian Poets* has not appeared since you passed forward. It is truly a sterling accession to English letters, and its value is attested by its exceptional circulation on both sides of the water. There is a readable buoyancy of touch and certainty of judgment about the book which are as welcome as they are unusual. Your voice and pen would not fail to recognize Stedman as a true brother of the high art so often attempted and so seldom attained in our day. Such volumes as this one are not "scanty intellectual viands," but real nutriment for needy souls.

Those two beloved old poets, of whom you spoke with enthusiastic interest when we met in England, have taken flight for the Empyrean. The vital chord in both instances was "softly disengaged," and now we speak of Dana and Bryant as having passed forward into the innumerable host. You once reminded me of the unwithering laurels due to *Thanatopsis*. Its noble author is now one of your sacred band, "serene creators of immortal things." One of Paganini's ravishing choir has lately flitted away from us.

> Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
> His figure tall, and straight, and lithe,
> And every feature of his face
> Revealing his Norwegian race;
> A radiance streaming from within
> Around his face and forehead beamed,
> The angel with the violin
> Painted by Raphael he seemed.

His was indeed a lovely spirit, and he had the power of imparting thought to his instrument seldom vouchsafed to mortals. He had a vehement love of liberty, one of your own band of freedom-worshipers, a

soul full of endearment and hope for humanity. To those who came in friendly contact with his fine exceptional nature, his absence from among us is a daily grief. I think you never met him face to face in this lower sphere, but you will know him by his smile.

You were always interested in painting. I think you knew Washington Allston, our illustrious American artist, when he sojourned in England, more than half a century ago, and had for his intimate friends Coleridge and Hazlitt. Allston's reputation as a painter has never diminished, and his high place in modern art has never been approached until William Hunt set up his easel and claimed, by right of genius, undisputed brotherhood with him. Hunt has recently laid down his palette and become an absentee from this side of eternity. Beloved by all who had the boon of his friendship, he leaves behind him something better than fame, the deep affection of his contemporaries, the tender devotion of those who sought instruction from his facile, vigorous hand and brain. Now that Hunt has gone from this diurnal round, Elihu Vedder steps forward, by right of original excellence, into the vacated front. His subjects are unhackneyed ones, and his treatment of them *sui generis*. One of our poets not long ago published two powerful verses in a magazine, and the painter, recognizing their compelling force for illustration, has made out of them a picture quite worthy of the poem. These are the lines, entitled "Identity," from which Vedder has produced a masterly painting:

> Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space—
> In twilight-land—in No-man's land,—
> Two hurrying shapes met face to face,
> And bade each other stand.
>
> "And who are you?" cried one, agape,
> Shuddering in the gloaming light:
> "I know not," said the second shape,
> "I only died last night!"

Tennyson and Browning are still singing their own matchless themes. Like some of Giotto's fresco-paintings, Browning's later genius in verse is hard to understand, but it is true genius notwithstanding. Tennyson, like Raphael, paints only what is in the zenith of human comprehension,

although some of his dramas, we are told, are not a success on the English stage. A critic in one of the theatrical journals complains that one of the Laureate's plays "lacked effective pronouns." This recalled to my mind a *learned* commentator's remark that the *Iliad* would have been greatly improved if it could have had more adverbs judiciously interspersed here and there! Beautiful tributes to yourself and your writings have appeared from time to time both in England and America. *The Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine,* both among the revilers during your sojourn here, have given utterance to hearty words of appreciation and praise since you left us. Gerald Massey, in *The North British Review,* has spoken eloquently of your books. Alexander Ireland, most enthusiastic and genial among your admirers, has printed a valuable list of your works chronologically arranged, with notes appended, that render his volume a priceless one in literary criticism. Dickens long ago published in *All the Year Round* a charming paper touching your genius and character, and conclusively denying the foolish statement sometimes made with regard to the original of a certain character in his *Bleak House.* Carlyle, Macaulay, Edwin Whipple, Richard Horne, Mary Mitford, Hanway, and other judges of what is best in literature, have spoken in the right vein of your assured position in English letters. Lancelot Cross has lately printed a dainty little volume setting forth your characteristics as an author. On his title-page, as indicating his feeling for your works, he has this motto from Coleridge:

> I ken the bank where amaranths blow,
> Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.

Lancelot's notes, gathered up at the end of his book, are delicious morsels for all who love your delectable lucubrations.

But my letter is already disgracefully long. Mortality grows prolix with advancing age. Pardon something to admiring friendship, and a desire to extend the knowledge of your wit and wisdom wherever I have opportunity. Your Moschus has sung to us in doleful strain this solemn fiat:

> Alas! when mallows in the garden die,
> Green parsley or the crisp, luxuriant dill,
> They live again, and flower another year;
> But we, how great soe'er, or strong, or wise,
> When once we die, sleep in the senseless earth.

Can you not disprove this assertion of your favorite, and send us something more satisfactory as to the whereabouts of vanished souls? Try, dear Indicator, and do us all a lasting service.

I am ignorant of celestial postage requirements, and do not wish this epistle to get no farther than the dead-letter office, but it must take its chance.

Would that I were able to receive from you another of those inspiring sheets that came across the Atlantic waters to gladden my sight in days gone by; but alas! over that other stream no correspondence has ever crossed! You, and the great majority with you, undoubtedly understand the reason why. With loving and respectful regard,

JAMES T. FIELDS.

MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, Mass., U. S. A., August 1880.

A LETTER FROM H. W. BEECHER TO JOHN H. RAYMOND.

HARTFORD, August 30, 1848.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR:

If good resolutions were only letters, what voluminous epistles you would have had from me! Alas, that a *thoughtatype* could not be invented! What an advance will that be when one can slip a sheet of prepared paper into his hat, upon which the electricity of the mind shall act as the light does upon a photographic plate, and sally forth. Upon his return — oh, joy! — all that he has thought would be found transferred to the paper! The advantages of this new invention promise to be so many that I hope no time will be lost in prosecuting the matter to a discovery. Thus a paralytic author might triumph over the infirmity of his hands; a mercurial head like mine might, for once, write as fast as it thought. A paper nightcap would give one in the morning all his dreams; a suitable *head*-book would register the most perfect of journals, for thus all that we think would go down, good and bad,—and go down just as it happened,— a thing I suspect that is not always to be found in pen-made journals. Then, too, what self-knowledge might not this afford — should we believe in our own identity! Each evening would put a new volume into our hands, for I suppose that we all *think*

at least one volume in a day, if all our cogitations were written. What a fiction it would be!—alas, the strangeness of fiction and the stubborn validity of fact! For who does not throw the filmy veil of self-esteem upon his life, through whose witching colors all looks change to a heightened excellence? Who could bear to read in a volume at evening all the *somethings* and *nothings*, all the evil and good, all the frets and fancies, all the venturesome ranges of thinking, the vain imaginations, the hopes, fears, suppressed angers, involuntary opinions of men, and, above all, the critical thoughts which one has of even the best? For who lives without great faults? and who lives with habits of attention without *seeing* them? Yet to see in full print that which otherwise only glances through the brain, and whose trace is lost—as is the stream of a meteor—would be shocking.

There! was I not foreordained to be a letter-writer? For who can spin a longer yarn than this out of such a little lock of wool?

LETTER FROM FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE TO MISS JANE S. MARTINEAU,

ON THE DEATH OF HARRIET MARTINEAU.

June 29, 1876.

The shock of your tidings to me of course was great; but oh, I feel how delightful the surprise to her! How much she must know now! how much she must have enjoyed already! I do not know what your opinions are about this; I know what hers were, and for a long time I have thought how great will be the *surprise* to her—a glorious surprise! She served the Right, that is, God, all her life. How few of those who cry "Lord, Lord," served the Lord so well and so wisely! Joy to thee, happy soul! She served the truth and the good, and worshiped them: now they bear her on to higher and better fields. So above all petty calculations, all paltry wranglings! now she is gone on her way to infinite purity. We give *her* joy; it is our loss, not hers. She is gone to our Lord and her Lord. Made ripe for her and our Father's house, our tears are her joy. She bids us now give thanks for her. She is in another room of our Father's house. Think of that Tuesday night when she rose again:—oh, who could wish her back?

If you only knew how much I feel for you! but there is much to comfort you. A noble woman! Our Father arranged her life and her death. Is it well with the child? It *is* well. But I do not grudge her to God.

Yours with deepest sympathy,

F. NIGHTINGALE.

LETTER FROM FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE TO MRS. MARIA CHAPMAN,

ON HARRIET MARTINEAU.

September 29, 1876.

DEAR MADAME:

I was glad when I heard you were to complete Harriet Martineau's book. Who could better understand her? She was born to be a destroyer of slavery, in whatever form, in whatever place, all over the world, wherever she saw or thought she saw it. The thought actually inspired her; whether in the degraded offspring of former English poor-law, of English serfdom forty years ago,— in any shape; whether in the fruits of any abuse, social, legislative or administrative, or in actual slavery, or be it in contagious acts, or no matter what, she rose to the occasion. I think, contradictory as it may seem, she had the truest and deepest religious feeling I have ever known. How this comes out with her finest expression in *Deerbrook*, in *The Hour and the Man*, which one can scarce refrain from thinking the greatest of historical romances; the central figure so sustained in the highest spirit from first to last,— for example, Toussaint's escape from the Spanish camp, and the shower of white amaryllis cast over him by his own negroes as he rides away; all concerning his prison life, and death (chapters "Almost Free" and "Free"), that grand conception of the last thoughts of a dying deliverer reaching its highest flight. Then in her *Eastern Life*, and in many parts of her *Illustrations of Political Economy*,— for example, the death of a poor drinking woman, "Mrs. Kay,"—what higher religious feeling (or one should rather say instinct) could there be? To the last her religious feeling,— in the sense of good working out of evil, into a supreme wisdom penetrating and moulding the whole universe; —into the natural subordination of intellect and intellectual purposes and of intellectual self to purposes of good, even were these merely the small purposes of social or domestic life.

All this, which supposes something without ourselves, higher and deeper and better than ourselves, and more permanent, that is, eternal, was so strong in her,— so strong that one could scarcely explain her (apparently only) losing sight of that supreme Wisdom and Goodness in her later years. But through the other strong spring of her life, her abhorrence of any kind of bondage, did she not misinterpret the frequent (undoubted) servitude imposed by so-called religion on so many noble souls as something essential to it, instead of finding the only source of real freedom in a truer religion? Was it not her chivalry which led her to say what she knew would bring obloquy, because she thought no one else would say it? But why say this to *you*,— you who knew her so well!

Oh, how she must be unfolding now in the presence of that supreme Goodness and Wisdom before which she is *not* "ashamed," and who must welcome her as one of His truest servants!

I thought I had not a moment of time when I began to answer your letter, and now I must ask your pardon for this hasty answer to your desire; to which I can only say that I do not remember what I wrote to Miss Jane Martineau. Whatever it was, I am sure it fell miserably short of the subject.

I have a great dislike to private letters being published; at the same time I must leave it to your judgment; and I would never let my poor little dislikes interfere with anything you judged likely, though in the least degree, to contribute toward throwing light on the character of our noble friend (or the hour of a great life's ending), in whose name I am proud to be

Yours most sincerely,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

LETTER FROM MRS. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WRITTEN TO DEAR FRIENDS SOON AFTER THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

May 1864. Monday Night.

BELOVED:

When I see that I deserved nothing, and that my Father gave me the richest destiny for so many years of time, to which eternity is to be added, I am struck dumb with an ecstasy of gratitude, and let go my mortal hold with an awful submission, and without a murmur. I stand hushed into an

ineffable peace which I cannot measure nor understand. It therefore must be that peace which "passeth all understanding." I feel that his joy is such as "the heart of man cannot conceive," and shall I not then rejoice, who loved him so far beyond myself? If I did not at once share his beatitude, should I be one with him now in essential essence? Ah, thanks be to God who gives me this proof—beyond all possible doubt—that we are not, and never can be, divided! If my faith bear this test, is it not "beyond the utmost scope and vision of calamity?" Need I ever fear again any possible dispensation, if I can stand serene when that presence is reft from me which I believed I must instantly die to lose? Where, O God, is that supporting, inspiring, protecting, entrancing presence which surrounded me with safety and supreme content?

"It is with you, my child, saith the Lord, and *seemeth* only to be gone."

"Yes, my Father, I know I have not lost it, because I still live." "I will be glad." "Thy will be done." From a child I have truly believed that God was all-good and all-wise, and felt assured that no event could shake my belief. To-day I *know it.*

This is the whole. No more can be asked of God. There can be no death nor loss for me for evermore. I stand so far within the veil that the light from God's countenance can never be hidden from me for one moment of the eternal day, now nor then. God gave me the rose of time—the blossom of the ages to call my own for twenty-five years of human life.

God has satisfied wholly my insatiable heart with a perfect love that transcends my dreams. He has decreed this earthly life a mere court of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, yes, dear heavenly Father! "I will be glad," that my darling has suddenly escaped from the rude jars and hurts of this outer court, and when I was not aware that an angel gently drew him within the palace-door that turned on noiseless golden hinges, drew him in, because he was weary.

God gave to His beloved sleep. And then an awakening which will require no more restoring slumber.

As the dewdrop holds the day, so my heart holds the presence of the glorified freed spirit. He was so beautiful here, that he will not need much change to become "a shining one!" How easily I shall know him when my children have done with me, and perhaps the angel will draw me gently also within the palace-door, if I do not faint, but truly live. "Thy will be done."

At that festival of life that we all celebrated last Monday, did not those myriad little white lily-bells ring in for him the eternal year of peace, as they clustered and hung around the majestic temple in which he once lived with God? They rang out, too, that lordly incense that can come only from a lily, large or small. What lovely ivory sculpture round the edge! I saw it all, even at that breathless moment, when I knew that all that was visible was about to be shut out from me for my future mortal life. I saw all the beauty, and the tropical gorgeousness of odor that enriched the air from your peerless wreath steeped me in Paradise. We were the new Adam and new Eve again, and walked in the garden in the cool of the day, and there was not yet death, only the voice of the Lord. But indeed it seems to me that now again there is no death. His life has swallowed it up.

Do not fear for me, "dark hours." I think there is nothing dark for me henceforth. I have to do only with the present, and the present is light and rest. Has not the everlasting

Morning spread
Over me her rich surprise!

I have no more to ask, but that I may be able to comfort all who mourn, as I am comforted. If I could bear all sorrow I would be glad, because God has turned for me the silver lining; and for me the darkest cloud has broken into ten thousand singing-birds—as I saw in my dream that I told you. So in another dream, long ago, God showed me a gold thread passing through each mesh of a black pall that seemed to shut out the sun. I comprehend all now; before I did not doubt. Now God says in soft thunders, "Even so."

Your faithful friend,

SOPHIA HAWTHORNE.

LETTER OF FÉNÉLON TO THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

I believe, Monseigneur, that the true way of loving your neighbor is to love him in God and for God. Men know so little of the love of God, and for want of knowing that they are afraid of Him, and draw back from Him. This fear hinders them from understanding the sweet familiarity with which His children rest in the bosom of the tenderest of all Fathers. They can see nothing but an all-powerful and stern Master; they are always constrained with Him, hampered in all they do. They do what is right expectantly, to escape punishment; they would do wrong if they dared, and if they could hope to do it with impunity. The love of God is to them a burdensome debt; they seek to evade it by formality, and by an exterior worship which they strive to substitute for a hearty active love. They bargain with God Himself, in order to give Him the least they can. O God, if men knew what it really is to love Thee they would ask no other joy in life save Thy Love!

This love only demands of us an innocent and well regulated habit of life. It only requires us to do for God what common reason would enjoin. It is not a question of adding to our good works, but rather doing for love of God that which upright people who lead good lives do from a sense of honor and self-respect.

All that has to be given up is that evil which we should give up from a mere principle of reason. And for all the rest we may leave things in the order of God's Providence, doing all that is right and good, but so doing for His sake whose we are and to whom we owe everything.

This love of God does not exact of ordinary Christians austerity such as the hermits of old practiced, their solitude, nor their contemplation; it does not ordinarily require either startling heroic deeds, or a renunciation of rightfully acquired property, or of the advantages appertaining to each man's natural position. It only requires of each to be honest, sober and temperate in the use of all these things; not making an idol of any of them, but using them as God would have him, in His service.

Such love as this does not increase our crosses, it finds them broadcast already among all conditions of men. Our crosses arise from the infirmity of our bodies and the passions of our hearts; from our own imperfections and those of others with whom our lot is cast. It is not the love of God

which causes these trials; on the contrary, it softens them by the comfort He mingles with our sufferings. Indeed it lightens our crosses as by degrees it moderates our ardent passions and our sensitiveness, which are at the bottom of all our real troubles. If we had perfect love of God, it would put an end to all our sorrows and fill us with the blessed peace, by teaching us real detachment from all alike that we fear to lose or long to gain.

Why, then, should we fear that love which causes none of our trials, which can soften them all, and which would bring all possible blessings with itself into our hearts?

Truly men are their own great enemies when they fear and resist this love. The precept of love, so far from being a weight over and above all other precepts, tends, on the contrary, to make those other precepts sweet and light. What we do from fear and without love is always wearisome, hard, grievous, oppressive. What we do out of love from persuasion, with a free will, however hard to the senses, becomes pleasant. A desire to please God because we love Him makes one love to suffer, and what we suffer for love's sake ceases to be suffering. This love alters, disturbs, changes nothing in the order of things God has established. It leaves the great to their greatness, only causing them to be lowly in His Hand who has made them great. It leaves the lowly in the dust, and makes them rejoice to be nought save in Him. Such content in the lowliest place is altogether free from meanness, and is true greatness.

This love rules and inspires all other love. We never love our neighbor so well as in God and for Him. When we love men apart from this, we love them for ourselves only: we seek either our own obvious interest, or a subtle, hidden self-interest. If it is not money, favor, advantage, that we seek, it will be the credit of disinterestedness, or gratification of taste, or confidence, the pleasure of being liked by people of merit; things which are more soothing to self-love even than a round sum of money. So that after all it is self that we love all the time; and such love is a very poor thing, it is much more vanity than real love.

What, then, is the true way of loving one's friends?

It is to love them in God, to love God in them; to love what He has made them, and to bear, for love of Him, with what He has not made them. When we only love our friends out of self-love, that selfishness which is impatient, fastidious, jealous, exacting and worthless will be forever mistrustful both of itself and its friends; it grows weary, and is easily put out; it soon

comes to an end of what seemed boundless; it is forever lost in misunderstandings; it wants perfection and cannot find it; it grows petulant and changeable and finds rest nowhere. But the love of God, loving friends apart from self, knows how to love patiently through all their faults. It does not want to find more in them than God has put there; it sees Him and His gifts above all; all is welcome so long as we love what He does and bear with what He withholds, knowing that he withholds it only to conform us the more to His will. This love which comes of God never looks for perfection in anything created; it knows that perfection is God's only; and imperfection only causes it to cry out, That is not my God! expecting no perfection, it is never disappointed. What is lacking in any one it knows may yet be made up, if God so wills. He who has such love, loves all that God has made, and chiefly those whom God gives him for special love. In an earthly father he sees reflected a heavenly Father; in brothers, relations, friends, the close links which God's Providence has knit. The closer such links, the deeper and stronger His Providence makes them. Can we love God and not love all He has given us to love? Verily we had rather die than love aught better than we love Him. He has said in His gospel, "If any man love father or mother more than me he is not worthy of me." God forbids, then, that I should love more than Him that which I should love for His sake only. But I love with all my heart whatever represents Him, whatever is His gift, whatever He wills me to love; and this solid foundation of love makes me careful to fail in nowise either toward relations or friends. Their imperfections cannot surprise me, for I look for imperfections in all that is not God. In Him alone I see any real goodness, but I love Him in his creature, and nothing can affect that love. It is true that this love is not always tender and quick equally; but it is real, deep and faithful, constant, practical, and I prefer it to all other love. At times it has its sweetness and its transports.

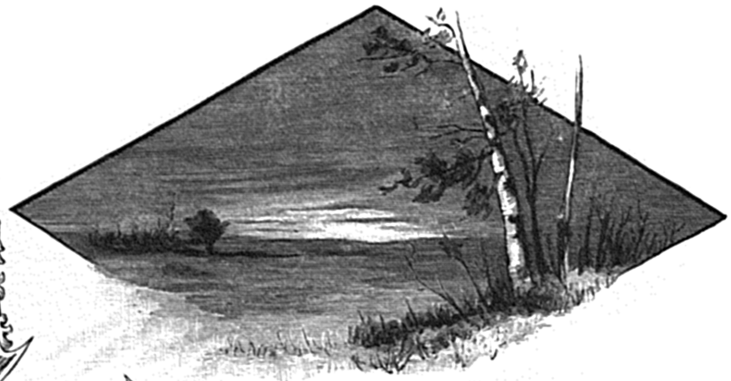
A soul wholly staid on God would never be cold and dry with the inequalities and touchiness of self-love.

Loving for God's sake only, it would love like God with a perfect love; for as Saint John says, "God is Love." Its heart would be a spring of living water, according to the promise. Such love would bear all, endure all, hope all, for its neighbor; it would overcome all difficulties; the depth of the heart would overflow a man's exterior; he would be tender over the troubles of others, unmindful of his own; he would mould himself to all

men, lowly with the lowly, great with the great, he would weep with those that weep, and rejoice out of sympathy with those that rejoice; he would be all things to all men, not in cold outward show, but out of the abundance of a heart in which the love of God was the living source of all the tenderest, keenest and strongest feelings.

Naught so cold, so dry, so hard, so shut up, as a heart which loves itself alone.

Nought so tender, open, quick, sweet, lovable and loving as a heart possessed of and filled with the love of God.



A Service of Sorrow.

"Until the day-break and the shadows flee away"

Ask God to give thee skill
In comfort's art,
That thou mayst consecrated be
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy;
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart,
And comforters are needed much
Of Christ-like touch.

SERVICE OF SORROW.

Words weaker than your grief would make grief more;
Yet something I did wish to say.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

So varied, extensive and pervading are human distresses, sorrows, shortcomings, miseries, and misadventures, that a chapter of aid or consolation never comes amiss, I think. There is a pitiless, pelting rain this morning; heavily against my study windows drives the northwestern gale; and altogether it is a very fit day for working at such a chapter. The indoor comforts which enable one to resent with composure, nay even to welcome, this outward conflict and hubbub, are like the plans and resources provided by philosophy and religion, to meet the various calamities driven against the soul in its passage through this stormy world. The books which reward me have been found an equal resource in both respects, both against the weather from without and from within, against physical and mental storms; and, if it might be so, I would pass on to others the comfort which a seasonable word has often brought to me. If I were to look round these shelves, what a host of well-loved names would rise up, in those who have said brave or wise words to comfort and aid their brethren in adversity. It seems as if little remained to be said; but in truth there is always waste land in the human heart to be tilled.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

All may learn, and all may be comforted.

1 Corinthians xiv, 31.

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see,
In the Chamber over the Gate,
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago,
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of today?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far or near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice sounds like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair,
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door
Who shall return no more;
With him our joy departs!
The light goes out in our hearts;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son!

That 'tis a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.

J. R. LOWELL.

When the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, then it is na what we hae dune for ourselves, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. WALTER SCOTT.

CONSOLATION.

All are not taken, there are left behind
Living Belovèds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so — if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoined —
And if before those sepulchres unmoving
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth),
Crying "Where are ye, O my loved and loving?" . . .
I know a Voice would sound, "Daughter, I Am.
Can I suffice for Heaven, and not for earth?"

E. B. BROWNING.

Last autumn, in some of the pastures, fire ran along the wall, and left the ground black with its ephemeral charcoal, where now the little wind-flower lifts its delicate form and bends its slender neck, and blushes with its own beauty, gathered from the black ground out of which it grew; or some trillium opens its painted cup, and in due time will show its fruit, a beautiful berry there. So out of human soil, blackened by another fire which has swept over it, in due time great flowers will come in the form of spiritual beauty not yet seen, and other fruit grow there whose seed is in itself, and which had not ripened but out of that black ground. Thus the lilies of peace cover the terrible fields of Waterloo, and out of the graves of our dear ones there spring up such flowers of spiritual loveliness as you and I else had never known. It is not from the tall crowded warehouse of prosperity that men first or clearest see the eternal stars of heaven. It is often from the humble spot where we have laid our dear ones that we find our best observatory, which gives us glimpses into the far-off world of never-ending time.

THEODORE PARKER.

THOUGHTS FROM BARONESS BUNSEN.

It has been my experience more than once in life, that relief from a form of trial which had become peculiarly oppressive was not granted until in my heart I had performed that act of voluntary and entire resignation ; not only that, but kept to it, and, in two I can recall, the trial was then removed. As soon as the object of trial is attained in us the trial will assuredly be taken away.

I believe the happiness of a higher state of being will be in a great measure the power of taking in what God will give.

We only approach to consolation in proportion as we cling to Christ as a reality.

May my life not be prolonged beyond the date of intelligent looking up to Heaven.

The object of human existence is not to be as comfortable as possible in every stage of progress, but to make every advantage possible of its circumstances.

Deeds, not intuitions; facts, not feelings; a steadfast will, not acts of volition; a life, not the aspirations of moments or hours, a striving forward, not looking back.

God, who in mercy and wisdom governs the world, would never have suffered so many sadnesses, and have sent them especially to the most virtuous and wisest men, but that He intends they should be the seminary of comfort, the nursery of virtue, the exercise of wisdom, the trial of patience, the venturing for a crown, and the crown of glory.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Who best can suffer best can do.

JOHN MILTON.

THE WORD IN NATURE.

In holy books we read how God hath spoken
  To holy men in many different ways;
But hath the present worked no sign nor token?
  Is God quite silent in these latter days?

The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
  If He that spake it were not speaking still;
If all the light and all the shade around
  Were aught but issues of Almighty Will.

So, then, believe that every bird that sings,
  And every flower, that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings,
  To the pure spirit is a word of God.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

FROM "THE ETERNAL GOODNESS."

* * * * *

I see the wrong that round me lies,
  I feel the guilt within;
I hear with groan and travail-cries,
  The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
  And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
  I know that God is good.

* * * * *

I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care.

J. G. WHITTIER.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers,
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"I am not the thing you kiss,
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,— the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell,— one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid

That treasury of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,—
In enlarging Paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell!
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;

Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH.

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
  The labor and the wounds are vain;
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
  And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
  It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
  And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
  Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
  Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
  When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
  But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

LAMENTATION.

I read upon that book
Which down the golden gulf doth let us look
On the sweet days of pastoral majesty;
I read upon that book
How, when the Shepherd Prince did flee
(Red Esau's twin), he desolate took
The stone for a pillow: then he fell on sleep.
And lo! there was a ladder. Lo! there hung
A ladder from the star-place, and it clung
To the earth: it tied her so to heaven; and oh,
There fluttered wings!
Then were ascending and descending things
That stepped to him where he lay low;
Then up the ladder would a drifting go
(This feathered brood of heaven), and show
Small as white flakes in winter that are blown
Together, underneath the great white throne.

When I had shut the book, I said,
"Now, as for me, my dreams upon my bed
Are not like Jacob's dream;
Yet I have got it in my life; yes, I,
And many more; it doth not us beseem,
Therefore, to sigh,
Is there not hung a ladder in our sky?
Yea; and, moreover, all the way up on high
Is thickly peopled with the prayers of men.
We have no dream! What then?
Like wingèd wayfarers the height they scale
(By Him that offers them they shall prevail),—
The prayers of men,
But where is found a prayer for me;
How should I pray;

My heart is sick, and full of strife,
I heard one whisper with departing breath,
'Suffer us not, for any pains of death,
To fall from Thee';
But oh, the pains of life! the pains of life!
There is no comfort now, and naught to win,
But yet — I will begin."

I.

"Preserve to me my wealth," I do not say,
For that is wasted away;
And much of it was cankered ere it went.
"Preserve to me my health," I cannot say,
For that, upon a day,
Went after other delights to banishment.

II.

What can I pray? "Give me forgetfulness"?
No, I would still possess
Past away smiles, though present fronts be stern;
"Give me again my kindred"? Nay, not so,
Not idle prayers. We know
They that have crossed the river cannot return.

III.

I do not pray, "Comfort me! comfort me!"
For how should comfort be?
O,— O that cooing mouth,—that little white head!
No; but I pray, "If it be not too late,
Open to me the gate,
That I may find my babe when I am dead.

IV.

"Show me the path. I had forgotten Thee
When I was happy and free,
Walking down here in the gladsome light o' the sun;

But now I come and mourn; oh, set my feet
In the road to Thy blest seat,
And for the rest, O God, Thy will be done."

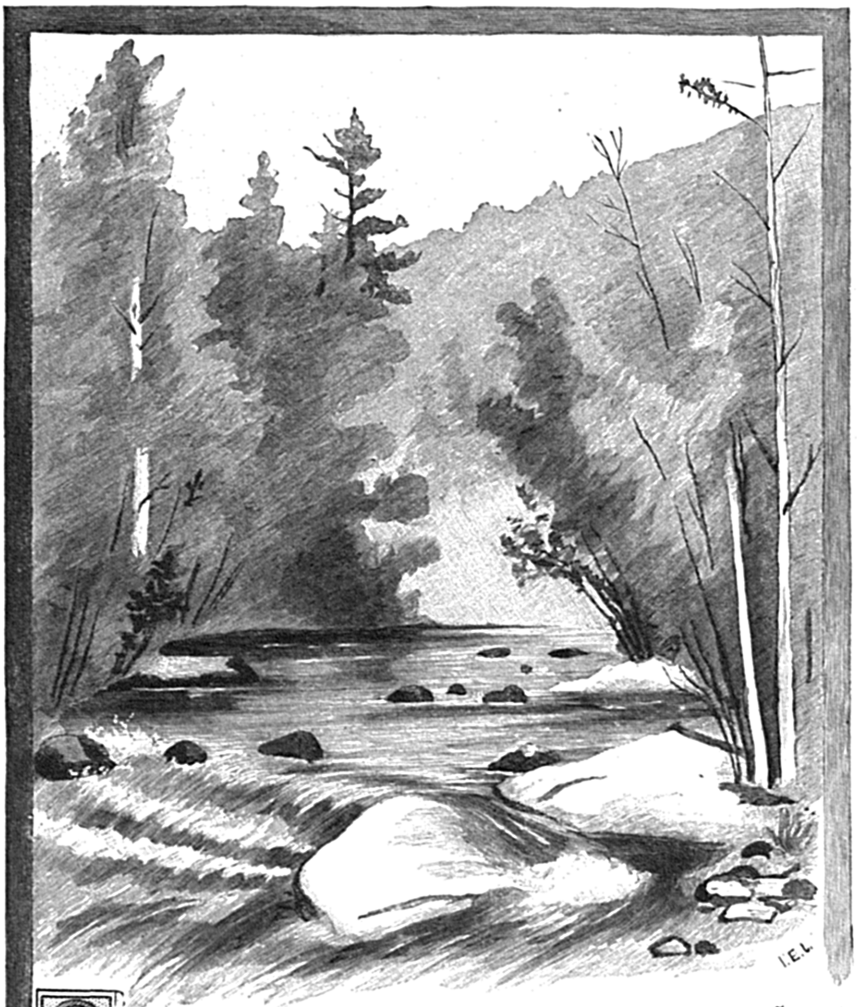
JEAN INGELOW.

We do not know, perhaps, what or where our pain is; we are so used to it that we do not call it pain. Still, so it is; we need a relief to our hearts, that they may be dark and sullen no longer, or that they may not go on feeding upon themselves; we need to escape from ourselves to something beyond; and much as we may wish it otherwise, and may try to make idols to ourselves, nothing short of God's presence is our true refuge. Everything else is either a mockery, or but an expedient useful for its season and in its measure. * * * Created natures cannot open us, or elicit the ten thousand mental senses which belong to us, and through which we really live. * * * The contemplation of God, and nothing but it, is able fully to open and to relieve the mind, to unlock, occupy and fix our affections. * * * Life passes, riches fly away, popularity is fickle, the senses decay, the world changes, friends die. One alone is constant; One alone is true to us; One alone can be true; One alone can be all things to us; One alone can supply our needs; One alone can train us up to our full perfection; One alone can give a meaning to our complex and intricate nature; One alone can give us tune and harmony; One alone can form and possess us. Are we allowed to put ourselves under His guidance? This surely is the only question.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Oh, weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles,—spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm!
God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal Love sows sovereign seed.

GERALD MASSEY.



will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

Immoderate grief, like everything else immoderate, is useless and pernicious; but if we did not tolerate and endure it; if we did not prepare for it, meet it, commune with it; if we did not even cherish it in its season,—much of what is best in our faculties, much of our tenderness, much of our generosity, much of our patriotism, much, also, of our genius, would be stifled and extinguished.

When I hear any one call upon another to be manly and restrain his tears, if they flow from the social and the kind affections, I doubt the humanity and distrust the wisdom of the counsellor. Were he humane, he would be more inclined to pity and to sympathize than to lecture and reprove; and were he wise, he would consider that tears are given us by nature as a remedy to affliction, although, like other remedies, they should come to our relief in private. Philosophy, we may be told, would prevent the tears, by turning away the sources of them, and by raising up a rampart against pain and sorrow. I am of opinion that philosophy, quite pure and totally abstracted from our appetites and passions, instead of serving us the better, would do us little or no good at all. We may receive so much light as not to see, and so much philosophy as to be worse than foolish.

WALTER S. LANDOR.

Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat
Like pulses in the church's brow and breast;
And by them we find rest in our unrest,
And heart-deep in salt tears, do yet entreat
God's fellowship, as if on heavenly seat.
The first is *Jesus Wept*,—whereon is prest
Full many a sobbing face that drops its best
And sweetest waters on the record sweet;—
And one is, where the Christ, denied and scorned,
Looked upon Peter. Oh, to render plain,
By help of having loved a little, and mourned,
That look of sovran love and sovran pain,
When He who could not sin, yet suffered, turned
On him who could reject, but not sustain!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE TWO WAITINGS.

I.

Dear hearts, you were waiting a year ago
For the glory to be revealed;
You were wondering deeply, with bated breath,
What treasure the days concealed.

Oh, would it be this, or would it be that?
Would it be girl or boy?
Would it look like father or mother most?
And what should you do for joy?

And then one day, when the time was full,
And the spring was coming fast,
The tender grace of a life out bloomed,
And you saw your babe at last.

Was it, or not, what you had dreamed?
It was, and yet it was not;
But, oh! it was better a thousand times
Than ever you wished or thought.

II.

And now, dear hearts, you are waiting again,
While the spring is coming fast;
For the baby that was a future dream
Is now a dream of the past;

A dream of sunshine, and all that's sweet;
Of all that is pure and bright;
Of eyes that were blue as the sky by day,
And as soft as the stars by night.

You are waiting again for the fullness of time,
And the glory to be revealed;
You are wondering deeply, with aching hearts,
What treasure is now concealed.

Oh, will she be this, or will she be that?
And what will there be in her face
That will tell you sure that she is your own
When you meet in the heavenly place?

As it was before, it will be again,
Fashion your dream as you will;
When the veil is rent, and the glory seen,
It will more than your hope fulfill.

J. W. CHADWICK.

Be like the bird, that, halting in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

VICTOR HUGO.

I am in some little disorder by reason of the death of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad; but now he rejoices in his little orbe, while we thinke, and sigh, and long to be as safe as he is.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

EDMUND BURKE, ON THE DEATH OF HIS ONLY SON.

"I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth."

FROM A LETTER OF R. W EMERSON'S TO THOMAS CARLYLE.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LITTLE SON, WRITTEN IN MARCH, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You should have had this letter and these messages by the last steamer; but when it sailed, my son, a perfect little boy of five years and three months, had ended his earthly life.* You can never sympathize with me; you can never know how much of me such a young child can take away. A few weeks ago I accounted myself a very rich man, and now the poorest of all. What would it avail to tell you anecdotes of a sweet and wonderful boy, such as we solace and sadden ourselves with at home every morning and evening? From a perfect health and as happy a life and as happy influences as ever child enjoyed, he was hurried out of my arms in three short days by scarlatina. We have two babes yet,—one a girl of three years, and one girl of three months and a week, but a promise like that boy's I shall never see. How often I have pleased myself that one day I should send to you this Morning Star of mine, and stay at home so gladly behind such a representative. I dare not fathom the Invisible and Untold to inquire what relations to my departed ones I yet sustain. Lidian, the poor Lidian, moans at home by day and by night. You too will grieve for us, afar.

In August the grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever, and as green; the flowers gleam forth in richer abundance along the margins of the river, and by the stone walls, and deep among the woods; the days, too, are as fervid now as they were a month ago; and yet in every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine we hear the whispered farewell and behold the parting smile of a dear friend. There is a coolness amid all the heat, a mildness in the blazing

---

*"The memory of this boy, 'born for the future, to the future lost,' is enshrined in the heart of every lover of childhood and of poetry by his father's impassioned *Threnody*."

noon. Not a breeze can stir but it thrills us with the breath of autumn. A pensive glory is seen in the far, golden beams, among the shadows of the trees. The flowers — even the brightest of them, and they are the most gorgeous of the year — have this gentle sadness wedded to their pomp, and typify the character of the delicious time each within itself. The brilliant cardinal-flower has never seemed gay to me. Still later in the season Nature's tenderness waxes stronger. It is impossible not to be fond of our mother now, for she is fond of us! At other periods she does not make this impression on me, or only at rare intervals; but in those genial days of autumn when she has perfected her harvests and accomplished everv needful thing that was given her to do, then she overflows with a blessed superfluity of love. She has labor to caress her children now. It is good to be alive at such times. Thank Heaven for breath; yes, for mere breath, when it is made up of a heavenly breeze like this! It comes with a real kiss upon our cheeks; it would linger fondly around us if it might; but, since it must be gone, it embraces us with its whole kindly heart, and passes onward to embrace likewise the next thing that it meets. A blessing is flung abroad and scattered far and wide over the earth, to be gathered up by all who choose. I recline upon the still unwithered grass and whisper to myself, "O perfect day! O beautiful world! O beneficent God!" And it is the promise of a blessed eternity; for our Creator would never have made such lovely days, and have given us the deep hearts to enjoy them, above and beyond all thought, unless we were meant to be immortal.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

FROM THOMAS CARLYLE'S REPLY TO R. W. EMERSON, ON THE DEATH OF HIS LITTLE SON.

March 28, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND: This is heavy news that you send me; the heaviest outward bereavement that can befall a man has overtaken you. Your calm tone of deep, quiet sorrow, coming in on the rear of poor, trivial worldly businesses, all punctually dispatched and recorded too, as if the Higher and Highest had not been busy with you, tells me a sad tale. What can we say

in these cases? There is nothing to be said,—nothing but what the wild son of Ishmael and every thinking heart from of old have learned to say: "God is great. He is terrible and stern; but we know also He is good." "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Your bright little boy, chief of your possessions here below, is rapt away from you; but of very truth *he* is with God, even as we that yet live are,—and surely in the way that was *best* for him, and for you, and for all of us. Poor Lidian Emerson, poor mother! To her I have no word. Such poignant, unspeakable grief, I believe, visits no creature as that of a mother bereft of her child. The poor sparrow in the bush affects one with pity, mourning for its young; how much more the human soul of one's friend! I cannot bid her be of comfort, for there is as yet no comfort. May good influences watch over her, bring her some assuagement. As the Hebrew David said: "We shall go to him, he will not return to us." * * * I lead a strange life, full of sadness, of solemnity, not without a kind of blessedness. I say it is right and fitting that one be left entirely alone now and then, alone with one's own griefs and sins, with the mysterious ancient earth round one, the everlasting heaven over one, and what one can make of these. Poor rustic businesses, subletting of farms, disposal of houses, household goods: these strangely intervene, like matter upon spirit, every day;—wholesome this too, perhaps. It is many years since I have stood so in close contact face to face with the reality of earth, with its haggard ugliness, its divine beauty, its depths of death and of life. Yesterday, one of the stillest Sundays, I sat long by the side of the swift river Nith; sauntered among woods all vocal only with rooks and pairing birds. The hills are often white with snow-powder, black, brief spring-tempests rush fiercely down from them, and then again the sky looks forth with a pale, pure brightness, like eternity from behind time. The *sky*, when one thinks of it, is *always* blue, pure, changeless azure; rains and tempests are only for the little dwellings where men abide. Let us think of this too. Think of this, thou sorrowing mother! Thy boy has escaped many showers.

Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

PRAYER OFFERED BY LEOPOLD MOZART FOR HIS LITTLE SON, WOLFGANG, THEN FOUR YEARS OLD.

O Lord my God, Thou hast given me a rare and wonderful flower; give me also wisdom and patience, that I may watch over it and bring it to a most beautiful unfolding. Let the glory be thine and the happiness mine!" And God heard that prayer and the child became the "Master, the Knight of Harmony."

DAWNING.

Lo! here hath been dawning another blue day,—
Think! wilt thou let it slip useless way?

Out of eternity this new day is born,
Into eternity this night 'twill return.

See it aforetime no eye ever did;
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning another blue day,—
Think! wilt thou let it slip useless away?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

"Better to stem with heart and hand
The surging tide of life, than lie
Unmindful on its flowery strand
Of God's occasions drifting by;
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of the goading air
Than in the lap of sensuous ease forego,
The God-like power to do, the God-like aim to know!"

FROM "MY SOUL AND I."

Stand still, my soul, in the silent dark,
  I would question thee,
Alone in the shadow drear and stark,
  With God and me!

What, my soul, was thy errand here?
  Was it mirth or ease,
Or heaping up dust from year to year?
  "Nay, none of these!"

* * * * * *

And where art thou going, soul of mine?
  Canst see the end?
And whither this troubled life of thine
  Evermore doth tend?

What daunts thee now?—what shakes thee so?
  My sad soul, say.
"I see a cloud like a curtain low
  Hang o'er my way."

* * * * * *

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
  Whate'er thou fearest;
Round him in calmest music rolls
  Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
  And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
  The spirit goeth.

J. G. WHITTIER.

A word spoken in due season, how good is it!

PROVERBS XV, 23.

DUTY.

I reach a duty, yet I do it not,
  And therefore see no higher; but, if done,
My view is brighten'd, and another spot
  Seen on my moral sun.

For, be the duty high as angel's flight,
  Fulfill it, and a higher will arise,
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite—
  Receding as the skies.

And thus it is, the purest most deplore
  Their want of purity. As fold by fold,
In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more
  Of Duty they behold.

Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes
  On duties crowding only to appall?
No; Duty is our ladder to the skies,
  And, climbing not, we fall.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, eternal Word!
From Thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honor, hope or peace.
From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavor and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, oh! Thou bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown,
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Wisdom's self
Oft seeks the sweet retired solitude
Where, with her best muse, *Contemplation*,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That, in the various bustle of resort,
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.

JOHN MILTON.

If I did not believe in a special Providence, in a perpetual education of men by evil as well as good, by small things as well as great,—if I did not believe that, I could believe nothing.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE DIVINE LOVE FOR MEN.

God loves human souls. They are unutterably precious to Him. There is not a human being on the face of this broad earth so far away, so low down, that the pulsings of the Great Heart do not beat out toward him. We talk of the sacredness of law in God's sight; of the sacredness of truth, of justice, of purity, of virtue. It is not foolishness so to talk. We cannot exaggerate the estimate in which every true and right principle is held of God. But souls! individual souls! groups of souls! In what terms of exchange or comparison shall we express God's regard for them? When God's law is broken in the direction of injustice to men; in the direction of an unheeded warning to duty toward men; of a cry for help in behalf of men; of simple neglect toward even the wickedest and most desperate of men, then avenging indignation is sure to be let loose, and penalty follows.

The old Roman aristocracy, drunk with power, and surfeited with every excess, thought it a fine thing to tyrannize over the conquered provinces and rob them of their wealth; to reduce their captives to the degradation of chains, and to augment their numbers, till, as Gibbon

estimates, sixty millions, or one-half of the population of the Roman Empire, were actually in bondage; to train the brave and brawny youth of the land for fierce gladiatorial conflicts; to cut up their old slaves and feed them out to the carp in their artificial lakes; to let the mills of their lust and avarice and pride grind on till the masses were crushed to a fine powder. But there came a day of reckoning. There came a day when this same Roman aristocracy — self-indulgent, profligate, cruel — wanted the backing of large and resolute numbers, and then they found that the people were mad. They wanted heroic following; they were confronted with mobs; they wanted loyalty; they were met with the angry defiance of revolt. They wanted fidelity; the only instructions they had ever imparted were instructions in greed, and sensuality, and utter indifference to human needs and woes. These few, who had the money and the power, and sat in the gateways of authority, said: "These men are not our brothers; these men whose necks are under the yoke; these men who toil and sweat in harvest fields; these men without wealth, and with no patrician blood in their veins." But there was a Nemesis of Fate whose simple answer was, "You shall see."

F. A. NOBLE.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

I write to you because every expression of human sympathy brings some little comfort, if it be only to remind such as you that you are not alone in the world. I know nothing can make up for such a loss as yours.* But you will still have love on earth all round you; and *his* love is not dead. It lives still in the next world for you, and perhaps with you. For why should not those who are gone, if they are gone to their Lord, be actually nearer us, not farther from us, in the heavenly world, praying for us and it may be, influencing and guiding us in a hundred ways, of which we, in our prison-house of mortality, cannot dream? Yes, do not be afraid to believe that he whom you have loved is still near you, and you near him, and both of you near God, who

*Death of a husband.

died on the cross for you. That is all I can say. But what comfort there is in it, if one can give up one's heart to believe it.

* * * * * * * *

All I can say about the text, Matt. xxii, 30 [of Marriage in the world to come], is that it has nought to do with me and my wife. I know that if immortality is to include in my case identity of person, I shall feel for her forever what I feel now. That feeling may be developed in ways which I do not expect; it may have provided for it forms of expression very different from any which are among the holiest sacraments of life. Of that I take no care. The union I believe to be eternal as my own soul, and I leave all in the hands of a good God. Is not marriage the mere approximation to a unity that shall be perfect in heaven? And shall we not be reunited in heaven by that still deeper tie? Surely if on earth Christ the Lord has loved — some more than others;—why should not we do the same in heaven, and yet love all? Do I thus seem to undervalue earthly bliss? No! I enhance it when I make it the sacrament of a higher union! Will not this thought give more exquisite delight; will it not tear off the thorn from every rose; and sweeten every nectar cup to perfect security of blessedness in this life, to feel that there is more in store for us — that all expressions of love here are but dim shadows of a union which will be perfect if we but work here, so as to work out our own salvation? CHARLES KINGSLEY.

This wonderfully woven life of ours shall not be broken by death in a single strand of it; it shall run on and on, an unbroken life, upheld by the will of the Eternal. Death cannot break it, but it shall change it. It shall draw from it all perishable dross. While the life remains the same, some elements of which its strands are woven shall be changed; instead of the silver cord shall be the thread of gold; for the corruptible shall be the incorruptible; and there shall be no more entanglement and imperfection, no more strain upon any strand of it; the flesh shall not chafe against the spirit, nor the spirit against the flesh, but there shall be at last the one perfectly accorded, incorruptible and beautiful life.

NEWMAN SMYTH.

Vanishing

I heard a little song,
In grace complete;
I would its notes prolong
It was so sweet.

I found a tiny rose
By woodland glen;
In beautiful repose
It rested then.

I saw a nestling child
In mother's arms;
She knew but rapture wild,
Nor felt alarms.

The melody is hushed,
The rose is dead;
Of babe—"My heart is crushed!"
The mother said.

F.A.N.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way:
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honor, pleasure,
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

GEORGE HERBERT.

O wondrous Lord! my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to Thee;
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
That burns these fevered veins within,
And learn of Thee, the Lowly One,
And like Thee, all my journey run,
Above the world and all its mirth,
Yet weeping still with weeping earth.

ARTHUR C. COXE.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE WILL.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept my gift this day, for Jesu's sake.
I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small.
And Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.
Hidden therein, Thy searching gaze can see
Struggles of passion—visions of delight—
All that I have, or am, or fain would be,—
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite;
It hath been wet with tears, and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it none;
Now from Thy footstool where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth, "May Thy will be done."
Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will, that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And Thou give me my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine own—
But gaining back my will, may find it Thine."

What is it that thou art fretting and self-tormenting about? Is it because thou art not happy? Who told thee that thou wast to be happy? Is there any ordinance of the universe that thou shouldst be happy? Canst thou not do without happiness? Yea, thou canst do without happiness, and, instead thereof, find blessedness.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

FROM "ROBERT FALCONER."

Whatever it be that keeps the finer faculties of the mind awake, wonder alive, and the interest above mere eating and drinking, money-making and money-saving, whatever it be that gives gladness, or sorrow, or hope, this, be it violin, pencil, pen, or highest of all, the love of woman, is simply a divine gift of holy influence for the salvation of that being to whom it comes; for the lifting him out of the mire and up on the rock. For it keeps a way open for the entrance of deeper, holier, grander influences, emanating from the same riches of the Godhead. And though many have genius that have no grace, they will only be so much the worse, so much nearer to the brute, if you take from them that which corresponds to Dooble Sanny's fiddle.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

FROM 'THE NEWCOMES.'

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiarly sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum," and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master. W. M. THACKERAY.

God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race,— to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections, to give our souls higher aims, to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion, to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children. MARY HOWITT.

AT EVENING.

Lovely, shadowy, soft and still
  Is the eventide;
Ah! if but my heart and will
  Evermore might so abide!
Lord, Thy presence can alone
  Make this lovely calm my own.

GERHARD TERSTERGEN.

O Mother-Heart, to Thee I turn,—
  Comfort Thy child, for Thee I yearn;
Like a parched field my soul doth lie
  Pining beneath a sultry sky;
O Heavenly Dew, O gentle Rain,
  Descend and bid it bloom again.

IDEM.

Self-ease is pain: the only rest
  Is labor for a worthy end,
A toil that gains with what it yields,
  And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
  The harvest song of inward peace.

J. G. WHITTIER.

"The worth of a thing is commensurate with the delight and growth of inner life which it can bestow, with the elevating thoughts it excites, the nobility of character it develops."

"Sorrow is a summons to come up higher in Christian character."

Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

R. W. EMERSON.

"Take unto Thyself, O Father,
This folded day of Thine,
This weary day of mine.
Its ragged corners cut me yet,—
Oh, still the jar and fret!
Father, do not forget
That I am tired
With this marred day of Thine,
This erring day of mine!
Forget not but forgive,
And let me live
The life divine!"

FROM "MISS GILBERT'S CAREER."

Jamie, the little sufferer, dies. The first shock past, there was to be no repining. Arthur had gone down into the deep waters of grief with the little foundered bark, but had risen and laid hold on the Life boat. The sea still tossed beneath him, and rent and broken affections were strewn upon its surface, but heaven was blue above him and full of stars! I thank God for little Jamie, said Arthur. His feet were taken from him here, that mine might be trained to walk in the way of righteousness. His hands were palsied that mine might be taught to give themselves in service to the weak and helpless. His body was racked with pain that I might drink deeply of the cup of self denial, but the little misshapen body which we saw today, shall rise in immortal beauty and power. Then shall I have him in my arms again, and then shall we, his lips unsealed, thank God together!

J. G. HOLLAND.

"A BABY'S DEATH."

* * * * * *

The little feet that never trod
Earth, never strayed in field or street,
What hand leads upward back to God
The little feet?

A rose in June's most honied heat,
When life makes keen the kindling sod,
Was not so soft and warm and sweet.

Their pilgrimage's period
A few swift moons have seen complete
Since mother's hands first clasped and shod
The little feet.

The little hands that never sought
Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands,
What gift has death, God's servant, brought
The little hands?

We ask; but love's self silent stands,
Love, that lends eyes and wings to thought
To search where death's dim heaven expands.

Ere this, perchance, though love know nought,
Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands,
Where hands of guiding angels caught
The little hands.

The little eyes that never knew
Light other than of dawning skies,
What new life now lights up anew
The little eyes?

Who knows but on their sleep may rise
Such light as never heaven let through
To lighten earth from Paradise?

No storm, we know, may change the blue
Soft heaven that haply death descries;
No tears, like these in ours, bedew
The little eyes.

* * * * * *

Angel by name love called him, seeing so fair
The sweet small frame;
Meet to be called, if ever man's child were,
Angel by name.

Rose-bright and warm from heaven's own heart he came,
And might not bear
The cloud that covers earth's wan face with shame.

His little light of life was all too rare
And soft a flame;
Heaven yearned for him till angels hailed him there
Angel by name.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

O hearts that break, and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses;
If singing breath or echoing chord,
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

O. W. HOLMES.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

We wreathed about our darling's head the morning-glory bright,
Her little face looked out beneath, so full of love and light,
So lit as with a sunrise, that we could only say,
She is the morning-glory true, and her poor types are they.

So always, from that happy time, we called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem, for sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle-bars she smiled to catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower, and opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light, brimmed with sleep's tender dew,
And not so close their tendrils fine round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come, even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift to crown love's morning hour,
And how in her was imaged forth the love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God, that she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown, like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes, wilted and cold and dead.

The morning-glory's blossoming will soon be coming round,
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves uprising from the ground,
The tender things the winter killed, renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning has passed away from earth.

O earth! in vain our aching eyes stretch over thy green plain,
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air, her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise, full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory, beautiful, twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA W. LOWELL.

LAURENCE.

He came in the glory of summer; in the terror of summer he went;
Like a blossom the breezes have wafted, like a bough that the tempest has rent.
His blue eyes unclosed in the morning, his brown eyes were darkened at morn;
And the durance of pain could not banish the beauty wherewith he was born.
He came—can we ever forget it, while the years of our pilgrimage roll?
He came in thine anguish of body, he passed 'mid our anguish of soul.

He brought us a pride and a pleasure, he left us a pathos of tears;
A dream of impossible futures, a glimpse of uncalendared years.
His voice was a sweet inspiration, his silence a sign from afar;
He made us the heroes we were not, he left us the cowards we are.
For the moan of the heart follows after his clay, with perpetual dole,
Forgetting the torture of body is lost in the triumph of soul.

A man in the world of his cradle, a sage in his infantine lore,
He was brave in the might of endurance, was patient,—and who can be more?
He had learned to be shy of the stranger, to welcome his mother's warm kiss,
To trust in the arms of his father,—and who can be wiser than this?
The lifetime we thought lay before him, already was rounded and whole,
In dainty completeness of body and wondrous perfection of soul.

The newness of love at his coming, the freshness of grief when he went,
The pitiless pain of his absence, the effort at argued content.
The dim eye forever retracing the few little footprints he made,
The quick thought forever recalling the visions that never can fade,—
For these but one comfort, one answer, in faith's or philosophy's roll:
Came to us for a pure little body, went to God for a glorified soul.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

True is it that Death's face seems stern and cold,
When he is sent to summon those we love,
But all God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God
With every anguish of our earthly part
The spirit's sight grows clearer; this was meant
When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.
Life is the jailer, Death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.

* * * * * * *

In the hushed chamber, sitting by the dead,
It grates on us to hear the flood of life
Whirl rustling onward, senseless of our loss.
The bee hums on; around the blossomed vine
Whirs the light humming-bird; the cricket chirps;
The locust's shrill alarum stings the ear;
Hard by, the cock shouts lustily; from farm to farm,
His cheery brothers, telling of the sun,
Answer, till far away the joyance dies;
We never knew before how God had filled
The summer air with happy living sounds;
All round us seems an overplus of life,
And yet the one dear heart lies cold and still.
It is most strange, when the great miracle
Hath for our sakes been done, when we have had
Our inwardest experience of God,
When with his presence still the room expands,
And is awed after him, that naught is changed,
That Nature's face looks unacknowledging,
And the mad world still dances heedless on

After its butterflies, and gives no sign,
'Tis hard at first to see it all aright;
In vain Faith blows her trump to summon back
Her scattered troop; yet, through the clouded glass
Of our own bitter tears, we learn to look
Undazzled on the kindness of God's face;
Earth is too dark, and Heaven alone shines through.

* * * * * * *

Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace;
Nor hath thy babe his mission left undone.
To me, at least, his going hence hath given
Serener thoughts and nearer to the skies,
And opened a new fountain in my heart
For thee, my friend, and all; and O, if Death
More near approaches, meditates, and clasps
Even now some dearer, more reluctant hand,
God, strengthen Thou my faith, that I may see
That 'tis Thine angel, who, with loving haste,
Unto the service of the inner shrine,
Doth waken Thy belovèd with a kiss.

J. R. LOWELL.

"NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING."

The baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms
And soothed its griefs, and stilled its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps!

DR. HINDS.

MY CHILD.

I cannot think him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears I turn to him,
The vision vanishes — he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that — he is not there!

I tread the crowded street;
A satcheled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair,
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that — he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes, cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that — he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that — he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there!

Not there! — Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked; — he is not there!

He lives! — In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written — "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, Thy chastening rod
So help us, Thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at Thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that — he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

HIS SHARE AND MINE.

He went from me so softly and so soon;
His sweet hands rest at morning and at noon.

The only task God gave them was to hold
A few faint rose-buds—and be white and cold.

His share of flowers he took with him away;
No more will blossom here so fair as they.

His share of thorns he left; and if they tear
My hands instead of his, I do not care.

His sweet eyes were so clear and lovely, but
To look into the world's wild light and shut.

Down in the dust they have their share of sleep;
Their share of tears is left for me to weep.

His sweet mouth had its share of kisses; oh,
What love, what anguish, will he ever know!

Its share of thirst and murmuring, and moan
And cries unsatisfied, shall be my own.

He had his share of summer. Bird and dew
Were here with him—with him they vanished, too.

His share of dying leaves, and rains and frost,
I take, with every dreary thing he lost.

The phantom of the cloud he did not see
For evermore shall overshadow me.

He, in his turn, with small, still, snowy feet,
Touched the Dim Path, and made its twilight sweet.

S. M. B. PIATT.

Thou art as much his care, as if beside
Nor man nor angel liv'd in heaven or earth;
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide
To light up world's or wake an insect's mirth;
They shine and shine with unexhausted store;
Thou art thy Saviour's darling, seek no more.
John Keble

SOWING IN TEARS.

Straight and still the baby lies,
No more smiling in his eyes,
Neither tears nor wailing cries.

Smiles and tears alike are done,
He has need of neither one,—
Only I must weep alone.

Tiny fingers all too slight
Hold within their clasping tight
Waxen berries scarce more white.

Nights and days of weary pain
I have held them close — in vain;
Now I never shall again.

Crossed upon a silent breast,
By no suffering distressed,
Here they lie in marble rest.

They shall ne'er unfolded be,
Never more in agony
Cling so pleadingly to me.

Never! Oh, the hopeless sound
To my heart, so closely wound
All his little being round!

I forget the sweet release
Unto him — the radiant pea
And the untold happiness!

I forget the shining crown,
Glad exchange for cross laid down,
Now his baby brows upon.

Yearning sore, I only know
I am very full of woe,
And I want my baby so.

ANON.

LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

A violet by the mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

She wears the crown without the conflict.

GEN'L GARFIELD'S EPITAPH ON HIS INFANT DAUGHTER'S TOMB.

FOUR YEARS AFTER.

My absent daughter — gentle, gentle maid,
Your life doth never fade!
Oh, everywhere I see your brown eyes shine,
And on my heart, in healing or command,
I feel the pressure of your warm, white hand
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sign,
So softly out of mine.

The birds all sing of you, my darling one!
Your day was just begun;
But you had learned to love all things that grew;
And when I linger by the streamlet's side,
Where bush and weed to you were glorified,
The violet looks up as if it knew,
And talks to me of you.

The lily dreams of you. The pensive rose
Reveals you where it glows
In purple trance above the waterfall.
The fragrant fern rejoices by the pond,
Framing your fair face in its feathery frond.
The winds blow chill, but sounding over all
I hear your sweet voice call.

My gentle daughter, with us you have stayed,
Your life doth never fade.
Oh, everywhere I see your brown eyes shine
In subtle moods I cannot understand!
I feel the flutter of your warm, sweet hand
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sign,
So softly out of mine.

WILLIAM A CROFFUT.

Why stay we on the earth unless to grow?

ROBERT BROWNING.

OUR WHITE DOVE.

A white dove out of heaven flew,
  White as the whitest shape of grace
  That nestles in the soft embrace
Of heaven when skies are summer blue.

Our dove had eyes of baby blue,
  Soft as the speedwell's by the way,
  That looketh up as it would say,
"Who kissed me while I slept, did you?"

God love it! but we took our bird
  And loved it well, and merry made;
  We sang and danced around, or prayed
In silence wherein hearts are heard.

It seemed to come from far green fields
  To meet us over life's rough sea,
  With leaf of promise from the tree
In which a dearer nest it builds.

As fondling mother-birds will pull
  The softest feathers from their breast,
  We gave our best to line the nest
And make it warm and beautiful.

But all we did or tried to do,
  Our flood of joy it never felt;
  Only into our hearts would melt
Still deeper those dove-eyes of blue.

And so it sought the dearer nest;
  A little way across the sea
  It kept us wingèd company,
Then sank into its leafier rest;

And left us long ago to feel
  A sadness in the sweetest words,
  A broken heartstring mid the chords,
A tone more tremulous when we kneel.

But, dear my darling, do not cry,
  Our white dove left for you and me
  Such blessèd promise as must be
Perfected in the heavens high.

The stars that shone in her dear eyes
  May be a little while withdrawn
  To rise and lead the eternal dawn
For us, up heaven in other skies.

Our bird of God but soars and sings;
  Oft when life's heaving wave's at rest,
  She makes her mirror in my breast,
I feel a winnowing of wings.

And meekly doth she minister
  Glad thoughts of comfort, thrills of pride;
  She makes me feel that if I died
This moment I should go to her.

Be good! and you shall find her where
  No wind can shake the wee bird's nest;
  No dreams can wake the wee bird's rest;
No night, no pain, no parting there!

No echoes of old storms gone by,
  Earth's sorrows slumber peacefully;
  The weary are at rest, and He
Shall wipe the tears from every eye.

GERALD MASSEY.

DEATH OF PAUL.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the host of stars — and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll.

The old, old fashion — Death!

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Be-rather than be called-a child of God"

Death whispered. With assenting nod,
Its head upon its mother's breast
The baby bowed without demur,
Of the kingdom of the blest
Possessor-not inheritor.

Coleridge.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

She was dead. There upon her little bed she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always."

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes, the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bed-side of the dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

* * * * * * * *

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday, could know her never more.

It is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight; and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!

* * * * * * * *

When the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

CHARLES DICKENS.

O SILENCE DEEP AND STRANGE!

O silence deep and strange!
  The earth doth yet in quiet slumber lie,
No stir of life, save on yon woodland range,
  The tall trees bow as if their Lord passed by.

Like to one new-create
  I have no memory of grief and care;
Of all the things which vexed my soul of late
  I am ashamed in this calm morning air.

This world, with all its band
  Of clamorous joys and griefs, shall be to me
A bridge whereon, my pilgrim-staff in hand,
  I cross the stream of Time, O Lord, to Thee.

J. F. EICHENDORF.

Look up, friends! you, who indeed
Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
Of the heaven which men strive for, must need
Be more earnest than others are,—speed
Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

E. B. BROWNING.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense to come between it and the things it rules; and he who would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough, in human existence without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapor that appears but for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of Heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the furnace and rolling of the wheel.

JOHN RUSKIN.

There is progress wherever there is a propensity not only to thought but to after-thought.

Philosophy is properly a home-sickness, a longing to be everywhere at home.

To know a truth well, one must have fought it out.

Wishes and longings are wings.

You may look on Nature as a tree on which we are the bloom-buds.

A character is a full-formed will.

A child is a love made visible.

NOVALIS.

The full soul is silent. Only the rising and falling tides rush murmuring through their channels.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SYMPATHY.

"Through many weeks the burning summer sun
Has poured its radiance over town and field,
And fruit and grain, with yearly work well done,
Stand waiting all their helpful wealth to yield;
And flower and leaf
And golden sheaf,
Deep shaded nooks, and softly tinted skies,
Have made in earth again a Paradise.

But in dear homes, where loving hearts have watched
And tended little winsome human flowers,
The summer's breath has wilted down and scorched
The cherished darlings which we felt were ours;
And aching wounds,
And tiny mounds
Wherein a mother's precious treasure lies,
Have made a Rama of our Paradise.

Day after day the record still is kept—
Another home gives up its baby dead;
Another smitten mother's tears are wept
Above her baby's empty little bed;
No relic left
To the bereft
But snowy hood, or robe of dainty grace,
And in the house an ever vacant place.

Dear sisters mine, whose tortured, bleeding hearts
Beat wild with questionings why it must be
That little children charm with their sweet arts,
Then vanish from our loving ministry,
I know it all—
The vain recall,
The painful stillness of the mother's room,
The dreadful freedom now to go and come.

I stretch *my* empty hand to meet *your own*,
Because, I, too, have lost my sweet delight,
And from my nest my blessed birds have flown
Far out of longing reach and straining sight.
One comfort still
These words distill —
"The Heavenly Kingdom is of such as these";
I give my jewels up my Lord to please.

Our babes are safe! O sweet and blessèd truth!
We gave them life, untainted yet with sin;
We yield them up to grow in heavenly youth,
Beyond the earthly pain and toil and din.
Dear hearts, look up,
Nor miss the cup
Of sweetness that our suffering Christ doth bring
When we have tested sorrow's bitter spring."

He that attends to his interior self,—
That has a heart, and keeps it,— has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it,— and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,—
Has business; feels himself engaged to achieve
No unimportant, though a silent task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem,
To him that leads it, wise and to be praised;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

JOHN MILTON.

NOT THIS THE END.

"Not this the end. There is a larger life
Beyond the boundaries of time, where all
Who bore the burthen of an earthly strife,
Hearing but from afar their comrades call,
Are near companions, parted by no pall
Of flesh or fleshly darkness from the light
That as the very smile of God shall fall
On each soul working in its neighbor's sight,
All working with one aim, one will, one love, one might.

Will, aim, love, might, as God's, for Him they serve,
And labor for Him with a finer skill
Where no impeding twist of mortal nerve
Can stay the flight of thought, nor cold blood chill
Their ardor; Cædmon, Chaucer, Shakespeare still
Live with all leaders through this maze of clay;
The noble promptings of their genius fill
New worlds with a new life; by God's throne they
Hail the new comrade—her,* last born to cloudless day.

Bent with day-service in true labor here,
What if the toiler seldom saw the sun;
What if the source of truth were dimly clear
To one who made truth through the world to run;
If high gifts put to the right use have won
Praise to the faithful steward, not the less
Is that good, faithful servant's work well done
Who had not known the Master, yet could press
To his appointed mark with zeal and lowliness.

Not here the end. Cædmon is not so far
From us as we may be from him unborn
Who as the twinkling of a distant star
Sees our world's toil, and all its cares outworn,

*"George Eliot." Died December 22, 1880.

Work of the night by watchers for the morn;
Ten centuries of restless labor yet
To grow the rose of life without a thorn,
More years than these, our Father may have set
Between chained man and him who wears the coronet.

* * * * * * *

For me earth's sun is sinking to the west,
The morning's work is ended, and ere long
Comes for the worker Nature's hour of rest;
Yet if the light will stay, and life be strong
For a more arduous journey through the throng
Of those whose voices gloriously blend
To speak the soul of England, if among
My countrymen I find some to attend
To my last tale of them, then let there come the end.

But why to me should not the wish be vain
For the full rounding of life's measured day?
Its sum unsummed, its work to do again
By other hands,—small loss, and small delay.
So let God's curfew-call come when it may;
The covered fire lives on; the sleep of death
Gives life for labor without check or stay.
Wisdom determines all, above, beneath;
Thy will be done, O God; take when Thou wilt this breath."

He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green.

The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

Those who want friends to whom to open their griefs are cannibals of their own hearts.

Without good-nature man is but a better kind of vermin.

LORD BACON.

LIFE'S QUESTION.

Drifting away
  Like a mote on the stream,
Today's disappointment
  Yesterday's dream;
Ever resolving—
  Never to mend;
Such is our progress;
  Where is the end?

Whirling away
  Like leaf in the wind,
Points of attachment
  Left daily behind,
Fixed to no principle,
  Fast to no friend;
Such our fidelity;
  Where is the end?

Floating away
  Like cloud on the hill,
Pendulous, tremulous,
  Migrating still;
Where to repose ourselves?
  Whither to tend?
Such our consistency;
  Where is the end?

Crystal the pavement,
  Seen through the stream;
Firm the reality
  Under the dream;
We may not feel it,
  Still we may mend;
How we have conquered
  Not known, till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter,
  Sports of the wind,
But stands to the winter
  The great tree behind;
Frost shall not wither it,
  Storms cannot bend;
Roots firmly clasping
  The rock, at the end.

Calm is the firmament
  Over the cloud;
Clear shine the stars, through
  The rifts of the shroud;
There our repose shall be,
  Thither we tend;
Spite of our waverings
  Approved at the end.

HENRY ALFORD.

FROM "GUESSES AT TRUTH."

What hypocrites we seem to be whenever we talk of ourselves! our words sound so humble while our hearts are so proud.

When a man is told that the whole of religion and morality is summed up in the two Commandments, to love God and to love our neighbor, he is ready to cry, like Charoba in Gebir at the first sight of the sea, *Is this the mighty ocean?* is this all? Yes! all; but how small a part of it do your eyes survey! Only trust yourself to it; launch out upon it; sail abroad over it; you will find it has no end; it will carry you round the world.

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances; religion is above all circumstances, and will lift him up above them.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

The difference between man's law and God's law is, that whereas we may reach the highest standard set before us by the former, the more we advance in striving to fulfill the latter, the higher it keeps on rising above us.

AUGUSTUS AND JULIUS C. HARE.

Time was I shrank from what was right,
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led,
Men count my haltings o'er; —
I know them; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

J. H. NEWMAN.

FROM "FESTUS."

CLARA. I love to meditate on bliss to come,
Not that I am unhappy here; but that
The hope of higher bliss may rectify
The lower feeling which we now enjoy.
This life, this world, is not enough for us;
They are nothing to the measure of our mind.
For place we must have space; for time we must have
Eternity; and for a spirit, godhood.

FESTUS. Mind means not happiness; power is not good.

CLARA. True bliss is to be found in holy life;
In charity to man — in love to God.

* * * * * *

FESTUS. What is life worth without a heart to feel
The great and lovely, and the poetry
And sacredness of things? for all things are
Sacred — the eye of God is on them all,
And hallows all unto it. It is fine
To stand upon some lofty mountain-thought
And feel the spirit stretch into a view;
To joy in what might be if will and power
For good would work together but one hour.

* * * * * * *

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood,
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling — one great thought — one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,—
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most — feels the noblest — acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end — that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things — God.

* * * * * * *

Death is another life. We bow our heads
At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's,
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.

* * * * * * *

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which
Men are and ought to be accountable.

* * * * * * *

Never be in haste in writing.
Let that thou utterest be of nature's flow,
Not art's; a fountain's, not a pump's. But once

Begun, work thou all things into thy work;
And set thyself about it, as the sea
About earth, lashing at it day and night.
And leave the stamp of thine own soul in it
As thorough as the fossil flower in clay.
The theme shall start and struggle in thy breast,
Like to a spirit in its tomb at rising,
Rending the stones, and crying, Resurrection!

PHILIP J. BAILEY.

A DIVINE HUNGER.

We have a divine hunger, and this earth offers us only the food of cattle. The eternal hunger of man, the insatiability of his desires, ask another sort of nutriment. How can a great soul be happy here? Those who have been among mountains and are condemned to live on plains die of an incurable nostalgia. It is because we have issued from above that we sigh for it, and that all music is to us a reminiscence of our home, *aranz-des-vaches* to the exiled Swiss. An infinite love supposes an infinite object. If all the forests were pleasure-parks, and all the isles were Fortunate Isles, and all the fields were Elysian, and all eyes were full of joy, oh! then——! But no; then the Infinite Being must have assured us that such felicity would be perpetual. But now that so many houses are houses of mourning, so many fields are fields of battle, so many faces are pale, so many eyes are dulled with tears and closed; when things are thus, how can the tomb be the end of all?

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on His workes to looke,
Which He hath made in beautie excellent;
And in the same, as in a Brazen Booke
To reade inregistred in every nooke
His Goodness, which His Beautie doth declare,
For all that's good, is beautiful and faire.

EDMUND SPENSER.

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED FRIEND.

You knew — who knew not Astrophel?
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still!)—
Things known permit me to renew—
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say—you hear—too much.

Within these woods of Arcady
He chief delight and pleasure took;
And on the mountain Partheny,
Upon the crystal liquid brook,
The Muses met him every day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended down the mount,
His personage seemed most divine;
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely cheerful eyne.
To hear him speak, and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kind of grace;
A full assurance given by looks;
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books —
I trow that count'nance cannot lye
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

* * * * *

EDMUND SPENSER.

The best prayer a man can utter in the morning is, that he may not lose the moments of the day; and the best grace before meat is, the consciousness that he has earned his dinner. J. RUSKIN.

We all look back sometimes — with a sense of utter loss, like that of Coleridge, who, in one of the most pathetic passages in English literature, speaks of the

> "Sense of past youth, and manhood come — in vain!
> And genius given and knowledge won — in vain!
> And all that I have culled in wood-walks wild,
> And all that patient toil has reared, and all
> Commune with thee has opened out — but flowers
> Strewed on my hearse, and scattered on my bier,
> In the same coffin, for the selfsame grave."

And sometimes we look back, thinking of one good act done, one great truth seen, one deep affection experienced; and then we can use the lofty strain of Dryden, in his noble translation of Horace, and say:

> "Happy the man, and happy he alone,
> He who can call the hour his own.
> He who, secure within, can say,
> Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today!
> Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
> The joy I have possessed, in spite of Fate, is mine!
> Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
> For what has been has been, and I have had my hour."

Life becomes solemn enough when we look at it from this point of view. It becomes vastly more solemn than death; for we are not responsible for dying: we are responsible for living. Why talk of a judgment to come on some great day in the future, when every day is a day of judgment; when every moment, as it goes by, judges us; when the act we put into it is carved into this terrible past in letters more lasting than those which have resisted for five thousand years the sands and revolutions of Egypt. Carved on the granite there, you may read the actions done fifty centuries ago: you may see the taskmasters, by the command of the great Rameses, beating the poor Hebrew slaves at their work of building his cities. Those stones may decay at last, and that

record be lost. But not an idle word, not an unkind word that we say, not a moment of our life, but gives an account of itself in the imperishable record of the past. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

PARADISA GLORIA.

"O frate mio! ciascuna e cittadina
D'una vera citta ——."

DANTE.

There is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore;
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery forevermore.

In that pure city of the living Lamb
No ray shall fall from satellite or sun,
Or any star; but He who said "I Am,"
Shall be the Light, He and His Holy One.

Nor shall we longer spend our gift of time,
In time's poor pleasures,—doing needful things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
The saints and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,—
Musical motion,—the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows
Through the bright, busy and eternal day.

T. W. PARSONS.

We were two pretty babes: the youngest she,
The youngest, and the loveliest far (I ween)
And *Innocence* her name: the time has been
We two did love each other's company;
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.
But when, by show of seeming good beguiled,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love for man's society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart —
My loved companion dropt a tear, and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
Belovèd! who shall tell me where thou art?
In what delicious Eden to be found?
That I may seek thee, the wide world around.

CHARLES LAMB.

AN APPREHENSION.

If all the gentlest-hearted friends I know
Concentred in one heart their gentleness,
That still grew gentler, till its pulse was less
For life than pity, I should yet be slow
To bring my own heart nakedly below
The palm of such a friend, that he should press
Motive, condition, means, appliances.
My false ideal joy and fickle wo,
Out full to light and knowledge. I should fear
Some plait between the brows — some rougher chime
In the free voice . . . O angels, let the flood
Of bitter scorn dash on me! Do ye hear
What I say, who bear calmly all the time
This everlasting face-to-face with God?

E. B. BROWNING.

IRREPARABLENESS.

I have been in the meadows all the day,
And gathered there the nosegay that you see;
Singing within myself as bird or bee,
When such do field-work on a morn of May;
But now I look upon my flowers,—decay
Hath met them in my hands, more fatally,
Because more warmly clasped; and sobs are free
To come instead of songs. What do you say,
Sweet counsellors, dear friends? that I should go
Back straightway to the fields, and gather more?
Another, sooth, may do it,—but not I;
My heart is very tired—my strength is low—
My hands are full of blossoms plucked before,
Held dead within them till myself shall die.

E. B. BROWNING.

"Not to be unhappy is unhappinesse,
And misery not t' have known miserie;
For the best way unto discretion is
The way that leads us by adversitie;
And men are better shew'd what is amisse
By th' expert finger of calamitie,
Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
Who never shewes them the true face of things."

There is no death: what seems so is transition.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Death cannot be an evil, for it is universal.

J. C. FREDERICK VON SCHILLER.

SORROW.

Sorrow is the great birth-agony of immortal powers, sorrow is the great searcher and revealer of hearts, the great test of truth; for Plato has wisely said, sorrow will not endure sophisms,—all shams and unrealities melt in the fire of that awful furnace. Sorrow reveals forces in ourselves we never dreamed of. * * * Behind every scale in music, the gayest and cheeriest, the grandest, the most triumphant, lies its dark relative minor; the notes are the same, but the change of a semitone changes all to gloom; — all our gayest hours are tunes that have a modulation into these dreary keys ever possible; at any moment the key-note may be struck. * * * And yet sorrow is godlike, sorrow is grand and great, sorrow is wise and far-seeing. Our own instinctive valuations, the intense sympathy which we give to the tragedy which God has inwoven into the laws of nature, show us that it is with no slavish dread, no cowardly shrinking we should approach her divine mysteries. What are the natures that cannot suffer? Who values them? From the fat oyster, over which the silver tide rises and falls without one pulse upon its fleshy ear, to the hero who stands with quivering nerve parting with wife and child and home for country and God, all the way up is an ascending scale, marked by an increasing power to suffer; and when we look to the head of all being, up through principalities and powers and princedoms, with dazzling orders and celestial blazonry, to behold by what emblem the Infinite Sovereign chooses to reveal Himself, we behold in the midst of the throne, "a lamb as it had been slain." Sorrow is divine. Sorrow is reigning on all the thrones of the universe, and the crown of all crowns has been one of thorns. There have been many books that treat of the mystery of sorrow, but only one that bids us glory in tribulation, and count it all joy when we fall into divers afflictions, that so we may be associated with that great fellowship of suffering of which the Incarnate God is the head, and through which He is carrying a redemptive conflict to a glorious victory over evil. If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him. Even in the very making up of our physical nature, God puts suggestions of such a result. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' There are victorious powers in our nature which are all the while working for us.

in our deepest pain. It is said that, after the sufferings of the rack, there ensues a period in which the simple repose from torture produces a beatific trance; it is the reaction of Nature, asserting the benignant intentions of her Creator. So, after great mental conflicts and agonies must come a reaction, and the Divine Spirit, co-working with our spirit, seizes the favorable moment, and interpenetrating natural laws with a celestial vitality, carries up the soul to joys beyond the ordinary possibilities of mortality. * * * It is said that gardeners, sometimes, when they would bring a rose to richer flowering, deprive it, for a season, of light and moisture. Silent and dark it stands, dropping one fading leaf after another, and seeming to go down patiently to *death.* But when every leaf is dropped, and the plant stands stripped to the uttermost, a new life is even then working in the buds, from which shall spring a tender foliage and a brighter wealth of flowers. So, often in celestial gardening, every leaf of earthly joy must drop, before a new and divine bloom visits the soul.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

IF THOU COULDST KNOW.

I think if thou couldst know,
  O soul that will complain,
What lies concealed below
  Our burden and our pain;
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain,—
I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see,
  With thy dim mortal sight,
How meanings, dark to thee,
  Are shadows hiding light;

Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,
Life's purpose all perplexed,—
If thou couldst see them right,
I think that they would seem all clear and wise and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see;
Wisdom and sight are slow
In poor humanity.
If thou couldst *trust*, poor soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou wouldst find peace and rest;
Wisdom and sight are well, but Trust is best.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Oh, what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee.

IDEM.

Death and love are the two wings
Which bear man from earth to heaven.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, me! how dark the discipline of pain,
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release!
This is our consolation; and again
A great soul cries to us in our suspense:
"I came from martyrdom unto this peace."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent. JEREMY TAYLOR.

Oh, the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know. GEORGE ELIOT.

He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

WITHIN.

Within! within, O turn
Thy spirit's eyes, and learn
Thy wandering senses gently to control;
Thy dearest Friend dwells deep within thy soul,
And asks thyself of thee,
That heart, and mind, and sense He may make whole
In perfect harmony.
Doth not thy inmost spirit yield
And sink where Love stands thus revealed?
Be still and veil thy face.
The Lord is here, this is His holy place!
Then back to earth, and 'mid its toil and throng
One glance within will keep thee calm and strong;
And when the toil is o'er, how sweet, O God, to flee
Within, to Thee!

GERHARD TERSTERGEN.

'Tis not the skill of human art
Which gives me power my God to know;
The sacred lessons of the heart
Come not from instruments below.

Love is my teacher. He can tell
The wonders that he learnt above;
No other master knows so well;—
'Tis Love alone can tell of Love.

Love is my master. When it breaks,—
The morning light, the rising ray,—
To Thee, O God! my spirit wakes,
And Love instructs it all the day.

And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

MADAME GUYON.

Thou art the Way!
All ways are thorny mazes without Thee;
Where hearts are pierced, and thoughts all aimless stray,
In Thee the heart stands firm, the life moves free;
Thou art our Way!

Thou art the Truth!
Truth for the mind, grand, glorious, infinite,
A heaven still boundless o'er its highest growth;
Bread for the heart its daily need to meet.
Thou art the Truth!

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

Not suffering, but faint heart, is worst of woes.

J. R. LOWELL.

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

A little bird I am,
  Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
  To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Naught have I else to do;
  I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
  Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
  A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were ne'er so rude,
  Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
  Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
  My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh, it is good to soar
  These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
  Whose providence I love!
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

MADAME GUYON.

"Is thy straight horizon dreary?
Is thy foolish fancy chill?
Change the feet that have grown weary,
For the wings that never will.
Burst the flesh and live the spirit;
Haunt the beautiful and far;
Thou hast all things to inherit,
And a soul for every star."

Let me be weak a little, in order to be strong much, so that I may dry up my tears quickly and proceed to serve thee better,—even if it be with my patience only. LEIGH HUNT.

There's no music in a "rest," that I know of; but there's the making of music in it. And people are always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and rarest, too. JOHN RUSKIN.

In old age and darkness Galileo wrote:

"Alas! your dear friend and servant has become totally and irreparably blind. These heavens, this earth, this universe, which by wonderful observation I had enlarged a thousand times beyond the belief of past ages, are henceforth shrunk into the narrow space I myself occupy. *So it pleases God,* it shall therefore please me also."

The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumblingblocks across our way,
Or we may make them stepping-stones to be
Of grace, O Christ, to Thee.

A. E. HAMILTON.

Oh, deem not they are blessed alone
    Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep!
The Power who pities man has shown
    A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
    The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
    Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
    For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
    But joy shall come with early light.

W. C. Bryant.

SORROW.

Upon my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the west wind loose his cloudlets white,
In flocks careering through the April sky;
I could not sing though joy was at its height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away,
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars;
She broke my quiet dream — I heard her say,
"Behold your prison bars!

Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul —
The beauty of the world in which you live,
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,
That I alone can give."

I heard and shrank away from her afraid,
But Sorrow held me, and would still abide;
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed
With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening sky," she said,
"Beyond the changing splendors of the day;
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
Accept and bid me stay."

I turned and clasped her close with sudden strength,
And slowly, sweetly, I became aware,
Within my arms God's angel stood at length,
White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,
Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Knowing the pain He sends more precious far,
More beautiful than they.

ANON.

GRATEFULNESSE.

Thou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a gratefull heart.
* * * * * *
Not thankfull when it pleaseth me,
As if Thy blessings had spare days;
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Today has evil enough of its own,—sufficient to perplex us, to try our faith and withdraw our thoughts from God. Let us not burden ourselves in addition with the trials and difficulties that await us in the future. Let us not pull that upon ourselves all at once which Providence has wisely ordered to be borne in parcels.

D. H. HILL.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly.
And I said in underbreath,—all our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,—
Toll slowly.
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,—
Round our restlessness, His rest.

E. B. BROWNING.

PRAYER FOR RAIN—AND PRAISE.

God in His mercy hear
  Our cry of pain;
The fields are crisp and sere,
  Dying for rain.

The heavens overhead
  Are ceiled with brass,
And the clods are dust instead
  Of springing grass.

O let us not in vain
  Thy promise read,
But give the latter rain
  For this our need.

With burden of such prayer,
  This poor man cried,
Like one of old, somewhere
  At eventide.

And when the midnight passed,
  Robed in his black,
The storm came sweeping fast
  Upon his track;

And on the cottage roofs
  Tramped such a tramp,
As of a thousand hoofs
  Prancing from camp.

And then the poor man cried—
  Starting with fear
Which in a moment died,—
  God's rain I hear!

Thus in his heart upsprang
  Tumultuous praise,
Which his poor fettered tongue
  Essayed to raise.

Falling to dreams again —
  If yet he slept —
He smiled, e'en while the rain
  Repenting wept.

Green fields on every side,
  In vision born,
And little hills, in pride
  Of lifting corn,

Clapped hands, the night hours through;
  And when the gray
Strove vainly to undo
  The bars of day,

Still swept across the roofs
  The trooping tramp
Of the rain-hosts' rattling hoofs
  Out of God's camp.

And then the poor man said
  "God's hand I see:
What time I am afraid,
  I'll trust in Thee."

EDWARD P. WESTON.

Deep, unspeakable suffering may well be called a baptism, a regeneration, the initiation into a new state.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering. GEORGE ELIOT.

A sense of an earnest will
  To help the lowly living,
And a terrible heart-thrill
  If you have no power of giving,
An arm of aid to the weak,
  A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words, so short to speak,
  But whose echo is endless.

LORD HOUGHTON.

"Not to the swift nor to the strong
The battles of the right belong;
For he who strikes for freedom wears
The armor of the captive's prayers,
And nature proffers to this cause
The strength of her eternal laws;
While he whose arm essays to bind
And herd with common brutes his kind,
Strives evermore, at fearful odds,
With nature and a jealous God,
And drives the dead recoil which, late
Or soon, their right will vindicate."

FRUIT OF DISCIPLINARY PAIN.

For I have known a luxuriant vine swell into irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the wine-press, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed with a full vintage; but when the Lord of the vineyard had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant and make it bleed, it grew temperate of its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy branches, and made account of that loss of blood by the return of fruit. JEREMY TAYLOR.

"A ship unlading, busy sea-brown hands
  Are lifting blocks of marble, one by one;
Quarried where fair Carrara's golden sands
  And purple hills lie sleeping in the sun.

The workman earned his share of daily bread;
  The merchant counted up his gains in gold;
'What unwrought statues there,' the artist said,
  'What lines of beauty, rare and manifold!

'What grace and glory from these blocks shall spring!
  What light shall clothe them in a little while!
This shapeless block, in beauty blossoming,
  Shall breathe high thoughts or wear an angel's smile.'

O lives that in a martyr-army stand,
  May God's sweet message come to you and me.
We are the marble, His the Sculptor-Hand
  That fashions us for all eternity.

We only feel the pain His chastenings give;
  The sharp incisions only can we see.
And He alone, by whom we move and live,
  He sees the hidden glory that shall be.

He sees the glory without spot or stain,
  The spiritual beauty all unpriced;
And in His love He sends each stroke of pain
  To make us like our dear Lord Jesus Christ.

O God of Love, give us calm, pitying eyes
  And sweetest patience. Let us also see
The glory and the grace that underlies
  Each shapeless mass that waits a touch from Thee."

The right faith of man is not intended to give him repose, but to enable him to do his work. It is not intended that he should look away from the place he lives in now, and cheer himself with thoughts of the place he is to live in next; but that he should look stoutly into this world, in faith that if he does his work thoroughly here, some good to others or himself, with which he is not at present concerned, will come of it hereafter.

JOHN RUSKIN.

FROM "THE EARLY DAWN."

"I have desired," says king Alfred the Great, "to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave the men that should be after me a remembrance in good works." His ambition, to live worthily; his monument, good works. How lofty the simple words are! Duty, not romantic achievement, is the aim of his life; not to do "some great thing," but the right thing; the right thing being simply what God gave him to do. The subtle spiritual vanity, which makes some lives a disappointment and a failure, seems to have been absent from his. He seems to have felt in his inmost being that each man was sent into the world, not to live like someone else, but to do his own work, and bear his own burden, precisely the one work which God has given him, and which can never be given to or done by another.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show,—
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned,—
Saying, "What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again!"

R. W. EMERSON.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

There's never an always cloudless sky,
  There's never a vale so fair,
But over it sometimes shadows lie
  In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhung the day,
  And flung its shadows down,
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray,
  Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side;
  Though rage the tempest loud,
And scatter its terrors far and wide,
  There's light *upon* the cloud.

And often when it traileth low,
  Shutting the landscape out,
And only the chilly east-winds blow
  From the foggy seas of doubt,

There 'll come a time, near the setting sun,
  When the joys of life seem few;
A rift will break in the evening dun,
  And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make
  Out of the golden bars,
And all its priceless treasures take
  Where shine the eternal stars.

M. J. SAVAGE.

Even the wisest take long in learning that there is no better work for them than the bit God puts into their hands.

EDWARD GARRETT.

"Dear Lord, of all the words of Thine
Which for our comfort ring and shine
Through sacred air, on sacred page,
From sacred lips in every age,
No one has brought such blessèd cheer
To me,—no one is half so dear,
No one so surely cometh home
To every soul, as this which from
A pure heart wrung with sorrow came,
'For He remembereth our frame.'

Not merely that He can forgive;
And for His love's sake bid us live
When we in trespasses and sins
Are dead—but that our weakness wins
From Him such pity as alone
To fathers' yearning hearts is known;
Such pity that He even calls
Us sons, and in our lowest falls
Sees never utter, hopeless shame,
'For He remembereth our frame.'

Dear Lord, to Thee, a thousand years
Are as a day; with contrite tears
One prayer I pray! My little life,—
Its good, its ill, its grief, its strife,—
Oh, let it in Thy holy sight,
Like empty watches of a night,
Forgotten be! And of my name,
Dear Lord, who knowest all our frame,
Let there remain no memory
Save of the thing I longed to be!"

It is nothing to die; it is frightful not to live.

VICTOR HUGO.

FROM "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend;
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

HENRY TAYLOR.

THOUGHTS FROM GEORGE MACDONALD.

He that believeth shall not make haste. There is plenty of time. You must not imagine that the result depends on you, or that a single human soul can be lost because you fail. The question, as far as you are concerned, is, whether you are to be honored in having a hand in the work that God is doing, and will do, whether you help Him or not. It shows no faith in God to make frantic efforts or frantic lamentations.

In the opal, God seems to have fixed the evanescent, and made the vanishing eternal.

There is an aching that is worse than any pain.

All of us who are sorry for our sins are brothers and sisters.

Do not measure God's mind by your own. It would be a poor love that depended not on itself, but on the feelings of the one loved. A crying baby turns away from its mother's breast, but she does not put it away till it stops crying; she holds it closer. When I don't feel that I love God at all, I just look up to His love; I say to Him, "Look at me; see what state I am in; help me!" Ah, how that makes peace; and the love comes of itself, sometimes so strong it nearly breaks the heart.

Who dwelleth in that secret place,
  Where tumult enters not,
Is never cold with terror base,
  Never with anger hot;
For if an evil host should dare
  His very heart invest,
God is his deeper heart, and there
  He enters into rest.

When mighty sea-winds madly blow,
  And tear the scattered waves,
Peaceful as summer woods below
  Lie darkling ocean caves.
The wind of words may toss my heart,
  But what is that to me!
'Tis but a surface storm—Thou art
  My deep, still, resting sea.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

And, sitting by the wayside blind,
  He is the nearest to the light
Who crieth out most earnestly,
  "Lord, that I might receive my sight!"

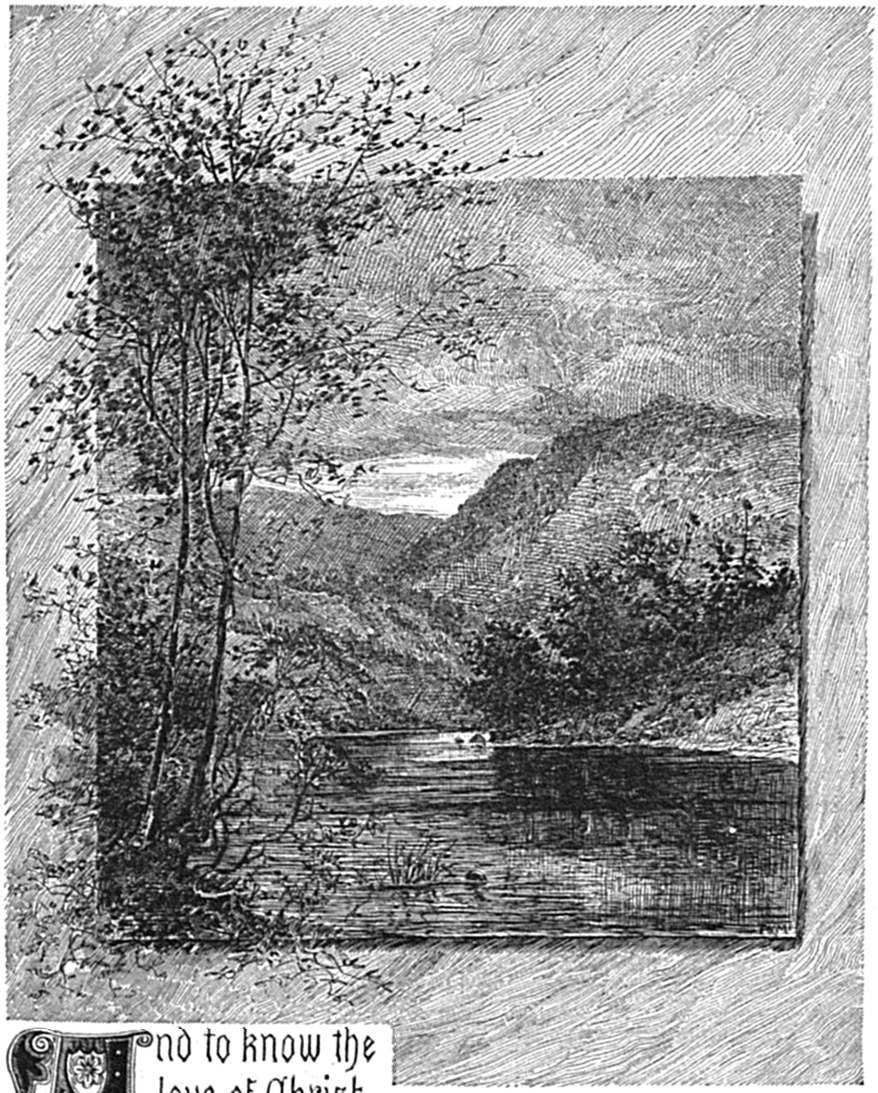
PHŒBE CARY.

Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the Victor's garland sure.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Despise not little sins;
  The gallant ship may sink,
Though only drop by drop,
  The watery tide it drink.

R. C. TRENCH.



And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

Oh, let me know Thee, Father, dear!
And in my darkest hour
Give me the grace to feel Thee near,
And hide beneath Thy power.

Thou fill'st the morning sky with light,
  Feeding the grass with dew,
And keepest all the stars of night
  Each to Thy spirit true.

Pour Thou on me Thy dews divine,
  Shed morning o'er my night!
Lord, let Thy lamp within me shine,
  My life reflect Thy light.

THEODORE PARKER.

"Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed;
Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain;
For all our acts to many issues lead;
And out of earnest purpose, pure and plain,
Enforced by honest toil of hand or brain,
The Lord will fashion, in His own good time
(Be this the laborer's proudly humble creed).
Such ends, as to His wisdom, fittest chime
With His vast love's eternal harmonies.
There is no failure for the good and wise:
What though thy seed should fall by the wayside
And the birds snatch it!—yet the birds are fed;
Or they may bear it far across the tide,
To give rich harvests after thou art dead."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

DROP, DROP, SLOW TEARS.

Drop, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from heaven the news and Prince of Peace!
Cease not, wet eyes, His mercy to entreat!
To cry for vengeance sin doth never cease,
In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears,
Nor let His eye see sin but through my tears.

GILES FLETCHER.

TROUBLE: SORROW.

"Trouble! Dear friend, I know her not. God sent
His angel Sorrow on my heart to lay
Her hand in benediction, and to say
'Restore, O child, that which thy Father lent,
For He doth now recall it,' long ago.
His blessèd angel Sorrow! She had walked
For years beside me, and we two have talked
As chosen friends together. Thus I know
Trouble and sorrow are not near of kin:
Trouble distrusteth God, and even wears
Upon her brow the seal of many cares,
But Sorrow oft has deepest peace within;
She sits with Patience in perpetual calm,
Waiting till Heaven shall send the healing balm."

SUFFERING.

Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done; and in the after vacancy of thought
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed;
Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,
And hath the nature of infinity;
Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seems,
And unremovable) gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of thought
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
May pass in hope, and though from mortal bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SHUT IN.

Shut in, shut in from the ceaseless din
Of the restless world, and its want and sin;
Shut in from its turmoil, care and strife,
And all the wearisome round of life.

Shut in with tears that are spent in vain,
With the dull companionship of pain;
Shut in with the changeless days and hours,
And the bitter knowledge of failing powers.

Shut in with dreams of the days gone by,
With buried joys that were born to die;
Shut in with hopes that have lost their zest,
And leave but a longing after rest.

Shut in with a trio of angels sweet.
Patience and grace all pain to meet,
With faith that can suffer and stand and wait,
And lean on the promises strong and great.

Shut in with Christ! Oh, wonderful thought!
Shut in with the peace His sufferings brought,
Shut in with the love that wields the rod;
O company blest! shut in with God.

ANON.

Forgotten? No, we never do forget:
We let the years go, wash them clean with tears,
Leave them to bleach out in the open day,
Or lock them careful by, like dead friends' clothes,
Till we shall dare unfold them without pain,—
But we forget not, never can forget.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

"Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God: that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God."

I CORINTHIANS II, 12.

Revelation is made by a spirit to a spirit; "God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit"; "The spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." The spirit of God lies touching, as it were, the soul of man,—ever around and near. On the outside of earth man stands with the boundless heaven above him; nothing between him and space,—space around him and above him, the confines of the sky touching him. So is the spirit of man to the spirit of the Ever Near. They mingle: in every man this is true. All men are not spiritual men, but all have spiritual sensibilities which might awaken. All that is wanted is to become conscious of the nearness of God. God has placed men here to feel after Him if haply they might find Him, albeit *He be not far* from any one of them. Our souls float in the immeasurable ocean of spirit. God lies around us; at any moment we might be conscious of the contact. And if obedience were entire and love were perfect, then would the Revelation of the spirit to the soul of man be perfect too. There would be trust expelling care, and enabling a man to repose; there would be a love which could cast out fear; there would be a sympathy with the mighty All of God. Selfishness would pass; isolation would be felt no longer; the tide of the universal and eternal Life would come with mighty pulsations throbbing through the soul. To such a man it would not matter where he was, nor what; to live or die would be alike. No matter to such a man what he saw or what he heard; for every sight would be resplendent with beauty, and every sound would echo harmony. The human would become Divine; life, even the meanest, noble. In the hue of every violet there would be a glimpse of Divine affection, and a dream of heaven. The forest would blaze with Deity, as it did to the eye of Moses. The creations of genius would breathe less of earth and more of heaven. Human love would burn with a clearer and intenser flame, rising from the altar of self-sacrifice. These are "the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

F. W. ROBERTSON.

"Afflictions are but the shadow of His wing."

FROM "LINES TO MY MOTHER'S PICTURE."

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine,—thy own sweet smile I see.
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child; chase all thy tears away!"

* * * * * * *

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),—

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart,—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no,—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Say not thou hast lost a day,
  If amidst its weary hours,
  Gloomy thoughts and flagging powers,
Thou hast found that thou couldst pray.
By a single earnest prayer
  Thou may'st much of work have done,
  Much of wealth and progress won,
Yielded not by toil and care.

LORD KINLOCH.

I LOOK TO THEE.

I look to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again;
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road,—
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Each time we love,
We turn a nearer and a broader mark
To that keen archer, Sorrow, and he strikes.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Who never mourned, hath never known
  What treasures grief reveals;
The sympathies that humanize,
  The tenderness that heals;

The power to look within the veil
  And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
  So dark to us before;

Hath never known how full of strength
  Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
  Of suffering and of prayer!

W. H. BURLEIGH.

Somehow, I think the soul profits more by any bit of God's glory that comes in one's way when one is going about one's business, than by the grandest landscape one travels to see. New scenery is of no use to us unless our natures are clear enough to reflect it, as I have seen mountains doubled on quiet lakes. EDWARD GARRETT.

FROM "TOM BROWN AT RUGBY."

It was the first great wrench of his life, the first gap which the angel Death had made in his circle, and he felt numbed, and beaten down and spiritless. Well, well! I believe it was good for him and for many others in like case; who had to learn by that loss that the soul of man cannot stand or lean upon any human prop, however strong, and wise, and good; but that He upon whom alone it can stand and lean will knock away all such props in His own wise and merciful way, until there is no ground or stay left but Himself, the Rock of Ages, upon whom alone a *sure* foundation for every soul of man is laid.

THOMAS HUGHES.

FROM A SERMON ON "BELIEF, THE CURE OF TROUBLE."

Belief is holding the whole being in such poise of acquiescence in providential ordering, that, hemmed in by whatever limitations, and plunged into whatever depths of sadness and pain and loss, the eyes still keep a steadfast look on the everlasting hills. It is to journey all day long under whatever scorching suns, over whatever burning sands, through whatever dreary wildernesses, leaning on the staff of trust. It is to pitch tent, when the sun goes down and night thickens, under the shelter of trust. It is to be heated while hot and lie on God's anvil of sorrow and be hammered by the master-hand into whatever fashion it seemeth to him good, and through it all abate no jot nor tittle of trust. It is to rise up out of the murkiness of this earth-atmosphere, and live in that faith-frame in which one easily knows more than the understanding can compass, and feels more than philosophy can fathom, and catches sounds that the ear can never hear, and beholds visions that the eye can never see, and finding difficulty no longer in realizing a world other than this which greets the outer senses, and a kingdom within and over this hard material kingdom now lying about us, has constant and keenest appreciation of celestial verities, and strikes hands with eternal fact, and walks in the light and toward the light that has broken through from the illuminated land, each day manna-fed, love-comforted, glory-beckoned, and inwardly assured that in a little while the door of welcome to the Father's house shall swing wide open, and the foot cross the threshold where all questionings come to pause, and all weariness finds alleviation in divine refreshment, and all great and pure longings are satisfied, and all pain is forgotten or turned into pleasure, and all sighings give way to songs, and every weight of anxiety is thrown off, and every pang of agony ceases, and all experience forevermore is of the rest that remaineth to, is of the crown that crowneth, is of the joy that rejoiceth, is of the fullness that filleth, the people of God. * * * How blessed it is that there is some real refuge of comfort for us in the midst of our distresses; some real victory for us over these troubles that annoy, and hinder, and grieve. There are many beautiful things in this world; many very sweet joys in this life; and the last of all men would I be to belittle whatever there is abroad which

is gladsome. But after all, this of ours is a troubled realm. It is a tear-land. Before us are disappointments, behind us are sorrowful memories, and anguishes and agonies keep us company as we journey along on our pilgrim way. More than these, however, are the consolations and encouragements and recompenses. And should all else fail us, there is the great assurance, bright and shining as the sun, and more precious than a thousand worlds, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

F. A. NOBLE.

LIFE.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

"The time is short; the more the reason, then,
For filling it as full as it can hold
With thrills of beauty, yearnings for the truth,
And joys of love and labor manifold.
Then should it be, as we would fain believe,
Life's glory waits us in some other sphere,
Its first great joy shall be, we did not miss
God's meaning in the glory that is here."

Not till the soul acts with all its strength, strains its every faculty, does prayer begin. FRANCES P. COBBE.

FROM "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS."

At last Maggie's eyes glanced down on the books that lay on the window-shelf, and she half forsook her reverie to turn over listlessly the leaves of the "Portrait Gallery," but she soon pushed this aside to examine the little row of books tied together with string. "Beauties of the Spectator," "Rasselas," "Economy of Human Life," "Gregory's Letters,"—she knew the sort of matter that was inside all these; the "Christian Year"—that seemed to be a hymn-book, and she laid it down again; but *Thomas à Kempis?* the name had come across her in her reading, and she felt the satisfaction, which every one knows, of getting some ideas to attach to a name that strays solitary in the memory. She took up the little, old, clumsy book with some curiosity; it had the corners turned down in many places, and some hand, now forever quiet, had made at certain passages strong pen-and-ink marks, long since browned by time. Maggie turned from leaf to leaf, and read where the quiet hand pointed. * * * "Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world. * * * If thou seekest this or that, and wouldst be here or there to enjoy thy own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be quiet nor free from care; for in everything somewhat will be wanting, and in every place there will be some that will cross thee. * * * Both above and below, which way soever thou dost turn thee, everywhere thou shalt find the Cross; and everywhere of necessity thou must have patience, if thou wilt have inward peace, and enjoy an everlasting crown. * * *" A strange thrill of awe passed through Maggie while she read, as if she had been awakened in the night by a strain of solemn music, telling of beings whose souls had been astir while hers was in stupor. She went on from one brown mark to another, where the quiet hand seemed to point, hardly conscious that she was reading—seeming rather to listen while a low voice said— * * * "I have often said unto thee, and now again I say the same, Forsake thyself, resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy much inward peace. * * * Then shall all vain imaginations, evil perturbations, and superfluous cares fly away; then shall immoderate fear leave thee, and inordinate love shall die—"

* * * She read on and on in the old book, devouring eagerly the dialogues with the invisible Teacher, the pattern of sorrow, the source of all strength; returning to it after she had been called away, and reading till the sun went down behind the willows. * * * She knew nothing of doctrines and systems—of mysticism or quietism; but this voice out of the far-off middle ages was the distinct communication of a human soul's belief and experience, and came to Maggie as an unquestioned message.

I suppose that is the reason why the small, old-fashioned book, for which you need only pay sixpence at a book-stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness; while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust and triumph—not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced—in the cloister, perhaps with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours—but under the same silent, far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness.

GEORGE ELIOT.

"Who plucked that flower?"
Cried the gardener as he walked through the garden:
His fellow-servants answered, "The Master!"
And the gardener held his peace.

INSCRIPTION IN AN OLD ENGLISH CHURCHYARD.

"When the flail of affliction comes upon me, let me not be as the chaff which flies in Thy face, but the grain which lies at Thy feet."

"It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather, even with artillery."

What can I do for thee, Beloved,
Whose feet so little while ago
Trod the same wayside dust with mine,
And now up paths I do not know
  Speed, without sound or sign?

What can I do? The perfect life
All fresh and fair and beautiful
Has opened its wide arms to thee;
Thy cup is overbrimmed and full;
  Nothing remains for me.

I used to do so many things,—
Love thee and chide thee and caress;
Brush little straws from off thy way,
Tempering with my poor tenderness
  The heat of thy short day.

Not much, but very sweet to give;
And it is grief of griefs to bear
That all these ministries are o'er,
And thou, so happy, Love, elsewhere
  Never can need me more:—

* * * * *

But out of my dull burdened lot
  I can arise, and go

To sadder lives and darker homes,
A messenger, dear heart, from thee,
Who wast on earth a comforter;
And say to those who welcome me,
  I am sent forth by her,

Feeling the while how good it is
To do thy errands thus, and think
It may be, in the blue, far space,
Thou watchest from the heaven's brink,—
A smile upon thy face.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

O YE TEARS!

O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long refused to flow,
Ye are welcome to my heart — thawing, thawing, like the snow;
I feel the hard clod soften, and the early snowdrops spring,
And the healing fountains gush, and the wildernesses sing.

O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run;
Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall glitter in the sun.
The rainbow cannot shine if the rain refuse to fall,
And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of all.

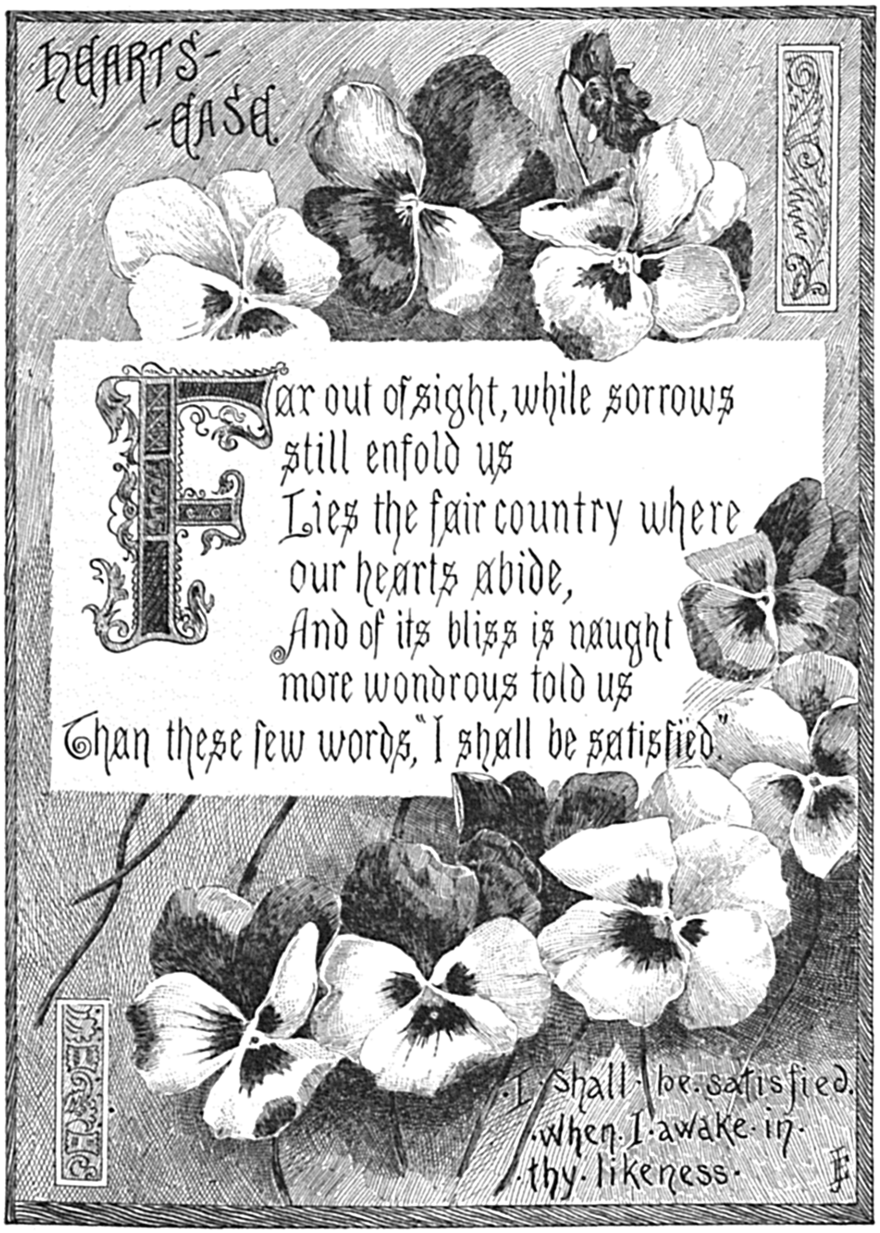
O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt you on my cheek
I was selfish in my sorrow, I was stubborn, I was weak;
Ye have given me strength to conquer, and I stand erect and free,
And know that I am human by the light of sympathy.

O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain:
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote, amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water to make gladness in the land.

There is light upon my path, there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago!
O ye tears! happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow!

CHARLES MACKAY.

"Patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will."


HEARTS-
-EASE.
Far out of sight, while sorrows
still enfold us
Lies the fair country where
our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught
more wondrous told us
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."
·I shall be satisfied.
·when I awake in
·thy likeness·

TOO LATE.

When long the feast had waited, long and sweet
The harp had sounded with its richest strain,
At last, but late, the richly sandaled feet
Of all the Pleasures came with royal train.

Nature and Love and Charity and Art
Came filing through the ivy-covered gate,
All gay with plumes and music, but the heart
Is sad and silent, for they came so late.

When life was flowing with its deep clear tide
Of youthful zeal and youthful powers, too,
Why came no hand to open portals wide
And send these troops of beauty marching through?

Nature and Love and Art will thus conceal
From youth and manhood half their pictured page,
To come at last and to the full reveal
Their realms of splendor to declining age.

We see Earth's beauty and her greatness now
And by her sea of glory loving stand;
But marks of age are graven on our brow
And we are sinking toward the shadow-land.

DAVID SWING.

"For no one doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength and beauty may after him go;
Thus onward we move,
And, save God above,
None guesseth how wondrous the journey will prove."

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe,
For a fair face long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were some who mourned their youth
With a most loving truth
For the brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the west
Turned an eye that would not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told;
Some spoke of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free,
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea;
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

FRANCES BROWN.

Reading seeks, meditation finds;
Prayer asks, contemplation tastes.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

"That life must walk uncomforted
That leans not on His breast;
They only know that God is Love
Who learn that God is Rest."

Christ placed all rest, and had no resting-place;
He healed each pain, yet lived in sore distress;
Deserved all good, yet lived in great disgrace;
Gave all hearts joy, himself in heaviness;
Suffered them life, by whom himself was slain;
Lord, who can live to see such love again.

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Death has feigned evils
Nature shall not feel;
Life, ills substantial, wisdom cannot shun
Death but entombs the body;
Life, the soul.

EDWARD YOUNG.

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table head
  And the lights burned bright and clear,
Oh, who is that! the Bridegroom said,
  Whose weary feet I hear?

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
  And He was clad in white,
While far within the Lord's supper
  Was spread so broad and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and looked,
  And His face was bright to see.
What dost thou here at the Lord's supper
  With thy body's sins, said He.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Stood black and sad and bare.
I have wandered many nights and days,
  There is no light elsewhere.

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
  And their eyes were fierce and bright,
Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Away into the night.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
  And He waved hands, still and slow,
And the third time that He waved His hands
  The air was thick with snow;

And of every flake of falling snow,
  Before it touched the ground
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
  Made sweet and gentle sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
  Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bore it off
  Were for its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door
  And beckoned, smiling sweet,
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Stole in and fell at His feet.

The holy supper is spread within,
  And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
  Before I poured the wine.

The supper wine is poured at last,
  The lights burn bright and fair;
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet
  And dries them with his hair.

ANON.

NEVERMORE.

No more—no more—Oh, nevermore on me
  The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
  Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee;
  Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

LORD BYRON.

A gem is not polished without rubbing, nor is a man perfected without trials. CHINESE.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day." DEUTERONOMY XXXIV, 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
  On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
  There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
  And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod
  And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
  That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the tramping
  Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
  Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
  Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the springtime
  Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills,
  Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music
  Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
  The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
  On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
  Looked on the wondrous sight;

Perchance the lion, stalking,
  Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
  That which man knoweth not.

Lo, when the warrior dieth,
  His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
  Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
  They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
  While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
  Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
  With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
  Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
  Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
  That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
  That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
  Traced, with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
  As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
  The hill-side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
  With stars for tapers tall;

And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,—

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,—
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

Here, while the night winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky;
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone;
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—"Man is distant, but God is near!"

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold, gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I cannot wish thee comfort in this hour
Of life's supremest sorrow; for I know,
By aching memories, how little power
The best words have to mitigate a woe,
With which, in its own bitterness alone,
The heart, amid the silences, must deal.
But here where ocean makes eternal moan
Along its melancholy shores, I feel
How mightier than Nature's loudest voice
Is that soft word which to the ruler said,
Amidst his desolated home, "Rejoice!
Thy dear one sleepeth; think not he is dead."
All death is birth, from out a turbid night
Into the glories of transcendent light.

PARKE GODWIN.

WIDOWED.

She did not sigh for death, nor make sad moan
Turning from smiles as one who solace fears,
But filled with kindly deeds the waiting years;
Yet in her heart of hearts she lived alone,
And in her voice there thrilled an undertone
That seemed to rise from soundless depths of tears.
As, when the sea is calm, one sometimes hears
The long, low murmur of a storm unknown
Within the sheltered haven where he stands,
While tokens of a tempest overpast
The changing tide brings to the shining sands;
So on the surface of her life was cast
An ever-present shadow of the day
When love and joy went hand in hand away.

A. B. BOYLE.

THE SHADOW.

It comes betwixt me and the amethyst
Of yon far mountain's billowy range;—the sky,
Mild with sun-setting calmness, to my eye
Is curtained ever by its haunting mist;
And oftentimes, when some dear brow I've kissed,
My lips grow tremulous as it sweeps me by,
With stress of overmastering agony,
That faith and reason all in vain resist.
It blurs my fairest books, it dims the page
Of the divinest lore; and on my tongue
The broken prayer that inward strength would crave
Dissolves in sobs no soothing can assuage;
And this penumbral gloom, this heart-cloud flung
Around me, is the memory of a grave.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

THE DISCIPLINE OF USELESSNESS.

"In the reaction of the christianity of our day, of *muscular* christianity, our prayers, all our books of devotion, share in the earnest appeal to active duties. The poor invalid, with broken heart, day after day listens to the exhortations to work by way of prayer; sees with a sigh how the idler is despised, and what a burden the shiftless and lazy are upon society. There is very little room for the weak and the useless in *our* world: even the books that only the invalids have time to read preach the economies of nature and the vice of idleness. This literature is far more healthy indeed for the sick and the feeble than weak books framed only for them. The inspiring breezes of activity are as necessary for them as for the busy workers. Such strengthening doses can rouse from listlessness, and help the sick man to cure himself. Religion is not merely a binding up of the soul, but it must bind up the body too, and is its wisest physician. The fresh blast of the spring air must be let into the sick-room, and must blow out the dust from the curtains, and purify the dead atmosphere, and the freshness of active life must come in. The sick life and the outside life must not be separated. The one is as much "a life" as the other, and each needs the other. Only in our sick-rooms, in acknowledging this glory of usefulness, we must remember that there are consolations even in uselessness. These are very hard for the weak heart of the invalid to find. "The use of uselessness,"—can such a thing be?

And what would become of us, if such a thing could not be? What does the bravest and the strongest accomplish in comparison with his desires? Can the most active benefactor look back with satisfaction on his work? If he could, how despicable would he be! What are our human efforts to create happiness, all put together, in comparison with the joy that a blade of grass gives? Indeed, how can we ever balance use and uselessness? How can we ever judge a life? How can we tell, with our shortness of sight, what are defeats and what are victories? Even Christ said, "It is finished," in the hour from which Christianity took its date. The few hours of a little child's life,—how precious they are to us! Would we change them for one of the stars? What have we ever done ourselves in the world? Is it so very much missed? Have

we a right to complain that our handful of the gleaning has dropped out of the sheaf unnoticed?

These questionings are not the consolation I would bring forward. It would be no consolation in our uselessness to dwell upon all the failures in the world, nor on our own pettiness. But such questionings lead us to put a true test to the activity of life, and show us how it is that *mere* doing is not living. But what is?

To us the trouble is, that our idle life *looks* very easy. The hard workers would like sometimes to change with us. They would be so glad of a few hours' rest,—a *few hours.* But they gladly get up from it, when any pleasure or duty calls, while we must stay. By this time we have learned to know we would willingly decline the pleasure; such sweets look cloying to us now; but the struggle is in giving up help for *others*,—hours of work at the industrial school or the hospital, and all the while seeing the workers wearing themselves out, day after day, with too much work, and to know that we cannot come to the rescue, that we are not even the forlorn hope, that we have no strength to offer,—shall never have.

We must see the work we might have done left undone. What is worse, we must see others take upon themselves our work, when they have quite as much of their own as they ought to bear. We grow very sharp-sighted in these unoccupied hours, and can see what is needed here and there, and have not earned the right to mend the work. We have an outside view of life, as a bystander looks upon a game of chess, but we cannot even move a pawn.

Besides all this, what is worse still, our helplessness adds to the work of the world. The care of us makes one more care. Ah! though it may look easy, all this is very hard to bear. It is hard when we misconceive our powers, and believe, if we could only have health, we might have done much to help the world. It is harder in our discouraged hours, when we believe that we should never have been of any use, sick or well; and that we were born to be a clog and weight, to be in everybody's way. If we could only stop at the first part of this complaint, "born to be a clog," that would allow that we were born to be something. The brake on the cars, the clog on the coach going down-hill, are as necessary as the horses and the steam-engine. The train has to stop now and then: it is dangerous for the carriage to

go down-hill too fast. So a nation needs a war when it is too prosperous; and homes that are likely to grow too gay and frivolous can afford the few serious thoughts that a sick-room suggests.

This thought should serve to create a respect from others toward those who are suffering from sickness; but it does not help the "clogs" and the "brakes" themselves. It would add self-conceit to the other trials that their friends must suffer through them, to dwell upon any advantages gained from their sickness and weakness; and they are the very last to be able to perceive them, and surely should be the very last to get any consolation from being the clogs for forming the bitter element in life.

No: it is only in bravely acknowledging our utter uselessness that we can find our help. It is here that shines in the broad ray of comfort. Allow that we have nothing to give in return, that we are utterly dependent, and we suddenly discover what is the joy of receiving. We have learned what we never knew before,—what friendship is, what love is. We have the power of accepting gladly. These are mere words to those who have never known the depression there is in this feeling of absolute physical dependence. Every one has had some little taste of the bitterness of dependence, and shrinks from it. But the invalid experiences it day after day: too feeble to move; hands too weak for work; eyes aching so that it is impossible to read, or even to move them to look in the face of a friend; head too confused for thought; the whole body too full of pain for rest. One must be many days and weeks or years in such a state to learn what is the blessedness of friends, to appreciate their sympathy and forbearance in our weakness, their cheerfulness and their thoughtfulness. Blessed as it is to give, we have learned the less noble, less elevating blessedness of receiving. Because it is less elevating, it is more difficult to learn and to acknowledge. Only a long dependence on the goodness of others can teach it. Our poor discouraged self-respect comes in to help us. "Ah, we must indeed be *something* to them if they can love us so." I do not mean that it is only in becoming sick and helpless that we find out our friends: I mean that in our sickness and helplessness we find one feature in this love of our friends that we never can find otherwise. It is the giving and returning that makes the delight in most friendship, and that keeps up the activity of our love. In our invalid days, we learn how to receive; and in this we need to be generous. It requires

some generosity to be willing to receive; and, when we have learned to do it, we find in the very bottom of the cup, in the bitterest dregs we have to drink, this one compensation — the knowledge of this sacrificing love of our friends.

Of this it might be useless to speak; for those who are well, and are able to pay their own debts in friendship, ought not to be able to understand it. But it is in this submission, with the support that comes in submitting, that we get a glimpse of one of the positions in which we stand toward God.

Some of the old books are fond of dwelling upon our insignificance in God's creation; that He asks nothing of us, while we need all things from Him; words which, if often used in our time, have an air of false humility. They are depressing and discouraging to the Christian soldier. It is a sort of humility that the veriest weed in a garden-patch would not think of wearing. A true humility must have nothing to do with abjectness. The guest takes the lowest place, waiting to be called to a higher. If we were indeed worms, born only to grovel on the ground, there would be no *humility* in placing ourselves low as the ground. We must voluntarily cast ourselves there from a greater height. It would have been no offering of humility if it had not been a rich velvet cloak that Raleigh flung down before the queen. One must first be proud in order to be able to be humble.

We need not debase the offering we make of ourselves to God in our own esteem, particularly as He made us, and not we ourselves. Yet it would be better for us if we could more often be conscious of our dependence upon a Higher Being. And just as long sickness, with a long period of weakness, wrings from us the confession that it is a pleasure to be so served as we are by the love of our friends, it teaches us, at the same time, our dependence, and our pleasure in dependence, upon God. We begin to see more clearly that the ordering of things does lie in His hand; that we need not make ourselves uneasy because our day's work in the world has failed. There are other workmen; if not, there is Himself.

This sort of submission is the true "waiting upon God," and gives us an idea of the true quality of patience. A poor, querulous, wavering patience it may look to be on the outside; but it must needs be wavering. It finds its support only in an utter, hourly dependence upon

God; and the heart is constantly rebelling. If the struggle for this patience were not a constant one, if by one effort it could be made certain, it would be only a dull endurance, not patience gained. It is for these stormy hours of such lonely battle that I have found one prayer helpful: "My God, give me strength, if it is Thy will; if not, patience. *Not patience, if it is not Thy will.*"

SPIRITUAL COMMUNIONS.

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest;

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"Every day is a fresh beginning:
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again."

IN FACE OF A GREAT SORROW.

In face of a great sorrow like to death,
How do we wrestle night and day with tears!
How do we fast and pray! how small appears
The outside world, while, hanging on some breath
Of fragile hope, the chamber where we lie
Includes all space! But if sudden at last
The blow falls, or, by incredulity
Fond led, we—never having one thought cast
Toward years where "the child" was not—see it die,
And with it all our future, all our past,—
We just look round us with a dull surprise:
For lesser pangs we had filled earth with cries
Of wild and angry grief that would be heard;
But when the heart is broken—not a word.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

Fear not, ye who love!
Time has power over hours,
None over the soul.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

Speak to me low, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs; sweet and low
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.

E. B. BROWNING.

And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever.

ISAIAH XXXII, 17.

God does not send us strange flowers every year,
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces:
The violet is here.

It all comes back—the odor, grace, and hue.
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
No blank is left, no looking-for is cheated;
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter, it must be.
God will not put strange signs in heavenly places
The old love shall look out from the old faces:
Veilchen! I shall have thee!

WHICH ONE?

One of us, dear——
But one——
Will sit by a bed with a nameless fear,
And clasp a hand
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit-land;
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear——
But one——
Will stand by the other's coffin bier
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep;
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear——
But one——
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know;
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear——
But one——
Shall speak glad words the other cannot hear,
And fully know
All we have dimly groped for here below;
Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be;
It may be you will slip from me;
My little life may first be done;
I'm glad we do not know
Which one.

JULIA H. MAY.

VANISHED BLESSINGS.

The voice which I did more esteem
  Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
  More comfortable than the day—
Those now by me, as they have been,
  Shall never more be heard or seen;
But what I once enjoyed in them
  Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus;
  So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
  May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
  If present mercies we despise;
Or mind not how there may be made
  A thankful use of what we had.

GEORGE WITHER.

"O hearts that never cease to yearn!
  O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!
The dead, though they depart, return
  As though they had not died!

The living are the only dead;
  The dead live—nevermore to die!
And often when we mourn them fled,
  They never were so nigh!

And though they lie beneath the waves,
  Or sleep within the churchyard dim—
(Ah! through how many different graves
  God's children go to him!)—

Yet every grave gives up its dead
  Ere it is overgrown with grass;
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
  Or need we cry, "Alas"?

Or why should Memory, veiled with gloom,
  And like a sorrowing mourner craped,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb,
  Whose captives have escaped?

'Tis but a mound, and will be mossed
  Whene'er the summer grass appears;
The loved, though wept, are never lost;
  We only lose — our tears!

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead
  By bending forward where they are;
But Memory, with a backward tread,
  Communes with them afar.

The joys we lose are but forecast,
  And we shall find them all once more;
We look behind us for the Past,
  But lo! 'tis all before."

"We never know through what divine mysteries of compensation the Great Father of the Universe may be carrying out His sublime plan; and those three words, 'God is love,' ought to contain, to every doubting soul, the solution of all things."

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. PSALMS XXIII, 4.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

Rabia, sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited,
Holy Malik, Hassan wise,
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.
Hassan says, "Whose prayer is pure
Will God's chastisements endure."
Malik, from a deeper sense,
Uttered his experience:
"He who hears his Master's voice
Will in chastisement rejoice."

Rabia saw some selfish will
In their maxims lingering still,
And replied, "O men of grace!
He who sees the Master's face
Will not in his prayer recall
That he is chastised at all."

TRANSLATED BY DR. J. F. CLARKE.

God doth not need
Either man s work or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.

JOHN MILTON.

If we have not quiet in our own minds, outward comforts will do no more for us than a golden slipper for a gouty foot.

JOHN BUNYAN.

TRUST.

My bark is wafted to the strand
  By breath divine,—
And on the helm there rests a Hand
  Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
  I have on board;
Above the raving of the gale
  I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,—
  I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short,— if long, 'tis light,—
  He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land!
  The end is this;—
And then with Him go hand in hand
  Far into bliss.

HENRY ALFORD.

The curtain of the dark
  Is pierced by many a rent;
Out of the star-wells spark on spark
  Trickles through night's torn tent.

Grief is a tattered tent,
  Wherethrough God's light doth shine:
Who glances up, at every rent
  Shall catch a ray divine.

LUCY LARCOM.

Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.

H. W. BEECHER.

Meditate long, meditate humbly, on what it is to have a Creator, and a comfort will come at last. If broad daylight should never be yours on this side of the grave, He will hold your feet in the twilight that they shall not stumble, and at last, with all the more love, and all the more speed as well, He will fold you to His bosom, who is Himself the Light Eternal. F. W. FABER.

ALAS!

There is no little child within me now
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple-bough
Laughs into blossom, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas! alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet
It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.
O moaning life, with life irreconciled!
O backward-looking thought! O pain! O tears!
For us there is not any silver sound
Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

RICHARD REALF.

There are in this loud, stunning tide
  Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
  Of the everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

JOHN KEBLE.

"If ye were not Christ's wheat, appointed to be bread in His house, He would not grind you."

"The sum of all religions is to be like the God we worship."

"Happiness is not an exotic which we import from a foreign soil, but a plant which grows in our own garden."

"There is a great power in quiet, for God is in it."

"Love is the most effectual prayer."

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

"The life is high and pure and great!
How can I reach
The holy and exalted state
In which Thy blessèd ones await
The opening of the heavenly gate?

Low in the vale of sin I lie
But, looking up,
Thy form upon the hills descry;
O Glorious One, who deigned to die,
Hear Thou my broken spirit's cry!

Come from the heights, O Regnant One,
In pitying love:
My cross is heavy as I fainting run—
I languish with my work undone—
I fail with victory all unwon.

O lead me with Thy piercèd hand
And help me on,
Till safe amid the chosen band
The timid one at last shall stand
On hill of life in heavenly land."

CHRIST'S PRESENCE IN THE HOUSE.

Dear Friend, whose presence in the house,
  Whose gracious word benign,
Could once at Cana's wedding feast
  Turn water into wine:

Come visit us, and when dull work
  Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
  Life's water glow as wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
  Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
  Life's water into wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
  The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angels' visits when
  The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
  Which knows not mine and thine
The miracle again is wrought,
  And water changed to wine.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Long may it remain in this mixed world a point not easy of decision, which is the more beautiful evidence of the Almighty's goodness—the delicate fingers that are formed for sensitiveness and sympathy of touch, and made to minister to pain and grief, or the rough, hard hand that the heart teaches, guides and softens in a moment!

CHARLES DICKENS.

THOU KNOWEST.

Thou knowest, O my Father! Why should I
Weary high Heaven with restless prayers and tears!
Thou knowest all! My heart's unuttered cry
Hath soared beyond the stars and reached Thine ears.

Thou knowest,—ah, Thou knowest! Then what need,
O loving God, to tell Thee o'er and o'er,
And with persistent iteration plead
As one who crieth at some closed door?

"Tease not!" we mothers to our children say,—
"Our wiser love will grant whate'er is best."
Shall we, Thy children, run to Thee alway,
Begging for this and that in wild unrest?

I dare not clamor at the heavenly gate,
Lest I should lose the high, sweet strains within;
O Love Divine! I can but stand and wait
Till Perfect Wisdom bids me enter in.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

There is the peace of surrendered as well as of fulfilled hopes; the peace, not of satisfied but of extinguished longings; the peace, not of the happy love and the secure fireside, but of unmurmuring and accepted loneliness; the peace not of the heart, which lives in joyful serenity afar from trouble and from strife, but of the heart where conflicts are over, and where hopes are buried—the peace of the passionless as well as the peace of the happy; not the peace which brooded over Eden, but that which crowned Gethsemane."

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for any one else. CHARLES DICKENS.

Plan not, nor scheme, but calmly wait,
  His choice is best;
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right;
  So trust and rest.

Strive not, nor struggle, thy poor might
  Can never wrest
The meanest thing to serve thy will;
All power is His alone; be still,
  And trust and wait.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns
  Supreme, confessed;
His power is infinite, His love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above;
  So trust and rest.

J. R. MACDUFF.

Ere long, when sovereign Wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave who strangely fills
This frame, and waft me to the dead.
Oh, what is death! 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouch'd again;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs and joys.

GAMBOLD.

Thou, O God, hast created us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee. ST. AUGUSTINE.

It is no rash assertion that from that holy institution the Sabbath have accrued to man more knowledge of his God, more instruction in righteousness, more guidance of his affections, and more consolation of his spirit, than from all other means which have been devised in the world to make him wise and virtuous. We cannot fully estimate the effects of the Sabbath unless we were once deprived of it. Imagination cannot picture the depravity which would gradually ensue if time were thrown into one promiscuous field, without those heaven-directed beacons to rest and direct the passing pilgrim. Man would then plod through a wilderness of being, and one of the avenues which now admits the light that will illuminate his path would be perpetually closed.

BISHOP DEHON.

When the young go away with their hands full of unblown roses, who should lament that they did not stay to sit under leafless trees?

Let us consider of all our holy dead that the lessons they learn now are not learnt with pangs, but easily, while they sit under the eyes of Him who loves them more than we ever could.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"If thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies
Black in thy brother's skies.
If thou art sad,
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad."

"What she could" — not what she could not do — not what she thought might be done — not what she would like to do — not what she would do if she had more time — not what somebody else thought she ought to do,— but "what she could." W. A. SHIPMAN.

O sacred Sorrow! by whom hearts are tried,
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide;
If thou art mine (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker he has had his share?),
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,
And be my guide, and not my punishment.

GEORGE CRABBE.

He erred, no doubt, perhaps he sinned;
Shall I then dare to cast a stone?
Perhaps this blotch on a garment white,
Counts less than the dingy robes I own.

GEORGE HOUGHTON.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

JOHN KEBLE.

O Thou that dry'st the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
Is darkness shows us worlds of light
We could not see by day.

THOMAS MOORE.

SERVICE.

"The loving service of the weak and wanting is an essential part of the discipline of the christian life. Some habitual association with the poor, the dependent, the sorrowful, is an indispensable source of the highest elements of character. * * * If we gently take the trembling hand that seeks our guidance and spend the willing care and exercise the needful patience, why, it makes us descend into healthful depths of sorrowful affection, which else we should never reach; it strips off the thick bandages of self and bids us awake to a life which first reveals to us the death-like insensibility from which we are emerging."

In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands;
I cannot find them. Nothing now is left
But a majestic memory. They meanwhile
Wander together in Elysian lands,
Perchance remembering me, who am bereft
Of their dear presence, and, remembering, smile.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Seek God in those hours which have appeared to you so empty, and they will become full to you,—for He will himself sustain you in them.

FÉNÉLON.

"The thought that God is love outweighs all other thoughts. How shall we get that love? It is to love with all one's heart here. One grain of earnest, loyal, devoted, unselfish affection is enough to make the whole world homelike. To love another better than one's self is to begin heaven here. The great lesson of all is that the Father's mansions are within one's own breast. Heaven is here; the world of hope, anticipation, feeling, is all here. We have it here first, if we have it at all."

O Lord, take my heart, for I cannot give it; and when Thou hast it, oh, keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee; and save me in spite of myself, for Jesus Christ's sake. FÉNÉLON.

Toward the dark gate we saw her slowly glide,
The angel Patience moving at her side;
The noiseless portal opened, and the light
A moment gleamed, then left us in the night,
Where still we sit beside her sacred urn,
Praying the angel Patience to return.

T. B. READ.

Nearer and nearer, Lord, and nearer still,
Thy work begun, fulfill;
Shape all my life according to thy will.
Thou knowest how I aspire;
Accept my strong desire,
Hope, heart and mind, — my spirit's deepest deep;
Take all to feed and keep,
Till my whole soul to love's full flower is blown,
And love's full flower to perfect fruit is grown.

HORATIO N. POWER

Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. DEUT. XXIII, 27.

Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief,—death cannot long
divide;
For is it not as if the rose that climbed
My garden-wall had bloomed the other side?

TO THE MEMORY OF PIETRO D'ALESSANDRO,

SECRETARY TO THE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT OF SICILY IN 1848, WHO DIED AN EXILE AT MALTA IN JANUARY, 1855.

Beside the covered grave
Linger the exiles, though their task is done.
Yes, brethren: from your band one more is gone
A good man and a brave.

Scanty the rites, and train;
How many of all the storied marbles, set
In all thy churches, City of La Valette,
Hide nobler heart and brain?

Ah! had his soul been cold,
Tempered to make a sycophant or spy,
To love hard truth less than an easy lie,
His country less than gold,—

Then, not the spirit's strife,
Nor sickening pangs at sight of conquering crime,
Nor anxious watching of an evil time,
Had worn his chords of life:

Nor here, nor thus with tears
Untimely shed, but there whence o'er the sea
The great volcano looks, his rest might be,
The close of prosperous years.

No! Different hearts are bribed;
And therefore, in his cause's sad eclipse,
Here died he, with 'Palermo' on his lips,
A poor man, and proscribed.

Wrecked all thy hopes, O friend,—
Hopes for thyself, thine Italy, thine own,—
High gifts defeated of their due renown.
Long toil — and this the end!

The end? not ours to scan:
Yet grieve not, children, for your father's worth:
Oh! never wish that in his native earth
He lay, a baser man.

What to the dead avail
The chance success, the blundering praise of fame?
Oh! rather trust, somewhere the noble aim
Is crowned, though here it fail.

Kind, generous, true wert thou;
This meed at least to goodness must belong,
That such it was. Farewell: the world's great wrong
Is righted for thee now.

Rest in thy foreign grave,
Sicilian! whom our English hearts have loved,—
Italian! such as Dante had approved,—
An exile — not a slave!

HENRY LUSHINGTON.

In soul, man mounts and flies;
In flesh he dies;
Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer,
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So may he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

GEORGE HERBERT.

REMEMBRANCE.

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee;
  Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
  Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
  Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
  Thy noble heart forever, evermore?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
  From those brown hills, have melted into spring;
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
  After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
  While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
  Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
  No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
  All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
  And even Despair was powerless to destroy;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
  Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
  Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
  Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And even yet I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

EMILY BRONTÉ.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so — Plato, thou reason'st well —
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
"Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when, or where! This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures. This must end 'em.
"Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This, in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

God reigns above, He reigns alone,
Systems burn out and leave His throne,
Fair mists of Seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all—
Ancient of days, whose days go on.

For us, whatever 's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest, what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the good discerns the good,
I trust Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on,
I love Thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost—
I thank Thee while my days go on.

E. B. BROWNING.

Suffering has a thousand unknown entrances besides the wide and obvious openings through which one sees it pass. Often it works subtle channels for itself—rose-hidden paths; it travels rapidly, reaches far and wide, because it is God's most active messenger. It bears the cross of Jesus Christ, and human nature is moulded to bear this burthen everywhere. So do not murmur at the secret griefs to which your health condemns you; they are the condition of your moral and intellectual advancement. LACORDAIRE.

RESURRECTION.

It is the Resurrection season, and the glad word itself shall be our theme today. We will simply say it over and over, and listen to the echoes which it raises among our thoughts. It is the word in which the twins Death and Life declare themselves to be not two, but one; and the echoes, although vague, must needs be strong and musical, and they will bring us hints from afar. Not all from afar, however: the echo which reaches us first, from the hills and fields, sounds near. Very beautiful, was it not? that picture of the opening springtime which I gathered from our Bible, catching here a glimpse and there a glimpse as it lies reflected in the song of psalmist and prophet, and of Jesus, who had so often watched it as a boy on the hills of Galilee. Doubtless He used to go out to gather early lilies and note the green garments of the fresh young grass. Ten million million tiny strugglers on our hills and in our fields today are trying to show us that ours, too, is Holy Land. The flowers have begun to greet us in our walks,—dumb angels, with faces all ashine with the glad tidings that the Saviour-season hath arisen. Winter we call the death of the year. Its white suggests the shroud; its silence, the hush of the saddened house; its evenness of aspect, the blank uniformity of loss; its cold and voiceless, yet potent influence, the spell that absence of things dear and wonted lays on us. Yet to what miracle of life does all this tend! The swathing and the silence and the rest only hide the inward processes by which the earth, in its white chrysalis, is preparing itself for motion and color and sound.

How certain it is, this Resurrection of the Spring! Some one reminds us that, as the harvest approaches, the world is annually within a month or two of actual starvation. Let one single springtime drop from out the roll of seasons, and another would look on an earth full of silent cities and very quiet villages, waiting for new populations,—for some provident Noah to wander by that way and settle with his family. How punctual, too! Winter may be cold or warm, may linger or haste away, or turn back and growl us out a snowy good-bye a month after we were thinking he had gone,—but it makes little difference, after all. The heralds soon arrive, and then the gay procession of

life marches on in order. We can predict the coming banners, can date the passing weeks by flower arrivals and departures, can count the quick hours by flower-wakings and flower-closings. Emerson is but a trifle too precise:

> The calendar
> Of the painted race of flowers,
> Exact to days, exact to hours,
> Is faithful through a thousand years;
> And the pretty almanac
> Shows the punctual coming back
> On their due days of the birds.

And how nearly universal the Resurrection is! The green tide comes pouring up from the South, pressing over the hills and running through the river-valleys, and presently not one inch that can wear green but is bathed in the living glory. The trees, swelling with buds, set their brown nets in its path, and soon the meshes are full of crinkled leafage and the white and crimson of the blossoms; and mosses wake and steal into their rooty arms, and the vines creep up their bodies. No secret place is left unvisited by Spring. The lone plant in a desert, the seed buried under a dead leaf in the wood or prisoned in the crevice of a city pavement, the stick-dry bush we hung up in the cellar last November out of sight, the very potatoes in the barrel,— all hear the whisper and feel the touch and turn to life again. Within the room of a sick girl, in a foul city garret, stands a solitary rose in an earthen pitcher, cut off, like a caged bird, from the companionship of kin. The Spring flying over, knows the spot, stops, and bids the plant and the sick one turn again to life and beauty. She works for no eyes. She works for all eyes. The green deep of the forest, the deep of your little parlor fernery, turning now to a tropical jungle,— both are alike to her; and all her work is finished with equal exquisiteness.

Where she cannot go in one shape she startles in another. Here, among us, her presence is an even leafing of the temperate zone, beneath a brightening sun. Northward, closer to the pole, there comes a rapid dash of day, and spring and summer all in one, as she watches her chance to fling green among the snows. Elsewhere, it needs a dimming sun to bring her. In inner California, through long, rainless months of

heat, the roots and bulbs lie dormant underneath the earth's burnt crust, just as with us they hide beneath the frozen earth of winter; while only thick-rinded, juicy evergreens linger above the desert's surface,—matching the firs and pines amid our snows. There the Resurrection season comes as the coolest of the year. The rain sets in, the desert-crust grows cool and soft, and suddenly, as if the rain had touched them with a magic torch, the plains are lit with color!

In the still drier tropics she will come, if she can come no other way, down the sun-baked channel of an empty river,—the springtime that the traveler Baker saw far up one of the great branches of the Nile. He tells us how his party had been traveling weary days through the plains of upper Egypt. Everything was death-stricken with the heat; no grass, no green; the water of the river had shrunken to little lakes a mile or two long, lying scattered here and there along the dry bed. And these pools swarmed and throbbed with the concentrated life of the big river: the fish, the crocodiles and the hippopotamuses crowding there together in unhappy families. One night, when the men were camped as usual in the sandy channel, he heard a dull and distant noise. It grew louder and louder. It woke the Arabs up, who knew the sound and sprang to their feet shouting "The river! the river!" and scrambled for the banks. And then they heard the river come marching down through the night on its journey to the sea! When the morning broke, a yellow flood, hundreds of yards across, rolled at their feet in what at night had been a dry and sunken pathway through the desert. Far away up in the mountains the rainy season had begun, and thus sent greeting to the plains. In two days the face of the whole country had changed around the travelers. Water was all that the solitary place needed to make it blossom like a garden. The mimosa trees budded on the banks, the birds found their way with singing to the branches, the deer came down in companies to drink, the green spread and deepened like a dye, and it was spring!

Thus everywhere, in one form or another,—under ground, dissolving minerals for the sucking rootlets,—mounting through a million secret tubes inside young stems and solid trees,—descending from the skies in sunshine and in showers,—riding on the rivers,—comes Spring, the Saviour-season in the gladness of the Resurrection. * * * Thank God, friends, for the Resurrection thoughts which the Spring months

bring to us! We die to live again. We die *that we may* live again. Nothing is quickened save it die. Mortality is the condition of all immortality. What echoes we have wakened of this truth! The opening Spring prints it off on every hill-side in illuminated text of leaf and flower. The suns in the heaven are blazing it; the nations in their history repeat it; the sin-experience in which we first find God reveals it; the passing moment of each man's and woman's life is ringing gladly with it; our dead friend's memory recalls it; the mystery of each instant's life flashes it far backward through the past, far forward through the future. We find, as always with these central facts of Nature, that the best and highest meaning of the truth belongs to ourselves,—so completely is man a part of all, so completely is all represented in man. Our word "Resurrection" seems to concentrate the history of the universe, to whisper the secret of the life of God!

And as we think of all these things, those words which I read you awhile ago fill and throb with their tides of meaning:

Praise ye the Lord, all things that *die!* Ye die that ye may live again.

Praise ye Him, sun and moon, that yet shall fade!

Praise Him all ye stars of light, whose light shall yet be quenched!

Praise the Lord, O earth, so full of changing deaths! Praise Him, fire and hail, snow and vapors, and stormy winds, each vanishing as ye fulfill His word!

Praise Him, mountains and all hills, that yet shall melt!

Praise Him, beasts and all birds! Praise Him, young men and maidens, old men and children! Let everything that hath breath of life praise the Lord; for all shall die, *that all may live again!*

Praise *ye* the Lord! W. C. GANNETT.

And she is gone; sweet human love is gone!
'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep,
And all at once they leave you, and you know them.

 E. B. BROWNING.

O land of love and light!
O blessèd, blessèd land!
In thee no hearts may mourn,
Nor eloquent tears o'erflow:
Thine is the perfect peace,
Thine is the sweet release
From every sorrow that the soul has borne
Through this strange life of trial here below.
Ah! there will dear ones meet,
Parting no more for aye;
There will the old love shine,
Perfected, pure, divine;
There shall they rest in rapture calm and sweet,
Those who are severed in this world today.

A. C. CROSS.

Pray, pray, thou who also weepest,
And the drops will slacken so;
Weep, weep,—and the watch thou keepest
With a quicker count will go.
Think,—the shadow on the dial,
For the nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
Proves the presence of the sun.

E. B. BROWNING.

"I slept, and dreamed that Life was Beauty,
I woke, and found that Life was Duty.
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,—
And thou shalt find thy dream shall be
A noonday light and truth to thee."

REST.

I lay me down to sleep,
  With little care
Whether my waking find
  Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head
  That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
  A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
  Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
  I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
  Nor strong,— all that is past;
I am ready not to do,
  At last — at last.

My half-day's work is done,
  And this is all my part,—
I give a patient God
  My patient heart.

And grasp His banner still,
  Though all the blue be dim;
These stripes as well as stars
  Lead after Him.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

Moses asked of God where He was, and God said: "Know that when thou hast sought thou hast already found me." ARABIC.

PRECIOUS PROMISES.

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. JOHN VI, 37.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. MATTHEW XI, 28.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. Fear not, for I am with thee. ISAIAH XLIII, 2, 5.

He will swallow up death in victory, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces. ISAIAH XXV, 8.

I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. REVELATION XXI, 6, 7.

And this is the promise that He hath promised us — even eternal life. 1 JOHN II, 25.

Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord. PSALM XXXI, 24.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. PSALM CXXVI, 5.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. MATTHEW V, 4.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted. ISAIAH LXVI, 13.

I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. JOHN XIV, 16.

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 unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. JOHN XIV, 2, 3.

And he said, My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest. EXODUS XXXIII, 14.

He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.
JOHN XI, 25, 26.

He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me. HEBREWS XIII, 5, 6.

Wait on the Lord, and He shall save thee.
PROVERBS XX, 22.

The face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with "good day"
Make each day good, is hushed away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.
E. B. BROWNING.

The weariness of Jesus is a marvel full of pathos; and to tired souls — and fatigue in these days is the normal state of christian souls — it is full also of consolation. F. W. FABER.

DOST THOU NOT CARE?

I love and love not; Lord, it breaks my heart
  To love and not to love.
Thou veiled within Thy glory, gone apart
  Into Thy shrine, which is above,
Dost Thou not love me, Lord, or care
  For this mine ill?
I love thee here or there,
  I will accept thy broken heart; lie still.

Lord, it was well with me in time gone by,
  That cometh not again,
When I was fresh and cheerful, who but I?
  I fresh, I cheerful: worn with pain
Now, out of sight and out of heart;
  O Lord, how long?
I watch thee as thou art,
  I will accept thy fainting heart; be strong.

"Lie still," "be strong," today; but, Lord, tomorrow,
  What of tomorrow, Lord?
Shall there be rest from toil, be truce from sorrow,
  Be living green upon the sward
Now but a barren grave to me,
  Be joy for sorrow?
Did I not die for thee?
  Do I not live for thee? leave me tomorrow.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

No cloud across the sun
But passes at the last, and gives us back
The face of God once more.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

When thou passest through

Not all the year the vines their clusters keep;
Now fruitful are, now leafy tears do weep.
Sunlike, the pure are shadowed by a cloud;
As sparks on water are the envious crowd:
Those, by degrees, their former radiance shed:
These are extinguished in a wat'ry bed.
Fear not the dark, my friend, howe'er profound
Perchance therein life's water may be found.
Let not despair, though dark, thy soul dismay,
For night is pregnant with the glorious day.

PERSIAN (SAADI).

the waters, I will be with thee.

He prayeth well who leaves unguessed
The mysteries of another's breast,
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,
Or heads are white; thou needst not know,
Enough to note, by many a sign,
That every heart hath need like thine.

J. G. WHITTIER.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
  Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
  Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
  Or from the shade of saintly palms,
  Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hill-side flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings;

And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset-gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

J. G. WHITTIER.

FROM "THE CHERUBIC PILGRIM."

BY JOHANNES SCHEFFLER.

THE DEW AND THE ROSE.

God's Spirit falls on me as dewdrops on a rose,
If I but like a rose to Him my heart unclose.

THE TABERNACLE.

The soul wnerein God dwells — what church can holier be?—
Becomes a walking tent of heavenly majesty.

THE HOLY NIGHT.

Lo! in the silent night a child to God is born,
And all is brought again that ere was lost or lorn.
Could but thy soul, O man, become a silent night,
God would be born in thee and set all things aright.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Ye know God but as Lord, hence Lord His name with ye,
I feel Him but as love, and Love His name with me.

CHRIST MUST BE BORN IN THEE.

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn.

THE OUTWARD PROFITETH NOT.

The cross on Golgotha will never save thy soul,
The cross in thine own heart alone can make thee whole.

HEAVEN WITHIN THEE.

Hold there! Where runnest thou? Know heaven is in thee.
Seek'st thou for God elsewhere, his face thou'lt never see.

THE LOVELIEST TONE.

In all eternity, no tone can be so sweet,
As where man's heart with God in unison doth meet.

THE RICH POOR.

The old man swims in gold, yet talks of poverty,
He speaks but what is true,—no poorer wretch than he.

THE NOBLEST IS THE COMMONEST.

The nobler is a thing, the commoner it will be.
The sun, the heavens, and God, what commoner than these three?

THE SHORTEST WAY TO GOD.

To bring thee to thy God, love takes the shortest route;
The way which knowledge leads is but a roundabout.

IT IS HERE.

Why travel over seas to find what is so near?
Love is the only good: love and be blessed here.

NEITHER WITHOUT THE OTHER.

It must be done by both: God never without me,
I never without God, myself from death can free.

LIFE IN DEATH.

In God alone is life, without God is but death,
An endless, godless life, were but a life in death.

NO LAW FOR LOVE.

The lover needs no law: he'd love God quite as well
Were there no heaven's reward, no punishment of hell.

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

I love, but love not men. Ye ask, "What lovest then?"
It is Humanity alone I love in men.

TO THE READER.

Let, reader, this suffice. But shouldst thou wish for more,
Then read in thine own heart a page of mystic lore.

TRANSLATED BY E. VITALIS SCHERB, 1650.

My friend, if you and I ever reach our Father's house, we shall look back and see that the sharp-voiced, rough-visaged teacher Disappointment was one of the best guides to train us for it. He gave us hard lessons. He often used the rod. He often led us into thorny paths. He sometimes stripped off a load of luxuries; but that only made us travel the freer and the faster on our heavenward way. He sometimes led us down into the valley of the death-shadow; but never did the promises read so sweetly as when spelled out by the eye of faith in that very valley. Nowhere did he lead us so often, or teach us such sacred lessons, as at the Cross of Christ. Dear old rough-handed teacher! We will build a monument to thee yet, and crown it with garlands, and inscribe on it, "Blessed be the memory of Disappointment."

THEODORE L. CUYLER.

OVERTAKEN.

I've heard a footfall following
My various steps from day to day,
Vaguely, as if some shadowy thing
Followed me secretly alway.

My eyes sought what the shape might be,
But caught no outline, save a shade
Before the sunlight constantly,
Such as a coming rain had made.

Hour after hour a nameless fear
Encompassed me, as dread and fast
The steps approached more near and near,
And overtook my own at last.

I cannot force the presence back,
Nor flee it, nor its strength withstand;
'Tis sorrow, who in robe of black
Walks by my side and holds my hand.

CLARA DOTY BATES.

The Church of Christ pleads ever with humanity, "Give yourselves a chance. Come and see. Do not only talk about the kingdom and the power of the Son of God; understand that He is alive; acquaint yourselves with Him. Ask that you may see Him, not merely with the eye of the natural intelligence, but with the eye of the illuminated spirit. Do not waste life in framing theories of the beautiful, but come, as did Nathaniel, into the presence of Christ. Mark the story of His earthly life in the gospels, and reflect that what He was then He is now. Speak to Him in prayer as to an all-powerful Friend who hears, and who, as he sees best, will answer. Touch the garment of His humanity in sacraments, that upon you, too, as upon one of old, virtue may come out of Him. Open your conscience to the purifying and consoling

influences of His Spirit; open your hearts to the constraining generosities of His dying love." The real difficulty with thousands in the present day is, not that Christianity has been found wanting, but that it has never been seriously tried. They have been interested in it, but have remained at a distance from it. They have passed their best years in supposing that Christ's religion is a problem to be ceaselessly argued about, when, lo! it is a life to be spent at the feet of a living Master, and it justifies itself only and completely when it is lived.

H. P. LIDDON.

With regard to the sharpest and most melting sorrow, that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness, it may be observed that friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms than that one must sometime mourn for the other's death; and this grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels, his friend has escaped.

DR. S. JOHNSON.

SONNET.

Lord, in these gorgeous Autumn days, when Thou
Fillest with bright hues the hill-side and the plain,
Making earth glorious from main to main,
I whom Thou biddest approach Thee, question how
Thou, the all-loving, before whom all bow,
Canst Thy destroying hand sweep over all
Armed with pale Winter's icy bolts and call
Into Death's realm that which is lovely now!
Then, passing from the woods inanimate,
I of my loved ones think, doomed like the flower
To undergo the same distressful fate —
To fade and wither with each passing hour,
The answer comes, "Spring shall resuscitate
Earth's darlings; thine, thy God's reviving power."

A. E. T.

The clouds of sunset, fold on fold,
Are purple and tawny, and edged with gold.

Soft as the silence after a hymn
Is the hush that falls as the light grows dim,

And the phantom feet of the shadows glide
To the maple tops and the river's tide.

Not even the thought of a sound is heard,
Till the dusk is thrilled by a hidden bird

That suddenly sings, as the light grows dim,
Its wonderful passionate vesper hymn.

Sweet as the voice of an angel's call,
Sent to me from the jasper wall,

Is the music poured from that tiny throat,
A message of comfort in every note.

I know not where in the leafy tree
The dear little warbler's home may be;

Nor care I to find, by a thoughtful quest,
Its cunningly woven castled nest.

The singer was less to my heart tonight
Than the song he dropped through the parting light.

Its overflow of a joy intense
Came unto me like a recompense,

For the undertone of an aching care,
That was near to making my soul despair.

There are in this world where God is king,
Some that have nothing to do but sing!

Some that are all too blithe to keep
Pent in the voice of their rapture deep,

Though it may be low under waves of pain
They found the pearl of their purest strain.

And we who listen have naught to say
Concerning their Master's rule and way,

Only this,—it was surely best,
Since it taught them strains so full of rest;

And this,—that never a folded wing
Should cover a heart that was meant to sing,

And show the path to a lighted ark,
Perhaps, to some one lost in the dark.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

RELEASE.

If one had watched a prisoner many a year,
Standing behind a barrèd window-pane,
Fettered with heavy handcuff and with chain,
And gazing on the blue sky far and clear;
And suddenly some morning he should hear
The man had in the night contrived to gain
His freedom, and was safe, would this bring pain?
Ah, would it not to dullest heart appear
Good tidings?

Yesterday I looked on one
Who lay as if asleep in perfect peace;
His long imprisonment for life was done.
Eternity's great freedom his release
Had brought; yet they who loved him called him dead,
And wept, refusing to be comforted.

ANON.

When God afflicts thee, think he hews a rugged stone,
Which must be shaped, or else aside as useless thrown.

R. C. TRENCH.

FROM "INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY"

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know,
Where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

* * * * * * *

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

* * * * * * *

O ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears—
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

All God's providences, all God's dealings with us, all His judgments, mercies, warnings, deliverances, tend to peace and repose as their ultimate issue. All our troubles and pleasures here, all our anxieties, fears, doubts, difficulties, hopes, encouragements, afflictions, losses, attainments, tend this one way. After Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, comes Trinity Sunday, and the weeks that follow; and in like manner, after our soul's anxious travail; after the birth of the Spirit; after trial and temptation; after sorrow and pain; after daily dyings to the world; after daily risings unto holiness; at length comes that "rest which remaineth unto the people of God." After the fever of life; after wearinesses and sicknesses; fightings and despondings; languor and fretfulness; struggling and failing, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled and unhealthy state, at length comes death, at length the White Throne of God, at length the Beatific Vision. After restlessness comes rest, peace, joy; our eternal portion, if we be worthy.

J. H. NEWMAN.

There is need, bitter need, to bring back into men's minds that to live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him by whom we live.

J. RUSKIN.

It is the secret of *all* God's harvest-fields, the way in which he hoards the gains of all his work from waste. * * * In us all, and all through life, the secret of the harvest is the same. The laws of the seasons reign in us. "Herein is the Father glorified, that *we* bear much fruit." The course of life is a thousand trifles, then some crisis,—and again a thousand trifles and a crisis; nothing but green leaves under common sun and shadow, and then a storm or a rare June day. And far more than the storm or the perfect day the common sun and common shadow do to make the autumn rich. It is the "every days" that count. *They* must be made to tell, or the years have failed. To *tell;* for that thought and feeling must become action, and action habit, and habit turn to principle and character. And if, for some of us, and sometimes for all of us, action cannot mean *doing*, then remember *bearing*, too, is action, often its hardest part.

"I am not eager, bold or strong,—
All that is past!
I am ready *not* to do,
At last—at last!"

When that verse comes into the psalm of life, as, sooner or later, it must come, let us remember that not-to-do *well* is a noble well-doing. But either by doing or by bearing we must *act*, in order to harvest anything. Action is to thought and feeling what the leaf is to the crude sap; then of action habit is the blossom, and of habit character is the fruit. Character is the concentrated result of life, its organized deposit, its harvest in us, and the seed of after-life.

Between the bearings and the doings, our years are passing fast. Death is predetermined in our frames as in that of the leaves. From ten to twenty we hardly know it; from twenty to thirty we know but little care; at thirty we begin to care, for already June is well-nigh past! Are we leafing yet? Are we *only* leafing? Or are we so leafing that life's autumn shall find us rich in pleasant fruit? *Are we ripening seed?*

W. C. GANNETT.

"Patience and gentleness are power."

AN ASPIRATION.

How long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark prison lie;—
My soul must watch to have intelligence
Here at the grates and avenues of sense,
Where but faint gleams of Thee salute my sight,
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night?
When shall I leave this magic sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear?

How cold this clime! And yet my sense
Perceives even here Thy influence.
Even here Thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine,
Sometimes my erroneous needle does decline,
But yet, so strong the sympathy,
It turns, and points again to Thee.

I long to see this excellence
Which at such distance strikes my sense.
My impatient soul struggles to disengage
Her wings from the confinement of her cage.
Wouldst Thou, great Love, this prisoner once set free,
How would she hasten to be linked to Thee!
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way.

JOHN NORRIS, 1680.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. REVELATION VII, 16, 17.

A TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

The happy winds are ail astir,
  And softly falls the snow,
As when my arms were holding *her*
  In the winters long ago.
So long ago! — and yet so late
  I seem to feel her feet
Within my palms the while I wait
  Her singing low and sweet.

Whither she strays I may not know;
  What flowers her fingers find
To fasten in her raiments flow
  Or shake out on the wind.
I cannot tell; but *this* I feel,
  Tho' fashioned so divine
That all the angels round her kneel,
  She loves me and is mine.

She hath not found, in all the land
  Her presence lightens so,
Forgetfulness of the poor hand
  She clung to long ago;
And often when the day is done,
  Ere sleep my senses hold,
I feel her kisses one by one
  Just as I did of old.

Something divides us! It may be
  A sky of duller gray,—
A little heavier cross for me
  To bear o'er bleaker way,—
A dearer duty for love's sake,
  Or yet a rosier dawn;
Whate'er it may be, when I wake
  Some morning 'twill be gone.

So, happily my pulses stir
  What time I watch the snow,
As when my arms were holding *her*
  In the winters long ago.
So long ago! — and yet so late
  I seem to feel her feet
Within my palms the while I wait
  Her singing low and sweet.

ANON.

Is God less God that thou art mortal sad?
Rise, worship, bless Him! in this sackcloth clad,
As in that purple! — Nay!
What child his filial heart in words conveys,
If him for very good his father choose
To smite? What can he but with sobbing breath
Embrace th' unwilling hand which chasteneth?
And *my* dear Father, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in silent tears both prayer and praise.

E. B. BROWNING.

We tremble by the harmless bed
  Of one loved and departed —
Our tears drop on the lips that said,
  Last night, "Be stronger hearted."
O God, to clasp those fingers close
  And yet to feel so lonely!
To see a light on dearest brows
  Which is the daylight only!
    Be pitiful, O God!

IDEM.

To hear the lark sing, we must be
At heaven's gate with the lark!

ALICE CARY.

PARTING.

What shall I say to thee, sweetest, kneeling beside thee in tears?
Knowing that here ends the measure of all thy beautiful years;
Feeling the death-seal of silence, between us henceforth from this day,
Which, of all lovingest things that my heart for thee holds, shall I say?

Can I beg thee for dear words of parting, with eager and passionate breath?
Or lament thy so instant transition from life to this marble of death?
And if I named all thou art leaving, should it be indeed matter of grief,
That thou leavest the sowing for reaping — the seed for the full-ripened sheaf?

But what hast thou left, then, dear sleeper, of all that the soul counteth worth;
Opening thine eyes upon Heaven, as they closed on the gladness of earth?
Thou art gone from this flower-crowned brightness, to God's glowing garden above;
Gone from our poor anxious loving, to infinite riches of love.

No shadow of death on thy pathway, no river in struggle to cross;
No anguish or trial of parting, no moment to picture a loss;
But in one happy instant, the angel who carries the golden key,
Hath unlocked the wonderful portals, and opened all heaven to thee!

O mystic, unspeakable glory! I linger and listen outside,
Though I catch but in echo the faintest, the joy of the onswelling tide;
But I know thou art there with the harpers, on the banks of the crystal sea,
And knowing such things, beloved, I can say but one thing to thee.

See, I place in thy hand these lilies, like those that the angel brought
For the day of annunciation, and I have but this one glad thought;
Pressing my kisses down on thy death-sweet face, I say
From my heart of hearts, my darling, *I give thee joy* this day!

KATHARINE H. JOHNSON.

To you the day is fair
As days may be;
My eyes are filled too bitterly with tears
To see.
You view a thousand graves,
And sigh at none!
My heart is breaking at the simple thought
Of one!

ANON.

"The old Book says, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.' I would mend it by saying, The Lord giveth, giveth, giveth, He takes away a form, He gives a spirit; He takes away the presence, and gives a memory and a hope; He takes away a friend, and gives an angel; He takes away the support of an earthly home, and gives the pledge of a heavenly one beyond it; He takes away the objects of time, and gives eternity; He takes away the uses of the material and of the fleshly, and gives the great hereafter of blessed life; He takes away one who walks by our side, He gives us a spirit that is with us here, everywhere and every day, that never leaves the door, that is always sitting in the chair, that is always filling the chamber, that is always bestowing gifts. The Lord takes away the dust, the form, the touch, the embrace; and gives to us the whole human nature, a fresh revelation of power and truth and greatness and goodness, that was concealed from us by this fine transparency of the flesh. God gives us Death, the great revealer, the great restorer, the true and beautiful friend who tells us what our friends were, and how dear they were; and awakes in our hearts that dear, deep longing which is the earnest of the immortal life. Nothing that has truly lived perishes; there is no death to truth, to wisdom, to aspiration. There is no decay to love. It may take a hundred forms, but it will preserve a strong consistency; and the root that is planted here in the earth will grow and grow until it puts on immortality. It may ripen here, but it will flower in the great world that is to come.

Let us not think that God dies when our friend dies, or that the hand of Providence is closed when our friend's hand drops. Dear friends, let us not be so short-sighted and foolish as to imagine that, outside the horizon that bounds our eyesight, there is no eternal law, no infinite spirit, no endless love, no perfect goodness, no never-ceasing thought. Out of that hand of God we can never drop; if our bark sink, 'tis to another sea, and that sea is the ocean of divine immortality.

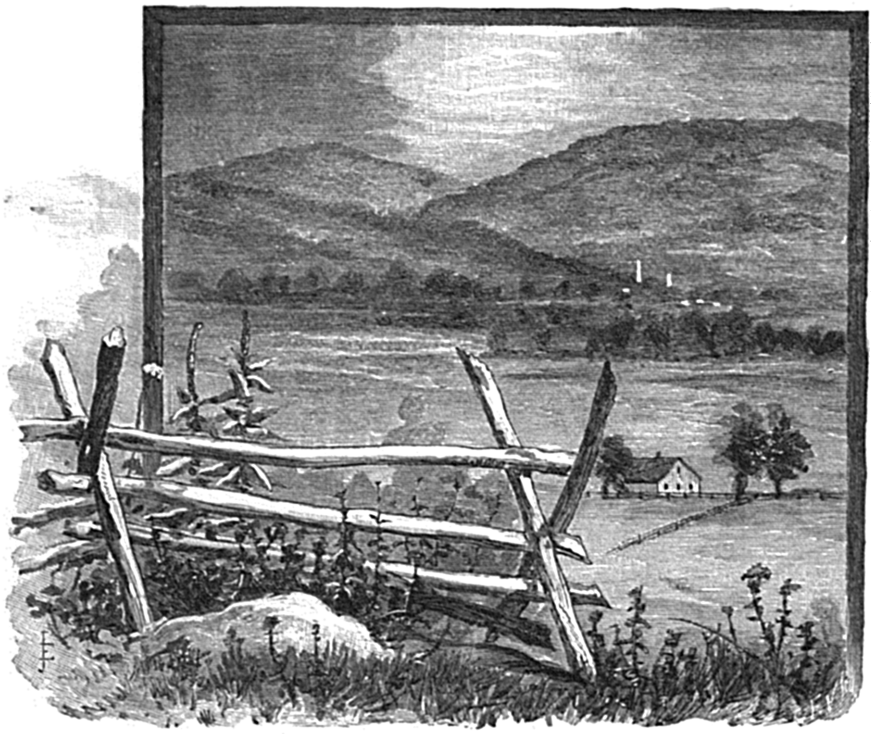
O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them while on earth. If I thought I should never know and consequently never love them after this life, I should number them with temporal things, and love them as such; but I now delightfully converse with my pious friends in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them forever; and I take comfort in those that are dead or absent believing that I shall shortly meet them in heaven and love them with a heavenly love.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Though Night has climbed her highest peak of noon,
And bitter blasts the screaming Autumn whirl,
All night through archways of the bridged pearl,
And portals of pure silver walks the moon.
Walk on, my soul, nor crouch to agony;
Turn cloud to light, and bitterness to joy,
And dross to gold with glorious alchemy,
Basing thy throne above the world's annoy.
Rest thou above the storm of sorrow and of ruth
That wars beneath; unshaken peace hath won thee;
So shalt thou pierce the woven glooms of truth;
So shall the blessing of the meek be on thee;
So, in thy hour of death, the body's youth,
And honorable eld, shall come upon thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



The sun hath set,
Yet o'er the land still blooms that wondrous glow,
Still shine the topmost peaks, and down below
The vale is full of light,
And gloomy night
Cometh not yet.

And, dear, we part;
But while thine image holds its constant sway,
Kindling my inmost soul, still shines love's day;
Stronger than death is love —
From heaven above
Heart answers heart.

ANON.

STRONG SON OF GOD.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute,
Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made!

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him, Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock Thee, when we do not fear;
But help Thy foolish ones to bear—
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me,
What seemed my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair;
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in Thy wisdom make me wise.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour
If the hours were few;
We should rest not for dreams but for fresher power
To be and to do.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

Nothing divine dies. All good is eternally reproductive. The beauty of nature reforms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation. R. W. EMERSON.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

* * * * * *

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

JOHN KEBLE.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Behold, we come unto Thee; for Thou art the Lord our God."

And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach her face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!
And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery find a key.
But not today. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

M. R. SMITH.

This wandering brook, that winds upon its way
In shade and sunlight on this August day,
Sings to my heart a tender song of thee;
There is a tinge of sadness in its soft refrain,
The murmuring music holds an undertone of pain;
Yet e'en the pain, which creepeth now to me
From this brook-music, cries —
"She still loves thee!"

C. D. B.

A gay, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good. Whatever is accomplished of the greatest and the noblest sort flows from such a disposition. Petty, gloomy souls, that only mourn the past and dread the future, are not capable of seizing upon the holiest moments of life, of enjoying and making use of them as they should.

J C. FREDERICK VON SCHILLER.

FROM "KITTY TREVYLYAN."

Think, we are walking every hour of the day in that fairy world of glory and beauty without knowing it. And people call it "this every-day life," and this "work-a-day" world! Can we not understand a little how it is that God finds it for our profit to lead us sometimes into the shadows? ELIZABETH CHARLES.

"It is upon smooth ice we slip, the rough path is safe for our feet."

If life be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh, teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let your selfish sorrow go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"O eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-fetched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words—*Hic jacet!*" SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

In Memoriam.

IN MEMORIAM.

Our last rose left us long ago;
  Then the ripe berries came and went;
The tides run high that late were low,
  And midsummer is well-nigh spent.

A lonely primrose at the gate
  Hangs wilted, watching for her wheels;
Lady, the lily says — 'tis late,
  Our high-top orchard slighted feels,

And the rank burdock spreads apace,
  Fell harbor of the venomous fly,
And in the sweetbrier's wonted place
  The deadly nightshade drooping by

The garden-wall begins to move
  Of sadness in my thought a touch,
A fancy I would fain reprove
  And dare not dwell on overmuch —

The shadow of a passing doubt
  I never uttered unto men;
'Tis this, — what were my life without
  Her — should she never come again?

SCITUATE-BY-THE-SEA, LAST OF AUGUST, 1880.

Lo carpo ond'ella fu cacciata giace
Suso in Mont' Aspro* ed essa da martiro
E da esilio venue a questa pace.

DANTE: PARADISO.

She never came. That shadow fell, to last
Until the blessed Sabbath of release,
When out of martyrdom her spirit passed
From this world's exile to the promised peace.

BOSTON, MARCH 27, 1881. (SUNDAY BEFORE PASSION SUNDAY).

Into the noiseless country Annie went,
Among the silent people where no sound
Of wheel or voice or implement — no roar
Of wind or billow moves the tranquil air;

And oft at midnight when my strength is spent
And day's delirium in the lull is drowned
Of deepening darkness, as I kneel before
Her palm and cross, comes to my soul this prayer,
That partly brings me back to my content,
"Oh that hushed forest! — soon may I be there!"

EASTER MONDAY, 1881.

Qui sarai tu poca tempo silvano,
E sarai meco, senza fine, cive
Di quella Roma onde Cristo e Romano.

DANTE: PURGATORIO.

* Aspromonte, a name given to Mount Auburn in a little poem.

O Rest of God that endeth every pain!
O smile serene of peace that shall remain!
O birth of being! when this faulty frame
Falls into nothingness and Death's a name;
Hope, no more heartache, with possession blest,
Come to full fruit, possessing and possessed;
Earth's passions perishing, now love alone
Springs to its natural growth beside God's throne.

Bright soul! beloved best of best and wise,
True-hearted woman of the dauntless eyes
That looked on death without dismay, and saw
The future dawning with abated awe,
A little while a sylvan thou shalt dwell
In silent chambers of the woodland fell,
But no long time; already to thy sense
The calm is perfect that we saw commence
Ere the last breath had left thy lip, the while
Heaven's light seemed breaking on that parting smile!
And we believe that sure as June will bring
Blossoms and bees and all the race that sing,
In God's good season, such a love as thine
Must vindicate its love in courts divine,
Strong in those words that all resembling thee
Shall one day hear—"Ye did it unto me."

T. W. PARSONS.

MY BOY.

"Lifting the dear child,
Who smiled in leaving me, God put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad?
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?"

A. H. B.

A BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

JAN. 5, 1869.

Give, saith the holy Book, nor turn away
From any poor man, and the Lord from thee
Will never turn. He listened reverently,
And freely of his goods gave day by day;
Not gold and silver, in their bright array,
But gifts of healing, costlier far he had;
The sick man saw him enter, and was glad,
For pain and suffering would his touch obey.
How many, hopeless once, his praise could tell!
For still, the more he gave the more his might.
And if he faltered, sometimes, if he fell —
Ah, who does not, here in this earthly night?
The Great Physician saw and loved him well,
And beckoned him from Darkness into Light.

M. G. M.

C. B. H.

"To thy dear memory, darling, and my own,
I build in grief, this monumental stone.
All that it tells of life in death is thine;
All that it tells of death in life is mine;
For that which made thy purer spirit blest,
In anguish deep hath brought my soul unrest,
You, dying, live to find a life divine:
I, living, die, till death shall make me thine."

E. H.

"The waiting angels bade her go up higher."

A. C. W.

"A lovelier spirit than thine ne'er burst the bonds of mortal control."

C. H. L.

"I never knew her
As otherwise than patient, brave and true."

"Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee."

NANNIE O—.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

"Search for your flower in the celestial grove,
Look for your precious stream of human love
In the unfathomable sea above;
Follow your missing bird
Where songs are always heard!"

A. E. B.

"Rest, steadfast, stainless friend!
Forever ours, though lost to sense and sight."

"Around her grave are quietude and beauty,
And the sweet heaven above,—
The fitting symbols of a life of duty
Transfigured into love!"

S. L.

"It must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup and eat this bitter bread,
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed
Thy tears had dropped on mine; if I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness; and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
As mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan;
And so it comforts me,—yea, not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of sleep,
To know thine eyes are tearless though mine weep;
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep—
Thou hadst the peace, and I the undying pain."

W. B.

"How sweet a life was his: how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours;
Dying to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere."

"Peace to the good man's memory;
Let it grow greener with years,
And blossom through the flight of ages."

E. F. P.

"What grace of christian womanhood
Was in her household ways!"

"We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours."

A. B. T.

She left a void in the hearts of those who knew her best, which nothing on earth can ever fill up.

"Thou takest not away, O Death!
Thou strikest; absence perisheth;
Indifference is no more.
The future brightens on the sight;
For on the past has fallen a light,
That tempts us to adore."

R. F. T.

"It was Sunday morning, and the church bells were all ringing together. Anon they ceased, and the trees, and the clouds, and the very air itself seemed to pray — so silent was it everywhere when he passed on, to be forever with his Lord."

L. F.

"On that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life he relied in the hour of death, with the love which casteth out fear."

H. G. W.

"Entered into his Rest.
God having provided some better thing for him."

W. B. W.

"The beauty of thy daily walk they know,
Who dwelt within the circle of thy love,—
Thy calm, pure faith; thy truth like spotless snow;
Thy spirit strong, yet gentle as a dove."

"Take this to thy dear memory:
To praise the generous is to think of thee."

"He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

E. R. W.

Farewell! since nevermore for thee
The sun comes up our eastern skies,
Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be
To some fond hearts and saddened eyes.

There are who for thy last long sleep
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore;
Shall weep because thou canst not weep,
And grieve because thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love! the loving breast
On which the aching head was thrown,
Gave up the weary head to rest,
But kept the aching for its own.

"She was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

R. B. C.

"The work which he has done upon human hearts is as imperishable as his own
Immortality in God."

FANNY G.

"She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule."

STALHAM WILLIAMS.

ÆT. 99 YRS. AND 6 MOS.

"His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent."

"And he walked with God; and he was not; for God took him."

"He died in good old age, full of days and honor."

M. E. B.

"I still can see her shining curls
All tremulously fair,
Like fifty yellow butterflies
Afluttering in the air,
Our angel little one;
I see her tender mouth, her eyes,
Her garment softly bright,
Like some fair cloud about the morn
With roses all alight,
Our deathless little one."

"Be still, my heart! what could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasies of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?"

LOTTIE.

"Ah, can we live and bear to miss,
Out of our lives, this life how rare?
Tender, so tender! an angel's kiss
Hallowed it daily unaware;
Gracious as sunshine, sweet as dew
Shut in a lily's golden core,
Fragrant with goodness through and through,
Pure as the spikenard Mary bore;
Holy as twilight, soft as dawn,
She has gone."

CARRIE A. AND SUSIE.

"These darlings are not dead; God keeps them safe through his eternal years."

"Those who die young are like lambs which the Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flock may follow."

OUR BABY.

"Father, we will be comforted!
Thou wast the gracious giver;
We yield her up — not dead, not dead —
To dwell with thee forever.
Take thou our child, — ours for a day,
Thine while the ages blossom,
This little shining head we lay
In the Redeemer's bosom."

"Life and Death alike are angels and the messengers of God."

A. M. L.

"This light across the darkness drifts;
More than we asked our God has given;
We only prayed for earth's poor gifts,—
He gave her heaven!"

"Oh, what a face was hers to brighten light,
And give back sunshine with an added glow!
To wile each moment with a fresh delight,
And part of memory's best contentment grow!
Oh, how her voice, as with an inmate's right,
Into the strangest heart would welcome go,
And make it sweet, and ready to become
Of white and gracious thoughts the chosen home!"

C. V. L.

"Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes!
Dear boy, thou art enshrined
In all thy fragrance in our memories;
For we must ever find
Bare thought of thee
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be."

G. M.

"A voice to me calling—calling!
And what doth it say through the gloom?
'Oh life is so sweet at the dear Lord's feet;
In the light of His smile it is sequence complete,
And a door into glory the tomb.'"

J. M.

"Thou art but hidden in the deeps of glory,
Even as the sunshine hides the lessening star,
And with true love I love thee from afar."

"Thy presence sweet
Still through long years of vigil I may share;
For if from that enchanted spirit-land
Thy restful thought into my soul may shine
(E'en though thy voice be still, and cold thy hand),
To lift my life and make it pure as thine;
Then though thy place on earth a void must be,
Belovèd one, thou art not dead to me."

T. M.

"Why weep for him, who having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set."

As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.
1 CORINTHIANS XV.

R. M.

"We reverently mark the purpose high
That shone along the path of thy career,
Making all luminous the atmosphere."

B. N. C.

"Say not that one belovèd,
The beautiful, the true,
The gate to life immortal
Too soon has entered through.

Bring here no broken column,
Say not with vain regret
That life has lost completeness,
Its sun ere eve hath set.

Think not the pure ideals
That held her steadfast soul
Are doomed to fade and perish
As morning vapors roll.

For duty well attempted
Is ever duty done,
Though yet the goal be distant,
Though yet the prize unwon

We still on this side linger
To bear anew the strife,
She has but crossed the portals
Dividing life from life."

J. H. RAYMOND.

"He was zealous for his God."

"A genial companion; a loyal friend; an educated christian gentleman; a trusted educator of the mind and heart in all that was generous and ennobling, he was universally beloved."

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

"To live to Christ, thy life's supremest care."

"Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

C. G. G.

"Could you have seen the violets
That blossomed in her eyes;
Could you have kissed that golden hair,
And drank those holy sighs;
You would have been her tiring maid
As joyfully as I,—
Content to dress your little queen,
And let the world go by.

Could you have seen those violets
Hide in their graves of snow;
Drawn all that gold along your hand
While she lay smiling so;—
O, you would tread this weary earth
As heavily as I;—
Content to clasp her little grave,
And let the world go by."

C. B. L.

"O true and tender!
O selfless man and stainless gentleman."

"And now he is gone with his work rounded and complete, leaving a finished life and an everlasting remembrance."

"And in the rest that he has won
Love surely lives, though tears are done."

J. C.

"Gentlest of spirits!—not for thee
Our tears are shed, our sighs are given;
Why mourn to know thou art a free
Partaker of the joys of Heaven!
Finished thy work, and kept thy faith
In christian firmness unto death;
And beautiful as sky and earth,
When autumn's sun is downward going,
The blessèd memory of thy worth
Around thy place of slumber glowing!"

L. C.

"He has been wrapt in light, he knows and is satisfied, now young again with unwasting and eternal youth."

"Day by day he walked with God!"

S. W. C.

"To her, the way of life was straight and clearly defined. Her charity to pardon never belittled evil, nor cloaked it in specious disguises. To own her friendship was an incentive to right living, than which no higher praise can be."

WALTER, KATIE AND RUTH.

"Three little crowned heads,
In their Father's kingdom shining;
Three little angel forms
Safe from all ills combining:
Three little voices raised
In heaven's triumphant measure —
This is thy cause for joy —
There is thine earth-lost treasure."

LITTLE ROSE R.

"Fair on the shining hills of Paradise
The wee feet rest and play
In light and love alway;
And God's great glory lights the wakened eyes
Beyond the shadows of our clouded skies."

"Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief,— death cannot long divide;
For is it not as if the rose that climbed
My garden-wall had bloomed the other side?"

M. P. M.

"Her faith is sight,
Her hope is full delight;
The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain;
Her untold bliss—
What thought can follow this!
To her, to live was Christ; to die, indeed, is gain."

H. B.

"O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near, with pious reverence, and attend!
Here lie the husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the generous friend;
The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe
'For e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side.'"

MARY D.

"Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shinèd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place."

"Great mourning was there one fair summer eve
Because the angels, bidden to receive
Sweet Mary's lovely soul in Paradise,
Had done their bidding."

A. B. P.

"The world is poorer since thou went'st away."

"Not for brief days thy generous sympathies,
Thy scorn of selfish ease;
Not for the poor prize of an earthly goal
Thy strong uplift of soul."

"There was no goodness, but it won
Thy reverent praise;
And full of kind deeds, simply done,
Were all thy days."

"Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words;
In thy large heart were fair guest-chambers,
Open to sunrise and the birds;
The task was thine to mould and fashion
Life's plastic newness into grace;
To make the boyish heart heroic,
And light with thought the maiden's face."

H. G. L.

"And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife;
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life."

ADDISON GARDINER.

"His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth or change his constant mind."

EDITH H. C.

"The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls."

I would not have you to be ignorant concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, as others having no hope.

1 THESSALONIANS IV. 13.

M. E. M.

"She is gone! No longer shrinking from the winter wind, or lifting her calm, pure forehead to the summer's kiss; no longer gazing with her blue and glorious eyes into far-off sky; no longer yearning with a holy heart for heaven; no longer toiling painfully along the path, upward and upward, to the everlasting rock on which are based the walls of the City of the Most High; no longer here, she is there; gazing, seeking, knowing, loving, as only the blessed see, and know, and love."

S. D. P.

"He was a considerate and tender friend without jealous or exacting moods. His religion was large, generous, fruitful in all personal loveliness."

S. P. K.

"All lovely things by thee beloved
Still whisper to our hearts of thee."

"'Tis difficult to feel that thou art gone,
Thy presence, like the shadow of a wing,
That is just lessening in the upper sky,
Lingers upon us."

A. E. L.

"A little while,
Her anthem you shall swell, her joy you, too, shall know."

"All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not her own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown."

NELLIE.

"She flung but one shadow, and that only when she died."

"What to shut eyes has God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know?"

J. L. L.

"He in Life's battle firm did stand
And bore Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land."

J. C. C.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

"He had a sound conscience for himself, with great tenderness for the consciences of other people — a rare combination."

"He never knew what envy was or hate;
His soul was filled with worth and honesty,
And with another thing besides, quite out of date,
Called modesty."

"Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore!
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning?"

CHARLES SUMNER.

"Suffice it that he never brought
His conscience to the public mart;
But lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart."

ARTHUR.

"Memory claims thee still; and slumber brings
Thy form before me as in life it came;
Affection conquers death, and fondly clings
Unto the past, and thee, and thy loved name;
And hours glide swiftly by on noiseless wings
While sad discourses of thy loss I frame,
With those who mourn thee with a grief too deep for tears."

C. D. B.

"Who so loved
Is left among the living? Who hath walked
The world with such a winning loveliness,
And on its bright, brief journey gathered up
Such treasures of affection?"

"O lily-flower! O gem of priceless worth!
O dove with patient voice and patient eyes!
O fruitful vine amid a land of dearth!
O maid replete with loving purities!
Thou bowed'st down thy head with friends on earth
To raise it with the saints in Paradise."

"I wonder oft what she is doing there,
By the still waters that forever flow;
What mighty secrets she has come to know;
What graces won, divinely sweet and fair."

"Her life was freighted with the store
Of that which thrives on the immortal shore."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man,
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote;
For him her Old World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust,
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will,
That bent like perfect steel, to spring again and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind—
Yet also nigh to heaven, and loved of loftiest stars.

J. R. LOWELL.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

"This woman was full of good works."

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

"He had as great love in this life, and as many tears for his death, as ever any had."

"And there was shadow on the land
Because this man was dead."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

"'Day by day grows the wonder fresh,' at the largeness of the moral and intellectual life that God gave him."

LUCRETIA MOTT.

"By her life, so gracious, noble and sweet she won our hearts."

I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death. HOSEA XIII, 14.

LOUIS J. R. AGASSIZ.

Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

"He was a faithful servant of his best thoughts."

O Robertson! thy life was in thy creed,—
That love is sacrifice;
That all the ways of wisdom Christward lead;
That man lives when self dies!
Soldier-apostle! flashes through thy page
Truth's keen Ithuriel flame;
And thine the heart of a believing age
Links with its Saviour's name.

LUCY LARCOM.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

How welcome to our ears, long pained
By strife of sect and party noise,
The brooklike murmur of his song
Of nature's simple joys!

The violet by its mossy stone,
The primrose by the river's brim,
The chance-sown daffodil, have found
Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,
The rosy tints his sunset brought,
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales
And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand: the works of pride
And human passion change and fall;
But that which shares the life of God
With him surviveth all.

J. G. WHITTIER.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran:
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the frauds of man."

One voice the less to plead with men
For God's downtrodden poor;
One hand the less to wield the pen
With aim so bold and sure;
One heart the less to pity when
The ill was past his cure!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

More than once I have met death, but without fear! Nor do I fear now! Without being able to demonstrate it, I *know* that my soul cannot die. * * * Indeed, to me the infinite is far more comprehensible than the finite!

B. TAYLOR.

Death smote him, but he cannot kill
The joy his soulful songs distill.
The sweetness of his love abides
In lives uplifted by its tides.
In homes and halls and courts he stands
With gifts of beauty in his hands,
Each shrine of Truth and sacred place
Glow with the fervor of his face;
And where a creature claims his own
Speaks for mankind Deukalion.

H. N. POWERS.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"His gracious presence upon earth
Was as a fire upon a hearth;
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
Strengthened our hearts, or, heard at night,
Made all our slumbers soft and light."

"His life was a poem, and its music will 'roll from soul to soul and grow for ever and ever.'"

"With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world."

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

"His dust is laid away, but his spirit goes on. 'He who works for his own time and for all time is the most blessed of God's sons.'"

"And to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"No tears for her! no troublous stir of wild and weak complaining—
Where God's the sun, her "days go on"
While mortal lights are waning;
The rapt new song upon her lips is sweeter for earth's sorrow,
As for earth's night the infinite of that serenest morrow."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"The mention of his name, like Nature's, brings
A sense of widening worlds and ampler air."

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Hearts' love will meet thee again.

R. W. E.

CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

"She was faithful to duty under the saddest circumstances, and persevered earnestly amid the greatest obstacles."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"Solitude to him
Was blithe society, who filled the air
With gladness and involuntary songs."

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The memory of the just is blessed; the desire of the righteous shall be granted. PROVERBS X, 7, 24.

GEORGE ELIOT.

HER PLACE IS SECURE AMONG THOSE

"Immortal dead who still live on
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity;
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's search
To vaster issues."

Duty divine and Thought with eyes of fire,
Still following Righteousness with deep desire,
Shone sole and stern before her and above,
Sure stars and sole to steer by; but more sweet
Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly feet,
The light of little children, and their love.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

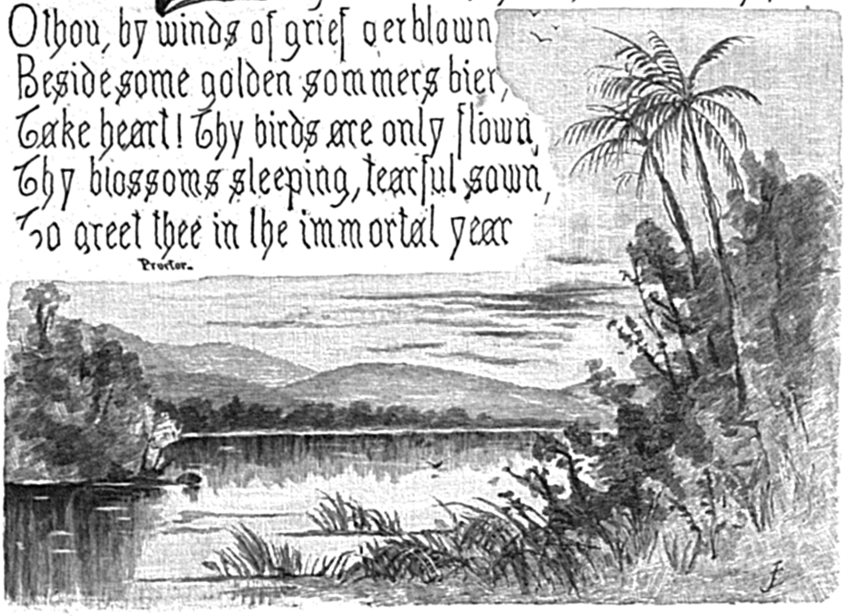
"His smile had more of sadness than of mirth —
But more of love than either. Undefiled,
Gentle, alike by accident of birth,
And gift of courtesy and grace of love,
When shall his friends find such another friend?"

"A giant genius, wit unblamed,
A scholar's intellect refined,
A kindly spirit, half ashamed
To own how well it loved mankind."

Forwell I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies
And at the roots of forest trees
The Mayflowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden summer's bier,
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year

Proctor.



CHARLES DICKENS.

He taught the world great lessons of the eternal value of generosity, of purity, of kindness, and of unselfishness; and by his fruits shall he be known of all men. DEAN STANLEY.

"His works survive him, and his works' work too —
Of love and kindness and good-will to men,
Hate of the wrong, and reverence of the true,
And war on all that shuns truth's eagle-ken."

OLE BULL.

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
* * * *
He has moved a little nearer,
To the Master of all music!"

ARTHUR P. STANLEY.

"Exalted Spirit, to spirit-land now gone,
Where'er thy present bright abode may be,
To higher labors thou art now new-born,
And singest there the loftier litany."

"He was greatly blessed in heart and mind, and he faithfully made the most of his gifts for the advantage of all others."

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying: Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

"A hearty, whole-souled, generous man, a quiet power in the Nation, an ornament to American literature, he yet lives in the good he has done."

"Think you his raptured soul,
Now walking humbly in the golden streets,
Counts death an evil?"

THOMAS ARNOLD.

"He was the soul of goodness,
And all our praises of him are like streams
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave
The part remaining greatest."

He trained a host of manly and noble characters, who spread the influence of his example in all parts of the world.

"Hush, who dares with impious breath
To speak of death?
We know he only sleepeth,
And from the dust
Truth hath decreed a glorious resurrection."

"Heroic spirits! take your rest!
Ye are richer: we are poorer;
Yet, because ye have been with us,
Life is manlier, heaven surer."

WILLIAM E. DODGE.

"Heaven gave thee means
To illumine with delight the saddest scenes,
Till thy appearance chased the gloom, forlorn
As midnight, and despairing of a morn.
Thou hadst an industry in doing good,
Restless as his who toils and sweats for food,
Av'rice in thee was the desire of wealth
By rust imperishable, or by stealth.
And, if the genuine worth of gold depend
On application to its noblest end,
Thine had a value in the scales of heaven,
Surpassing all that mine or mint have given;
And though God made thee of a nature prone
To distribution, boundless, of thy own;
And still, by motives of religious force,
Impell'd thee more to that heroic course;
Yet was thy liberality discreet,
Nice in its choice, and of a temp'rate heat;
And though in act unwearied, secret still,
As, in some solitude, the summer rill
Refreshes, where it winds, the faded green,
And cheers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen.

Such was thy charity; no sudden start,
After long sleep of passion in the heart,
But steadfast principle, and in its kind
Of close alliance with th' eternal mind;
Traced easily to its true source above,
To Him whose works bespeak His nature, love.
Thy bounties all were Christian, and I make
This record of thee for the Gospel's sake;
That the incredulous themselves may see
Its use and power exemplified in thee."

JAMES T. FIELDS.

His good-will to men, his laughter-loving heart, his quaint and curious fancies, and his faculty for glassing all the lights and shadows of a company or a day, made it easy for those who did not know him wholly to imagine he was *only* what he seemed. He was a man with solemn and sacred deeps of conviction and character such as one seldom finds — a man with "a correspondence fixed wi' heaven." The kindly and sunny heart was strong and sure as the pillars of the world. I have known no man in all my life I could tie to with a more absolute conviction that the rock and ring would hold, no matter about the strain. * * * He stood on perfectly equal terms with every man he met in all but this: that to their genius he would bare his head when it was welded fast to goodness, and when it was otherwise he would still stay and lend a hand as a friend that sticketh closer than a brother—give his time to aid them, and his money; and then, when they died or sunk out of sight, speak of them with a most tender and enduring regret. * * * The last time I went with him far afield, we took the road on a May morning out toward Brighton, and wandered on until we came to the summit of a hill, from which we could see great spaces of earth and sky, Mount Auburn, and Boston, and the sea, and farmsteads, and orchards, all familiar to him, for he could only be content with the amplest neighborhood; and there we sat in the sunshine chatting of the old times. In just one month less than a year we went out over the same road again, a score or so of old friends; and he was with us, but not as our old companion. He was with us, but he had been touched by a glory which can only come once, and was translated so that he should not see death. It had been a right April day, fitful with sunshine and shadow; but when we came to the grand God's acre, and gathered to look for the last time on the face we loved so well, the steady light came out with a tender radiance, and rested on him while the Lord's Prayer was said, and still, as I think of it, I see only the face, all restful as that of a man in a quiet sleep, touched with the unspeakable beauty and dignity of death, and must always think of him now as one asleep in the sunshine and whispering to us through the silence: We are "not unclothed, but clothed upon, and mortality is swallowed up of life."

ROBERT COLLYER.

C. A.

"Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?"

L. P. F.

She left the world richer for a noble example.

"Day after day, we think what she is doing,
In those bright realms of air.
* * * * * *
And thus we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives;
Thinking that our remembrance, tho' unspoken,
May reach her where she lives."

M. B. F.

"If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here.
Though many a gifted form we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee."

NOT LOST FOR AYE.

O beloved voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, because ere long
Ye break off in the middle of that song
Ye sang together softly to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil: I am strong,
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills, with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols: and albeit
He break them to our faces and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

E. B. BROWNING.

"O! blest are they who live and die like these—
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned!"

Why make we moan
For loss that doth enrich us yet
With upward yearnings of regret?
Bleaker than unmossed stone
Our lives were but for this immortal gain
Of unstilled longing and inspiring pain!
As thrills of long-hushed tone
Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch divine
Of noble natures gone.

J. R. LOWELL.

LEAD. KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I lov'd the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride rul'd my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, surely still
'Twill lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console. N. COLTON.

"Nothing is lost that is loved in God, since in Him all things are saved to us."

"Lives such as theirs build their own monument."

THE SHORE OF ETERNITY.

Alone! to land alone upon that shore,
With no one sight that we have seen before;
Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrances so sweet, the soul may faint,
Alone! O that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore,
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar;
Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound;
No forms of earth our fancy to arrange,
But to begin alone that mighty change.

Alone! to land alone upon that shore,
Knowing so well we can return no more;
No voice or face of friend
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore;
To begin alone to live for evermore;
To have no one to teach
The manners or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease—
Oh, that we might die in pairs or companies!

Alone? No! God hath been there long before;
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home,
And He hath taught His angels to prepare
In what way we are to be welcomed there.

Like one that waits and watches, He hath sate
As if there were none else for whom to wait;
Waiting for us,—for us
Who keep Him waiting thus,
And who bring less to satisfy His love
Than any other of the souls above.

Alone? The God we know is on that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know more
Than of those who may appear
Nearest and dearest here;
Oh, is He not the life-long friend we know
More privately than any friend below?

Alone? The God we trust is on that shore,
The faithful One whom we have trusted more,
In trials and in woes,
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife;
Oh, we shall trust Him more in that new life!

Alone? The God we love is on that shore,
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
And whom we've loved all through,
And with a love more true
Than other loves,—yet now shall love Him more:
True love of Him begins upon that shore.

So not alone we land upon that shore;
'Twill be as though we had been there before.
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love!

F. W. FABER.

DEATH A NEW BIRTH.

Those who die in the fear of God and in the faith of Christ do not really taste death; to them there is no death, but only a change of place, a change of state; they pass at once into some new life, with all their powers, all their feelings unchanged; still the same living, thinking, active beings which they were here on earth. * * * Rest they may—rest they will, if they need rest. But what is their rest? Not idleness, but peace of mind. To rest from sin, from sorrow, from fear, from doubt, from care; this is true rest. Above all, to rest from the worst weariness of all—knowing one's duty, and not being able to do it. That is true rest—the rest of God, who works for ever and is at rest for ever; as the stars over our heads move for ever, thousands of miles a day, and yet are at perfect rest, because they move orderly, harmoniously fulfilling the law which God has given them. Perfect rest in perfect work; that surely is the rest of blessed spirits till the final consummation of all things, when Christ shall have made up the number of His elect. And if it be so, what comfort for us who must die, what comfort for us who have seen others die, if death be but a new birth into some higher life; if all that it changes in us is our body—the mere husk and shell of us—such a change as comes over the snake when he casts his old skin and comes out fresh and gay, or even the crawling caterpillar, which breaks its prison and spreads its wings to the sun as a fair butterfly? Where is the sting of death, then, if death can sting, and poison, and corrupt nothing of us for which our friends love us; nothing of us with which we could do service to men or God? Where is the victory of the grave, if, so far from the grave holding us down, it frees us from the very thing which does hold us down—the mortal body?

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"They are all gone into the world of light!"

The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.

JOB I, 21.

And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish,

Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 013 825 3