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1847





The Summer Dream

THE

House of Stanton

1847



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BOSTON,

A. TOMPKINS,

THE
ROSE OF SHARON:

A
RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR,

FOR
M DCCC XLVII. *

EDITED BY
MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

BOSTON:
A. TOMPKINS AND B. B. MUSSEY.
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PREFACE.

THERE is nothing in life more pleasant than to greet old and faithful friends; at the same time, mournful memories are ever ready to chime in, and sadden the melody.

You will not expect us, dear reader, to speak of our private sorrows. But you will suffer us to allude to one grief which is also, though not equally, yours. Since we last met you thus on the threshold of our Annual, we have parted with one whose absence cannot be unregretted by you. Never more will 'CHARLOTTE' waken her earthly lyre; never more shall we bring her simple, but most sweet offerings, and lay them proudly before you. How deeply we deplore our loss, will be best understood by those who know its greatness. Many eyes that never gazed on her bright young face, have wept to know that they shall no longer commune with her spirit. We can only express our deep sympathy with these regrets, and patiently await that Eternity which shall restore to us all that we have lost.

Accept our renewed offering, dear friends, and believe us, with every good wish,

Affectionately Yours,

THE EDITOR.

AUGUST 1st, 1846.

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THE
ROSE OF SHARON.

BEAUTY AND RELIGION.

BY THOMAS STARR KING.

WE propose in the present article, to point out a few elements of the relation that exists between the perception of beauty and religious culture. Of course, it will not be necessary for us to prove that a desire for beauty, and a delight in its manifestations, are natural and legitimate passions of our nature. This point may be assumed. Taking this for granted, it is evident on independent grounds, that *some* relation must exist between the growth of this faculty, and the development of our religious feelings. There is an integrity in our intellectual conformation that will not allow a disproportionate degree of cultivation to any of our powers; a secret selfishness at the centre of our being which always appropriates something for general use, levying contributions

upon the treasures of every faculty, and commanding the service of all the powers of the soul. We cannot select a single organ of the mind, any more than we can select a single organ of the body, and, by any healthy process of nourishment and training, increase its vigor and develop its strength without also incidently assisting every other power with which it is associated. A central bond, a mysterious attraction, independent of human will, binds together all our mental as our physical powers, and by fine and secret ties, compels the growth of each to subserve the good of all.

But especially is it true that this capacity of appreciating beauty is connected with religion. This, which is the central want and passion of the soul, is developed and strengthened by every degree of attainment in every line of mental culture. As the laws of the natural world may be carried up at last to a single law, of which they are the separate expressions, and in which they meet and blend, so, by a beautiful analogy, the forces of our spiritual nature would seem to be but instruments and servants of religious growth. Towards this great reservoir, our separate faculties, like confluent streams, are ever bearing the treasures collected in their onward flow. The last results of science are religious.

The physical inquirer tortures nature with his apparatus, and, by mathematical subtilty or logical precision, extorts the secret law inwoven in material facts. The aim of all his studies and experiments is, to discover the relations between outward objects, the rational ties hidden from the senses, and revealed only to patient observation and laborious thought. Facts are nothing to him, except as he may dispose and classify them; they are valueless, if he be not capable of reducing them to order, and of discovering the plan which they imply. He would translate the hieroglyphics of the outward world into the clear and simple language of the intellect. It is evident, therefore, that the labors of the scientific student do not end with the success and progress of his own branch of study. Incidentally, but really, religion is aided also. The better portion of his discoveries is transferred directly to her immediate sphere. Our acquaintance with the Deity is extended and enlarged by every triumph of law over confusion; purer conceptions of His wisdom are awakened in us, as evidences of design and skill are detected and unraveled in the minutest facts of being. There is hardly a tenet of the Christian Scriptures that has not been unfolded or confirmed by the researches of science. Copernicus, and Kepler, and Newton, and La

Place, by enlarging our views of the grandeur of the universe, have furnished us with something like a scale for measuring the grandeur of the Deity. Modern Astronomy has set at rest the question as to the Unity of the First Cause, and has added an awful significance to the sentence of the Savior, 'God is a spirit.' Modern Chemistry has proved the omnipresence of the Eternal Mind; and all the sciences united, with an admirable harmony and common friendship for religion, by the innumerable instances which they unfold of benevolent adaption and arrangement in the forces of the world, point to the testimony of nature for His goodness and His love.

Philosophy, too, like science, has aided us in forming our conceptions of the nature and character of God. As the movements of human history have been examined by a critical eye, it has been found that there, also, are law, and foresight, and benevolent design. The same grand despotism that holds in check the forces of physical nature, governs at the centre of the spiritual universe. We cannot find a more splendid argument for the providence of God, than that revealed in the establishment of the laws of the moral world. The metaphysician and moralist, too, have discovered in our inner nature, in the delicate mechanism of conscience and our affections, proofs

of a relationship with God that trembles on the very verge of the Divine paternity.

Beauty is no exception to this general law of mental cultivation. Progress in *Æsthetics* leads to the same result. Religion is still the summit to which we rise by the severer road of truth, or through the more pleasant and flowery paths of taste. But the progress of *Æsthetic* culture seems to be more intimately associated with the health and purity of our spiritual nature. Not only, as in the case of science and philosophy, does our acquaintance with the laws of beauty, and a familiarity with its forms, react upon, and refine, and extend the sphere of religious ideas, but the very perception of beauty is assisted and quickened by the purity of religious feelings. This will be apparent, if we will consider for a moment in what the essence of the beautiful consists.

Modern inquiry has greatly simplified this question. The theory of a separate sense, to which the impressions from external objects are addressed, and which decides upon the degree of beauty revealed in their construction, is now very generally abandoned. The diversity of judgments, even among refined critics, as to the existence of beauty in the same class of objects is fatal to it. If there were an organ in the struc-

ture of our sensitive nature, referring simply to objective elements of beauty, and specially adapted to that quality in things, as the eye refers to light, and is adapted to the laws of light, a greater uniformity of tastes would inevitably result. At any rate, similar cultivation would tend to reconcile the primitive differences in the judgments of different minds. However the intensity or strength of the organ might vary with age, or circumstances, or careful training, still, like the optic nerve, its delicate fibres would respond immediately to the presence of its exciting cause. Yet we often see that an object, beautiful to one person, is absolutely painful, or disgusting, to another of equal cultivation. Our estimate of beauty varies, too, with our states of mind, our bodily health, or the circumstances of our present position. Indeed, with respect to objects which elicit from different temperaments, even, a common judgment as to the presence of beauty, we may find the widest disagreement as to the quality that makes them beautiful, the evidence on which the separate decisions rest.

For the same reason, it is found that the theory that refers the essence of beauty to certain mathematical lines, or peculiar conformations of matter and adjustment of parts, to delicacy of construction or softness of coloring, cannot be sustained.

It is not warranted by sound induction. The theory is not broad enough, and does not cover all the facts in the case. It may gratify our love of system, but it sadly perplexes a healthy logic. In the distribution of beauty, nature exhibits inexhaustible resources and grand impartiality. If we define beauty, and limit it to one line or form, she denies the definition by presenting an opposite form which reveals the same magical essence. A flower is beautiful, but so is a crystal; a bird, and also a shaft of granite¹; a painting, and besides, a proposition in metaphysics. The standard of beauty can be nothing less than 'the entire circuit of natural forms,—the totality of nature.' Any attempt to bind its essence by sensual or mathematical bonds is worse than useless. The essence is universal; all definitions must be particular, dogmatic and exclusive. Our theory of beauty must be more flowing and flexible, offering no harsh obstructions to the varied movements of the goddess, but bending to all the caprices of her will, and revealing every posture of her graceful form.

Such a theory we have in the Catholic doctrine, now generally received among men of taste, that beauty always is ideal, the expression of mental qualities, the reflection of spiritual truths. The contests of all partial sects with regard to its secret essence, are reconciled by showing that

every sect is right, and all sects wrong; right in what each affirms, wrong in what all deny. Things are beautiful which recall, suggest, or create a pleasing emotion; in proportion as they are linked with the affections, or desires, or hopes of the human heart. That organic pleasure which the senses feel in presence of harmonious construction and symmetrical arrangement, is not the ultimate charm which interests and attracts the soul. These are the channels of beauty, often the signs of its lurking presence, but never the mystery itself. We cannot suppose that the organs of the brute creation are charmed before a well proportioned temple, or a graceful form, or the movements of a flying bird. The sensible impression, in its integrity, addresses them equally with us, but they do not possess the key to unlock the secret treasure. This is the prerogative of man. He is connected with the universe by spiritual ties; he alone is related to it by finer laws than those of gravitation, and chemistry, and magnetism. That which we call beauty, depends solely on the associations which cluster around objects in our minds, thus dignifying them with intellectual grace, and raising them to a relationship with human nature. As Coleridge has well expressed it,

‘We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live.’

Our spirits are the urns that sprinkle beauty on the world. It is a sweet riddle which our purer nature must resolve. Young stated, with admirable precision, the true theory of beauty in those lines —

‘Objects are but the occasion ; ours th’ exploit:
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature’s admirable picture draws,
And beautifies creation’s ample dome.
But for the magic organ’s powerful charm,
Earth were a rude uncolored chaos still.
Like Milton’s Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image man admires.’

It is plain, therefore, that, since the very perception of beauty implies a spiritual nature, the exercise and development of the taste for beauty must, in a great degree, react upon our spiritual condition. If we owe the power to that inherent dignity that separates us from the brutes, the growth of the power must elevate us still higher in the scale of being. And so we find that beauty leads us gently to a purer sphere. Religion is aided and quickened by every habit and association which strengthens our spiritual relations and raises us above a sensual view of the world in which we live. Beauty spiritualizes the very objects of the senses, investing them with a certain moral meaning.

‘Fancy is the power
That first unsensualizes the dark mind,
Giving it new delights.’

It raises the material universe to a higher power, and makes the varied forms of nature hieroglyphics of thought, petrified or incarnate truths. As science has detected the presence of life in every atom of the outer world, and proved that inorganic matter is baptised in spiritual laws, so the imagination has discovered that nature is also permeated with a delicate significance that can be measured and appreciated only by the affections of our hearts.

This intimate relation between beauty and our religious nature will assist us to solve a difficult question which has been raised among modern critics. It has been objected to the theory of the beautiful stated above, that it destroys the existence of any *real* beauty. By making it depend solely on some individual associations, we take from it all substantive character, and make it always *relative* to the sensitive nature, the capricious disposition, or unhealthy taste, perhaps, of the percipient. Of course, by the terms of that theory, we cannot expect unity of judgment upon the degree of beauty in an object, as we expect unity upon a proposition in Euclid, or a problem in Algebra. But it does not follow, that, on this account, beauty is accidental and has no law. On the contrary, we believe that it does obey an infallible law. Always, in its present

form, it is religious; and the varying estimates of different tastes are graduated according to the purity of the religious conceptions involved. In the last analysis, beauty is one with truth, and both are written in cipher, which the religious sense alone can interpret and resolve. The significance of things is definite; but it is revealed to us according to a sliding scale, of which religious culture measures the degrees. It is, indeed, our light thrown upon nature which interprets beauty; but if that light be religious, finer elements will become apparent, and beauty become more clear. It is sympathy with the outward universe that unlocks its treasures; that sympathy is born of religion, and is strengthened and deepened by every accession of spiritual life. To the mind of God, undoubtedly, every fact in the material world has a fixed significance, a precise and definite value. The universe is his art, and struggles to express the crystalized and imprisoned thoughts which he has written there. A delicate correspondence connects every beast, and bird, and tree, and flower, with some type of thought, or passion, or emotion, present in the Creator's mind at their formation, and of which they are the organized exponents. But we rise towards, and appreciate so much of this Infinite Art as the purity of our inner life can gauge. Likeness to the Divine

Nature only will admit us to the secrets of the Divine Mind. The most stubborn matter is plastic, and ductile, and fluid, to the religious sense. All the changing degrees of significance which the objective world assumes, from that feeling of health, and buoyancy, and animal enjoyment which the lowest minds experience in a clear and bracing morning air, to the unfathomable inspiration of the poet and the artist, are determined by its presence and its purity. It is to cultivated religious minds alone, that 'the laws of moral nature answer to those of matter as face to face in a glass.'

The truth of this position cannot be shaken by any seeming contradiction of experience or history. Raffaella may paint finer pictures than Channing, by assiduous culture, could even imitate; but the finer sympathy with nature, the purer delight in her companionship, and deeper suggestions from her inexhaustible stores of truth, will visit the soul of him who has drunk deeper of the elements of moral life. There are few of us that cannot verify this by our experience. The growth of every spiritual mind attests the fact that nature sympathises with religious progress. Not while our souls remain steeped in sensuality, or fettered by dull and sordid cares, will come the revelations that are hidden in the universe. The

lilies of the field have no meaning to the cold eye of avarice, but to the warm spirit of Jesus, they reflect the doctrine of universal Providence. And so, with us, it is in moments of calmer meditation, in seasons of quiet prayer, or after a noble deed, that the awakened energies of our inner life spontaneously interpret the oracles of nature.

‘ With an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We *see into* the life of things.’

And thus, where we least expected it, we find that law exists. Beauty always is relative to our state of mind, and depends, to us, upon our state of mind. But it has also a definite and objective existence, that reveals itself according to our piety and virtue.

There is a certain vagueness which accompanies the purest perceptions of beauty, that is intimately associated with religious feelings, and is eminently calculated to foster and sustain them. In our better moments, the inspiration we derive from nature, comes in the shape of suggestions, and unfathomable intimations, and hints that are inexpressible in the poverty of speech. And thus, by communion with the outward world, the sentiment of reverence is continually quickened and refreshed. While standing before the sea,

for instance, the dim thoughts that rise, half formed and vague within the mind, and die before they are born into the clear light of definite consciousness, suggest to us a grandeur which the scene does not exhaust, of which it is rather but a faint and momentary type. Logic cannot estimate the significance of the ocean in its periods of sublimer strength. The grandeur before us carries us away in meditation on a more awful power; insensibly from the sublime, we are led up to the Infinite; an unconscious instinct leads us to muse upon Him in whom alone our ideas of grandeur find repose; and thus, we are elevated from material forms to the home of Eternal beauty in the mind of God. There is the same indefinable, untranslatable, and perpetually expanding meaning in the stars. Astrology has sprung from it, and they have been supposed to influence human life, and to unlock the secret of human destiny. They have inspired every poet that has written, and yet their tale is not half told. For every condition of spirit they have a ready sympathy, and even in our day, they remain our truest teachers. It is because 'the blue sky in which the private earth is buried, the sky with its eternal calm, and full of everlasting orbs, is the type of Reason.' A man, troubled with doubts, or weary with thought, or faint at heart,

has only to gaze upon the heavens in the midnight silence, and a religious awe returns upon the soul, and a strength refreshes every spiritual fibre that is akin to Christian faith. What is it on a moonlight night that 'inundates the air' with beauty, that thrills our frame with emotions too fine for utterance, that heaves our spirit with an inspiration before which all words are weak? The spell resides not in the light or air; it is the spirit of religion streaming through material channels, and stirring with a quicker flow the pulses of the soul. The silence of the summer woods is burdened with the same mysterious power. A solemnity broods over them as though God had preceded us in our walk, and our presence had intruded on the intense and silent worship of the trees. Even in human art, the same vagueness, the same mystery connects beauty with the religious sense. Persons of uncultivated taste instinctively uncover in presence of a statue or a finished painting by a master. It is the unconscious confession of our nature that the marble and the canvas are organs and revelations of truths that belong to the ideal world, before which it is profane to speak too loud, or to stand with irreverent and idle curiosity.

Beauty, too, is linked with religion in another way; it is medicinal. The foe of guilt and sin,

it would ever win us back to purity and love. The universe is in league with virtue. No man comes fresh from sin into the presence of the joyful fields, or within hearing of the birds, who feels not rebuked by a gentle influence that arouses the life of conscience, and prompts him to repentance and return. Calmly we listen, and yield our minds to the soothing charm, until

‘we stand,
Adore, and worship, when we know it not;
Pious beyond the intention of our thought;
Devout above the meaning of our will.’

Nothing but innocence can harmonize with nature, and, to the guilty heart, she sends the eloquent warning and the balm of peace.

‘Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty,
And by that love they are redeemable;
For in love and beauty they acknowledge good.’

Seeing, thus, that beauty is connected by so many ties with religious life, we are prepared to solve the question as to its relation to Christianity. We have only to study the history of literature and art, to discover that every form, or theory of religion, has exercised a powerful sway over mental cultivation. It would seem that the laws of national progress are written always in the national faith. By the conceptions of God and

duty, and Providence and immortality, the depth of all philosophy, the spirituality of all art, the soundness of all literature can alone be graduated. The beauties, the limits and the defects of the Greek religion were plainly written in Grecian poetry and statuary and architecture. Indian art and literature sprang, very evidently, from the Brahmin philosophy and faith, the ideas of which, however, they vainly struggled to reveal. The massiveness and sullen grandeur of the Egyptian temples is easily explained by studying the Egyptian views of God, and worship, and human destiny. Religion cannot relieve itself from the dignity, nor from the obligation, of being the teacher of the race. This pretension is found in Christianity. On every page of the Christian revelation, it is clearly written, or implied, that our religion is final; that it furnishes the true law of individual growth, and the only code of social progress and perfection. Its promise is, to furnish for the world a system of universal education. Of course, in this scheme of training, the essential element of beauty cannot be neglected. Provision must be made for that, else the justice of the claim is at once removed, its legislation becomes partial, and an intestine war springs up between the religious creed of Christ and the Æsthetic wants of man.

Christianity, we believe, has amply redeemed its promise. A new age began with Jesus, of which there are other signs than the calendar, deeper records than the alteration of our dates. His holy life changed something more than the religious creed of the universe. Follow back all the streams of modern cultivation through the gloom of ages, and, in spite of seeming deviations, and the temporary divergence of their tortuous channels, they approach at last, and, mingling their separate currents into one, lead us, with a silent, and solemn, and half-conscious instinct, to the foot of the cross. Christ is at the head of modern philosophy and modern literature and art. He refreshed the weary imagination as well as the languid faith of the world. How plainly can we trace the influence of the Christian system in unfolding the elements of ideal beauty! The fine arts in modern times may not rival the ancient masterpieces in formal beauty, but their sphere has been enlarged, and their inspiration drawn from deeper sources. The passions and feelings at the command of the ancient artist were few and simple, for the most part belonging to the physical relations of mankind; and to the narrowness of his circuit, may, undoubtedly, be ascribed much of his success. To modern painting and statuary have been offered the nobler sentiments

of piety, and faith, and love ; affections that have a deeper significance, and which, by their very purity, and their relation to the Infinite, are less easily subdued to bonds of stone, or the finer slavery of colors. It surely cannot be heresy to say, that the Madonna of Raffaele exhibits a higher and purer sense of beauty than the face of the Venus ; or that Gothic architecture, with its thousand faults, sprang from a lower deep in human nature than the more perfect symmetry of the Grecian temples. We can be just to classic models, and the ancient taste, without being unjust to the merits, or meaning, of modern art. And such a judgment is only to say that Christian feelings are higher than the sources from which Grecian taste borrowed its ideas of grace ; it is only to assert that spiritual beauty is purer than regularity of features, or symmetry of form ; it is only to confess that Heathen mythology is inferior to the purity of our simple faith ; it is only to declare, that the face of the Apollo, the clearest revelation of ancient moral beauty, that perfect incarnation of lofty scorn, a self-conscious elegance and self-satisfied repose, is, after all, less elevating in its influence upon the artist, and less inspiring to our better nature, than the face of Jesus, refined by religious love, spiritualized by holy sorrow, lighted by unshaken hope, and

turned to heaven with a look, not of haughty satisfaction and self-dependence, but of serene and chastened confidence and humble prayer. That face, as we all picture it in our imagination when we understand the real depths of his nature and his character, is the modern ideal of moral beauty. Elements of spiritual loveliness, beyond the conception of the Grecian masters, are collected and centred there. It is the rich endowment of Christianity to the stores of imagination. And, whatever destiny may be reserved for modern art, it is evident that its productions refer to a higher faith than the Greek religion, and that for it, a mightier magician than the ancient priest, has smitten the rock of humanity with a more potent rod, unsealing its deepest springs of feeling and religious life.

Especially may we see this in modern poetry. For everything which gives it a distinctive character, it is dependent on Christianity. The deeper elements of modern tragedy have been borrowed from the purer revelations of duty through the Savior, the new revelation which his religion brought of human destiny, and the higher sanctions it imposed on virtue. Hamlet's restless longing, and continually flying ideal of life, are Christian. It is by Christian light that we look down, with such deep emotions of tragic delight,

the ecstasy of awe, into the ravines of human nature, the chasms and abysses of human will opened to us in Macbeth. And even in that beautiful imitation of the ancient models, faultless in diction, around which is thrown such tragic horror, and yet such witchery of grace, in Talfourd's *Ion*, we cannot help feeling that the unities have, after all, been somehow violated ; that a little of Christianity has crept into Argos before the time ; and, that the finest passages were inspired, not by Greek philosophy, but by the purer element of Christian love.

And not alone by purifying moral beauty has Christianity assisted the poetic art ; it has altered the significance of nature. Between natural beauty and our religion, there is a sympathy equally apparent. The doctrines of Christianity were caught by the Savior from the outward world. His finer sense appreciated its hidden meaning ; his ear was bent in reverence, and caught the faintest whisper from her mystic oracles. The flowers revealed their doctrine of universal Providence ; he followed back the rain to its source in the fountains of Divine benevolence ; he analyzed the sunlight, and unraveled from it the splendid truth of God's impartial love. And ever since, has the spirit of Christianity been drawing men into a nearer sympathy with nature

and a more intimate communion with her hidden life. The perception of this spiritual sense in the outward universe is now the surest gauge of poetic inspiration. In vain shall we look for it in the elder poets and dramatists. There are fine descriptions of natural scenery in Homer; splendid imagery in the Greek tragedies; and exquisite personifications of physical forces; but nowhere a perception of that delicate bond that binds the outward world to man. Between 'Prometheus Vincit' and 'The Prometheus Unbound,' there is all the difference that separates two civilizations. Shelley was no professed believer, but he could not throw off the *unconscious* Christianity that lay around his genius like the air, nourishing his creations with different sustenance, and informing them with a deeper meaning than Æschylus could draw from Greek mythology. The Christian revelation has extended the feeling of brotherhood to all the powers that constitute the life of nature. It would seem that the boldest speculations of modern science, which tell us that men have risen by gradual development from inorganic matter, are hinted there, and therefore is it that, in our better moments we feel such intense and silent sympathy with the fettered consciousness and imprisoned feeling of our former state. This is the soul of the best modern

poetry; and it is wholly religious, wholly Christian. How have the best minds of our century striven to grasp the depth of natural beauty. Wordsworth hears in the outward world

‘The still, sad music of humanity.’

In his periods of deeper communion with nature, he confesses the feeling of

‘A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.’

Beauty reveals to him, besides the sensible impressions,

‘Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.’

Shelley’s refined and spiritual perception can only catch

‘The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floating unseen among us. * * * * *
Dear and yet dearer for its mystery.’

Mr. Bailey asks in Festus —

‘How can the beauty of material things
So win the heart, and work upon the mind,
Unless like natured with them? *Are great things
And thoughts of the same blood? They have like effect.*’

And Mr. Emerson, despite the keenness of his glance, which generally interprets the finest shades of consciousness, waits for the coming of a greater master, who shall express what he dimly feels, and show 'that the ought, that duty is one with science, *with beauty*, and with joy.' Thus do we find, that Christianity accepts and sanctions the idea with which we started, that beauty is associated with religious culture; by the influence it has exerted in every department of the sphere of taste, assisting us to see more clearly that beauty is one with truth, and that of both, religion is the highest manifestation and central bond.

AURORA BOREALIS.

BY THOMAS B. THAYER.

So at last the Day hath faded,
And withdrawn its latest light,
And the weary Earth lies sleeping
On the downy breast of Night.

Coming through the open window,
South-wind breathes its balmy sighs ;
And I sit, alone and silent,
Gazing out upon the skies.

Lo ! Aurora Borealis
Looketh from her chambers forth,
While her strange and mystic children
Hold their revels in the North.

Now the light, in wondrous beauty,
Streameth up among the stars,
Flinging out its shining banners
Eastward to the planet Mars.

Now it bursteth forth in terror,
Like a battle host in fight;
Now it falleth and retreateth,
Like an army in its flight.

Far along the dim horizon,
Like a distant sea of fire,
Now it surgeth slowly onward,
Every wave uplifting higher,

Till the crested billows, breaking,
Fling their fiery foam afar,
So we can no longer, gazing,
See the face of old North-Star.

Changing every passing moment,
Wonders new, afar and near,
Rise as by the power of magic,
And like frostwork disappear.

Lofty towers, and proud cathedrals,
Pyramids with flaming sides,
Cities with their streets of sapphire,
Through which pour their living tides.

These dissolving, in their places
Burning ships go floating by;
And processions, strange and fearful,
Hold their marches through the sky.

Marshalled hosts move forth to battle,
Sweeping up the azure height,
And their glittering spears and lances
Rise and fall like waves of light.

But anon, the broken squadrons,
Rolled together, melt away,
Horse and rider, field and battle,
Like a dream at break of day.

Up among the stars is weaving,
Now, a web of beauty bright,
And the angels' hands are shining
Through its threads of braided light.

But while yet the net-work spreadeth,
Floating like a silvery veil,
Up before it, slowly rising,
Clouds of rosy vapor sail.

Now again the scene is changing —
From afar, in radiant bands,
All Aurora's children hasten
And together join their hands.

Look! their work, so quickly finished,
Gleams along the glorious sky,
And the bow of beauty bendeth,
Like an angel, from on high!

And with this the pageant passeth ;
And Aurora giveth place
To her Eastern sister's splendor,
With a sweet and gentle grace.

Courage then, poor heart, so weary,
On whose path the midnight lies ;
Pressing forward, looking upward,
Read this writing in the skies —

So Life's ever-circling changes,
Lights and shadows, smiles and tears,
Weave themselves in brightest promise,
And the bow in heaven appears.

Courage, then, in all thy sorrows,
Ever hoping, watch and pray,
And, at last, the morning breaking,
All shall end in glorious day !

ISABELLE

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

No human spirit is insulated from the great moral current that is ever flowing from its Eternal Source, towards all forms and conditions of intellectual Being. It may have been so long amidst opposing influences that it may seem that the invisible chain between it and the good, is forever broken. But at some unforeseen moment, in some lull of the passions, it is found to be strong as ever, and through it, the Mighty Intelligent Beneficence, who guides and governs all things, communes with that spirit to its moral awakening. The universe is full of the channels of such communication. The star-beam may bear it on its filaments of light. The brightest moon-ray may carry it to the hours of guilty merriment, and throw a feeling, cloud-like, and premonitory, over the delirium of unhallowed love. The agents of good are ever at work, and though evil hangs

fearfully, like a pall, over the earth, the electric moral current may be traced everywhere, by its purifying effects, and startling renovations.

Aimée sat alone in the summer twilight. Her pleasant little boudoir was furnished with the elegancies of Parisian taste, and filled with the luxuries of Parisian refinement.

But she was not happy. Henri was away, and in his short absences, she was always a prey to sad thoughts. She touched a few notes on her guitar, and they sounded like discord.

She began tuning it, and in her restlessness, she broke some of the wires. A pang smote her heart. Had she not thus broken all its harmonies? Had not her hand wrought remediless ruin amongst its once melodious strings?

She moved the *tabouret* impatiently with her foot, and her little pet dog, sleeping by it, was hurt, and uttered a cry of pain.

She was miserable, and felt that she was doomed to do harm to all that she loved. It was the last drop in the cup of bitterness, that had been gathering for hours, and now it overflowed in tears. All her soul was shaken in that tempest burst of grief.

A plaintive, musical sound startled her from her thoughts. It was the note of a mocking bird, clear and sweet, though sad. It was monoto-

nous, but it swept her soul with the emotions inwoven with complicated melody. She held her breath to hear, as the tones were poured forth on the evening air. She was calmed. She was soothed, as by the presence of something beautiful and holy. A feeling, soft and grateful as the sense of blended perfumes, stole over her spirit. She rose, and putting back the silken drapery of the window, whence the sounds entered, took her seat there, and burying her head in its purple folds looked into Memory.

Something of other years had come to her in those plaintive sounds, and slowly, and, at first, indistinctly, visions arose before her with a familiar aspect. A fair home, amongst fragrant woods, echoing to such tones — flowers that faded only to bloom quickly again, and verdure that scarcely felt the breath of winter, before it sprang anew in the sunny glance of spring — that home, where a white haired man played with his motherless children, and gave them such companionship as a father only gives to the *motherless* — soft, summer twilights and starry evenings, with an atmosphere of perfume — all these came around her, on those mellow sounds. Softer and sweeter still glided along the dreamlike picturings of hope and girlish love — the blissful awakenings of a young spirit to the flush of its beautiful years.

That exile-bird was singing of the *olden times*, and her heart followed its measure. She was not *Aimède* then, but *Isabelle*, and *Isabelle* was *innocent*. *That* was long ago. She had ceased to be *young*, middle age was rapidly passing into the increasing shadow, and, though time had touched her beauty lightly, her heart wore his impress more decidedly. Yet as she saw the lengthening shadows, and knew that the evening was near, she felt no fear that those coming glooms would chill *his* love, for whom she had forsaken *Isabelle* and *innocence*. Years had tried *that*, and, unlike the fate of guilty love, it had stood the test. But *the misery*—to be a wife, and not of him whose heart and home she had shared so long! And he, in all else, so good, and upright—always so kind and unrepublishing! And that *other*, whom the laws still called her husband, was he living in his lonely home, made lonely by *her* desertion?

For the first time, she felt pity for him, and remorse.

Then he had, to say the least, acted generously. He had not dragged her name into courts of law, and given her reputation as a by-word to scoffers; for *that*, she must thank him. But it might have been revenge—as *Henri* stood ready to make her his wife, when that bond was sundered, and *they* could not break it. But no! the thought

was unworthy. He had sought no other tie. Perhaps he thought that the guilty one would soon be parted, and though never again to be his wife, he could still give her a penitent home, and throw around her the protection of his name. Ah! if he had only been more tender and sympathizing, more considerate of the years between them, and of the difference in habits of thought and feeling, she had still been the mistress of his home — she had not fallen!

A little resentment was blended with other feelings, but it soon passed.

The strain of the bird changed. A low, wild, melancholy song, like the wail of a grieved spirit, now floated upon her ear. The apologies that her heart had been making for its wrong-doing, fled at those penitential sounds.

‘*Father! I have sinned!*’ burst involuntarily from her lips. The moral darkness of years was breaking from her soul. A new day was dawning for her in the heaven of purity and pardon. But there was trial to be endured before the rest was won. She was suffering the keenest remorse. She saw that the conduct of others was no apology for her, and strange, fearful thoughts flitted like half resolves over her mind, then settled at last into one painful necessity.

‘I will leave Henri,’ she whispered, ‘as the first

penance. I will never marry him if I should be free — a blessing would never fall on such an union. I will leave Henri to-morrow; I will live thus no more.'

But *how to leave him?* He was so affectionate, gentle, and considerate, it would be hard, and beside, it would break his heart, and he had never given her one intentional pang, never one harsh word, or cold look! How good, and generous he was! Her utter dependence upon his love had made him almost her slave! Had he not striven to make her forget her error and its consequences? Had he not watched night after night by her sick bed, and wept with her over the biers of *their* children? And she loved him with an absorbing love that was all but madness! Through long years he had been true. Amongst the brilliance of young and beautiful faces, he had turned fondly to her own fading one, and how *could she but love him?*

And yet, had they been happy? *Her conscience* answered 'No!' though not for her life would she that *he knew it*. Had *he* been happy? A pallid cheek and early frosted hair told of secret struggles in his soul — of bitter repentance may be; but not one such avowal had been made to *Aimée*. Yet too well she remembered moments of abstraction when even her voice was

unheard. Not an outbreak of temper had ever occurred between them, yet both felt that there were times when each had feelings and thoughts that they dared not share.

Why were they not happy? The love that had thrown such delirium over their moral nature, had subsided only into a thoughtful tenderness. They wore a name to which was attached no disgrace, and to their fair, foreign home, there came no tales of outraged duties in another. None but themselves knew that they lived in unhallowed union, and still there was the restless worm within, eating away their peace.

Let none but the morally idiotic think to find the life of crime, a path of flowers. To the spirit, whose ideas of right and wrong are not utterly obliterated, there *must be* sorrow in sin, even though the sin be known to none else. An infringement of the laws of God will work its penalty, though man may forbear to doom it. There may be no frowns on the face of nature for those who deform the heart. The laws of the universe may not turn aside to mark the offenders. The lightning may not crush them, and the whirlwind and earthquake may pass their dwelling, but from within will start up the avenger who cannot be barred out. She writes their condemnation on the blue vault of noon, on the crimson

cloud curtains of sunset, and on the grey, vapory dawn. She whispers it from the heart of the flower, and leans over the pillow at midnight with an awful power. She is bound to existence itself, and it is a fearful thing to awake her to wrath.

The plaintive song of the bird had ceased, and *Aimée* rose and went into her chamber to prepare for rest. Henri would return on the morrow, and she would then pour out her whole soul before him, but her purpose was fixed. She knelt and prayed long and fervently for strength to fulfill that purpose — and for Henri also.

Aimée and Henri were both Carolinians. She was married young to one much her senior. There was also incompatibility of tempers and tastes. After a long period of secret unhappiness, she met Henri. He was Henry then, as she was Isabelle. Between them, it was at first, friendship, then love, and flight to another land. The husband forebore to apply for a divorce, contrary to the advice and wishes of his friends, and lived, thenceforth, alone.

Ten years more passed, and found Henri and *Aimée* still loving in their distant home, and though she felt bitterly at times that she was not happy, she humbly acknowledged that her crime had not met its deserts. Henri was no gambler,

no drunkard, no spendthrift, except for her comfort, and, with the amiable sensitiveness of a noble nature, he blamed himself alone for their present position.

Poor *Aimée!* Love and trust had grown together in her heart, until they were life itself, and she never dreamed of the possibility of being abandoned by *him*. There were times, when she could have been happy, if she could have clouded her memory. Memory, that strange, solemn land of shadows so powerful, of phantoms so real! Thither the good unfortunate goes to forget the joyless present; and smiling lips whisper peace, and aid him to return with renewed strength to the burdens of his lot. Thither, also, is dragged the guilty unfortunate; and spectres utter reproach, and moaning voices tell of a wasted life. The laws of man visit the murderer with death, but what punishment do they apply to him who fills a *life* with remorse, and links a heretofore innocent spirit, through all its earthly years to undying pangs, and transforms the beautiful realm of Memory into a torturing hell?

Morning came to *Amièe*, but no Henri. Terrible suspicions, not of his truth, but of misfortune befalling him, crossed her mind.

Noon came, and with it, his corpse. *Henri had left her!*

He had been killed by a fall from his horse. *Aimée* wept bitterly over his mangled remains, and felt that at last the bolt had riven her heart. He had been smitten as with lightning, and no loving cares had been permitted to her, no last adieu. But there was relief in the thought that he had been spared her desertion.

She gathered all their property, and with the dead body of *Henri*, embarked soon for her native land. She there made his grave in a beautiful cemetery, where flowers smile, and birds sing over the dead. A white marble cross bore only the name, 'Henri,' to mark the place where she had laid him to sleep.

That husband, long abandoned, still lived, a paralytic, in a lonely home.

One day, a dark complexioned woman, in the dress of a Sister of Charity, applied to him for the situation of housekeeper.

It was given to her, for something in the kindness of her voice and manner went to the heart of the lonely old man, and she became the guardian angel of his home. His lightest wish was fulfilled — his tastes consulted in the smallest thing. There was an arm ever ready for his support — a smile for his hours of depression — a soothing word when the fretfulness of disease was upon him — a song or book for his sleepless-

ness, and the old man felt that life at its close was growing bright again. She taught him to love the orphans, and to fill his house with those little stray sunbeams, until his heart responded to their own childish happiness.

Thus years went on — the Sister fulfilling every charity and lavishing all her cares upon her helpless charges.

At length the old man drew near his grave. The pulses were swiftly decreasing, and life was brought into hours alone. Days were for him no longer. The orphans had looked their last upon their benefactor, and had been sent weeping away. The Sister of Charity had lifted her cross before the dying, and received an assurance that through the Savior, he was ready for the change. A light slumber had stolen over the fading eyes, and none but the Sister was near him. She was listening to his shortened breathing, when he murmured a name that shook her very soul. She listened more intently, as with a smile on the ashy lips, he whispered, 'Isabelle.'

He was wandering far away among other years, when Isabelle was innocent and his own, and the long intervening period had been shut out of sight, by the wing of Death, *now so near!* Strange that the mind, in departing, seldom gathers around itself other than beautiful memo-

ries! Is it not a prophetic sign, that, to those *whose intentions have been pure*, pain and sorrow are things that have fulfilled their mission with the spirit, and go not forth into immortality with it?

The Sister stood by the bed, as he awoke with that same smile, and stretching out his arms toward her, again whispered, 'Isabelle!' But she stooped not into those dying arms, and with a faltering voice, she asked, 'Is Isabelle, the sinner, forgiven?' and knelt breathlessly by the bed for the low reply.

It came. 'I forgave as I hoped to be forgiven, and I was not utterly blameless towards poor Isabelle, may *she* forgive me in Heaven!'

The sobs of the Sister shook her slight frame, but overmastering her emotion by a strong effort, she whispered; 'Reginald, it is Isabelle, who beseeches you to say again, that you forgive her! your humble, repentant Isabelle!'

His earnest glance rested a moment on her face. 'I was dreaming of Isabelle when I awoke, and fancied you *her*. Isabelle was fair, you are olive!'

The Sister rose, and passed a wet napkin over her face. 'Look on me now, Reginald! Time alone has changed the face of Isabelle!'

He raised himself with energy from his pillow,

flung his arms around her neck, and pressed his cold lips to her cheek — then the relaxing muscles gave way, the arms fell, the head sank heavily down, while the grey shadows flitted rapidly over the contracted features. But the eyes opened once more, with a smile, and rested upon the face of the penitent.

Was not her anxious question answered by that smile, in token that her long years of atonement were accepted in the sight of Heaven?

She knelt by the dead, and offered up her gratitude, that she had been enabled to testify her repentance and win its peace.

Isabelle sleeps in the village grave-yard, afar from the resting-place of her husband. She would not ask a grave by the side of him she had so long deserted, though her years of untiring devotion might, perhaps, have sanctioned the claim. The simple word, 'AIMÉE,' is carved on the slate head-stone, where she rests, and none ever knew that the erring wife, in the humility of her deep repentance, returned to do menial service in the house where she was once mistress.

SAMUEL'S VISION.

BY MISS ELIZA A. STARR.

LIGHT broke o'er Hebron — and the distant sky
 Blushed with the radiance of the coming morn,
 Till the dark clouds that lay so motionless
 In the far kindling ether, caught a tint
 Upon their pale grey verge, then bore it on
 Like an electric glory, drinking in
 Its burning beauty to their very heart.
 It was a glorious dawning, and the eyes,
 Heavy with slumber, opened their soft lids,
 And the flushed sleeper on the housetop, raised
 His brow from the hot pillow, to behold
 Fresh nature's fair uprising. Dreamy orbs
 Grew rapt with holy feeling, as they gazed
 On that inspiring vision, and stern men,
 Made cold and worldly with ambitious schemes,
 Forgot their broad phylacteries, and bowed
 In holy, child-like reverence, in the light
 Of the bright, dewy morning.

Nature stands
 A blessed priestess by Jehovah's shrine,
 And beareth up, on her sweet, fragile blossoms,

And her white-winged clouds, and the deep-hushed tones
Of her calm, solemn midnight, many a prayer
From the full spirit's treasure, that had else
Lain like a dormant seedling, cold and dry
Within the close-locked bosom. Noiseless move
The angels' pinions round us, but they fan
Gently, and lovingly, the precious spark
That nerves our souls for heaven!

Day trembled o'er mount Zion, and her line
Of beauteous priesthood girded on their robes
Of dazzling whiteness for the sacrifice,
As Samuel rose from his low couch,
And bowed himself for prayer. He could not pray,
For thought rushed o'er him, as it would have burst
The bound of childish utterance, and asked
For an Archangel's tongue, that so its weight
Might pass from the pure spirit. It was vain!
And with a nervous strength he clasped his hands
Upon his throbbing temples, as to still
His young blood's troubled beatings, while the tears,
Rolled large and heavy from his fast-shut eyes;
Then with a sob, he buried up his head
Upon the still-warm pillow. 'T was the strife
Of a pure spirit waking from its dream
Of childish innocence, to knowledge, and —
To grief! The full breath of inspiration
Lay upon his soul all fresh, and glowing;
But the fond child must weep, — for all its deep,
And sanctified affections, that had grown
Strong in that holy atmosphere, and all
The clinging tenderness of Infancy
Was roused, and Oh! he could not bear to tell

The vision unto Eli, his soul's sire!
'T was but a moment. He rose quickly up,
Shook back the moistened curls from his flushed brow,
Dried the bright drops that lingered on his cheek,
Then bound with his small hands the ephod white
Around his slender form, and with a step
Of velvet softness, hastened to his task,
— To ope the temple doors.

The aged priest

Had ever loved to look upon the face,
All bright with gladness, of the blessed boy,
So graceful in his beauty, and his love;
And as he ministered that early dawn
Before Jehovah's shrine, a solemn joy
Thrilled through his withered frame; for he had heard
The voice of God in the still, midnight watch,
That spoke to Samuel; and well he knew
That He had raised Him up, from that meek child,
A prophet unto Israel; and his hand
Grew stronger as he swung the censer high
With that inspiring thought, till when he heard
Those gentle footsteps near, he turned his face
From the sweet, curling incense, to behold
The new-born glory of the Prophet-boy!
The eye beamed with a heavenly radiance,
And the fair, open brow was solemnised
With the night's high communings, — but there sat
A struggling sadness on the soft, fresh lip,
As if the mortal could not wholly merge
The human in the heavenly, — and, as
The conscious child passed quickly on his way,
Lo! Eli's heart was troubled.

One, by one
The priesthood left the altar. Eli called
Unto the fair-haired boy that he might take
His morning blessing. He kneeled meekly down,
But a faint tremor shook each young, slight limb
As that weak hand was laid in earnest prayer
Among his clustering curls; and when the voice
Had ceased, a moisture lay upon the long,
Dark lashes drooping o'er his boyish cheek.
'What said the Lord to thee my child?' Alas!
He could not raise his eyes to look upon
That calm, pale face, that ever smiled on him.
'I pray thee hide it not.' He could not speak,
But with a passionate sob, he hid his face
In Eli's robe, and wept! The aged man
Was agonized in spirit, but as one
Who soothes her infant by her soft caress,
He hushed the boy's wild weeping, and then won
The tongue unto its utterance, as he
With broken voice, told how the Lord would bring
Woe, unto that high household. He had clasped
The slender fingers of the kind, old priest,
As to gain strength for that stern recital;
But when he ceased, he laid his weary head
Against the tottering knees, with a mute look
Of troubled love, as if he fain would heal
The wound his hand must give him. Eli stood
With his meek brow o'ershadowed, but again
His hand was laid upon the boy's bowed head;
'The Lord is good my child!' and then he breathed
A prayer of pleading tenderness, that God
Would visit that pure spirit, and would pour
The light of inspiration, strong and clear,
Upon that waiting soul, — so Israel

Should walk again by those most blest revealings,
Rejoicing in the sunshine of her God !
The faint, weak voice waxed strong through fervency,
And its deep tones fell with a solemn power
Upon the boy's hushed spirit, and he rose,
A Prophet sanctified, from that meek prayer
Of earnest benediction.

Woe! woe! woe!

Israel sent forth her strong, to battle
With the Philistines, and blind Eli sat
With anxious heart upon a way-side bench,
For he was troubled for the ark of God —
And as he heard the feet of the faint runner come
Nearer to him, he lifted his white head
From off his breast, and asked him of his tale.
The prophecy was full — and lo! the ark
Of the Lord God, was with the Philistines !
And he lay back upon his seat, — and died !
Young Samuel stood a Prophet on mount Zion,
And the voice of a great people sounded in his ear,
And men bowed low their heads that they might hear
The words of Israel's ruler; but that voice
Of tender benediction, and the press
Of those weak, slender fingers in his hair,
Came often o'er his spirit, and he wept,
As when he stood before that stricken priest
A grieved and trembling child.



The Empty Cradle

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

AN empty cradle ! Where the tiny form
That used to nestle there, and lay its head
Upon that downy pillow ? Where the face,
That looked up laughingly from its repose ?
Where the glad earnest eyes, the beaming smile,
The silken hair ?

The covering lies unstirred
Upon that little bed ; the pillow bears
No impress now of the small graceful head
That rested there in innocence and peace.
No soft dark eyes look up into the face
Of the sad, stricken mother, as she sits
And gazeth on her infant's empty couch.
Alas for that fond mother ! she hath closed
The soft eyes of her child, and she hath smoothed
Back all the sunny curls from her fair brow,
And pressed her lips unto the lips which gave
No pressure in return ; and she hath laid
Her hand upon the heart, and put her ear
Close to the mouth, and knew there was no breath ;

And she hath borne her to a narrow bed,
O'er which the green grass waves, and where the spring,
And the warm summer their sweet blossoms shed.

Alas for that sad heart, and lonely home !
The spring hath come with its warm sunny days,
The earth seems full of gladness and of life,
And all things beautiful are clustering round
Her daily path. She, sad one, hath been out ;
But 'mid the flowers she missed the childish face,
That looked up ever with a cry of joy,
And held her tiny hands in triumph, filled
With spring's first violets. She was alone,
Alone amid the flowers, and out beneath
The glorious sky of heaven ; and from her home
The sunshine hath departed, and the room
Which once was filled with childhood's joyous mirth,
Holds nothing to the mother's heart so dear,
As her child's empty cradle.

God bless thee

Stricken mother ! God give thee strength and faith,
And holy trust ; and may the gracious voice
That said, '*Thy dead shall rise again,*' sink deep
Into thy heart, and may'st thou ever have
Sweet blessed memories of the loved and dead ;
And may their gentle, holy presence be
Around thee ever ; and mayst thou hear
Their earnest tones, and see their loving eyes,
Beaming upon thee from the spirit land ;
And e'en though dead, yet shall they speak to thee.

WORDSWORTH.

BY A. D. MAYO.

EVERY lover of Poetry must have observed, with astonishment, the limited circulation of the works of this author in the community. Notwithstanding the numberless reviews written in approval or disapproval of his poetry, it is yet unread by a great portion of the public. Nothing is more common than to hear discerning men say they cannot understand, or are not pleased by the writings of Wordsworth, but we never, among all these objectors, found one who had read the 'Excursion.' If it be true, that an appreciation of the highest beauties of an author is necessary to qualify one to pronounce judgment on his defects, we may suppose most of the detractors of this writer, to be ill prepared for the work of criticism. It is easier to repeat the charge of mysticism, or excessive simplicity, than to study the works of a superior mind, and seek to create

the faculty by which to understand and appreciate them.

It is not difficult, therefore, on common grounds to account for the neglect of Wordsworth. But there are other causes which we have found in most cases implicated. Most readers of poetry form their taste while young, at that period of life when things are prized in proportion to their power of exciting the mind. The picturesque web of Scott, the rhetoric of Campbell, and the tumultuous rush of Byron, are peculiarly captivating at this age. These volumes are accessible to every school-boy and school-girl, and furnish an inexhaustible supply to their craving for excitement. And then, the most popular of these authors, he who, of all others, most requires the exercise of a critical taste, and a firmly poised moral nature, is the most fascinating to such readers.

Few of us can forget the time when, in the passage from youth to manhood, we felt 'dark misgivings' and misanthropic tendencies, tried to bear up in lofty pride against a certain spectre we called 'the world,' affected an air of recklessness, and read Byron all night when we should have been asleep in our beds. True, this period passes by, for there comes in that rough disciplinarian, business, and drives away all such foolish

whims. But at this point, readers ordinarily cease to explore the field of poetry. The little time a throng of troublesome cares leaves them for the pursuits of literature, is employed in wandering anew through the paths they first entered. Thus it is sufficient for most men to know that Byron has lampooned Wordsworth in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' The style of the latter, also, offers few attractions to a mind crazed by 'the Pleasures of Hope,' or 'Childe Harold.' Thus it is that one of the noblest of English Poets is hardly known to the ordinary poetry reading world.

This fact must be the apology for our selection of a subject, if apology is required. We write not for the initiated. But we know there are thousands to whom the poetry of Wordsworth would be an ever flowing fountain of refreshment; whose hearts, wearied with the claims which occupation prefers in early manhood, and perchance, cursed by a slight portion of Byronic misanthropy, would be filled with all gentle and benevolent feelings would they study aright this true poet of nature and our humanity.

It is also natural for men to talk of those things which have done themselves good. We feel a debt of gratitude to the author of 'The Excursion' which can be repaid in no way better

than by entreating others to study his poetry. We cannot forget the long days of weakness and sadness which he has cheered, the nobler views of life, the love of the 'common heart of humanity,' the religious longings he has inspired. This, in fact, confers our best right to speak of him. The dimensions of a great Poet are not measured by a few reviews done according to the rules 'in such cases made and provided.' 'The jury which sits in judgment upon him, belonging as he does to all time, must be composed of his peers: it must be impaneled by Time from the selectest of the wise of many generations.' And not alone of 'his Peers' must this jury be composed. Such a man is myriad-sided, and must be viewed by men of different capacities and habits of mind, to be fully appreciated. He has tones to thrill the hearts of all who listen. Different men love him for different qualities, and the only method by which his true worth can at last be determined, is by a sincere expression from every man whom he has deeply moved. And this expression must be sincere to be of any value. He who would speak of him must talk of the beauties *he has perceived*, and none else, leaving every other man to record his impression as truly. We will endeavor to speak thus, and, without encroachment upon the duties of the critics, indicate a few of the qualities for which we love Wordsworth.

The style of Wordsworth has been a subject fertile of criticism. It is not our purpose to task our readers with the arguments by which a poetic diction is attacked and defended. As far as concerns our author, the question has been decided by his own example. The comparatively few lines which were spoiled by too rigid adherence to a favorite principle, have been amply compensated by the excellencies of his later style. His genius instinctively shrank from a contact with provincialisms and vulgarisms, while it has accomplished its original purpose of reforming the poetic dialect of England. It was not singular that the tawdry garb of the muse in the days of Johnson, should disgust a man who felt too deeply the poetry dwelling in all things around him, to seek the aid of superfluous words. And if it must be acknowledged that his theory at times crushes his imagination, we may say we have as much respect for an error in this direction, as for the more common attempt to 'build the lofty rhyme' by piling together superlatives and startling ornaments.

But with few exceptions, the style of Wordsworth is not open to the oft repeated charges of simpleness and baldness of expression. He who prizes a poem as many do a speech, in proportion to the number of words hanging upon one thought,

or an abundance of illustration where there is nothing to illustrate, will probably fall asleep over 'The Excursion.' But if the use of language be to express ideas in the most simple and forcible manner, to seek the shortest highway of thought from one mind to another, then is Wordsworth, of all men, most entitled to praise.

In proportion as a man truly feels the force of a great conception, will he seek out a simple and chaste form of utterance. The highest aspirations of Jesus of Nazareth are enshrined in the simple petition, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.' Genuine enthusiasm never rants: the deepest feeling is the most childlike in expression. And herein is the excellence of the style of Wordsworth. Although simple and chaste beyond that of all other men, it is in the highest degree expressive. Even its most simple forms of expression, we feel, must be a fitting medium of communication to one who can 'humble himself, and become as a little child' in his love of beauty, and delight in nature.

We know no author whose works contain so many suggestive thoughts chastely expressed. Scattered over all his pages are simple verses of four short lines, in each of which is contained a beautiful conception, like a noble soul in a pure body. And this is the greatest triumph of lan-

guage; to have no barriers of verbiage lie between the reader and the thought; to look through the page into the mind of the writer, and see there the play of his imagination and the kindling of his affections, as we look through our windows of glass upon the shows and occupations of the street.

In melody of versification, it must be confessed he often fails. We hear little of that harmony which sounds through 'Paradise Lost' like a chant of seraphim, accompanying a relation of deeds achieved in Heaven; or that exquisite modulation, flowing around thought and verse, which is so wonderfully exemplified in the highest efforts of Coleridge. Ordinarily his line is harsh, or destitute of melody; yet there are times when his verse seems filled with 'Beauty born of murmuring sound;' the music of trees rustling, and of waters, and bees, and singing birds, as if, won by his deep love, nature had imparted to him her own language.

But we hasten from this part of our subject to considerations more important. In the remainder of this essay, we shall aim to express our idea of Wordsworth as the poet of Nature, Human Life and Religion.

Few, we suspect, will deny an exalted rank to Wordsworth, as a poet of Nature. His pages

abound in descriptions which, in fidelity and intense poetic fervor, are unsurpassed in English literature. His style of painting natural objects is peculiarly his own. One characteristic is its minuteness. Unlike the strong, hasty touches of Byron which bring out the prominent outlines of an object in almost startling relief, his pencil reproduces, even to the most common appendage. He lingers over his model with a lover's fondness; unsatisfied with the first impression of beauty, pursuing it into all its charming minutiae.

We cannot perceive the force of the objection so often urged against this feature of his poetry. There is something inexpressibly affecting to us in this fondness for nature in her details. These minute descriptions are the genuine indication of a true love for the objects described; the same process which every man, whose heart beats at sight of a flower starting up before him, experiences while viewing it again and again with an ever renewed delight.

And, then it should be remembered that the descriptions of Wordsworth, however detailed, are never catalogues of properties, the mere enumeration of the separate parts of an object. His is the true creative power which reproduces the object in its life. In discovering the most delicate peculiarity, he never loses sight of the unity

of the whole. The coloring of the tip of a feather never causes him to forget that which makes the bird; that secret, indefinable bond of union without which a description will be only an inventory.

This power to combine unity and variety, to luxuriate in all the beautiful details of loveliness, and still grasp the clue that shall guide back to the centre which imparts life to all, indicates the true poet. Thus, instead of this minuteness of description denoting an unpoetical tendency in Wordsworth, we cannot but feel that it is higher proof of his true poetic genius, indicating a fervor so intense that it can animate, and fill with meaning, even those parts of an object from which men of inferior powers shrink.

But there is another feature in these representations of nature which will be recognized by every true critic as their crowning excellence. Every reader must have felt the difference between the descriptions of Thomson and Wordsworth. The great proportion of those known as 'Poets of Nature,' may be classed with the former. The distinction is said to exist in the medium through which the latter views natural objects, but it is rather the possession of a spiritual faculty unknown to the former, by which the exterior of things is penetrated, and the inner life of the universe displayed.

There are two methods of viewing Nature, represented by the two classes of poets we have mentioned. There are men living, seemingly incapable of comprehending a spiritual significance in any thing. They are fated by their own unfortunate temperament, or sensual nature, to grope always about surfaces. Such a man is a slave to that worst of masters, an idea of the Useful and Practical, which terms, in his vocabulary, mean simply the Exterior and Palpable. He is frightened at the thought that there should be any spiritual significance in Nature or Life, and talks about mysticism, and delusion, and Transcendentalism. He cannot deny that there is sublimity and beauty in the outer world. He cannot resist the ocean and the sky, the Alps and Niagara, the Aurora and the thunder storm; but it is an external beauty, or sublimity, alone, which he sees in all this. The Universe is, after all, but a great picture, in which a few noble figures are surrounded with a multitude of daubs and scratches. The little things of nature are too insignificant for his notice :

‘ A primrose by the river’s brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.’

That most of those called poets of nature have been men of this construction cannot be doubted.

The love of Nature in many of them has risen to enthusiasm indeed, but we ever discern in their lives the same clinging to forms, the same inability to see any thing in the world but grass, and rocks, and earth, and water.

We have said there is another method of viewing the Universe. Notwithstanding the sneers of sensual men, we must believe there is something else in Nature than can be seen by a dog or a horse. To him who truly loves those forms of natural beauty by which he is surrounded, they become eloquent, and reveal to his spirit that of which they are but 'shadows and types.' The Universe lives to him who thus looks upon it, and shares with him a secret sympathy. He feels the meaning of the Poet when he wrote —

' I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.'

He sees in the new birth of spring the quickening energy of the all-pervading spirit rushing into the cold veins of earth ; in the beauty of a flower, the smile of the Deity ; in the tumults of the elements, the strength of Omnipotence. The

world is not to him a clever piece of mechanism, set in motion by an architect who has now retired to his palace in the Heavens, but a body, animated by its Creator as soul, and ever present director. In the changes of the universe, in life and death, he sees the ebb and flow of the great quickening power of God. Thus all things around him are full of meaning. 'Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort all her secrets, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected all the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.'

It is this spiritual insight which must endear to every true heart the natural descriptions of Wordsworth. Nature is to him the most eloquent of teachers. Her forms, so inert and opaque to other men, become to him life-like and transparent; and by, and through them, does his spirit commune with the Father of Lights and the Author of Beauty. And this is no pleasing delusion of which we have written, this spiritual insight. Herein the highest poetry is the most profound philosophy. It is a fact which the true poet feels, and which distinguishes him from common rhymers. We might quote passages of description from

Wordsworth to which the presence of this element imparts an indescribable charm; but we forbear, as it is our wish to persuade readers to study for themselves.

We now come to speak of Wordsworth as the poet of Human Life. And here must every one who studies him, acknowledge his power. Yet, if we look to his pages for any dramatic representation of character, we shall be disappointed. His Pedlers, and Beggars, and Peasants, are all Wordsworths in disguise. Therefore his descriptions of country life are true to his own ideal, rather than to facts. Doubtless to an imaginative and refined nature, this manner of life is most fertile in suggestion; but we doubt whether to ordinary men it is so. We have read more than we have seen of the superior virtue of country society. There are vices, doubtless, which infect the atmosphere of crowded places more than quiet villages; but the latter are not exempt from their peculiar curses. If luxury, and its attendant evils, infest the city, so are scandal and gossip the intolerable nuisance of the village. We have never found men less eager to obtain money by all the 'tricks of trade,' less yielding in their foolish prejudices, more disinterested in their action, or more disposed to confide in human nature, in the midst of the most beautiful scenery

our land presents, than in cities. Therefore, we suspect, there is 'more poetry than truth,' in assertions to the contrary, however pleasing may be ideal pictures of rural innocence and bliss.

But this view of the subject does not exhaust the significance of Wordsworth's poetry of human life. Although false, in point of fact, his representations are not such ideal pictures as have been the 'stock in trade' of small poets for centuries. The happiness of his characters in humble situations is not, as is commonly represented, the result of a rejection of all trivial things; but of a power to discover the relation of every duty in life to the highest spiritual want. He, above all others, has shown that poetry originates not in circumstances, in the trappings and gilding of power, the pomp of wealth, or in the elegant leisure of luxury. His muse rejects all these paltry aids and finds her inspiration in those primal feelings which exist in every heart. This power to discover the relation of common things to the soul and the Creator of all, is the surest indication of the poet. 'I ask not,' says the great spiritual philosopher of America; 'I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the

low. Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and the gait of the body;—show me the ultimate reason of these matters; show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of nature; let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly on an eternal law; and the shop, the plough and the ledger referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing; and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room, but has form and order; there is no trifle; there is no puzzle; but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.'

Thus animated by the presence of an all pervading spirit, our distinctions in estimating life disappear. Wherever is mind, there are the sources of sublimity, and wonder, and beauty. Wherever are yearnings of affection, the promptings of religion, the gloom of souls laboring to unravel the riddle of life's mysteries, there are the materials for poetry. It matters not whether these agencies exhibit themselves in the persons

of kings or peasants, on the theatre of an Empire, or within the limits of a village. The accompanying circumstances receive a coloring from them. And Wordsworth has proved his deep humanity and poetic insight in seeing all this; in proving that poetry is not dependent upon the exterior, but lies among the deep realities of every soul. Men will not for a great length of time deny all this, for there is no one so chained to the senses, that he is not sometimes a poet. Every one, at least once in his life, emerges from this shadow of conventionalism, and sensuality, and triviality, into the light of a true idea of being.

‘That blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened : that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,
 Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul;
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.’

This is the Human Life which Wordsworth pictures. He shows us the possibilities of existence, rather than its existing facts. And this we believe to be a higher service than to describe the vices and disgusting traits of men, however

faithfully. It is better to fire the mind with the vision of existence which appears to it in its purest moments, than to paint its daily failure to realize its ideal; to reproduce man in his capacities and longings, rather than in his deformities and short comings. We bless this true Poet of our Humanity that he has rent the veil, and revealed to us the elements of beauty clustering around the common heart of man.

It remains for us to speak of Wordsworth as a Religious Poet. In no department of poetry is excellence so rare as in this. Notwithstanding the eloquence that has been expended to prove that religious poetry can be written, the fact remains that such books are among the most unreadable in the language. We speak now of didactic poems, in which Christian morality is enforced by the usual motives of hope and fear. We believe few men would wish to be condemned to the task of reading the 'complete works' of these 'religious bards.' With few exceptions, their volumes are mere versified sermons, and poor sermons, even. A desert of prosy exhortation is now and then relieved by a desperate attempt to scale the heights of the heavenly world, and look upon 'the Throne,' the 'golden streets,' and the 'crystal palaces;' or to open the terrible secrets of the infernal region, by use

of the stock materials of 'solid and liquid fire,' sulphur, cloven hoofs, and horns, shrieks and chains. But, unfortunately, these things do not move us. We have known all about this Heaven and Hell, even since we saw the first pictures of them in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' in our childhood. These lines betray their origin; they have the impress of the 'Prayer Meeting,' the 'Conference Room,' and the 'Anxious Seat.' As far as our experience extends, such poetry weakens the nerves, rather than sanctifies the hearts of those who read. We suspect our readers will require no 'extracts' to sustain these assertions; but if any doubt, we would suggest, as the surest method of conviction, a perusal of English Poetical Religious Literature, from its more endurable form in Cowper and Montgomery, down to its last development in 'Pollock's Course of Time,' and 'Young's Judgment Day!' If conviction does not then ensue, we have 'nothing more to offer.'

Doubtless, much of this has been the result of a gloomy religious creed, in narrowing the intellect and arresting the natural play of the affections and the imagination; but there is a difficulty underlying all this. We will not say that religious poetry cannot be written, but we must believe that in a purely didactic form it is impossible. We doubt not that poetry may be the

medium for communicating the most quickening religious impressions, but the method is not by exhortation to the performance of moral duties, or pictures of sinners' death beds, or blasphemous attempts to paint portraits of the Deity and the Savior. An inquiry into the nature of religion, will reveal to us a better way.

Religion is founded upon a sense of want, and an idea of duty. It is to the latter of these sentiments that instruction is usually addressed. To move the will by the use of motives is its purpose. How shall this be most effectually done?

Now the great difficulty in the way of most men, is not an ignorance of moral precepts. Conscience is every moment inscribing on the soul of every child of God, his obligations. Therefore a mere relation of duty can be of little use, as, at best, it will be but a feeble echo of the voice within. Neither is direct exhortation more effectual, for no eloquence can equal the pleading of 'the spirit' in our hearts. The irreligion of men is mostly the result of an ignorance of the relation between the daily life and the spiritual life. A crowd of duties are pressing and thronging around us, and conscience demands their performance. Temptations and trials rise like mountains across our path, and over these

must we clamber. We feel the obligation, but do not understand it. We know all these troublesome details of life must be religiously encountered, but why? Here is mystery we cannot fathom. Through our whole being we feel a repugnance at employing life in these little vexations and cares. Is existence so common that it must be consumed in buying and selling, in ploughing, and baking bread? Thus is there a constant struggle in our minds. We feel the obligation, but our inability to perceive the reason imparts a languor to our moral nature. So we shrink away from our ordinary duties and endeavor to satisfy the longings of our being for higher employment, in the excitements of pleasure and sin. While in pursuit of these, we seem to be grasping our ideal of life. We become sinners, trying to become poets.

‘The light that leads astray,
Is light from Heaven.’

Now, the only remedy for this is to indicate the relation between every day life and spiritual life; to exalt our common duties to the imagination, so that they shall appear worthy to be acted by man. Unless this be done, there can be no true religion. The duties of life may be performed, indeed, but with such reluctance, that it

will be a slavery of the whole nature, withering the affections, and making of man a mere machine to grind morality. The religious life cannot exist in its beauty, divorced from that spiritual insight which shall discover beneath every duty its purpose, and redeem life from its triviality. There will then be no dissonance between the highest aspirations of man, and his most common acts. He will not be compelled to go out from Heaven to 'do business' upon earth, for the world will be 'all Hallowed ground,' and angels will encompass him in the counting-room, or in the field, as in the closet and the sanctuary. Then will all his most generous impulses instinctively rush into the channels which a benevolent parent has opened for them, and they will joyfully enforce every dictate of the Deity within.

And thus must poetry aid in the religious culture of man. It is her province to rend the veil from the world; to reveal things in their essence and their tendencies; to show behind every action of life, a white-robed angel, directing it to the highest spiritual purpose. The true poet lays bare the secrets of the universe, and places the mind in the only world of realities. He rends the tomb in which a devotion to exterior forms has bound us, and bears us out into a true spiritual existence. He fires the imagination at this

glorious discovery, and elevates the whole being by a new conception of its dignity and corresponding obligations. Thus does he lead the soul out from the world of forms, and shows, and trivialities, into its only true heaven of realities and spiritual relations !

And thus is Wordsworth a Religious Poet. He does not exhort, but reveals. He seeks not to importune the will, but uncloses the eyes to the perception of a new glory in the universe, and a new purpose in life. He paints not the 'penal fires,' but the beautiful forms of nature, glowing with the radiance of their Creator. He describes not the death-bed of delirious profligacy, but the child in its innocence, dwelling in the Heaven of its infancy, with the angel that 'beholdeth the face of the father ;' and the mother, struggling with the maternal affection which unconsciously makes her a religious being. He stands not without the temple entreating and threatening ; but leads us within, and initiates us into the mysteries of life. Thus, although not abounding in pages of profoundly religious poetry, his writings are full of a high moral influence ; and he who reads with a loving heart, will not be insensible to their gentle, but powerful guidance into the 'Kingdom of Heaven.'

We have now indicated the few peculiarities of

the poetry of Wordsworth which impress us most strongly. That, as the Poet of Nature, Human Life, and Religion, he has exhausted all the significance of themes so grand, we dare not affirm. It would not, indeed, be difficult to detect partial failure, and occasional dimness of vision. Yet we cannot resist the belief that this man is the pioneer into a new region of poetry. Among the scene painters of the age, he has made revelations of spiritual realities. He is one of the few noble singers commissioned to usher in the coming of the great poet for which the world is in waiting. A Wordsworth, a Shelley, and an Emerson have not lived in vain. The visions they reveal from the world of highest realities are but the heralds of a coming illumination. We cannot pause to berate such men on their deficiencies, but must bless them for their revelations. We do ill to employ our time in hunting down the artificial and worthless in Literature. Would we resign ourselves to the influence of the truth which our hearts recognize in every man, his errors would never trouble us. We entreat those of our readers who know not Wordsworth, to come to him with a mind divested of prejudice, and open to all gentle influences and noble impressions; and we can assure them they will discover a genuine teacher, a true poet, and a dear friend.

LEILA GREY.

A BALLAD.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THE tassels wave upon the birch,
 The maple blushes o'er the stream,
 And through the oriel of the church,
 I see the May-moon's yellow beam.
 Oh here, upon this moss-grown wall,
 Another year, another May,
 I saw this same sweet moonlight fall
 On me and Leila Grey !

Cold lay her languid hand in mine,
 Pale, pale her face beside me shone ;
 ' Sweet Leila Grey, as I am thine,
 Say, say that thou art all mine own !'
 She smiled — she sighed, — ' Behold,' she said,
 ' Where from the church tower darkly thrown,
 The shadow of the cross lies spread
 By yon sepulchral stone.

' There, ere the May-moon comes again,
The hand that presses thine will lie ;
Before the reaper cuts the grain,
The death-mist will o'ercloud my eye.
But oh, dear Willie, do not weep,
For I am weary, weary here !
And fain beneath yon cross would sleep,
Before another year !

' But when another May returns,
And through the oriel of the church,
The golden moonlight dimly burns,
And lights the tassels of the birch ;
When yonder maple by the tower,
Stands blushing like a virgin bride,
Oh come, dear Willie, at this hour,
And seat thee by my side !'

Sweet Leila ! I obey thy call ;
The May-moon lights the tasseled birch,
And I upon the moss-grown wall,
Am sitting near the gray old church ;
The shadow of the cross is thrown,
Where gleams a marble tablet now —
'T was all the same twelve months ago —
But Leila, where art thou ?

UNDER THE MAYSTICK.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE A. JERAULD.*

THERE was a sound of happy voices and merry laughter in front of old Moses Callendar's cottage ; for a party of gay young girls was gathered beneath the broad shadow of its roof-tree, laden with May-sticks, one of which they were trying to place over the low porch of the humble domicile.

Two or three ineffectual attempts were made, but at length, one more agile than the rest gave a triumphant shout, the bough was firmly set, and the group departed, to perform the same important rite at their respective dwellings. Song, and laugh, and jest, passed from lip to lip ; the quick retort, the lively repartee were heard, and ever and anon a burst of silvery glee, the infallible token of Bessie Callendar's presence.

* This story was found among our friend's MSS. in a very unfinished state ; in fact, not even projected. As it was originally designed for our annual, we have thought proper to complete it, and present it as our united work. ED.

‘There goes the strange gentleman who is staying at the Golden Ball,’ exclaimed one of the number, as they leaned over the fence which separated the door-yard from the village road. ‘How handsome he is!’ and just as she made the remark, the object of it passed along, and touching his hat to the girls with habitual courtesy, went slowly on his way.

‘He must have heard you, Laura,’ said one of the more staid and serious of the party; ‘You spoke so loud, and he was very near!’

‘I can’t help it, if he did,’ was the reply. ‘It is extremely vexatious to be sure, but I dare say he was not offended at the compliment. I never knew a gentleman who was.’

‘Nor a lady, either, I’ll be bound!’ laughed Bessie Callendar. ‘But really,’ she added, more seriously, ‘I do not think it would be matter of any moment to this stranger. He looks very sad, and there is something in his melancholy smile, and in the sorrowful dignity of his manner, that awes me, giddy as I am. I am sure I could not be light or frivolous in his presence. I wonder who, what, or whence he is. I feel strangely interested in him.’

‘Indeed!’ cried Minna Gove, with a tragi-comic start, and mock gravity of voice and manner. ‘Well, then, if such is the case, I must give you

my small stock of information concerning this great unknown. Last night, old Dame Hall called at our house with her basket of roots and 'arbs and a well-seasoned dish of gossip. She had just come from the Golden Ball, where she had been pumping poor Mrs. Tenney about the new inmate. The gentleman is Mr. Kingsley, from the South. He is a widower, with one child; a beautiful, intelligent boy she says, but sickly, and dreadfully deformed; and his father is journeying about to benefit the child's health, and to dissipate, as much as possible, his own intense grief for the loss of his wife; for whom, though she has been dead these three years, he still mourns deeply. They had been married but little more than a year, and were fondly attached to each other. Mr. Kingsley is a native of New England, and has made a great fortune at the South. Having no ties there now, it is thought, if the climate agree with the little boy's health, he will take up his residence at the North. So much, and nothing more, do I know of his history.'

'All that you have said but confirms and deepens my interest,' replied Bessie, half-laughing, and yet not merry at heart, for a tale of sorrow had ready claims upon her sympathy. 'Good morning, girls! Call this evening, and tell me who comes under your Maysticks!' So

saying, after loitering a few moments over the dewy jonquils, pansies and daffodils that were blooming in the garden, she skipped gaily with her basket of wild Mayflowers into the cottage.

She had just finished her breakfast — for their walk had been before sunrise — and was wiping the coffee-cups, when a low rap was heard at the door. She ran to open it, and lo! within the porch, and directly *under the Maystick* stood Mr. Kingsley! She was too much surprised at seeing him, however, to take notice of this circumstance; and marveling what his errand could be, timidly invited him to enter. He declined.

‘I have a little sick boy at the inn,’ he said, ‘who is dearly fond of flowers. At this early season, it is difficult to find them; and I have had my eye, for a day or two, enviously fixed upon your garden. I dare say you will dislike to part with your favorites, but I will gladly pay you almost any sum for the few that you can best spare.’

‘Oh, most cheerfully will I part with the fairest of them to please a little child, especially if he be sick,’ exclaimed Bessie, eagerly. ‘I have some pretty ones in the house. Let me bring those first; or will you walk in, sir, and look at them?’

Mr. Kingsley followed her into the parlor; an

apartment humble and neat, with the broad window seats filled with blooming roses, pinks, and fragrant geraniums. Bessie culled the sweetest flowers from each, twined among them some sprigs of wild arbutus, and then ran into the garden for white daffodils, and beautiful large pansies. These she arranged with exquisite taste, and binding them up with a ribbon, placed them in a pretty moss basket she had constructed a few days before.

Mr. Kingsley was delighted with the gift — for gift Bessie would of course make it — and scarcely knew which was the most fresh and charming, the cottage maiden or her flowers.

‘Could you see little Fred’s face when this meets his eye, you would be repaid, I know,’ said Mr. Kingsley, rising to take his leave.

‘Is he too sick to leave the house?’ asked Bessie. ‘If he could come here and see my garden, perhaps it would give him pleasure.’

‘He is not quite well enough now, but as soon as he is better, I will certainly bring him; he would be charmed.’

‘I will gather a boquet for him every morning,’ said Bessie, growing every minute more and more interested in the child — perhaps, also, in the father.

‘Thank you! and I will call every morning

and receive it,' replied Mr. Kingsley, smiling more cheerfully than usual as he departed.

Bessie's interest in the stranger was now fully awakened, and she longed to see his little sick, unfortunate boy.

Every morning she was 'up with the lark,' despatching her household affairs that she might have everything in order when Mr. Kingsley called; for he was soon so familiar, that he entered kitchen, pantry and washroom in search of her. She was the youngest child of a large family, all of whom were married and dispersed save herself, and one brother who took care of the farm. She kept her father's house alone; and a tidier housekeeper was not to be found in the village.

Old Moses was a silent, broken down old man, who spent his whole time in spring and summer, fussing about in the garden, pulling up weeds, and training shrubs and flowers. Bessie, accordingly, had the neatest and thriftiest garden in the village; a circumstance which she considered more than ever fortunate, since it had brought her so interesting an acquaintance.

At the end of a week, little Freddy was able to pay her a visit. He was never so happy in his life. Bessie contrived a thousand things to amuse him; gave him the sweetest bread and butter and milk he had ever tasted; brought him little rabbits

and kittens to play with ; drew him in his little wagon with the father to help, all about the green yard, among the bees and roses, sung her prettiest songs to him, and fairly made him forget all his weaknesses and pains.

Friendship was now fairly established between the Kingsleys and the Callendars. Little Freddy cried every day to visit the cottage, and every day went crying away. This pained the father's feelings so much, that he begged Bessie to give the little fellow a home there. She consented, with more readiness than she was willing should appear ; for did not her conscious heart whisper that she would have consented to almost any arrangement that would bring Mr. K. to the cottage often, and detain him long.

That Freddy's health improved rapidly under the care of his young nurse, was too apparent for the most unobserving to deny. And then he was so happy, so full of frolic and play, so changed from the little pale moaning thing that his father was obliged to bring all the way from Mobile in his arms, that it did not seem possible the two little forms could have been the same. Mr. Kingsley insisted that there was something magical in the atmosphere of the cottage ; for not only was Bessie's voice and laugh the sweetest and most gleesome in the world, but little Fred had caught

the same tones, and he himself felt a lightness of heart, such as he had not believed it possible he could ever again experience.

He might well talk of a magical influence! What else could keep him a full hour every night at the cottage, after Freddy was fast asleep? What else could have chased the gloom from his brow, and brightened his face with smiles? Was he in love with Bessie Callendar? Let us inquire.

He thought her charming the first time he ever saw her. Her face was so bright and happy, it seemed to penetrate, like sunshine, into his soul. As his acquaintance with her increased, his interest gradually deepened. There was something so entirely new to him in the freshness and buoyancy of her spirits; something so cheerful in her presence, so inspiring in her laughter. Her very health seemed to charm him. He had been accustomed to the society of ladies whose attractions consisted in delicate languor and graceful indolence. Bessie was all vivacity and playfulness; she would 'charm the savageness out of a bear,' with the heartiness of her mirth, and the gentleness of her demeanor. But of all things, her kindness of heart most deeply touched him. Could he see little Fred's face grow rosy with health and joy, and not bless the spirit that had

so daintily ministered unto him? Could he notice unfeelingly the delicacy with which she glided into his own 'darker musings, and stole away their sadness ere he was aware?'

He compared her in his thoughts with the wife he had mourned so long. They were so unlike, he almost reproached himself with infidelity to the latter in allowing her image to be displaced from his thoughts by the gay and simple-hearted Bessie. The one was all refinement, sensibility, and fragility; the other full of gay good-nature, and as fresh from Nature's school as the birds that sang upon her roof-tree. When he was young, happy and light-hearted, he felt that he could have loved Mary most, sympathizing as she did with his deeper nature, and corresponding to all his dreams of refined and educated woman; but now, when his heart had been saddened by her death, there was something in the very unlikeness of Bessie that soothed and cheered his spirits. He felt that she alone could make life appear to him as it did in earlier years; that with her beauty, and innocence, and freshness around him, he could forget the sorrows in whose shadow he had dwelt so long, and lead a simpler and perhaps happier life than he had ever lived before.

One evening after Bessie had lulled Freddy to

sleep with his favorite ballad of the Children in the Wood, Mr. Kingsley, as was his custom, lingered still in the parlor. Minna Gove, who had been sitting there a while, rose to take her leave.

‘Do you remember, girls, the first time I ever saw you both?’ said Mr. Kingsley, placing himself between them, and leading them out to the porch.

‘On May morning, was it not?’ asked Bessie.

‘And what were you all so merry about?’

‘Oh, the Maystick! the Maystick!’ cried Minna. ‘Dear me, Bessie, I never to this moment have thought to ask you who came under your Maystick. La! do see! there it hangs still, like a withered hope.’ She pointed up to the drooping and crispy bough above their heads.

‘And what is the meaning of the Maystick?’ inquired Mr. Kingsley. ‘I have been absent from New England so long I have forgotten its rural customs. Say, Bessie, what is this mystery?’

Bessie blushed deeply, but would not explain. ‘I appeal to Minna, then. What has ‘coming under the Maystick’ to do with a young lady’s fate?’

‘Why bless me, Mr. Kingsley, have you passed under Bessie’s so often, and not yet found out? why it has *everything* to do with her fate;

for the first man who passes under it will surely be her husband. So tell us, Bessie, who is your fortunate swain?’

‘You had better ask that question of me,’ said Mr. Kingsley, laughing, yet stealing a gentle glance at Bessie’s too conscious face.

‘What a silly thing to do!’ said Bessie. ‘I will never be guilty of such foolishness again!’

‘Very wise in you!’ cried Minna, laughing, as she sprang out of the porch, and looked back at her with a mischievous glance. ‘I dare say there will be no occasion for it!’

When she was out of sight, Mr. Kingsley took hold of Bessie’s hand, and drew her a few steps back, directly under the bough.

‘It seems, then, that I have a claim on you, sweet Bessie. I came first under your Maystick, did I not? I believe in the omen, since it prophesies so clearly the very event my heart most ardently prays for. Answer me under the Maystick, Bessie. Will you be my wife?’

The moon, golden and round, poured in its light through the vine leaves upon the cottage maiden’s face. Tears were swimming in her mild blue eyes.

‘Oh, if I could make you *happy*, my friend; if I could be a good and faithful guardian to your little Freddy; if — if —’

‘*If* you love me, dearest! I will hear no if but that!’

‘I *do* love you!’

‘Then both Freddy’s and my happiness is confirmed; for do we not both love you better than anything else in life?’

The vows so tenderly plighted in the old porch, under the Maystick, were confirmed a few weeks later by marriage. Mr. Kingsley bought a fine farm in the neighborhood, to the cultivation of which he devoted his quiet years. He chose this life because he thought it the most congenial to Bessie’s character; and he wished to preserve the freshness and simplicity that had at first charmed him. Though very rich, compared with their neighbors, Bessie still dressed in her simple muslins, and wore flowers instead of jewels on her bosom. Though younger, healthier, and better formed children surrounded her — children that had sprung from her own being — she watched over none more tenderly, she loved none more dearly than her poor deformed Freddy. She made his brief life a happy one; and when he died, his father laid his hands on her head and blessed her for her cares with such a blessing as never left her heart, or slumbered in her memory, through one day in her long and busy life.

Mr. Kingsley grew every year more in love

with his joyous-hearted young bride, and forgot, entirely, the sorrows that once oppressed him. His garden is bright on every May-day with jonquils, daffodils, and pansies; and his children yearly renew the maple bough over the porch; so that daily, with an habitual remembrance of his good fortune, he often passes and repasses UNDER THE MAYSTICK.

AFFECTION'S MISSIVE.

BY MISS E. J. WOODMAN.

THOU hast been sick, and I could not be near thee,
 To lay my hand upon thine aching head.
 By the sweet past I know no voice could cheer thee,
 Like mine, whose tones are music, thou hast said.

Who smoothed thy pillow, brought the draught of healing,
 Whispered of hope whene'er thine eye grew dim ?
 Whose prayer for mercy, through the hushed air stealing,
 Followed the softly-plaintive evening hymn ?

Through the still night-watch, though not unattended,
 Lone were thy virgils, sad thine aching heart ;
 Our thoughts so long in closest union blended,
 Wander like widowed rangers when we part.

Oh, never, never, in thine hour of sorrow
 Again mayst thou be left to stranger care !
 Flee to me, love, and pain itself shall borrow
 Hope's flexile wing to speed its murmured prayer.

And I will watch beside thee, wearied never,
So that thy gentle eyes can read in mine
The love that shall abide with thee forever,
True as that faithful, trusting heart of thine.

CONDITION OF AN ANCIENT AUTHOR.

BY PHILIP H. SEARS.

An article of Macauley's, led us, not long since, to reflect on the comparative advantages enjoyed by the ancient and the modern author; and a few of our reflections on this subject, interspersed with much, indeed, that has been borrowed from Macauley, we propose to present in the following remarks.

IN some respects, it is true, the author's condition remains unchanged in every age, but there are not a few important points, in which the respective conditions of an ancient and modern author are materially different, and the effect of this difference may be easily traced in the distinctive peculiarities of ancient and modern literature.

To open the way in the field of authorship, and to erect the landmarks and rear the first monuments of literature, was the especial privilege of antiquity. The earliest writers had no sources from which to draw but the sources of their own genius; and accordingly, whatever they wrote, was, of necessity, original both in matter and style.

But their successors, on the contrary, have been tempted not a little to borrow from the treasures already existing, and, even when not doing this in reality, they can hardly escape all appearance and imputation of it. Homer writes his great Epic, and all the world laud his originality; but the epic ground is thus preoccupied, and every thing that subsequent writers may say on similar subjects, the loyal critic will be sure to find in the Iliad.

There are, however, apart from this, some important reasons, why the earlier author should, in fact, write with the greater merit. The writers of later times are apt to take their views of nature more from books than from the original source, and the impressions, which nature actually gives them, are always tinged, in a degree, by the influence of previous reading. But the primitive author looked upon nature through no such discolored medium; his eye, untinged by the influence of others, dwelt directly upon the original, and his sketches, therefore, taken at once from the face of nature, bear the genuine marks of fidelity and truth. Immediate sympathy, too, with their own chosen subject and method, has given the productions of the ancients a freshness of spirit and vividness of expression, to which no mechanical imitations of after times can pretend.

Nor was the want of critical rules for guidance, and standard models for imitation, any real disadvantage.

The ancient orator and poet worked after models and principles, suggested by their own minds, and were able to accomplish, probably, nobler results than if they had brought the course of their genius into forced accordance with the soundest canons of Aristotle. Equally well fitted to cherish the tendency to original conception, and lively sympathy, and poetic feeling, was the peculiar state of society in which the earliest authors appeared.

The first fermentation of the social elements had not subsided, nor the present political order and harmony of states as yet arisen; interest was clashing with interest, — passion with passion, — and the earth still continued the arena of conflict for heroes and demi-gods. From whom, then, and when, if not from the men of genius in such an age, should we look for poetry, fraught with invention, and vivacity, and heroic fire?

But, again, the time of his birth denied to the ancient author the advantage of those practical inventions and arts, which the progress of improvement has since supplied for the service of literature. The first place, among these, is due to the art of printing, which has done more, perhaps, to change the face of society, in modern times, than

all other arts combined. Destitute of this mighty medium for spreading abroad the fruit of his labors, the ancient author was obliged to act the part of orator no less than writer. If he would exert an influence on his day and generation, his writings must be recited in the presence of the multitude, and, to gain a favorable hearing, they must be graced with the ornaments of rhetoric and the attractions of eloquence. Accordingly, the father of history is scarcely less of a rhetorician than historian. To captivate the fancy, and win the plaudits of assembled Greece, he intersperses his narrative with legends of fiction and tradition, sketches his scenes with the bold freedom of romance, and enlivens his work throughout with the brilliant coloring of dramatic style.

From the same cause, the profound discussions of the Academy assume the form of familiar dialogue;—abstruse speculation is seasoned liberally with the charms of subtilty and skill, and the highest conclusions of philosophy are propounded with that lofty and kindling eloquence, which nothing but the contact of kindred souls can inspire.

There are presented in the modern drama not a few productions of exquisite workmanship, that are calculated only for silent perusal; but the ancient tragedian, certainly, for reasons already given, never wrote without express reference to

the cheers of the '*cunei*,' and his works are consequently, with scarcely an exception, stirring, impassioned, and eloquent.

But it is oratory proper, that exhibits strongest proofs of the power of this influence.

In the republics of antiquity, and especially at Athens, the museum, as it were, of ancient literature and art, every thing was just fitted, it would seem, to form and perfect the orator. With almost every breath, the Athenian youth drew in the inspirations of eloquence, and, at every corner, was reminded of the orator's importance. At Olympia, he listened to the elegant recitings of poetry and history; here in the shades of Academus, he was directed to the first Good and Fair, in strains of divinest eloquence, and there at the Lyceum, the subtilties of logic won his attention through the embellishments of rhetoric; today he hears the harangue of Pericles before the assembled freemen of Athens, and tomorrow, perhaps, sits a spectator at the representation of Sophocles or Aeschylus.

Dull were he indeed, if unaffected by influences like these.

The popular assemblies, again, of the ancient democracies, offered a most inviting field to the youthful orator, and administered constant stimulus to his ambition and efforts: the people, too,

just arrived at that pitch of civilization, which disposes to quick and powerful impressions, were eager for excitement, and ready to nourish, with their sympathy, the speaker's enthusiasm, and to bow in submission to the sway of his eloquence.

Together with all these advantages, the ancient orator had, still further, merely to convince and persuade his immediate audience;—he felt no anxiety about subsequent readers, nor fear for the scrutiny of critics, but yielding freely to all the influences of the place and occasion, he poured forth the impetuous torrent of eloquence, that sprang at once from the feelings of the moment. After the occasion was passed, he might, at leisure, apply to his work the polishing hand of labor and care, and so embalm, for succeeding ages, the inspirations of momentary enthusiasm in the imperishable forms of patient and consummate art. Under favoring influences, like these, and with a physical temperament, the choicest that nature can give, and the command of a language, for expressiveness and elegance without a rival, it is little matter of wonder that the illustrious orators of Athens displayed a power of eloquence, which is the admiration of the world.

In almost every respect, the condition of the modern orator is, beyond comparison, inferior.

His education, in the first place, is acquired more from the plodding study of the closet than from the quickening instructions of the living master, and the subsequent influences of society are, by no means, eminently favorable to the cultivation of eloquence. The importance, once belonging to the orator, the art of printing has now transferred to the writer. The modern oration is designed, accordingly, not so much for those who may listen to it, as for those, who shall afterwards read it, and the speaker, hence, finds it for his interest to check all those strong emotions and sudden bursts of enthusiasm, which sympathy with his audience might inspire, and to preserve that coolness or tameness, which will better comport with the calmness of his readers. Thus, therefore, that which constitutes the very soul of eloquence, is, in a great measure, lost.

Nor are the polish and elegance of ancient oratory preserved any better; for the orations, delivered in these days, are sent abroad, for the most part, from the imperfect notes of the reporter, and without the finishing touches of the author; and hence we look in vain for anything worthy of comparison with the master-works of antiquity.

The necessities, experienced in the want of the art of printing, were productive of some other important advantages to ancient literature. Hero-

dotus, reciting his history before the gathered tribes of Greece, is careful to treat every matter of internal dispute or dissension with a guarded impartiality, and to preserve himself free from all party bias. Thucydides, having no end to subserve in his own time, and expecting only the wise and cultivated few for his readers, makes his statements, to all appearance, as fairly, as if each circumstance were weighed in the scales of Olympus.

But since the press has given to books such a mighty power over the public mind, the historian has come, at length, to write in vindication of favorite opinions, and for the furtherance of sectarian and party ends. Hume, and Mitford, and Gibbon, are at hand in confirmation of this, and we might add, perhaps, to the list, an eminent historian of America.

One point more must not be omitted in this connection. The works of the ancient author were designed for circulation among merely the few, who were learned and affluent; the hopes of gain had, therefore, with him but little influence, and he manifests, accordingly, nothing of that mercenary spirit, so characteristic of authors, who write for their daily bread. He wrote not to flatter vulgar prejudices, or secure popular favor, but for lasting fame among the wise and

great, and from this source as well as from the exquisite taste of antiquity, arises that pure and lofty air, which pervades and ennobles ancient literature. The utilitarian spirit of modern times, on the other hand, reappears in literature. The full half of modern authors write only for the populace, and betray all of their groveling and plebeian spirit. But the popularity of such writers is, happily, but short-lived: they may dazzle the vulgar for an hour, but will not shine, like the great lights of antiquity, for the study and admiration of age after age.

From all that has been said, it may be fairly concluded, that the circumstances of antiquity were peculiarly favorable for productions of creative genius, and taste, and eloquence; that they were, too, by no means hostile to the sciences of pure philosophy and logic, which are concerned exclusively with the principles of simple reason, is sufficiently apparent from the works of Plato and Aristotle; but it is a fact, we think, equally certain, and no less easy of proof, that the modern author has a decided advantage in all the departments, which require extensive observation or profound feeling.

The physical sciences, particularly, are, in their very nature, progressive; they advance by successive inductions from experience, and must,

consequently, from the necessity of the case, appear more perfect in later times.

In the philosophy of history also, the ancients can scarcely compare with the moderns. The authors of Greece, from whatever cause, seem to have thought of no nation but their own ;—those of Rome, of none but their own and Greece, and, in consequence, the Greek and Roman historians, though they describe most admirably the peculiar form of human nature and society obtaining among them, and the probable conduct of men under the like particular circumstances, are yet totally deficient in those broad views, which apply to human nature in all situations and circumstances.

The condition of modern Europe, on the other hand, divided, as it is, into numerous independent states, yet all connected, more or less, by the ties of a common religion, of commercial intercourse, of international law and mutual alliance, offers for the philosophic historian advantages altogether unknown to antiquity, and that they have not been unimproved, may be seen in Hume, and, still more, in Herder, Niebuhr and Guizot. In the works of master-hands, like these, the broadest principles of human action are unfolded—the particular and the universal, the transient and the eternal are distinguished with striking clearness, and man is exhibited in his unity and

variety, in his essential nature and accidental modifications.

To the same source also, from which this philosophical character of history is derived, the modern sciences of political economy, political ethics and international law, owe mainly their origin and growth.

But it is, above all, to the Christian religion, that the crowning excellencies and true distinction of modern literature are justly attributable.

Christianity has brought into operation new causes and influences ; it has developed elements of our nature, before scarcely suspected, and especially has quickened the action of its deepest and noblest principles.

For the mental philosopher, it has opened a view into the mysteries of the soul, which Plato sought after in vain. Under its precepts, a fabric of ethical and theological lore has arisen, to which antiquity offers nothing analogous. The lyric bard has drawn from its fountains, an inspiration more potent than draughts from Parnassus and Helicon; and to the tragic poetry of Christendom, though wanting the exquisite art of the Grecian drama, it has given, still, a depth of insight into man's passions and motives, into his weakness and strength, and an intensity of earnestness, that impress the spectator with power

and interest, unparalleled in the previous history of the stage.

But to pursue the subject no farther, the conclusion, we think, is fully warranted, that the ancient author's condition was much better fitted for efforts of art, and fancy, and eloquence, than for works requiring comprehensive grasp of thought, or tragic depth of passion and sentiment.



The Watcher by the Sea

THE WATCHER BY THE SEA.

LONELY, Orena haunteth
 The rocky ocean strand ;
 Her long hair streaming o'er her neck,
 And wild flowers in her hand.

Why art thou, Maiden, watching
 The blue sea's utmost verge ?
 To see the light come riding in
 Upon the snowy surge ?

To see the petrel skimming
 The deep-blue rolling wave ?
 Or the dolphin gliding slowly
 To its coral-rifted cave ?

Or is it but the cloud-shape —
 The gold and crimson blaze
 Soft sailing thro' the mirrored sky,
 That wins thine earnest gaze ?

Too sad thy dark eye's beauty
To rest on things like these ;
Thou art waiting for some coming sail
To swell upon the breeze.

Thou art watching for the lover,
Far distant o'er the sea,
Whose painted image on thy breast
Is worth the world to thee.

Poor Maiden ! watch no longer ;
A fairer bride has won
All the fervent warmth and brightness
Of thy heart's long-worshiped sun.

And thou, like that frail wildflower,
Wilt droop and fade away,
Without the Christian woman's hope,
In suffering, to pray !

REGENERATION AND FAITH.

BY JOHN M. EDGARTON.

THE terms Regeneration, Faith, and the like, have lost their primitive significance by their connection with an erroneous theology. Error taints even the language of error. And this is true, especially, of terms denoting changes in our spiritual nature.

It is the fault of theological systems chiefly, that the vocabulary of moral terms has been corrupted. Their frequent use in an indefinite, and often mysterious sense, has destroyed their original force, and made them mere cant expressions. To most minds they have no significance at all. The mere mention of the terms has become repulsive. And the mysterious change in the moral nature of man, which they are meant to indicate, is sufficient evidence to minds generally, of their utter absurdity. Men are slow to believe in mysteries. They believe in law, and

this they hold to be the reasonable limit of their credulity.

But divested of their borrowed mystery, the terms we are considering are significant, merely, of true spiritual laws ; laws which are intelligible to us all, and recognized, in a thousand different ways, every day of our lives. There is nothing mysterious but what men make so. If we were conversant with the higher laws of spirit, all mystery and all miracle would be done away. The exceptions to natural laws of which we take account, are not indeed exceptions. Nature never thwarts herself. Nor do the laws of spirit intercept each other. There are no anomalies in the realms of mind. The miracles we believe in are the result of our ignorance. A clearer insight would discover them to be mere spiritual phenomena, resolvable into spiritual laws.

But the new birth, so mystically alluded to by the convert to fanatical doctrines, is a fact of our own experience, and, examined by the light of a calm philosophy, is found to result from the operation of a very natural law, appreciable by us. It loses its mystery at once, and remains a simple fact, indicating the soul's capacity for growth. The soul, in development, experiences a constant succession of new births. Every enlargement of the mind sheds a light upon the

spirit, which enkindles it anew. Regeneration is not momentary and complete, but endlessly cumulative; repeating itself partially with the accession of every new truth, and the upbreathing of every pure thought. It comes to us with the breath of morning, and the dew of evening; whenever nature thrills us with its beauties or its melodies. The sabbath, with its sacred associations, and solemn ordinances, is a regeneration to us. The tones of the organ, and the voice of eloquence, inspire us anew. But our inspiration is partial. The depths of our nature have not yet been sounded. The religious sentiment within us has scarcely revealed itself. It awaits the conception of that great truth, which shall make us feel what we have long thought we believed, that *there is a God*; and that his presence is everywhere; so that we cannot touch a hair of our heads, and say, God is not present there; for there is the centre of his spirit, whose circumference is nowhere.

The conception of this truth as a reality, is the date of a great moral change in our being. A bright light encircles us as it did Paul, at the time of his conversion. A new earth and a new heavens are revealed to our vision, for the old earth and heavens are passed away. Nature becomes radiant with a new beauty. The stars

shine brighter by night, the sun by day beams forth with a diviner glory, the airs of heaven are fresher, and the songs of the birds and brooks are sweeter than before. The outgushings of the spirit have entranced the senses, and we live in a dream of ecstasy. Yet it is not a dream, but a bright reality. A new truth has dawned upon us, and our lives are adapted to its beams. Are they any the less real? Day followeth night; is it not therefore day?

This change in our moral nature is the result of feeling what we before but indifferently believed. When our belief strengthens into a reality, we experience a conversion. But the conversion is no mystery. It is the adjusting of the spirit to a higher life by the simple law of growth. By the admission of new truths, our spiritual vision widens; a new horizon bursts upon our view, by virtue of our eminence.

To the untrained intellect, this new breadth of vision has something marvelous in it. It is at once attributed to a divine illumination, and the devotional element, untamed by reason, breaks out in fits of fanaticism. Not so the rational conversion. It courts concealment, and cannot bear the rude gaze of the world. It even counterfeits, that it may remain unseen. It is the false conversion that blabs, makes prayers at

the corner of the streets, and is followed at last by a relapse. The true conversion hates society and cities. It loves the fields and woods, communes secretly with nature, and retires to the mountains to pray. Once truly enkindled, the spirit never retroverts, but renews itself endlessly; inhaling life with every new thought, as the body inhales odors with its breath.

There is no grosser misconception of a moral law, than that which makes regeneration brief and entire. The soul is never completely renewed. Utter renewal is death; for our capabilities are then exhausted; and the germ of life is its perpetual influx and development. Viewed in this light, regeneration is the highest pledge of an immortal life. The exhaustless capacities of the soul mock the meagre heritage of a mortal existence, and claim kindred with the stars in duration. Men would be but splendid prodigies, were this life the goal of their destiny; and nature be guilty of a grand inconsistency, had she bestowed upon beings of an ephemeral nature, faculties for endless improvement. If we follow out the delicate unfoldings of the spirit, and observe the intricate ties which weave its laws in harmony together, we shall be borne, as by a pleasant dream, into the bosom of eternity.

This beautiful order of the spirit's movements

can only be seen by tracing through the web of consciousness, those subtle ties which communicate with the heart and nature ; stealing, each, a secret influence from the flower and the star, and from the woes and happiness of men extracting a secret strength. But though the ethereal elements and delicate affinities of the soul distract our inquiry into its hidden resources, the soft mingling of its confluent forces, all blending into one, make it plain whither the courses of our being tend. If there be design in the soul's construction, we cannot mistake its destiny. But denying this progressive energy of spirit, and making regeneration the sudden change which transports us from earth to heaven, our hopes are exhausted, and maturity threatens us with decay. Life becomes abortive, and immortality problematical. This promise of the soul's duration, perpetual renovation, now becomes the pledge of its utter extinction, and dwarfs the spirit to no unfit proportion to its mortal pilgrimage. From this false idea of regeneration, its mystic sense is derived. The true idea is neither complex nor mysterious.

A similar misapprehension of the term faith, has led to its misuse, until its original significance is lost. It is applied specifically to a belief in certain dogmas and creeds, and is thus involved in mystery. But faith is not a specific, but a

general term, applicable alike to every form of belief. Faith in God, and faith in man, is the same faith with different objects. We cannot say to this man, 'Your eye is dim, therefore it is no eye;' or to that man, 'Your short-sightedness is blindness.' His vision may be as clear as mine within a certain scope; nor does it follow, that my sight differs from his, because I see objects at a greater distance.

When we cease to talk of *the* faith, and speak of faith simply, we have a meaning. The term in its right use, is all significant. Faith is the proper measure of moral power; the condition of every voluntary act. The lifting of a finger, or the closing of an eyelid, is impossible as a voluntary act, if faith be wanting. We act because we believe, and we are strong in proportion to our belief.

The reluctant man is but half himself. He never measures his task by his means, but looks on failure from the outset. To such a man, the man of faith works miracles every day. While the other stands aghast at the magnitude of the design, *he* employs his skill in executing the work, and his hands strengthen in the task. Doubt doubles on the unbeliever at every step, and his work multiplies in magnitude. Between him and the man of faith there is no just measure

of comparison. They stand together like the pigmy and the giant, though the former be the taller by a head.

Men measure the capacities of other men, and say, this man has more and that man less ability. But the inference is seldom correct; for no account is made of the doubts of the weaker man, and faith shall make him stronger by half. The possibilities of men are seldom realized for the lack of this vital principle. They reveal themselves piecemeal, and are never aware of their own powers, until they are brought out by some emergency.

Full faith destroys emergencies by making us, at all times, the possessors of our true strength. It never measures itself by what others have done, but reposes upon its own illimitable resources. It conforms to no dull usages. It outgrows forms. Full faith expresses itself in original action. Small faith never proceeds beyond imitation. It follows, but never leads. What my neighbor has done, I can do, is the unbeliever's theory. But he is never sure of doing even that. He cleaves to old customs and calls every new project chimerical. His posture in society is retreating. He ventures nothing, though every act of his life is a hazard. He is never disappointed, for he reckons on defeat beforehand.

Such a man capitulates to his doubts in every noble enterprise, and performs reluctantly whatever calls for resoluteness and zeal.

The world is full of such men, partially reformed. They are rather tame caricatures than real men. Their characters have no bold outlines. Every feature is seen through a haze. And we seek in vain to compensate this want of faith. It has no compensator. Talent and education are powerless, innocence and art can do nothing, without this vital principle to give them force. Some men we see buffeting circumstances all their days, never surmounting and subduing them. Their lives are a series of failures from the outset. Other men are strangers to circumstance. Every thing has the regularity of law to them. And a succession of victories attends their efforts to the last. This difference is always resolvable into degrees of faith, for this principle fully inculcated will secure a man against the possibility of ultimate failure.

Belief in bodily strength gives a new vigor to our nerves, and we sow, and reap, and gather grain, and our fatigue does not alarm us. Belief in fate will summon our efforts to a particular end. Alexander and Napoleon bestrode the world because they believed they were destined to. Had this belief failed them, they would have been

as powerless as other men. The gathering of the Jews at Palestine, at some future day, will illustrate this truth more clearly.

Perseverance in any enterprise, is faith made active. We believe in mental power, and the difficulties of science are removed from us. We study physics, and chemistry, and the higher mathematics, and begin to appreciate the extent of our capabilities. So faith in spiritualities redoubles our moral strength. Convince me that the Infinite dwells around me with an all-pervading presence, that his spirit envelopes me like the atmosphere, hidden only by some silken screen from our bodily vision, and neither time nor circumstance can move me. With a prospective spirit I will change the woes of today into the anticipations of future bliss, and blend heaven and earth together in the landscape of my dream. Old age can never trouble me. Immortality is the life I am now living. Nature, too, has experienced a grand transformation. Everything breathes with the spirit of its author. Dust and sand are to me as suns and systems, for I worship not the God of stars and worlds, but of hairs and sparrows.

In this analysis, we ascribe no unnatural power to the principle of belief. Faith is not cumulative, but residual force. It gives us no new power, but

reveals that which we already have. The latent power within us, is sufficient to work miracles if it could be brought and applied. And faith is the condition of its revelation. It is the poor estimate men place upon human possibility, which makes them attribute to faith a supernatural power. The powers of a good man are scarcely limited. His soul ebbs and flows like the sea, reflecting heaven in its depths. The bad man's soul never undulates. It is a muddy lake, reflecting no form of nature. To the good man, faith opens a new field of vision, infinitely more broad and real than that which encumbers the senses; a view of the spirit world. It enlarges life to infinitude, by adjusting the present into a range with the future life, and sees no actual break in the changes which accompany form. Before the good man's vision materialistic forms die away, or become crystallized spirit; and everything reasonable becomes real, whether embodied in matter or idealized in the soul.

Nor is this a fancy picture merely, which faith confirms to the soul, but a plain reality; more real than earth and water, sunlight and shower; for these the senses reveal to us, and the senses deceive. A man who has been shut out from a view of nature from infancy, on first looking at a landscape through a window, will see objects as

though they were painted upon the glass. His practical judgment only can dispose them in their proper places. So reason builds up a world of spirits from the pictures of fancy, and faith makes them a reality to us. Is reason or sense to be first regarded?

Spirit is life-giving, active, transgressing and subduing form. It goes abroad over the earth, soars upward to the stars, and beyond the stars, into telescopic scenes, and again returns to reside in the body. The senses are the passive playthings of nature, receiving her impressions with servile accuracy, and transmitting them to the spirit. The soul, receiving from the senses its dead forms, reproduces them animated. And nature becomes alive through the breathings of spirit. A new world thus breaks upon the good man's vision, born of his own soul, through faith in spirituality. In his retirement he visits that world, though he may buy and sell as other men.

The same faith that strengthened his hands in the labors of industry, now strengthens his heart in the trials of the spirit. He never loses a friend by death. He soars upward with, and accompanies his spirit to realms of bliss.

Nothing alarms us when we *believe* that God is everywhere. There is no miracle for us more. The descent of an angel does not startle us, for it

seems to be a very natural thing. If we are always in the presence of God, the appearance of his messenger will not move us.

If men knew the value of faith, they would cherish it carefully. It makes our being manifold by simply unfolding its elements. Makes us men who were before boys; virtuous who were before vicious, and expands life to infinitude through the conscious presence of the Infinite One.

Rescued from its vulgar meaning, the phrase 'Regeneration by Faith,' has a high significance. It marks the laws of increase by which the soul expands through eternity, elevating itself to higher scenes through the ordinary laws of its development. The proper adjustment of the soul to the outward world, will realize its meaning to us in its purest sense. God daguerreotyped in nature, and mirrored in the soul, blends in happy union there, with that lovelier image, the reflex of the Savior's life, and forms us into a nearer likeness to that. Thus, by successive steps, we attain to a higher appreciation of the Father of Spirits, the study of whose character shall be as a fount of holy influences for our ceaseless renovation.

UDOLLO.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

So sweet the fount of Thura sings,
 'T is said below a Maid there is,
 Who strikes a lyre of silver strings
 To spirit symphonies.

A Youth once sought that fountain's side,
 Udollo of the golden hair;
 He cast a garland in the tide,
 And thus invoked the Maiden there.

' Oh Maid of Thura, from thy halls
 Of gleaming crystal deign to rise !
 The golden-haired Udollo calls,
 And yearns to gaze within thine eyes.
 Fain would he touch that magic lyre
 Whose echoes he has heard above,
 And kindle every dulcet wire
 With an adoring, burning love.
 Come, Maid of Thura, from thy halls ;
 The golden-haired Udollo calls !'

‘ Youth of the flaming, lucent eye,
Youth of the lily hand and brow,
Udollo ! I have heard thy cry,
I rise before thee now !’

‘ Oh Maid with eyes of river-blue,
With amber tresses dropt with gold,
With foam-white bosom, veiled from view
Too closely by the rainbow’s fold ;
Oh Maid of Thura ! let my hand
Receive from thine the silver lyre ;
Athwart thy white arm, Iris-spanned,
I see one glittering, trembling wire !
That trembling wire I would invoke,
Ere to thy touch it cease to quiver ;
The strain by thy sweet fingers woke,
I would prolong forever !’

‘ Udollo, heed ! The mortal hand
That o’er that lone chord dare to stray,
Shall light a flaming, quenchless brand
To burn his very heart away.
Yet take the lyre ! and I thy flowers
Will wear upon my heart forever ;
That heart, henceforth, thro’ long, lone hours,
In silent woe must bleed and quiver !
Enough if thou, oh beauteous love,
Shalt find delight in Thura’s lyre ;
Thy hand mid all its strings may rove,
But oh, wake not the fatal wire !’

The youth, whose eye with rapture glowed,
Quick seized the lyre from Thura's hand;
How silent at that moment flowed
The Fountain o'er the listening sand!
Upon his coal-black steed he leapt,
Struck gaily through the ringing wood,
And as he went he boldly swept
His lyre to every passing mood.

But hark! a low sweet symphony,
Rose softly from the charmed wire;
Unlike all mortal harmony,
Unlike all human fire.
Hope, eager hope — love, burning love,
Desire, the pure, the high desire,
And joy, and all the thoughts that move,
Gushed wildly from that lyre!

And as Udollo's music died
Amid the columned aisles away,
That wondrous chord swelled far and wide
Its sweet and ravishing lay!
Still grew, at last, the trembling string;
Its wandering echoes back returned,
And round the lone chord gathering,
In visible glory burned!

But in Udollo's soul died not
The echoes of the golden strain;
A love — a woe — he knew not what,
Flamed up within his brain!

But never more his hand could wake,
By roving mid its sister wires,
The string whose symphony could shake
His spirit to its central fires !

But sometimes when, all calm above,
The moon bent o'er its gleaming strings,
A strain of soft, entrancing love
Waved o'er him like a seraph's wings.
And sometimes, when the midnight gloom
Allowed no wandering ray of light,
A deep, low music filled the room,
And almost flamed upon his sight.

And for this rare and fitful strain
He waited with intense desire ;
There centred, in delirious pain,
His spirit's all devouring fire.
As round one glowing point on high,
We sometimes mark th' electric light,
From the whole bosom of the sky,
In one bright, flaming crown unite,
So round that inward, fixed desire,
Concentred all Udollo's life ;
His dark eye glowed like molten fire,
Beneath the fevered strife.

One night, when long the lyre had slept,
Udollo's passion, like a sea
Of red-hot lava, madly swept
His soul on to its destiny.

In the deep blackness of the hour
When spectres walk, he seized the lyre,
And with a seraph's tuneful power,
Awoke the fatal wire!
Oh! Thura's Maid, where wert thou, then,
When mortal hand presumed to strike
The chords that only Gods, not men,
Have power to waken as they like?

A fire shot through Udollo's frame,
As shoots the lightning's forked dart;
It lit a hot and smothered flame
Within his deepest heart.
He felt it in its slow, sure path
Consume his quivering nerves away;
Oh, could he but have checked its wrath,
Or ceased that fearful strain to play!
His fingers, cleaving to the wire,
Had lost communion with his will;
Within him burnt th' Immortal Fire,
The Heart—the Life-Destroyer still!

Days, weeks and months whirled on, and on;
No hope by day, nor rest by night;
Only the same wild, frantic tone
Increasing in its woful might.
Intensely still, like lonely stars
Far off in some black crypt of sky,
Like Sirius, or like fiery Mars,
Glowed wild Udollo's eye.
His form to shadowy hue and line
Slow shrunk and faded, day by day;

He seemed like some corroded shrine,
Eaten by liquid fire away.

At last, in utter wreck and woe,
Back to the fountain's brink he crept, —
His golden hair — now white as snow —
Far down his bosom swept.

Silent the clouded waters flowed ;
The silver sand was washed away ;
No lily on its borders blowed ;
In lonely gloom it lay.

' Oh Maid of Thura ! hear my cry ;
Back to thy hands thy lyre I bring ;
Take it ! oh take it, ere I die,
For heart and soul are perishing !'

No form uprose, no murmur stole
Responsive from the gloomy tide ;
Hoarsely he heard the waters roll —
Faintly the low winds sighed.

He sank upon the fountain's brink ;
His hand fell listless on the wave ;
He heard the lyre, slow bubbling, sink,
Deep in its liquid grave.

The fire went out within his breast—
The tremor of his nerves was still;
As peacefully he sank to rest,
As a tired infant will.

A radiant bow of sun and dew,
Of blended vapors, white and red,
Up from the fountain's bosom flew,
And hung its beauty o'er his head.
And from the waves a strain uprose,
Delicious as an angel's song;
And this the burden at its close;—
'How sweet such dreamless, deep repose,
To those who sin and suffer long!'

THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

BY MRS. FRANCES MAYO CHESEBRO'.

HARRY H—— completed his theological studies at the age of twenty-four, with a mind richly stored with valuable truths, a spirit full of the holy work of doing good, and with a heart, moreover, not slightly tinged with the romance and poetry of life. As he entered upon his profession a thousand tongues were eloquent in their eulogies. His were indeed unusual talents, and nobly had he striven to cultivate and enrich them. One so universally admired was not long permitted to stand idle in the sacred vineyard. His fame having reached a neighboring city, great efforts were made to secure his talents there; but, from among the many entreaties that were daily urged upon him, how great was the surprise of the multitude when, selecting from them all the humble shepherdless church of L., he declared his intention of becoming their pastor.

The little village of L. lay snugly hidden among the Green Mountains. It was indeed pretty and rural enough to tempt any one to its delightful shades. It was just the spot for a *lover*, not only of nature and religion, but of a young creature who was to leave her city home to share the rambles, the pleasures, and laborious duties, of good Harry H——.

But the pleasant scenery of L. did not alone entice him to leave the 'din of town and city,' to make his home among its green woods and murmuring streams; although the thought was indeed refreshing, to be far away from the sounds of hurrying business, and to enjoy the deep, peaceful quiet of a country life.

The good people of L. had been long without a stated ministry; and a once large and prosperous church, comprising the entire inhabitants of the town, was fast falling into decay. Now and then a wandering preacher, happening to be among them, would collect the scattered flock, and in the spirit of true brotherly kindness, impart holy words to them from that deserted desk. Constant and hard labor, and few opportunities for enriching their minds, had made them almost heedless of the importance of intellectual refinement and culture. Their daily tasks were performed with industry, for they must needs strive

early and late, to gain comforts and conveniences ; and, not being fully impressed with the necessity of devoting even a small portion of their time to educating themselves, they continued toiling on in their occupations, and were at the time I now speak of, deeply fallen into ignorance and superstition.

Here, then, was a most fruitful field. To collect again that disorganized band, to raise them from their low ideas of life to a sense of its true value, to educate and refine their gross natures, and exalt their uneducated minds, to bring them into harmony and unison with the paradise around them, this was indeed a noble work.

Thus thought our good and zealous friend ; and no sooner did he thus reason, than with an ardent desire to do good, he waived all the many opposing opinions, and was decided upon his future course. It was truly a hard sacrifice for one so gifted to forego all the intellectual pleasures, all the social enjoyments of an admiring city, to spend the best portion of a life among minds so unsympathizing, and tastes and pursuits so uncongenial ; and we fear, the many difficult duties and trying hours that were in store for one who must submit to such a change, were not fully considered by a spirit so full of zeal and romance, as was that of Harry H——.

The kind-hearted people of L., when apprised of their sudden good fortune, were perfectly beside themselves with joy. The arrival of a young, talented minister, bringing with him a lovely wife ; to see their old parsonage again lighted up with hospitable fires, filled with sweet smiles and welcoming hearts, as it was wont to be ; to hear from that time-worn pulpit once more the voice of prayer and exhortation, all this filled them with the greatest happiness ; and many tongues blessed the good pastor who was so kind and unselfish as to come to their lonely homes to do them good.

But who was the favored being, the beautiful one, who was to become the wife and companion of our young clergyman ? Lizzy M. had, indeed, a lovely face ; but its beauty consisted more in the bright beaming look of intelligence, in the reflection of a vigorous mind, with persevering energy and action stamped upon the whole features, when in that tender womanly expression that beams through an eye of angel softness, and which reveals far more of the spirituality of the soul, than of the brilliancy of the intellect.

She was the daughter of a man of affluence, who had, during a prosperous life, amassed his large fortune by his own unwearied industry. Our heroine was the youngest of a numerous circle

of children that had been born to them, and when but a mere child, impressed all around her with the rareness and superiority of her natural abilities. Her parents early discovering the bent of her mind, and her excessive fondness for books and study, took pleasure in lavishing upon her all the means and opportunities for the cultivation of her rich powers, which their ample abundance could afford. Nor did she slight or neglect their kindness. Her love for knowledge increased as years gave her greater experience and discernment; and to enrich her mind, to excel in literary attainments, this one object engrossed her soul. It was the main aim for which she lived. All other things seemed worthless, when compared with this ruling desire.

Praiseworthy as were her exertions, she was too selfish in her eagerness to acquire learning, to make the pursuit of it worthy the energies of an intellect so rich.

As a miser hoards and delights to accumulate, for the mere purpose of possessing, without one wish to use his blessing to alleviate want and distress, with like avidity and design did she toil for knowledge. Shut up in her own little world of thought and beauty, she was too much absorbed, too happy to leave it, to seek out a path of usefulness, or even to bestow a pitying thought on the sorrows

and troubles of life. The mind had exerted a tyrannic rule over the heart, and all the beautiful virtues and graces of the one were left forgotten and uncultivated, that the other might hold undivided sway.

Reclining in her own home of luxury, how little did she know of the sorrowing, starving multitude that surrounded her. Had she not occasionally met want and poverty in her daily walks, she would hardly have known that it even existed. She had been taught, too, that it was the excess of vulgarity, extremely low-bred to stop to bestow alms on a street-beggar, or a hungry, famishing child. Yet she was not altogether unamiable. She possessed a heart, could it only have been cultured; strong and kindly affections, could they only have been brought out, and allowed to assert their claim. But it was the sad fault of her whole education to bring into action only a portion of the soul's powers, and to leave the remainder uncared for and neglected.

Harry H. had been attracted to her by the brilliancy of her finely cultivated mind. Just leaving his college companions who had so long shared his intellectual pleasures, with whom he had found such perfect congeniality of tastes, the thought was delightful, that he could take to his home, his heart, a friend with whom he could

ever find sympathy of feeling; one who could fully appreciate his choicest enjoyments; who could not only share with, but assist him in his studies; who could read with him, and understand the beauties of his favorite authors. The possession of such a being was, indeed, tempting, and no wonder with his little knowledge of woman, he should have been drawn towards Lizzy M. Before the first warm glow of admiration had ceased, he told her of his love and was accepted.

As time passed on, and their intimacy increased, and gradually ripened into confiding friendship, Harry would oft find the painful thought oppressing his mind, in spite of himself, that she who had ever been so hemmed in by luxuries, and the object of the tenderest care, who had known so little of the woes and sufferings of the poor, who had ever been taught that self claimed the only thought, how could she submit to this great change in circumstances and occupation? Would she not faint and grow weary, ay, yearn for those refinements and delicacies from which he had taken her? and would she be able to forget self, and become the ministering angel, the kind soother of pain, the comforter of the sick and dying?

To these feelings would he venture now and then to give utterance; but she, with all her delicious, but unreal dreams of their romantic little

Eden, would, for a time, allay his fears by faithful and tender assurances of her entire willingness, even desire, to take upon herself the duties that lay so thick and numerous before her. But what could she know of the difficulties and discouragements of a life of sacrifices, of self-denying action, spent among the poor and illiterate? She only thought of the delightful quiet of their country home, where, away from the sounds of business and strife, they could revel undisturbed in intellectual pleasures; and many were the charming but visionary plans she found herself devising for passing away the hours in study and in mountain rambles, listening to the murmuring streams, and the singing birds; but very few were the schemes her too selfish heart contemplated, of weary night watchings by the bedside of pain; of distress relieved, and sorrows mitigated. We will, however, lay aside our fears and doubts, and following our young friends to their rural retreat, there see for ourselves, how they succeed in their new and difficult school.

It was a beautiful summer's evening, when our clergyman, with his young bride, arrived at the pleasant little parsonage of L. The mild fresh air, the flowers and shrubbery laden with delicious fragrance, the warbling of birds among the trees, produced a most exhilarating effect upon their

spirits, and when they were set down at their own sweet little cottage, we do not wonder that they, in their enthusiastic admiration of the beautiful things around them, should imagine they were in an earthly paradise, a very Eden of beauty and loveliness.

Their rustic home had undergone thorough repairs, and an unusual taste and care had been displayed in preparing it for the reception of their new pastor. The smooth green lawn in front, the little garden so long neglected and overgrown with thorns and brambles, now disencumbered of all its rubbish and weeds, the vines and flowers that the good dames had twined so carefully and tastefully around the little porch and windows, all spoke of the kindly greeting with which they were received by the honest-hearted villagers.

The few days after their arrival, were passed pleasantly in arranging, and fitting up, according to their own taste and convenience, their cottage; and when these labors were completed, with what satisfaction did they survey their quiet home. They had retired, after a weary day's duties, into their snug little study, and throwing aside the snowy curtains, they seated themselves by the open window shaded by trailing vines, and from their full happy hearts spoke out all their joy.

‘Is not this delightful, Harry? Here we can

sit so quiet and still in the soft twilights, through the long winter evenings, undisturbed by the sounds of business, and living wholly in each other. We can here read, and study, and find sympathy in our tastes and enjoyments, and how rapidly shall we progress in all our literary plans.'

'Yes, Lizzy, we shall be very happy, and many peaceful hours, I trust, will be ours; but we must not shut ourselves too much up, must not become too much absorbed in our own enjoyments. We shall be often called from our favorite occupations to entertain our friends around us. I fear we shall have little time, for the present, to enjoy alone our intellectual pleasures. We must visit our neighbors, receive them at our home, and encourage a familiarity of intercourse with our flock. Would it not be better for us to lay aside, for a while, our books and music, and such like pursuits, and in good earnest go about the work of securing the confidence and love of our people?'

A shade, for the first time since their marriage, now passed over the brow of the young wife. 'It is not surely to be expected of us,' she said, 'that we are to be on intimate terms with the rude people around us. I am sure, I hope they will not often trouble us. If you perform your duty to them from the desk, they must needs be satisfied.'

Harry spoke long and earnestly to her, but was unsuccessful in making her a convert to his views and opinions. She could see no reason why they must sacrifice happy hours and congenial employments for the sake of making others (and those others rough and uncultivated) wiser or better.

The first Sabbath spent in the village of L. was, to our good pastor, a day of much anxiety. He felt how difficult a task was his. Strongly rooted views and superstitions were to be attacked, new tastes formed, and no wonder he almost despaired at the dark prospect before him. He entered the pulpit with an unusually serious heart, and as he looked around upon the numerous congregation, and saw with what breathless curiosity they awaited the first motion of his lips, a deeper sense of his responsibilities and duties rushed upon him than he had ever before felt. He had prepared for their hearing a plain, practical discourse, adapted to their capacities, and filled with pure, simple truths; and as he proceeded in the holy exercises, strength seemed given him; he grew more earnest, and his warm heart, beating with love and charity, poured forth its kindness in words and tones that touched the humble spirits around him, till their eyes grew dim with tears, and their souls thrilled with feelings and desires unknown to them before.

It was also a trying time for our heroine. The rustic worshipers, with all their simplicity and kindness of heart, each and all strove with the other in paying her marked respect.

The children pressed forward in the crowd to be the first to bestow their bouquet of marigolds and violets, expecting in return a look of love or smile of thanks. But their well-meant courtesies were not received in the spirit with which they were given. Their little kindnesses were at once converted by her into gross rudeness, and their joyous welcomes were met with a cold repulsion.

Harry noted this with a troubled heart. 'Ah!' thought he, 'it is even as I feared. Her intellectual soul can never be happy with these uncongenial spirits.'

Joining her at close of service, he soon relieved her from the attentions of the crowd; but the walk to their home was a silent one. Both felt embarrassed; neither cared to catch the other's eye. It had been a time of anxiety to both; to *one* a day of great disquietude. Not until the evening was gathering around them, and they had retired to their little study, did they speak of this first scene of their labors. Then was surely a time to throw aside all reserve; and they spoke out, freely and confidingly, their thoughts. Harry strove to forget all unpleasant circumstances con-

nected with the day, and spoke warmly of the satisfaction he now experienced, in the deep and heartfelt interest he had witnessed in his hearers, and of the courage and strong impulse that had been given to his soul, by that day's intercourse with his flock.

Lizzy listened with apparent composure, but was nevertheless vexed and irritated.

'Then you did not notice,' she said, 'the insults and rudeness to which I was exposed. Even my dress, simple as I thought it, caused me to become the object of the greatest curiosity. Did you not observe with what familiarity they greeted me, as if I was an old friend or acquaintance? I cannot very soon forget such marks of disrespect, and shall, for the future, expose myself as little as possible to their rude stare and insolence.'

'But, my dear Lizzy, you must not judge too severely their attentions, which were well meant, and given in true kindness of heart. We must endeavor to raise them from their grossness, and infuse into them some degree of refinement; and would it not be better not only to attire ourselves in the plainest manner, but bear with their deficiencies patiently, and meet them with friendly interest and regard?'

They continued their conversation till the stars came out, one by one, and covered the whole sky,

beaming down upon them with mildness and love; and, as the young wife gazed upon them, and looked out on the beautiful evening, still listening to the kind tones of Harry's voice, for the first time a feeling of shame and mortification stole over her. She was surprised that she could have been so childish, so unreasonable, and felt reproved by the gentle tones of her friend, as well as by the quieter, but not less audible voices that spoke to her from the bright heavens, the faintly murmuring stream, and the soft breathing of the air among the trees. 'I will strive to conquer this foolish pride, this unamiable spirit, indeed I will, dear Harry!' and the young bride bowed her head upon his bosom, to hide the crimson blush of self-reproach that lit up her whole face.

A short time after this conversation, Lizzy had been more than usually disturbed by visits from their neighbors; and nearly the whole day had been occupied in endeavoring to entertain and amuse her kind-hearted guests. It was truly a trying time for our heroine, who, adhering to her past resolution, was striving to make herself agreeable to them, by various little attentions and kindnesses.

Among her visitors was a poor widow, who occupied the little brown cottage at the foot of the hill, near the entrance to the village; and with her

was a pale, sick girl, who leaned for support upon the feeble arm that seemed itself to need the assistance from others it was so tenderly bestowing.

‘I have brought my poor daughter with me to see you, for we had heard how beautiful you was, and may be it will take her mind for a while from her pain, to sit and look at you. She has not walked as far as this for many months, and she is very poorly, marm: perhaps you could think of something that would help her;’ and she hastily brushed a tear away, as she, with all a mother’s pride, presented her sick daughter to the young wife.

Lizzy had not yet quite overcome her scruples as to familiarity, and she found it very hard to return the cordial grasp of their hands, and to greet them with a smiling look; and when this day was past, tired-out and discouraged, she retired to her bedchamber, and relieved her weary, sad heart by a copious gush of tears. Here she was joined by her husband, who had hastened to her, anxious to hear of her success in her new sphere, and who was greatly pained to see her so disheartened and disturbed.

‘Come, Lizzy, and sit by me in our little study, and tell me all you have passed through this day.’ The kind tone of his voice aroused her, and quickly she was seated by his side.

‘Now confide to me all this day’s trials;’ and she told him how much she had striven to make her visitors happy; how she had wearied herself devising ways to divert and please them; ‘but oh Harry! I have not succeeded. I met them with an extended hand, showed them my flowers, talked to them of my books, sung to them my sweetest songs, led them to our Library, and offered its contents for their perusal, but they answered me only with a stare of astonishment. They did not seem to understand my simplest conversation, but continually forced me to listen to accounts of their dairies, their kitchen affairs, their children, and a thousand things I could not interest myself in; and that pale, invalid girl — I loved her, she looked so sweet and gentle; and I drew her towards me, and tried to divert her thoughts from herself; but I can never forget how sad she looked when she bade me ‘good night.’ I felt that I had not riveted her heart; I had not given her one word of encouragement. She seemed afraid of me, and shrunk from my cold shake of the hand to her mother’s side, as if for protection. I can never teach them to love me; oh! I never can do them good or make them happy.’

Harry felt there was much truth in her remarks, for if he had not had another’s courage

to strengthen, another heart to support, he would, himself, almost have despaired of accomplishing his cherished plans of teaching them to appreciate and enjoy high and noble things. But he consoled and comforted her, and they sat long together, devising schemes, and forming plans for the improvement and happiness of their friends.

Many such trials did our young clergyman and wife have to meet during the first few years of their residence in the little village of L.; yet they did not wholly despair, but continued their arduous labors with heart that fainted not, and hands that were not soon weary.

We will pass over the space of five years, and again enter the little study of the parsonage of L. Harry and Lizzy are seated as they were wont to be, in the shade of the beautiful vines and shrubbery that twine around their windows, and are, as usual, earnest in conversation. A few years has wrought some few changes upon them, for the blooming fair face of the young wife wears a paler look, as if anxious, trying hours had been hers; but she has a happier, calmer expression, and her eye seems softer and more gentle, as if the soul had bathed it in its own pure fount. 'Harry, I have come to you with a plan of mine, and ask your assistance in promoting it. I fear I may tire you too much with my many claims

upon your time and patience, but you, dearest, was the one who first implanted this desire to seek out objects upon whom we can exercise our care and attention; so I feel assured you will not grow weary of my frequent interruption of your studies. I have just returned from a walk to some of the dwellings of our neighbors, and, on my way, I called upon the little lame boy who so often brings us those beautiful flowers he tends so carefully in his little garden. You know he is incapacitated by his misfortune from performing any hard bodily labor, and therefore spends his time reading the books you lend him, tending his flower bed, and assisting his mother in her household duties. I have long interested myself in him, and have encouraged him in his studies; and he has rare gifts, Harry, too rich to be neglected. I have so gained upon his heart, that to me he speaks out freely all his young thoughts, and I am fully persuaded that such abilities as his should not remain uncultivated. My plan is this: that we encourage him to commence a thorough course of study: to devote a part of every day in pursuing such branches as will fit him for usefulness in life.'

'I approve your plan, Lizzy, but how are the means to be provided that he may enter upon so good a work. His parents can hardly now pro-

vide for the temporal wants of their numerous family, with their constant industry; and I know of none in our little village, who is competent to instruct him, or who has the necessary leisure for doing so.'

'I will be his teacher, Harry. My little parlor shall be his study, and I feel sure under my instruction he will progress rapidly.'

'But, my dear Lizzy, I tremble for your health. Your labors are now too arduous: they are stealing the bloom from your cheek, and I fear your strength will be gone before you are aware of it. Have a care for yourself, and do not add to your already numerous duties other responsibilities, unless you are sure that you will not sink under them.'

'Oh, Harry! I am yet strong, and have many spare moments, and feel fully competent to the task; so do not have an anxious thought for me. I feel sure of success. Now I know the joy of doing good, I would, if possible, make amends for years of selfishness.'

Our good pastor yielded, and it was decided that on the following day they should receive their young pupil.

What tears of happiness were shed that night in the humble home of the poor lame boy!

He, who, before the good clergyman and his wife

came among them, had spent so many wearisome hours, had so often wept himself to sleep upon his lonely pillow, he who was debarred from the innocent sports of childhood, and was so useless, and, as he felt himself, so unloved and uncared for, he only was it, who could really feel the full amount of that debt of kindness. That night was his pillow, as it was wont to be, steeped in tears, but oh how different were the emotions and feelings that drew them forth!

Ten years are passed, and, reader, should you now enter the little village of L., you would hardly recognize in the intelligent, well-educated inhabitants, the once rude and uncultured people. There is no estimating the change that one man of virtue, of education, of refined feelings and liberal views can effect in the minds around him. A pretty, neat church has taken the place of the one of olden times, and within its walls what numbers throng on each return of holy days to listen to the voice of one who first taught them life and its true value! Their flourishing sabbath school speaks of the interest now felt in securing to their children religious instruction. Lizzy does not often weep now because her kindnesses are not understood and appreciated; she loves above all things to welcome to her home the once rude, but now no longer troublesome villagers.

The pale invalid girl, now a woman, turns not away with a sad look, but comes and sits long summer evenings with her, and although the rose of health never more may bloom upon her cheek, she does not grieve away her years in regrets, for she has found by frequent intercourse with the good pastor's wife, that life has higher aims; and she feels that a short existence, well spent, is far preferable to long years of discontent and repining. Therefore is she strengthened to endure her pain, and encouraged to be useful while she may.

The lame boy is no longer weary and sad. He is no more a child, wandering from house to garden, and from garden to house, tired, and sick of himself, and the whole world around him, but a useful, respected, happy man. Under the tuition of his gentle teacher, his quick mind grew and expanded, and when he came forth from this school, he entered the world with a rich store of knowledge, a manly energy and perseverance, and a soul beautiful in its meekness and purity.

Say not that our young pastor, when he made such sacrifices to dwell among the ignorant, uncultured people of L. to do them good, was wasting his 'sweetness on the desert air.' A thousand tongues now praise him, as many hearts

bless him, for that self-denying act; and his own soul feels a calm and happy peace, that speaks more loudly to him than the voices of the multitude, that he has performed a christian duty.

'MY HEART IS SAD.'

BY MISS M. A. H. DODD.

'T is Spring ! green robes upon the meadows fall,
 And sylvan streamlets to the woodlands call ;
 The daisy and the violet gem the vale,
 And cowslips bloom beside the primrose pale ;
 Gushes of sudden music fill the air,
 And glittering wings bathe in the sunlight there.
 While all things wake around, *thou* sleepest still,
 Thy steps are seen no more upon the hill,
 And tho' the hours fresh gifts of gladness bring,
 My heart is sad in the joy-breathing Spring.

'T is Summer ! and the landscape lovelier grows ;
 Dew-drops and sunshine glitter round the rose ;
 Earth is all beauty, and the long, bright day
 Passes serenely from the west away,
 Where oft some Alp-like pile the lightning shrouds,
 And skies are gorgeous with those sunset clouds.
 Careless of Summer's voice, in quiet deep,
 Thine eyes are still weighed down with leaden sleep ;
 And this the thought that spreads a gloom for me
 O'er all the beauty which *thou* canst not see.

'T is Autumn ! shadows deepen in the vale,
And by the hills and streams the flowers grow pale ;
A mellow light, a softness in the air,
Blend with decay and death an aspect fair,
While in the forest depths, by air harps stirred,
Ever a mournful melody is heard.
So round my path the flowers of life grow dim,
Though Faith to sorrow sings her soft, sweet hymn,
And like the wind among the withered leaves,
My heart for *thee* a dirge perpetual weaves.

'T is Winter ! wild o'er earth the tempest flies,
While the blast answers to the angry skies,
And the vexed ocean-billows rise in wrath,
To whelm the stately vessel in her path ;
The summer rills are all in fetters bound,
And gloom and desolation reign around.
Without is dark ! within the floods arise !
My inmost soul is troubled like the skies,
And through the changing year, unchanged I weep,
For *one* who wakes not from death's wintry sleep.



The Evening Star.

THE EVENING STAR.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

I HAVE told him that I love him ; I have said I will be his ;
 What will proud Sir Edward Grahame and my mother say
 to this ?

I have never promised Grahame I would wed him, soon or
 late ;

And I will not, though he urge me with the violence of fate.

How could I wed another when my heart is Harry Lee's ?
 And I have vowed to Harry, by the star thro' yonder trees,
 That I will be as faithful as the tide is to the moon,
 As the sun is to the zenith, in the burning hour of noon.

We loved when we were children. Oh, how cruel, now, to
 part

What is surely but one being, or two beings with one heart !
 'T were like taking from yon star-world its atmosphere of
 light ;

What were countless stars without that in the gloominess
 of night ?

Oh, we loved when we were children! yes, even then, to me,
 My good, kind, darling brother, was less than Harry Lee!
 Yet it was not till this evening, when we met beside the
 Spring,
 That we dared, howe'er we wished it, even whisper such a
 thing.

But it brought back ancient memories with such a sudden
 rush,
 There was such a soft beguiling in the fountain's mellow
 gush,
 That before we thought of danger, our hands began to link,
 And when once clasped, oh, could we, *how* could we pause
 to think?

Then how beautiful was Harry, when with glowing cheek
 and eye,
 He said that for one smile of mine he'd think it joy to die!
 I thought, indeed, the same of his, but 't would not do to say—
 A man can speak so much more truth than any maiden may!

Yet I told him that I loved him! How dared I breathe the
 word?
 I did but faintly breathe it, yet how eagerly he heard!
 He pointed to bright Venus as the witness of my vow,—
 Oh would I, if I freely could, recall that promise now?

No! witness star of beauty! alone with God and thee,
 I do renew the solemn vow I pledged to Harry Lee!
 And though for this I suffer hate, anger, even death,
 I will be true to Harry till my very latest breath.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BY D. H. BARLOW.

THE close of the last century, and the opening of the present, witnessed a concurrence of persons and events not soon to be forgotten. It was one of those junctures in the world's history, when existing beliefs, institutions, and usages are unsparingly reviewed, and whatever in them is unsound and outworn is flung aside, and history begins, thenceforward, to flow in new channels. Such a time is overbrimming with activity in all departments of human endeavor, and of course unwontedly fruitful in distinguished, if not absolutely great Men.

What a crowd of bright names start up at the bare mention of those days! On the continent, Napoleon, Cuvier, Goethe, and Schiller, with countless inferior, yet brilliant lights; and in our 'Father-Isle' Scott, and Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, and a 'starry flock'

beside, that would themselves have been first-class luminaries in less effervescent times.

Among the most illustrious of these, Shelley must undoubtedly be reckoned. His Biography, like Byron's, was so marked with vicissitude and uncommonness of incident, as fairly to merit the title of romantic. He is one of those historical personages, of which all extraordinary eras produce some specimens; — individuals who mirror back in their own minds and lives, the great clashing principles of the epoch. Such persons are true types of their age; and in tracing their story, we are reading also the story of the times that shaped them, as it were, in a diamond edition. The very portrait of Shelley would assure us, that we looked on no ordinary man, and one of no common experience. It is a face of delicate and surpassing beauty. Yet the bitterness of sorrow troubles the depth of those bright, wild eyes, and rests, like the shadow of a cloud on a fair landscape, permanently on the whole countenance.

The sight suggests anew the thought, how insoluble a riddle is our mortal destiny! Wherefore was *this* spirit, so gentle and lovely, doomed to work out his life-problem amid fiercest uproar and strife? How could *this* being, so kindly and generous, be the select object of men's wrathful

animosity? To love and be loved, to multiply Grace and Beauty, and to embody alike in his life and in all other modes of presentment, the aspirations and the shapings of a high poetic soul — such was the destiny corresponding to Shelley's organization, and prefigured by it.

How opposite was the reality! A short life, encompassed from the outset with disorder and clamor, blackened with foulest calumny and assaulted with stormiest vituperation, and passing at last away, with not an instant's warning, amid the horrors of an ocean-storm, — what an unspeakably deep tragedy is here! We might almost suppose ourselves witnessing the old Greek Drama enacted in real life; *free-willing* Man struggling with adamant *Fate*, whose car rolls remorselessly on, however lustrous the brilliancy, and grand the nobleness, and exquisite the loveliness it crushes beneath its wheels!

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, Sussex County, Aug. 4th, 1792, of an ancient baronial family, of great wealth. His temperament, of body and mind, was one, of which we commonly predict short life; the former exceeding delicate and easy of derangement, and the latter vivid and precocious almost beyond parallel. He very early manifested two endowments which are not usually found united, and, in the degree

he possessed them, hardly ever, — the Poetic and the Philosophical. So early did he exhibit these traits, that, so far as I know, he stands alone in this particular.

He entered Eton quite young, and began forthwith to manifest the hatred of tyranny, and of unreasoned authority, which distinguished him through life. As an instance of this, he refused to ‘fag,’ — a custom submitted to, indeed, by the sons of the highest nobility, but having, like that of ‘rotten boroughs,’ no support save long-continued acquiescence. Nor could he be constrained to yield to it by either the threats of his instructors, or the abuse of his companions.

As might well be supposed from this specimen, he began, in very boyhood, to inquire and to reason. Tradition carried weight with him hardly beyond his greenest years. He would always fain know *why* opinions should be adopted, or institutions accepted. And he was, the while, of that bold, sincere make, that no considerations of expediency could stifle the utterance, or the putting in act of his convictions, be they what they might.

Moreover, the circumstances of his birth and education were eminently fitted to kindle and exacerbate such a spirit. Born fifty years ago, he saw not Catholic Emancipation, Corporation and

Test-Repeal, the Reform Bill, the Abolition of the Slave Trade, West India Emancipation, and the many other laudatory movements, which have done England so great honor in the eyes of philanthropy, and have shown her people sound at the core. On the contrary, she was then pouring out blood and treasure like water, to quench what seemed the kindling of liberty in France, and to reinstate arbitrary power in a land long crushed beneath its pressure.

And turning from this spectacle homeward, what was the sight everywhere meeting the inquisitive, honest-hearted, impassioned boy, *so* born and bred?

He saw the multitudinous, cankering vices of an excessively artificial, luxurious civilization. He saw millions crushed by hopeless poverty, ignorant, squalid, perpetually overtaken by a drudgery, which, after all, scarce kept soul and body together, that a scanty residue might possess a bloated opulence, and enjoy an epicurean idleness.

He saw on the throne, — head alike of the nation and the church, — a drunkard and a debauchee, universally known as such. In the political sphere, he saw ‘rotten boroughs,’ — a wheatfield or a bridge, sending two members to the Commons’ house, while a populous manufac-

turing city was denied *one*; elections carried by scarce-veiled bribery, and legislation trampling on *Justice*, in order to foster *Privilege*.

In the religious department, he saw the Bishop, with little toil and much pomp, receiving two hundred thousand dollars per annum, and the Curate, parochially overdressed, pinching and starving on two hundred. The fox-hunting younger son of aristocracy monopolizing half a dozen rich livings, while, perhaps, Learning and Piety, 'sick with hope deferred,' were waiting vainly for *one*.

In his own class, he saw the '*mariage de convenance*,' (that monster-outrage on divine laws,) far and wide taking place of the marriage of love; hoary age and blooming girlhood linked in 'prodigious union;' and in room of Hymen with his torches, the knotty browed *Lawyer* officiating with Rent Roll and parchment.

Such things as these, he witnessed with that keen philosophic eye of his; and seeing, contrasted them with the lofty ideal of justice and beauty in his poet-soul!

And while witnessing these actualities at home, across the channel he witnessed a highly-refined nation's brightest and most gifted minds, pouring a flood of eloquence on the splendid abstractions of Liberty, and Justice, and Right, — laying bare to noon-day, long-hid corruptions in Church and

State, and taxing Christianity itself with being their fountain-head, — laboring for, and prophesying, as nigh at hand, the reign of universal freedom and blessedness, built on the ruins of the whole existing order of things. It was a bewildering, perilous time, especially for one like Shelley, and such to him it proved.

He passed from Eton to Oxford, still very young, and *here* he soon lighted on the French Philosophers. Captivated with their doctrines, he made their writings his study, till he became their convert. With his constitutional sincerity, boldness, and ardor, he no sooner believed, than he *spoke out* his belief, and became, in conversation, its propagandist.

For this, the University Governors called him to account, and as is plain enough, dealt harshly and imperiously with him. They presented him the alternative of instant, unqualified recantation, or expulsion. Of course with *Shelley*, it was expulsion. And so the boy of seventeen was sent forth into the world, disastrously dignified, in his own eyes, as a martyr to Skepticism! Not long after, (being a little past seventeen years old,) he produced the poem of ‘Queen Mab,’ with little doubt the most remarkable work ever coming from one so young, whether we regard its poetry or philosophy — he has there embodied, (and for

the most part with great poetic energy and beauty,) the following as among others, his beliefs :

Rejecting the preternatural inspiration of both Old and New Testaments, together with the God of the popular theologies, he holds to somewhat like the '*animas mundi*' of Ancient Philosophy, — an impersonal, creative Power, whose manifestation among men is the principle of Love, — which principle, is the one grand *curative* and *redeeming* agency of the world, and, ultimately becoming triumphant, shall bring on earth a true Golden Age.

In politics, he there expresses uncompromising hostility alike to Kingcraft and Priestcraft and privilege generally, and proposes so to remodel most existing institutions, as to place them on a purely *popular basis*.

I am not sure, however, whether he had settled with himself what *specific forms* he would substitute for the present.

The 'marriage of convenience,' he reckons as simply prostitution *legalized*; — an inexcusable, unbearable affront to the order of nature. The *true* marriage, (which he most emphatically vindicates,) he holds to be a union based on a strong, decided preference of the parties concerned. The existence of such preference, he reckons the sole sufficient ground of marriage-union, no outward

ceremonial being able to give it any *additional* authentication;—and where it is wanting, no ceremony can create a marriage. And he further maintains, that, supposing such preference to cease where it once had existed, the parties are *bound* to separate, and are authorized to form a new connexion by observing the requisite conditions. My present task does not call on me to discuss the truth or falsity of these views touching an exceeding momentous topic. If Shelley errs, it is in company with many of largest intellect, as well as of mature age, among whom appear the divine genius and saintly purity of Milton. The latter wrote and published vastly more than Shelley in vindication of these opinions, and was prepared to *act* them out when accidentally hindered.

Touching property, I understand Shelley to advocate the same doctrine of ‘Community of goods’ which Robert Owen since has spent chief of his life in striving to inculcate.

In dietetics, he here maintains what he rigorously exemplified in his life, the doctrines of the vegetable livers and the Rechabites.

Of War, he shows himself a radical, uncompromising opponent, holding that no conceivable end is worth the monstrous price of violence and blood-shed. He inculcates, instead, Love, as the

single sentiment, meriting universal prevalence ; as a principle adequate to all occasions and needs, the appointed agent of the word's renovation, and the angel of blessing for the coming time. I know not where to look for one, who has sung the beauty and the might of this divine force in strains so thrilling and lofty, as he — both in this poem and elsewhere. The Christian, professing himself believingly loyal to that commandment, declared to comprise in itself the entire significance of 'the law and the prophets' might well learn a lesson from this man, branded as the enemy alike of Revelation and its God ! At the very moment his native land was ringing with execrations on his name, *he* was tuning his harp to the 'Revolt of Islam,' — that splendid chant, celebrating, in harmonies worthy the theme, the divine beauty and potency, and triumphs of love !

Such was 'Queen Mab,' which, with the expository notes appended to it, must be pronounced wholly without parallel for a boy of seventeen, whether we consider the poetry, or the range and quality of the opinions expressed. I may here add, that he never himself published it, but had a few copies printed for private circulation. Its being made public was the fault of a knavish bookseller, who printed an edition after its author's name had become widely blown through

his domestic troubles. At the period, too, of its publication, advancing years had revised many of his opinions therein advanced, and these opinions were decisively disclaimed by Shelley, in a note addressed to the 'London Examiner.'

However, (as might have been anticipated,) his expulsion from Oxford for *such a cause*, and his open avowal of the views embodied in 'Queen Mab,' drew upon him loud, bitter, and general censure. In this, his own family joined, striving, moreover, to wean him from his course, by the unwise methods so frequent in like cases. Naturally enough, their efforts were fruitless. And, what greatly augmented their displeasure, he loved and married, (being not yet out of his teens,) the beautiful, but imperfectly educated young daughter of a retired Coffee-House keeper; an offence unpardonable in the eyes of his family, looking at it through the distorting medium of caste. With the single exception of allowing him a small income, his family now discarded him.

Of this marriage sprang two children, which were taken from him by a Chancery decree of Lord Eldon, on the ground of his being disqualified for their education by his skeptical opinions. Otherwise, too, the marriage was rendered unhappy through total uncongeniality of the parties, and ended in separation. Acting with an honest

consistency, in accordance with the opinions he had avowed, though his former wife yet lived, he regarded, (like Milton on a similar occasion,) the union between them completely and forever dissolved, and married, as he deemed it, Mary, the daughter of the two celebrated persons, William Godwin and Mary Woolstonecraft.

On forming this connexion, he journeyed with his wife to the Continent, and becoming acquainted with Byron, took up a temporary residence near him, on the shore of the Lake of Geneva. This was the summer of 1815, and he was twenty-three years old. At an earlier period of the same year, he had produced the exquisite poem of 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude,' — a transcript, evidently, of himself, with his own feelings and thoughts. During this Lake-sojourn, he wrote (besides Mont Blanc, and a few shorter pieces,) the magnificent 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,' — that outbreking of a soul of the purest and noblest feeling and aspiration, looking with an earnest, anxious intensity, through this glorious creation in quest of a provident and sympathizing father, but looking, alas! all in vain!

After some strange and almost ludicrous experiences from poverty, he returned, in 1816, to England, traveling with his wife, part of the way, on foot. On his arrival, he settled at

Marlow on the Thames. While here, he wrote (within the short space of six months) his 'Revolt of Islam,' — a great, rich treasure-house of beautiful poetry, of noble sentiment, and (I may add,) of noble doctrine, too. For it is characteristic of Shelley, that, with hardly an exception, he makes his poetry the vehicle of opinions and principles, whose prevalence and application he reckons vital to the highest welfare of the race. He is preëminently the Bard of Principles — the framer and prophetic limner of the *Ideal* and the *Future*, instead of the mere copyist of the *Actual* and the echo of the *Present*. There is little (I should fancy,) in the poem just named, to which the instructed Christian can object. Most of it, assuredly, breathes the very essence of that spirit which prompted the favorite disciple to say, 'he that *loveth* hath *fulfilled* the law.'

Meanwhile, his first wife committed suicide. Of the circumstances, preceding or attending this tragic event, I know not that any record exists. But Shelley, (it is well known,) was dreadfully shocked by it, and it probably was one main cause of the depression and gloom, which overshadowed him, at times, through his remaining life.

Nor need we (in order to account for this gloom,) suppose his conviction was shaken touching the correctness of his views concerning

marriage. With his delicate structure, physical and mental — racked also, (I should here mention,) by life-long disease, occasioning, at intervals, agony which it was frightful even to witness, the death, by self-inflicted violence, of an object once dear, and his children's mother, was an incident horrible enough to leave behind it a lasting sadness, without the necessity of supposing the reproaches of conscience.

Naturally enough, too, (as society is constituted,) this catastrophe would increase the odium already attaching to him, from his nonconformities of opinion and practice with its requisitions. His relatives, moreover, again attempted to reconcile him to the world he lived in, and one of them, (a collateral in degree,) offered him an immense fortune, on condition he entered the House of Commons, as a supporter of Whig politics. But it was all in vain — he rather chose narrow pecuniary means, — the world's hate and abuse, — rejection and disowning by all of his own blood, (which now fell upon him irreversibly,) — all this he chose in lieu of wealth, general popularity and kindred's countenance, to the end that he might enjoy, live out, and proclaim what *he* reckoned vital, eternal truths — truths, which, in his estimate, alone could redeem and bless a race sunk in darkness, corruption, and wo!

And so, in the year 1818, at twenty-six years old, — outcast by his own family and banned by the very society for which alone he lived and toiled, and which he would have *died*, even, to save, — a frail, oft-suffering invalid, — he left his native land forever, — and with his faithful wife for sole companion, settled in Italy near Naples. His life here, (as shown in the records left us,) was one of that simple beauty, and high nobleness, which I hardly know where else to look for. It was such, as we may fancy was that of a sage, in the early, uncorrupted days, — that is, an existence less of the body than of the soul, and rather of the thoughts and affections, than of the senses. In his vegetable and cold water regimen, (to which he adhered religiously in his practice,) he was then considerably less like the world about him, than he would have been now. But even now, although the principle of total abstinence has made that degree of progress, that one may adopt it without being marked as *singular*, the principle of utterly abjuring animal food meets with small approval.

Yet there seems always to have been floating in the community a somewhat vague impression, that

'A scrip with fruits and herbs supplied,
And water from the spring,'

was befitting not only the anchorite and sage, but the *bard* also; that a diet, thus spare and pure, better harmonized with the more ethereal tendencies of the true poet, than one which spoiled earth, air, and sea, to heap its board with the carcasses of their inhabitants. So, at any rate, Shelley thought, and acted.

And thus abstemiously simple in the primary appetites, — passing most of his hours in the open air of that golden Italian clime, — with that sky over him which is grown world-renowned for its loveliness, whether for

‘The pomp, that brings and shuts the day,’

or for its noon descending in one unbroken flood of universal radiance, — or for its night, showing

‘Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,’

with his feet laved by that sea, whose waves seem eternally hymning the immortal deeds, which have sown every foot of its shores with those remembrances men fondest of all cherish, — encircled by mountains, plains, and woods in themselves eminently grand and beautiful, and catching a new, intense charm from myriad, undying associations, — what a frame and setting

of life was *this*, for one so keenly alive to natural influences !

Kindled, exalted, and nurtured daily by them ; with a beautiful, gifted wife for companion, one who could not only love, but appreciate and sympathize *with* him, and who furnished instigation and support to his loftiest aspirings — his creative spirit found employment in the production of a series of works not unworthy itself.

Besides specimens of almost every kind of poetic composition, sufficient to make two or three duodecimo volumes, two volumes of prose, consisting of Letters, Essays, and Translations from Plato, date chiefly at this period. The latter are exceedingly interesting and valuable ; marked alike for their beauty of thought and finish of style. They are ‘apples of gold in dishes of silver.’

The character of Shelley appears, in his epistolary correspondence, alike sweet and noble. Notwithstanding the boldness and vehemence with which he assaulted whatever he reckoned injustice and wrong, yet it is plainly apparent that the gentler affections were the habitual inmates of his bosom, and Love the master element of his being. While, on the one hand, his powers were devoted, with an almost unexampled singleness of consecration, to unveiling the malignity and hurtfulness of existing social

wrongs, his private life, on the other, was eminently signalized by the traits most estimable in the husband and father, the friend and the neighbor. All which, however, did not hinder, that the reputed good and wise shook the head (as in fact they often do even now,) at the bare mention of his name!

During his residence in Italy, Shelley, (as is plain,) possessed many of the constituents which go to make a happy life. Nor can it be doubted that he *did* enjoy much of genuine happiness.

Nevertheless, his poems and biography both intimate that he was visited by seasons of profound despondency and sadness;—intervals, ‘when the whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint.’ I know not where to look for a piece more touching than his little song, commencing with

‘Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of delight;’

in which he passes in review the springs whence joy commonly flows, declaring that he possesses them all, but possesses in vain, and implores the ‘Spirit of delight,’ now absent, to revisit its forsaken haunts.

I might remark the same of his ‘Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples,’ where he exclaims,

‘Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within, nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth,
 The sage in meditation found.

I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life and care
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear.’

Such seasons are not to be wondered at. Apart from his ill health, and other sources of suffering above suggested, as pertaining to him, it was part of his lot, as poet, to suffer at some times, as well as enjoy at others, more keenly and entirely than the majority of his kind. Such is the law of compensation.

The poet, by his organization, is more intensely and vividly and abundantly a *man* than others. What marvel, then, that *he*, — like all his kind, the heaven-born, — should, at times even more than they, droop in his far exile from the Eden of his nativity, and feel the shadow of his mortality lie heavy and stifling upon him? How yearns the Swiss absentee on hearing the Ranz de Vaches, that charmed his boyhood’s ear in unison with roaring winds and waterfalls, and murmuring fir-trees and pines!

‘Dear is that shed, to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill, that lifts him to the storms,
 And, as a child whom scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother’s breast,
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind’s roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.’

The whole fair world of his young life starts up at those simple tones, and he must back to his Alps, or die!

Thus homesick does man's spirit sometimes pine in its earthly sojourn. The loveliness and grandeur of the natural creation, and the more transcendent grandeur and loveliness of noble sentiment and heroic action, — what are they, at the utmost, but faint glimpses caught from the home of the Beautiful and Bright? — feeble pulsations of the symphony, that fills eternally the whole air of the 'Better Land?'

The exiled Hebrews, on hearing the temple songs in a 'strange land,' 'hung their harps on the willows and sat down and wept,' when they remembered Zion.

So it is with the poet also, he, too, being the 'Chosen of Heaven' for high and peculiar ends. The beautiful and sublime of both outer and inner worlds he enjoys with a keener gust than others, as he discerns more clearly than they.

Yet hours *will* come, when the Actual, however glorious, does but the more remind him of the Ideal, far lovelier and grander, existing only, in his shaping imagination. And then, alas!

'How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem,' to *him*, 'all the uses of this world!'

Happily however, under a benign Providence, these moods last not *forever*, nor even *long*. Mostly, it is with a gratefully-enjoying temper he receives these suggestive intimations of the Spirit Land. The tones of the spheral melody are sweet as well as mournful to his ear, and a solace of his exile, not less than a memorial of it. His heart, like the kingly minstrel's of old, grows 'hot within him,' as he 'muses,' and he, too, must 'speak with his tongue' to the world, the glorious visitations, which have been accorded to himself. And so he weaves a high chant of Beauty, and Liberty, and Love, and summons men to lift their eyes to a lofty Ideal of the Great, the Noble, and the Holy. And men listen, perforce, as to an oracle's utterance, and feel their souls expand, while listening, and learn, by undoubting assurance, that within them is lodged a nature, which, despite innumerable littlenesses, is essentially, truly great.

And, then, too, from the magic of his song,

'A light, a glory, a fair luminous mist,
A beautiful and Beauty-making power,
Envelopeth our earth,'

and we feel, that this mortal life, poor, wearisome, barren as it seems,—a tissue of pettiest, paltriest incidents and acts,—is, notwithstanding, grand,

rich, and unfathomably deep, worthy of God to bestow, and man thankfully to accept and use!

Who shall reckon the full value of the service the *genuine* poet renders to his kind? To paint existence in its true aspects and relations, and lay bare its hidden and profound significance, — to domiciliate in men's hearts and grave on the palms of their hands, those pure and lofty sentiments which can ennoble our Present, and so fling across our Future, the splendors of immortal hope, — what mission confided to frail humanity bears parallel with this?

Such mission was entrusted to Shelley. But how strangely conditioned for the trust, did the summons find him! The silken child of rank and luxury, the siren-voiced world offering numberless sweet inducements to join the brilliant throng of its servitors, — how could he hear, and hearing obey, that 'still, small voice,' that bade him come out from the crowd, and dedicate himself to lone toils and vigils, unblest of sympathy, unguerdoned by present honor, or power, or gold, overclouded by obscurity and neglect, and, may be, scourged by enmity and persecution, — even the task of winning over an earthly, sensual herd to discern and appreciate, to love and revere, and consecrate their lives to the service of spiritual Truth, and Goodness, and Beauty.

But, as with him, so is it commonly in the mysterious order of Providence. The Prophet-Elect hears his summons, now standing at a monarch's right hand, in his palace, and now sitting on a bare hill-side, watching his flock. But wherever he be, almost invariably he is hemmed in by incongruities, and obstacles are piled mountain-high in his track!

The Hebrew shepherd heard the voice in the Wilds of Idumea, and to what task did it summon him,—a task, which was like fire in his bones, till it was fulfilled? Even *this*, to stand before the stony-hearted monarch, who had banned him for homicide, and wring from his obdurate avarice the release of millions of profitable bondmen,—and *then*, having led these millions forth from Egypt, by severe, lengthened discipline, to transform this chaotic human mass into an orderly-compacted people, furnished with, and fast wedded to institutions, civil and religious, such as would insure far-reaching ages of happiness and glory, and make this nation a fountain of illumination and salvation to the world!

How must have seemed this mission to him, who now stood looking on this horde of debased, ignorant slaves?—himself, too, at the moment, a fugitive for bloodshed, and outlawed by the very master of those slaves! Yet the mission *must* be

accomplished, or for him there was no longer sleep nor rest. And accomplished it was! So, too, the call came to a moody, melancholy monk, in his lone cloister, to go forth, and look not back, or to either side, till he had overturned the spiritual domination of Christendom, — a domination, seemingly as fixed as the everlasting hills, and with its summit piercing the skies, — a power treading scornfully on the necks of kings, and before whose hests earth's greatest bowed trembling, as before the adamantine decrees of fate!

What a mission for that obscure, solitary shaveling thus to fling defiance in the face of the world's unquestioned arbitress, — he, the while, divided against himself, and a conflict raging within, that drove him sometimes to the brink of madness! And yet the summoning voice *must* be obeyed, or there was no more 'sleep for his eyes or slumber for his eyelids.'

Thus it is, we repeat, almost invariably, with the elect emissaries of Heaven. Their message *must* be delivered — and with throes and pains, bewildered oft by perplexities and contradictions, warfare about them and warfare within, they struggle for its utterance.

That Shelley, then, was conditioned as we find him, was but in accordance with a general law. A mission was given him. He recognized it, and

strove, with even rare fidelity, to execute it. Oppositions, in every kind, he stemmed with right manly heart. Expatriation, and even the misconceptions, calumnies, and persecutions of those he labored for, did not stay or discourage him. And if he fell into deplorable errors of faith, even those did not hinder that he shed upon the world much of truth, fitted to illuminate and bless.

But his day was brief. 'The loved of the gods die young.' That storied Mediterranean, the constant and favorite companion of his musings, and his pleasures, giving his body refreshment, and his mind inspiration — so true a type of his spirit in its alternating beauty and grandeur, and its perpetual, yet subdued restlessness — that Sea, in its hour of uproused violence, became his grave, and at the untimely age of thirty, he passed, without a moment's forewarning, away!

It may, perhaps, be thought, that a narrative like this should not be closed, without a few words on the moral it teaches. And I dare say, when a much younger person than now, I should have thought the same, and should, with no lack of confidence, have entered on the work. But with advancing years, I feel ever more diffident in pronouncing judgment on men's errors, or in attempting to specify the lesson providence would teach us through their fate.

What shall we, or can we say of Shelley's career? His life, at the outset (one would think,) lay clear enough before him. Noble by birth and social position, in a country where such things *tell*, — the lineal heir of vast wealth, — dowered with personal beauty, a radiant genius, and the noblest moral elements, — and, moreover, cultivated and accomplished by a wide and various learning, — what prizes within the world's bestowment might he not have aspired to? Or what happiness, which the world can yield its favorites, might he not have enjoyed?

And yet he chose to forfeit these manifold and rare advantages, and to devote these extraordinary endowments of nature and education to an object which plucked upon him the world's curses, outlawry and ban, and drove him afar from country and kin, an exile on a foreign shore! And what was this object?

Truth, — as he believed it; — the truth, by which alone, (in his view,) mankind could be saved and blessed.

Did he, in so doing, act wisely and well? I leave the reply to the heart of each individual. Certainly he did *not* act *prudently*, according to the world's reckoning of prudence. No Reformer *ever* did. To stone the Prophets, and after death canonize them, and garnish their sepulchres, has

been, from the beginning, even until now, the 'way of the world.' The Avatars of high genius and of high moral worth, alike Heaven's anointed messengers, treading with bare, bleeding feet a rough and stony path; stormed on from inclement skies and beat against by fierce blasts from every point, is, for the most part, the saddest fate told or chanted beneath the all-beholding sun!

Suppose Shelley held and proclaimed errors of opinion — *monstrous* errors, if you will. What would you have had of him? In *his* lyre, they were *truth*. They were such in his heart of hearts. His whole life says so. His sacrifice of all the world holds dearest, says so. Should he, then, publish what he reckoned vital to man's weal, or should he be *mute*? I leave the reader to reply!

Suppose, again, he acted what the *then* majority deemed an error, and a vice, too, of perilous consequence to social welfare. What, nevertheless, would you have had of him?

That error was to *him* a truth; that vice, in his estimate, a right act. And *he* held, that a truth was not merely to be thought or spoken, but *acted* and *lived*.

Was he, from his point of vision, right or wrong? The reader, not I, must decide.

With undeniable sincerity and honesty, he

accepted and proclaimed, and lived out, what he believed *true*.

Was he guilty, or not guilty? Most assuredly, as I said, he was not worldly-prudent. For the world's censure pursued him, while he lived, and has not yet ceased to beat upon his grave. This fact alone, however, does not settle his claims. For just so the world has done with the commissioned messengers of the new (with scarce an exception) since history began.

The greatest of them all, — even the Anointed Messiah, — was harshlier dealt with than the subject of our inquiry. Blasphemer, — drunkard, — associate of harlots, — traitor, — foe of God and man; — such were the epithets, from which not even a life, absolutely without spot, could shield the unequalled friend of mankind! Nor was it the rabble merely, that so stigmatized him, but the good, religious people of the day, the Priests, Deacons, and Elders!

When I say that precisely these same epithets were lavished on Shelley, with some few exceptions, however, to Shelley's *advantage*, no one will understand me as comparing him with the Savior of the world. But, from the nature of the case, it happens, that the story of those who promulgate new opinions assailing the existing orders, must, in more or less points, resemble the

story of the Great Exemplar. It makes, therefore, nothing against Shelley, that, in his life-time, his 'name was cast out as evil,' unless the same measure be dealt to the best and greatest among the earth's departed.

Still, however, we have not come at an answer to the question, 'What is the moral to be extracted from Shelley's story?'

We may, if it be worth the while, draw from it this tritest of all lessons,—that all the most brilliant endowments of mind, body, and estate, do not suffice to insure what the world calls prosperity and happiness. Perhaps we should to the former add this, that the most richly-endowed man is most unfortunate, if, from whatever cause, and however sincere, deprived, by skepticism, of a firm faith in the Christian Revelation. Fire *will* burn, because it *must*, however innocently we may fall into it. And he, who, in this mazy wilderness-world lacks the light of Bethlehem's guiding Star, the bosom-trust in a loving protecting Sire, *must* have many a sad, lonely, despondent hour, even though he have all things else beside.

Whether, in thus falling upon skepticism, Shelley was faulty, and if so, wherein and how far,—I know not, and will not guess. He *may* have been too self-confident and proud. Pride of rea-

son is not an uncommon fault in other spheres, if in this. Humility is not only lovely, but safe, and the sole *true* attitude of humanity. If he erred through overmuch self-reliance, he certainly, if suffering be expiation, most deeply expiated his error.

But his faults, whatever they may be, should not blind us to his virtues, which are many and great. Pure and simple in his personal habits, he lived and labored bravely, untiringly, heroically, for a great Idea, — the Idea of serving, benefiting and blessing his race; the very race that cursed and outlawed him, as an infamous thing!

Certainly, if there *be* such qualities, as true nobleness and heroism, here they are. A new star is added to the constellations that light our way across the stormy, wreck-strown sea of time. Thanks for its useful and cheering ray!

A VISION OF MY YOUTH.

BY MRS. CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

Slight is the tale, and simply sad, my soul
 Hath woven from some memories deeply stored,
 Which should not voiceless die !

Bulwer.

Sie schlummert, und es nahen die Verlorenen,
 Die Schönen Todten, ihrem stillen Lager,
 Die Schwestern ihrer Jugend stehen auf
 Von einer Welt, wo keiner Bluthe stirbt.

W. Hauff.

I REMEMBER two cottages — still do they gleam,
 Through the dull, sober gray of my womanhood's dreams —
 Which stood side by side in a lone, shady glen,
 By singing-birds haunted far more than by men ;
 Where the notes of the robin and call of the jay,
 From the earliest morning through all the long day,
 'Mid the pine wood which skirted the valley would swell,
 And charm the lone traveler that pass'd through the dell.

I remember the woodbine which gracefully wound
 The cool, shady porches and lattices round,
 Whose panes in the glance of the sun-set were seen,
 Like stars, shining out from a heaven of green ;

It stretched its long tendrils above the low eaves,
Till the gray roofs were hidden by dark, glossy leaves
Then turning in beauty, it tenderly clung
To the poplars and willow-boughs over it flung !

I remember the meadows before them that lay,
Stretching off in the distance so greenly away,
Where, skirted by alders, flowed peacefully on
The fairest of rivers, the Quinabequon,*
Whose waters, above a deep ravine, were crost
By an old ruined bridge with gray lichens embossed,
Where, in childhood, for many an hour I have stood,
And watched the white pebbles drop into the flood ;
Or sat 'neath the chesnut which grew by its side,
And stretched its long branches far over the tide.

O, those cots, and that wood, and that river, how dear !
The thought of them still dims mine eye with a tear !
For 't was there amid Nature's wild haunts I was born ;
It was there that I dwelt in my infancy's morn ;
It was there that my childhood, like some sunny day
In the warm, budding Spring-time, fled laughing away ;
And O, it was there that my heart was first knit
To another it cannot, it will not forget —
My earliest, fondest, and dearest playmate,
With her long sunny hair and her pretty name ' Kate ;'
Who comes to my pillow and looks through my sleep
With eyes that are still as a fathomless deep.
So they looked, when, in days long since vanished, we
strayed
Where the pines o'er us threw their mysterious shade,

* The Indian name for Charles river.

And we sung to each other songs mournful and old,
 Or the wild tales we 'd learn'd in our nurseries told.
 So they looked, when, young, passionate dreamers, we stood
 To hear the wind sigh through the shadowy wood,
 Or sat on the old, fallen hemlock to rest,
 Till poesy's visions grew strong in our breast!

Blest novice! how brightly life on me then smiled,
 Though born in a cottage and poverty's child!
 For my days and my nights were with innocence blest,
 And a sinless young heart ever dwelt in my breast;
 O, what, to those beautiful dreams of my youth
 When life was all sunshine, my bosom all truth,
 Are all the wild visions since then which have play'd
 Round the heart which, though wiser, far sadder they've
 made?

Dear playmate! still, still they return, those sweet times,
 When our young hearts made echo to Nature's soft chimes;
 When we rocked on the bridge, so frail, mossy and gray,
 Or 'neath the tall chesnut the hours wiled away.
 All, all still return — but, O, oftener yet
 Come those hours — ah, too sad and too dear to forget! —
 When we quietly walked, never daring to run,
 Where the old weedy grave-yard lay bare to the sun.
 Few charms had this spot, yet to us it seemed fair,
 For we 'd both little brothers laid slumbering there,
 And fondly we loved, by their low, grassy mounds
 In a quiet row lying, to sit on the ground,
 And talk of their pure, little spirits on high,
 And hear their sweet songs stealing down from the sky.

Strange birds sometimes sung in the few withered trees,
 And a pale, ghostly birch whispered low in the breeze :
 We would hear them and say, simple things that we were,
 'Tis our brothers : they're singing around in the air !'
 And then we would clasp our small hands on our breast,
 And sit mutely wrapped till the last note had ceased !

I wonder what children since last we were there,
 With bosoms so brimful of love and of care,
 Have gone to that lonely, old burial-ground,
 To hear the shrill winds piping mournfully round,
 And pluck the rank weeds and tall grasses away,
 That were growing too high where their cherished ones lay !
 I wonder if there the old birch tree still waves,
 And the wild, tangled ivy creeps over the graves !
 I hope it is so !—for, unless they remain,
 Could I find the small mounds of my brothers again,
 Should I go there once more, as I went when my tongue
 Was hushed by the song which the child-angels sung ?

But a change o'er the lot of my childhood was cast ;
 To other and statelier mansions I passed ;
 I turned from the home of my childhood, no more
 To sit 'neath its roof or to play by its door :
 But I sought the old places and gathered from all,
 Ere parting, some token their sight to recall :
 I filled my small satchel with moss from the tree,
 Which had oft borne the weight of my playmate and me ;
 I cull'd a green leaf from the ivy that crept
 O'er the grass-covered mounds where my dead brothers slept :
 Then with hot, streaming tears, and a whispered farewell
 To the grave-yard and cottages, pinewood and dell,

I press'd a last, lingering kiss on the cheek
 Of my playmate, who stood too full-hearted to speak,
 And left her to play on and wander alone,
 In the haunts where so oft we together had gone.

Years came and departed — I silently grew
 Like a wild flow'ret nursed by the sun and the dew ;
 Other playmates than Kate round me smilingly came ;
 Other voices than hers fondly uttered my name ;
 My haunts were no longer the graveyard or grove,
 Where my childhood's first dreams I romantically wove ;
 Less holy, less innocent visions had part
 In the dreams that now filled up the world of my heart,
 And I stood on that threshold, where girlhood would fain
 From womanhood's temple shrink backward again !
 Yet ever beside me a bright image came,
 And traced on my bosom a face and a name,
 Till my heart turned away to the mem'ries of yore,
 And I yearned for my home and my playmate once more !

O, those yearnings ! — at length they were answered — once
 more,
 After long weary years, I reëntered that door,
 Where a glad child, with childhood's full frolicsome shout,
 Hand in hand with my playmate I ran in and out.
 Not a thing there was changed — O, it seemed but a day
 Since my feet from that threshold last wandered away !
 There still the good mother sat, knitting in hand,
 By the same diamond lattice, the same little stand,
 But methought her pale cheeks had grown paler with care,
 And the blossoms of age clustered thick 'mid her hair ;
 Yet the old, placid calmness, so changelessly set
 On her pale, lofty brow, marked it touchingly yet.

I stood by her side, as I stood years ago,
And I felt the hot tear-drops just ready to flow,
When she pushed up her spectacles on to her brow
And knew not the tall girl that stood by her now ;
But, with gaze all-bewildered, looked into my face,
As if memory were striving some feature to trace ;
I spoke, and she uttered a tremulous sigh ;
But, O, how the quick tears rushed into her eye,
As, taking her thin hand, still nearer I came
And breathed in her ear her old favorite's name !

'And hast thou come back,' — and she mournfully smiled —
'To the home of thine innocent youth, my dear child ?
Have new scenes and new faces left room in thy breast,
Where the friends of thy earlier years may still rest ?'
And she took my two hands, like a child's, in her own,
And talked of the days that were vanished and gone,
Till her heart, as an infant's, grew tender and weak,
And the tears of remembrance gushed warm o'er her cheek.
'But where is my early-loved playmate ?' I cried —
'Dear Kate who was never away from my side ?'
She turned, with a strange look of trouble and wo,
Pointing down to the river meandering below,
Where the mouldering bridge that we sported beside
In the days of our childhood, still rocked o'er the tide.

I stayed not for question, but bounded away ;
I heard not the voice which called after me — 'Stay !'
But down the old pathway, and o'er the low ridge
Flew swiftly along to the old ruined bridge ;
For there — O, my heart, how it bounded ! — she sate,
'Neath the same shady chesnut, my own merry Kate !

I reached her — my arms round her frantiely flung,
 And in tears of delight to her dear bosom elung.
 ‘O, Kate, dearest Kate! do I see you once more?
 ‘And do you still love as you loved me of yore?’
 But silent and strange was the being I prest,
 And I felt that she trembled and shook on my breast.
 A moment, and baek from her quickly I leapt,
 For a terrible thought to my bosom had erept!
 I gazed — and, O, God! could I tell you the pain
 Which rushed like a flood to my heart and my brain,
 As I pushed back the bonnet that shaded her brow
 And *knew* my loved Kate was an idiot now!

An idiot! — She, the young, lovely and fair,
 With her soft, blooming cheek, and her long, curling hair!
 I could not endure it — I tried to believe
 It was some merry freak her old friend to deceive —
 ‘O, Kate; dearest Kate! say you know me again!’
 But I wrung my clasped hands and implored her in vain,
 For she looked in my face with a meaningless eye
 I can never, O, never forget till I die!
 She spoke not — she uttered no sound — and my ear
 Alone my own passionate pleadings could hear!
 ’Twas too much — sick at heart, I sunk down ’neath the
 trees,
 And, hiding my face on my hands and my knees,
 I wept — O, may tears of such anguish and pain,
 Ne’er gush from my bosom’s deep fountain again!

Long I sat — when I felt that my drapery’s fold
 Was fast in a little hand’s quivering hold;

I lifted my head, and, close down by my feet,
 Where the poor, witless maiden had taken her seat,
 She timidly crouched, and clung fast to my dress
 With a wild, wildered look which no words can express!
 But methought some old memory dimly again,
 Had, perchance, wandered back through the mists of her
 brain,

And, with strange, mingled throbbings, I softly caressed
 And soothed the poor idiot maiden to rest,
 Till she followed me round like a docile young child,
 And on me with almost intelligence smiled!

So I went — with a feeling half pleasure, half fear —
 To many a scene recollection made dear,
 My strange, silent playmate not once from her grasp
 My vestment releasing, but tightening her clasp,
 As if, through the ruins and wreck of her brain,
 Vague fears of desertion came stealing again.

Time sped — and I sought, at the dim eventide,
 The cot of my childhood — Kate still at my side;
 'T was deserted, and silent decay, like a pall,
 Now shrouded my birthplace and reigned over all.
 The paling had noiselessly sunk to the ground,
 And in mouldering fragments lay scattered around;
 The trim path still ran, now all choked and defaced,
 Through the garden — a dense, tangled, wilderness waste —
 To the cot where the woodbine still faithfully clung,
 And, o'er lattice and door-way, like green banners hung.
 I trod it, with solemn and reverent tread,
 As we tread the lone paths 'mid the homes of the dead.

Vague and deep grew the awe in my bosom that lay,
 When an owl from the casement flew hooting away,
 And a pale lizard, over the dark, broken floor,
 Glided swift to its lair, as I entered the door.

I sought the lone parlor — rank weeds had o'ergrown
 Its quaint little threshold, and ruined hearth-stone ;
 The casement was shattered, the roof all decayed,
 And bats in its fissures their dwelling had made ! —
 Ah ! mournful and sad is the heart of the child,
 That seeks its first altars and finds them defiled !
 And I felt that mine own, little longer could brook
 On the wrecks of its own early idols to look !
 Yet methought that the poor, silent idiot maid
 Still close by my side, and, as if half afraid,
 Clinging yet to my skirts, was companion — how meet ! —
 For the ruin around, and the wreck at my feet !

Still I lingered — no murmur disturbed the repose ;
 Not a sound from without on the silence arose,
 Save the low, distant chime of the rippling stream,
 When, lo ! a sweet vision — Say not 't was a dream ! —
 A sweet, solemn vision, I would not forget,
 Though the world were my guerdon, my spirit's eye met ;
 Sweet voices of childhood, forgotten for years,
 In soft, pleading accents came back to my ears,
 And little, fair children, long laid in the tomb,
 But with soft eyes still beaming, stole in through the gloom !
 Their long, gleaming tresses with sunlight were tinged ;
 Their rose-tinted wings were with downy gold fringed ;
 A pale halo circled each beautiful brow,
 And they looked in my face — O they look in it now ! —

With a smile so seraphic, so holy and fair,
 I knew such a look none but angels could wear !
 Then, low, murmured words to my startled ear came,
 Till each cherub voice seemed to whisper my name.
 And, ' Welcome, O, sister ! we welcome thee home ! '

In soft loving accents the child-angels said, —
 ' We welcome, O sister ! we welcome thee home ! '

I started — the lips of the idiot maid,
 Were breathing the same solemn welcoming o'er,
 By the child-angels murmured so sweetly before,
 While a smile lit her brow, till, so lovely it grew,
 Methought the poor witless a bright angel too !

Close drew they — those children — they clasped their
 white hands :

They waved their bright tresses, like long golden bands :
 They laid their fair arms on my garments, and prest
 Their soft, cherub-cheeks to my wondering breast :
 ' Farewell to thee, sister ! we may not remain ! '
 They murmured — ' Farewell, till our welcome again,
 Shall be breathed in a home, where the hand of decay,
 Steals not the fresh bloom from its beauty away ! '

They left me — slow-fading, like twilight's last gleam,
 Or like the bright hues of love's happiest dream :
 Till, once more alone with the idiot maid,
 My arms round her young neck I tenderly laid,
 Then, pressing one kiss on her brow, from that door,
 Led her forth to the world, and ne'er entered it more !

In that old, weedy grave-yard, where children we strayed,
Years since, that poor maiden was peacefully laid ;
The same veil of idiocy, over her cast
Through long years of darkness, remained to the last ;
Yet my heart is not heavy for her, for I know,
That veil now removed, she is gazing below,
And patiently waiting until to that home,
Where her soul cast its shadow, I also shall come !

LYDIA VERNON.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

It was just sunset, when the mail coach drew up before the lodge at Markley gate, and gave egress to a little form wrapped up in a blue silk shawl, a modest chip-hat, and a green gauze veil. A large trunk followed, which the driver deposited in the empty lodge. No one appearing to welcome, or conduct the young stranger, she took her way alone up the long winding avenue, uncertain whither it would conduct her, and trembling with dread of the reception she might meet from her rich and unknown relatives. Presently through the openings in the trees, she discovered the turreted roof of a stately mansion, from whose glazed towers the setting sun was reflected in golden radiance. Her heart beat faster than before. She could scarcely totter up to the steps of the door, where she paused, hoping some one

had seen her approach, and would appear to usher her in.

Her hopes were soon answered. In the parlor above were seated two young ladies in the alcove of a window, and before them stood a gentleman, not greatly their senior in years.

‘Who is that little body creeping up the path?’ said one of the ladies, pointing to the timid stranger, and addressing her lordly brother.

‘Really I cannot tell, Constance, unless it be our young seventh-cousin, who is expected. I just recollect that father gave me warning of her arrival tonight, and charged me earnestly to show her all needful attentions till his return. But you, fair ladies,’ and here the young man glanced at the dark-eyed beauty, ‘have excluded all thoughts except of your own sweet selves. You must suffer me now, however, to make atonement for my neglect; for see; the poor child looks really distressed and embarrassed.’ So, hastening down stairs, he opened the door for the little visiter.

‘Miss Lydia Vernon, I suppose,’ he said, kindly offering his hand. ‘Pardon me that I was not at the gate to receive you. You must think us quite unkind that we left you to find your way alone, informed as we were of the time of your anticipated arrival. But really, I was not aware that the hour was so late.’

‘Oh, I found my way quite well alone; it was not necessary you should trouble yourself to watch for me. Is Mrs. Markley at home, and well?’

‘No, my father and mother are absent on a journey; but my sister Constance is at home, and will be happy to see you. She is in the parlor; please take my arm, and I will conduct you to her.’

Never had two sweeter or more winning voices discoursed together than these. Richard Markley’s was one that thrilled through the hearer like exquisite music. There seemed to be magic in it, so powerfully, yet tenderly, did it penetrate the hearts of those who listened. Lydia Vernon’s had the same tones, the same power, only softer and more delicate; and as on taking Richard’s arm, she threw back the veil from her face, he could not but glance somewhat curiously at lips from which issued such enchanting music.

Lydia had not much regular, permanent beauty; and Richard, who had been gazing all day at the dazzling eyes and brilliant complexion of Thesta Brownell, was too much blinded to perceive the soft lustre of the hazel eyes that drooped beneath the curious glance of his own. Leading the young stranger into the parlor, he introduced her to his sister, and to her friend, Miss Brownell. After a few pleasant, but not over-cordial greet-

ings, Constance conducted her to her chamber, and Richard took the vacant seat at Thesta's side. Again those tones commenced, and their winning cadences sank into Thesta's heart more deeply than they had ever reached before. Her eyes drooped beneath his admiring glances; they grew dim with tears which she vainly strove to conceal; her heart beat quickly and her hand trembled like a leaf in the wind. Yet it was not the *words*, but the *tones*, which produced this effect. All the tenderness that man can feel for woman, was breathed in the melody of his voice. Thesta's pride melted beneath it. The strong passion of her haughty nature was fully awakened, and she loved as she never could have humbled herself to love before.

Richard saw his power, and saw it with as much triumph as true inward joy. Thesta was no ordinary woman. To gain the affections of one who had heretofore shown such a proud disdain for the weaknesses of her sex, was a victory that gratified Richard's vanity as much as it ministered to his love. He resolved to enjoy this feeling to the utmost; and for this reason he guarded his words, and gave the power wholly to his tones.

Richard had some faults blended with many noble and generous qualities. He enjoyed, too

selfishly, the incense of woman's love, and knew too well, the arts and gentle courtesies by which it is so easily won. His delicious tones and devoted manners had caused suffering to more hearts than his benevolent hand had ever freed from want and misery. Perhaps he was not fully conscious of all this ; and yet what man was ever ignorant of the effect produced by his graceful courtesies upon hearts susceptible to kindness ?

He was proud too, and exacted from others the worship he would not return ; yet there were depths of kindness and affection within him, sufficient to redeem every weakness, and atone for every wrong.

Thesta Brownell shared more of his faults than of his virtues. Though superior in intellect, beautiful in person, and endowed with wealth and rank equal to her pride, she knew little of those gentle qualities that make up the real worth of woman. Her hand never relieved misery ; her smile never encouraged the sorrowing. Her associations were only with those who could appreciate her talents, admire, flatter and continually minister to her pride. With such as these, she could be affable and winning in the extreme ; but Richard Markley was the only person who had ever touched her heart, or usurped the throne so long and entirely occupied by SELF. She had

now been a visitor at Judge Markley's for nearly six weeks, and was intending to pass the remainder of the summer there; at the termination of which period, not only she, but all the members of the Markley family hoped she would become the betrothed of Richard.

The arrival of so humble a personage as Lydia Vernon, a poor orphan relative of the Judge's, could, of course, produce little change in the affairs at Markley Place. She glided in and out, smiled and spoke, as quietly and unobtrusively as possible. No one thought of talking with her, except Richard, who was charmed with the sweetness of her voice, and touched by the loneliness of her situation. But he was too much engrossed in the progress of his power over Thesta to make many efforts to entertain her. So she sat and thought of her humbler and happier home forever lost; and wondered whether she should ever be any less lonely and unnoticed than now. She looked forward to the Judge's return with much anxiety, for in him she was sure of a kind and considerate friend; but she felt not at all sure of pleasing Mrs. Markley, who, like her daughter Constance, thought all poor relations a great burden.

One evening, a few weeks after Lydia's arrival, the little party at Markley Place were gathered

under one of the majestic oaks in the Park, and Richard and Thesta were conversing in an animated manner upon a German poem they had recently been reading. Lydia, who had accompanied them by Richard's particular request, and who sat at his side, because he placed her there, was listening with interest to their discussion. Richard attempted a quotation from the poem to illustrate some opinion he had expressed ; but his memory failing him, he called on Thesta to finish it. She had forgotten, or had not treasured the particular language, and could not assist him. He turned laughingly to Lydia and begged her to come to his aid. She raised her soft eyes, which were brighter than usual, and though her cheek crimsoned, and her voice faltered, repeated the forgotten passage with a peculiar grace and enthusiasm.

Richard was surprised and charmed, for he had always supposed her an uneducated girl, and had never thought of speaking to her upon any subject connected with literature. He thanked her most warmly and admiringly, and turned a glance on Thesta to see if she did not share his surprise and delight.

Never were beautiful features so deformed by scorn and anger, as those of Thesta Brownell. 'T was but for a moment, and they resumed again

their unclouded brilliancy ; but *that moment* — it was one whose memory could never be obliterated. Richard's heart felt as though a swift flame had passed over and scathed it ; while Lydia, who had also seen the look, sat pale, and half breathless from wounded feeling. Thesta made an effort to continue the conversation, but Richard would not, or could not respond, and Lydia, pleading sudden illness, begged to retire. Richard rose to accompany her, but she refused his attendance, and would not lean upon his proffered arm. He kindly placed it around her, however, and persisted in helping her to the house, where he called a servant to wait on her, and reluctantly returned to the ladies he had left.

This little incident opened to Richard new pages in two female hearts. One, it is true, gave him pain to read ; yet he was glad it had not been sealed too long ; and though he did not cease to be fascinated by Thesta's beauty, and to admire her brilliant mind, he found his feelings much less tender than he would have once thought it possible. His eyes once opened, he did not suffer himself to be again blinded, but watched every little circumstance with a critical eye, and a careful judgment.

One evening there was music in the parlor. Thesta was the performer, and Richard turned

the leaves. Among other pieces, she sung a tender little ballad, containing a mournful family history, that chiming in with Lydia's personal experience, affected her to tears. Richard observing this, quitted his post by Thesta's side, and going up to the window where Lydia sat, kindly took her hand, and whispered softly, 'Would this new home were pleasanter to you, Lydia, and you would not grieve so much for the old one.'

'You are very kind,' she replied, looking up to him with a grateful smile, at the same time motioning him to leave her. He turned toward the piano, but Thesta had left it, and seated herself in the alcove. He begged her to resume the music, but she coldly declined, and when he persisted in his entreaties, referred him, in a scornful manner, to Miss Vernon.

'Lydia, do you play?' he inquired.

But Lydia had left the room, and did not return. Richard sat down by Thesta and again used all the fascination of his voice and manner to remove the cloud that had settled upon her brow. For once his power was unavailing. Her pride had been wounded — by a trifle, it is true ; nevertheless it was a wound that rankled deeply for the time. 'Oh, beauty !' thought Richard ; 'would to Heaven it shone in her spirit as brightly as it irradiates her person !'

The next day Judge Markley and lady returned from their journey. Lydia was a great favorite with the Judge, who, having had frequent business with her father, had seen much of her from her infancy. He now took her under his special protection, and nearly her whole time was passed in the library, where she assisted him in his writing; and in hunting over his books for the numerous subjects he was daily examining. Nothing could make her happier than the knowledge that she was useful, particularly to one she so much loved and respected.

‘You are my right hand,’ said he to her one day, ‘and I shall keep you shut up in the library with me, out of the sight of the beaux, for I should be undone if any of them were to carry you away.’

‘I promise never to leave you till you wish it, dear uncle,’ replied Lydia, smiling.

‘What, not if some young lawyer should require your assistance?’

‘A circumstance so improbable, uncle, that we will not even imagine it.’

‘Not at all improbable, Lydia, not at all. There is my son Richard—a splendid lawyer. When he opens an office he will be overrun with business. What if he should come to beg your services?’

‘I should not give them to him, for he could hire a dozen better clerks than I should make, besides having Miss Brownell to help him.’

‘Pshaw! Miss Brownell? *She* help him? No, she would require him to sit at her feet all day in devout homage, thinking of no other object in the universe but *her* will and *her* pleasure. Thesta Brownell? I would see her at the Cape of Good Hope before I would see her the wife of my dear Richard.’

‘She is a very intellectual woman, indeed, uncle.’

‘Yes, intellectual, and that is all you can say for her. So are *books* intellectual, and if Richard is going to marry for *mind* only, I advise him to wed my great copy of Lord Francis Bacon, or Locke’s ‘Treatise on the Understanding.’’

‘You wrong Miss Brownell, uncle. She is capable of deep feeling.’

‘I acknowledge that; but it is deep feeling for *herself*, only. She has strong passions, but no true, pure womanly affections; no pity for the afflicted; no sympathy for the poor; no self-denial; no noble principles of benevolence and philanthropy; nothing, in short, dear Lydia, worthy the love of a heart like Richard’s. He, it is true, has his faults; but they are not so deep-rooted that a gentle and skillful hand could not

remove them. If he marries Thesta Brownell, he will become a disappointed, bitter, reckless fellow ; if he finds a wife such as I wish, he is capable of becoming an honor to his race.'

' You accord great influence to us poor women, uncle.'

' I do, Lydia, I do ! You have it in your power to make us saints or devils. What the mother fails to do, the wife should finish. We are like wax in your hands to be moulded as you will.'

' I hardly think you will find many men to agree with you,' said Lydia, laughing, ' for if I were to judge, I should say there were more of the sex composed of iron and adamant, than of any softer material. But as for you, dear uncle, I think your heart *is* rather soft, or I never should have been able to make so good an impression.'

Their conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of some gentlemen on business, and Lydia retired into a little room adjoining the library, which was also used for a study. Here she found Richard, who sat leaning his head on his hand, gazing at the wall, rather than at the book before him. ' Ah Lydia,' said he as she entered, ' I have seen but very little of you since father's return. Does he keep you always at work for him ?'

' He asks no more of me than I wish, no, nor

so much as I wish, to do for one to whom I owe so much.'

'Would that all had your amiable and unselfish disposition, Lydia. Shall I too, make a demand upon your good nature, and ask you to read me this hard poem of Schlegel's? I am puzzled to understand his meaning.'

'It is a visionary, mystical thing, but I will show you a little prose translation, which will I think give you a tolerable idea of *his* idea. 'Tis in my chamber; I will bring it.'

When Lydia returned to the study, she found Thesta there, and was on the point of retreating as she opened the door; but Richard called her in.

'Excuse me,' said Thesta, haughtily. 'I did not know, Mr. Markley, that you gave or received private lessons, or I should not have intruded at this time.'

'Thesta!' said Richard reproachfully, as he rose to detain her; 'Thesta!' 'Twas only a word, but sufficient to cover her face with crimson, as she tore herself from his hands and left the room. Poor Lydia burst into tears, and hid behind the curtain of the window. Richard was at first too much vexed and agitated to speak; but after a moment or two he walked up to the window, and drawing her gently to him, prayed her most earnestly not to be pained by Thesta's unhappy

temper, but to despise her taunts as heartily as he did. Unwilling to distress Richard by suffering him to see the pain she felt, Lydia soon regained her usual calm gentleness, and without alluding to what had passed, gave him the translation, and engaged him in conversation upon Schlegel's poem.

Never had Richard been so sincerely charmed with Lydia, as now. She united so much sensibility with so much gentleness, and such fine intellectual perceptions, he could not but feel that she realized his ideal of a perfect woman. There was nothing showy about her. Her whole character was as modest and unpretending as the little soft face through which it so transparently shone. But he liked her better that she was not showy. Her soft hazel eyes, and fair, almost pale cheeks, touched his heart more deeply than even Thesta's glorious beauty. 'The eagle is a splendid bird, but after all a bird of prey! What so beautiful and winning as a little snow-white dove that one can fold so softly to one's bosom?' thought he, as he detained Lydia at his side a whole hour, addressing questions to her mind and heart, and receiving in every answer a new surprise, and a new delight.

It was very painful to Lydia to be an object of dislike or annoyance to any person; and her

situation at Markley Place was anything but a happy one. The Judge and Richard were truly her friends, and treated her at all times with the kindest and most attentive courtesy; but Mrs. Markley and her daughter were only coldly civil, while Thesta, their favorite, gave her daily proofs of the haughtiest contempt and dislike. The cause of these feelings poor Lydia in vain conjectured. She never dreamed they sprang from jealousy — from a fear that her gentle temper, winning manners and sweet voice, combined with a highly cultivated mind, would captivate the heart of the proud and courtly Richard. Lydia was an humble being. She never dreamed of aspiring to any man's love — much less to that of one so superior as she regarded her cousin. Even his attentions, so flattering, so affectionate, failed to awaken one silent hope of anything beyond their present kindness. She had penetrated sufficiently into Richard's character to know that his devotion to woman was no partial and exclusive sentiment, but a courtesy universally bestowed; and though he had his favorites, to whom his voice was softer and his glance tenderer than to others, she believed his true love was wholly given to Thesta Brownell; for though he saw her faults, and condemned her injustice toward Lydia, it did not necessarily follow that she had any the less empire over his heart.

Richard was equally at a loss to account for Thesta's capricious conduct toward himself. He knew she loved him. Even her caprices proved it; but why she so highly resented his attentions to Lydia he could not conjecture. He thought jealousy inconsistent with so much pride of character; and besides, his attentions had been nothing more than Lydia's situation in the family, and her truly lady-like deportment demanded. He had supposed Thesta too well versed in the courtesies of refined life to regard these attentions as anything worthy of remark, or as exceeding the bounds of ordinary gallantry. But that they *did* offend and vex her had been rendered evident by too many proofs to be longer a matter of doubt; and at the same time that Richard was flattered by his power, he grew disenchanted of his admiration.

Thesta, who observed with keen eyes the slightest change in his manners toward herself, felt that she was losing his love; but instead of attributing it to her own folly, supposed it the effect of Lydia's attractions. Tortured by jealousy, and animated by the bitterest enmity toward the innocent Lydia, Thesta continued in her gloomiest mood for many days after the meeting in the little study. Richard was too much vexed with her to flatter away her frowns,

and too much pleased with Lydia not to persevere in his gentlest attentions, whenever her presence in the parlor gave him opportunity. But these occasions were so rare that he grew dissatisfied with confining himself wholly to parlor courtesies, and began to make more than daily visits to his father's library. True, Lydia was always too busy to talk with him, but he could stand by the book-shelves, taking down and rustling through numerous volumes, all the while that his eyes were intently perusing her sweet and studious face ; and it is singular that the more he perused it, the more interested and absorbed he became in the occupation.

One morning he had stood so long rustling over the books, that the Judge grew somewhat fidgety at the sound, and advised him, if he were searching for any particular subject, to call upon Lydia for assistance, for Lydia knew every thing that the library contained, and just the place to find it.

‘Do Lydia, then, come and help me,’ said the young man, turning toward her with a slight confusion of manner — the first she had ever observed in him. She arose and went towards him, while the Judge, suddenly recollecting an engagement ‘down town,’ told her he should have no occasion for her services before another

day, and left the room directly. This act was a very simple one, to be sure, but it had the effect of discomposing the young people materially ; so much so that for the first time in his life, Richard was awkward.

‘What do you wish to find?’ said Lydia.

‘That is the very question upon which I need your assistance, for really I do not know!’

‘Not know your own wishes! How can I possibly discover them to you?’

‘Indeed, I do n’t know that any better, dear Lydia. But let us look over these books together, and perhaps we may find a solution to the mystery.’

So they turned over a multitude of volumes, read aloud numerous passages, made a variety of comments, and at last sat down together in the deep, cushioned window seat, and turned over the leaves of that beautiful story of Margaret, in Wordsworth’s ‘Excursion.’ ‘Stop, Lydia,’ said Richard, checking her hand as she was about to turn another leaf, ‘I wish to read you one passage here.

‘She was a woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love,
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts: by some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A Being, who by adding love to peace
Might live on earth a life of happiness.’

There, Lydia, that is just what I wish to find — such a woman!’

‘I trust you have already found one in whom most, if not all, of these qualities unite,’ replied Lydia modestly.

‘If you refer to Thesta, you are in the wrong. I confess I have been much fascinated by her beauty and intellect, so much so that I fancied myself in love ; but the illusion is dispelled ; and though I acknowledge her superior gifts, I have no wish to live in the blaze of them. There never has been any pledge between us, and it is certain, dear Lydia, that there never will be.’

It was also certain that Lydia’s heart beat gladly at this assurance, for though she felt for Thesta the kindest good-will, she could not sincerely desire to see her the wife of Richard.

‘And do you regret, Lydia, that the matter has so terminated?’

‘Frankly, Richard, I do not, for I believe, in my heart, that brilliant and beautiful as Miss Brownell certainly is, she has not the temper to make you happy.’

‘No, I have always desired a gentler and sweeter, and more trusting wife ; one who could forgive my faults, and bear patiently with my caprices. I am selfish, of course, in wishing such a being to unite her destiny with mine ; but I do verily believe, could I win one so good and loving, she would mould me into almost any thing she desired.’

‘I dare say you will find such a woman one of these days,’ replied Lydia, lowering her soft eyes beneath Richard’s earnest, penetrating glance.

‘Will you pray for my success in the pursuit?’ he inquired.

‘Certainly, I could not neglect to pray for one who has always treated me with such distinguishing kindness,’ said Lydia, in soft, trembling tones that sank into Richard’s soul. And as she said this, there was such a swelling of tears in her heart, she dared not remain, but rising from her seat, cast upon Richard a look which said so plainly that she must go, that he relinquished the hand he had taken to detain her, and murmured a heart-felt ‘God bless you!’ that sounded in her ears for many days and weeks.

Richard remained for a long while sitting as she had left him, revolving in his mind a variety of sweet, and of perplexing thoughts. These were interrupted by the entrance of his mother.

‘You have grown studious of late, Richard,’ she said, taking a seat near him. ‘What cloud has passed between you and Thesta? Are you aware that she leaves us tomorrow?’

‘Indeed, mother, I have been too little in her confidence of late, to know any of her intentions. I regret that she leaves so soon.’

‘You speak very dispassionately, Richard. It

is not so indifferent a matter with me that Thesta leaves us, and under circumstances which forbid the hope that she will ever return. Why must you two part, who seem made for each other? She loves you, Richard — most intensely loves you; and but a few weeks since I felt sure your heart was equally hers. Why this caprice?’

‘Mother, it is no caprice. Thesta has given me sufficient proof that we can never make each other happy; and believing this, I have ceased to love her. She is proud; so am I. She is exacting; so am I. She is vexed and angry if I am even civil to another woman — and mother, you know I can never be ruled with such a rod. I used forbearance at first, for I really loved her; but when she revenged herself on me by injuring the feelings of another who had never wronged her — *that* I could not forgive. The spell is broken. I can never marry Thesta Brownell, and you must cease to wish it.’

‘I know it is vain to urge any thing against which you are resolved, but I cannot cease to *wish* a union in every respect so much to your advantage. Thesta has beauty and accomplishments, and above all, the mind you so much prize; she belongs to a rich and highly connected family; has always moved in the highest circles of society, and in short, is the only woman I know, whose

circumstances in life at all correspond with your own. Have you thought of all these things, my son?’

‘Is it necessary to happiness in wedded life, dear mother, that the parties should have been reared in the same circles, or that their ‘circumstances in life’ should exactly correspond? ’T is a false theory, to which I cannot subscribe.’

‘Ah, Richard, Lydia Vernon is at the bottom of all this mischief. I trace these new radical views of marriage distinctly back to their source. I see plainly that in place of a noble, elegant and refined woman, you are resolved on marrying —’

‘What? mother.’

‘Lydia Vernon!’

‘Thank you for uttering that simple name. I am not resolved on marrying Lydia, mother, until I ascertain her own wishes upon that point — but indeed I know of none nobler, or more elegant and refined, to whom I could possibly aspire.’

‘What is she, Richard, except for your father’s charity, but a homeless pauper?’

‘She is the orphan daughter of a distinguished though *poor* man; and immensely rich and independent in her own inward resources. Lydia is by no means a dependent on father’s charity, though for the love he bears her, and the ability she has of serving him in his studies, she has

consented to accept a home under our roof. Oh, make it a happy one to her, dear mother, as you value your own peace, and the love of Richard! Show her more kindness and respect, and believe me, you will soon discover how much she deserves it. No one who truly *knows* Lydia, can fail to respect and love her.'

'I say no more, Richard, except that I am grievously disappointed. From childhood up, you have followed your own will, and it is hopeless for me to combat it; therefore marry Lydia, and disgrace yourself and family as much as you desire. I can only grieve for your perversity.'

'Mother, dear mother! I will not reason with you, now. If I seem willful, believe it is a will dictated by conscience, and the voice of that monitor you cannot ask me to disobey.'

Mrs. Markley left the room without replying, and more perplexed than ever, Richard resumed his thoughts.

Lydia, on retiring to her room, gave way to the sweetest and tenderest emotions. She was far above any feeling of envy or revenge, and it was wholly from another principle that she rejoiced in Richard's escape from a connection with Thesta. Superadded to this joy was the first throbbing consciousness of love — a pure,

unselfish feeling that asked nothing, hoped nothing, but was completely happy in its own young and beautiful existence. Richard's tenderness of manner, the gentleness, and reverence, and devotion of his looks and words had enchained, by degrees, her whole being; but she was too humble and unpresuming to think it possible she had inspired him with similar feelings. She believed his words and looks proceeded from pure kindness alone, and resolved that he should never know the deeper emotions he had excited in her own bosom.

So well did she succeed in this resolution, that several weeks elapsed without Richard's making any progress in her confidence, or even satisfying his own heart, whether he had won an abiding place in hers. We have said before, that he loved too well the incense of woman's affection; and in most cases it was sufficiently obvious to him when he had obtained it; but so truly and humbly did he now for the first time love, that all his wonted confidence forsook him, and he dared not breathe in words the hopes that centered in his soul.

Near the close of a fine day in September, the Judge called Lydia to the door to look at a black pony he had been purchasing.

'Oh! my own dear Jennett!' cried Lydia,

flying out into the yard, and throwing her arms around the pony's neck with a burst of joyful tears. 'Dear Jennett! how do you do? Have you come back again to your old mistress? How kind in you, dear uncle, to think of me in this!'

'She is yours, Lydia, and you must never part with her again!'

'Mine? Did you say mine? Oh, uncle, how can I ever thank you enough? You must not think me foolish for loving this little creature so much. She is the last remaining relic of home. She has shared with me the caresses of my father's hand. She seems to me almost like a sister!'

Richard, who had followed her to the door, and had witnessed this exhibition of joy and tenderness, inquired how she had happened to part with anything so dear to her.

'Oh! from necessity; nothing else can take away from us what we love,' replied Lydia.

'Rather a fine sense of justice than necessity in this case, except that with you the former phrase is synonymous with the latter,' added the Judge. 'Lydia parted with Jennett to pay off a last remaining debt of her father's. A sacrifice that few would have made. And now Lydia, I wish you to tie on your hat, and take a trot through the park to see if Jennett has forgotten

any of her old paces. Richard, of course, will be your esquire.'

'Ten thousand thanks, father, for the suggestion. Do not object to it, Lydia.'

'Certainly not,' said she, tripping gaily into the house. She returned in a few minutes, habited in her green riding coat with a pretty little velvet cap and black drooping plume upon her head. She had never looked so graceful and beautiful.

Richard assisted her to the saddle, adjusted her pretty little foot in the stirrup, and then mounted his own horse, whose high head and broad flanks suited the stately bearing of its rider.

'Why, Richard,' said the Judge, 'you look like an ogre bearing off a nymph!'

'But I can escape him if I *am* small,' cried Lydia, starting off in a canter that left Richard in the rear for a number of rods. He joined her near the gate of the park, and invited her to extend the ride through a wooded lane on the opposite side of the public road. She consented, and they pursued a leisurely ride of several miles.

'Shall we not return?' said Lydia, as they arrived at the verge of a long circuitous hill.

'Let us descend the hill, slowly. There is a beautiful brook at the foot.'

Not a word was spoken during the descent. When they reached the brook, Richard dismounted and tied his horse by the roadside. Then taking the reins from Lydia's hand, he guided the pony down to the water's edge. A Clematis vine, in full feather, hung in festoons over the bars of the bridge. From this he plucked some long wreaths with which he began decorating Jennett's head and neck.

'Lydia,' said he, leaning his arm across Jennett's mane, and looking up into the rider's glowing face, his own as glowing, 'Lydia, I had a sweet dream as we descended this long hill together.'

'Had you, Richard? So had I.'

'Indeed. Tell me yours, will you?'

'I dreamed I was at home, in the dear old woodlane at Eastshire; that Jennett was, as she is, my own dear gentle pony; that you were my brother Henry; and that I was teasing him to remain ever with me, and never to try the treacherous sea again. But it was all a dream!'

'Ah, Lydia, you regret the dream, while I am so happy in the reality! But listen to *my* vision, which is not of the past, nor present; perhaps not even of the future, though that remains for you to determine. I thought, Lydia, that this was the hill of life, which you and I were descending together; that this was our own

quiet, and shaded path ; shaded, but not gloomy ; with sunshine stealing through every bough, and birds singing on every tree. I thought you looked ever up into my face, as though I were your guide and protector, and gave all your thoughts and feelings into my charge, and regarded me as the only one on earth — the sole Adam in your Paradise ! Pardon the dream, Lydia, so full of self-conceit ; but I thought your face was full of joy, and that it turned on me as sweetly and trustingly at the last as at the first ; and that when you spoke, the words and tones were all music ; and that the sweetest words by which you addressed me — the sweetest, dearest, most thrilling words to which I ever listened, were, ‘ *My dear husband !* ’ Lydia, it was a dream ; a bright, dazzling dream ; can it be no more than this ? Oh, say to me, as you dreamed you said to your brother — ‘ Remain ever with me ! ’

‘ Richard,’ said Lydia, struggling with the emotions that for some moments had kept her silent ; ‘ is this a new dream, for the first time troubling your brain ? ’

‘ I have dreamed it for six weeks, Lydia, to the exclusion of all other thoughts. It is not one of my usual ‘ bewilderingments,’ as you may possibly suppose, Lydia. I *love* for the first time. I love without much hope, Lydia ; aware as I am of my

numerous, and culpable faults; but even if I acknowledge a slight hope, founded on our congenial tastes and feelings, you will not deem my vanity unpardonable. I am prepared to hear you say you do not love me; but shut not out all hope that I may some day win a place in your affections. Life would be so dark and worthless to me now, Lydia, if I had not you to share its enjoyments with me!

‘I have never hoped for this,’ replied Lydia, smiling through her tears. ‘It is a new and startling thought, that I am loved by one whom I have placed so high above me. Richard, I know not how to speak an untruth. I have loved you, without ever dreaming it possible you cared at all for me. If it be indeed true that I can make you happy, here is my hand, dear Richard. I give it without one feeling of distrust, hoping it may serve you as a faithful minister of my heart. I should not, deeply as I love you, so readily consent to a union that I know your mother thinks will degrade you, were I not sure that it is one of the fondest hopes of your father, to see me your wife. Your wishes and his shall rule me—or rather, is it not, after all, my own wishes, which prompt me to say, *I am ever yours?*’

LA REVENANTE.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

OH, look on me, dear one, with love and not fear,
 It is quenchless affection alone brings me here !
 Look on me ! I come not in mystery and gloom,
 With the pale winding-sheet and the hue of the tomb,
 The mould of the grave casts no stain on my brow,
 With the poor, sleeping ashes, my home is not now.
 Look on me, thou dear one ! the light of my eye
 Is loving and kind as in days long gone by,
 When, weeping and weary, thy head on my breast
 Was trustingly laid with its sorrows to rest.

Then turn not away, for my face is the same
 That oft to thy bedside in infancy came,
 And a kiss was its welcome ; now what can there be
 To make it so fearful and dreadful to thee ?
 Doth the life of the spirit, so pure and so high,
 Steal the smile from the cheek, or the love from the eye,
 That the mortal must shrink with such palsying fear,
 To know that the holy and deathless are near ?
 Oh, a far keener pang than what doomed us to part,
Is to feel that my presence sends chill to thy heart !

Though blissful my life as a spirit's can be,
Its bright hours are swept by fond yearnings for thee ;
Soft, musical waves from the Past o'er my soul,
Where never again may the vexed billows roll,
Are wafting emotions so hallowed, yet wild,
That I leave the Blest Land to behold thee, my child !
Thou hast called me with tears in the still, lonely night,
And I spoke to thy spirit, but not to thy sight :
Thou hast dreamed of me oft by our own linden-tree,
When my kiss on thy cheek was the zephyr to thee !

Thy life since we parted has laid down its glow,
And year after year has but shed deeper snow,
Whilst thou, from the stern, worldly lore of thy head,
Hast turned with a heart-broken love to the dead ;
I knew it, far off in my shadowless sphere,
And I thought it might soothe thee *to know I was near* ;
But I would not one fear o'er thy tried spirit cast
For all the deep, measureless love of the Past ;
Farewell ! Thou wilt see me no more, but the spell
Of affection shall guard thee, poor trembler, farewell !



The Stag's Hunt

THE TAKING OF THE STAG.

I HAVE run my race—
 And the weary chase
 Is o'er!
 Farewell, sweet sky!
 Dear lake, I die
 Upon thy shore!

No more the shade
 Of the oaken glade
 Will be
 A couch of rest,
 Peaceful and blest,
 For mine and me.

Was it crime to feed
 On the mountain weed?
 To lie
 In the shadows deep
 Of the wooded steep,
 Where the stream foams by?

'T is but harmless sport !'
Is your gay retort ;
 To *me*,
It is little mirth
To pass from earth
 No more to be !

THE HEALING OF THE SYRIAN.

BY MISS MARY A. H. DODD.

THE fervent sun of Syria seemed to pause in his westward journey upon the mountains of Anti-Libanus, that his beams might yet a little longer lighten one lovely and voluptuous city, the famed and delightful Damascus, which even Mahomet, in later years, dared not enter, lest the sojourner in such an Eden on earth, should forfeit his inheritance of a Paradise above.

Situated in a vast plain; surrounded by verdant hills; watered by the golden-flowing Pharpar, and encompassed on every side with widely extended, luxurious gardens, where clear rills and fountains sparkled, and every variety of rich, delicious fruit hung temptingly in the sunlight, well might it be considered a spot of ravishing beauty, and well might the kings and princes of Syria make it the seat of courtly pomp and mag-

nificence, uniting the grace of art with nature's lavish adornment.

While the day waned, and the heat of a summer noontide abated, the wife of a Syrian warrior went forth, with her attendant maidens, to her palace garden, where trees of luxuriant growth formed a cool canopy of foliage ; where the leaves whispered to bubbling fountains, and a mosaic of innumerable flowers bordered the walks. Her rich robes swept a shower of variegated petals over the pathway, as she moved listlessly on, her veil of golden threads falling over her head and shoulders like a sheet of sunshine, and the gorgeous embroidery of her tunic vieing with the blossoms around. She saw without noting the loveliness and luxury so lavishly spread out before her eyes ; she heard without pleasure the singing of birds and waters, and the music of many minstrels who touched their various instruments with cunning skill making melody in the shade. Dark lashes drooped sadly over her glorious eyes ; a shadow of painful thought rested on the high brow and around the lovely mouth, and she leaned heavily on the shoulder of a young maiden who walked by her side.

This favorite attendant, though a captive daughter of Israel, shut not her heart from love for the Syrian lady and her lord. Her slender form

seemed scarcely able to lend support to her stately mistress, and the fairy like proportions of the one, appeared in striking contrast with the full, swelling symmetry of the other. She marked the sorrow of her mistress, for her eyes were often uplifted with anxious glances, and the fine linen over her bosom, moved with the quick throbbing of her sympathizing heart.

She seemed endeavoring to gather courage to speak, for her lips parted, and a faint color flitted over her ingenuous countenance, where were pictured emotions of sweet pity, and a desire to soften pain. At length she spoke, and the lady listened, at first with indifference, but afterward eagerly, to her words.

‘Let the wife of the Syrian captain give ear to the daughter of Israel, who has marked her sadness and sees its cause in the suffering of her lord. But let not my mistress despair; for in my own country, even Israel, in the city of Samaria, there dwells a man gifted with wonderful power and goodness, Elisha a prophet of the living God, who as he walked with Elijah, his master, beheld him borne by a chariot and horses of fire to heaven, and received with his falling mantle a double spirit of prophecy. He has brought forth water in a dry place, and Moab was conquered by the Israelites, even as he had foretold the

victory. He has multiplied vessels of oil in the dwelling of a poor widow, till by the sale of it, her debt was paid and her children saved from bondage; and for a bereaved mother in Shunem he restored life to an only son. Would to God, that my master might be induced to seek the prophet in Samaria and be healed of his disease!

The wife clasped gratefully the hand of the young maiden, as she answered, 'thou hast somewhat relieved my heart of its heaviness; go with me now in search of my husband, that I may persuade him to visit Samaria, and if thy prophet restore him, though I cling to thee as a friend and could ill brook to spare thee from my side, yet thou shalt be free to return to thine own land.'

In a gorgeous apartment within the palace, where advancing twilight began to obscure some of the magnificence, the lord and master sought rest and relaxation from the duties of the day. Commander of the armies of Ben-hadad the king, renowned for valor which had often led the hosts of Syria to victory, a distinguished favorite with his master, honored throughout the land, and surrounded with luxury and splendor, he might have been envied for his high estate, and happy in his good fortune; but, *he was a leper*. A foul disease had marred the beauty and symmetry of his form, a death-like pallor was settled on his

fine countenance, and he reclined upon a soft couch, robed in purple and fine line, but stricken with leprosy, and 'white as snow.'

The faint light stole in through curtains of precious needle work, scarce revealing the richness of the hangings of Tyrian purple with their golden fringe, or the light fretwork of silver ornaments, or the glitter of gems. A fringed and tissueed canopy rose above the couch; rich spices, burning in censers of curious workmanship, diffused an aromatic fragrance round, and tempting fruits, and cooling drinks were arranged in silver caskets and golden goblets by his side. He tasted not of either; but amid the magnificence, bowed his head upon his hands and groaned aloud.

A rustle of garments was heard beside him, and the fond wife threw her white arm around his neck and pressed a kiss upon his brow.

'Naaman! my lord! my beloved! despair not, there is hope, there is help for *thee*! The little maid thou didst bring me from Israel, even Rachel — see, she is here with her gentle smile and loving eyes — speaks with strong confidence of the prophet Elisha's power to heal. Go then, my lord, to Samaria; seek the king's counsel and consent; take thy chariots and horsemen, and hasten to the man of God who has wrought miracles in Israel, and my heart tells me thou shalt return cured of this terrible disease.'

‘Light of my life! if it were not for thy love I would die! I would go forth to battle, and throw myself upon the spears of the enemy and perish at once, rather than endure this lingering, living death! How canst thou still look with fondness upon one so loathsome to behold? Why dost thou not turn in disgust from the side of thy wretched lord? Thou canst not! thou art true! For *thy* sake I will seek the prophet; I will do in all things according to thy wish. How I yearn to fold thee to my heart; but I will not; I will never defile thy pure form with one passionate caress! but cleansed, restored, should I ever again hold thee in my arms, the rapture of that moment would repay me for all I have endured. Go now, Zulma, my beloved; thy pitying, tender glance unmans me; go, if thou wouldst not see the warrior in tears! Let Rachel summon the serving men, and I will hasten to the king ere the banquet is over, which I should sooner have prepared to attend.’

On the morrow Naaman set forth upon the journey, bearing a royal letter from Ben-hadad to the king of Israel, saying he had sent his servant unto him that he might be recovered from his leprosy.

When Naaman reached Samaria with his chariots and horses, his servants and armed men,

with abundance of silver and gold, and many changes of rich raiment, and brought the letter to the king, the monarch of Israel was sorely troubled, and rent his garments and said, 'Surely Benhadad seeks a quarrel with me; for I am not a God to destroy or give life, and yet he sendeth hither a man to be healed of a leprosy.'

The prophet Elisha, hearing of the king's distress, requested that the stranger might visit *him*, if he would learn whether there were healing in Israel.

Then the captain of the Syrians came with his train of followers, and alighting from his chariot, stood uncovered before the humble door of Elisha till a messenger came forth, bidding him wash in the river Jordan seven times and his flesh should be renewed and made clean.

The leper was disappointed at the simplicity of the remedy, and his proud spirit rose under what he considered an indignity, an insult offered to his character and state; and he sought his chariot, saying to the little maid who had accompanied him in compliance with the wish of her mistress, 'Behold, Rachel, how we have been deceived! I thought thy prophet would come forth in priestly robes to receive me; that he would lay his hand upon me, and calling on the name of his God bid me be healed. What

virtue is there in the Jordan. Are not Abana and Pharpar, the limpid rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in *them* and be clean?’

He turned away with an indignant glance at the servant of the prophet, muttering his dislike of all sorcery, and saying, ‘I will return to Zulma, my beloved, though *her* disappointment will be more trying to me than my own.’

But Rachel, who had at first been affrighted to behold his rage, now gathered courage to address her master.

‘My lord, be not wroth with the man of God, nor condemn him without reason. Let not the ease with which thou canst follow his advice deter thee from the trial. If he had bidden thee perform some wondrous deed, or make some great sacrifice, wouldst thou not have done it? How much more then shouldst thou obey, when he simply saith to thee, ‘wash and be clean!’ Didst thou not promise my mistress to do in all things according to her wish, and would she not desire thee in all things, whether small or great, to do as the prophet commanded? She sent me with thee, as thy guardian and adviser, as a mother would send a trusty servant to watch a sick and wayward child. Do I speak boldly? love makes me brave. I am small of stature and young in

years, but I lack not courage when it is needed in the service of my friends, and for the love I bear my mistress, to guard her lord from evil, to see his health restored, I would willingly lay down my life. Let us go then to Jordan, and its blessed waters shall wash the stain from thy blood, and restore thee in strength and beauty to the arms of thy watching, waiting wife !’

The proud Syrian was moved and pacified by the earnest eloquence of the young handmaid, and thanking her for her attachment to her mistress, and devotion to himself, he bade her guide the train and her master whithersoever she would.

So they went down from Samaria to the Jordan, and the Syrian bathed himself seven times in the holy river, and the leprosy left him, his flesh came again fresh and healthy like a child’s, and he was clean. His joy and gratitude were as unbounded, as his rage and distrust had been bitter ; and returning to the prophet, he would gladly have bestowed upon him all the silver and gold and costly raiment, but the man of God refused his gifts ; and after acknowledging before all his faith in the power and supremacy of Israel’s God, Naaman departed with the good man’s benediction.

Shall we follow him upon his journey homeward ? which was rapidly accomplished, love

lending speed, and hope and health winging every hour with delight.

Again was the glory of sunset reflected from her domes and towers, as he drew near Damascus, and never had the fair city seemed so enchanting in its loveliness as now, when with the golden light flooding her streets of palaces and environs of emerald, she smiled like a bride in her marriage robes. The sun disappeared, and twilight added new beauty to the scene, bathing plain and city, garden and mount in a sea of purple, and the stars came faintly forth in the sapphire heaven, and the sounds of day died in harmony on the crystal air. Through the plain wandered, hither and thither, the sparkling, fertilizing rivers, and sweeping round the vast valley rose its wall of mountains with their purple crowns, Hermon where the dew descended, and Antilibanus towering into heaven.

In the garden of her palace, wandered Zulma, watching, waiting for her lord. She believed he would return ere nightfall, and the banquet was prepared, and the musicians ready, with tabret, dulcimer and harp. She had adorned herself with the care of a maiden who would please the eye of her betrothed. The tissued sandals, the rich robe, the gorgeously embroidered tunic and mantle, the costly veil, and armlets, and

necklace of precious stones, all heightened, without overpowering by their splendor, her own regal charms. With her lips parted for the quick breath caused by her impatient step, with the flush of expectation on her cheek, and the love-light in her brilliant eyes, she seemed the prophetess and personification of joy.

A form approaches! she starts! she flies! and the flowers are crushed beneath her flashing sandals! It is Naaman! cured, restored; strength in his limbs, and health upon his cheek, as peerless in manly beauty as when he came to receive her for his bride. She clasped her hands with a wild joyfulness, and tears sparkled on her glowing cheek like rain drops on the rose. She was folded in a rapturous embrace, and self-denying affection received its reward. She pressed sweet kisses on lip, and brow, and cheek; and then untwining the arms which held her in such delightful bondage, she clasped the hands of her lord within her own, and kneeling at his feet, lifted her beaming eyes, and face like an angel's radiant with ecstasy, to heaven, and breathed silently, her unspeakable, joyful thanksgiving.

THE LORD DE BEAUMONAIRE.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

DEEP lies the Chapel of St. Clair,
 Amid the trees of Arnau Vale ;
 The cross upon its gothic frame,
 Glows brighter than the clouds of flame
 That o'er it, in the sunset air,
 Serenely sail.

A road winds downward from the tower,
 Whose turrets, in the crimson flood,
 Shoot up like peaks of solid fire,
 Above the woodland's tallest spire,
 And shed a soft and radiant shower
 Around the wood.

Down from the castle's craggy heights,
 Rides Archibald de Beaumonaire ;
 Far tower the black plumes of his crest
 Above the tallest and the best
 Of all the hundred valiant knights,
 Around him there !

A mellow bugle peal descends,
 And rings, reëchoing, thro' the dale ;
 Behold the escort of the bride !
 On glittering steeds the horsemen ride ;
 Swiftly the gay procession wends
 To Arnau Vale.

The chapel bell a joyous peal
 Rings out, the bridal train to greet ;
 They come, the glittering cavalcade,
 The haughty Lord, the highborn Maid ;
 Thro' the green yard the horses wheel
 With glancing feet.

Behind the altar stands the priest ;
 Before it, Lord de Beaumonaire ;
 An old Earl leads the graceful bride
 And leaves her at the young lord's side ;
 The bell's, the bugle's peal have ceased ;
 They kneel in prayer.

What hears the Lord de Beaumonaire,
 That makes his iron brain to swim ?
 The rumbling of the moss-grown mill,
 The gushing of the silvery rill,
 Are all the sounds the solemn air
 Will waft to him.

His thoughts are with the summer day,
 When first, beside that sunny stream,

He met the mill maid gathering blooms ;
 He wove them mid his raven plumes,
 And stole her spotless heart away.
 — How sweet the dream !

He hears not Lady Clara vow
 The troth that death alone can part ;
 He hears the sweet young mill maid say,
 ‘ Oh, cast me, cast me not away !’
 A cold dew gushes from his brow,
 Blood crowds his heart !

Slowly the cavalcade returns ;
 Weary the march up yonder height ;
 The raven on the tombstone croaks ;
 The screechowl wails amid the oaks ;
 The tower no longer glows and burns ;
 Swift falls the night !

Within the cottage, pale and wan,
 The sweet young mill maid dying lay ;
 Her wavy curls of paley gold
 Adown her marble shoulders rolled ;
 She seemed like some young snowy swan
 Floating away !

‘ Look forth, dear mother ! seest thou him ?’
 ‘ Yes, my love, he mounts the steep ;’
 ‘ Looks he bright, and tall, and fine ?’
 Do his eyes and tresses shine ?’

‘ No, his face is pale and grim ;
 He fain would weep ! ’

‘ Poor dear Lord Archibald ! ’ she cried ;
 ‘ I do forgive him all his wrong ;
 So tell him, dearest mother ! Say
 With what deep tenderness I pray — ’
 More she would have said, but died
 ‘ Mid her swan-song.

Slowly tolled the chapel bell ;
 On its cross the moonlight shone ;
 The mill was hushed, low sang the rill ;
 The birds, the bees, the winds were still ;
 An aged pair walked thro’ the dell,
 Faint and alone.

They enter thro’ the chapel door ;
 The priest behind the altar stands ;
 A pall the altar overspreads ;
 The taper on a pale form sheds
 A deathly light. The priest bends o’er
 With clasped hands.

‘ Lord God ! forgive the sinful man
 Whose pride hath crushed this tender flower !
 Comfort this weeping, childless pair
 Left desolate in age ! ’ This prayer
 Was heard in Heaven. Their peace began
 That very hour.

Sir Archibald de Beaumonaire
Sat moodily beside his bride ;
He gazed out from his gloomy tower
Upon the hushed and solemn hour.
The knell had ceased ; the awestruck air
Sobbed low, and sighed.

‘ The owl is still. How dismally
The silence o’er all earth is thrown !
How motionless all objects are !’
‘ Not all, love. Mark yon shooting star !’
‘ It is no star !’
‘ What can it be ?’
‘ *A spirit flown !*’

HOPE FOR HUMANITY.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED LECTURE ON 'LIFE; THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.'

BY HORACE GREELEY.

* * * SAY what we will, and justly may, of the incurable depravity of man, as evinced in the universality of Sin and Crime, this world is better and more hopeful than it has been. The robber and the murderer still skulk and prowl among us, insulting the lone majesty of Night with revealments of their hideous presence, but Murder in the face of Day, and Heaven — the wholesale butchery of Nations, the robbery of Cities and Provinces — is no longer perpetrated without shame, or witnessed without indignant horror. The stifling to death of a few hundred Arabs in a cave, though shielded by the panoply of undoubted and relentless War, shocks the sensibilities of Christendom, and all apologies are

instinctively rejected as adding sophistry to Crime. The world regards admiringly the protracted defence of their homes and hearths by the bold mountaineers of Caucasus, wishing them a triumphant deliverance from the toils of their mighty oppressor, and every blow well struck at the minions of his power thrills with rapture the general heart. For Poland, the unfortunate, betrayed, crushed and bleeding, the tears of the nations flow in rivers, and the fervent prayers of sympathizing, sorrowing millions ascend unceasingly to God. And even Ireland, for seven centuries the prey of Domestic treason and Foreign rapine, prostrate and trampled beneath the heel of a double tyranny of Sword and Creed, at last lifts her eyes in hope and mute supplication, and, discarding the gory weapons of ruffianism and murder, trusts her cause wholly to Humanity and to God — even *her* sublime, but less imposing appeal, begins to be heeded and felt; it melts the hard crust of sectarian prejudice and hatred; it touches the souls of the generous and manly — and the glad shout of Earth's enraptured millions shall hail the swiftly hastening hour of her emancipation.

Nor am I discouraged by the fact that Kings and courts still plot against Liberty and Justice, or even that nations, blinded by rapacity or ambition,

are led into the commission of gigantic crimes. I see also that these crimes, if not less atrocious than formerly, are less frequent, less unblushing, and require to be 'sugared o'er' with sonorous, captivating phrases, indicating a devotion to Truth and Good. To steal provinces for the sake of stealing or of enjoying them, would not pass uncensured now, as in the days of Xerxes, or Norman William, or Prussian Frederick. It must be styled tranquilizing a frontier, or putting an end to anarchy, or establishing justice, or extending the blessings of freedom, or something of the sort. Hypocrisy, that homage paid by vice to virtue, at least testifies the existence of that virtue without which the homage would be vain. In a former age, civilized men unceremoniously robbed savages of their possessions for God's sake, and kept them for their own. Now it is deemed meet and decorous to incur the expense of making some few of the intended victims thoroughly insensible from strong drink, and thus procuring what can afterward be pronounced their signatures to a treaty of cession, surrendering lands which they had no more right to sell away from their brethren and their children than to sell the waters and the sky. And with all this formality and seeming, the operation is often deemed imperfect unless sanctified by the presence and active par-

icipation of some Christian divine. Those little attentions to the unities and properties, which the thoughtless would pass unheeded or with a sneer of contempt, are indeed cheering signs of human progress. They demonstrate the existence of an awakened, though still drugged and drowsy national and universal conscience. They irradiate, by contrast, the raven darkness, unabashed ferocity and unbribed lust of man's earlier career. The light they cast on the page of history heralds the dawn of a nobler and grander era, in which nations shall realize that for them, no more than for individuals, is there any possible escape from the inflexibility of God's Providence, which steadily puts aside all pretences, all shams, and looks intently into the impulse and essence of every action, awarding to each the exact and inexorable recompense of its merits. In the light of that era, virtue will walk abroad unshielded by force, unindebted to opinion, winning all to obey her dictates if not from intrinsic love of her, then from love of happiness and themselves.

But this, though an effective defence against wrong-doing, can never be the true impulse to a life of active, positive goodness. That virtue which is based on a conviction of the advantage of virtue as a business investment, will naturally waste too much time in calculating chances to be

of great value as a practical incitement to deeds. We need a loftier ideal to nerve us for heroic lives. Only on forgetfulness of self, or rather on a consciousness that we are all but motes in the beam whose sun is God, drops in the rivulet whose ocean is humanity, can our souls be moulded into conformity with the loftiest ideal of our race. To know and feel our nothingness without regretting it; to deem fame, riches, personal happiness, but shadows, of which human good is the substance — to welcome pain, privation, ignominy, so that the sphere of Human Knowledge, the empire of virtue, be thereby extended — such is the temper of soul in which the heroes of the coming age shall be cast. To realize profoundly that the individual is nothing, the universal every thing — to feel nothing a calamity whereby the sum of human virtue or happiness is increased, this is the truest wisdom. When the stately monuments of mightiest conquerors shall have become shapeless and forgotten ruins, the humble graves of earth's Howards and Frys shall still be freshened by the tears of fondly admiring millions, and the proudest epitaph shall be the simple entreaty,

'Write me as one who *loved* his fellow men.'

Say not that I thus condemn and would annihilate ambition. The love of approbation, of esteem, of true glory, is a noble incentive, and should be cherished to the end. But the ambition which points the way to fame over torn limbs and bleeding hearts — which joys in the Tartarean smoke of the battle-field and the desolating tramp of the war-horse — *that* ambition is worthy only of ‘archangel ruined.’ To make one conqueror’s reputation, at least one hundred thousand bounding, joyous, sentient beings must be transformed into writhing and hideous fragments — must perish untimely by deaths of agony and horror, leaving half a million widows and orphans to bewail their loss in anguish and destitution. This is too mighty, too awful a price to be paid for the fame of any hero, from Nimrod to Wellington. True fame demands no such sacrifices of others; it requires us to be reckless of the outward well-being of but one. It exacts no hecatomb of victims for each triumphal pile, for the more who covet and seek it the easier and more abundant is the success of each and all. With souls of the celestial temper, each human life might be a triumph, which angels would lean from the skies delighted to witness and admire.

And, beyond doubt, the loftiest ambition possible to us finds its fruition in perfect, simple

manhood. A robber may be a great warrior; a pirate an admiral; a dunce a king; a slimy intriguer a president; but to be a thorough and true man, that is an aspiration which repels all accident or seeming. And let us not fear that such are too common to be distinguished or famous. Could there appear among us a realization of the full ideal of manhood—no mere general, or statesman, or devotee, but a complete and genuine man—he need not walk naked or in fantastic garb to gather all eyes upon him. The very office-seekers would forget for a moment their fawning and prowling, their coaxing and slandering, to gather eagerly though awed around him, to inquire from what planet he had descended. No merman or centaur, giraffe or chimpauzee, mastodon or megalosaurus, ever excited half the curiosity which would be awakened and requited by the presence among us of a whole and complete man. And to form this character, inadequate as have been all past approaches to it by unaided human energy, the elements are visibly preparing. Men are becoming slowly but sensibly averse to whatever erects barriers between them and cuts them into fragments and particles of manhood. The priest in his surplice, the *militaire* in his regimentals, the duke under his coronet, all begin to feel rather uneasy and shame-faced if con-

fronted with a throng of irreverent citizens, hurrying to and fro, intent on their various errands. Among a corps, a bevy of his own order, the farce may still be played by each with decorous propriety, but apart from these it palls and becomes a heaviness. Day by day it is more and more clearly felt that the world is outgrowing the dolls and rattles of its childhood, and more and more disdains to be treated childishly. Direct, earnest speech, with useful deeds evincing lofty purpose — these are more and more insisted on, and whatever lacks them is quietly left to perish. An undeserved popularity, a sham celebrity, may still be got up by due incantations ; but, frailer than the spider's gossamer, the first breath resolves them into their essential nothingness. Gas to gas they mingle with the blue surrounding ether, and neither its serenity nor its purity is visibly affected by the infusion.

Yes, a brighter day dawns for us, sinning and suffering children of Adam. Wiser in its very follies, less cruel and wanton even in its crimes, our race visibly progresses toward a nobler and happier realization of its capacities and powers. Compared century with century, this progress is not so palpable, since what is an age to individuals is but a moment in the lifetime of the race ; but, viewed on a larger scale, the

advance becomes cheerfully evident. Washington is a nobler exponent of humanity than Epaminondas or Scipio ; La Fayette eclipses Phocion ; and Burke has a larger nature, a more universal genius than Cicero. Wonderful as are the works of Homer, they bespeak the splendid barbarian, the thoroughly developed physical, animal man ; but their range of imagination, of thought, is infinitely lower and narrower than Shakspeare's ; the man they depict is infinitely poorer and more dwarfed than Göethe's, and I dare add even Byron's. Compare Achilles with Hamlet or Harold ; the first is the more perfect of his kind, but of a nature how infinitely grosser and less exalted ! To him the stars are noteworthy but as battle-lanterns — they enable him to thrust the spear with deadlier aim to the heart of his enemy. To Harold the bare presence of the stars, 'so wildly, spiritually bright,' would recall the nothingness of terrestrial aims and struggles — their searching glances would instantly rebuke and dethrone the fell appetite for slaughter, so that, throwing away the loathsome implements of human butchery, he would stand gazing intently into their serene deeps, regardless of the proximity, forgetful of the existence, of a foe. Say if you will that the former is more NATURAL, I care not ; in the universe of mind there is scope and call for

more than the natural — for the spiritual and celestial also. Never are we so truly human as when we most daringly transcend all the vulgar limitations of humanity; and thus Hamlet, who, viewed with disparaging coldness and skepticism, is the most erratic and improbable creation of the brain, is instinctively recognized by all awakened souls as a veritable man and a brother. His unfamiliarity at first blush accused *our* deficiencies, not his — was caused by his combining more of the elements of our common nature than we had been accustomed to see embodied and developed in any one man. Had we but known ourselves, Hamlet had never seemed to us a stranger.

The ages of darkness — of unconscious wandering from the path of right and good — of that ‘ignorance’ which we are told God ‘winked at’ in its earlier and more excusable manifestations — are rapidly passing away. That generation is not yet all departed which witnessed the rise, progress, and termination of the struggle regarding the rightfulness and legitimacy of the African Slave-Trade. Commencing in the attacks of a few obscure fanatics on the usages, maxims, gains and respectability of the commercial aristocracy and seafaring chivalry of nearly all Christendom, it has already become a struggle between nearly all that same Christendom converted, and a few

abhorred, hunted, skulking pirates. Can any man rationally doubt that the discussion of Slavery itself, which had a similar beginning, is destined to run a like career, to a like termination? The fact that the latter is the more strongly entrenched in the interest, convenience, custom, and seeming necessity of the superior caste, may somewhat protract the struggle; yet on the other hand the contest already past, the victory already gained in a kindred encounter, immeasurably diminish the difficulties and must abridge the duration of this. Men have learned and tested the applicability of moral laws to general and public as well as individual and private relations—to the acts of communities as well as of persons. Can any suppose that the application of this principle is to cease with the initial case which has established its efficacy and value? Far from it. We see it now operating upon rulers and nations, to restrain the most ambitious and blood-thirsty from war by a power far more dreaded than that of hostile bayonets. We see it operating at home in the temperance agitation of our time, and especially that regarding the rightfulness of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. What is this but the Slave-Trade question over again?—varied in form it is true, but differing nothing in substance. The essence of either controversy regards the right of

any part or member of the human family, to promote or countenance, for private gain, any practice or business whereby others are naturally degraded, impoverished, enslaved, or made wretched. Once determine that this right does not exist in any one case, and the principle instantly and naturally confronts other cases, and insists that these also shall be tested by its standard.

Let not the sensual hope, let the good never fear, that the vitality of this principle can be exhausted, while moral evil or avoidable suffering shall linger on the face of the earth. The reforms which have not yet begun to be prominent, are vaster and nobler than any which have thus far been favored with the smiles, or even the frowns, of coteries and club-rooms. The world drowsily opens its eyes and yawns assent to the truth that the *direct* enslavement of man is rebellion against Him, who in His wisdom has endowed us with faculties and desires with the development, use and healthful satisfaction whereof the inevitable conditions of slavery are incompatible. That perfect obedience which God requires can rarely be comprehended, and still more rarely rendered, by him who is born, lives and dies the absolute chattel and convenience of another. And this truth condemns not the chattel relation only, but

all relations in which service degenerates into servitude. Wherever one human being exists mainly for the convenience and advantage of another, or of others, there the elemental purpose, the essential economy of Providence, is defied and for the moment subverted. Wherever one requires of others more service than he willingly renders in turn, requiting it not with his own, but the fruits of others' exertion, there is a principle asserted which tends to bankrupt the race and defeat the highest end of its creation. Wherever one fancies himself exempted, by the inheritance or acquirement of wealth, from performing his fair proportion of the labor demanded by human necessities, there is one whose example justifies the slaveholder on his couch, the absentee landlord rioting in luxury on the last potato of starving penury, the coward fleeing from the post of danger and of duty. In defrauding his kind of the service he owes them, he defrauds himself of the health and strength and longevity which were rightfully his portion until 'vilely cast away.' And the physical evils of luxury and sloth are but faint reflections of the moral. Every household constructed on the basis of a superior and an inferior caste — on the assumption that some of us are born to wait and serve, others *to be served* and waited on — that some must work

to live, while others may justly live without working—the former being the less and the latter the more honorable class — *that* household, I say, is built on a foundation of un-christian slavery and unmanly falsehood, whose tendencies are to eye-service, deceit, envy, hatred, sloth, pride, and all kindred vices. Not without a radical reform of that household, is any real approximation of the careers therein commenced, to the ideal of a true life possible, save as a rare exception — a happy result of unobserved but potent influences, fortunately conspiring to overrule the more obvious and general laws governing the formation of character. If we are educated slaves or enslavers, we shall rarely, and with difficulty, outgrow our early lessons and become true men and women.

As yet, the great reform which shall abolish all slavery as it only *can* be effectually, really abolished, by leaving none coveting the position of a master, none possessing the soul of a slave, is in its infancy, silently and slowly but surely progressing to matured energy and vigor. ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY, the dream of the past age, the aspiration of the present, shall be the fruition and joy of the next. The reunion of desire and duty, divorced and warring since the fall, restores man at once to the unchanging, uncloying bliss of

Eden. That this is a Moral renovation is indeed most true, but false is the deduction that it is wrought or endures regardless of physical conditions. Idly do the lips of the widow murmur expressions of contentment and thankfulness when her children pine for bread, and have no prospect of procuring it; vainly does the forlorn wretch essay to thank the Providence whose ways he cannot fathom, but whose present results are to him famine, disease, and utter, hopeless destitution. Here and there the keen eye of faith may pierce the deepest gloom of the Present, and rest exultingly on the compensating glories of the Future; but such are exceptions to the general law which renders present privation and anguish an Aaron's rod, swallowing up all thought, overclouding all hope of future bliss. We must know what happiness is, ere we can rightly appreciate the prospect of it; we must have exemption from pressing wants of the body ere we can duly heed and be faithful to the loftiest promptings of the soul. The individual engrossed in a constant and arduous struggle for daily bread, makes slow and capricious progress on the path to Heaven. Those who cannot obey the divine precept, 'Take no anxious thought for the morrow,' can hardly hope to obey any precept relating to their own spiritual growth and elevation. Not till the pressing

demands of our outward and bodily nature shall have been provided for, may we rationally look for a general conformity of our actual state to the ideal of sentient, intelligent being.

That the physical conditions of a calmer and nobler existence for the great mass are slowly but surely preparing, I recognize with gladness ; I will not doubt that the moral elements are also commingling. In all the forms and shows of present and threatening Evil, I discern the shadows of approaching good. The age now dawning shall reap in gladness the fields tearfully sown in defiance of tempests, of contumely and reproach. It will have its statesmen who may continue to serve their nations without stooping to flatter their worst and most dangerous passions ; orators whose trumpet-tones shall be employed to chasten and rebuke whatever is selfish in the thronging multitudes they address, rather than impel them to envy and hate their fellows ; teachers of religion, meek, earnest followers of the carpenter's son of Bethlehem and Paul the tent-maker, who, living or at all times ready to live, if need be, by the labor of their own hands, shall minister to God in houses unpartitioned to men, asking of a prospective field of labor not what salary is to be paid, but what sin is to be cured, setting forth the duties and reproofing the delinquencies of wealth

as few or none have dared to do, since He 'who had not where to lay His head.' Under such faithful ministrations, the truth must soon become apparent that riches are desirable only to widen the scope, and enlarge the opportunities of well-doing — that they impart no right to live prodigally, selfishly or ostentatiously — still less to avoid the ways of industry and benign exertion. With wealth thus possessed and employed, vanish at once the privations and the envious discontent of the poor — the dreams and the desire of Agrarian equality — since the most abject must then recognize the wisdom and beneficence of the dispensation which qualifies some to be the almoners and benefactors of the less gifted or provident millions; while the more fortunate would learn to feel, in extending the amplest encouragement and aid to the lowly, some faint reflection of the rapture of creative goodness. Thus harmonized in feeling, exalted in purpose, convergent in effort, the reünited human family shall move on to greater and still greater triumphs over physical obstruction, elementary perversion, and moral dissonance, until evil and anguish shall virtually be banished, our earth be restored to its primal rank among the loyal provinces of God's empire, and man, made a 'little lower than the angels,' shall realize in his actual the noblest, the fairest ideal of life.

TO ONE UNSEEN.

BY HENRY BACON.

OH, thou wert very beautiful ! far lovelier than the flowers
 That bloom in light's sweet ecstasy, in Summer's gayest
 hours ;
 Thy smile was fairer than the ray that melts upon the skies,
 When 'neath the setting sun's last beam the snowy cloudlet
 lies ;
 And when thy lips were opened, a charm around them grew
 With every throb of warming blood the joyous pulses
 threw ;
 And thy sweet thoughts' enchantment was as the golden
 words
 Which Mary kept within her heart, the music of its chords.*

We see a face that bears to us a likeness unto thee,
 But 't is when holiest look is there, that we thy image see ;
 We love to keep her near to us wherever we may sit,
 And watch to catch her smile whene'er that starry light is lit ;
 She is a dear and gentle child, and her sweet voice is clear
 As ever came from rippling stream when first the Spring is
 near ;

* Luke 2: 5L.

But do not think we weep to see how roseate is *her* check,
For less of death, than as thou *art*, her presence doth bespeak.

It may be thou art near to us, and that thy spirit reads
How yet the wounded vine of love in very weakness bleeds ;
If so, thy spirit-sight discerns how still we strive to be
Like those who weep, but yet grow strong in immortality.
And thy sweet face doth beam on us through every darkling
cloud,

Not as, all awfully serene, it looked out from the shroud,
But as transformed by angel life, it seems to say, ' Ere long
Our Father's love shall bring ye here to join me in my song.'

Thou art our heavenly teacher now ; and rightly we revere
The wisdom of serener love than ever springeth here,
And heaven is now within our souls as tides are in the
sea,

And all the flowings of our love are reaching forth to thee.
Time bears us on, and when we reach the silent shore of
Death,

A prayer to God and love to thee, shall be our parting
breath ;

And when eternal light shall break, we hope to clasp thy
hand,

And have thee for our welcome guide through all the
mystic land.

There's rapture in the very thought of that triumphal hour,
The thought of wearing once again our first and holiest
flower !

To fold thee in our arms again, and feel thou art our own,
To see the sweetness of thy face, and hear thy music tone,—
To bow with thee and thank the Grace that gave, and took,
 and gave,
That pitied all our grief and pain, and sent a power to save,
And tell our thanks that by the grief that bent our spirits
 low,
We learned to seek for all that hope which now our spirits
 know !

THE OLD MILL.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

BRIGHT in the foreground of wood and hill,
Close by the banks of my native rill,
Rumbling early ere dawn of light,
Rumbling late through the winter night,
When all the air and the earth is still,
Toileth and groaneth the old red mill.

Around its cupola, tall and white,
The swallows wheel, in their summer flight ;
The elm-trees wave o'er its mossy roof,
Keeping their boughs from its touch aloof,
Although four stories above the rill,
Towereth aloft the old red mill.

Idly now in its tower is swung
The brazen bell with its lolling tongue ;
Above, the vane on the rod-point shows
Which way the wind, in its changes, blows ;
While down in the waters, deep and still,
Is the mirrored face of the old red mill.

The winds through its empty casements sweep,
Filling its halls with their wailings deep ;
Its rotten beams in the tempest sway ;
O'er its iron rod the lightnings play ;
Yet brave and bold, by the fair green hill,
Like a bridegroom standeth the old red mill.

Fair forms once moved thro' those spacious rooms,
Fair hands once tended its clattering looms ;
Those walls, with the spider's tapestry hung,
With the music and laughter of youth have rung ;
But now the song and the laugh are still,
In the upper lofts of the old red mill.

But down below, still the work goes on ; —
In the groaning vortex the ' waste ' is thrown ;
While heavily turneth the ponderous wheel,
And the web comes forth o'er the whirling reel ;
Good, honest service it doeth still,
That shattered and windswept old red mill !

And one, who with long and patient care
Kept guardian watch o'er the labors there,
Who at early morning, and evening late,
By those groaning engines was wont to wait,
That he with comfort his home might fill,
No longer treads thro' the old red mill.

No more we see him, with silvery hair,
Slowly ascending the broken stair

That leads from that doorway, with rubbish strewed,
Up the steep green bank to the village road ;
Or, pausing awhile on the brow of the hill,
Gaze thoughtfully down on the old red mill.

He has passed away with his kindly smile,
With his heart so cheerful and free from guile ;
Sweet is his memory, sweet and dear
To the friends that loved him while he was here ;
And long will the deeps of our being thrill
To the memories linked with the old red mill.

The sire has passed, and ah ! *not alone* ;
Another link from our chain is gone !
Another, whose heart of love is cold ;
Whose form has passed to the dust and mould ;
No more will SHE cross our cottage sill,
Or gaze with us on the old red mill.

Then let old Ruin about it lurk ;
Let it rumble on in its daily work.
It will pass away as they have passed,
For we all must tottle and fall at last !
Well would it be could we each fulfill
As patient a lot as the old red mill !

THE SUMMER DREAM.

'DEEP was the glen ;
 In shadow lay the banks
 Of the still brook ; a wren
 Poured out his simple hymn of thanks
 From an old oak ; the glade
 Was filled with murmurs that the stream
 Among the flags and rushes made.'
 Such was the Maiden's silent, summer dream.

Wherefore this trance ?
 Wherefore this simple dream
 Of simplest circumstance ?
 'T was there, and then, that first a gleam
 Of the deep life that lies
 In Nature's bosom, quivering, fell,
 Thro' the clear dome-lights of her eyes,
 Into her heart's unfathomable well.

And since that hour,
 She has communed with sky,
 With bird and brook, and flower,
 As things that will not, and that cannot die !

Eternal life, to her,
In every form of being shines ;
Henceforth a true, perpetual worshiper,
She lifts a reverent heart at omnipresent shrines.

S. C. E.

HER MOTHER'S CHILD.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

'AND sure it's good care ye will be taking of the child. Miny a heart-pang has it been to me, the trusting her to anither than meself, but sure an' its ye will be taking good care of her.'

The speaker was a coarse looking, weather-beaten Irishman, and as the first tone of his rough voice startled me in the midst of my school duties, and a rapid glance revealed his rude garb and mien, a slight impatience at the intrusion found a momentary place in my heart. Momentary indeed it was, for as that rough voice softened in its earnest pleading for tenderness to his child, there was an eloquence in its tones which no woman's heart could resist. A rich harp is the human voice, but the master-hand of feeling alone can call forth its melody.

'Certainly, my good sir, if you leave your child with me, I will try to be both kind and

true to her,' I replied, as soon as my feelings would permit my utterance.

'Blessings upon ye, my sweet lady, for that same promise, an' sure am I that ye'll niver want for kindness yeself. She's been a great care to me, ma'am, and it's miny a long night I've watched over her when we were out upon the wide say, but niver a bit would I be a complaining if it's twice the trouble she was, for sure she is her mother's child, God bless her.'

The father bowed his head upon the face of his child, and the large tears fell upon her innocent face, as she clung so trustingly to that rude form and time-worn garb, which had impressed me at first so unfavorably.

'An ye will be good to her, lady, and look after her kindly, and spake gently as ye spake then, and may the saints love ye, and the blessed virgin watch over ye, as ye watch over her,' and with a convulsive effort, the father placed his little girl by my side, and immediately departed.

It was several minutes before I could catch even a glimpse of the child's features, in such an agony of grief was her head bowed upon my shoulder; but as I held her within my arms, and spoke soothingly to her, rocking her to and fro like an infant to its rest, her sobs ceased, and she sank to a quiet sleep. Carefully laying her upon

a bed of cloaks and shawls, which some of the older children arranged upon one of the seats, I now obtained a full view of her countenance as it lay in calm repose. I was much surprised to find it a familiar one.

Little Frances O'Flane had, for several days, been numbered among my pupils. She was led in one morning when numerous other duties engrossed my thoughts, by an older member of the school, her admission ticket was duly examined, her seat assigned, her name placed on the record-book, and I rested satisfied that my duty to her was done. One thing I had forgotten — she was a stranger, and needed sympathy, — and thus I suffered that pale face to pass in and out among my little band, without one look or tone, other than were required in the daily instruction of the child who bore it. She had been but few days in the school. She had never received an ungentle word or look therein, but it had become a dreary place to her. Too timid to share with the other pupils in their sports, or to come to me with her little joys and sorrows, as was their wont. She was a lonely thing in the midst of love, and sad in the midst of happiness. When *they* came with their light steps and joyous smiles, for their good-night kiss, she would stand silently apart, or pass sadly out, and rendered thoughtless by the

very excess of happiness in the love of those young beings, I knew not that her little heart was sighing for the blessings she dared not ask.

That morning the child who had led her to and from school, had neglected to call for her, and the father himself came, with his earnest plea that she should be tenderly cared for. Very sad were my thoughts as I bent over her, that I had suffered so much grief to fill the heart of a little child; but they wrought a good work in my mind, for never since that hour have I left a young heart to loneliness when it was mine to make joy and love its daily companions.

The story that was afterwards told me of Frances and her parents was very simple, but it may interest some other mind as it has interested me.

Dennis O'Flane was a genuine Irishman; strong in love, and stern in hate; with plenty of hope for the future, and contentment for the present; brave, generous, and enthusiastic; he was the very personification of that much slandered race. He was a goodly looking youth withal, and fitted to win the heart of a maiden like Rose McDonald the village beauty and belle. That he *had* won it no one doubted when they saw her exchange her father's dwelling with its many comforts, for the humble cabin on the hill-side; her maiden

sports and maiden coquetry, for the serious duties and grave demeanor of a wife; and her many village suitors, for one kind and loving husband.

A goodly couple they were to look upon, and the priest blessed them in his heart as he performed the sacred rite. Their young companions gathered around with the prayer that they might never encounter life's sorrows, while the older and more thoughtful asked that they might receive strength to endure. And so they passed to their low cabin, and a pleasant place it was to them, for it was the home of contentment and love.

While Dennis cheerfully pursued his healthful toil without, Rose made sure that everything was neat and pleasant within the cabin, and the hour of his return was always made happy by her affectionate greeting. Their frugal fare was sufficient for their real need, nor did they wish for more. Time passed, and healthy children were given unto them, merry hearted little creatures to fill their home with innocent mirth, and their hearts with fervent joy. But the common lot was theirs, and trial came to them as it must come to all. Not by joy only, but by deep, stern suffering must the spirit be fitted for its holier life.

A long and painful illness brought Dennis

even to the very gates of death, and though by the kind nursing of his gentle wife he at length recovered, it was to see the sad inroads which care and privation had made upon her own health, and the extremity of want to which they were reduced. His own strength was not yet equal to the constant toil which had once been regarded as a little thing, and many debts created by his sickness began to harass him. A friend advised him to remove to America. Many are the stories of wealth easily acquired, to lead the believing from their early homes to a land of strangers, and to these Dennis listened with an unsuspecting heart. He resolved to sell his little cabin; with the money thus acquired to pay all he owed, and with the scanty remainder to embark at once with his family for America, trusting in God and his own exertions for their future support.

His resolution was checked by an unexpected obstacle. When he told his ever gentle wife of his plan, he was startled by her look of silent agony, but she uttered no word of herself. For a moment she drew nearer to her bosom their only son, a noble lad of seven years, and then with a mother's fervent love, and a mother's self-control, bade him go and play. Then turning to her husband she said with the low earnest tone

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of one who utters words that have lain long buried in the heart, ‘Dennis, my own Dennis, I have never opposed your will, but have you looked well upon our son. Oh, I have kept this from you too long, my husband, for I would have spared you the pang which is ever with me, but our boy will ere long be taken from us. I have watched him day by day and seen how false is the flush that burns upon his cheek, and the fire that lights his eye. You see him but at his sports, or with his books, and then it is that the spirit gives too much of energy to his slight frame, but in the still night when I steal softly to his little couch, or when he lays his head wearily upon my bosom, then it is that I feel we must soon render our treasure back to the good God who gave it. Oh, Dennis, take him not away to die upon the broad ocean, or in a strange land. When we have laid him down in our own church-yard where our parents sleep, then —’ For a moment her words ceased amid suppressed sobs, but the next she looked up with trustful love, as she said in a firmer, calmer voice, ‘where thou goest I will go, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.’

A world of anguish had been opened to Dennis in those words. Not for his boy alone, had his fears been awakened. He looked not on him,

thought not of him, dearly as he loved him, for all other thought and feeling was swallowed up in one sudden fear. His wife, his cherished Rose, — he had never till now seen how pale and thin she had become, he had never marked the spiritual light in those clear hazel eyes, he had been busy with his labors and his cares, and had allowed himself to be deceived by the smile which had ever greeted his coming. Now that the flush of excited feeling had passed away, he saw those pale features as if for the first time, and the conviction pressed coldly and heavily upon his heart, that the boon she had asked for her boy would be granted unto herself.

America was never mentioned again in that once cheerful home now so strangely sad. Yet was it still a happy one, even although the angel of death was hovering over it, for love and faith can spread sunshine even amidst the darkest clouds. Tenderly did Dennis watch over his heart's dearest treasures, for he knew that not long would they be his own.

Their boy rapidly failed, and at length he was laid upon the bed of sickness. Called by his daily toil from that couch of pain, yet was Dennis ever found ready to relieve his wife from her wearying task at the first hour of freedom, and to soothe by his unflinching tenderness her every care. It was

a holy sight to see that strong man there, bowed by the bedside of the little child, and ministering with a woman's gentleness to its wants, for love had given its own gentleness to his spirit.

They laid their only son in the quiet grave ; they bowed in bitter sorrow over its repose, then calmly turned again, with the hope to meet it in another world, to the duties and cares of this. Long, for her husband's sake, did Rose strive to bear up against the fell disease that was preying upon her life, but at last it conquered.

Poor Dennis laid her down beside their child, and now he could not return to the cabin where they had so long lived lovingly together. He sold it, and paying all that justice demanded, he embarked with his two surviving children upon the waters of the broad Atlantic. Frances was nearly five years old, little Emma, the youngest, only two, but for a time both seemed destined to cheer the heart of their bereaved parent. The youngest was too slender and too delicate to bear the hardships of the voyage without a mother's protecting care, and she too was called away. Who can tell the bitterness of the father's heart as he laid his little one within the dark blue sea, far from the the graves of the cherished dead. Could he have left her there, to slumber by her mother's side, it had been some relief to his

burdened heart, but the cup was given, and he drank it.

Frances was now his only one, and the father's love grew more intense for its very fearfulness, as he guarded her day and night, lest some harm might befall her. They arrived in Boston, and Dennis soon obtained employment there by which to preserve his little one from want, but how to obtain for her proper care during his daily absence was a more perplexing question. He at length placed her under the care of a kind and worthy woman, with whom he also boarded, and yielded to her solicitations that she might attend school with the other children.

That little stranger still occupies her seat in my school-room, and her pleasant face is never raised lovingly to mine, without calling forth a silent prayer that she may be spared to repay the tenderness that pleaded for her because she was 'her mother's child.'

BIRTH PLACE OF WASHINGTON.

BENEATH that humble roof a child was born
 To a great destiny. Not simply dowered
 With a short life-work, his great spirit towered
 Above all ages, and like radiant morn
 Gleams o'er the coming years of time.

Sublime

His being stands, a model for mankind.
 Never again so base, so worldly blind,
 Will heroes be, as in the bloody Past.
 A new Name o'er the earth its light hath cast —
 And he who governed but to make men free,
 Their hero-god, their model-man will be,
 Until the last; —
 Until all men are great and good as HE!

The Birchblow of Washington.



WHITTEMORE HALL.

BY MISS. L. M. BARKER.

FOR some who are in the yearly habit of turning over the pages of 'our Annual,' there will need no explanation of the name which I have placed at the head of the page. To them, already, either memory has referred directly to the interesting spot thus denominated, or imagination, excited by previous description, has pictured the agreeable aspect of the noble old mansion, with its pleasant looking windows, and the cheerful, open porches beneath its shadowing trees.

But to those who will have patience to follow my rambling thoughts, about an abode that they know not where to place, I would say, that on looking out of a window, in my apartment at Whittemore Hall, I discover beyond nearer objects, yet conspicuous in the sunlight, the roofs and spires of venerated Harvard; and on meas-

uring thence, with my eye, a small arc of the horizon, I see, faintly defined against the grey sky, that tall, monumental obelisk, which stands where fell the first martyrs of the still prophetic truth: Life, 'liberty and the pursuit of happiness, are inalienable human rights.'

It is from no wish to distinguish the local more particularly than I may have done, by this allusion to distant points in the field of vision, that I am inclined to linger awhile in the neighborhood of nearer objects; but because I hear that reproachful voice, which comes to us, sometimes, from less honored places, when we speak of those that the gratitude and veneration of men have consecrated, by the erection of memorial altars.

Bunker's battle monument stands proudly on its foundations; for the many who look up to it, know the story of the patriot army, whose deeds it commemorates. And not one of them but feels how easy it would have been for him, side by side with the heroes within their suddenly erected bulwarks, to have braved the discipline, and contemned the pomp of despotic power. It is not in the common heart of man, to have withstood the trumpet tones that called them to that field of battle. Throughout the long night of preparation that preceded the conflict day, — that night of anxious, but hurried labor, of ear-

nest, and yet whispered words,—as they glanced from time to time, into the contiguous darkness, they heard there the clank of the Oppressor's chains, and the heavy tread of his iron footsteps; and mingled with these, came the voices of their country, in appeals to 'God and the world,' in brave resolves to do or die, in words of brotherly cheer, and unfaltering faith; and still as they listened, the sounds came borne more distantly; farther and farther, even from the border land of the remotest colony. And ever some new strain was chiming in;—the strong voice of the mountain breeze, and the sweet singing of the lowland stream: the woodman's axe in the forest, and the glad echoes in the newly broken solitude around the settler's dwelling; and softer yet sweeter, and more thrilling still, low breathings of household prayer, dear words and true vows from loving hearts, saddened even now, by forebodings of parting hours, and hopes deferred, and death-wailings, which must come; so that in all this broad land, enterprise might go forth, unfettered, in the fields, and on the rivers; and Love and Religion be left free, to do their blessed work in the emigrant's home.

What wonder that on the morrow, to ears attuned to such chorus, the swell of British

trumpets, should have seemed to them, but the triumph notes of their own victories yet to be.

‘They fought like brave men, long and well.’

But the spilling of the precious blood that rushes to the free heart, and nerves the unfettered arm in defence of invaded rights, had been before; and in circumstances better calculated to display the heroic qualities of the human soul, and its innate love of freedom, than in those where sympathetic influences have been longer at work.

I look down on my right, into an old cemetery, whose first silent inhabitants blessed their good king over the seas, before they sank to that quiet sleep which the cannons of the Revolution could not waken. And I see there, a low mound thrown over the common grave of those who fell by the way-side, on that memorable day when this broad town-street, now busy with market wagons, and gay with carriages, echoed the tread of a retreating foreign soldiery, who, maddened by the first outbreak of resistance to lawless power, waged indiscriminating war upon the scattered farm-houses; and left in every dwelling, tales to be told over at the hearth-side of future generations.

I have listened in some of these habitations, to such of these recitals of terror, and daring, and love, and patriotism, as made me feel that there is no knowledge worth more to human beings, than a knowledge of the true human heart; and no mood of feeling more satisfying than that sympathy with great actions, which has been induced by clear perceptions of their producing incitements. And all that is truly human, can be truly understood by the human. Especially, if the free, strong mind shall assert its freedom, and rejoice in its strength; if the noble heart shall beat true to its own nobleness, let the customs of the conventional seek to control its throbbings as they may; there will be no mind, and no heart, capable of like generous sentiments, that will not be affected to corresponding deeds. Thence comes the overwhelming force of revolutions, to lay low the towering pride of human domination; and thence the Augustan ages.

But not always can the multitude be trusted. The accumulated river shows not the crystal of the mountain streams that leap into its bosom. An hour ago, beautiful little white clouds, tinged with the most delicate hues, appeared along the horizon, and floated into one; and now they gather darkness, and there is gloom in the air. So the sympathetic heart of man, finds often, in

the result of its tendencies to social action, causes that weaken the strength, and dim the purity of the individual purpose. And if thus it should happen, from what possibility cometh there a hope, but in the renovation of the *Individual*?

Glorify then as we may, by our pilgrimages, the scenes where tents have been pitched, and battles won; shall we not also 'call it holy ground,' where he who has been called suddenly to act, has stood up, alone, 'heart within and God o'er-head,' in defence of the right? Swell too, as we may, the triumphal procession; lend our voice as we may, to the murmur, or the shout of thousands; and be controled as we *must* by society and sect, still our heart's best honors are for him who can be great enough to throw off controlling influences, when he feels that they are warring against his better nature; and go out, if need be, into the solitude of non-communion, so that he may be true to his own soul.

There is lying here beside me, upon the table, an unfinished sketch of a house, glimpses of which I can discern from this window, through the thick foliage of neighboring trees. It is almost as old as the two-century elm that shades it, and is rich in its reminiscences of other times. Like all the old dwellings upon the street, it has its tales of the 19th of April, '75, but it is not these that recur

to me now. I am thinking of a scene which was acted there, years before, and which was related to me by a descendant of one of its early proprietors.

A sweet summer evening, with its balm and beauty, lay around the mansion, not then as now, dark and dilapidated, and ready to be torn down to make way for *another rail-road*, but in the pride of aristocratic pretension. The master of the domicile had come out beneath the lighter roof of the green leaves; and as we may well suppose, had yielded his heart to the sanctifying influences of the hour. Alas! not wholly: for as a young woman guided her horse from the highway, and rode slowly up the lane leading to the house, a frown gathered to his brow, and he turned abruptly to go in. He has seen that she is pale, and agitated, and will he not stay, and take the child from her arms, and assist her, his own child, gently to the ground? It is not so to be. The father and grandfather has passed to the interior of his dwelling, and the inhospitable door has closed behind him.

And wherefore is all this? Simply, because, a true son of the Pilgrims, he sometimes mistook like them, the Minerva wisdom of the Stoic, for that wisdom which is 'first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated.' From them,

he inherited not only the virtues for which we honor them, but their unnecessary sternness also; and that pride of patriarchal authority which would rather sacrifice intense and dear affections, than suffer the least infringement upon the 'divine right' to govern their own households.

And so it happened, that when his daughter both gave her heart, and plighted her faith in opposition to his wishes, he sent her away from the paternal roof, unblessed, and unforgiven.

A few weeks, perhaps even a few months, might have passed away, in the cares of her new dwelling, accompanied with no insurmountable regrets; but the days grew longer away from her unvisited early home; a thousand sweet scenes of the past, grew dearer to memory as they floated away in the distance of time; the form of her silver-haired father haunted her dreams; till at length, in very fear that she might envy the babe on her bosom the parent love so lavished upon it, she resolved to brave the frowns with which she knew she should be met, in the endeavor to win back the love she had lost.

Undeterred, therefore, by the cold repulse which she received, she crossed the threshold, and stood before her father in his own apartment. But not one word of the eloquence that was almost bursting her heart, would come to her lips. The

reminiscences of her girlhood, her filial veneration, her new experience of life, all crowded together and pressed upon her homesick heart, till its beating grew fainter, and fainter, and she sank gradually down at his feet; pale as the image of Death, and as unconscious.

Now, puritan Father, nerve thyself as thou wilt, and thy unnatural strength shall fail thee. Call as thou wilt upon thy examples, and thou shalt find how powerless is custom against the mighty human heart that is struggling within thee. And rest thee, at peace in thy unconsciousness, unhappy daughter! Thou wouldst wake to a father's love, even were the shades of all 'the pilgrims' to make themselves visible before him. How much more then, when he feels himself alone, with the God who ordained that love, and thee.

I know not whether it were this little simple story that interested me most, or the reflections which it occasioned. I thought how naturally a tyranny in family rule, might spring from the desire which induced the Mayflower voyagers to leave their first sought asylum, and seek another, in which they might not only enjoy their religion in peace, but keep their children free from pernicious examples in the world around them. How naturally, too, under the incitements of a social

compact, might that stern virtue which was necessary to enable them to meet the severer trials of their eventful history, have chilled somewhat the charities of life, and degenerated at last, into the mere quixotism of the chivalry which shook off the despotism of Europe, braved the ocean storm, and the gloom of the unbroken forest, for 'freedom to worship God.' And then I thought, that from such heart struggles, and heart triumphs, as the one I had just heard, must have come the change that has relieved society of absurd and impossible restrictions; made the family circle more joyous; age more condescending to youth, and youth more companionable to age.

I believe, that when my reverie was interrupted, I was musing upon the next reform. That will be no *heart* work. The affections have been, perhaps, too much abandoned to their impulses, for the social soul is weakened, and needs that tone of purity and strength, which the free, pure mind alone can impart to it, and *most inevitably will*. But I leave the prophecy to its fulfillment, for the subject is so full of life and its mysteries, that my thoughts have been drawn back insensibly to the spot whence they set out, and *here* one can neither compare, nor reason, but only meditate.

I dwell in a haunted mansion. No ghosts of murdered travelers, or incarcerated, heart-broken damsels, witch the night air, in apartments devoted to repose, but from all around, and in the sunlight, as 'beneath the moon,' glance out at times, upon the eye of fancy, apparitions of the life that blossomed here, and faded and passed away. In the hall just beyond my room, hang portraits of a family who for nearly half a century, called out from these walls echoes to all voices of human joy, or human sorrow. And as the years passed along, the voices were hushed, one by one, to the unbreathing slumber of death; but the echoes, blended and softened, to 'the still sad music of humanity,' linger yet (or is that fancy too?) in the sound that dies away in some distant room, as we turn to listen; and in the twilight sighing among the trees that lean toward the home they have shaded so long.

There is always a pleasing, though melancholy interest, in reviewing, within their own desolate habitation, the fortunes of a family that has passed away. I remember with what intensity of feeling, on my first visit to this place, I walked in these, then, *really* desolate apartments; and how eagerly I inquired about what had been in other years. And how long I busied myself in the room of the Observatory, in weaving tales from

the names, single, coupled, and grouped ; and the sentiments of devotion and friendship, of love and hope, and happiness, and romantic sorrow, inscribed upon its walls.

On my return to take up my abode here, I found not only that the brush of the painter had concealed forever, these mementoes of passionate and poetic hearts ; but that time and change were busied in all their offices, to remove and obliterate remaining traces, of those who had once ‘kept holiday at the Hall.’ Still there was much to gratify my interest. I found those who were ready to talk with me of the hospitality that had reigned here, of the kindly manners of ‘the old Squire,’ and the loveliness of his daughters ; of the long years of prosperity and joy they had shared together ; and the rapid changes, the deaths, and removals that had given their house to strangers, and left their joys and sorrows among the things that were.

Looking in my portfolio, a day or two since, I found an unfinished letter, written about that time, part of which reminds me, how much this subject occupied my thoughts.

————— ‘I wish you were here, that you might share with me the interest which I feel in this old mansion, from the circumstance of its having been for so many years the home of a most

interesting family, the greater part of whom sleep together now, beneath this willow, here in the old cemetery, and the rest are scattered away. An hour ago, in the melancholy mood which had been induced by thinking of them, I leaned on the window, and looked up through the leaves of the tree that hung above me, with a prayerful feeling that in Heaven alone is all our hope. E., and I., and H., were in the next room, talking in a merry mood, and calling frequently to me, but I felt little disposed to join them ; so I went below, and strolled down one of the walks in the garden. The old dog who has lived here eighteen years, and whom neither the loss of his kind friends, nor the indifference and scorn with which he has been treated by new-comers, has been able to drive away, opened the gate after I had shut it, and walked all the way by my side. He peered about in the moonlight, as if he would be sure there was nothing there to molest me, and once or twice as a louder sound than the others came up from the village, he would bark out, then walk along in a loftier manner and look up in my face as if to say, 'do'n't be afraid, I will be your friend.' I was in the mood to be affected, or I should not have cried for such a thing. I could not conceive why he should be so very attentive to me. Was it possible he could understand,

that I was thinking kindly of the good people who had been actors in other times at the Hall? And was he in this manner offering me his friendship on behalf of his old friends? I had never taken much notice of him but I parted with him pleasantly tonight. I laid my hand on his head at the steps, and said in my thoughts, 'good dog, I will tell M. how kind you are.' And he looked as if that was what he wanted of all things.

'It is nine o'clock. 'The curfew tolls,' and the poor dog is uttering a low howl, his invariable custom whenever he hears the bell. It seems to me that there may be a strange significance in this, but whether it be so or not, my thoughts are brought back by it, to the family of Whittemore Hall.'—————

Theirs is a whole history of human life. It is read in the youthful ambition that planned this fair proportioned edifice; in the successful enterprise that completed and adorned it; in the accumulated wealth that filled it with luxuries and threw open its inviting doors; in the social enjoyment which held its banquetings here. And the tale runs on, through hours of festive mirth; when the shining white of the silver, and the ruby red of the wine, flashed back the light from glowing reflectors; and 'music awoke with its voluptuous swell.' Through scenes of quieter

happiness, when with the light more soft, and the music more distant, gentler sympathies were awakened, and hearts were won, and love was given, and returned. But in all this sunshine, as every where on earth ; there lay at times the shadow of the sorrow-cloud ; into these gardens of joy, stretched at some points, the bleak solitude of the heart : Evil struggled with Good : Riches prepared for themselves wings with which to fly away ; and Death numbered its victims. The mother departed in her unfaded maternity ; the young man in the pride of promise ; and the maidens, one and another, and another, and another still ; were led away into the same silent land, by the destroyer Consumption.

I have loved best to listen to the relation of incidents affecting the lives and death of these lovely girls. I have learned to love their memory, and look often, with a kind regret, toward the near angle of the dark stone wall of the cemetery ; where with father, mother, and brother, beneath the sloping roof of green turf, they are sleeping together.

And wherefore with regret ? I have been watching the fading away of the sun-lighted spire, into the grey twilight that inverts everything else. Up to the burnished points, goes the glory, diffused from thence into the wide air, more and

more faint and remote, as still the shadows deepen, and spread upward, from amidst dwellings, and trees, and graves. But peace to the earth, for the stars will come and watch over it, till the light which is now dispersed, but not lost ; shall make it radiant with the morning. And peace to the departed ; for are there not stars in the spirit's firmament, which look through the gloom, when the earth-shadow steals over the soul, and burn on, soft, lustrous, and undimmed, even to the next day-dawn ?

It may be well to meditate, and grow sad even, over the vicissitudes of human life, if we learn thereby, better to appreciate the lessons, with which they admonish us. It is always well to cherish the memory of those who have lived before ; but wherefore should we regret ?

The Hall is again inhabited. Light feet press upon its floors, bright eyes look out of its windows, and pleasant words are spoken in the leaf checkered moonlight beneath the porch. Better still ; fair heads are bending over the page of knowledge, and glad ears listen daily to the sound of the school-room bell. It was but now that I heard from the place of their evening assembling, the tones of their merry talk, and its still merrier accompaniment.

' And scarce might I bewail the splendors gone,
My heart so leaped to that sweet laughter's tone.'

JESUS.

BY MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

'I have trodden the wine-press *alone*, and of the people there was none with me.
 'He was despised and rejected of men, and we hid, as it were, our faces from
 him.'
 'Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example.'

ANGELS trod the starry arches, vaulted o'er the slumbering
 world,
 With their shining robes up-gathered, and their stainless
 pinions furled,
 Thrilling with their wond'rous music, all the hushed and
 listening air,
 And the blissful tidings chanting, 'Lo, the Son of God is
 here !'

Where the waters stole up lightly, as if seeking place to
 rest,
 Jesus stood with eyes uplifted, and with clasped hands on
 his breast :
 There the unseen Father owned him, as he rose above the
 stream,
 And with heavenly light baptized him, in one full and
 softened beam.

Radiant wings, whose silvery glancings made the earth and
sky grow bright,
Lighted up the desert's darkness, changing to a noon its night,
When the tempter quailed before him — the majestic Sent
of God,
And the bright Shekinah's glory on the victor's brow abode.

Yet when rang throughout Judea the heraldic prophet's voice,
Pealing to the noble's palace, rising o'er the city's noise,
When *he* came, whose call could summon shining legions
from on high,
Pharisaic priests and Levites passed him with a scorning eye.

Pure as God, whose suffrage chose him to illumine the world
with truth,
Holy as the new-born angel, when in Heaven begins its
youth,
With a heart attuned so finely, all its chords so nicely strung,
That the faintest touch of sorrow, thence a deep compassion
wrung ;

With a soul where every virtue, as in constellation beamed,
With a love that ever gushing, into all his actions streamed,
Jesus gauged the dark abysses where abode the foulest sin,
And he fathomed depths the lowest, where the sinning had
plunged in.

Oh, how deep his heart's affection, as he spoke those words
of peace,
Which brought weakness to his shelter, and the mourner's
tears could cease !

Oh, how strong, and how o'ermastering, was his bosom's
secret grief,
When he saw the world in madness, thrusting back its sole
relief!

To his heart of God-like largeness none an answering throb
could send,
None the sympathy could render he was ever prompt to
lend ;
Man could follow in his pathway, in his tracks of joy and
life,
But alone he chased the darkness, and fought out the fear-
ful strife.

Midnight steeped the crested mountain, and the stars looked
sadly down,
When the Man of vast divineness sought Gethsemane alone;
There, with awe, the dark leaves shivered, and stood still
the swaying air,
Witnessing his mighty sorrow, listing to his anguished
prayer.

There with grief alone, he wrestled, lonely, bore that weight
of woe,
Reeling underneath an anguish which no lesser soul could
know,
Crimsoned with the oozing blood-drops, from his o'erfraught
heart distilled,
Yet not swerving from the trial which the Infinite had
willed.

And while groaned the earth, in horror, shuddering to its
 very core,
 While the sun grew pale, and fainting, could behold the
 deed no more,
 While the harps above were tuneless, strewn along the floor
 of Heaven,
 Wondering at the cup of anguish which to Jesus' lips was
 given,

Those he loved with tender yearning, whom he fondly
 chose his own,
 Who exhaled his best affections, left him e'en to *die* alone ;
 He, the mate of tallest angels, who might wear the crown
 of God,
 Was by all he loved, forsaken, and alone, the grave he trod.

What if, then, ye lofty spirits, ye of high and holy heart,
 Who to be the world's Messiahs are by nature set apart —
 What if, lone, betrayed, forsaken, ye must pass through
 mortal life ?
 Jesus trod that path before you, God-upholden in the strife.

Joy for sorrow, truth for falsehood, and for hatred give ye
 love ;
 For mankind endure and suffer, and your Christ-like mis-
 sion prove ;
 And though, to your heart's pulsations, not an answering
 beat be given —
 Yet press on, with steps untiring, to the open gates of
 Heaven.

THE CHURCH BELL.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

I.

MERRILY rings the pealing bell,
 Ding-a-ding! dong!
 Cheerily sweeps it through the dell,
 Up in the tree-top, down in the well,
 Ding-a-dong! ding!
 High thro' the welkin it floats and rings,
 Low in the valley, amid the springs,
 Dies away in soft murmurings;
 Ding-a-ding! dong!

Thro' the boughs of the graceful birch
 Ding-a-ding! dong!
 Gleams the door of the ivied porch,
 Leading in to the old stone church;
 Ding-a-dong! ding!
 There the bride with an eye as bright
 As the early star of an autumn night,
 Standeth ready her vows to plight—
 Ding-a-ding! dong!

Slowly tolls the brazen bell —
Ding! dong! ding!
Hark! its heavy, throbbing swell
Boometh thro' the hollow dell,
Ding! ding! dong!
Now it shakes the rock and ground,
Now it dreamily floats around,
Dying mid the wood profound —
Ding! dong! ding!

Who on yon black hearse is borne?
Ding! dong! ding!
Some old pilgrim, tired and worn?
Nay, the bride of last year's morn!
Ding! ding! dong!
Let the brazen bell deplore her,
Let the willow tree weep o'er her —
He she loved hath gone before her —
Ding! dong! ding!

JUL 23 1919

