

Proverbial



Philosophy

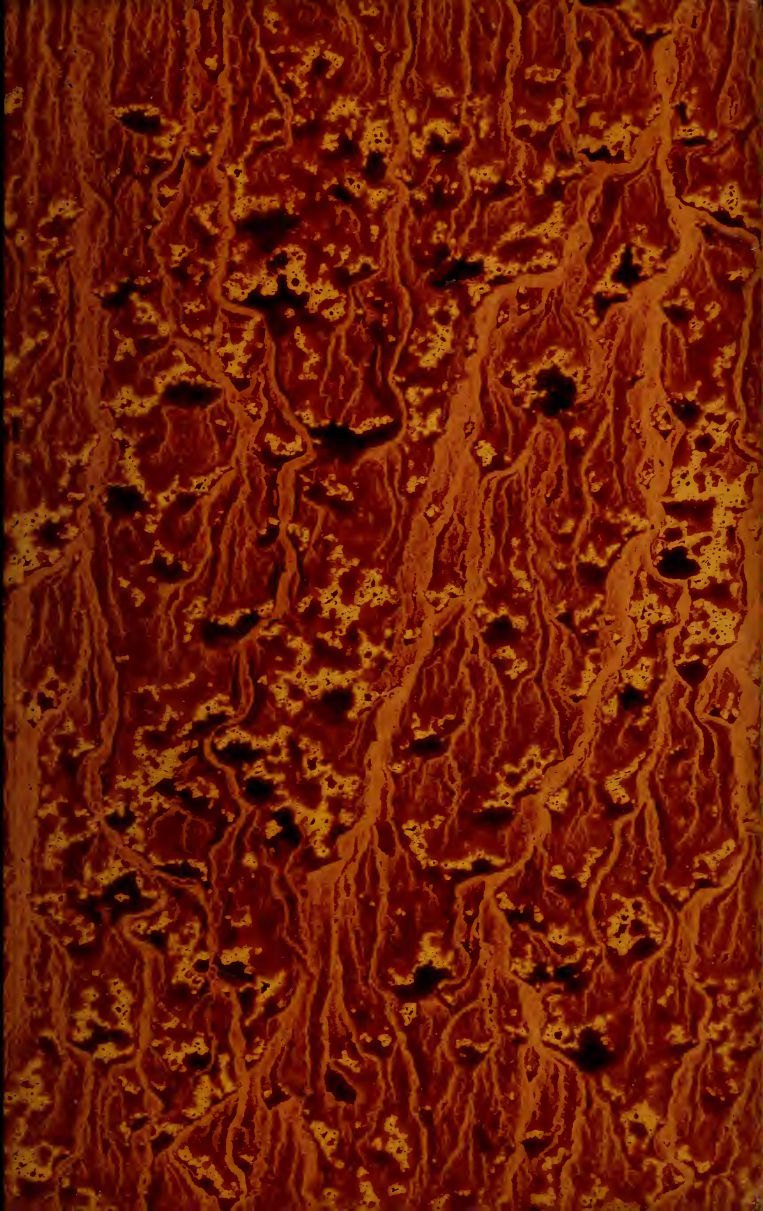


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Joseph B. Mead.

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F. Rochard.

C. W. Sharpe.

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BY

MARTIN F. TUPPER.



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43
42
41
40
39
38
37
36
35
34
33
32
31
30
29
28
27
26
25
24
23
22
21
20
19
18
17
16
15
14
13
12
11
10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1

Contents.

FIRST SERIES.

	<i>Page</i>
PREFATORY	1
THE WORDS OF WISDOM	4
OF TRUTH IN THINGS FALSE	8
OF ANTICIPATION	14
OF HIDDEN USES	17
OF COMPENSATION	24
OF INDIRECT INFLUENCES	31
OF MEMORY	38
THE DREAM OF AMBITION	44
OF SUBJECTION	48
OF REST	62
OF HUMILITY	67
OF PRIDE	73
OF EXPERIENCE	77

	<i>Page</i>
OF ESTIMATING CHARACTER	81
OF HATRED AND ANGER	94
OF GOOD IN THINGS EVIL	97
OF PRAYER	105
THE LORD'S PRAYER	112
OF DISCRETION	115
OF TRIFLES	120
OF RECREATION	125
THE TRAIN OF RELIGION	131
OF A TRINITY	135
OF THINKING	141
OF SPEAKING	151
OF READING	157
OF WRITING	160
OF WEALTH	165
OF INVENTION	173
OF RIDICULE	178
OF COMMENDATION	182
OF SELF-ACQUAINTANCE	189
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS	198
OF FRIENDSHIP	202
OF LOVE	209
OF MARRIAGE	213
OF EDUCATION	221
OF TOLERANCE	235
OF SORROW	241
OF JOY	244

SECOND SERIES.

	<i>Page</i>
INTRODUCTORY	248
OF CHEERFULNESS	252
OF YESTERDAY	259
OF TO-DAY	266
OF TO-MORROW	270
OF AUTHORSHIP	275
OF MYSTERY	286
OF GIFTS	298
OF BEAUTY	307
OF FAME	328
OF FLATTERY	340
OF NEGLECT	353
OF CONTENTMENT	366
OF LIFE	374
OF DEATH	384
OF IMMORTALITY	395
OF IDEAS	425
OF NAMES	430
OF THINGS	438
OF FAITH	443

	<i>Page</i>
OF HONESTY	456
OF SOCIETY	466
OF SOLITUDE	480
THE END	486

Joseph B. Mead

Proverbial Philosophy.



(FIRST SERIES.)

Prefatory.

Thoughts, that have tarried in my mind, and peopled its
inner chambers,
The sober children of reason, or desultory train of fancy ;
Clear-running wine of conviction, with the scum and the
lees of speculation ;
Corn from the sheaves of science, with stubble from
mine own garner :
Searchings after Truth, that have tracked her secret
lodes,
And come up again to the surface-world, with a know-
ledge grounded deeper ;
Arguments of high scope, that have soared to the key-
stone of heaven,
And thence have swooped to their certain mark, as the
falcon to its quarry ;

The fruits I have gathered of prudence, the ripened harvest of my musings,
These commend I unto thee, O docile scholar of Wisdom,
These I give to thy gentle heart, thou lover of the right.

What, though a guilty man renew that hallowed theme,
And strike with feeble hand the harp of Sirach's son?
What, though a youthful tongue take up that ancient parable,
And utter faintly forth dark sayings as of old?
Sweet is the virgin honey, though the wild bee have stored it in a reed;
And bright the jewelled band, that circleth an Ethiop's arm;
Pure are the grains of gold in the turbid stream of Ganges,
And fair the living flowers, that spring from the dull cold sod.
Wherefore, thou gentle student, bend thine ear to my speech,
For I also am as thou art; our hearts can commune together:
To meanest matters will I stoop, for mean is the lot of mortal;
I will rise to noblest themes, for the soul hath an heritage of glory:
The passions of puny man; the majestic characters of God;
The feverish shadows of time, and the mighty substance of eternity.

Commend thy mind unto candour, and grudge not as though thou hadst a teacher,

Nor scorn angelic Truth for the sake of her evil herald ;
 Heed not him, but hear his words, and care not whence
 they come ;
 The viewless winds might whisper them, the billows roar
 them forth,
 The mean unconscious sedge sigh them in the ear of
 evening,
 Or the mind of pride conceive, and the mouth of folly
 speak them.
 Lo now, I stand not forth laying hold on spear and
 buckler,
 I come a man of peace, to comfort, not to combat ;
 With soft persuasive speech to charm thy patient ear,
 Giving the hand of fellowship, acknowledging the heart
 of synpathy :
 Let us walk together as friends in the shaded paths of
 meditation,
 Nor Judgment set his seal until he hath poised his
 balance ;
 That the chastenings of mild reproof may meet unwitting
 error,
 And Charity not be a stranger at the board that is spread
 for brothers.

The Words of Wisdom.

Few and precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter :

To what shall their rarity be likened ? What price shall count their worth ?

Perfect and much to be desired, and giving joy with riches,

No lovely thing on earth can picture all their beauty.

They be chance pearls, flung among the rocks by the sullen waters of Oblivion,

Which Diligence loveth to gather, and hang around the neck of Memory ;

They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the islands of the blessed,

Which Thought carefully tendeth, in the kindly garden of the heart ;

They be sproutings of an harvest for eternity, bursting through the tilth of time,

Green promise of the golden wheat, that yieldeth angels' food ;
They be drops of the crystal dew, which the wings of seraphs scatter,
When on some brighter sabbath, their plumes quiver most with delight :
Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

Yet more, for the half is not said, of their might, and dignity, and value ;
For life-giving be they and glorious, redolent of sanctity and heaven :
As the fumes of hallowed incense, that veil the throne of the most High ;
As the beaded bubbles that sparkle on the rim of the cup of immortality ;
As wreaths of the rainbow spray, from the pure cataracts of truth :
Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

Yet once again, loving student, suffer the praises of thy teacher,
For verily the sun of the mind, and the life of the heart is Wisdom :
She is pure and full of light, crowning grey hairs with lustre,
And kindling the eye of youth with a fire not its own ;
And her words, whereunto canst thou liken them ? for earth cannot show their peers :
They be grains of the diamond sand, the radiant floor of heaven,

Rising in sunny dust behind the chariot of God ;
'They be flashes of the day-spring from on high, shed
from the windows of the skies ;
They be streams of living waters, fresh from the fountain
of Intelligence :
Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of
Wisdom utter.

For these shall guide thee well, and guard thee on thy
way ;
And wanting all beside, with these shalt thou be rich :
Though all around be woe, these shall make thee happy ;
Though all within be pain, these shall bring thee health ;
Thy good shall grow into ripeness, thine evil wither and
decay,
And Wisdom's words shall sweetly charm thy doubtful
into virtues :
Meanness shall then be frugal care ; where shame was,
thou art modest ;
Cowardice riseth into caution, rashness is sobered into
courage ;
The wrathful spirit, rendering a reason, standeth justi-
fied in anger ;
The idle hand hath fair excuse, propping the thoughtful
forehead.
Life shall have no labyrinth but thy steps can track it,
For thou hast a silken clue, to lead thee through the
darkness :
The rampant Minotaur of ignorance shall perish at thy
coming,
And thine enfranchised fellows hail thy white victorious
sails

Wherefore, friend and scholar, hear the words of Wisdom ;

Whether she speaketh to thy soul in the full chords of revelation ;

In the teaching earth, or air, or sea ; in the still melodies of thought ;

Or, haply, in the humbler strains that would detain thee here.

Of Truth in Things False.

Error is a hardy plant ; it flourisheth in every soil ;
In the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked
and foolish.

For there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some
lines of truth :

Nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some
wholesome use :

And the just man, enamoured of the right, is blinded by
the speciousness of wrong ;

And the prudent, perceiving an advantage, is content to
overlook the harm.

On all things created remaineth the half-effaced signature
of God,

Somewhat of fair and good, though blotted by the finger
of corruption :

And if error cometh in like a flood, it mixeth with
streams of truth ;

And the Adversary loveth to have it so, for thereby
many are decoyed.

Providence is dark in its permissions ; yet one day, when
all is known,

The universe of reason shall acknowledge how just and
good were they ;

For the wise man leaneth on his wisdom, and the
righteous trusteth to his righteousness,

And those, who thirst for independence, are suffered to
drink of disappointment.

Wherefore?—to prove and humble them : and to teach
the idolators of Truth,

That it is but the ladder unto Him, on whom only they
should trust.

There is truth in the wildest scheme that imaginative
heat hath engendered,

And a man may gather somewhat from the crudest
theories of fancy :

The alchymist laboureth in folly, but catcheth chance
gleams of wisdom,

And findeth out many inventions, though his crucible
breed not gold ;

The sinner, toying with witchcraft, thinketh to delude
his fellows,

But there be very spirits of evil, and what if they come
at his bidding ?

He is a bold bad man who dareth to tamper with the
dead ;

For their whereabouts lieth in a mystery—that vestibule
leading to Eternity,

The waiting-room for unclad ghosts, before the presence-chamber of their King.

Mind may act upon mind, though bodies be far divided ;
For the life is in the blood, but souls communicate
unseen :

And the heat of an excited intellect, radiating to its
fellows,

Doth kindle dry leaves afar off, while the green wood
around it is unwarmed.

The dog may have a spirit, as well as his brutal master ;
A spirit to live in happiness: for why should he be
robbed of his existence?

Hath he not a conscience of evil, a glimmer of moral
sense,

Love and hatred, courage and fear, and visible shame
and pride?

There may be a future rest for the patient victims of the
cruel ;

And a season allotted for their bliss, to compensate for
unjust suffering.

Spurn not at seeming error, but dig below its surface for
the truth ;

And beware of seeming truths, that grow on the roots of
error :

For comely are the apples that spring from the Dead
Sea's cursed shore,

But within are they dust and ashes, and the hand that
plucked them shall rue it.

A frequent similar effect argueth a constant cause :

Yet who hath counted the links that bind an omen to its
issue?

Who hath expounded the law that rendereth calamities
gregarious,
Pressing down with yet more woes the heavy-laden
mourner ?
Who knoweth wherefore a monsoon should swell the
sails of the prosperous,
Blithely speeding on their course the children of good
luck ?
Who hath companied a vision from the horn or ivory
gate ?
Or met another's mind in his, and explained its pre-
sence ?
There is a secret sowewhat in antipathies ; and love is
more than fancy ;
Yea, and a palpable notice warneth of an instant
danger ;
For the soul hath its feelers, cobwebs floating on the
wind,
That catch events in their approach with sure and apt
presentiment,
So that some halo of attraction heraldeth a coming
friend,
Investing in his likeness the stranger that passed on be-
fore ;
And while the word is in thy mouth, behold thy word
fulfilled,
And he of whom we spake can answer for himself.
O man, little hast thou learnt of truth in things most
true,
How therefore shall thy blindness wot of truth in things
most false ?
Thou hast not yet perceived the causes of life or motion,

How then canst thou define the subtle sympathies of
mind?

For the spirit, sharpest and strongest when disease hath
rent the body,

Hath welcomed kindred spirits in nightly visitations,
Or learnt from restless ghosts dark secrets of the
living,

And helped slow justice to her prey by the dreadful
teaching of a dream.

Verily, there is nothing so true, that the damps of error
have not warped it;

Verily, there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth
is not in it.

For the enemy, the father of lies, the giant Upas of
creation,

Whose deadly shade hath blasted this once green garden
of the Lord,

Can but pervert the good, but may not create the evil;
He destroyeth, but cannot build; for he is not antago-
nist deity:

Mighty is his stolen power, yet is he a creature and a
subject;

Not a maker of abstract wrong, but a spoiler of concrete
right:

The fiend hath not a royal crown; he is but a prowling
robber,

Suffered, for some mysterious end, to haunt the King's
highway;

And the keen sword he beareth, once was a simple
ploughshare;

Yea, and his panoply of error is but a distortion of the
truth:

The sickle that once reaped righteousness, beaten from
its useful curve,

With axe, and spike, and bar, headeth the marauder's
halbert,

Seek not further, O man, to solve the dark riddle of
sin ;

Suffice it, that thine own bad heart is to thee thine origin
of evil.

Of Anticipation.



Thou hast seen many sorrows, travel-stained pilgrim of
 the world,
 But that which hath vexed thee most hath been the
 looking for evil ;
 And though calamities have crossed thee, and misery
 been heaped on thy head,
 Yet ills, that never happened, have chiefly made thee
 wretched.
 The sting of pain and the edge of pleasure are blunted
 by long expectation,
 For the gall and the balm alike are diluted in the waters
 of patience :
 And often thou sippest sweetness, ere the cup is dashed
 from thy lip ;
 Or drainest the gall of fear, while evil is passing by thy
 dwelling.
 A man too careful of danger liveth in continual torment,

But a cheerful expecter of the best hath a fountain of
joy within him :

Yea, though the breath of disappointment should chill
the sanguine heart,

Speedily gloweth it again, warmed by the live embers
of hope ;

Though the black and heavy surge close above the head
for a moment,

Yet the happy buoyancy of Confidence riseth superior to
Despair.

Verily, evils may be courted, may be wooed and won by
distrust :

For the wise Physician of our weal loveth not an unbel-
ieving spirit ;

And to those giveth He good, who rely on His hand for
good ;

And those leaveth He to evil, who fear, but trust him not.

Ask for good, and hope it, for the ocean of good is
fathomless ;

Ask for good, and have it ; for thy Friend would see thee
happy ;

But to the timid heart, to the child of unbelief and dread,
That leaneth on his own weak staff, and trusteth the
sight of his eyes,

The evil he feared shall come, for the soil is ready for
the seed,

And suspicion hath coldly put aside the hand that was
ready to help him.

Therefore look up, sad spirit ; be strong, thou coward
heart,

Or fear will make thee wretched, though evil follow not
behind :

Cease to anticipate misfortune ; there are still many
chances of escape ;
But if it come, be courageous : face it, and conquer thy
calamity.
There is not an enemy so stout, as to storm and take the
fortress of the mind,
Unless its infirmity turn traitor, and Fear unbar the
gates.
The valiant standeth as a rock, and the billows break
upon him ;
The timorous is a skiff unmoored, tost and mocked at by
a ripple :
The valiant holdeth fast to good, till evil wrench it from
him ;
The timorous casteth it aside, to meet the worst half
way :
Yet oftentimes is evil but a braggart, that provoketh and
will not fight ;
Or the feint of a subtle fencer, who measureth his thrust
elsewhere :
Or perchance a blessing in a masque, sent to try thy
trust,
The precious smiting of a friend, whose frowns are all in
love :
Often the storm threateneth, but is driven to other
climes,
And the weak hath quailed in fear, while the firm hath
been glad in his confidence.

Of Hidden Uses.

The sea-wort floating on the waves, or rolled up high
 along the shore,
 Ye counted useless and vile, heaping on it names of con-
 tempt:
 Yet hath it gloriously triumphed, and man been humbled
 in his ignorance,
 For health is in the freshness of its savour, and it cum-
 bereth the beach with wealth;
 Comforting the tossings of pain with its violet-tinctured
 essence,
 And by its humbler ashes enriching many proud.
 Be this, then, a lesson to thy soul, that thou reckon no-
 thing worthless,
 Because thou heedest not its use, nor knowest the vir-
 tues thereof.
 And herein, as thou walkest by the sea, shall weeds be a
 type and an earnest

Of the stored and uncounted riches lying hid in all creatures of God :
There be flowers making glad the desert, and roots fattening the soil,
And jewels in the secret deep, scattered amongst groves of coral,
And comforts to crown all wishes, and aids unto every need,
Influences yet unthought, and virtues, and many inventions,
And uses above and around, which man hath not yet regarded.
Not long to charm away disease hath the crocus yielded up its bulb,
Nor the willow lent its bark, nor the nightshade its vanquished poison ;
Not long hath the twisted leaf, the fragrant gift of China,
Nor that nutritious root, the boon of far Peru,
Nor the many-coloured dahlia, nor the gorgeous flaunting cactus,
Nor the multitude of fruits and flowers ministered to life and luxury :
Even so, there be virtues yet unknown in the wasted foliage of the elm,
In the sun-dried hare-bell of the downs, and the hyacinth drinking in the meadow,
In the sycamore's winged fruit, and the facet-cut cones of the cedar ;
And the pansy and bright geranium live not alone for beauty,
Nor the waxen flower of the arbut, though it dieth in a day,

Nor the sculptured crest of the fir, unseen but by the
stars ;
And the meanest weed of the garden serveth unto many
uses,
The salt tamarisk, and juicy flag, the freckled orchis, and
the daisy.
The world may laugh at famine, when forest-trees yield
bread,
When acorns give out fragrant drink, and the sap of
the linden is as fatness :
For every green herb, from the lotus to the darnel,
Is rich with delicate aids to help incurious man.

Still, Mind is up and stirring, and pryeth in the corners
of contrivance,
Often from the dark recesses picking out bright seeds of
truth :
Knowledge hath clipped the lightning's wings, and
mewed it up for a purpose,
Training to some domestic task the fiery bird of heaven ;
Tamed is the spirit of the storm, to slave in all peaceful
arts,
To walk with husbandry and science ; to stand in the
vanguard against death :
And the chemist balanceth his elements with more than
magic skill,
Commanding stones that they be bread, and draining
sweetness out of wormwood.
Yet man, heedless of a God, counteth up vain reckonings,
Fearing to be jostled and starved out, by the too prolific
increase of his kind ;
And asketh, in unbelieving dread, for how few years to
come

Will the black cellars of the world yield unto him fuel
for his winter.

Might not the wide waste sea be pent within narrower
bounds?

Might not the arm of diligence make the tangled wilder-
ness a garden?

And for aught thou canst tell, there may be a thousand
methods

Of comforting thy limbs in warmth, though thou kindle
not a spark.

Fear not, son of man, for thyself nor thy seed :—with a
multitude is plenty ;

God's blessing giveth increase, and with it larger than
enough.

Search out the wisdom of nature, there is depth in all
her doings ;

She seemeth prodigal of power, yet her rules are the
maxims of frugality :

The plant refresheth the air, and the earth filtereth the
water,

And dews are sucked into the cloud, dropping fatness on
the world :

She hath, on a mighty scale, a general use for all things ;
Yet hath she specially for each its microscopic purpose :

There is use in the prisoned air, that swelleth the pods
of the laburnum ;

Design in the venom'd thorns, that sentinel the leaves
of the nettle ;

A final cause for the aromatic gum, that congealeth the
moss around a rose :

A reason for each blade of grass, that reareth its small
spire.

How knoweth discontented man what a train of ills
might follow,
If the lowest menial of nature knew not her secret office ?
If the thistle never sprang up to mock the loose husbandry of indolence,
Or the pestilence never swept away an unknown curse
from among men ?
Would ye crush the buzzing myriads that float on the
breath of evening ?
Would ye trample the creatures of God that people the
rotting fruit ?
Would ye suffer no mildew forest to stain the unhealthy
wall,
Nor a noisome savour to exhale from the pool that
breedeth disease ?
Pain is useful unto man, for it teacheth him to guard his
life,
And the fetid vapours of the fen warn him to fly from
danger :
And the meditative mind, looking on, winneth good food
for its hunger,
Seeing the wholesome root bring forth a poisonous
berry ;
For otherwhile falleth it out that truth, driven to extremes,
Yieldeth bitter folly as the spoilt fruit of wisdom.
O, blinded is thine eye, if it see not just aptitude in all
things :
O, frozen is thy heart, if it glow not with gratitude for
all things :
In the perfect circle of creation not an atom could be
spared,

From earth's magnetic zone to the bindweed round a hawthorn.

The sage, and the beetle at his feet, hath each a ministration to perform :

The briar and the palm have the wages of life, rendering secret service.

Neither is it thus alone with the definite existences of matter ;

But motion and sound, circumstance and quality, yea, all things have their office.

The zephyr playing with an aspen-leaf,—the earthquake that rendeth a continent ;

The moon-beam silvering a ruined arch,—the desert wave dashing up a pyramid ;

The thunder of jarring icebergs,—the stops of a shepherd's pipe ;

The howl of the tiger in the glen,—and the wood-dove calling to her mate ;

The vulture's cruel rage,—the grace of the stately swan ;

The fierceness looking from the lynx's eye, and the dull stupor of the sloth :

To these, and to all, is there added each its use, though man considereth it lightly :

For Power hath ordained nothing which Economy saw not needful.

All things being are in concord with the ubiquity of God ;
Neither is there one thing overmuch, nor freed from honourable servitude.

Were there not a need-be of wisdom, nothing would be as it is ;

For essence without necessity argueth a moral weakness.
We look through a glass darkly, we catch but glimpses
of truth ;

But, doubtless, the sailing of a cloud hath Providence to
its pilot,

Doubtless, the root of an oak is gnarled for a special
purpose,

The foreknown station of a rush is as fixed as the station
of a king,

And chaff from the hand of the winnower, steered as the
stars in their courses.

Man liveth only in himself, but the Lord liveth in all
things ;

And his pervading unity quickeneth the whole creation.

Man doeth one thing at once, nor can he think two
thoughts together ;

But God compasseth all things, mantling the globe like
air :

And we render homage to his wisdom, seeing use in all
his creatures,

For, perchance, the universe would die, were not all
things as they are.

Of Compensation.

Equal is the government of heaven in allotting pleasures
 among men,
 And just the everlasting law, that hath wedded happiness
 to virtue :
 For verily on all things else broodeth disappointment
 with care,
 That childish man may be taught the shallowness of
 earthly enjoyment.
 Wherefore, ye that have enough, envy ye the rich man
 his abundance ?
 Wherefore, daughters of affluence, covet ye the cottager's
 content ?
 Take the good with the evil, for ye all are pensioners of
 God,
 And none may choose or refuse the cup His wisdom
 mixeth.
 The poor man rejoiceth at his toil, and his daily meat is
 sweet to him :

Content with present good, he looketh not for evil to the future:

The rich man languisheth with sloth, and findeth pleasure in nothing,

He locketh up care with his gold, and feareth the fickleness of fortune.

Can a cup contain within itself the measure of a bucket?
Or the straitened appetites of man drink more than their fill of luxury?

There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless:

And the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

Also, though penury and pain be real and bitter evils,
I would reason with the poor afflicted, for he is not so wretched as he seemeth.

What right hath an offender to complain, though others escape punishment,

If the stripes of earned misfortune overtake him in his sin?

Wherefore not endure with resignation the evils thou canst not avert?

For the coward pain will flee, if thou meet him as a man:
Consider, whatever be thy fate, that it might and ought to have been worse,

And that it lieth in thy hand to gather even blessing from afflictions:

Bethink thee, wherefore were they sent? and hath not use blunted their keenness?

Need hope, and patience, and courage, be strangers to the meanest hovel?

Thou art in an evil case, it were cruel to deny to thee
compassion,
But there is not unmitigated ill in the sharpest of this
world's sorrows :
I touch not the sore of thy guilt ; but of human griefs I
counsel thee,
Cast off the weakness of regret, and gird thee to redeem
thy loss :
Thou hast gained, in the furnace of affliction, self-know-
ledge, patience, and humility,
And these be as precious ore, that waiteth the skill of the
coiner :
Despise not the blessings of adversity, nor the gain thou
hast earned so hardly,
And now thou hast drained the bitter, take heed that
thou lose not the sweet.

Power is seldom innocent, and envy is the yoke-fellow of
eminence ;
And the rust of the miser's riches wasteth his soul as a
canker.
The poor man counteth not the cost at which such wealth
hath been purchased ;
He would be on the mountain's top, without the toil and
travail of the climbing.
But equity demandeth recompense : for high-place, ca-
lummy and care ;
For state, comfortless splendour eating out the heart of
home ;
For warrior fame, dangers and death ; for a name among
the learned, a spirit overstrained ;
For honour of all kinds, the goad of ambition , on every
acquirement, the tax of anxiety.

He that would change with another, must take the cup
as it is mixed :

Poverty, with largeness of heart ; or a full purse, with a
sordid spirit ;

Wisdom, in an ailing body ; or a common mind, with
health :

Godliness, with man's scorn ; or the welcome of the
mighty, with guilt :

Beauty, with a fickle heart ; or plainness of face, with
affection.

For so hath Providence determined, that a man shall not
easily discover

Unmingled good or evil, to quicken his envy or abhor-
rence.

A bold man or a fool must he be, who would change his
lot with another ;

It were a fearful bargain, and mercy hath lovingly re-
fused it :

For we know the worst of ourselves, but the secrets of
another we see not,

And better is certain bad, than the doubt and dread of
worse.

Just, and strong, and opportune is the moral rule of
God ;

Ripe in its times, firm in its judgments, equal in the
measure of its gifts :

Yet men, scanning the surface, count the wicked happy,
Nor heed the compensating peace, which gladdeneth the
good in his afflictions.

They see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad man's
pillow,

Like wreathed adders crawling round his midnight conscience ;
They hear not the terrible suggestions, that knock at the portal of his will,
Provoking to wipe away from life the one weak witness of the deed ;
They know not the torturing suspicions that sting his panting breast,
When the clear eye of penetration quietly readeth off the truth.
Likewise of the good what know they? the memories bringing pleasure,
Shrined in the heart of the benevolent, and glistening from his eye ;
The calm self-justifying reason that establisheth the upright in his purpose ;
The warm and gushing bliss that floodeth all the thoughts of the religious.
Many a beggar at the cross way, or grey-haired shepherd on the plain,
Hath more of the end of all wealth, than hundreds who multiply the means.

Moreover, a moral compensation reacheth to the secrecy of thought ;
For if thou wilt think evil of thy neighbour, soon shalt thou have him for thy foe :
And yet he may know nothing of the cause that maketh thee distasteful to his soul,—
The cause of unkind suspicion, for which thou hast thy punishment :
And if thou think of him in charity, wishing or praying for his weal.

He shall not guess the secret charm that lureth his soul
to love thee.

For just is retributive ubiquity: Samson did sin with
Dalilah,

And his eyes and captive strength were forfeit to the
Philistine:

Jacob robbed his brother, and sorrow was his portion to
the grave:

David must fly before his foes, yea, though his guilt is
covered:

And He, who, seeming old in youth, was marred for
others' sin,

For every special crime must bear its special penalty:

By luxury, or rashness, or vice, the member that hath
erred suffereth,—

And therefore the Sacrifice for all was pained at every
pore.

Alike to the slave and his oppressor cometh night with
sweet refreshment,

And half of the life of the most wretched is gladdened
by the soothings of sleep.

Pain addeth zest unto pleasure, and teacheth the luxury
of health;

There is a joy in sorrow, which none but a mourner can
know:

Madness hath imaginary bliss, and most men have no
more;

Age hath its quiet calm, and youth enjoyeth not for
haste:

Daily, in the midst of its beatitude, the righteous soul is
vexed;

And even the misery of guilt doth attain to the bliss of
pardon.

Who, in the face of the born-blind, ever looked on other
than content?

And the deaf ear listeneth within to the silent music of
the heart.

There is evil poured upon the earth from the overflowings
of corruption,—

Sickness, and poverty, and pain, and guilt, and madness,
and sorrow ;

But, as the water from a fountain riseth and sinketh to
its level,

Ceaselessly toileth justice to equalize the lots of men :

For, habit and hope and ignorance, and the being but
one of a multitude,

And strength of reason in the sage, and dulness of feel-
ing in the fool,

And the light elasticity of courage, and the calm resig-
nation of meekness,

And the stout endurance of decision, and the weak care-
lessness of apathy,

And helps invisible but real, and ministerings not unfelt,
Angelic aid with worldly discomfiture, bodily loss with
the soul's gain,

Secret griefs, and silent joys, thorns in the flesh, and
cordials for the spirit,

(—Short of the insuperable barrier dividing innocence
from guilt,—)

Go far to level all things, by the gracious rule of Com-
pensation.

Of Indirect Influences.

Face thy foe in the field, and perchance thou wilt meet
thy master,

For the sword is chained to his wrist, and his armour
buckled for the battle ;

But find him when he looketh not for thee, aim between
the joints of his harness,

And the crest of his pride will be humbled, his cruelty
will bite the dust.

Beard not a lion in his den, but fashion the secret pit-
fall,

So shalt thou conquer the strong, thyself triumphing in
weakness.

The hurricane rageth fiercely, and the promontory
standeth in its might,

Breasting the artillery of heaven, as darts glance from
the crocodile :

But the small continual creeping of the silent footsteps
of the sea

Mineth the wall of adamant, and stealthily compasseth
its ruin.

The weakness of accident is strong, where the strength
of design is weak :

And a casual analogy convinceth, when a mind beareth
not argument.

Will not a man listen ? be silent ; and prove thy maxim
by example :

Never fear, thou lovest not thy hold, though thy mouth
doth not render a reason.

Contend not in wisdom with a fool, for thy sense maketh
much of his conceit ;

And some errors never would have thriven, had it not
been for learned refutation :

Yea, much evil hath been caused by an honest wrestler
for truth,

And much of unconscious good, by the man that hated
wisdom :

For the intellect judgeth closely, and if thou overstep
thy argument,

Or seem not consistent with thyself, or fail in thy direct
purpose,

The mind that went along with thee, shall stop and re-
turn without thee,

And thou shalt have raised a foe, where thou mightest
have won a friend.

Hints, shrewdly strown, mightily disturb the spirit,

Where a bare-faced accusation would be too ridiculous
for calumny ;

The sly suggestion toucheth nerves, and nerves contract
the fronds,

And the sensitive mimosa of affection trembleth to its
root ;
And friendships, the growth of half a century, those oaks
that laugh at storms,
Have been cankered in a night by a worm, even as the
prophet's gourd.
Hast thou loved and not known jealousy ? for a sidelong
look
Can please or pain thy heart more than the multitude of
proofs :
Hast thou hated, and not learned that thy silent scorn
Doth deeper aggravate thy foe than loud-cursing ma-
lice ?—
A wise man prevaieth in power, for he screeneth his
battering engine,
But a fool tilteth headlong, and his adversary is aware.

Behold those broken arches, that oriel all unglazed,
That crippled line of columns bleaching in the sun,
The delicate shaft stricken midway, and the flying but-
tress
Idly stretching forth to hold up tufted ivy :
Thinkest thou the thousand eyes that shine with rapture
on a ruin,
Would have looked with half their wonder on the perfect
pile ?
And wherefore not—but that light hints, suggesting un-
seen beauties,
Fill the complacent gazer with self-grown conceits ?
And so, the rapid sketch winneth more praise to the
painter,
Than the consummate work elaborated on his easel :

And so, the Helvetic lion caverned in the living rock
Hath more of majesty and force, than if upon a marble
pedestal.

Tell me, daughter of taste, what hath charmed thine ear
in music ?

Is it the laboured theme, the curious fugue or cento,—
Nor rather the sparkles of intelligence flashing from some
strange note,

Or the soft melody of sounds far sweeter for simplicity ?
Tell me, thou son of science, what hath filled thy mind
in reading ?

Is it the volume of detail where all is orderly set down
And they that read may run, nor need to stop and think ;
The book carefully accurate, that counteth thee no better
than a fool,

Gorging the passive mind with annotated notes ;—
Nor rather the half-suggested thoughts, the riddles thou
mayst solve,

The fair ideas, coyly peeping like young loves out of roses,
The quaint arabesque conceptions, half cherub and half
flower,

The light analogy, or deep allusion, trusted to thy learn-
ing,

The confidence implied in thy skill to unravel meaning
mysteries ?

For ideas are oftentimes shy of the close furniture of words,
And thought, wherein only is power, may be best con-
veyed by a suggestion :

The flash that lighteth up a valley, amid the dark mid-
night of a storm,

Coineth the mind with that scene sharper than fifty
summers.

A worldly man boasteth in his pride, that there is no
power but of money ;
And he judgeth the characters of men by the differing
measures of their means :
He stealeth all goodly names, as worth, and value, and
substance,
Which be the ancient heritage of Virtue, but such an one
ascribeth unto Wealth :
He spurneth the needy sage, whose wisdom hath en-
riched nations,
And the sons of poverty and learning, without whom
earth were a desert :
Music, the soother of cares, the tuner of the dank dis-
cordant heart-strings,
It is nought unto such an one but sounds, whereby
some earn their living :
The poem, and the picture, and the statue, to him seem
idle baubles,
Which wealth condescendeth to favour, to gain him the
name of patron.
But little wotteth he the might of the means his folly
despiseth ;
He considereth not that these be the wires which move
the puppets of the world.
A sentence hath formed a character, and a character
subdued a kingdom ;
A picture hath ruined souls, or raised them to commerce
with the skies :
The pen hath shaken nations, and stablished the world
in peace ;
And the whole full horn of plenty been filled from the
vial of science.

He regardeth man as sensual, the monarch of created
matter,
And careth not aught for mind, that linketh him with
spirits unseen ;
He feedeth his carcase and is glad, though his soul be
faint and famished,
And the dull brute power of the body bindeth him a
captive to himself.

Man liveth from hour to hour, and knoweth not what
may happen ;
Influences circle him on all sides, and yet must he an-
swer for his actions :
For the being that is master of himself, bendeth events
to his will,
But a slave to selfish passion is the wavering creature of
circumstance.
To this man temptation is a poison, to that man it
addeth vigour ;
And each may render to himself influences good or evil.
As thou directest the power, harm or advantage will
follow,
And the torrent that swept the valley, may be led to turn
a mill ;
The wild electric flash, that could have kindled comets,
May by the ductile wire give ease to an ailing child.
For outward matter or event fashion not the character
within,
But each man, yielding or resisting, fashioneth his mind
for himself.

Some have said, What is in a name ?—most potent
plastic influence ;

A name is a word of character, and repetition stablisheth
the fact :

A word of rebuke, or of honour, tending to obscurity or
fame ;

And greatest is the power of a mean, when its power is
least suspected.

A low name is a thorn in the side, that hindereth the
footman in his running ;

But a name of ancestral renown shall often put the
racer to his speed.

Few men have grown unto greatness whose names are
allied to ridicule,

And many would never have been profligate, but for the
splendour of a name.

A wise man scorneth nothing, be it never so small or
homely,

For he knoweth not the secret laws that may bind it to
great effects.

The world in its boyhood was credulous, and dreaded
the vengeance of the stars,

The world in its dotage is not wiser, fearing not the in-
fluence of small things :

Planets govern not the soul, nor guide the destinies of
man,

But trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building
up of character.

A man hath the tiller in his hand, and may steer against
the current,

Or may glide down idly with the stream, till his vessel
founder in the whirlpool.

Of Memory.

Where art thou, storehouse of the mind, garner of facts
 and fancies,—
 In what strange firmament are laid the beams of thine
 airy chambers?
 Or art thou that small cavern, the centre of the rolling
 brain,
 Where still one sandy morsel testifieth man's original?
 Or hast thou some grand globe, some common hall of
 intellect,
 Some spacious market-place for thought, where all do
 bring their wares,
 And gladly rescued from the littleness, the narrow closet
 of a self,
 The privileged soul hath large access, coming in the
 livery of learning?
 Live we as isolated worlds, perfect in substance and
 spirit,

Each a sphere, with a special mind, prisoned in its shell
of matter?
Or rather, as converging radiations, parts of one majestic
whole,
Beams of the Sun, streams from the River, branches of
the mighty Tree,
Some bearing fruit, some bearing leaves, and some dis-
eased and barren,—
Some for the feast, some for the floor, and some,—how
many,—for the fire?
Memory may be but a power of coming to the treasury
of Fact,
A momentary self-desertion, an absence in spirit from
the now,
An actual coursing hither and thither, by the mind,
slipped from its leash,
A life, as in the mystery of dreams, spent within the
limits of a moment.

A brutish man knoweth not this, neither can a fool com-
prehend it,
But there be secrets of the memory, deep, wondrous, and
fearful.
Were I at Petra, could I not declare, My soul hath been
here before me?
Am I strange to the columned halls, the calm dead gran-
deur of Palmyra?
Know I not thy mount, O Carmel! Have I not voyaged
on the Danube,
Nor seen the glare of Arctic snows,—nor the black tents
of the Tartar?

Is it then a dream, that I remember the faces of them of
old,
While wandering in the grove with Plato, and listening
to Zeno in the porch?
Paul have I seen, and Pythagoras, and the Stagyrte hath
spoken me friendly,
And His meek eye looked also upon me, standing with
Peter in the palace.
Athens and Rome, Persepolis and Sparta, am I not a
freeman of you all?
And chiefly can my yearning heart forget thee, O Jeru-
salem?—
For the strong magic of conception, mingled with the
fumes of memory,
Giveth me a life in all past time, yea, and addeth sub-
stance to the future.
Be ye my judges, imaginative minds, full-fledged to soar
into the sun,
Whose grosser natural thoughts the chemistry of wisdom
hath sublimed,
Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness
strange and vague,
That ye have gone this way before, and walk again your
daily life,
Tracking an old routine, and on some foreign strand,
Where bodily ye have never stood, finding your own
footsteps?
Hath not at times some recent friend looked out an old
familiar,
Some newest circumstance or place teemed as with
ancient memories?

A startling sudden flash lighteth up all for an instant,
And then it is quenched, as in darkness, and leaveth the
cold spirit trembling.

Memory is not wisdom ; idiots can rote volumes :

Yet what is wisdom without memory ? a babe that is
strangled in its birth,

The path of the swallow in the air, the path of the dol-
phin in the waters,

A cask running out, a bottomless chasm : such is wis-
dom without memory.

There be many wise, who cannot store their knowledge ;
Yet from themselves are they satisfied, for the fountain
is within :

There be many who store, but have no wisdom of their
own,

Lumbering their armoury with weapons their muscles
cannot lift :

There be many thieves and robbers, who glean and store
unlawfully,

Calling in to memory's help some cunningly devised
Cabala :

But to feed the mind with fatness, to fill thy granary with
corn,

Nor clog with chaff and straw the threshing-floor of
reason,

Reap the ideas, and house them well ; but leave the
words high stubble :

Strive to store up what was thought, despising what was
said.

For the mind is a spirit, and drinketh in ideas, as flame
melteth into flame ;

But for words it must pack them as on floors, cumbrous
and perishable merchandize.

To be pained for a minute, to fear for an hour, to hope
for a week,—how long and weary!

But to remember fourscore years, is to look back upon
a day.

An avenue seemeth to lengthen in the eyes of the way-
faring man,

But let him turn, those stationed elms crowd up within
a yard;

Pace the lamp-lit streets of some sleeping city,

The multitude of cressets shall seem one, in the false
picture of perspective;

Even so, in sweet treachery, dealeth the aged with himself,
He gazeth on the green hill-tops, while the marshes be-
neath are hidden;

And the partial telescope of memory pierceth the blank
between,

To look with lingering love at the fair star of childhood.

Life is as the current spark on the miner's wheel of
flints;

Whiles it spinneth there is light; stop it, all is dark-
ness:

Life is as a morsel of frankincense burning in the hall
of Eternity;

It is gone, but its odorous cloud curleth to the lofty
roof:

Life is as a lump of salt, melting in the temple-laver;

It is gone,—yet its savour reacheth to the farthest atom:

Even so, for evil or for good, is life the criterion of a
man,

For its memories of sanctity or sin pervade all the firmament of being.

There is but the flitting moment, wherein to hope or to enjoy,

But in the calendar of memory, that moment is all time.

The Dream of Ambition.

I Left the happy fields that smile around the village of
 Content,
 And sought with wayward feet the torrid desert of Am-
 bition.
 Long time, parched and weary, I travelled that burning
 sand,
 And the hooded basilisk and adder were strewed in my
 way for palms ;
 Black scorpions thronged me round, with sharp uplifted
 stings,
 Seeming to mock me as I ran ; (then I guessed it was a
 dream,—
 But life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we
 are.)
 So I toiled on, doubting in myself, up a steep gravel
 cliff,
 Whose yellow summit shot up far into the brazen sky ;
 And quickly, I was wafted to the top, as upon unseen
 wings

Carrying me upward like a leaf: (then I thought it was
a dream,—

Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we
are.)

So I stood on the mountain, and behold! before me a
giant pyramid,

And I clomb with eager haste its high and difficult
steps;

For I longed, like another Belus, to mount up, yea to
heaven,

Nor sought I rest until my feet had spurned the crest of
earth.

Then I sat on my granite throne under the burning sun,
And the world lay smiling beneath me, but I was wrapt
in flames;

(And I hoped, in glimmering consciousness, that all this
torture was a dream,—

Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we
are.)

And anon, as I sat scorching, the pyramid shuddered to
its root,

And I felt the quarried mass leap from its sand founda-
tions:

Awhile it tottered and tilted, as raised by invisible
levers,—

(And now my reason spake with me; I knew it was a
dream:

Yet I hushed that whisper into silence, for I hoped to
learn of wisdom,

By tracking up my truant thoughts, whereunto they
might lead.)

And suddenly, as rolling upon wheels, adown the cliff it
rushed,
And I thought, in my hot brain, of the Muscovites' icy
slope ;
A thousand yards in a moment we ploughed the sandy
seas,
And crushed those happy fields, and that smiling village,
And onward, as a living thing, still rushed my mighty
throne,
Thundering along, and pounding, as it went, the millions
in my way:
Before me all was life, and joy, and full-blown summer,
Behind me death and woe, the desert and simoom.
Then I wept and shrieked aloud, for pity and for fear ;
But might not stop, for, comet-like, flew on the maddened
mass
Over the crashing cities, and falling obelisks and towers,
And columns, razed as by a scythe, and high domes,
shivered as an egg-shell,
And deep embattled ranks, and women, crowded in the
streets,
And children, kneeling as for mercy, and all I had ever
loved,
Yea, over all, mine awful throne rushed on with seeming
instinct,—
And over the crackling forests, and over the rugged
beach,
And on with a terrible hiss through the foaming wild
Atlantic
That roared around me as I sat, but could not quench
my spirit,—
Still on, through startled solitudes we shattered the pave-
ment of the sea,

Down, down, to that central vault, the bolted doors of
hell;

And these, with horrid shock, my huge throne battered
in,

And on to the deepest deep, where the fierce flames were
hottest,

Blazing tenfold as conquering furiously the seas that
rushed in with me,—

And there I stopped: and a fearful voice shouted in
mine ear,

“Behold the home of Discontent; behold the rest of
Ambition!”

Of Subjection.



Law hath dominion over all things, over universal mind
 and matter ;
 For there are reciprocities of right, which no creature
 can gainsay.
 Unto each was there added by its Maker, in the perfect
 chain of being,
 Dependencies and sustentations, accidents, and qualities,
 and powers :
 And each must fly forward in the curve, unto which it
 was forced from the beginning :
 Each must attract and repel, or the monarchy of Order
 is no more.
 Laws are essential emanations from the self-poised cha-
 racter of God,
 And they radiate from that sun to the circling edges of
 creation.
 Verily, the mighty Lawgiver hath subjected Himself
 unto laws,

And God is the primal grand example of free unrestrained
obedience ;
His perfection is limited by right, and cannot trespass
into wrong,
Because He hath established Himself as the fountain of
only good,
And in thus much is bounded, that the evil hath He left
unto another,
And that dark other hath usurped the evil which Omnipotence
laid down.
Unto God there exist impossibilities ; for the True One
cannot lie,
Nor the Wise One wander from the track which He hath
determined for Himself :
For his will was purposed from eternity, strong in the
love of order ;
And that will altereth not, as the law of the Medes and
Persians.
God is the origin of order, and the first exemplar of his
precept ;
For there is subordination of his Essence, self-guided
unto holiness ;
And there is subordination of his Persons, in due procession
of dignity ;
For the Son, as a son, is subject ; and to him doth the
Spirit minister :
But these things be mysteries to man, he cannot reach
nor fathom them,
And ever must he speak in paradox, when labouring to
expound his God ;
For, behold, God is alone, mighty in unshackled freedom ;

And with those wondrous Persons abideth eternal equality.

So then, start ye from the fountain, and follow the river
of existence ;

For its current is bounded throughout by the banks of
just subordination :

Thrones, and dominions, and powers, Archangels, Cherubim, and Seraphim,

Angels, and flaming ministers, and breathing chariots
and harps.

For there are degrees in heaven, and varied capabilities
of bliss,

And steps in the ladder of Intelligence, and ranks in approaches to Perfection :

Doubtless, reverence is given, as their due, to the masters in wisdom ;

Doubtless, there are who serve ; or a throne would have
small glory.

Regard now the universe of matter, the substance of
visible creation,

Which of old with well-observing truth, the Greek hath
surnamed ORDER :

Where is there an atom out of place ? or a particle that
yieldeth not obedience ?

Where is there a fragment that is free ? or one thing the
equal of another ?—

The chain is unbroken down to man, and beyond him
the links are perfect :

But he standeth solitary sin, a marvel of permitted chaos.

And shall this seeming error in the scale of due subordination

Be a spot of desert unreclaimed, in the midst of the vine-
yard of the Lord?

Shall his presumptuous pride snap the safe tether of con-
nexion,

And his blind selfish folly refuse the burden of mainten-
ance?

O man, thou art a creature; boast not thyself above the
law:

Think not of thyself as free: thou art bound in the
trammels of dependence.

What is the sum of thy duty, but obedience to righteous
rule;

To the great commanding Oracle, uttered by delegated
organs?

Thou canst not render homage to abstract Omnipresent
Power,

Save through the concrete symbol of visible ordained
authority.

Those who obey not man, are oftenest found rebels
against God;

And seldom is the delegate so bold, as to order what he
knoweth to be wrong.

Yet mark me, proud gainsayer! I say not, obey unto sin;
But, where the Principal is silent, take heed thou despise
not the Deputy:

And He that loveth order, will bless thee for thy faith,
If thou recognize His sanction in the powers that fashion
human laws.

Thou, the vicegerent of the Lord, His high anointed
image,

Towards whom a good man's loyalty floweth from the
heart of his religion,
Thou, whose deep responsibilities are fathomed by a na-
tion's prayers,
Whom wise men fear for while they love, and envy thee
nothing but thy virtues,
From thy dizzy pinnacle of greatness, remember thou
also art a subject,
And the throne of thine earthly glory is itself but the
footstool of thy God.
The homage thy kingdoms yield thee, regard thou as
yielded unto Him ;
And while girt with all the majesty of state, consider thee
the Lord's chief servant ;
So shalt thou prosper, and be strong, grafted on the
strength of Another ;
So shall thy virgin heart be happy, in being humble.
And thou shalt flourish as an oak, the monarch of thine
island forests,
Whose deep-dug roots are twisted around the stout ribs
of the globe,
That mocketh at the fury of the storm, and rejoiceth in
summer sunshine,
Glad in the smiles of heaven, and great in the stability
of earth.

A ruler hath not power for himself, neither is his pomp
for his pride ;
But beneath the ermine of his office should he wear the
rough hair-cloth of humility.
Nevertheless, every way obey him, so thou break not a
higher commandment ;

For Nero was an evil king, yet Paul prescribeth subjection.

If the rulers of a nation be holy, the Lord hath blessed that nation ;

If they be lewd and impious, chastisement hath come upon that people :

For the bitterest scourge of a land is ungodliness in them that govern it,

And the guilt of the sons of Josiah drove Israel weeping into Babylon.

Yet be thou resolute against them, if they change the mandates of thy God,

If they touch the ark of his covenant, wherein all his mercies are enshrined :

Be resolute, but not rebellious ; lest thou be of the company of Korah :

Set thy face against them as a flint : but be not numbered with Abiram.

Daniel nobly disobeyed ; but not from a spirit of sedition ;

And Azarias shouted from the furnace,—I will not bow down, O KING.

If truth must be sacrificed to unity, then faithfulness were folly ;

If man must be obeyed before God, the martyrs have bled in vain :

Yet none of that blessed army reviled the rulers of the land,

They were loud and bold against the sin, but bent before the ensign of authority.

Honesty, scorning compromise, walketh most suitably with Reverence ;

Otherwise righteous daring may show but as obstinate rebellion :

Therefore, suffer not thy censure to lack the savour of courtesy,

And remember, the mortal sinneth, but the staff of his power is from God.

Man, thou hast a social spirit, and art deeply indebted to thy kind :

Therefore claim not all thy rights; but yield, for thine own advantage.

Society is a chain of obligations, and its links must support each other ;

The branch can not but wither, that is cut from the parent vine.

Wouldst thou be a dweller in the woods, and cast away the cords that bind thee,

Seeking, in thy bitterness or pride, to be exiled from thy fellows ?

Behold, the beasts shall hunt thee, weak, naked, houseless outcast,

Disease and Death shall track thee out, as bloodhounds in the wilderness :

Better to be vilest of the vile, in the hated company of men,

Than to live a solitary wretch, dreading and wanting all things ;

Better to be chained to thy labour, in the dusky thoroughfares of life,

Than to reign monarch of Sloth, in lonesome savage freedom.

Whence then cometh the doctrine, that all should be equal and free?—

It is the lie that crowded hell, when Seraphs flung away subjection.

No man is his neighbour's equal, for no two minds are similar,

And accidents, alike with qualities, have every shade but sameness :

The lightest atom of difference shall destroy the nice balance of equality,

And all things, from without and from within, make one man to differ from another.

We are equal and free ! was the watchword that spirited the legions of Satan ;

We are equal and free ! is the double lie that entrappeth to him conscripts from earth :

The messengers of that dark despot will pander to thy license and thy pride,

And draw thee from the crowd where thou art safe, to seize thee in the solitary desert.

Woe unto him whose heart the syren song of Liberty hath charmed :

Woe unto him whose mind is bewitched by her treacherous beauty ;

In mad zeal flingeth he away the fetters of duty and restraint,

And yieldeth up the holocaust of self to that fair Idol of the Damned.

No man hath freedom in aught, save in that from which the wicked would be hindered,

He is free toward God and good ; but to all else a bond-man.

Thou art in a middle sphere, to render and receive honour ;

If thy king commandeth, obey ; and stand not in the way with rebels :

But if need be, lay thy hand upon thy sword, and fear not to smite a traitor,

For the universe acquitteth thee with honour, fighting in defence of thy king.

If a thief break thy dwelling, and thou take him, it were sin in thee to let him go ;

Yea, though he pleadeth to thy mercy, thou canst not spare him and be blameless :

For his guilt is not only against thee, it is not thy monies or thy merchandize,

But he hath done damage to the Law, which duty constraineth thee to sanction.

Feast not thine appetite of vengeance, remembering thou also art a man,

But weep for the sad compulsion, in which the chain of Providence hath bound thee :

Mercy is not thine to give ; wilt thou steal another's privilege ?

Or send abroad, among thy neighbours, a felon whom impunity hath hardened ?

Remember the Roman father, strong in his stern integrity,

And let not thy slothful self-indulgence make thee a con- niver at the crime.

Also, if the knife of the murderer be raised against thee or thine,

And through good providence and courage, thou slay him that would have slain thee,

Thou lovest not a tittle of thy rectitude, having executed sudden justice ;

Still mayst thou walk among the blessed, though thy hands be red with blood.

For thyself, thou art neither worse nor better ; but thy fellows should count thee their creditor :

Thou hast manfully protected the right, and the right is stronger for thy deed.

Also, in the rescuing of innocence, fear not to smite the ravisher ;

What though he die at thy hand ? for a good name is better than the life ;

And if Phinehas had everlasting praise in the matter of Salu's son,

With how much greater honour standeth such a rescuer acquitted ?

Uphold the laws of thy country, and fear not to fight in their defence ;

But first be convinced in thy mind ; for herein the doubter sinneth.

Above all things, look thou well around, if indeed stern duty forceth thee

To draw the sword of justice, and stain it with the slaughter of thy fellows.

She, that lieth in thy bosom, the tender wife of thy affections,

Must obey thee, and be subject, that evil drop not on thy dwelling.

The child that is used to constraint, feareth not more than he loveth ;

But give thy son his way, he will hate thee and scorn thee together.

The master of a well-ordered home knoweth to be kind
to his servants ;

Yet he exacteth reverence, and each one feareth at his
post.

There is nothing on earth so lowly, but duty giveth it
importance ;

No station so degrading, but it is ennobled by obe-
dience :

Yea, break stones upon the highway, acknowledging the
Lord in thy lot,

Happy shalt thou be, and honourable, more than many
children of the mighty.

Thou that despisest the outward forms, beware thou lose
not the inward spirit ;

For they are as words unto ideas, as symbols to things
unseen.

Keep then the form that is good ; retain, and do rever-
ence to example ;

And in all things observe subordination, for that is the
whole duty of man.

A horse knoweth his rider, be he confident or timid,
And the fierce spirit of Bucephalus stoopeth unto none
but Alexander ;

The tigress, roused in the jungle by the prying spaniels
of the fowler,

Will quail at the eye of man, so he assert his dignity ;

Nay, the very ships, those giant swans breasting the
mighty waters,

Roll in the trough, or break the wave, to the pilot's fear
or courage :

How much more shall man, discerning the Fountain of
authority,

Bow to superior commands, and make his own obeyed.
And yet, in travelling the world, hast thou not often
known

A gallant host led on to ruin by a feeble Xerxes?
Hast thou not often seen the wanton luxury of indolence
Sully with its sleepy mist the tarnished crown of head-
ship?

Alas! for a thousand fathers, whose indulgent sloth
Hath emptied the vial of confusion over a thousand
homes:

Alas! for the palaces and hovels, that might have been
nurseries for heaven,

By hot intestine broils blighted into schools for hell:

None knoweth his place, yet all refuse to serve,

None weareth the crown, yet all usurp the sceptre;

And perchance some fiercer spirit, of natural nobility of
mind,

That needed but the kindness of constraint to have grown
up great and good,

Now—the rich harvest of his heart choked by unweeded
tares,—

All bold to dare and do, unchecked by wholesome fear,

A scoffer about bigotry and priestcraft, a rebel against
government and God,

And standard-bearer of the turbulent, leading on the
sons of Belial,

Such an one is king of that small state, head tyrant of
the thirty,

Brandishing the torch of discord in his village-home:

And the timid Eli of the house, yon humble parish-
priest,

Liveth in shame and sorrow, fearing his own handy-
work:

The mother, heartstricken years ago, hath dropped
into an early grave ;
The silent sisters long to leave a home they cannot love ;
The brothers, casting off restraint, follow their wayward
wills ;
And the chance-guest, early departing, blesseth his kind
stars,
That on his humbler home hath brooded no domestic
curse !
Yet is that curse the fruit ; wouldest thou the root of the
evil ?
A kindness—most unkind, that hath always spared the
rod ;
A weak and numbing indecision in the mind that should
be master ;
A foolish love, pregnant of hate, that never frowned on
sin ;
A moral cowardice of heart, that never dared command.

A kingdom is a nest of families, and a family a small
kingdom ;
And the government of whole or part differeth in nothing
but extent.
The house, where the master ruleth, is strong in united
subjection,
And the only commandment with promise, being ho-
noured, is a blessing to that house :
But and if he yieldeth up the reins, it is weak in dis-
cordant anarchy,
And the bonds of love and union melt away, as ropes of
sand.
The realm, that is ruled with vigour, lacketh neither
peace nor glory,

It dreadeth not foes from without, nor the sons of riot
from within :

But the meanness of temporizing fear robbeth a kingdom
of its honour,

And the weakness of indulgent sloth ravageth its bowels
with discord.

The best of human governments is the patriarchal rule ;
The authorized supremacy of one, the prescriptive sub-
jection of many :

Therefore, the children of the east have thriven from age
to age,

Obeying, even as a god, the royal father of Cathay :

Therefore, to this our day, the Rechabite wanteth not a
man,

But they stand before the Lord, forsaking not the man-
date of their sire :

Therefore shall Magog among nations arise from his
northern lair,

And rend, in the fury of his power, the insurgent world
beneath him :

For the thunderbolt of concentrated strength can be
hurled by the will of one,

While the dissipated forces of many are harmless as
summer lightning.

Of Rest.

In the silent watches of the night, calm night that
 breedeth thoughts,
 When the task-weary mind disporteth in the careless
 play-hours of sleep,
 I dreamed ; and behold, a valley, green and sunny and
 well watered,
 And thousands moving across it, thousands and tens of
 thousands :
 And though many seemed faint and toil-worn, and
 stumbled often, and fell,
 Yet moved they on unresting, as the ever-flowing cata-
 ract.
 Then I noted adders in the grass, and pitfalls under the
 flowers,
 And chasms yawned among the hills, and the ground
 was cracked and slippery :
 But Hope and her brother Fear suffered not a foot to
 linger ;

Bright phantoms of false joys beckoned alluringly forward,
While yelling grisly shapes of dread came hunting on behind :
And ceaselessly, like Lapland swarms, that miserable crowd sped along
To the mist-involved banks of a dark and sullen river.
There saw I, midway in the water, standing a giant fisher,
And he held many lines in his hand, and they called him Iron Destiny.
So I tracked those subtle chains, and each held one among the multitude :
Then I understood what hindered, that they rested not in their path :
For the fisher had sport in his fishing, and drew in his lines continually,
And the new-born babe, and the aged man, were dragged into that dark river :
And he pulled all those myriads along, and none might rest by the way,
Till many, for sheer weariness, were eager to plunge into the drowning stream.

So I knew that valley was Life, and it sloped to the waters of Death.

But far on the thither side spread out a calm and silent shore,

Where all was tranquil as a sleep, and the crowded strand was quiet :

And I saw there many I had known, but their eyes glared chillingly upon me,

As set in deepest slumber; and they pressed their fingers
to their lips.
Then I knew that shore was the dwelling of Rest, where
spirits held their Sabbath,
And it seemed they would have told me much, but they
might not break that silence;
For the law of their being was mystery: they glided on,
hushing as they went.
Yet further, under the sun, at the roots of purple mountains,
I noted a blaze of glory, as the night-fires on northern
skies;
And I heard the hum of joy, as it were a sea of melody;
And far as the eye could reach, were millions of happy
creatures
Basking in the golden light; and I knew that land was
Heaven.
Then the hill whereon I stood split asunder, and a crater
yawned at my feet,
Black and deep and dreadful, fenced round with ragged
rocks;
Dimly was the darkness lit up by spires of distant
flame:
And I saw below a moving mass of life, like reptiles bred
in corruption,
Where all was terrible unrest, shrieks and groans and
thunder.

So I woke, and I thought upon my dream; for it seemed
of wisdom's ministration.
What man is he that findeth rest, though he hunt for it
year after year?

As a child he had not yet been wearied, and cared not
then to court it;
As a youth he loved not to be quiet, for excitement spurred
red him into strife;
As a man he tracketh rest in vain, toiling painfully to
catch it,
But still is he pulled from the pursuit, by the strong
compulsion of his fate:
So he hopeth to have peace in old age, as he cannot rest
in manhood,
But troubles thicken with his years, till Death hath
dodged him to the grave.
There remaineth a rest for the spirit on the shadowy side
of life;
But unto this world's pilgrim no rest for the sole of his
foot.
Ever, from stage to stage, he travelleth wearily forward,
And though he pluck flowers by the way, he may not
sleep among the flowers.
Mind is the perpetual motion; for it is a running stream
From an unfathomable source, the depth of the divine
Intelligence:
And though it be stopped in its flowing, yet hath it a
current within,
The surface may sleep unruffled, but underneath are
whirlpools of contention.
Seekest thou rest, O mortal?—seek it no more on
earth,
For destiny will not cease from dragging thee through
the rough wilderness of life;
Seekest thou rest, O immortal?—hope not to find it in
Heaven,

For sloth yieldeth not happiness : the bliss of a spirit is
action.

Rest dwelleth only on an island in the midst of the ocean
of existence,

Where the world-weary soul for a while may fold its tired
wings,

Until, after short sufficient slumber, it is quickened unto
deathless energy,

And speedeth in eagle flight to the Sun of unapproach-
able perfection.

Of Humility.

Vice is grown aweary of her gawds, and donneth russet
 garments,
 Loving for change to walk as a nun, beneath a modest
 veil :
 For Pride hath noted how all admire the fairness of
 Humility,
 And to clutch the praise he coveteth, is content to be
 drest in hair-cloth ;
 And wily Lust tempteth the young heart, that is proof
 against the bravery of harlots,
 With timid tears and retiring looks of an artful seeming
 maid ;
 And indolent Apathy, sleepily ashamed of his dull lack-
 lustre face,
 Is glad of the livery of meekness, that charitable cloak
 and cowl ;
 And Hatred hideth his demon frown beneath a gentle
 mask ;

And Slander, snake-like, creepeth in the dust, thinking
to escape recrimination.

But the world hath gained somewhat from its years, and
is quick to penetrate disguises,

Neither in all these is it easily deceived, but rightly
divideth the true from the false.

Yet there is a meanness of spirit, that is fair in the eyes
of most men,

Yea, and seemeth fair unto itself, loving to be thought
Humility.

Its choler is not roused by insolence, neither do injuries
disturb it :

Honest indignation is strange unto its breast, and just
reproof unto its lip.

It shrinketh, looking fearfully on men, fawning at the
feet of the great ;

The breath of calumny is sweet unto its ear, and it
courteth the rod of persecution.

But what ! art thou not a man, deputed chief of the
creation ?

Art thou not a soldier of the right, militant for God and
good ?

Shall virtue and truth be degraded, because thou art too
base to uphold them ?

Or Goliath be bolder in blaspheming for want of a David
in the camp ?

I say not, avenge injuries ; for the ministry of vengeance
is not thine :

But wherefore rebuke not a liar ? wherefore do dishonour
to thyself ?

Wherefore let the evil triumph, when the just and the
right are on thy side ?

Such Humility is abject, it lacketh the life of sensibility,
And that resignation is but mock, where the burden is
not felt:

Suspect thyself and thy meekness: thou art mean and
indifferent to sin ;

And the heart that should grieve and forgive, is case-
hardened and forgetteth.

Humility mainly becometh the converse of man with his
Maker,

But oftentimes it seemeth out of place in the intercourse
of man with man :

Yea, it is the cringer to his equal, that is chiefly seen bold
to his God,

While the martyr, whom a world cannot brow-beat, is
humble as a child before Him.

Render unto all men their due, but remember thou also
art a man,

And cheat not thyself of the reverence which is owing
to thy reasonable being.

Be courteous, and listen, and learn : but teach and an-
swer if thou canst :

Serve thee of thy neighbour's wisdom, but be not en-
slaved as to a master.

Where thou perceivest knowledge, bend the ear of atten-
tion and respect ;

But yield not further to the teaching, than as thy mind
is warranted by reasons.

Better is an obstinate disputant, that yieldeth inch by
inch,

Than the shallow traitor to himself, who surrendereth to
half an argument.

Modesty winneth good report, but scorn cometh close
upon servility ;

Therefore, use meekness with discretion, casting not
pearls before swine.

For a fool will tread upon thy neck, if he seeth thee
lying in the dust ;

And there be companies and seasons where resolute bear-
ing is but duty.

If a good man discloseth his secret failings unto the view
of the profane,

What doeth he but harm unto his brother, confirming
him in his sin ?

There is a concealment that is right, and an open-mouthed
humility that erreth ;

There is a candour near akin to folly, and a meekness
looking like shame.

Masculine sentiments, vigorously holden, well become a
man ;

But a weak mind hath a timorous grasp, and mistaketh
it for tenderness of conscience.

Many are despised for their folly, who put it to the ac-
count of their religion,

And because men treat them with contempt, they look to
their God for glory ;

But contempt shall still be their reward, who betrayed
their Master unto ridicule,

Reflecting on Him in themselves, meanness and igno-
rance and cowardice.

A Christian hath a royal spirit, and need not be ashamed
but unto One :

Among just men walketh he softly, but the world should
see him as a champion :

His humbleness is far unlike the shame that covereth the
 profligate and weak,
When the sober reproof of virtue hath touched their
 tingling ears;
It is born of love and wisdom, and is worthy of all
 honour,
And the sweet persuasion of its smile changeth contempt
 into reverence.

A man of a haughty spirit is daily adding to his ene-
 mies :

He standeth as the Arab in the desert, and the hands of
 all men are against him :

A man of a base mind daily subtracteth from his
 friends,

For he holdeth himself so cheaply, that others learn to
 despise him :

But where the meekness of self-knowledge veileth the
 front of self-respect,

There look thou for the man, whom none can know but
 they will honour.

Humility is the softening shadow before the stature of
 Excellence,

And lieth lowly on the ground, beloved and lovely as the
 violet :

Humility is the fair-haired maid, that calleth Worth her
 brother,

The gentle silent nurse, that fostereth infant virtues :

Humility bringeth no excuse; she is welcome to God
 and man :

Her countenance is needful unto all, who would prosper
 in either world :

And the mild light of her sweet face is mirrored in, the
eyes of her companions,

And straightway stand they accepted, children of peni-
tence and love.

As when the blind man is nigh unto a rose, its sweet-
ness is the herald of its beauty,

So when thou savourest humility, be sure thou art nigh
unto merit.

A gift rejoiceth the covetous, and praise fatteneth the
vain,

And the pride of man delighteth in the humble bearing
of his fellow ;

But to the tender benevolence of the unthanked Al-
moner of good,

Humility is queen among the graces for she giveth Him
occasion to bestow.

Of Pride.

Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but Pride mineth
 deeper ;
 It is coiled as a poisonous worm about the foundations
 of the soul.
 If thou expose it in thy motives, and track it in thy
 springs of thought,
 Complacent in its own detection, it will seem indignant
 virtue ;
 Smoothly will it gratulate thy skill, O subtle anatomist
 of self,
 And spurn at its very being, while it nestleth the deeper
 in thy bosom.
 Pride is a double traitor, and betrayeth itself to entrap
 thee,
 Making thee vain of thy self-knowledge ; proud of thy
 discoveries of pride.
 Fruitlessly thou strainest for humility, by darkly diving
 into self ;

Rather look away from innate evil, and gaze upon extraneous good :
For in sounding the deep things of the heart, thou shalt learn to be vain of its capacities,
But in viewing the heights above thee, thou shalt be taught thy littleness :
Could an emmet pry into itself, it might marvel at its own anatomy,
But let it look on eagles, to discern how mean a thing it is.
And all things hang upon comparison ; to the greater, great is small :
Neither is there anything so vile, but somewhat yet is viler :
On all sides is there an infinity : the culprit at the gallows hath his worse,
And the virgin martyr at the stake need not look far for a better.
Therefore see thou that thine aim reacheth unto higher than thyself :
Beware that the standard of thy soul wave from the loftiest battlement :
For pride is a pestilent meteor, flitting on the marshes of corruption,
That will lure thee forward to thy death, if thou seek to track it to its source :
Pride is a gloomy bow, arching the infernal firmament,
That will lead thee on, if thou wilt hunt it, even to the dwelling of despair.
Deep calleth unto deep, and mountain overtoppeth mountain,
And still shalt thou fathom to no end the depth and the height of pride :

For it is the vast ambition of the soul, warped to an idol
object,
And nothing but a Deity in Self can quench its insatiable
thirst.

Be aware of the smiling enemy, that openly sheatheth
his weapon,
But minglcth poison in secret with the sacred salt of
hospitality :
For pride will lie dormant in thy heart, to snatch its se-
cret opportunity,
Watching, as a lion-ant, in the bottom of its toils.
Stay not to parley with thy foe, for his tongue is more
potent than his arm,
But be wiser, fighting against pride in the simple pano-
ply of prayer.
As one also of the poets hath said, let not the Proteus
escape thee ;
For he will blaze forth as fire, and quench himself in
likeness of water ;
He will fright thee as a roaring beast, or charm thee as
a subtle reptile.
Mark, amid all his transformations, the complicate de-
ceitfulness of pride,
And the more he striveth to elude thee, bind him the
closer in thy toils.
Prayer is the net that snareth him ; prayer is the fetter
that holdeth him :
Thou canst not nourish pride, while waiting as an alms-
man on thy God,—
Waiting in sincerity and trust, or pride shall meet thee
even there ;

Yea, from the palaces of Heaven, hath pride cast down
his millions.

Root up the mandrake from thy heart, though it cost thee
blood and groans,

Or the cherished garden of thy graces will fade and
perish utterly.

Of Experience.

I ~~knew~~ that age was enriched with the hard-earned
 wages of knowledge,
 And I saw that hoary wisdom was bred in the school of
 disappointment :
 I noted that the wisest of youth, though provident and
 cautious of evil,
 Yet sailed along unsteadily, as lacking some ballast of the
 mind :
 And the cause seemed to lie in this, that while they con-
 sidered around them,
 And warded off all dangers from without, they forgot
 their own weakness within.
 So steer they in self-confidence, until, from the multitude
 of perils,
 They begin to be wary of themselves, and learn the first
 lesson of Experience.
 I knew that in the morning of life, before its wearisome
 journey,

The youthful soul doth expand, in the simple luxury of
being ;
It hath not contracted its wishes, nor set a limit to its
hopes ;
The wing of fancy is unclipt, and sin hath not seared
the feelings :
Each feature is stamped with immortality, for all its de-
sires are infinite,
And it seeketh an ocean of happiness, to fill the deep
hollow within.
But the old and the grave look on, pitying that generous
youth,
For they also have tasted long ago the bitterness of hope
destroyed :
They pity him, and are sad, remembering the days that
are past,
But they know he must taste for himself, or he will not
give ear to their wisdom.
For Experience hath another lesson, which a man will
do well if he learn,
By checking the flight of expectation, to cheat disap-
pointment of its pain.

Experience teacheth many things, and all men are his
scholars :
Yet is he a strange tutor, unteaching that which he hath
taught.
Youth is confident, manhood wary, and old age confident
again :
Youth is kind, manhood cold, and age returneth unto
kindness,
For youth suspecteth nought, till manhood, bitterly
learned,

Mistrusteth all, overleaping the mark ; and age correcteth
his excess.

Suspicion is the scaffold unto faith, a temporary needful
eyesore,

By which the strong man's dwelling is slowly builded up
behind ;

But soon as the top-stone hath been set to the well-
proved goodly pyramid,

The scaffold is torn down, and well-timed trust taketh
its long leave of suspicion.

A thousand volumes in a thousand tongues enshrine the
lessons of Experience,

Yet a man shall read them all, and go forth none the
wiser :

For self-love lendeth him a glass, to colour all he conneth,
Lest in the features of another he find his own com-
plexion.

And we secretly judge of ourselves as differing greatly
from all men,

And love to challenge causes to show how we can master
their effects :

Pride is pampered in expecting that we need not fear a
common fate,

Or wrong-headed prejudice exulteth, in combating old
experience ;

Or perchance caprice and discontent are the spurs that
goad us into danger,

Careless, and half in hope to find there an enemy to joust
with.

Private experience is an unsafe teacher, for we rarely
learn both sides,

And from the gilt surface reckon not on steel beneath :

The torrid sons of Guinea think scorn of icy seas,
And the frostbitten Greenlander disbelieveth suns too
hot.

But thou, student of Wisdom, feed on the marrow of the
matter ;

If thou wilt suspect, let it be thyself ; if thou wilt expect,
let it not be gladness.

Of Estimating Character.

Rashly, nor ofttimes truly, doth man pass judgment on
 his brother;
 For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor heareth
 the reasons of the mind.
 And the world is not wiser than of old, when justice was
 meted by the sword,
 When the spear avenged the wrong, and the lot decided
 the right,
 When the footsteps of blinded innocence were tracked
 by burning ploughshares,
 And the still condemning water delivered up the wizard
 to the stake :
 For we wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what the
 end will be,
 Fixing the right or the wrong, by the issues of failure or
 success.
 Judge not of things by their events; neither of character
 by providence ;

And count not a man more evil, because he is more
unfortunate :

For the blessings of a better covenant lie not in the sun-
shine of prosperity,

But pain and chastisement the rather show the wise
Father's love.

Behold that daughter of the world : she is full of gaiety
and gladness ;

The diadem of rank is on her brow, uncounted wealth is
in her coffers :

She tricketh out her beauty like Jezebel, and is welcome
in the courts of kings ;

She is queen of the fools of fashion, and ruleth the revels
of luxury :

And though she sitteth not as Tamar, nor standeth in
the ways as Rahab,

Yet in the secret of her chamber, she shrinketh not from
dalliance and guilt.

She careth not if there be a God, or a soul, or a time of
retribution,

Pleasure is the idol of her heart : she thirsteth for no
purer heaven.

And she laugheth with light good humour, and all men
praise her gentleness ;

They are glad in her lovely smile, and the river of her
bounty filleth them.

So she prospered in the world : the worship and desire
of thousands ;

And she died even as she had lived, careless and cour-
teous and liberal.

The grave swallowed up her pomp, the marble proclaimed
her virtues,
For men esteemed her excellent, and charities sounded
forth her praise ;
But elsewhere far other judgment setteth her—with in-
fidels and harlots !
She abused the trust of her splendour : and the wages of
her sin shall be hereafter.

Look again on this fair girl, the orphan of a village
pastor
Who is dead, and hath left her his all,—his blessing and
a name unstained.
And friends, with busy zeal, that their purses be not
taxed,
Place the sad mourner in a home, poor substitute for
that she hath lost.
A stranger among strange faces she drinketh the worm-
wood of dependence ;
She is marked as a child of want : and the world hateth
poverty.
Prayer is not heard in that house ; the day she hath
loved to hallow
Is noted but by deeper dissipation, the riot of luxury
and gaming :
And wantonness is in her master's eye, and she hath no
where to flee to ;
She is cared for by none upon earth, and her God
seemeth to forsake her ;
Then cometh, in fair show, the promise and the feint of
affection,

And her heart, long unused to kindness, remembereth her
father, and loveth.

And the villain hath wronged her trust, and mocked,
and flung her from him,

And men point at her and laugh : and women hate her
as an outcast :

But elsewhere far other judgment seateth her—among
the martyrs !

And the Lord, who seemed to forsake, giveth double
glory to the fallen.

Once more, in the matter of wealth ; if thou throw thine
all on a chance,

Men will come around thee, and wait, and watch the
turning of the wheel :

And if, in the lottery of life, thou hast drawn a splendid
prize,

What foresight hadst thou, and skill ! yea, what enter-
prize and wisdom !

But if it fall out against thee, and thou fail in thy
perilous endeavour,

Behold, the simple did sow, and hath reaped the right
harvest of his folly :

And the world will be gladly excused, nor will reach out
a finger to help ;

For why should this speculative dullard be a whirlpool
to all around him ?

Go to, let him sink by himself : we knew what the end
of it would be :—

For the man hath missed his mark, and his fellows look
no further.

Also, touching guilt and innocence : a man shall walk
in his uprightness
Year after year without reproach, in charity and honesty
with all :
But in one evil hour the enemy shall come in like a
flood ;
Shall track him, and tempt him, and hem him,—till he
knoweth not whither to fly.
Perchance his famishing little ones shall scream in his
ears for bread,
And, maddened by that fierce cry, he rusheth as a thief
upon the world ;
The world that hath left him to starve, itself wallowing
in plenty,—
The world, that denieth him his rights,—he daringly
robbeth it of them.
I say not, such an one is innocent ; but, small is the
measure of his guilt
To that of his wealthy neighbour, who would not help
him at his need ;
To that of the selfish epicure, who turned away with
coldness from his tale ;
To that of unsuffering thousands, who look with compla-
cence on his fall.

Or perchance the continual dropping of the venomed
words of spite,
Insult and injury and scorn, have galled and pierced his
heart ;
Yet, with all long-suffering and meekness, he forgiveth
unto seventy times seven :
Till, in some weaker moment, tempted beyond endur-
ance,

He striketh, more in anger than in hate ; and, alas ! for
his heavy chance,
He hath smitten unto instant death his spiteful life-long
enemy !

And none was by to see it ; and all men knew of their
contentions :

Fierce voices shout for his blood, and rude hands hurry
him to judgment.

Then man's verdict cometh,—Murderer, with forethought
malice ;

And his name is a note of execration ; his guilt is too
black for devils.

But to the Righteous Judge, seemeth he the suffering
victim ;

For his anger was not unlawful, but became him as a
Christian and a man ;

And though his guilt was grievous when he struck that
heavy bitter blow,

Yet light is the sin of the smiter, and verily kicketh the
beam,

To the weight of that man's wickedness, whose slow re-
lentless hatred

Met him at every turn, with patient continuance in evil.

Doubtless, eternal wrath shall be heaped upon that
spiteful enemy.

It is vain, it is vain, saith the preacher ; there be none
but the righteous and the wicked,

Base rebels, and staunch allies, the true knight, and the
traitor :

And he beareth strong witness among men, There is no
neutral ground,

The broad highway and narrow path map out the whole domain ;

Sit here among the saints, these holy chosen few,
Or grovel there a wretch condemned, to die among the million.

And verily for ultimate results, there be but good and bad ;

Heaven hath no dusky twilight ; hell is not gladdened with a dawn.

Yet looking round among his fellows, who can pass righteous judgment,

Such an one is holy and accepted, and such an one reprobate and doomed ?

There is so much of good among the worst, so much of evil in the best,

Such seeming partialities in providence, so many things to lessen and expand,

Yea, and with all man's boast, so little real freedom of his will,—

That, to look a little lower than the surface, garb or dialect or fashion,

Thou shalt feebly pronounce for a saint, and faintly condemn for a sinner.

Over many a good heart and true, fluttereth the Great King's pennant ;

By many an iron hand, the pirate's black banner is unfurled :

But there be many more besides, in the yacht and the trader and the fishing-boat,

In the feathered war canoe, and the quick mysterious gondola :

And the army of that Great King hath no stated uniform ;

Of mingled characters and kinds goeth forth the countless host ;

There is the turbaned Damascene, with his tattooed Zealand brother,

There the slim bather in the Ganges, with the sturdy Russian boor,

The sluggish inmate of a Polar cave, with the fire-souled daughter of Brazil,

The embruted slave from Cuba, and the Briton of gentle birth.

For all are His inheritance, of all He taketh tithe :

And the church, His mercy's ark, hath some of every sort.

Who art thou, O man, that art fixing the limits of the fold ?

Wherefore settest thou stakes to spread the tent of heaven ?

Lay not the plummet to the line : religion hath no landmarks :

No human keenness can discern the subtle shades of faith :

In some it is as earliest dawn, the scarce diluted darkness ;

In some as dubious twilight, cold and grey and gloomy :

In some the ebon east is streaked with flaming gold :

In some the dayspring from on high breaketh in all its praise.

And who hath determined the when, separating light from darkness ?

Who shall pluck from earliest dawn the promise of the day ?

Leave that care to the Husbandman, lest thou garner tares ;

Help thou the shepherd in his seeking, but to separate
be his ;

For I have often seen the noble erring spirit

Wrecked on the shoals of passion, and numbered of the
lost ;

Often the generous heart, lit by unhallowed fire,

Counted a brand among the burning, and left uncared-
for, in his sin :

Yet I waited a little year, and the mercy thou hadst for-
gotten

Hath purged that noble spirit, washing it in waters of
repentance ;

That glowing generous heart, having burnt out all its
dross,

Is as a golden censer, ready for the aloes and cassia :

While thou, hard-visaged man, unlovely in thy strict-
ness,

Who turned from him thy sympathies with self-com-
placent pride,

How art thou shamed by him ! his heart is a spring of
love,

While the dry well of thine affections is choked with
secret mammon.

Sometimes at a glance thou judgest well ; years could
add little to thy knowledge :

When charity gloweth on the cheek, or malice is lower-
ing in the eye,

When honesty's open brow, or the weasel-face of cun-
ning is before thee,

Or the loose lip of wantonness, or clear bright forehead
of reflection.

But often, by shrewd scrutiny, thou judgest to the good
man's harm :

For it may be his hour of trial, or he slumbereth at his
post,

Or he hath slain his foe, but not yet levelled the strong-
hold,

Or barely recovered of the wounds, that fleshed him in his
fray with passion.

Also, of the worst, through prejudice, thou loosely shalt
think well :

For none is altogether evil, and thou mayst catch him
at his prayers :

There may be one small prize, though all beside be
blanks ;

A silver thread of goodness in the black sergecloth of
crime.

There is to whom all things are easy : his mind, as a
master-key,

Can open, with intuitive address, the treasures of art and
science :

There is to whom all things are hard ; but industry
giveth him a crow-bar,

To force, with groaning labour, the stubborn lock of
learning :

And often, when thou lookest on an eye, dim in native
dulness,

Little shalt thou wot of the wealth diligence hath
gathered to its gaze ;

Often, the brow that should be bright with the dormant
fire of genius,

Within its ample halls, hath ignorance the tenant.

Yet are not the sons of men cast as in moulds by the
lot?

The like in frame and feature have much alike in
spirit ;

Such a shape hath such a soul, so that a deep discerner
From his make will read the man, and err not far in
judgment :

Yea, and it holdeth in the converse, that growing simi-
larity of mind

Findeth or maketh for itself an apposite dwelling in the
body :

Accident may modify, circumstance may bevil, externals
seem to change it,

But still the primitive crystal is latent in its many varia-
tions :

For the map of the face, and the picture of the eye, are
traced by the pen of passion ;

And the mind fashioneth a tabernacle suitable for itself.
A mean spirit boweth down the back, and the bowing
fostereth meanness ;

A resolute purpose knitteth the knees, and the firm tread
nourisheth decision ;

Love looketh softly from the eye, and kindleth love by
looking ;

Hate furroweth the brow, and a man may frown till he
hateth :

For mind and body, spirit and matter, have reciprocities
of power,

And each keepeth up the strife ; a man's works make or
mar him.

There be deeper things than these, lying in the twilight
of truth

But few can discern them aright, from surrounding
dimness of error,
For perchance, if thou knewest the whole, and largely
with comprehensive mind
Couldst read the history of character, the chequered
story of a life,
And into the great account, which summeth a mortal's
destiny,
Wert to add the forces from without, dragging him this
way and that,
And the secret qualities within, grafted on the soul from
the womb,
And the might of other men's example, among whom
his lot is cast,
And the influence of want, or wealth, of kindness or
harsh ill-usage,
Of ignorance he cannot help, and knowledge found for
him by others,
And first impressions, hard to be effaced, and leadings
to right or to wrong,
And inheritance of likeness from a father, and natural
human frailty,
And the habit of health or disease, and prejudices
poured into his mind,
And the myriad little matters none but Omniscience can
know,
And accidents that steer the thoughts, where none but
Ubiquity can trace them ;—
If thou couldst compass all these, and the consequents
flowing from them,
And the scope to which they tend, and the necessary
fitness of all things,

Then shouldst thou see as He seeth, who judgeth all
men equal,—

Equal, touching innocence and guilt ; and different alone
in this,

That one acknowledgeth his evil, and looketh to his God
for mercy ;

Another boasteth of his good, and calleth on his God for
justice ;

So He, that sendeth none away, is largely munificent to
prayer,

But, in the heart of presumption, sheatheth the sword of
vengeance.

Of Hatred and Anger.

Blunted unto goodness is the heart which anger never stirreth,

But that which hatred swelleth, is keen to carve out evil.

Anger is a noble infirmity, the generous failing of the just,

The one degree that riseth above zeal, asserting the prerogatives of virtue :

But hatred is a slow continuing crime, a fire in the bad man's breast,

A dull and hungry flame, for ever craving insatiate.

Hatred would harm another ; anger would indulge itself :

Hatred is a simmering poison ; anger, the opening of a valve :

Hatred destroyeth as the upas-tree ; anger smiteth as a staff :

Hatred is the atmosphere of hell ; but anger is known in heaven.

Is there not a righteous wrath, an anger just and holy,
When goodness is sitting in the dust, and wickedness
enthroned on Babel?

Doth pity condemn guilt?—is justice not a feeling but
a law

Appealing to the line and to the plummet, incognizant
of moral sense?

Thou that condemnest anger, small is thy sympathy with
angels,

Thou that hast accounted it for sin, cold is thy communion
with heaven.

Beware of the angry in his passion ; but fear not to approach
him afterward ;

For if thou acknowledge thine error, he himself will be
sorry for his wrath :

Beware of the hater in his coolness ; for he meditateth
evil against thee :

Commending the resources of his mind calmly to work
thy ruin.

Deceit and treachery skulk with hatred, but an honest
spirit flieth with anger :

The one lieth secret, as a serpent ; the other chaseth, as
a leopard.

Speedily be reconciled in love, and receive the returning
offender,

For wittingly prolonging anger, thou tamperest uncon-
sciously with hatred.

Patience is power in a man, nerving him to rein his
spirit :

Passion is as palsy to his arm, while it yelleth on the
coursers to their speed :

Patience keepeth counsel, and standeth in solid self-
possession,

But the weakness of sudden passion layeth bare the
secrets of the soul.

The sentiment of anger is not ill, when thou lookest on
the impudence of vice,

Or savourest the breath of calumny, or hast earned the
hard wages of injustice,

But see thou that thou curb it in expression, rendering
the mildness of rebuke,

So shalt thou stand without reproach, mailed in all the
dignity of virtue.

Of Good in Things Evil.

I heard the man of sin reproaching the goodness of
Jehovah,

Wherefore, if He be Almighty Love, permitteth He misery
and pain ?

I saw the child of hope vexed in the labyrinth of doubt,
Wherefore, O holy One and just, is the horn of thy foul
foe so high exalted ?—

And, alas ! for this our groaning world, for that grief
and guilt are here ;

Alas ! for that Earth is the battle-field, where good must
combat with evil :

Angels look on and hold their breath, burning to mingle
in the conflict,

But the troops of the Captain of Salvation may be none
but the soldiers of the cross :

And that slender band must fight alone, and yet shall
triumph gloriously,

Enough shall they be for conquest, and the motto of
their standard is, ENOUGH.

Thou art sad, O denizen of earth, for pains and diseases
and death,
But remember, thy hand hath earned them ; grudge not
at the wages of thy doings :
Thy guilt, and thy fathers' guilt, must bring many sor-
rows in their company,
And if thou wilt drink sweet poison, doubtless it shall
rot thee to the core.
What art thou but the heritor of evil, with a right to
nothing good ?
The respite of an interval of ease were a boon which
Justice might deny thee :
Therefore lay thy hand upon thy mouth, O man much
to be forgiven,
And wait, thou child of hope, for time shall teach thee
all things.

Yet hear, for my speech shall comfort thee : reverently,
but with boldness,
I would raise the sable curtain, that hideth the sym-
metry of Providence.
Pain and sin are convicts, and toil in their fetters for
good ;
The weapons of evil are turned against itself, fighting
under better banners :
The leech delighteth in stinging, and the wicked loveth
to do harm,
But the wise Physician of the Universe useth that ill
tendency for health.
Verily, from others' griefs are gendered sympathy and
kindness ;
Patience, humility, and faith, spring not seldom from
thine own :

An enemy, humbled by his sorrows, cannot be far from
thy forgiveness;

A friend, who hath tasted of calamity, shall fan the dying
incense of thy love :

And for thyself, is it a small thing, so to learn thy
frailty,

That from an aching bone thou savest the whole
body ?

The furnace of affliction may be fierce, but if it refineth
thy soul,

The good of one meek thought shall outweigh years of
torment.

Nevertheless, wretched man, if thy bad heart be hardened
in the flame,

Being earth-born, as of clay, and not of moulded wax,

Judge not the hand that smiteth, as if thou wert visited
in wrath :

Reproach thyself, for He is Justice ; repent thee, for He
is Mercy.

Cease, fond caviller at wisdom, to be satisfied that every-
thing is wrong :

Be sure there is good necessity, even for the flourishing
of evil.

Would the eye delight in perpetual noon ? or the ear in
unqualified harmonics ?

Hath winter's frost no welcome, contrasting sturdily
with summer ?

Couldst thou discern benevolence, if there were no sor-
rows to be soothed ?

Or discover the resources of contrivance, if nothing
stood opposed to the means ?

What were power without an enemy? or mercy without
an object?

Or truth, where the false were impossible? or love,
where love were a debt?

The characters of God were but idle, if all things around
Him were perfection,

And virtues might slumber on like death, if they lacked
the opportunities of evil.

There is One all-perfect, and but one; man dare not
reason of His essence:

But there must be deficiencies in heaven, to leave room
for progression in bliss:

A realm of unqualified BEST were a stagnant pool of
being,

And the circle of absolute perfection, the abstract cipher
of indolence.

Sin is an awful shadow, but it addeth new glories to the
light;

Sin is a black foil, but it setteth off the jewelry of
heaven:

Sin is the traitor that hath dragged the majesty of mercy
into action;

Sin is the whelming argument, to justify the attribute of
vengeance.

It is a deep dark thought, and needeth to be diligently
studied,

But perchance evil was essential, that God should be
seen of His creatures:

For where perfection is not, there lacketh possible
good,

And the absence of better that might be, taketh from the
praise of it is well:

And creatures must be finite, and finite cannot be perfect :

Therefore, though in small degree, creation involveth evil,

He chargeth His angels with folly, and the heavens are not clean in His sight :

For every existence in the universe hath either imperfection or Godhead :

And the light that blazeth but in One, must be softened with shadow for the many.

There is then good in evil ; or none could have known his Maker ;

No spiritual intellect or essence could have gazed on His high perfections,

No angel harps could have tuned the wonders of His wisdom,

No ransomed souls have praised the glories of His mercy,

No howling fiends have shown the terrors of His justice,
But God would have dwelt alone, in the fearful solitude of holiness.

Nevertheless, O sinner, harden not thine heart in evil ;

Nor plume thee in imaginary triumph, because thou art not valueless as vile ;

Because thy dark abominations add lustre to the clarity of Light ;

Because a wonder-working alchemy draineth elixir out of poisons ;

Because the same fiery volcano that scorcheth and ravageth a continent,

Hath in the broad blue bay cast up some petty island ;

Because to the full demonstration of the qualities and
accidents of good,

The swarthy legions of the Devil have toiled as unwitting
pioneers.

For sin is still sin ; so hateful Love doth hate it ;

A blot on the glory of creation, which Justice must wipe
out.

Sin is a loathsome leprosy, fretting the white robe of in-
nocence ;

A rottenness, eating out the heart of the royal cedars of
Lebanon ;

A pestilential blast, the terror of that holy pilgrim-
age ;

A rent in the sacred veil, whereby God left His temple.

Therefore, consider thyself, thou that dost not sorrow for
thy guilt :

Fear evil, or face its Enemy : dread sin, or dare Justice.

Dea, saith the Spirit, and their works do follow them ;

Habits, and thoughts, and deeds, are shadows and satel-
lites of self.

What ! shall the claimant to a throne stand forward with
a rabble rout,—

Meanness, impiety, and lust ; riot and indolence and
vanity ?

Nay, man ! the train wherewith thou comest attend
whither thou shalt go :

A throne for a king's son, but an inner dungeon for the
felon.

For a man's works do follow him : bodily, standing in
the judgment,

Behold the false accuser, behold the slandered saint ;

The slave, and his bloody driver ; the poor, and his
generous friend ;
The simple dupe, and the crafty knave : the murderer,
and—his victim !
Yet all are in many characters ; the best stand guilty at
the bar ;
And he that seemed the worst may have most of real
excuse.
The talents unto which a man is born, be they few or
many,
Are dropped into the balance of account, working un-
looked-for changes ;
And perchance the convict from the galleys may stand
above the hermit from his cell,
For that the obstacles in one outweigh the propensions
in the other.
There be, who have made themselves friends, yea, by
unrighteous mammon,—
Friends, ready waiting as an escort to those everlasting
habitations ;
Embodied in living witnesses, thronging to meet them in
a cloud,
Charity, meekness and truth, zeal, sincerity and pa-
tience.
There be, who have made themselves foes, yea, by
honest gain,
Foes, whose plaint must have its answer, before the
bright portal is unbarred :
Pride, and selfishness, and sloth, apathy, wrath and false-
hood,
Bind to their everlasting toil many that must weary in
the fires.

Love hath a power and a longing to save the gathered
world,

And rescue universal man from the hunting hell-hounds
of his doings :

Yet few, here one and there one, scanty as the gleanings
after harvest,

Are glad of the robes of praise which Mercy would fling
around the naked ;

But wrapping closer to their skin the poisoned tunic of
their works,

They stand in self-dependence, to perish in abandonment
of God.

Of Prayer.

A wicked man scorneth prayer, in the shallow sophistry
of reason,

He derideth the silly hope that God can be moved by
supplication:—

Can the Unchangeable be changed, or waver in His pur-
pose ?

Can the weakness of pity affect Him ? Should He turn
at the bidding of a man ?

Methought He ruled all things, and ye called His decrees
immutable,

But if thus He listeneth to words, wherein is the firmness
of His will ?—

So I heard the speech of the wicked, and, lo, it was
smoother than oil ;

But I knew that his reasonings were false, for the pro-
mise of the Scripture is true :

Yet was my soul in darkness, for his words were too
hard for me ;

Till I turned to my God in prayer: for I know He
heareth always.

Then I looked abroad on the earth, and, behold, the Lord
was in all things ;

Yet saw I not His hand in aught, but perceived that He
worketh by means ;

Yea, and the power of the mean proveth the wisdom that
ordained it,

Yea, and no act is useless, to the hurling of a stone
through the air.

So I turned my thoughts to supplication, and beheld the
mercies of Jehovah,

And I saw sound argument was still the faithful friend
of godliness ;

For as the rock of the affections is the solid approval of
reason,

Even so the temple of Religion is founded on the basis
of Philosophy.

Scorner, thy thoughts are weak, they reach not the sum-
mit of the matter ;

Go to, for the mouth of a child might show thee the
mystery of prayer :

Verily, there is no change in the counsels of the Mighty
Ruler :

Verily, His purpose is strong, and rooted in the depths of
necessity :

But who hath shown thee His purpose, who hath made
known to thee His will ?

When, O gainsayer ! hast thou been schooled in the
secrets of wisdom ?

Fate is a creature of God, and all things move in their
orbits,

And that which shall surely happen is known unto Him
from eternity ;
But as, in the field of nature, He useth the sinews of
the ox,
And commandeth diligence and toil, Himself giving the
increase ;
So, in the kingdom of His grace, granteth He omnipotence
to prayer,
For He knoweth what thou wilt ask, and what thou wilt
ask aright.
No man can pray in faith, whose prayer is not grounded
on a promise :
Yet a good man commendeth all things to the righteous
wisdom of his God :
For those, who pray in faith, trust the immutable Je-
hovah,
And they, who ask blessings unpromised, lean on un-
covenanted mercy.

Man, regard thy prayers as a purpose of love to thy
soul ;
Esteem the providence that led to them as an index of
God's good will ;
So shalt thou pray aright, and thy words shall meet with
acceptance.
Also, in pleading for others, be thankful for the fulness
of thy prayer :
For if thou art ready to ask, the Lord is more ready to
bestow.
The salt preserveth the sea, and the saints uphold the
earth ;
Their prayers are the thousand pillars that prop the
canopy of nature.

Verily, an hour without prayer, from some terrestrial
mind,
Were a curse in the calendar of time, a spot of the black-
ness of darkness.
Perchance the terrible day, when the world must rock
into ruins,
Will be one unwhitened by prayer,—shall He find faith
on the earth?
For there is an economy of mercy, as of wisdom, and
power, and means;
Neither is one blessing granted, unbesought from the
treasury of good:
And the charitable heart of the Being, to depend upon
whom is happiness,
Never withholdeth a bounty, so long as His subject
prayeth;
Yea, ask what thou wilt, to the second throne in heaven,
It is thine, for whom it was appointed; there is no limit
unto prayer:
But and if thou cease to ask, tremble, thou self-sus-
pended creature,
For thy strength is cut off as was Samson's: and the
hour of thy doom is come.

Frail art thou, O man, as a bubble on the breaker,
Weak and governed by externals, like a poor bird caught
in the storm;
Yet thy momentary breath can still the raging waters,
Thy hand can touch a lever that may move the world.
O Merciful, we strike eternal covenant with thee,
For man may take for his ally the King who ruleth
kings:

How strong, yet how most weak, in utter poverty how rich,

What possible omnipotence to good is dormant in a man !

Behold that fragile form of delicate transparent beauty,
Whose light-blue eye and hectic cheek are lit by the bale-fires of decline.

All droopingly she lieth, as a dew-laden lily,
Her flaxen tresses, rashly luxuriant, dank with unhealthy moisture ;

Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas ! poor child of weakness ?

Thou hast erred ; Goliath of Gath stood not in half her strength :

Terribly she fighteth in the van as the virgin daughter of Orleans,

She beareth the banner of heaven, her onset is the rushing cataract,

Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host is God,

And the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning of her eye ;

She is the King's remembrancer, and steward of many blessings,

Holding the buckler of security over her unthankful land :

For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured,
Dependence is her might, and behold—she prayeth.

Angels are round the good man, to catch the incense of his prayers,

And they fly to minister kindness to those for whom he pleadeth ;

For the altar of his heart is lighted, and burneth before
God continually,
And he breatheth, conscious of his joy, the native atmosphere of heaven :
Yea, though poor, and contemned, and ignorant of this world's wisdom,
Ill can his fellows spare him, though they know not of his value.
Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king,
But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of prayer.
Verily, were it not for One, who sitteth on His rightful throne,
Crowned with a rainbow of emerald, the green memorial of earth,—
For One, a mediating man, that hath clad His Godhead with mortality,
And offereth prayer without ceasing, the royal priest of Nature,
Matter and life and mind had sunk into dark annihilation,
And the lightning frown of Justice withered the world into nothing.

Thus, O worshipper of reason, thou hast heard the sum of the matter :
And woe to his hairy scalp that restraineth prayer before God.
Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being ;
Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of Mercy :

Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, so be it;
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of
Omnipotence.

Wherefore, pray, O creature, for many and great are thy
wants;

Thy mind, thy conscience, and thy being, thy rights
commend thee unto prayer,

The cure of all cares, the grand panacea for all pains,
Doubt's destroyer, ruin's remedy, the antidote to all
anxieties.

So then, God is true, and yet He hath not changed :

It is He that sendeth the petition, to answer it according
to His will.

The Lord's Prayer.

Inquirest thou, O man, wherewithal may I come unto
the Lord?

And with what wonder-working sounds may I move the
majesty of Heaven?

There is a model to thy hand; upon that do thou frame
thy supplication;

Wisdom hath measured its words; and redemption urgeth
thee to use them.

Call thy God thy Father, and yet not thine alone,
For thou art but one of many, thy brotherhood is with
all:

Remember His high estate, that He dwelleth King of
Heaven;

So shall thy thoughts be humbled, nor love be unmixed
with reverence:

Be thy first petition unselfish, the honour of Him who
made thee,

And that in the depths of thy heart His memory be
shrined in holiness:

Pray for that blessed time, when good shall triumph over
 evil,
 And one universal temple echo the perfections of Jeho-
 vah :
 Bend thou to His good will, and subserve His holy pur-
 poses,
 Till in thee, and those around thee, grow a little heaven
 upon earth :
 Humbly, as a grateful almsman, beg thy bread of
 God,—
 Bread for thy triple estate, for thou hast a trinity of
 nature :
 Humility smootheth the way, and gratitude softeneth the
 heart,
 Be then thy prayer for pardon mingled with the tear of
 penitence ;
 Yea, and while, all unworthy, thou leanest on the hand
 that should smite,
 Thou canst not from thy fellows withhold thy less for-
 giveness.
 To thy Father thy weaknesses are known, and thou hast
 not hid thy sin,
 Therefore ask Him, in all trust, to lead thee from the
 dangers of temptation ;
 While the last petition of the soul, that breatheth on the
 confines of prayer,
 Is deliverance from sin and the evil one, the miseries of
 earth and hell.
 And wherefore, child of hope, should the rock of thy
 confidence be sure ?
 Thou knowest that God heareth, and promiseth an
 answer of peace ;

Thou knowest that He is King, and none can stay His
hand ;

Thou knowest His power to be boundless, for there is
none other :

And to Him thou givest glory, as a creature of His work-
manship and favour,

For the never-ending term of thy saved and bright exist-
ence.

Of Discretion.

For what then was I born ?—to fill the circling year
 With daily toil for daily bread, with sordid pains and
 pleasures ?—
 To walk this chequered world, alternate light and dark-
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 The day-dreams of deep thought followed by the night-
 dreams of fancy ?—
 To be one in a full procession ?—to dig my kindred
 clay ?—
 To decorate the gallery of art ?—to clear a few acres of
 forest ?—
 For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee
 life.
 Is then that noble end to feed this mind with knowledge,
 To mix for mine own thirst the sparkling wine of wisdom,
 To light with many lamps the caverns of my heart,
 To reap, in the furrows of my brain, good harvest of
 right reasons ?—

For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee
life.

Is it to grow stronger in self-government, to check the
chafing will,

To curb with tightening rein the mettled steeds of pas-
sion,

To welcome with calm heart, far in the voiceless desert,
The gracious visitings of heaven that bless my single
self?—

For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee
life.

To aim at thine own happiness, is an end idolatrous and
evil;

In earth, yea in heaven, if thou seek it for itself, seeking
thou shalt not find.

Happiness is a road-side flower, growing on the high-
way of Usefulness;

Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is
fragrance to thy spirit:

Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own weal,
Trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, and be
happy!

Thus unto fair conclusions argueth generous youth,
And quickly he starteth on his course, knight-errant to
do good.

His sword is edged with arguments, his vizor terrible
with censures;

He goeth full mailed in faith, and zeal is flaming at his
heart.

Yet one thing he lacketh, the Mentor of the mind,
The quiet whisper of Discretion—Thy time is not yet
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Is dealt in doubled stripes on the faint body of the vic-
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He is glad to give and to distribute; and clamorous
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While honest labour, pining, hideth his sharp ribs :

He challengeth to a fair field that subtle giant Infidelity,
And, worsted in the unequal fight, strengtheneth the
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He hasteth to teach and preach, as the war-horse rusheth
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And to pave a way for truth, would break up the Apen-
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He wearieth by stale proofs, where none looked for a
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And to the listening ear will urge the false argument of
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So hath it often been, that, judging by results,

The hottest friends of truth have done her deadliest
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Alas! for there are enemies without, glad enough to
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And a zealot will let down the drawbridge, to prove his
own prowess :

Yea, from within will he break away a breach in the
citadel of truth,

That he may fill the gap, for fame, with his own weak
body.

Zeal without judgment is an evil, though it be zeal unto
good ;

Touch not the ark with unclean hand, yea, though it
seem to totter.

There are evil who work good, and there are good who
work evil,

And foolish backers of wisdom have brought on her
many reproaches.

Truth hath more than enough to combat in the minds of
all men,

For the mist of sense is a thick veil, and sin hath warped
their wills ;

Yet doth an officious helper awkwardly prevent her vic-
tory,—

These thy wounded hands were smitten in the house of
friends :—

To point out a meaning in her words, he will blot those
words with his finger ;

And winnow chaff into the eyes, before he hath wheat to
show :

He will heap sturdy logs on a faint expiring fire,

And with a room in flames, will cast the casement open ;

By a shoulder to the wheel downhill harasseth the
labouring beast,

And where obstruction were needed, will harm by an ill-
judged thrusting-on.

A vessel foundereth at sea, if a storm have unshipped
the rudder ;

And a mind with much sail shall require heavy ballast.

Take a lever by the middle, thou shalt seem to prove it
powerless,

Argue for truth indiscreetly, thou shalt toil for falsehood.

There is plenty of room for a peaceable man in the most
thronged assembly ;

But a quarrelsome spirit is straitened in the open field :
Many a teacher, lacking judgment, hindereth his own
lessons ;

And the savoury mess of pottage is spoiled by a bitter
herb :

The garment woven of a piece is rashly torn by schism,
Because its unwise claimants will not cast lots for its
possession.

Discretion guide thee on thy way, noble-minded youth,
Help thee to humour infirmities, to wink at innocent
errors,

To take small count of forms, to bear with prejudice and
fancy :

Discretion guard thine asking, discretion aid thine answer,
Teach thee that well-timed silence hath more eloquence
than speech,

Whisper thee, thou art Weakness, though thy cause be
Strength,

And tell thee, the key-stone of an arch can be loosened
with least labour from within.

The snows of Hecla lie around its troubled smoking
Geysers ;

Let the cool streams of prudence temper the hot spring
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So shalt thou gain thine honourable end, nor lose the
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So shall thy life be useful, and thy young heart happy.

Of Trifles.

Yet once more, saith the fool, yet once, and is it not a little one ?

Spare me this folly yet an hour, for what is one among so many ?

And he blindeth his conscience with lies, and stupifieth his heart with doubts ;—

Whom shall I harm in this matter ? and a little ill breedeth much good ;

My thoughts, are they not mine own ? and they leave no mark behind them ;

And if God so pardoneth crime, how should these petty sins affect Him ?—

So he transgresseth yet again, and falleth by little and little,

Till the ground crumble beneath him, and he sinketh in the gulf despairing.

For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things,

And no swerving from a right line, that may not lead
eternally astray.

A landmark tree was once a seed ; and the dust in the
balance maketh a difference ;

And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a
pebble :

The dangerous bar in the harbour's mouth is only grains
of sand ;

And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy is the work of a
colony of worms :

Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty ele-
phant ;

And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the
brook.

Little art thou, O man, and in trifles thou contendest
with thine equals,

For atoms must crowd upon atoms, ere crime groweth to
be a giant.

What, is thy servant a dog?—not yet wilt thou grasp
the dagger,

Not yet wilt thou laugh with the scoffers, not yet be-
tray the innocent ;

But, if thou nourish in thy heart the reveries of injury or
passion,

And travel in mental heat the mazy labyrinths of
guilt,

And then conceive it possible, and then reflect on it as
done,

And use, by little and little, thyself to regard thyself a
villain,

Not long will crime be absent from the voice that doth
invoke him to thy heart,

For the altar of his heart is lighted, and burneth before
God continually,

And he breatheth, conscious of his joy, the native atmosphere of heaven :

Yea, though poor, and contemned, and ignorant of this world's wisdom,

Ill can his fellows spare him, though they know not of his value.

Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king,

But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of prayer.

Verily, were it not for One, who sitteth on His rightful throne,

Crowned with a rainbow of emerald, the green memorial of earth,—

For One, a mediating man, that hath clad His Godhead with mortality,

And offereth prayer without ceasing, the royal priest of Nature,

Matter and life and mind had sunk into dark annihilation,

And the lightning frown of Justice withered the world into nothing.

Thus, O worshipper of reason, thou hast heard the sum of the matter :

And woe to his hairy scalp that restraineth prayer before God.

Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being ;

Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of Mercy :

Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, so be it;
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of
Omnipotence.

Wherefore, pray, O creature, for many and great are thy
wants ;

Thy mind, thy conscience, and thy being, thy rights
commend thee unto prayer,

The cure of all cares, the grand panacea for all pains,
Doubt's destroyer, ruin's remedy, the antidote to all
anxieties.

So then, God is true, and yet He hath not changed :

It is He that sendeth the petition, to answer it according
to His will.

The Lord's Prayer.

Inquirest thou, O man, wherewithal may I come unto
the Lord?

And with what wonder-working sounds may I move the
majesty of Heaven?

There is a model to thy hand; upon that do thou frame
thy supplication;

Wisdom hath measured its words; and redemption urgeth
thee to use them.

Call thy God thy Father, and yet not thine alone,
For thou art but one of many, thy brotherhood is with
all:

Remember His high estate, that He dwelleth King of
Heaven;

So shall thy thoughts be humbled, nor love be unmixed
with reverence:

Be thy first petition unselfish, the honour of Him who
made thee,

And that in the depths of thy heart His memory be
shrined in holiness:

Pray for that blessed time, when good shall triumph over
 evil,
 And one universal temple echo the perfections of Jeho-
 vah :
 Bend thou to His good will, and subserve His holy pur-
 poses,
 Till in thee, and those around thee, grow a little heaven
 upon earth :
 Humbly, as a grateful almsman, beg thy bread of
 God,—
 Bread for thy triple estate, for thou hast a trinity of
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And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a
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And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the
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Not yet wilt thou laugh with the scoffers, not yet be-
tray the innocent ;

But, if thou nourish in thy heart the reveries of injury or
passion,

And travel in mental heat the mazy labyrinths of
guilt,

And then conceive it possible, and then reflect on it as
done,

And use, by little and little, thyself to regard thyself a
villain,

Not long will crime be absent from the voice that doth
invoke him to thy heart,

And bitterly wilt thou grieve, that the buds have ripened
into poison.

A spark is a molecule of matter, yet may it kindle the
world :

Vast is the mighty ocean, but drops have made it vast.
Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for
good ;

For a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy
wealth :

The walking this way or that, the casual stopping or
hastening,

Hath saved life, and destroyed it, hath cast down and
built up fortunes.

Commit thy trifles unto God, for to Him is nothing
trivial ;

And it is but the littleness of man that seeth no great-
ness in a trifle.

All things are infinite in parts, and the moral is as the
material,

Neither is anything vast, but it is compacted of atoms.

Thou art wise, and shalt find comfort, if thou study thy
pleasure in trifles,

For slender joys, often repeated, fall as sunshine on the
heart :

Thou art wise, if thou beat off petty troubles, nor suffer
their stinging to fret thee ;

Thrust not thine hand among the thorns, but with a
leathern glove.

Regard nothing lightly which the wisdom of Providence
hath ordered ;

And therefore, consider all things that happen unto thee
or unto others.

The warrior that stood against a host, may be pierced
unto death by a needle ;

And the saint that feareth not the fire, may perish the
victim of a thought :

A mote in the gunner's eye is as bad as a spike in the
gun ;

And the cable of a furlong is lost through an ill-wrought
inch.

The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happi-
ness :

And the deepest wretchedness of life is continuance of
petty pains.

A fool observeth nothing, and seemeth wise unto him-
self ;

A wise man heedeth all things, and in his own eyes is a
fool :

He that wondereth at nothing hath no capabilities of
bliss :

But he that scrutinizeth trifles hath a store of pleasure
to his hand.

If pestilence stalk through the land, ye say, This is God's
doing ;

Is it not also His doing when an aphid creepeth on a
rose-bud ?—

If an avalanche roll from its Alp, ye tremble at the will
of Providence :

Is not that will concerned when the sear leaves fall from
the poplar ?—

A thing is great or little only to a mortal's thinking,
But abstracted from the body, all things are alike important :

The Ancient of Days noteth in His book the idle converse
of a creature,

And happy and wise is the man to whose thought
existeth not a trifle.

Of Recreation.



To join advantage to amusement, to gather profit with
pleasure,

Is the wise man's necessary aim, when he lieth in the
shade of recreation.

For he cannot fling aside his mind, nor bar up the flood-
gates of his wisdom ;

Yea, though he strain after folly, his mental monitor
shall check him :

For knowledge and ignorance alike have laws essential to
their being,—

The sage studieth amusements, and the simple laugheth
in his studies.

Few, but full of understanding, are the books of the library
of God,

And fitting for all seasons are the gain and the gladness
they bestow :

The volume of Mystery and Grace, for the hour of deep
communings,

When the soul considereth intensely the startling marvel
of itself:
The book of destiny and Providence, for the time of
sober study,
When the mind gleaneth wisdom from the olive grove of
history:
And the cheerful pages of Nature, to gladden the plea-
sant holiday,
When the task of duty is complete, and the heart swelleth
high with satisfaction.
The soul may not safely dwell too long with the deep
things of futurity;
The mind may not always be bent back, like the Parthian,
straining at the past;
And, if thou art wearied with wrestling on the broad
arena of science,
Leave awhile thy friendly foe, half vanquished in the
dust,
Refresh thy jaded limbs, return with vigour to the
strife,—
Thou shalt easier find thyself his master, for the vacant
interval of leisure.

That which may profit and amuse is gathered from the
volume of creation,
For every chapter therein teemeth with the playfulness
of wisdom.
The elements of all things are the same, though nature
hath mixed them with a difference,
And Learning delighteth to discover the affinity of seem-
ing opposites:
So out of great things and small draweth he the secrets
of the universe,

And argueth the cycles of the stars, from a pebble flung
by a child.
It is pleasant to note all plants, from the rush to the
spreading cedar,
From the giant king of palms, to the lichen that staineth
its stem ;
To watch the workings of instinct, that grosser reason
of brutes,—
The river-horse browsing in the jungle, the plover
screaming on the moor,
The cayman basking on a mud-bank, and the walrus an-
chored to an iceberg,
The dog at his master's feet, and the milch-kine lowing
in the meadow ;
To trace the consummate skill that hath modelled the
anatomy of insects,
Small fowls that sun their wings on the petals of wild
flowers ;
To learn a use in the beetle, and more than a beauty in
the butterfly ;
To recognize affections in a moth, and look with admira-
tion on a spider.
It is glorious to gaze upon the firmament, and see from
far the mansions of the blest,
Each distant shining world, a kingdom for one of the
redeemed ;
To read the antique history of earth, stamped upon those
medals in the rocks
Which Design hath rescued from decay, to tell of the
green infancy of time ;
To gather from the unconsidered shingle mottled starlike
agates,

Full of unstoried flowers in the bubbling bloom-chalcedony:
Or gay and curious shells, fretted with microscopic carving,
Corallines, and fresh seaweeds, spreading forth their delicate branches.
It is an admirable lore, to learn the cause in the change,
To study the chemistry of Nature, her grand, but simple secrets,
To search out all her wonders, to track the resources of her skill,
To note her kind compensations, her unobtrusive excellence.
In all it is wise happiness to see the well-ordained laws of Jehovah,
The harmony that filleth all His mind, the justice that tempereth His bounty,
The wonderful all-prevalent analogy that testifieth one Creator,
The broad arrow of the Great King, carved on all the stores of His arsenal.
But beware, O worshipper of God, thou forget not Him in His dealings,
Though the bright emanations of His power hide Him in created glory;
For if, on the sea of knowledge, thou regardest not the pole-star of religion,
Thy bark will miss her port, and run upon the sand-bar of folly:
And if, enamoured of the means, thou considerest not the scope to which they tend,
Wherein art thou wiser than the child, that is pleased with toys and baubles?

Verily, a trifling scholar, thou heedest but the letter of instruction ;

For, as motive is spirit unto action, as memory endeareth place,

As the sun doth fertilize the earth, as affection quickeneth the heart,

So is the remembrance of God in the varied wonders of creation.

Man hath found out inventions, to cheat him of the weariness of life,

To help him to forget realities, and hide the misery of guilt.

For love of praise, and hope of gain, for passion and delusive happiness,

He joineth the circle of folly, and heapeth on the fire of excitement ;

Oftentimes sadly out of heart at the tiresome insipidity of pleasure,

Oftentimes labouring in vain, convinced of the palpable deceit :

Yet a man speaketh to his brother, in the voice of glad congratulation,

And thinketh others happy, though he himself be wretched :

And hand joineth hand to help in the toil of amusement, While the secret aching heart is vacant of all but disappointment.

The cheapest pleasures are the best ; and nothing is more costly than sin ;

Yet we mortgage futurity, counting it but little loss :

Neither can a man delight in that which breedeth sorrow,

Yet do we hunt for joy even in the fires that consume it.
Whoso would find gladness may meet her in the hovel
of poverty,

Where benevolence hath scattered around the gleanings
of the horn of plenty ;

Whoso would sun himself in peace, may be seen of her
in deeds of mercy,

When the pale lean cheek of the destitute is wet with
grateful tears.

If the mind is wearied by study, or the body worn with
sickness,

It is well to lie fallow for a while, in the vacancy of sheer
amusement ;

But when thou prosperest in health, and thine intellect
can soar untired,

To seek uninstrusive pleasure is to slumber on the
couch of indolence.

The Train of Religion.

Stay awhile, thou blessed band, be entreated, daughters
of heaven !

While the chance-met scholar of Wisdom learneth your
sacred names :

He is resting a little from his toil, yet a little on the
borders of earth,

And fain would he have you his friends, to bid him glad
welcome hereafter.

Who among the glorious art thou, that walkest a God-
dess and a Queen,

Thy crown of living stars, and a golden cross thy
sceptre ?

Who among flowers of loveliness is she, thy seeming
herald,

Yet she boasteth not thee nor herself, and her garments
are plain in their neatness ?

Wherefore is there one among the train, whose eyes are
red with weeping,

Yet is her open forehead beaming with the sun of
ecstasy?

And who is that blood-stained warrior, with glory sitting
on his crest?

And who that solemn sage, calm in majestic dignity?

Also, in the lengthening troop see I some clad in robes
of triumph,

Whose fair and sunny faces I have known and loved on
earth :

Welcome, ye glorified Loves, Graces, and Sciences, and
Muses,

That, like sisters of charity, tended in this world's hos-
pital;

Welcome, for verily I knew, ye could not but be children
of the light,

Though earth hath soiled your robes, and robbed you of
half your glory;

Welcome, chiefly welcome, for I find I have friends in
heaven,

And some I might scarce have looked for, as thou, light-
hearted Mirth;

Thou also, star-robed Urania; and thou, with the curious
glass,

That rejoicedst in tracking wisdom where the eye was
too dull to note it :

And art thou too among the blessed, mild, much-injured
Poetry?

Who quickenest with light and beauty the leaden face
of matter,

Who not unheard, though silent, fillest earth's gardens
with music,

And not unseen, though a spirit, dost look down upon
us from the stars,—

That hast been to me for oil and for wine, to cheer and
uphold my soul,
When wearied, battling with the surge, the stunning
surge of life :
Of thee, for well have I loved thee, of thee may I ask in
hope,
Who among the glorious is she, that walketh a Goddess
and a Queen ?
And who that fair-haired herald, and who that weeping
saint ?
And who that mighty warrior, and who that solemn
sage ?

Son, happy art thou that Wisdom hath led thee hither-
ward :
For otherwise never hadst thou known the joy-giving
name of our Queen.
Behold her, the life of men, the anchor of their ship-
wrecked hopes :
Behold her, the shepherdess of souls, who bringeth back
the wanderers to God.
And for that modest herald, she is named on earth
Humility :
And hast thou not known, my son, the tearful face of
Repentance ?
Faith is yon time-scarred hero, walking in the shade of
his laurels :
And Reason, the serious sage, who followeth the foot-
steps of Faith :
And we, all we, are but handmaids, ministers of minor
bliss,
Who rejoice to be counted servants in the train of a
Queen so glorious :

But for her name, son of man, it is strange to the language of heaven,
For those who have never fallen need not and may not learn it :
Ligeance we swear to our God, and ligeance well have we kept ;
It is only the band of the redeemed who can tell thee the fulness of that name ;
Yet will I comfort thee, my son, for the love wherewith thou hast loved me,
And thou shalt touch for thyself the golden sceptre of Religion.

So that blessed train passed by me ; but the vision was sealed upon my soul ;
And its memory is shrined in fragrance, for the promise of the Spirit was true :
I learn from the silent poem of all creation round me,
How beautiful their feet, who follow in that train.

Of a Trinity.

Despise not, shrewd reckoner, the God of a good
man's worship,

Neither let thy calculating folly gainsay the unity of
three :

Nor scorn another's creed, although he cannot solve thy
doubts ;

Reason is the follower of faith, where he may not be
precursor :

It is written, and so we believe, waiting not for outward
proof,

Inasmuch as mysteries inscrutable are the clear preroga-
tives of godhead.

Reason hath nothing positive, faith hath nothing
doubtful ;

And the height of unbelieving wisdom is to question all
things.

When there is marvel in a doctrine, faith is joyful and
adoreth ;

But when all is clear, what place is left for faith?
 Tell me the sum of thy knowledge,—is it yet assured of
 anything?

Despise not what is wonderful, when all things are won-
 derful around thee.

From the multitude of like effects, thou sayest, behold
 a law:

And the matter thou art baffled in unmaking is to thy
 mind an element.

Then look abroad, I pray thee, for analogy holdeth
 everywhere,

And the Maker hath stamped his name on every crea-
 ture of his hand:

I know not of a matter or a spirit, that is not three in
 one,

And truly should account it for a marvel, a coin without
 the image of its Cæsar.

Man talketh of himself as ignorant, but judgeth by
 himself as wise:

His own guess counteth he truth, but the notions of
 another are his scorn.

But bear thou yet with a brother, whose thought may
 be less subtle than thine own,

And suffer the passing speculation suggested by analogies
 to faith.

Like begetteth like, and the great sea of Existence
 In each of its uncounted waves holdeth up a mirror to
 its Maker:

Like begetteth like, and the spreading tree of being
 With each of its trefoil leaves pointeth at the trinity of
 God.

Let him whose eyes have been unfilmed, read this homily
in all things,
And thou, of duller sight, despise not him that readeth :
There be three grand principles ; life, generation, and
obedience ;
Shadowing in every creature, the Spirit, and the Father,
and the Son :
There be three grand unities, variously mixed in trini-
ties,
Three catholic divisors of the million sums of matter :
Yea, though science hath not seen it, climbing the ladder
of experiment,
Let faith, in the presence of her God, promulgate the
mighty truth ;
Of three sole elements all nature's works consist :
The pine, and the rock to which it clingeth, and the
eagle sailing around it :
The lion, and the northern whale, and the deeps wherein
he sporteth ;
The lizard sleeping in the sun ; the lightning flashing
from a cloud ;
The rose, and the ruby, and the pearl ; each one is made
of three ;
And the three be the like ingredients, mingled in diverse
measures.
Thyself hast within thyself body, and life, and mind :
Matter, and breath, and instinct, unite in all beasts of
the field ;
Substance, coherence, and weight, fashion the fabrics of
the earth ;
The will, the doing, and the deed, combine to frame a
fact :

The stem, the leaf, and the flower ; beginning, middle,
and end ;

Cause, circumstance, consequent: and every three is
one.

Yea, the very breath of man's life consisteth of a trinity
of vapours,

And the noonday light is a compound, the triune shadow
of Jehovah.

Shall all things else be in mystery, and God alone be
understood ?

Shall finite fathom infinity, though it sound not the
shallows of creation ?

Shall a man comprehend his Maker, being yet a riddle
to himself ?

Or time teach the lesson, that eternity cannot master ?

If God be nothing more than one, a child can compass
the thought ;

But seraphs fail to unravel the wondrous unity of three.

One verily He is, for there can be but one who is all
mighty ;

Yet the oracles of nature and religion proclaim Him
three in one.

And where were the value to thy soul, O miserable
denizen of earth,

Of the idle pageant of the cross, where hung no sacrifice
for thee ?

Where the worth to thine impotent heart, of that stirred
Bethesda,

All numbed and palsied as it is, by the scorpion stings
of sin ?

No, thy trinity of nature, enchained by treble death,

Helplessly craveth of its God, Himself for three salvations :

The soul to be reconciled in love, the mind to be glorified in light,

While this poor dying body leapeth into life.

And if indeed for us all the costly ransom hath been paid,

Bethink thee, could less than Deity have owned so vast a treasure ?

Could a man contend with God, and stand against the bosses of His buckler,

Rendering the balance for guilt, atonement to the uttermost ?

Thou art subtle to thine own thinking, but wisdom judgeth thee a fool,

Resolving thou wilt not bow the knee to a Being thou canst not comprehend :

The mind that could compass perfection were itself perfection's equal :

And reason refuseth its homage to a God who can be fully understood.

Thou that despisest mystery, yet canst expound nothing,

Wherefore rejectest thou the fact that solveth the enigma of all things ?

Wherefore veilest thou thine eyes, lest the light of revelation sun them,

And putttest aside the key that would open the casket of truth ?

The mind and the nature of God are shadowed in all His works,

And none could have guessed of His essence, had He
not uttered it Himself.

Therefore, thou child of folly, that scornest the record
of His wisdom,

Learn from the consistencies of nature the needful
miracle of Godhead :

Yea, let the heathen be thy teacher, who adoreth many
gods,

For there is no wide-spread error that hath not truth for
its beginning.

Be content ; thine eye cannot see all the sides of a cube
at one view,

Nor thy mind in the self-same moment follow two ideas :

There are now many marvels in thy creed, believing
what thou seest,

Then let not the conceit of intellect hinder thee from
worshipping mystery.

Of Thinking.

Reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome
 fragrance,
 But reverie is the same flower, when rank and running
 to seed.
 Better to read little with thought, than much with levity
 and quickness ;
 For mind is not as merchandize, which decreaseth in the
 using,
 But liker to the passions of man, which rejoice and ex-
 pand in exertion :
 Yet live not wholly on thine own ideas, lest they lead
 thee astray ;
 For in spirit, as in substance, thou art a social creature ;
 And if thou leanest on thyself, thou rejectest the guid-
 ance of thy betters,
 Yea, thou contemnest all men,—Am I not wiser than
 they?—

Foolish vanity hath blinded thee, and warped thy weak
judgment ;
For, though new ideas flow from new springs, and en-
rich the treasury of knowledge,
Yet listen often, ere thou think much ; and look around
thee ere thou judgest.
Memory, the daughter of Attention, is the teeming
mother of Wisdom,
And safer is he that storeth knowledge, than he that
would make it for himself.

Imagination is not thought, neither is fancy reflection :
Thought paceth like a hoary sage, but imagination hath
wings as an eagle ;
Reflection sternly considereth, nor is sparing to condemn
evil,
But fancy lightly laugheth, in the sun-clad gardens of
amusement.
For the shy game of the fowler the quickest shot is the
surest :
But with slow care and measured aim the gunner
pointeth his cannon :
So for all less occasions, the surface-thought is best,
But to be master of the great take thou heavier metal.
It is a good thing, and a wholesome, to search out bosom
sins,
But to be the hero of selfish imaginings, is the subtle
poison of pride :
At night, in the stillness of thy chamber, guard and curb
thy thoughts,
And in recounting the doings of the day, beware that
thou do it with prayer,

Or thinking will be an idle pleasure, and retrospect yield
no fruit.

Steer the bark of thy mind from the syren isle of reverie,
And let a watchful spirit mingle with the glance of re-
collection :

Also, in examining thine heart, in sounding the fountain
of thine actions,

Be more careful of the evil than of the good ; and humble
thyself in thy sin.

The root of all wholesome thought is knowledge of thy-
self,

For thus only canst thou learn the character of God to-
ward thee.

He made thee, and thou art ; He redeemed thee, and thou
wilt be :

Thou art evil, yet He loveth thee : thou sinnest, yet He
pardoneth thee.

Though thou canst not perceive Him, yet is He in all His
works,

Infinite in grand outline, infinite in minute perfection :

Nature is the chart of God, mapping out all His attri-
butes ;

Art is the shadow of His wisdom, and copieth His re-
sources.

Thou knowest the laws of matter to be emanations of His
will,

And thy best reason for aught is this,—thou, Lord,
wouldst have it so.

Yea, what is any law but an absolute decree of God ?

Or the properties of matter and mind, but the arbitrary
fiats of Jehovah ?

He made and ordained necessity ; he forged the chain of
reason ;

And holdeth in his own right hand the first of the golden
links.

A fool regardeth mind as the spiritual essence of mat-
ter,

And not rather matter as the gross accident of mind.

Can finite govern infinite, or a part exceed the whole,

Or the wisdom of God sit down at the feet of innate
necessity ?

Necessity is a creature of His hand : for He can never
change ;

And chance hath no existence where everything is need-
ful.

Canst thou measure Omnipotence, canst thou conceive
Ubiquity,

Which guideth the meanest reptile, and quickeneth the
brightest seraph,

Which steereth the particle of dust, and commandeth the
path of the comet ?

To Him all things are equal, for all things are neces-
sary :

The smith was weary at his forge, and welded the metal
carelessly,

And the anchor breaketh in its bed ; and the vessel foun-
dereth with her crew :

A word of anger is muttered, engendering the midnight
murder,

The sun bursteth from a cloud, and maddeneth the toil-
ing husbandman.

Shall these things be, and God not know it ?

Shall He know, and not be in them? shall He see, and
not be among them?

And how can they be otherwise than as He knoweth?
Truly, the Lord is in all things; verily, He worketh in all.
Think thus, and thy thoughts are firm, ascribing each
circumstance to Him;

Yet know surely, and believe the truth, that God willeth
not evil;

For adversities are blessings in disguise, and wickedness
the Lord abhorreth:

That He is in all things is an axiom, and that He is right-
eous in all:

Ascribe holiness to Him, while thou musest on the mys-
tery of sin,

For infinite can grasp that, which finite cannot compass.

In works of art, think justly: what praise canst thou
render unto man?

For he made not his own mind, nor is he the source of
contrivance.

If a cunning workman make an engine that fashioneth
curious works,

Which hath the praise, the machine or its maker,—the
engine, or he that framed it?

And could he frame it so subtly as to give it a will and
freedom,

Endow it with complicated powers, and a glorious living
soul,

Who, while he admireth the wondrous understanding
creature,

Will not pay deeper homage to the Maker of master
minds?

Otherwise, thou art senseless as the pagan, that adoreth
his own handy-work ;
Yea, while thou boastest of thy wisdom, thy mind is as
the mind of the savage,
For he boweth down to his idols, and thou art a wor-
shipper of self,
Giving to the reasoning machine the credit due to its
creator.

The key-stone of thy mind, to give thy thoughts soli-
dity,
To bind them as in an arch, to fix them as the world in
its sphere,
Is to learn from the book of the Lord, to drink from the
well of His wisdom.
Who can condense the sun, or analyse the fulness of the
Bible,
So that its ideas be gathered, and the harvest of its wis-
dom be brought in?
That book is easy to the man who setteth his heart to
understand it,
But to the careless and profane it shall seem the foolish-
ness of God ;
And it is a delicate test to prove thy moral state ;
To the humble disciple it is bread, but a stone to the
proud and unbelieving :
A scorner shall find nothing but the husks, wherewith
to feed his hunger,
But for the soul of the simple, it is plenty of full-ripe
wheat.
The Scripture abideth the same, in the sober majesty of
truth ;

And the differing aspects of its teaching proceed from
diversity in minds.

He that would learn to think may gain that knowledge
there ;

For the living word, as an angel, standeth at the gate of
wisdom,

And publisheth, This is the way, walk ye surely in it.

Religion taketh by the hand the humble pupil of repent-
ance,

And teacheth him lessons of mystery, solving the ques-
tions of doubt ;

She maketh man worthy of himself, of his high prero-
gative of reason,

Threadeth all the labyrinths of thought, and leadeth him
to his God.

Come hither, child of meditation, upon whose high fair
forehead

Glittereth the star of mind in its unearthly lustre :

Hast thou nought to tell us of thine airy joys,—

When, borne on sinewy pinions, strong as the western
condor,

The soul, after soaring for a while round the cloud-capped
Andes of reflection,

Glad in its conscious immortality, leaveth a world be-
hind,

To dare at one bold flight the broad Atlantic to another ?

Hast thou no secret pangs to whisper common men,

No dread of thine own energies, still active day and night,
Lest too ecstatic heat sublime thyself away,

Or vivid horrors, sharp and clear, madden thy tense
fibres ?

In half-shaped visions of sleep hast thou not feared thy
flittings,
Lest reason, like a raking hawk, return not to thy call :
Nor waked to work-day life with throbbing head and
heart,
Nor welcomed early dawn to save thee from unrest ?
For the wearied spirit lieth as a fainting maiden,
Captive and borne away on the warrior's foam-covered
steed,
And sinketh down wounded, as a gladiator on the sand,
While the keen faulchion of Intellect is cutting through
the scabbard of the brain.
Imagination, like a shadowy giant looming on the twi-
light of the Hartz,
Shall overwhelm judgment with affright, and scare him
from his throne :
In a dream thou mayst be mad, and feel the fire within
thee ;
In a dream thou mayst travel out of self, and see thee
with the eyes of another ;
Or sleep in thine own corpse ; or wake as in many
bodies ;
Or swell, as expanded to infinity ; or shrink, as impri-
soned to a point ;
Or among moss-grown ruins mayst wander with the sullen
disembodied,
And gaze upon their glassy eyes until thy heart-blood
freeze.

Alone must thou stand, O man ! alone at the bar of
judgment ;
Alone must thou bear thy sentence, alone must thou
answer for thy deeds :

Therefore it is well thou retirest often to secrecy and
solitude,
To feel that thou art accountable separately from thy fel-
lows :
For a crowd hideth truth from the eyes, society drowneth
thought,
And being but one among many, stiflcth the chidings of
conscience.
Solitude bringeth woe to the wicked, for his crimes are
told out in his ear ;
But addeth peace to the good, for the mercies of his God
are numbered.
Thou mayst know if it be well with a man,—loveth he
gaiety or solitude ?
For the troubled river rusheth to the sea, but the calm
lake slumbereth among the mountains.
How dear to the mind of the sage are the thoughts that
are bred in loneliness ;
For there is as it were music at his heart, and he talketh
within him as with friends :
But guilt maddeneth the brain, and terror glareth in the
eye,
Where, in his solitary cell, the malefactor wrestleth with
remorse.
Give me but a lodge in the wilderness, drop me on an
island in the desert,
And thought shall yield me happiness, though I may not
increase it by imparting :
For the soul never slumbereth, but is as the eye of the
Eternal,
And mind, the breath of God, knoweth not ideal vacuity.

At night, after weariness and watching, the body sinketh
into sleep,

But the mental eye is awake, and thou reasonest in thy
dreams :

In a dream thou mayst live a lifetime, and all be forgotten
in the morning :

Even such is life, and so soon perisheth its memory.

Of Speaking.

Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought;

Yet oftentimes runneth it to husk, and the grains be withered and scanty:

Speech is reason's brother, and a kingly prerogative of man,

That likeneth him to his Maker, who spake, and it was done:

Spirit may mingle with spirit, but sense requireth a symbol;

And speech is the body of a thought, without which it were not seen.

When thou walkest, musing with thyself, in the green aisles of the forest,

Utter thy thinkings aloud, that they take a shape and being;

For he that pondereth in silence crowdeth the store-house of his mind,

And though he hath heaped great riches, yet is he hindered in the using.

A man that speaketh too little, and thinketh much and deeply,

Corrodeth his own heart-strings, and keepeth back good from his fellows :

A man that speaketh too much, and museth but little and lightly,

Wasteth his mind in words, and is counted a fool among men :

But thou, when thou hast thought, weave charily the web of meditation,

And clothe the ideal spirit in the suitable garments of speech.

Uttered out of time, or concealed in its season, good savoureth of evil ;

To be secret looketh like guilt, to speak out may breed contention :

Often have I known the honest heart, flaming with indignant virtue,

Provoke unneeded war by its rash ambassador the tongue :

Often have I seen the charitable man go so slily on his mission,

That those who met him in the twilight, took him for a skulking thief :

I have heard the zealous youth telling out his holy secrets

Before a swinish throng, who mocked him as he spake ;

And I considered, his openness was hardening them that mocked,

Whereas a judicious keeping-back might have won their sympathy:

I have judged rashly and harshly the hand, liberal in the dark,

Because in the broad daylight, it hath holden it a virtue to be close;

And the silent tongue have I condemned, because reserve hath chained it,

That it hid, yea from a brother, the kindness it had done by comforting.

No need to sound a trumpet, but less to hush a footfall :
Do thou thy good openly, not as though the doing were a crime.

Secresy goeth cowed, and Honesty demandeth wherefore ?

For he judgeth,—judgeth he not well ?—that nothing need be hid but guilt.

Why should thy good be evil spoken of, through thine unrighteous silence ?

If thou art challenged, speak, and prove the good thou doest.

The free example of benevolence, unobtruded, yet unhidden,

Soundeth in the ears of sloth, Go, and do thou likewise :

And I wot the hypocrite's sin to be of darker dye,

Because the good man, fearing, thereby hideth his light :

But neither God nor man hath bid thee cloak thy good,

When a seasonable word would set thee in thy sphere,
that all might see thy brightness.

Ascribe the honour to thy Lord, but be thou jealous of that honour,

Nor think it light and worthless, because thou mayst not wear it for thyself :

Remember, thy grand prerogative is free unshackled
utterance,
And suffer not the flood-gates of secresy to lock the full
river of thy speech.

Come, I will show thee an affliction, unnumbered among
this world's sorrows,
Yet real and wearisome and constant, embittering the
cup of life.
There be, who can think within themselves, and the fire
burneth at their heart,
And eloquence waiteth at their lips, yet they speak not
with their tongue :
There be, whom zeal quickeneth, or slander stirreth to
reply,
Or need constraineth to ask, or pity sendeth as her mes-
sengers ;
But nervous dread and sensitive shame freeze the current
of their speech ;
The mouth is sealed as with lead, a cold weight presseth
on the heart,
The mocking promise of power is once more broken in
performance,
And they stand impotent of words, travailing with un-
born thoughts :
Courage is cowed at the portal ; wisdom is widowed of
utterance ;
He that went to comfort is pitied ; he that should rebuke,
is silent :
And fools who might listen and learn, stand by to look
and laugh ;
While friends, with kinder eyes, wound deeper by com-
passion :

And thought, finding not a vent, smouldereth, gnawing
at the heart,

And the man sinketh in his sphere, for lack of empty
sounds.

There be many cares and sorrows thou hast not yet con-
sidered,

And well may thy soul rejoice in the fair privilege of
speech ;

For at every turn to want a word,—thou canst not guess
that want ;

It is as lack of breath or bread : life hath no grief more
galling.

Come, I will tell thee of a joy, which the parasites of
pleasure have not known,

Though earth and air and sea have gorged all the appe-
tites of sense.

Behold, what fire is in his eye, what fervour on his
cheek !

That glorious burst of winged words ! how bound they
from his tongue !

The full expression of the mighty thought, the strong
triumphant argument,

The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara,

The keen demand, the clear reply, the fine poetic image,

The nice analogy, the clenching fact, the metaphor bold
and free,

The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the omni-
potence of truth,

The grandeur of his speech in his majesty of mind !

Champion of the right,—patriot, or priest, or pleader of
the innocent cause,

Upon whose lips the mystic bee hath dropped the honey
of persuasion,
Whose heart and tongue have been touched, as of old, by
the live coal from the altar,
How wide the spreading of thy peace, how deep the
draught of thy pleasures !
To hold the multitude as one, breathing in measured
cadence,
A thousand men with flashing eyes, waiting upon thy
will ;
A thousand hearts kindled by thee with consecrated fire,
Ten flaming spiritual hecatombs offered on the mount
of God :
And now a pause, a thrilling pause,—they live but in
thy words,—
Thou hast broken the bounds of self, as the Nile at its
rising,
Thou art expanded into them, one faith, one hope, one
spirit,
They breathe but in thy breath, their minds are passive
unto thine,
Thou turnest the key of their love, bending their affec-
tions to thy purpose,
And all, in sympathy with thee, tremble with tumultuous
emotions :
Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall
throne thee with archangels.

Of Reading.

One drachma for a good book, and a thousand talents
for a true friend ;—

So standeth the market, where scarce is ever costly :

Yea, were the diamonds of Golconda common as shingles
on the shore,

A ripe apple would ransom kings before a shining stone :
And so, were a wholesome book as rare as an honest
friend,

To choose the book be mine : the friend let another take.
For altered looks and jealousies and fears have none
entrance there :

The silent volume listeneth well, and speaketh when thou
listest :

It praiseth thy good without envy, it chideth thine evil
without malice,

It is to thee thy waiting slave, and thine unbending
teacher.

Need to humour no caprice, need to bear with no infir-
mity ;

Thy sin, thy slander, or neglect, chilleth not, quencheth not, its love :

Unalterably speaketh it the truth, warped nor by error nor interest ;

For a good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever.

To draw thee out of self, thy petty plans and cautions,
To teach thee what thou lackest, to tell thee how largely thou art blest,

To lure thy thought from sorrow, to feed thy famished mind,

To graft another's wisdom on thee, pruning thine own folly,

Choose discreetly, and well digest the volume most suited to thy case,

Touching not religion with levity, nor deep things when thou art wearied.

Thy mind is freshened by morning air, grapple with science and philosophy ;

Noon hath unnerved thy thoughts, dream for a while on fictions :

Grey evening sobereth thy spirit, walk thou then with worshippers :

But reason shall dig deepest in the night, and fancy fly most free.

☞ books, ye monuments of mind, concrete wisdom of the wisest ;

Sweet solaces of daily life ; proofs and results of immortality ;

Trees yielding all fruits, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations ;

Groves of knowledge, where all may eat, nor fear a flaming sword:

Gentle comrades, kind advisers; friends, comforts, treasures:

Helps, governments, diversities of tongues; who can weigh your worth?—

To walk no longer with the just; to be driven from the porch of science;

To bid long adieu to those intimate ones, poets, philosophers, and teachers;

To see no record of the sympathies which bind thee in communion with the good;

To be thrust from the feet of Him who spake as never man spake;

To have no avenue to heaven but the dim aisle of superstition,

To live as an Esquimaux, in lethargy; to die as the Mohawk in ignorance:

O what were life, but a blank? what were death, but a terror?

What were man, but a burden to himself? what were mind, but misery?

Yea, let another Omar burn the full library of knowledge,

And the broad world may perish in the flames, offered on the ashes of its wisdom!

Of Writing.

The pen of a ready writer, whereunto shall it be likened ?
Ask of the scholar, he shall know,—to the chains that
bind a Proteus :

Ask of the poet, he shall say,—to the sun, the lamp of
heaven :

Ask of thy neighbour, he can answer,—to the friend that
telleth my thought :

The merchant considereth it well, as a ship freighted with
wares ;

The divine holdeth it a miracle, giving utterance to the
dumb.

It fixeth, expoundeth, and disseminateth sentiment ;
Chaining up a thought, clearing it of mystery, and send-
ing it bright into the world.

To think rightly, is of knowledge ; to speak fluently, is
of nature ;

To read with profit, is of care ; but to write aptly, is of
practice.

No talent among men hath more scholars, and fewer
masters:

For to write is to speak beyond hearing, and none stand
by to explain.

To be accurate, write; to remember, write; to know
thine own mind, write;

And a written prayer is a prayer of faith: special, sure,
and to be answered.

Hast thou a thought upon thy brain, catch it while thou
canst;

Or other thoughts shall settle there, and this shall soon
take wing:

Thine uncompounded unity of soul, which argueth and
maketh it immortal,

Yieldeth up its momentary self to every single thought;
Therefore, to husband thine ideas, and give them stability
and substance,

Write often for thy secret eye; so shalt thou grow
wiser.

The commonest mind is full of thoughts; some worthy
of the rarest:

And could it see them fairly writ, would wonder at its
wealth.

Ⓔ precious compensation to the dumb, to write his wants
and wishes;

O dear amends to the stammering tongue, to pen his
burning thoughts!

To be of the college of Eloquence, through these silent
symbols;

To pour out all the flowing mind without the toil of
speech;

To show the babbling world how it might discourse more
sweetly ;
To prove that merchandize of words bringeth no mono-
poly of wisdom ;
To take sweet vengeance on a prating crew, for the
tongue's dishonour,
By the large triumph of the pen, the homage rendered
to a writing.
With such, that telegraph of mind is dearer than wealth
or wisdom,
Enabling to please without pain, to impart without humili-
ation.

Fair girl, whose eye hath caught the rustic penmanship
of love,
Let thy bright brow and blushing cheek confess in this
sweet hour,—
Let thy full heart, poor guilty one, whom the scroll of
pardon hath just reached,—
Thy wet glad face, O mother, with news of a far-off
child,—
Thy strong and manly delight, pilgrim of other shores,
When the dear voice of thy betrothed speaketh in the
letter of affection,—
Let the young poet, exulting in his lay, and hope (how
false) of fame,
While watching at deep midnight, he buildeth up the
verse,—
Let the calm child of genius, whose name shall never
die,
For that the transcript of his mind hath made his thoughts
immortal,—

Let these, let all, with no faint praise, with no light gratitude, confess
The blessings poured upon the earth from the pen of a ready writer.

Moreover, their preciousness in absence is proved by the desire of their presence :

When the despairing lover waiteth day after day,
Looking for a word in reply, one word writ by that hand,

And cursing bitterly the morn ushered in by blank disappointment :

Or when the long-looked-for answer argueth a cooling friend,

And the mind is plied suspiciously with dark inexplicable doubts,

While thy wounded heart counteth its imaginary scars,
And thou art the innocent and injured, that friend the capricious and in fault :

Or when the earnest petition, that craveth for thy needs,
Unheeded, yea, unopened, tortureth with starving delay :
Or when the silence of a son, who would have written of his welfare,

Racketh a father's bosom with sharp-cutting fears.

For a letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection,

And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the solder.

The pen, flowing with love, or dipped black in hate,

Or tipped with delicate courtesies, or harshly edged with censure,

Hath quickened more good than the sun, more evil than the sword,

More joy than woman's smile, more woe than frowning
fortune ;
And shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which hath
most profit in the world,
For answer take thou this, The prudent penning of a
letter.

Thou hast not lost an hour, whereof there is a record ;
A written thought at midnight shall redeem the livelong
day.
Idea is as a shadow that departeth, speech is fleeting as
the wind,
Reading is an unremembered pastime ; but a writing is
eternal :
For therein the dead heart liveth, the clay-cold tongue is
eloquent,
And the quick eye of the reader is cleared by the reed of
the scribe.
As a fossil in the rock, or a coin in the mortar of a ruin,
So the symbolled thoughts tell of a departed soul :
The plastic hand hath its witness in a statue, and exacti-
tude of vision in a picture,
And so, the mind that was among us, in its writings is
embalmed.

Of Wealth.

Prodigality hath a sister Meanness, his fixed antagonist
 heart-fellow,
 Who often outliveth the short career of the brother she
 despiseth :
 She hath lean lips and a sharp look, and her eyes are
 red and hungry ;
 But he sloucheth in his gait, and his mouth speaketh
 loosely and maudlin.
 Let a spendthrift grow to be old, he will set his heart on
 saving,
 And labour to build up by penury that which extrava-
 gance threw down :
 Even so, with most men, do riches earn themselves a
 double curse ;
 They are ill-got by tight dealing : they are ill-spent by
 loose squandering.
 Give me enough, saith Wisdom ;—for he feareth to ask
 for more ;

And that by the sweat of my brow, addeth stout-hearted
Independence :

Give me enough, and not less, for want is leagued with
the tempter ;

Poverty shall make a man desperate, and hurry him
ruthless into crime :

Give me enough, and not more, saving for the children
of distress ;

Wealth ofttimes killeth, where want but hindereth the
budding :

There is green glad summer near the pole, though brief
and after long winter,

But the burnt breasts of the torrid zone yield never
kindly nourishment.

Wouldst thou be poor, scatter to the rich,—and reap the
tares of ingratitude ;

Wouldst thou be rich, give unto the poor ;—thou shalt
have thine own with usury :

For the secret hand of Providence prospereth the charit-
able all ways,

Good luck shall he have in his pursuits, and his heart
shall be glad within him ;

Yet perchance he never shall perceive, that, even as to
earthly gains,

The cause of his weal, as of his joy, hath been small
givings to the poor.

In the plain of Benares is there found a root that
fathereth a forest,

Where round the parent banian tree drop its living
scions ;

Thirstily they strain to the earth, like stalactites in a
grotto,

And strike broad roots, and branch again, lengthening
their cool arcades :

And the dervish madly danceth there, and the faquir is
torturing his flesh,

And the calm brahmin worshippeth the sleek and pam-
pered bull ;

At the base lean jackals coil, while from above depending
With dull malignant stare watcheth the branch-like boa.
Even so, in man's heart is a sin that is the root of all
evil ;

Whose fibres strangle the affections, whose branches
overgrow the mind :

And oftenest beneath its shadow thou shalt meet dis-
torted piety,—

The clenched and rigid fist, with the eyes upturned to
heaven,

Fanatic zeal with miserly severity, a mixture of gain
with godliness,

And him, against whom passion hath no power, kneel-
ing to a golden calf :

The hungry hounds of extortion are there, the bond, and
the mortgage, and the writ,

While the appetite for gold, unslumbering, watcheth to
glut its maw :—

And the heart, so tenanted and shaded, is cold to all
things else ;

It seeth not the sunshine of heaven, nor is warmed by
the light of charity.

For covetousness disbelieveth God, and laugheth at the
rights of men ;

Spurring unto theft and lying, and tempting to the
poison and the knife ;

It sundereth the bonds of love, and quickeneth the
flames of hate;

A curse that shall wither the brain, and case the heart
with iron.

Content is the true riches, for without it there is no
satisfying,

But a ravenous all-devouring hunger gnaweth the vitals
of the soul.

The wise man knoweth where to stop, as he runneth in
the race of fortune,

For experience of old hath taught him, that happiness
lingereth midway;

And many in hot pursuit have hasted to the goal of
wealth,

But have lost, as they ran, those apples of gold,—the
mind and the power to enjoy it.

There is no greater evil among men than a testament
framed with injustice:

Where caprice hath guided the boon, or dishonesty re-
fused what was due.

Generous is the robber on the highway, in the open dar-
ing of his guilt,

To the secret coward, whose malice liveth and harmeth
after him;

Who smoothly sank into the tomb, with the smile of
fraud upon his face,

And the last black deed of his existence was injury with-
out redress:

For deaf is the ear of the dead, and can hear no palliat-
ing reasons;

The smiter is not among the living, and Right pleadeth
but in vain.

Yet shall the curse of the oppressed be as blight upon
the grave of the unjust ;
Yea, bitterly shall that hand-writing testify against him
at the judgment.
I saw the humble relation that tended the peevishness
of wealth,
And ministered, with kind hand, to the wailings of dis-
ease and discontent :
I noted how watchfulness and care were feeding on the
marrow of her youth,
How heavy was the yoke of dependence, loaded by petty
tyranny ;
Yet I heard the frequent suggestion,—It can be but a
little longer,
Patience and mute submission shall one day reap a rich
reward.
So, tacitly enduring much, waited that humble friend,
Putting off the lover of her youth until the dawn of
wealth :
And it came, that day of release, and the freed heart
could not sorrow,
For now were the years of promise to yield their golden
harvest :
Hope, so long deferred, sickly sparkled in her eye,
The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the
happier future,
And she checked, as unworthy and ungrateful, the dark
suspicious thought
That perchance her right had been the safer, if not left
alone with honour :
But, alas, the sad knowledge soon came, that her stern
task-master's will

Hath rewarded her toil with a jibe, her patience with
utter destitution!—

Shall not the scourge of justice lash that cruel coward,
Who mingled the gall of ingratitude with the bitterness
of disappointment?

Shall not the hate of men, and vengeance, fiercely pur-
suing,

Hunt down the wretched being that sinneth in his
grave?

He fancied his idol self safe from the wrath of his fel-
lows,

But Hades rose as he came in, to point at him the finger
of scorn;

And again must he meet that orphan-maid to answer her
face to face,

And her wrongs shall cling around his neck, to hinder
him from rising with the just:

For his last most solemn act hath linked his name with
liar,

And the crime of Ananias is branded on his brow!

A good man commendeth his cause to the one great
Patron of innocence,

Convinced of justice at the last, and sure of good mean-
while.

He knoweth he hath a Guardian, wise and kind and
strong,

And can thank Him for giving, or refusing, the trust or
the curse of riches:

His confidence standeth as a rock; he dreadeth not
malice nor caprice,

Nor the whisperings of artful men, nor envious secret
influence;

He scorneth servile compromise, and the pliant mouth-
ings of deceit;
He maketh not a show of love, where he cannot concede
esteem;
He regardeth ill-got wealth, as the root most fruitful of
wretchedness,
So he walketh in straight integrity, leaning on God and
his right.

No gain, but by its price: labour, for the poor man's
meal,
Ofttimes heart-sickening toil, to win him a morsel for his
hunger:
Labour, for the chapman at his trade, a dull unvaried
round,
Year after year, unto death; yea, what a weariness is it!
Labour, for the pale-faced scribe, drudging at his hated
desk,
Who bartereth for needful pittance the untold gold of
health;
Labour, with fear, for the merchant, whose hopes are
ventured on the sea;
Labour, with care, for the man of law, responsible in his
gains;
Labour, with envy and annoyance, where strangers will
thee wealth;
Labour, with indolence and gloom, where wealth falleth
from a father;
Labour unto all, whether aching thews, or aching head,
or spirit,—
The curse on the sons of men, in all their states, is
labour.

Nevertheless, to the diligent, labour bringeth blessing:
The thought of duty sweeteneth toil, and travail is as
 pleasure;
And time spent in doing hath a comfort that is not for
 the idle,
The hardship is transmuted into joy by the dear alchemy
 of Mercy.
Labour is good for a man, bracing up his energies to
 conquest,
And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself
 useless:
For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty
 hinges,
And the grasp of the mind is weakened, as the talons of
 a caged vulture.
Wealth hath never given happiness, but often hastened
 misery:
Enough hath never caused misery, but often quickened
 happiness:
Enough is less than thy thought, O pampered creature
 of society,
And he that hath more than enough, is a thief of the
 rights of his brother.

Of Invention.

Man is proud of his mind, boasting that it giveth him
divinity,

Yet with all its powers can it originate nothing ;
For the great God into all His works hath largely poured
out Himself,

Saving one special property, the grand prerogative,—
Creation.

To improve and expand is ours, as well as to limit and
defeat ;

But to create a thought or a thing is hopeless and im-
possible.

Can a man make matter?—and yet this would-be god

Thinketh to make mind, and form original idea :

The potter must have his clay, and the mason his
quarry,

And mind must drain ideas from everything around it.

Doth the soil generate herbs, or the torrid air breed
flies,

Or the water frame its monads, or the mist its swarming
blight?—

Mediately, through thousand generations, having seed
within themselves,

All things, rare or gross, own one common Father.

Truly spake Wisdom, There is nothing new under the
sun :

We only arrange and combine the ancient elements of all
things.

Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in motion ;

A sharpening of the spiritual sight, to discern hidden
aptitudes :

From the basket and acanthus, is modelled the graceful
capital ;

The shadowed profile on the wall helpeth the limner to
his likeness ;

The footmarks, stamped in clay, lead on the thoughts to
printing ;

The strange skin garments cast upon the shore sug-
gest another hemisphere :

A falling apple taught the sage pervading gravitation ;

The Huron is certain of his prey, from tracks upon the
grass ;

And shrewdness, guessing out the hint, followeth on the
trail :

But the hint must be given, the trail must be there, or
the keenest sight is as blindness.

Behold the barren reef, which an earthquake hath just
left dry ;

It hath no beauty to boast of, no harvest of fair
fruits :

But soon the lichen fixeth there, and, dying, diggeth its
own grave,
And softening suns and splitting frosts crumble the re-
luctant surface ;
And cormorants roost there, and the snail addeth its
slime,
And efts, with muddy feet, bring their welcome tribute ;
And the sea casteth out her dead, wrapped in a shroud
of weeds ;
And orderly nature arrangeth again the disunited
atoms ;
Anon, the cold smooth stone is warm with feathery
grass,
And the light sporules of the fern are dropt by the pass-
ing wind,
The wood-pigeon, on swift wing, leaveth its crop-full of
grain,
The squirrel's jealous care planteth the fir-cone and the
filbert :
Years pass, and the sterile rock is rank with tangled
herbage ;
The wild-vine clingeth to the briar, and ivy runneth
green among the corn,
Lordly beeches are studded on the down, and willows
crowd around the rivulet,
And the tall pine and hazel-thicket shade the rambling
hunter.
Shall the rock boast of its fertility ? shall it lift the head
in pride ?—
Shall the mind of man be vain of the harvest of its
thoughts ?
The savage is that rock ; and a million chances from
without,

By little and little acting on the mind, heap up the hot-
bed of society ;

And the soul, fed and fattened on the thoughts and
things around it,

Groweth to perfection, full of fruit, the fruit of foreign
seeds.

For we learn upon a hint, we find upon a clue,

We yield an hundred-fold ; but the great sower is
Analogy.

There must be an acrid sloe before a luscious peach,

A boll of rotting flax before the bridal veil,

An egg before an eagle, a thought before a thing,

A spark struck into tinder to light the lamp of know-
ledge,

A slight suggestive nod to guide the watching mind,

A half-seen hand upon the wall, pointing to the balance
of Comparison.

By culture man may do all things, short of the miracle,—
Creation ;

Here is the limit of thy power,—here let thy pride be
stayed :

The soil may be rich, and the mind may be active, but
neither yield unsown ;

The eye cannot make light, nor the mind make spirit :

Therefore it is wise in man to name all novelty Inven-
tion ;

For it is to find out things that are, not to create the un-
existing :

It is to cling to contiguities, to be keen in catching
likeness,

And with energetic elasticity to leap the gulfs of con-
trast.

The globe knoweth not increase, either of matter or
spirit;
Atoms and thoughts are used again, mixing in varied
combinations;
And though, by moulding them anew, thou makest them
thine own,
Yet have they served thousands, and all their merit is of
God.

Of Ridicule.

Scams of thought for the sage's brow, and laughing
 lines for the fool's face ;
 For all things leave their track in the mind ; and the
 glass of the mind is faithful.
 Seest thou much mirth upon the cheek ? there is then
 little exercise of virtue ;
 For he that looketh on the world, cannot be glad and
 good :
 Seest thou much gravity in the eye ? be not assured of
 finding wisdom ;
 For she hath too great praise, not to get many mimics
 There is a grave-faced folly ; and verily, a laughter-
 loving wisdom ;
 And what, if surface-judges account it vain frivolity ?
 There is indeed an evil in excess, and a field may lie
 fallow too long ;
 Yet merriment is often as a froth, that mantleth on the
 strong mind :

And note thou this for a verity,—the subtlest thinker
when alone,
From ease of thoughts unbent, will laugh the loudest
with his fellows :
And well is the loveliness of wisdom mirrored in a
cheerful countenance,
Justly the deepest pools are proved by dimpling eddies ;
For that, a true philosophy commandeth an innocent life,
And the unguilty spirit is lighter than a linnet's heart :
Yea, there is no cosmetic like a holy conscience ;
The eye is bright with trust, the cheek bloomed over
with affection,
The brow unwrinkled by a care, and the lip triumphant
in its gladness

And for yon grave-faced folly, need not far to look for
her ;
How seriously on trifles dote those leaden eyes,
How ruefully she sigheth after chances long gone by,
How sulkily she moaneth over evils without cure !
I have known a true-born mirth, the child of innocence
and wisdom,
I have seen a base-born gravity, mingled of ignorance
and guilt :
And again, a base-born mirth, springing out of careless
ness and folly,
And again, a true-born gravity, the product of reflection
and right fear.
The wounded partridge hideth in a furrow, and a stricken
conscience would be left alone ;
But when its breast is healed, it runneth gladly with its
fellows :

Whereas the solitary heron, standing in the sedgy fen,
Holdeth aloof from the social world, intent on wiles and
death.

Need but of light philosophy to dare the world's dread
laugh ;

For a little mind courteth notoriety, to illustrate its puny
self :

But the sneer of a man's own comrades trieth the
muscles of courage,

And to be derided in his home is as a viper in the nest :
The laugh of a hooting world hath in it a notion of sub
limity,

But the tittering private circle stingeth as a hive of
wasps.

Some have commended ridicule, counting it the test of
truth,

But neither wittily nor wisely ; for truth must prove
ridicule :

Otherwise a blunt bulrush is to pierce the proof armour
of argument,

Because the stolidity of ignorance took it for a barbed
shaft.

Softer is the hide of the rhinoceros, than the heart of de-
riding unbelief,

And truth is idler there, than the Bushman's feathered
reed :

A droll conceit parrieth a thrust, that should have hit
the conscience,

And the leering looks of humour tickle the childish
mind ;

For that the matter of a man is mingled most with folly.

Neither can he long endure the searching gaze of
wisdom.

It is pleasanter to see a laughing cheek than a serious
forehead,

And there liveth not one among a thousand whose idol
is not pleasure.

Ridicule is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong
mind :

But common men are cowards, and dread an empty
laugh.

Fear a nettle, and touch it tenderly, its poison shall burn
thee to the shoulder ;

But grasp it with a bold hand,—is it not a bundle of
myrrh ?

Betray mean terror of ridicule, thou shalt find fools
enough to mock thee ;

But answer thou their laughter with contempt, and the
scoffers will lick thy feet

Of Commendation.

The praise of holy men is a promise of praise from their
Master ;

A fore-running earnest of thy welcome,—Well done,
faithful servant ;

A rich preludious note, that droppeth softly on thine
ear,

To tell thee the chords of thy heart are in tune with the
choirs of heaven.

Yet is it a dangerous hearing, for the sweetness may lull
thee into slumber,

And the cordial quaffed with thirst may generate the
fumes of presumption.

So seek it not for itself, but taste, and go gladly on thy
way,

For the mariner slacketh not his sail, though the sandal-
groves of Araby allure him ;

And the fragrance of that incense would harm thee, as
when, on a summer evening,

The honied yellow flowers of the broom oppress thy
charmed sense :

And a man hath too much of praise, for he praiseth
himself continually ;

Neither lacketh he at any time self-commendation or ex-
cuse.

Praise a fool, and slay him : for the canvas of his vanity
is spread ;

His bark is shallow in the water, and a sudden gust shall
sink it :

Praise a wise man, and speed him on his way ; for he
carrieth the ballast of humility,

And is glad when his course is cheered by the sympathy
of brethren ashore.

The praise of a good man is good, for he holdeth up the
mirror of Truth,

That Virtue may see her own beauty, and delight in her
own fair face :

The praise of a bad man is evil, for he hideth the defor-
mity of Vice,

Casting the mantle of a queen around the limbs of a
leper.

Praise is rebuke to the man whose conscience alloweth it
not :

And where conscience feeleth it her due, no praise is bet-
ter than a little.

He that despiseth the outward appearance, despiseth the
esteem of his fellows ;

And he that overmuch regardeth it, shall earn only their
contempt :

The honest commendation of an equal no one can scorn,
and be blameless,

Yet even that fair fame no one can hunt for, and be
honoured :

If it come, accept it and be thankful, and be thou hum-
ble in accepting ;

If it tarry, be not thou cast down ; the bee can gather
honey out of rue :

And is thine aim so low, that the breath of those around
thee

Can speed thy feathered arrow, or retard its flight ?

The child shooteth at a butterfly, but the man's mark is
an eagle ;

And while his fellows talk, he hath conquered in the
clouds.

Ally thee to truth and godliness, and use the talents in
thy charge ;

So shalt thou walk in peace, deserving, if not having.

With a friend, praise him when thou canst ; for many a
friendship hath decayed,

Like a plant in a crowded corner, for want of sunshine
on its leaves :

With another, praise him not often—otherwise he shall
despise thee ;

But be thou frugal in commending ; so will he give
honour to thy judgment :

For thou that dost so zealously commend, art acknow-
ledging thine own inferiority,

And he, thou so highly hast exalted, shall proudly look
down on thy esteem.

~~Will~~ wilt thou that one remember a thing?—praise him in
the midst of thy advice ;

Never yet forgot man the word whereby he hath been
praised.

Better to be censured by a thousand fools, than approved
but by one man that is wise ;
For the pious are slower to help right, than the profane
to hinder it :
So, where the world rebuketh, there look thou for the
excellent,
And be suspicious of the good, which wicked men can
praise.
The captain bindeth his troop, not more by severity than
kindness,
And justly, should recompense well-doing, as well as be
strict with an offender ;
The laurel is cheap to the giver, but precious in his sight
who hath won it,
And the heart of the soldier rejoiceth in the approving
glance of his chief.
Timely-given praise is even better than the merited re-
buke of censure,
For the sun is more needful to the plant than the knife
that cutteth out a canker ;
Many a father hath erred, in that he hath withheld re-
proof,
But more have mostly sinned, in withholding praise
where it was due :
There be many such as Eli among men ; but these be
more culpable than Eli,
Who chill the fountain of exertion by the freezing looks
of indifference :
Ye call a man easy and good, yet he is as a two-edged
sword ;
He rebuketh not vice, and it is strong ; he comforteth
not virtue, and it fainteth.

There is nothing more potent among men than a gift
timely bestowed;
And a gift kept back where it was hoped, separateth chief
friends:
For what is a gift but a symbol, giving substance to
praise and esteem?
And where is a sharper arrow than the sting of unmerited
neglect?

Expect not praise from the mean, neither gratitude from
the selfish;
And to keep the proud thy friend, see thou do him not a
service:
For, behold, he will hate thee for his debt: thou hast
humbled him by giving; •
And his stubbornness never shall acknowledge the good
he hath taken from thy hand:
Yea, rather will he turn and be thy foe, lest thou gather
from his friendship
That he doth account thee creditor, and standeth in the
second place.
Still, O kindly feeling heart, be not thou chilled by the
thankless,
Neither let the breath of gratitude fan thee into momen-
tary heat:
Do good for good's own sake, looking not to worthiness
nor love;
Fling thy grain among the rocks, cast thy bread upon
the waters,
His claim be strongest to thy help, who is thrown most
helplessly upon thee,—
So shalt thou have a better praise, and reap a richer
harvest of reward.

If a man hold fast to thy creed, and fit his thinking to
thy notions,

Thou shalt take him for a man right-minded, yea, and
excuse his evil :

But seest thou not, O bigot, that thy zeal is but a hunt-
ing after praise,

And the full pleasure of a proselyte lieth in the flattering
of self ?

A man of many praises meeteth many welcomes,

But he, who blameth often, shall not keep a friend ;

The velvet-coated apricot is one thing, and the spiked
horse-chesnut is another,

A handle of smooth amber is pleasanter than rough
buck-horn.

Show me a popular man ; I can tell thee the secret of
his power ;

He hath soothed them with glozing words, lulling their
ears with flattery,

The smile of seeming approbation is ever the companion
of his presence,

And courteous looks, and warm regards, earn him all
their hearts.

Nothing but may be better, and every better might be
best ;

The blind may discern, and the simple prove, fault or
want in all things ;

And a little mind looketh on the lily with a microscopic
eye,

Eager and glad to pry out specks on its robe of purity ;

But a great mind gazeth on the sun, glorying in his
brightness,

And taking large knowledge of his good, in the broad
prairie of creation:

What, though he hatch basilisks? what, though spots are
on the sun?

In fulness is his worth, in fulness be his praise!

Of Self-acquaintance.

Knowledge holdeth by the hilt, and heweth out a road
to conquest ;

Ignorance graspeth the blade, and is wounded by its
own good sword :

Knowledge distilleth health from the virulence of oppo-
site poisons ;

Ignorance mixeth wholesomes unto the breeding of dis-
ease :

Knowledge is leagued with the universe, and findeth a
friend in all things ;

But ignorance is everywhere a stranger ; unwelcome, ill
at ease, and out of place.

A man is helpless and unsafe up to the measure of his
ignorance,

For he lacketh perception of the aptitudes commending
such a matter to his use,

Clutching at the horn of danger, while he judgeth it the
handle of security,

Or casting his anchor so widely, that the granite reef is
just within the tether.
Untaught in science, he is but half alive, stupidly taking
note of nothing,
Or listening with dull wonder to the crafty saws of an
empiric :
Simple in the world, he trusteth unto knaves ; and then
to make amends for folly,
Dealeth so shrewdly with the honest, they cannot but
suspect him for a thief ;
With an unknown God, he maketh mock of reason,
fathering contrivance on chance,
Or doting with superstitious dread on some crooked
image of his fancy :
But ignorant of Self, he is weakness at heart ; the key-
stone crumbleth into sand,
There is panic in the general's tent, the oak is hollow as
hemlock ;
Though the warm sap creepeth up its bark, filling out
the sheaf of leaves,
Though knowledge of all things beside add proofs of
seeming vigour,
Though the master-mind of the royal sage feast on the
mysteries of wisdom,
Yet ignorance of self shall bow down the spirit of a
Solomon to idols ;
The storm of temptation, sweeping by, shall snap that
oak like a reed,
And the proud luxuriance of its tufted crown drag it the
sooner to the dust.

Doth, confident in self, tampereth with dangerous dalli-
ance,

Till the vice his heart once hated hath locked him in
her foul embrace :
Manhood, through zeal of doing good, seeketh high
place for its occasions,
Unwitting that the bleak mountain air will nip the tender
budding of his motives :
Or painfully, for love of truth, he climbeth the ladder of
science,
Till pride of intellect heating his heart, warpeth it aside
to delusion :
The maiden, to give shadow to her fairness, plaiteth her
raven hair,
Heedlessly weaving for her soul the silken net of vanity :
The grey-beard looketh on his gold, till he loveth its yellow
smile,
Unconscious of the bright decoy which is luring his
heart unto avarice :
Wrath avoideth no quarrel, jealousy counteth its suspicions,
Pining envy gazeth still, and melancholy seeketh solitude,
The sensitive broodeth on his slights, the fearful poreth
over horrors,
The train of wantonness is fired, the nerves of indecision
are unstrung ;
Each special proneness unto harm is pampered by ignorant
indulgence,
And the man, for want of warning, yieldeth to the apt
temptation.

A smith at the loom, and a weaver at the forge, were but
sorry craftsmen ;

And a ship that saileth on every wind never shall reach
her port :
Yet there be thousands among men who heed not the
leaning of their talents,
But cutting against the grain, toil on to no good end :
And the light of a thoughtful spirit is quenched beneath
the bushel of commerce,
While meaner plodding minds are driven up the moun-
tain of philosophy :
The cedar withereth on a wall, while the house-leek is
fattening in a hot-bed,
And the dock with its rank leaves hideth the sun from
violets.
To everything a fitting place, a proper honourable use ;
The humblest measure of mind is bright in its humble
sphere :
The glow-worm, creeping in the hedge, lighteth her
evening torch,
And her far-off mate, on gossamer sail, steereth his
course by that star :
But ignorance mocketh at proprieties, bringing out the
glow-worm at noon ;
And setteth the faults of mediocrity in the full blaze of
wisdom.
Ravens croaking in darkness, and a sky-lark trilling to
the sun,
The voice of a screech-owl from a ruin, and the black-
bird's whistle in a wood,
A cushion-footed camel for the sands, and a swift rein-
deer for the snows,
A naked skin for Ethiopia, and rich soft furs for the
Pole :

In all things is there a fitness: discord with discord hath
its music;

And the harmony of nature is preserved by each one
knowing his place.

The blind at an easel, the palsied with a graver, the halt
making for the goal,

The deaf ear tuning psaltery, the stammerer discoursing
eloquence,—

What wonder if all fail? the shaft flieth wide of the
mark

Alike if itself be crooked, or the bow be strung awry;

And the mind which were excellent in one way, but
foolishly toileth in another,

What is it but an ill-strung bow, and its aim a crooked
arrow?

By knowledge of self, thou provest thy powers: put not
the racer to the plough,

Nor goad the toilsome ox to wager his slowness with the
fleet:

Consider thy failings, heed thy propensities, search out
thy latent virtues,

Analyze the doubtful, cultivate the good, and crush the
head of evil;

So shalt thou catch with quick hand the golden ball of
opportunity,

The warrior armed shall be ready for the fray, beside his
bridled steed;

Thou shalt ward off special harms, and have the sway of
circumstance,

And turn to thy special good the common current of
events;

Choosing from the wardrobe of the world, thou shalt
suitably clothe thy spirit,

Nor thrust the white hand of peace into the gauntlet of
defiance :

The shepherd shall go with a staff, and conquer by sling
and stone ;

The soldier shall let alone the distaff, and the scribe lay
down the sword ;

The man unlearned shall keep silence, and earn one
attribute of wisdom,

The sage be sparing of his lessons before unhearing
ears :

Calm shalt thou be, as a lion in repose, conscious of
passive strength,

And the shock that splitteth the globe, shall not un-
throne thy self-possession.

Acquaint thee with thyself, O man ! so shalt thou be
humble :

The hard hot desert of thy heart shall blossom with the
lily and the rose ;

The frozen cliffs of pride shall melt, as an iceberg in the
tropics ;

The bitter fountains of self-seeking be sweeter than the
waters of the Nile.

But if thou lack that wisdom,—thy frail skiff is doomed,
On stronger eddy whirling to the dreadful gorge ;

Untaught in that grand lore, thou standest, cased in
steel,

To dare with mocking unbelief the thunderbolts of
heaven.

For look now around thee on the universe, behold how
all things serve thee ;

The teeming soil, and the buoyant sea, and undulating
air,
Golden crops, and bloomy fruits, and flowers, and pre-
cious gems,
Choice perfumes, and fair sights, soft touches and sweet
music :
For thee, shoaling up the bay, crowd the finny nations,
For thee, the cattle on a thousand hills live, and labour,
and die :
Light is thy daily slave, darkness inviteth thee to
slumber ;
Thou art served by the hands of Beauty, and Sublimity
kneeleth at thy feet :
Arise, thou sovereign of creation, and behold thy glory !
Yet more, thou hast a mind ; intellect wingeth thee to
heaven,
Tendeth thy state on earth, and by it thou divest down
to hell ;
Thou hast measured the belts of Saturn, thou hast
weighed the moons of Jupiter,
And seen, by reason's eye, the centre of thy globe ;
Subtly hast thou numbered by billions the leagues be-
tween sun and sun,
And noted in thy book the coming of their shadows ;
With marvellous unerring truth, thou knowest to an
inch and to an instant,
The where and the when of the comet's path that shall
seem to rush by at thy command :
Arise, thou king of mind, and survey thy dignity !
Yet more,—for once believe religion's flattering tale ;
Thou hast a soul, aye, and a God,—but be not therefore
humbled ;

Thy Maker's self was glad to live and die—a man ;
 The brightest jewel in His crown is voluntary manhood :
 By deep dishonour, and great price, bought He that envied
 freedom,

But thou wast born an heir of all, thy Master scarce
 could earn.

O climax unto pride, O triumph of humanity,
 O triple crown upon thy brow, most high and mighty
 Self!

Arise, thou Lord of all, thou greater than a God!—
 How saidst thou, wretched being?—cast thy glance
 within ;

Regard that painted sepulchre, the hovel of thy heart :
 Ha! with what fearful imagery swarmeth that small
 chamber ;

The horrid eye of murder, scowling in the dark,
 The bony hand of avarice, filching from the poor,
 The lurid fires of lust, the idiot face of folly,
 The sickening deed of cruelty, the foul fierce orgies of
 the drunken,

Weak contemptible vanity, stubborn stolid unbelief,
 Envy's devilish sneer, and the vile features of ingrati-
 tude,—

Man, hast thou seen enough ? or are these full proof
 That thou art a miracle of mercy, and all thy dignity is
 dross ?

Well said the wisdom of earth, O mortal, know thy-
 self ;

But better the wisdom of heaven, O man, learn thou thy
 God:

By knowledge of self thou art conscious of evil, and
 mailed in panoply to meet it ;

By knowledge of God cometh knowledge of good, and
universal love is at thy heart.
Every creature knoweth its capacities, running in the
road of instinct,
And reason must not lag behind, but serve itself of all
proprieties :
The swift to the race, and the strong to the burden, and
the wise for right direction ;
For self-knowledge filleth with acceptance its niche in
the temple of utility :
But vainly wilt thou look for that knowledge, till the
clue of all truth is in thy hand,
For the labyrinth of man's heart windeth in complicate
deceivings :
Thou canst not sound its depths with the shallow plumb-
line of reason,
Till religion, the pilot of the soul, have lent thee her un-
fathomable coil :
Therefore, for this grand knowledge, and knowledge is
the parent of dominion,
Learn God, thou shalt know thyself ; yea, and shalt have
mastery of all things.

Of Cruelty to Animals.

Shame upon thee, savage Monarch-Man, proud Monopolist of reason :

Shame upon Creation's lord, the fierce ensanguined despot :

What, man ! are there not enough, hunger, and diseases, and fatigue,—

And yet must thy goad or thy thong add another sorrow to existence ?

What ! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged down suffering and death

On the poor dumb servants of thy comfort, and yet must thou rack them with thy spite ?

The prodigal heir of creation hath gambled away his all,—

Shall he add torment to the bondage that is galling his forfeit serfs ?

The leader in nature's pæan himself hath marred her psaltery,

Shall he multiply the din of discord by overstraining all
the strings?

The rebel hath fortified his strong-hold, shutting in his
vassals with him,—

Shall he aggravate the woes of the besieged by oppression
from within?

Thou twice deformed image of thy Maker, thou hateful
representative of Love,

For very shame be merciful, be kind unto the creatures
thou hast ruined;

Earth and her million tribes are cursed for thy sake,

Earth and her million tribes still writhe beneath thy
cruelty:

Liveth there but one among the million that shall not
bear witness against thee,

A pensioner of land or air or sea, that hath not whereof
it will accuse thee?

From the elephant toiling at a launch, to the shrew-
mouse in the harvest-field,

From the whale which the harpooner hath stricken, to
the minnow caught upon a pin,

From the albatross wearied in its flight, to the wren in
her covered nest,

From the death-moth and lace-winged dragon-fly, to the
lady-bird and the gnat,

The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding their
master cruel:

The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend;

The ass, thine uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn
to even;

The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the labouring ox
at plough;

The speckled trout, basking in the shallow, and the partridge, gleaning in the stubble,
And the stag at bay, and the worm in thy path, and the wild bird pining in captivity,
And all things that minister alike to thy life and thy comfort and thy pride,
Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.

Verily, they are all thine: freely mayst thou serve thee of them all:

They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all gratitude and kindness;

Gratitude to their God and thine,—their Father and thy Father,

Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee with their all:

For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying; for burden, but with limits of humanity;

For luxury, but not through torture; for draught, but according to the strength:

For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a reason for exemption,

Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the undeserved lash;

The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a moment's respite;

The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out his spirit at the goal;

Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil, If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them to remembrance;

Behold, he is faint with hunger; the big tear standeth in his eye;

His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath
his burden ;
His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their
vigour,
And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth
unequally with toil ;
Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the
crushing blow ;
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings,—the gene-
rous brute is dead !
Liveth there no advocate for him ? no judge to avenge
his wrongs ?
No voice that shall be heard in his defence ? no sentence
to be passed on his oppressor ?
Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically for
him ;
Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indignation at
his woes ;
Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon
the cruel ;
Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their own ex-
ceeding punishment.
The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth
by on the other side,
And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is damned.

Of Friendship.

As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even
 such is self-interest to friendship :
 For Confidence cannot dwell where Selfishness is porter
 at the gate.
 If thou see thy friend to be selfish, thou canst not be
 sure of his honesty ;
 And in seeking thine own weal, thou hast wronged the
 reliance of thy friend.
 Flattery hideth her varnished face when friendship
 sitteth at his board ;
 And the door is shut upon suspicion, but candour is bid
 glad welcome :
 For friendship abhorreth doubt, its life is in mutual
 trust,
 And perisheth, when artful praise proveth it is sought
 for a purpose.
 A man may be good to thee at times, and render thee
 mighty service,

Whom yet thy secret soul could not desire as a friend ;
For the sum of life is in trifles, and though, in the
weightier masses,
A man refuse thee not his purse, nay, his all in thine
utmost need,
Yet if thou canst not feel that his character agreeth with
thine own,
Thou never wilt call him friend, though thou render him
a heartful of gratitude.
A coarse man grindeth harshly the finer feelings of his
brother ;
A common mind will soon depart from the dull com-
panionship of wisdom ;
A weak soul dareth not to follow in the track of vigour
and decision ;
And the worldly regardeth with scorn the seeming
foolishness of faith.
A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of
little matters,
And if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is
crumbled into dust.

Come, I will show thee a friend ; I will paint one worthy
of thy trust :
Thine heart shall not weary of him : thou shalt not se-
cretly despise him.
Thou art long in learning him, in unravelling all his
worth ;
And he dazzleth not thine eyes at first, to be darkened in
thy sight afterward,
But riseth from small beginnings, and reacheth the
height of thine esteem.

He remembereth that thou art only man ; he expecteth
not great things from thee ;
And his forbearance toward thee silently teacheth thee
to be considerate unto him.
He despiseth not courtesy of manner, nor neglecteth the
decencies of life :
Nor mocketh the failings of others, nor is harsh in his
censures before thee :
For so, how couldst thou tell, if he talketh not of thee in
ridicule ?
He withholdeth no secret from thee, and rejecteth not
thine in turn ;
He shareth his joys with thee, and is glad to bear part in
thy sorrows.
Yet one thing, he loveth thee too well to show thee the
corruptions of his heart :
For as an ill example strengtheneth the hands of the
wicked,
So to put forward thy guilt, is a secret poison to thy
friend :
For the evil in his nature is comforted, and he warreth
more weakly against it,
If he find that the friend whom he honoureth, is a man
more sinful than himself.
I hear the communing of friends ; ye speak out the ful-
ness of your souls,
And being but men, as men, ye own to all the sympathies
of manhood :
Confidence openeth the lips, indulgence beameth from
the eye,
The tongue loveth not boasting, the heart is made glad
with kindness :

And one standeth not as on a hill, beckoning to the
other to follow,
But ye toil up hand in hand, and carry each other's
burdens.
Ye commune of hopes and aspirations, the fervent
breathings of the heart,
Ye speak with pleasant interchange the treasured secrets
of affection,
Ye listen to the voice of complaint, and whisper the lan-
guage of comfort,
And as in a double solitude, ye think in each other's
hearing.

Choose thy friend discreetly, and see thou consider his
station,
For the graduated scale of ranks accordeth with the or-
dinance of Heaven :
If a low companion ripen to a friend, in the full sunshine
of thy confidence,
Know, that for old age thou hast heaped up sorrow :
For thou sinkest to that level, and thy kin shall scorn
thee,
Yea, and the menial thou hast pampered haply shall
neglect thee in thy death ;
And if thou reachest up to high estates, thinking to
herd with princes,
What art thou but a footstool, though so near a throne ?
O rush among the lilies, be taught thou art a weed,
O briar among the cedars, hot contempt shall burn thee.
But thou, friend and scholar, select from thine own
caste,

And make not an intimate of one, thy servant or thy master ;

For only friendship among men is the true republic,
Where all have equality of service, and all have freedom
of command.

And yet, if thou wilt take my judgment, be shy of too
much openness with any,
Lest thou repent hereafter, should he turn and rend
thee :

For many an apostate friend hath abused unguarded confidence,
And bent to selfish ends the secret of the soul.

Absence strengtheneth friendship, where the last recollections were kindly ;

But it must be good wine at the last, or absence shall
weaken it daily.

A rare thing is faith, and friendship is a marvel among
men,

Yet strange faces call they friends, and say they believe
when they doubt.

Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing
affection ;

For a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the
mind.

Be sparing of advice by words, but teach thy lesson by
example :

For the vanity of man may be wounded, and retort unkindly upon thee.

There be some that never had a friend, because they were
gross and selfish ;

Worldliness, and apathy, and pride, leave not many that
are worthy :

But one who meriteth esteem, need never lack a friend :
For as thistledown flieth abroad, and casteth its anchor
in the soil,

So philanthropy yearneth for a heart, where it may take
root and blossom.

Yet I hear the child of sensibility moaning at the wintry
cold,

Wherein the mists of selfishness have wrapped the so-
ciety of men :

He grieveth, and hath deep reasons: for falsehood hath
wronged his trust,

And the breaches in his bleeding heart have been filled
with the briars of suspicion.

For, alas, how few be friends, of whom charity hath
hoped well !

How few there be among men who forget themselves for
other !

Each one seeketh his own, and looketh on his brethren
as rivals,

Masking envy with friendship, to serve his secret ends.

And the world, that corrupteth all good, hath wronged
that sacred name,

For it calléth any man friend, who is not known for an
enemy ;

And such be as the flies of summer, while plenty sitteth
at thy board :

But who can wonder at their flight from the cold denials
of want ?

Such be as vultures round a carcase assembled together
for the feast ;

But a sudden noise scareth them, and forthwith are they
specks among the clouds.

There be few, O child of sensibility, who deserve to have
thy confidence ;

Yet weep not, for there are some, and such some live for
thee :

To them is the chilling world a drear and barren scene,
And gladly seek they such as thou art, for seldom find
they the occasion :

For, though no man excludeth himself from the high
capability of friendship,

Yet verily the man is a marvel whom truth can write a
friend.

Of Love.

There is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden of the heart ; —
 Its root lieth deep : it is delicate, yet lasting, as the lilac crocus of autumn :
 Loneliness and thought are the dews that water it morn and even ;
 Memory and Absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings of the south :
 Its sun is the brightness of Affection, and it bloometh in the borders of Hope ;
 Its companions are gentle flowers, and the briar withereth by its side.
 I saw it budding in beauty ; I felt the magic of its smile ;
 The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose stooped down and kissed it ;
 And I thought some cherub had planted there a truant flower of Eden,

As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they may flourish
in a kindly soil.

I saw, and asked not its name; I knew no language was
so wealthy,

Though every heart of every clime findeth its echo
within.

And yet what shall I say? Is a sordid man capable of
Love?

Hath a seducer known it? Can an adulterer perceive
it?

Or he that seeketh strange women, can he feel its
purity?

Or he that changeth often, can he know its truth?

Longing for another's happiness, yet often destroying
its own;

Chaste, and looking up to God, as the fountain of ten-
derness and joy:

Quiet, yet flowing deep, as the Rhine among rivers;

Lasting, and knowing not change—it walketh with Truth
and Sincerity.

Love:—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted
love!

For it is that native poetry springing up indigenous to
Mind,

The heart's own-country music thrilling all its chords,
The story without an end that angels throng to hear,
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's
heart!

Go, call thou snake-eyed malice mercy, call envy
honest praise,
Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward treachery for
prudence,
Do homage to blaspheming unbelief as to bold and free
philosophy,
And estimate the recklessness of license as the right at-
tribute of liberty,—
But with the world, thou friend and scholar, stain not
this pure name ;
Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened to the
meanness of desire :
For love is no more such, than seraphs' hymns are
discord,
And such is no more Love, than Etna's breath is
summer.

Love is a sweet idolatry enslaving all the soul,
A mighty spiritual force, warring with the dulness of
matter,
An angel-mind breathed into a mortal, though fallen yet
how beautiful !
All the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grand-
eur.
Behold that pale geranium, pent within the cottage
window ;
How yearningly it stretcheth to the light its sickly long-
stalked leaves,
How it straineth upward to the sun, coveting his sweet
influences,
How real a living sacrifice to the god of all its worship !

Such is the soul that loveth ; and so the rose-tree of
affection

Bendeth its every leaf to look on those dear eyes,
Its every blushing petal basketh in their light,
And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging on their
love.

If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not
again :

If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no
more :

Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early
affection ;

And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard
as a reproachful spirit,

Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of the heart,
Where the hot siroccos of the world have withered its
one oasis.

Of Marriage.

Seek a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of
His providence ;

Yet ask not in bold confidence that which He hath not
promised :

Thou knowest not His good will :—be thy prayer then
submissive thereunto ;

And leave thy petition to His mercy, assured that He
will deal well with thee.

If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living
on the earth ;

Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal ; yea,
though thou hast not seen her.

They that love early become like-minded, and the tempter
toucheth them not :

They grow up leaning on each other, as the olive and the
vine.

Youth longeth for a kindred spirit, and yearneth for a
heart that can commune with his own ;

He meditateth night and day, doting on the image of his
fancy.

Take heed that what charmeth thee is real, nor springeth
of thine own imagination ;

And suffer not trifles to win thy love ; for a wife is
thine unto death.

The harp and the voice may thrill thee,—sound may en-
chant thine ear,

But consider thou, the hand will wither, and the sweet
notes turn to discord :

The eye, so brilliant at even, may be red with sorrow in
the morning ;

And the sylph-like form of elegance must writhe in the
crampings of pain.

⊕ happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with
the roses of love :

But beware thou seem not to be holy, to win favour in
the eyes of a creature,

For the guilt of the hypocrite is deadly, and winneth
thee wrath elsewhere.

The idol of thy heart is, as thou, a probationary sojourner
on earth ;

Therefore be chary of her soul, for that is the jewel in
her casket :

Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a
blessing to thy house,—

A blessing above riches, and leading contentment in its
train :

Let her be an heir of heaven ; so shall she help thee on
thy way :

For those who are one in faith, fight double-handed
against evil.

Take heed lest she love thee before God; that she be not
an idolator :

Yet see thou that she love thee well ; for her heart is the
heart of woman ;

And the triple nature of humanity must be bound by a
triple chain,

For soul and mind and body—godliness, esteem, and
affection.

How beautiful is modesty ! it winneth upon all be-
holders :

But a word or a glance may destroy the pure love that
should have been for thee.

Affect not to despise beauty : no one is freed from its
dominion ;

But regard it not a pearl of price:—it is fleeting as the
bow in the clouds.

If the character within be gentle, it often hath its index
in the countenance :

The soft smile of a loving face is better than splendour
that fadeth quickly.

When thou choosest a wife, think not only of thyself,
But of those God may give thee of her, that they re-
proach thee not for their being :

See that He hath given her health, lest thou lose her
early and weep :

See that she springeth of a wholesome stock, that thy
little ones perish not before thee :

For many a fair skin hath covered a mining disease,

And many a laughing cheek been bright with the glare
of madness.

Mark the converse of one thou lovest, that it be simple
and sincere ;

For an artful or false woman shall set thy pillow with
thorns.

Observe her deportment with others, when she thinketh
not that thou art nigh,

For with thee will the blushes of love conceal the true
colour of her mind.

Hath she learning? it is good, so that modesty go with
it :

Hath she wisdom? it is precious, but beware that thou
exceed ;

For woman must be subject, and the true mastery is of
the mind.

Be joined to thine equal in rank, or the foot of pride
will kick at thee ;

And look not only for riches, lest thou be mated with
misery :

Marry not without means ; for so shouldst thou tempt
Providence ;

But wait not for more than enough ; for Marriage is the
DUTY of most men :

Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh
innocence and health,

And a well-assorted marriage hath not many cares.

In the day of thy joy consider the poor : thou shalt
reap a rich harvest of blessing ;

For these be the pensioners of One who filleth thy cup
with pleasures :

In the day of thy joy be thankful : He hath well deserved thy praise :

Mean and selfish is the heart that seeketh Him only in sorrow.

For her sake who leaneth on thine arm, court not the notice of the world,

And remember that sober privacy is comelier than public display.

If thou marriest, thou art allied unto strangers ; see they be not such as shame thee :

If thou marriest, thou leavest thine own ; see that it be not done in anger.

Bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life, henceforward to travel together,

In this the beginning of your journey, neglect not the favour of Heaven :

Let the day of hopes fulfilled be blest by many prayers,
And at even-tide kneel ye together, that your joy be not unhallowed :

Angels that are round you shall be glad, those loving ministers of mercy,

And the richest blessings of your God shall be poured on His favoured children.

Marriage is a figure and an earnest of holier things unseen,

And reverence well becometh the symbol of dignity and glory.

Keep thy heart pure, lest thou do dishonour to thy state ;

Selfishness is base and hateful ; but love considereth not itself.

The wicked turneth good into evil, for his mind is
warped within him :

But the heart of the righteous is chaste : his conscience
casteth off sin.

If thou wilt be loved, render implicit confidence ;

If thou wouldst not suspect, receive full confidence in
turn :

For where trust is not reciprocal, the love that trusted
withereth.

Hide not your grief nor your gladness ; be open one
with the other ;

Let bitterness be strange unto your tongues, but sym-
pathy a dweller in your hearts :

Imparting halveth the evils, while it doubleth the plea-
sures of life,

But sorrows breed and thicken in the gloomy bosom of
Reserve.

Young wife, be not froward, nor forget that modesty be-
cometh thee ;

If it be discarded now, who will not hold it feigned
before ?

But be not as a timid girl,—there is honour due to thine
estate ;

A matron's modesty is dignified : she blusheth not,
neither is she bold.

Be kind to the friends of thine husband, for the love
they have to him :

And gently bear with his infirmities : hast thou no need
of his forbearance ?

Be not always in each other's company ; it is often good
to be alone ;

And if there be too much sameness, ye cannot but grow
weary of each other :

Ye have each a soul to be nourished, and a mind to be
taught in wisdom,

Therefore, as accountable for time, help one another to
improve it.

If ye feel love to decline, track out quickly the secret
cause :

Let it not rankle for a day, but confess and bewail it to-
gether :

Speedily seek to be reconciled, for love is the life of mar-
riage;

And be ye co-partners in triumph, conquering the
peevishness of self.

Let no one have thy confidence, O wife, saving thine
husband :

Have not a friend more intimate, O husband, than thy
wife.

In the joy of a well-ordered home be warned that this is
not your rest ;

For the substance to come may be forgotten in the pre-
sent beauty of the shadow.

If ye are blessed with children, ye have a fearful
pleasure,

A deeper care and a higher joy, and the range of your
existence is widened :

If God in wisdom refuse them, thank Him for an un-
known mercy :

For how can ye tell if they might be a blessing or a
curse?

Yet ye may pray, like Hannah, simply dependent on His will :

Resignation sweeteneth the cup, but impatience dasheth it with vinegar.

Now this is the sum of the matter :—if ye will be happy in marriage,

Confide, love, and be patient: be faithful, firm, and holy.

Of Education.

A **habe** in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love :

A resting place for innocence on earth ; a link between angels and men :

Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered back with interest ;

A delight, but redolent of care ; honey-sweet, but lacking not the bitter.

For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding,

And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy :

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,

The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come ;

Even so mayst thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil,

For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions :

Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction waiteth for the ear of reason,

Yet with his mother's milk the young child drinketh Education.

Patience is the first great lesson ; he may learn it at the breast :

And the habit of obedience and trust may be grafted on his mind in the cradle :

Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling ;

Let him see thee speaking to thy God ; he will not forget it afterward :

When old and grey will he feelingly remember a mother's tender piety,

And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin.

Select not to nurse thy darling one that may taint his innocence,

For example is a constant monitor, and good seed will die among the tares.

The arts of a strange servant have spoiled a gentle disposition :

Mother, let him learn of thy lips, and be nourished at thy breast.

Character is mainly moulded by the cast of the minds that surround it :

Let then the playmates of thy little one be not other than thy judgment shall approve :

For a child is in a new world, and learneth somewhat every moment,

His eye is quick to observe, his memory storeth in
secret,

His ear is greedy of knowledge, and his mind is plastic
as soft wax.

Beware then that he heareth what is good, that he
feedeth not on evil maxims,

For the seeds of first instructions are dropt into the
deepest furrows.

That which immemorial use hath sanctioned, seemeth to
be right and true ;

Therefore, never let him have to recollect the time when
good things were strangers to his thought.

Strive not to centre in thyself, fond mother, all his love ;
Nay, do not thou so selfishly, but enlarge his heart for
others ;

Use him to sympathy betimes, that he learn to be sad
with the afflicted ;

And check not a child in his merriment,—should not
his morning be sunny ?

Give him not all his desire, so shalt thou strengthen him
in hope ;

Neither stop with indulgence the fountain of his tears,
so shall he fear thy firmness.

Above all things graft on him subjection, yea, in the
veriest trifle ;

Courtesy to all, reverence to some, and to thee unanswer-
ing obedience.

Read thou first, and well approve, the books thou givest
to thy child ;

But remember the weakness of his thought, and that
wisdom for him must be diluted :

In the honied waters of infant tales, let him taste the
strong wine of truth :
Pathetic stories soften the heart; but legends of terror
breed midnight misery ;
Fairy fictions cram the mind with folly, and knowledge
of evil tempteth to like evil :
Be not loath to curb imagination, nor be fearful that
truths will depress it ;
And for evil, he will learn it soon enough ; be not thou
the devil's envoy.
Induce not precocity of intellect, for so shouldst thou
nourish vanity ;
Neither can a plant, forced in the hot-bed, stand against
the frozen breath of winter.
The mind is made wealthy by ideas, but the multitude of
words is a clogging weight :
Therefore be understood in thy teaching, and instruct to
the measure of capacity.
Analogy is milk for babes, but abstract truths are strong
meat ;
Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but happy
illustration winneth him :
In vain shalt thou preach of industry and prudence, till
he learn of the bee and the ant ;
Dimly will he think of his soul, till the acorn and the
chrysalis have taught him ;
He will fear God in thunder, and worship His loveliness
in flowers ;
And parables shall charm his heart, while doctrines seem
dead mystery :
Faith shall he learn of the husbandman casting good
corn into the soil ;

And if thou train him to trust thee, he will not withhold
his reliance from the Lord.

Fearest thou the dark, poor child? I would not have
thee left to thy terrors ;

Darkness is the semblance of evil, and nature regardeth
it with dread :

Yet know thy father's God is with thee still, to guard
thee :

It is a simple lesson of dependence ; let thy tost mind
anchor upon Him.

Did a sudden noise affright thee? lo, this or that hath
caused it:

Things undefined are full of dread, and stagger stouter
nerves.

The seeds of misery and madness have been sowed in
the nights of infancy ;

Therefore be careful that ghastly fears be not the night
companions of thy child.

No, thou art a landmark on a hill ; thy little ones copy
thee in all things :

Let, then, thy religion be perfect : so shalt thou be
honoured in thy house.

Be instructed in all wisdom, and communicate that thou
knowest,

Otherwise thy learning is hidden, and thus thou seemest
unwise.

A sluggard hath no respect : an epicure commandeth
not reverence ;

Meanness is always despicable, and folly provoketh con-
tempt.

Those parents are best honoured whose characters best
deserve it ;
Show me a child undutiful, I shall know where to look
for a foolish father :
Never hath a father done his duty, and lived to be de-
spised of his son.
But how can that son reverence an example he dare not
follow ?
Should he imitate thee in thine evil ? his scorn is thy
rebuke.
Nay, but bring him up aright, in obedience to God and
to thee ;
Begin betimes, lest thou fail of his fear ; and with judg-
ment, that thou lose not his love :
Herein use good discretion, and govern not all alike,
Yet, perhaps, the fault will be in thee, if kindness prove
not all-sufficient :
By kindness, the wolf and the zebra become docile as
the spaniel and the horse ;
The kite feedeth with the starling, under the law of kind-
ness :
That law shall tame the fiercest, bring down the battle-
ments of pride,
Cherish the weak, control the strong, and win the fear-
ful spirit.
Be obeyed when thou commandest ; but command not
often :
Let thy carriage be the gentleness of love, not the stern
front of tyranny.
Make not one child a warning to another ; but chide the
offender apart :

For self-conceit and wounded pride rankle like poisons
in the soul.

A mild rebuke in the season of calmness, is better than
a rod in the heat of passion ;

Nevertheless, spare not, if thy word hath passed for
punishment ;

Let not thy child see thee humbled, nor learn to think
thee false ;

Suffer none to reprove thee before him, and reprove not
thine own purposes by change ;

Yet speedily turn thou again, and reward him where
thou canst,

For kind encouragement in good cutteth at the roots of
evil.

Drive not a timid infant from his home, in the early
spring-time of his life,

Commit not that treasure to an hireling, nor wrench the
young heart's fibres :

In his helplessness leave him not alone, a stranger among
strange children,

Where affection longeth for thy love, counting the
dreary hours ;

Where religion is made a terror, and innocence weepeth
unheard ;

Where oppression grindeth without remedy, and cruelty
delighteth in smiting.

Wherefore comply with an evil fashion ? Is it not to
spare thee trouble ?

Can he gather no knowledge at thy mouth ? Wilt thou
yield thine honour to another ?

What can he gain in learning, to equal what he loseth
in innocence?

Alas! for the price above gold, by which such learning
cometh!

For emulative pride and envy are the specious idols of
the diligent,

Oaths and foul-mouthed sin burn in the language of the
idle:

Bolder in that mimic world of boys stareth brazen-fronted
vice,

Than thereafter in the haunts of men, where society doth
shame her into corners.

My soul, look well around thee, ere thou give thy timid
infant unto sorrows.

There be many that say, We were happiest in days long
past,

When our deepest care was an ill-conned book,

And when we sported in that merry sunshine of our
life,

Sadness a stranger to the heart, and cheerfulness its gay
inhabitant.

True, ye are now less pure, and therefore are more
wretched:

But have ye quite forgotten how sorely ye travailed at
your tasks,

How childish griefs and disappointments bowed down
the childish mind?

How sorrow sat upon your pillow, and terror hath waked
you up betimes,

Dreading the strict hand of justice, that would not wait for
a reason,

Or the whims of petty tyrants, children like yourselves,
Or the pestilent extract of evil poured into the ear of
innocence?

Behold the coral island, fresh from the floor of the At-
lantic,

It is dented by every ripple, and a soft wave can smooth
its surface;

But soon its substance hardeneth in the winds and tro-
pic sun,

And weakly the foaming billows break against its ada-
mantine wall:

Even thus, though sin and care dash upon the firmness
of manhood,

The timid child is wasted most by his petty troubles;

And seldom, when life is mature, and the strength pro-
portioned to the burden,

Will the feeling mind, that can remember, acknowledge
to deeper anguish,

Than when, as a stranger and a little one, the heart first
ached with anxiety,

And the sprouting buds of sensibility were bruised by
the harshness of a school.

My soul, look well around thee, ere thou give thine in-
fant unto sorrows.

Yet there be boisterous tempers, stout nerves, and stub-
born hearts,

And there is a riper season, when the mind is well dis-
ciplined in good,

And a time, when youth may be bettered by the whole-
some occasions of knowledge,

Which rarely will he meet with so well, as among the
congregation of his fellows.

Only for infancy, fond mother, rend not those first affections ;

Only for the sensitive and timorous, consign not thy darling unto misery.

A man looketh on his little one, as a being of better hope ;

In himself ambition is dead, but it hath a resurrection in his son :

That vein is yet untried,—and who can tell if it be not golden ?

While his, well nigh worked out, never yielded aught but lead :

And thus is he hurt more sorely, if his wishes are defeated there,

He has staked his all upon a throw, and lo ! the dice have foiled him.

All ways, and at all times, men follow on in flocks,
And the rife epidemic of the day shall tincture the stream
of education ;

Fashion is a foolish watcher posted at the tree of knowledge,

Who plucketh its unripe fruit to pelt away the birds :

But, for its golden apples,—they dry upon the boughs,
And few have the courage or the wisdom to eat in spite
of fashion.

One while, the fever is to learn, what none will be wiser
for knowing,

Exploded errors in extinct tongues, and occasions for
their use are small ;

And the bright morning of life, for years of misspent
time,

Wasted in following sounds, hath tracked up little
sense,
Till at noon a man is thrown upon the world, with a
mind expert in trifles,
Having yet everything to learn that can make him good
or useful :
The curious spirit of youth is crammed with unwhole-
some garbage,
While starving for the mother's milk the breasts of
nature yield ;
And high-coloured fables of depravity lure with their
classic varnish,
While truth is holding out in vain her mirror much de-
spised.

Of olden time, the fashion was for arms, to make an ac-
complished slayer,
And set gregarious man a-tilting with his fellows ;
Thereafter, occult sciences, and mystic arts, and sym-
bols,
How to exorcise a wizard, and how to lay a ghost ;
Anon, all for gallantry and presence, the minuet, the
palfrey, and the foil,
And the grand aim of education was to produce a cox-
comb ;
Soon came scholastical dispute with hydra-headed argu-
ment,
And the true philosophy of mind confounded in a laby-
rinth of words ;
Then the Pantheon, and its orgies, initiating docile
childhood,
While diligent youth strove hard to render his all unto
Cæsar ;

And now is seen the passion for utility, when all things
are accounted by their price,
And the wisdom of the wise is busied in hatching golden
eggs:

Perchance, not many moons to come, and all will again
be for abstrusity,
Unravelling the figured veil that hideth Egypt's gods;
Or in those strange Avatars seeking benignant Vishnu,
Kali, and Kamala the fair, and much invoked Ganesa.

The mines of knowledge are oft laid bare through the
forked hazle wand of chance,
And in a mountain of quartz we find a grain of gold.
Of a truth, it were well to know all things, and to learn
them all at once,
And what, though mortal insufficiency attain to small
knowledge of any?
Man loveth exclusions, delighting in the sterile trodden
path,
While the broad green meadow is jewelled with wild
flowers:
And whether it is better with the many to follow a
beaten track,
Or by eccentric wanderings to cull unheeded sweets?

When his reason yieldeth fruit, make thy child thy
friend;
For a filial friend is a double gain, a diamond set in gold.
As an infant, thy mandate was enough, but now let him
see thy reasons;
Confide in him, but with discretion: and bend a willing
ear to his questions.

More to thee than to all beside, let him owe good counsel and good guidance ;
Let him feel his pursuits have an interest, more to thee than to all beside.
Watch his native capacities ; nourish that which suiteth him the readiest ;
And cultivate early those good inclinations wherein thou fearest he is most lacking :
Is he phlegmatic and desponding ? let small successes comfort his hope :
Is he obstinate and sanguine ? let petty crosses accustom him to life :
Showeth he a sordid spirit ? be quick, and teach him generosity :
Inclineth he to liberal excess ? prove to him how hard it is to earn.
Gather to thy hearth such friends as are worthy of honour and attention ;
For the company a man chooseth is a visible index of his heart :
But let not the pastor whom thou hearest be too much a familiar in thy house,
For thy children may see his infirmities, and learn to cavil at his teaching.
It is well to take hold on occasions, and render indirect instruction ;
It is better to teach upon a system, and reap the wisdom of books :
The history of nations yieldeth grand outlines : of persons, minute details :
Poetry is polish to the mind, and high abstractions cleanse it.

Consider the station of thy son, and breed him to his
fortune with judgment:

The rich may profit in much which would bring small
advantage to the poor.

But with all thy care for thy son, with all thy strivings
for his welfare,

Expect disappointment, and look for pain: for he is of
an evil stock, and will grieve thee.

Of Tolerance.

A wise man in a crowded street winneth his way with
 gentleness,
 Nor rudely pusheth aside the stranger that standeth in
 his path ;
 He knoweth that blind hurry will but hinder, stirring up
 contention against him,
 Yet holdeth he steadily right on, with his face to the
 scope of his pursuit:
 Even so, in the congress of opinions, the bustling high
 way of intelligence,
 Each man should ask of his neighbour, and yield to
 him again, concession.
 Terms ill-defined, and forms misunderstood, and cus-
 toms, where their reasons are unknown,
 Have stirred up many zealous souls to fight against
 imaginary giants ;
 But wisdom will hear the matter out, and often, by
 keenness of perception,

Will find in strange disguise the precious truth he
seeketh ;
So he leaveth unto prejudice or taste the garb and the
manner of her presence,
Content to see so nigh the mistress of his love.
There is no similitude in nature that owneth not also to
a difference.
Yea, no two berries are alike, though twins upon one
stem ;
No drop in the ocean, no pebble on the beach, no leaf in
the forest, hath its counterpart,
No mind in its dwelling of mortality, no spirit in the
world unseen :
And therefore, since capacity and essence differ alike
with accident,
None but a bigot partizan will hope for impossible
unity.
Wilt thou ensue peace, nor buffet with the waters of
contention,
Wilt thou be counted wise and gain the love of men,
Let unobtruded error escape the frown of censure,
Nor lift the glass of truth alway before thy fellows :
I say not, compromise the right, I would not have thee
countenance the wrong,
But hear with charitable heart the reasons of an honest
judgment ;
For thou also hast erred, and knowest not when thou art
most right,
Nor whether to-morrow's wisdom may not prove thee
simple to-day :
Perchance thou art chiding in another what once thou
wast thyself ;

Perchance thou sharply reprovest what thou wilt be
hereafter.

A man that can render a reason, is a man worthy of an
answer ;

But he that argueth for victory, deserveth not the ten-
derness of Truth.

While a man liveth he may mend : count not thy bro-
ther reprobate ;

When he is dead his chance is gone : remember not his
faults in bitterness.

A man, till he dieth, is immortal in thy sight ; and then
he is as nothing ;

Make not the living thy foe, nor take weak vengeance of
the dead :

For life is as a game of chess, where least causeth
greatest,

And an ill move bringeth loss, and a pawn may ensure
victory.

Dost thou suspect ? seek out certainty : for now, by
self-inflicted pain,

Or ill-directed wrath, thou wrongest thyself or thy
neighbour ;

Suspicion is an early lesson, taught in the school of ex-
perience,

Neither shalt thou easily unlearn it, though charity ply
thee with her preaching ;

Yet look thou well for reasons, or ever mistrust hath
marred thee,

Or fear curdled thy blood, or jealousy goaded thee to
madness ;

For a look, or a word, or an act, may be taken well or ill

As construed by the latitude of love, or the closeness of cold suspicion.

Better is the wrong with sincerity, rather than the right with falsehood :

And a prudent man will not lay siege to the strong hold of ignorant bigotry.

To unsettle a weak mind were an easy inglorious triumph,

And a strong cause taketh little count of the worthless suffrage of a fool :

Lightly he held to the wrong, loosely will he cling to the right ;

Weakness is the essence of his mind, and the reed cannot yield an acorn.

Dogged obstinacy is oftentimes the buttress that propeth an unstable spirit.

But a candid man blusheth not to own, he is wiser to-day than yesterday.

A man of a little wisdom is a sage among fools ;

But himself is chief among the fools, if he look for admiration from them.

A heresy is an evil thing, for its shame is its pride :

Its necessary difference of error is the character it most esteemeth :

Give a man all things short of liberty, thou shalt have no thanks,

And little wilt thou speed with thine opponent, by proving points he will concede.

The tost sand darkeneth the waves ; and clear had been
the pages of truth,
Had not the glosses of men obscured the simplicity of
faith.

In all things consider thine own ignorance, and gladly
take occasion to be taught ;

But suffer not excess of liberality to neutralize thy men-
tal independence.

The faults and follies of most men make their deaths a
gain :

But thou also art a man, full of faults and follies :

Therefore sorrow for the dead, or none shall weep for
thee,

For the measure of charity thou dealest, shall be poured
into thine own bosom.

That which vexeth thee now, provoking thee to hate thy
brother,

Bear with it ; the annoyance passeth, and may not re-
turn for ever :

The same combinations and results which aggravate thy
soul to-day,

May not meet again for centuries in the kaleidoscope of
circumstance ;

For men and matters change, new elements mixing in
continually,

And, as with chemical magic, the sour is transmuted
into sweetness :

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as
a foible,

And lo, the jagged atoms fit like smooth mosaic.

Thou canst not shape another's mind to suit thine own
body,

Think not, then, to be furnishing his brain with thy
special notions.

Charity walketh with a high step, and stumbleth not at
a trifle :

Charity hath keen eyes, but the lashes half conceal
them :

Charity is praised of all, and fear not thou that praise,
God will not love thee less, because men love thee
more.

Of Sorrow.

I said, I will seek out Sorrow, and minister the balm
of pity,

So I sought her in the house of mourning; but peace
followed in her train.

Then I marked her brooding silently in the gloomy
cavern of Regret;

But a sunbeam of heavenly hope gleamed on her folded
wing.

So I turned to the cabin of the poor, where famine dwelt
with disease :

But the bed of the sick was smoothed, and the plough-
man whistled at his labour.

So I stopt, and mused within myself, to remember where
sorrow dwelt,

For I sought to see her alone, uncomforted, uncom-
panioned.

I went to the prison, but penitence was there, and pro-
mise of better times ;

I listened at the madman's cell, but it echoed with deluded laughter.

Then I turned me to the rich and noble ; I noted the sons of fashion :

A smile was on the languid cheek, that had no commerce with the heart ;

Unhallowed thoughts, like fires, gleamed from the window of the eye ;

And sorrow lived with those whose pleasures add unto their sins.

His infancy wanted not guilt ; his life was continued evil :

He drew in pride with his mother's milk, and a father's lips taught him cursing.

I marked him as the wayward boy ; I traced the dissolute youth ;

I saw him betray the innocent, and sacrifice affection to his lust ;

I saw him the companion of knaves, and a squanderer of ill-got gain :

I heard him curse his own misery, while he hugged the chains that galled him :

For well had experience declared the bitterness of guilty pleasure,

But habit, with its iron net, involved him in its folds.

Behind him loomed the thunder-storm, which the caldron of his wickedness had brewed ;

Before him was the smooth steep cliff, whose base is ruin and despair.

So he rushed madly on, and tried to forget his being :

The noisy revel and the low debauch, and fierce excitement of play,

With dreary interchange of palling pleasures, filled the
dull round of existence :

Memory was to him as a foe, so he flew for false solace
to the wine-cup,

And stunned his enemy at even ; but she rent him as a
giant in the morning.

Æ turned aside to weep ; I lost him a little while :

I looked, and years had past ; he was hoar with the
winter of his age.

And what was now his hope ? where was the balm for
his sadness ?

The memory of the past was guilt : the feeling of the
present, remorse.

Then he set his affections on gold, he worshipped the
shrine of Mammon,

And to lay richer gifts before his idol, he starved his own
bowels ;

So, the youth spent in profligacy ended in the gripings
of want :

The miser grudged himself husks to take deeper ven-
geance of the prodigal.

And I said, this is Sorrow, but pity cannot reach it ;

This is to be wretched indeed, to be guilty without re-
pentance.

Of Joy.

My soul was sickened within me, so I sought the dwelling place of Joy :

And I met it not in laughter ; I found it not in wealth or power ;

But I saw it in the pleasant home, where religion smiled upon content,

And the satisfied ambition of the heart rejoiced in the favour of its God.

Behold the happy man, his face is rayed with pleasure, His thoughts are of calm delight, and none can know his blessedness :

I have watched him from his infancy, and seen him in the grasp of death,

Yet, never have I noted on his brow the cloud of desponding sorrow.

He hath knelt beside his cradle ; his mother's hymn lulled him to sleep :

In childhood he hath loved holiness, and drank from that fountain-head of peace.

Wisdom took him for her scholar, guiding his steps in
purity :

He lived unpolluted by the world ; and his young heart
hated sin.

But he owned not the spurious religion engendered of
faction and moroseness,

Neither were the sproutings of his soul seared by the
brand of superstition.

His love is pure and single, sincere, and knoweth not
change ;

For his manhood hath been blest with the pleasant choice
of his youth :

Behold his one beloved, she leaneth on his arm,

And he looketh on the years that are past, to review the
dawn of her affection.

Memory is sweet unto him, as a perfect landscape to the
sight ;

Each object is lovely in itself, but the whole is the har-
mony of nature.

Behold his little ones around him, they bask in the
warmth of his smile ;

And infant innocence and joy lighten their happy faces ;

He is holy, and they honour him : he is loving, and they
love him :

He is consistent, and they esteem him : he is firm, and
they fear him.

His friends are the excellent among men ; and the bands
of their friendship are strong :

His house is the palace of peace : for the Prince of Peace
is there.

As the wearied man to his couch, as the thoughtful man
to his musings,

Even so, from the bustle of life, he goeth to his well-ordered home.

And though he often sin, he returneth with weeping eyes:

For he feeleth the mercies of forgiveness, and gloweth with warmer gratitude.

Thus did he walk in happiness, and sorrow was a stranger to his soul ;

The light of affection sunned his heart, the tear of the grateful bedewed his feet,

He put his hand with constancy to good, and angels knew him as a brother,

And the busy satellites of evil trembled as at God's ally :

He used his wealth as a wise steward, making him friends for futurity :

He bent his learning to religion, and religion was with him at the last :

For I saw him after many days, when the time of his release was come,

And I longed for a congregated world, to behold that dying saint.

As the aloe is green and well-liking, till the last best summer of its age,

And then hangeth out its golden bells, to mingle glory with corruption ;

As a meteor travelleth in splendour, but bursteth in dazzling light ;

Such was the end of the righteous : his death was the sun at its setting.

Look on this picture of joy, and remember that portrait
of sorrow :

Behold the beauty of holiness, behold the deformity of
sin !

How long, ye sons of men, will ye scorn the words of
wisdom ?

How long will ye hunt for happiness in the caverns that
breed despair ?

Will ye comfort yourselves in misery, by denying the
existence of delight,

And from experience in woe, will ye reason that none
are happy ?

Joy is not in your path, for it loveth not that bleak
broad road,

But its flowers are hung upon the hedges that line a
narrower way ;

And there the faint travellers of earth may wander and
gather for themselves,

To soothe their wounded hearts with balm from the
amaranths of heaven.

Proverbial Philosophy.

(SECOND SERIES.)



Introductory.

Come again and greet me as a friend, fellow-pilgrim
upon life's highway,
Leave awhile the hot and dusty road, to loiter in the
greenwood of Reflection.
Come unto my cool dim grotto, that is watered by the
rivulet of truth,
And over whose time-stained rock climb the fairy flowers
of content ;
Here, upon this mossy bank of leisure fling thy load of
cares,
Taste my simple store, and rest one soothing hour.

Behold, I would count thee for a brother, and commune
with thy charitable soul ;
Though wrapt within the mantle of a prophet, I stand
mine own weak scholar.
Heed no disciple for a teacher, if knowledge be not
found upon his tongue ;
For vanity and folly were the lessons these lips untaught
could give :
The precious staple of my merchandise cometh from a
better country,
The harvest of my reaping sprang of foreign seed :
And this poor pensioner of Mercy, should he boast of
merit ?
The grafted stock,—should that be proud of apples not
its own ?
Into the bubbling brook I dip my hermit shell ;
Man receiveth as a cup, but Wisdom is the river.

Moreover, for this fillagree offancy, this Oriental garnish
of similitude,
Alas, the world is old,—and all things old within it :
I walk a trodden path, I love the good old ways ;
Prophets, and priests, and kings have tuned the harp I
faintly touch.
Truth, in a garment of the past, is my choice and simple
theme ;
No truth is new to-day : and the mantle was another's.

Still, there is an insect swarm, the buzzing cloud of
imagery,
Mote-like steaming on my sight, and thronging my re-
luctant mind ;

The memories of studious culling, and multiplied ana-
 logies of nature,
 Fresh feelings unrepressed, welling from the heart spon-
 taneous,
 Facts, and comparisons, and meditative atoms, gathered
 on the heap of combination,
 Mingle in the fashion of my speech with gossamer
 dreams of Reverie.
 I need not beat the underwood for game; my pheasants
 flock upon the lawn,
 And gamboling hares disport fearless in my dewy field;
 I roam no heath-empurpled hills, wearily watching for a
 covey,
 But thoughts fly swift to my decoy, eager to be caught;
 I sit no quiet angler, lingering patiently for sport,
 But spread my nets for a draught, and take the glittering
 shoal;
 I chase no solitary stag, tracking it with breathless toil,
 But hunt with Aureng-zebe, and spear surrounded thou-
 sands.

What then,—count ye this a boast?—sweet charity,
 think it other,
 For the dog-fish and poisonous ray are captured in the
 mullet-haul:
 The crane and the kite are of my thoughts, alike with
 the partridge and the quail,
 And unclean meats as of the clean hang upon my Seric
 shambles.
 —How saith he? shall a man deceive, dressing up his
 jackal as a lion?
 Or colour in staid hues of fact the changing vest of false-
 hood?—

Brother, unwittingly he may ; doubtless, unwillingly he doth :

For men are full of fault, and how should he be righteous ?

Carefully my garden hath been weeded, yet shall it be foul with thistle ;

My grapery is diligently thinned, and yet many berries will be sour :

From my nets have I flung the bad away, to my small skill and caution ;

Yet may some slimy snake have counted for an eel.

The rudder of Man's best hope cannot always steer himself from error ;

The arrow of Man's straightest aim flieth short of truth.

Thus, the confession of sincerity visit not as if it were presumption :

Nor own me for a leader, where thy reason is not guide.

Of Cheerfulness.

Take courage, prisoner of time, for there be many comforts,
 Cease thy labour in the pit, and bask awhile with truants
 in the sun ;
 Be cheerful, man of care, for great is the multitude of
 chances,
 Burst thy fetters of anxiety, and walk among the citizens
 of ease :
 Wherefore dost thou doubt ? if present good is round
 thee,
 It may be well to look for change, but to trust in a con-
 tinuance is better ;
 Whilst, at the crisis of adversity, to hope for some amends
 were wisdom,
 And cheerfully to bear thy cross in patient strength is
 duty.
 I speak of common troubles, and the petty plagues of
 life,

The phantom-spies of Unbelief, that lurk about his outposts :

Sharp suspicion, dull distrust, and sullen stern moroseness

Are captains in that locust swarm to lead the cloudy host.

Thou hast need of fortitude and faith, for the adversaries come on thickly,

And he that fled hath added wings to his pursuing foes ;
Fight them, and the cravens flee ; thy boldness is their panic ;

Fear them, and thy treacherous heart hath lent the ranks
a legion :

Among their shouts of victory resoundeth the wail of
Heraclitus,

While Democrite, confident and cheerful, hath plucked
up the standard of their camp.

Not few nor light are the burdens of life ; then load it
not with heaviness of spirit ;

Sicknesses, and penury, and travail,—there be real ills
enow :

We are wandering benighted, with a waning moon ;
plunge not rashly into jungles,

Where cold and poisonous damps will quench the torch
of hope :

The tide is strong against us ; good oarsmen, pull or
perish,—

If your arms be slack for fear, ye shall not stem the
torrent.

A wise traveller goeth on cheerily, through fair weather
or foul ;

He knoweth that his journey must be sped, so he carrieth
his sunshine with him.

Calamities come not as a curse,—nor prosperity for
other than a trial ;

Struggle,—thou art better for the strife, and the very
energy shall hearten thee.

Good is taught in a Spartan school,—hard lessons and a
rough discipline ;

But evil cometh idly of itself, in the luxury of Capuan
holidays :

And Wisdom will go bravely forth to meet the chastening
scourge,

Enduring with a thankful heart that punishment of Love

There be three chief rivers of despondency ; sin, sorrow,
fear ;

Sin is the deepest, sorrow hath its shallows, and fear is a
noisy rapid :

But even to the darkest holes in guilt's profoundest
river

Hope can pierce with quickening ray, and all those
depths are lightened.

So long as there is mercy in a God, hope is the privilege
of creatures,

And so soon as there is penitence in creatures, that hope
is exalted into duty.

Verily, consider this for courage ; that the fearful and
the unbelieving

Are classed with idolators and liars, because they trusted
not in God :

For it is none other than selfish sin, a hard and proud
ingratitude,

Where seeming repentance is herald of despair, instead
of hope's forerunner.

Moreover, in thy day of grief,—for friends, or fame, or
fortune,

Well I wot the heart shall ache, and mind be numbed
in torpor;

Let nature weep; leave her alone; the freshet of her
sorrow must run off;

And sooner will the lake be clear, relieved of turbid
floodings.

Yet see that her license hath a limit; with the novelty
her agony is over;

Hasten in that earliest calm, to tie her in the leash with
Reason.

For regrets are an enervating folly, and the season for
energy is come,

Yea rather, that the future may repair with diligence the
ruins of the past.

Again, for empty fears, the harassings of possible cala-
mity;

Pray, and thou shalt prosper; trust in God, and tread
them down.

Yield to the phantasy,—thou sinnest; resist it, He will
aid thee:

Out of Him there is no help, nor any sober courage.

Feeble is the comfort of the faithless, a man without a
God;

Who dare counsel such an one to fling away his
fears?

Fear is the heritage of him, a portion wise and merciful,

To drive the trembler into safety, if haply he may turn and flee :

Nevertheless, let him reckon an he will, that all he counteth casual

May as well be for him as against him ; dice have many sides :

And, even as in ailments of the body, diseases follow closely upon dreads,

So, with infirmities of mind, is fear the pallid harbinger of failure.

It were wise to walk undaunted even in an accidental chaos,

For the brave man is at peace, and free to get the mastery of circumstance.

The stoutest armour of defence is that which is worn within the bosom,

And the weapon that no enemy can parry, is a bold and cheerful spirit ;

Catapults in old war worked like Titans, crushing foes with rocks ;

So doth a strong-springed heart throw back every load on its assailants.

I went heavily for cares, and fell into the trance of sorrow ;

And behold, a vision in my trance, and my ministering angel brought it.

There stood a mountain huge and steep, the awful Rock of Ages ;

The sun upon its summit, and storms midway, and deep
ravines at foot.

And, as I looked, a dense black cloud, suddenly drop-
ping from the thunder,

Filled, like a cataract with yeasty foam, a narrow
smiling valley :

Close and hard that vaporous mass seemed to press the
ground,

And lamentable sounds came up, as of some that were
smothering beneath.

Then, as I walked upon the mountain, clear in summer's
noon,

For charity I called aloud, Ho ! climb up hither to the
sunshine.

And even like a stream of light my voice had pierced the
mist ;

I saw below two families of men, and knew their names
of old :

Courage, struggling through the darkness, stout of heart
and gladsome,

Ran up the shining ladder which the voice of Hope had
made ;

And tripping lightly by his side, a sweet-eyed helpmate
with him,

I looked upon her face to welcome pleasant Cheerful-
ness ;

And a babe was cradled in her bosom, a laughing little
prattler,

The child of Cheerfulness and Courage,—could his name
be other than Success ?

So, from his happy wife, when they both stood beside
me on the mountain,

The fond father took that babe, and set him on his
shoulder in the sunshine.

Again I peered into the valley, or I heard a gasping
moan,

A desolate weak cry, as muffled in the vapours.

So down that crystal shaft into the poisonous mine

I sped for charity to seek and save,—and those I sought
fled from me,

At length, I spied, far distant, a trembling withered
dwarf

Who crouched beneath the cloak of a tall and spectral
mourner :

Then I knew Cowardice and Gloom, and followed them
on in darkness,

Guided by their rustling robes and moans and muffled
cries,

Until in a suffocating pit the wretched pair had
perished,—

And lo, their whitening bones were shaping out an epi-
taph of Failure.

So I saw that despondency was death, and flung my
burdens from me,

And, lightened by that effort, I was raised above the
world ;

Yea, in the strangeness of my vision, I seemed to soar
on wings,

And the names they called my wings were Cheerfulness
and Wisdom.

Of Yesterday.

Speak, poor almsman of to-day, whom none can assure
of a to-morrow,

Tell out, with honest heart, the price thou settest upon
yesterday.

Is it then a writing in the dust, traced by the finger of
idleness,

Which Industry, clean housewife, can wipe away for
ever?

Is it as a furrow on the sand, fashioned by the toying
waves,

Quickly to be trampled then again by the feet of the
returning tide?

Is it as the pale blue smoke, rising from a peasant's
hovel,

That melted into limpid air, before it topped the larches?

Is it but a vision, unstable and unreal, which wise men
soon forget?

Is it as the stranger of a night,—gone, we heed not
whither?

Alas! thou foolish heart, whose thoughts are but as
these,

Alas! deluded soul, that hopeth thus of Yesterday.

For, behold,—those temples of Ellora, the Brahmin's
rock-built shrine,

Behold—yon granite cliff, which the North Sea buffeteth
in vain,—

That stout old forest fir,—these waking verities of
life,

This guest abiding ever, not strange, nor a servant, but
a son,—

Such, O man, are vanity and dreams, transient as a
rainbow on the cloud,

Weighed against that solid fact, thine ill-remembered
Yesterday.

Come, let me show thee an ensample, where Nature
shall instruct us;

Luxuriantly the arguments for truth spring native in her
gardens.

Seek we yonder woodman of the plain; he is measuring
his axe to the elm,

And anon the sturdy strokes ring upon the wintry
air:

Eagerly the village school-boys cluster on the tightened
rope,

Shouting, and bending to the pull, or lifted from the
ground elastic;

The huge tree boweth like Sisera, boweth to its foes with
faintness,—

Its sinews crack,—deep groans declare the reeling an-
guish of Goliath,

The wedge is driven home,—and the saw is at its heart,
—and lo, with solemn slowness,

The shuddering monarch riseth from his throne,—top-
pled with a crash,—and is fallen !

Now, shall the mangled stump teach proud man a
lesson :

Now, can we from that elm tree's sap distil the wine of
Truth.

Heed ye those hundred rings, concentric from the core,
Eddying in various waves to the red-bark's shore-like
rim ?

These be the gatherings of yesterdays, present all to-
day,

This is the tree's judgment, self-history that cannot be
gainsaid :

Seven years ago there was a drought,—and the seventh
ring is narrowed ;

The fifth from hence was half a deluge,—the fifth is cel-
lular and broad.

Thus, Man, thou art a result, the growth of many yes-
terdays,

That stamp thy secret soul with marks of weal or woe :

Thou art an almanack of self, the living record of thy
deeds ;

Spirit hath its scars as well as body, sore and aching in
their season :

Here is a knot,—it was a crime ; there is a canker,—
selfishness ;

Lo, here, the heart-wood rotten, lo, there, perchance,
the sap-wood sound.

Nature teacheth not in vain ; thy works are in thee, of
thee ;

Some present evil bent hath grown of older errors :

And what if thou be walking now uprightly ? Salve not
thy wounds with poison,

As if a petty goodness of to-day hath blotted out the sin
of yesterday :

It is well, thou hast life and light ; and the Hower
showeth mercy,

Dressing the root, pruning the branch, and looking for
thy tardy fruits ;

But, even here as thou standest, cheerful belike and
careless,

The stains of ancient evil are upon thee, the record of
thy wrong is in thee :

For, a curse of many yesterdays is thine, many yester-
days of sin,

That, haply little heeded now, shall blast thy many mor-
rows.

Shall then a man reckon nothing, but hurl mad defiance
at his Judge,

Knowing that less than an Omnipotent cannot make the
has been, not been ?

He ought,—so Satan spake ; he must,—so Atheism
urgeth ;

He may,—it was the libertine's thought ; he doth,—the
bad world said it.

But thou of humbler heart, thou student wiser for sim-
plicity,

While Nature warneth thee betimes, heed the loving
counsel of Religion.

True, this change is good, and penitence most precious ;
But trust not thou thy change, nor rest upon repent-
ance ;

For all we are corrupted at the core, smooth as surface
seemeth ;

What health can bloom in a beautiful skin, when rotten-
ness hath fed upon the bones ?

And guilt is parcel of us all ; not thou, sweet nursling of
affection,

Art spotless, though so passing fair,—nor thou, mild
patriarch of virtue.

Behold then the better Tree of Life, free unto us all for
grafting,

Cut thee from the hollow tree of self, to be budded on a
richer Vine.

Be desperate, O man, as of evil, so of good ; tear that
tunic from thee ;

The past can never be retrieved, be the present what it
may.

Vain is the penance and the scourge, vain the fast and
vigil :

The fencer's cautious skill to-day, can this erase his
scars ?

It is Man's to famish as a faquir, it is Man's to die a
devotee,

Light is the torture and the toil, balanced with the wages
of Eternity :

But, it is God's to yearn in love, on the humblest, the
poorest, and the worst,

For He giveth freely, as a king, asking only thanks for
mercy.

Look upon this noble-hearted Substitute; seeing thy
woes, He pitied thee,

Bowed beneath the mountain of thy sin, and perished—
but for Godhead;

There stood the Atlas in his power, and Prometheus in
his love is there,

Emptying on wretched men the blessings earned from
heaven:

Put them not away, hide them in thy heart, poor and
penitent receiver,

Be gratitude thy counsellor to good, and wholesome fear
unto obedience;

Remember, the pruning-knife is keen, cutting cankers
even from the vine;

Remember, twelve were chosen, and one among them
liveth—in perdition.

Dea,—for standing unatoned, the soul is a bison on the
prairie,

Hunted by those trooping wolves, the many sinful yester-
days:

And it speedeth a terrified Deucalion, flinging back the
pebble in his flight,

The pebble that must add one more to those pursuing
ghosts.

O man, there is a storm behind should drive thy bark to
haven;

The foe, the foe is on thy track, patient, certain, and
avenging;

Day by day, solemnly, and silently, followeth the fearful
past,—

His step is lame, but sure; for he catcheth the present
in eternity :

And how to escape that foe, the present-past in future ?
How to avert that fate, living consequence of causes
unexistent?—

Boldly we must overleap his birth, and date above his
memories,

Grafted on the living Tree, that was before a yester-
day :

No refuge of a younger birth than one that saw creation
Can hide the child of time from still condemning yester-
day :

There, is the Sanctuary-city, mocking at the wrath of
thine Avenger,

Close at hand, with the wicket on the latch : haste for
thy life, poor hunted one !

The gladiator, Guilt, fighteth as of old, armed with net
and dagger ;

Snaring in the mesh of yesterdays, stabbing with the
poignard of to-day ;

Fly, thy sword is broken at the hilt ; fly, thy shield is
shivered ;

Leap the barriers, and baffle him : the arena of the past
is his.

The bounds of Guilt are the cycles of Time : thou must
be safe within Eternity ;

The arms of God alone shall rescue thee from Yester-
day.

Of To-day.

Now, is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of
time,

Now, is the watchword of the wise, Now, is on the
banner of the prudent.

Cherish thy to-day and prize it well, or ever it be
gulphed into the past ;

Husband it, for who can promise, if it shall have a mor-
row ?

Behold, thou art,—it is enough ; that present care be
thine ;

Leave thou the past to thy Redeemer, entrust the future
to thy Friend ;

But for to-day, child of man, tend thou charily the
minutes,

The harvest of thy yesterday, the seed-corn of thy mor-
row.

Last night died its day ; and the deeds thereof were
judged :

Thou didst lay thee down as in a shroud, in darkness
and death-like slumber :

But at the trumpet of this morn, waking the world to
resurrection,

Thou didst arise, like others, to live a new day's life :

Fear, lest folly give thee cause to mourn its passing pre-
sence,

Fear, that to-morrow's sigh be not, would God it had not
dawned !

For, To-day the lists are set, and thou must bear thee
bravely,

Tilting for honour, duty, life, or death without reproach :
To-day, is the trial of thy fortitude, O dauntless Mandan
chief;

To-day, is thy watch, O sentinel ; to-day, thy reprieve,
O captive :

What more ? to-day is the golden chance wherewith to
snatch fruition,—

Be glad, grateful, temperate : there are asps among the
figs.

For the potter's clay is in thy hands,—to mould it or to
mar it at thy will,

Or idly to leave it in the sun, an uncouth lump to
harden.

☉ bright presence of To-day, let me wrestle with thee,
gracious angel,

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me ; bless me,
then, To-day :

O sweet garden of To-day, let me gather of thee, precious
Eden ;

I have stolen bitter knowledge, give me fruits of life To-day :

O true temple of To-day, let me worship in thee, glorious Zion :

I find none other place nor time, than where I am To-day :

O living rescue of To-day, let me run into thee, ark of refuge :

I see none other hope nor chance, but standeth in To-day :

O rich banquet of To-day, let me feast upon thee, saving manna ;

I have none other food nor store, but daily bread To-day !

Behold, thou art pilot of the ship, and owner of that freighted galleon,

Competent, with all thy weakness, to steer into safety or be lost :

Compass and chart are in thy hand : roadstead and rocks thou knowest ;

Thou art warned of reefs and shallows ; thou beholdest the harbour and its lights.

What? shall thy wantonness or sloth drive the gallant vessel on the breakers?

What? shall the helmsman's hand wear upon the black lee shore?

Vain is that excuse ; thou canst escape : thy mind is responsible for wrong :

Vain that murmur ; thou mayst live : thy soul is debtor for the right.

To day, in the voyage of thy life down the dark tide of time,

Stand boldly to thy tiller, guide thee by the pole-star,
and be safe ;

To-day, passing near the sunken rocks, the quicksands
and whirlpools of probation,

Leave awhile the rudder to swing round, give the wind
its heading, and be wrecked.

The crisis of man's destiny is Now, a still recurring
danger ;

Who can tell the trials and temptations coming with the
coming hour ?

Thou standest a target-like Sebastian, and the arrows
whistle near thee ;

Who knoweth when he may be hit ? for great is the
company of archers.

Each breath is burdened with a bidding, and every
minute hath its mission ;

For spirits, good and bad, cluster on the thickly-peopled
air :

Sin may blast thee, grace may bless thee, good or ill this
hour :

Chance, and change, and doubt, and fear, are parasites
of all.

A man's life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,
That, as he toileth upward, crumble successively behind
him :

No going back ; the past is an abyss ; no stopping, for
the present perisheth ;

But ever hasting on, precarious on the foothold of To-
day ;

Our cares are all To-day ; our joys are all To-day ;
And in one little word, our life, what is it, but—To-day ?

Of To-morrow.



There is a floating island forward, on the stream of
time,
Buoyant with fermenting air, and borne along the
rapids;
And on that island is a siren, singing sweetly as she
goeth,
Her eyes are bright with invitation, and allurements
lurketh in her cheeks;
Many lovers, vainly pursuing, follow her beckoning
finger,
Many lovers seek her still, even to the cataract of death.
To-morrow is that island, a vain and foolish heritage,
And, laughing with seductive lips, Delusion hideth
there:
Often, the precious present is wasted in visions of the
future,
And coy To-morrow cometh not with prophecies fulfilled.

There is a fairy skiff, plying on the sea of life,
And charitably toiling still to save the shipwrecked
crews ;

Within, kindly patient, sitteth a gentle mariner,
Piloting, through surf and strait, the fragile barks of
men :

How cheering is her voice, how skilfully she guideth,
How nobly leading onward yet, defying even death !
To-morrow is that skiff, a wise and welcome rescue,
And, full of gladdening words and looks, that mariner is
Hope :

Often, the painful present is comforted by flattering the
future,
And kind To-morrow beareth half the burdens of To-day.

To-morrow, whispereth weakness ; and To-morrow
findeth him the weaker :

To-morrow, promiseth conscience ; and behold, no to-day
for a fulfilment.

O name of happy omen unto youth, O bitter word of
terror to the dotard,

Goal of folly's lazy wish, and sorrow's ever-coming
friend ;

Fraud's loophole,—caution's hint,—and trap to catch the
honest,—

Thou wealth to many poor, disgrace to many noble,
Thou hope and fear, thou weal and woe, thou remedy,
thou ruin,

How thickly swarms of thought are clustering round To-
morrow !

The hive of memory increaseth, to every day its cell ;
There is the labour stored, the honey or corruption ;

Each morn the bees fly forth, to fill the growing comb,
And levy golden tribute of the uncomplaining flowers :
To-morrow is their care, they toil for rest to-morrow ;
But man deferreth duty's task, and loveth ease to-day.

To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh, which a travel-
ler never reacheth ;
To-morrow, the rainbow's cup, coveted prize of igno-
rance ;
To-morrow, the shifting anchorage, dangerous trust of
mariners ;
To-morrow, the wrecker's beacon, wily snare of the de-
stroyer.
Reconcile convictions with delay, and To-morrow is a fatal
lie ;
Frighten resolutions into action, To-morrow is a whole
some truth ;
I must, for I fear To-morrow,—this is the Cassava's
food ;
Why should I ? let me trust To-morrow,—this is the
Cassava's poison.

No, it is the even of To-day,—a day so lately a To-
morrow ;
Where are those high resolves, those hopes of yester-
night ?
O faint fond heart, still shall thy whisper be, To-mor-
row,
And must the growing avalanche of sin roll down that
easy slope ?
Alas ! it is ponderous, and moving on in might, that a
Sisyphus may not stop it ;

But haste thee with the lever of a prayer, and stem its
strength To-day :

For its race may speedily be run, and this poor hut, thy-
self,

Be whelmed in death and suffocating guilt, that dreary
Alpine snow-wreath.

Pensioner of life, be wise, and heed a brother's counsel ;
I also am a beadsman, with scrip and staff as thou :

Wouldest thou be bold against the past, and all its evil
memories,

Wouldest thou be safe amid the present, its dangers and
temptations,

Wouldest thou be hopeful of the future, vague though it
be and endless ?

Haste thee, repent, believe, obey ! thou standest in the
courage of a legion.

Commend the Past to God, with all its irrevocable
harm,

Humbly, but in cheerful trust, and banish vain re-
grets ;

Come to Him, continually come, casting all the Present
at His feet,

Boldly, but in prayerful love, and fling off selfish cares ;
Commit the Future to His will, the viewless fated
future ;

Zealously go forward with integrity, and God will bless
thy faith.

For that, feeble as thou art, there is with thee a mighty
Conqueror,

Thy Friend, the same for ever, yesterday, to-day, and to-
morrow ;

That Friend, changeless as eternity, Himself shall make
thee friends
Of those thy foes transformed, yesterday, to-day, and to-
morrow.

Of Authorship.

Great is the dignity of Authorship: I magnify mine office;
 Albeit in much feebleness I hold it thus unworthily.
 For it is to be one of a noble band, the welfare of the world,
 Whose haunt is on the lips of men, whose dwelling in their hearts,
 Who are precious in the retrospect of Memory, and walk among the visions of Hope,
 Who commune with the good for everlasting, and call the wisest, brother,
 Whose voice hath burst the Silence, and whose light is flung upon the Darkness,
 —Flashing jewels on a robe of black, and harmony bounding out of chaos,—
 Who gladden empires with their wisdom, and bless to the farthest generation,
 Doers of illimitable good, gainers of inestimable glory!—

We speak but of the Magnates, we heed none humbler
than the highest,
We take no count of sorry scribes, nor waste one thought
upon the groundlings ;
Our eyes are lifted from the multitude, groping in the
dark with candles,
To gaze upon that firmament of praise, the constellated
lamps of learning.
Ever-during witnesses of Mind, undisputed evidence of
Power,
Goodly volumes, living stones, build up their author's
temple :
Though of low estate, his rank is above princes,—though
needy, he hath worship of the rich,
When Genius unfurleth on the winds his banner as a
mighty leader.
Just in purpose, and self-possessed in soul, lord of many
talents,
The mental Cræsus goeth forth, rejoicing in his wealth ;
Keen and clear perception gloweth on his forehead like
a sunbeam,
He readeth men at a glance, and mists roll away before
him ;
The wise have set him as their captain, the foolish are
rebuked at his presence,
The excellent bless him with their prayers, and the
wicked praise him by their curses ;
His voice, mighty in operation, stirreth up the world as
a trumpet,
And kings account it honour to be numbered of his
friends.

Rare is the worthiness of Authorship: I justify mine office;

Albeit fancies weak as mine credit not the calling
For it addeth immortality to dying facts, that are ready
to vanish away,

Embalming as in amber the poor insects of an hour;
Shedding upon stocks and stones the tender light of interest,

And illumining dark places of the earth, with radiance
of classic lustre.

It hath power to make past things present, and availeth
for the present in the future,

Delivering thoughts, and words, and deeds, from the
outer darkness of oblivion.

Where are the sages and the heroes, giants of old
time?—

Where are the mighty kings, that reigned before Agamemnon?—

Alas they lie unwept, unhonoured, hidden in the midnight;

Alas, for they died unchronicled: their memorial perished
with them.

Where are the nobles of Nineveh, and mitred rulers of
Babylon?

Where are the lords of Edom, and the royal pontiffs of
Thebais?

The golden Satrap, and the Tetrarch,—the Hun, and the
Druid, and the Celt?

The merchant princes of Phœnicia, and the minds that
fashioned Elephanta?

Alas, for the poet hath forgotten them; and lo! they are
outcasts of Memory;

Alas, that they are withered leaves, sapless and fallen
from the chaplet of fame.
Speak, Etruria, whose bones be these, entombed with
costly care,—
Tell out, Herculaneum, the titles that have sounded in
those thy palaces,—
Lycian Xanthus, thy citadels are mute, and the honour
of their architects hath died;
Copan and Palenque, dreamy ruins in the West, the forest
hath swallowed up your sculptures;
Syracuse,—how silent of the past!—Carthage, thou art
blotted from remembrance!
Egypt, wondrous shores, ye are buried in the sand-hills
of forgetfulness!
Alas,—for in your glorious youth Time himself was
young,
And none durst wrestle with that Angel, iron-sinewed
bridegroom of Space;
So he flew by, strong upon the wing, nor dropped one
failing feather,
Wherewith some hoary scribe might register your honour
and renown.
Beyond the broad Atlantic, in the regions of the setting
sun,
Ask of the plume-crowned Incas, that ruled in old
Peru,—
Ask of grand Caziques, and priests of the pyramids in
Mexico,—
Ask of a thousand painted tribes, high nobility of
Nature,
Who, once, could roam their own Elysian plains, free,
generous, and happy,

Who, now, degraded and in exile, having sold their
fatherland for nought,
Sink and are extinguished in the western seas, even as
the sun they follow,—
Where is the record of their deeds, their prowess worthy
of Achilles,
Nestor's wisdom, the chivalry of Manlius, the native elo-
quence of Cicero,
The skill of Xenophon, the spirit of Alcibiades, the
firmness of a Maccabæan mother,
Brotherly love that Antigone might envy, the honour and
the fortitude of Regulus?
Alas, their glory and their praise have vanished like a
summer cloud ;
Alas! that they are dead indeed ; they are not written
down in the Book of the living.

High is the privilege of Authorship: I purify mine
office ;
Albeit earthly stains pollute it in my hands.
For it is to the world a teacher and a guide, Mentor of
that gay Telemachus ;
Warning, comforting, and helping,—a lover and friend
of Man.
Heaven's almoner, Earth's health, patient minister of
goodness,
With kind and zealous pen, the wise religious bless-
eth :
Nature's worshipper, and neophyte of grace, rich in
tender sympathies,
With kindled soul and flashing eye, the poet poureth out
his eartful :

Priest of truth, champion of innocence, warder of the
gates of praise,
Carefully with sifting search laboureth the pale his-
torian :

Error's enemy, and acolyte of science, firm in sober argu-
ment,

The calm philosopher marshalleth his facts, noting on
his page their principles.

These pour mercies upon men ; and others, little less in
honour,

By cheerful wit and graphic tale refreshing the harassed
spirit.

But, there be other some beside, buyers and sellers in
the temple,

Who shame their high vocation, greedy of inglorious
gain ;

There be, who fabricating books, heed of them meanly
as of merchandise ;

And seek nor use, nor truth, nor fame, but sell their
minds for lucre :

O false brethren ! ye wot indeed the labour, but are wit-
less of the love ;

O lying prophets, chilled in soul, unquickened by the
life of inspiration !—

And there be, who, frivolous and vain, seek to make
others foolish,

Snaring Youth by loose sweet Song, and Age by selfish
maxim :

Cleverly heartless, and wittily profane, they swell the
river of corruption :

Brilliant satellites of sin,—my soul, be not found among
their company.

And there be, who, haters of religion, toil to prove it
priestcraft,

Owning none other aim nor hope, but to confound the
good:

Woe unto them! for their works shall live; yea, to their
utter condemnation:

Woe! for their own handwriting shall testify against
them for ever.

Pure is the happiness of Authorship: I glorify mine
office;

Albeit lightly having sipped the cup of its lower plea-
sures.

For it is to feel with a father's heart, when he yearneth
on the child of his affections;

To rejoice in a man's own miniature world, gladdened
by its rare arrangement.

The poem, is it not a fabric of mind? we love what we
create:

That choice and musical order,—how pleasant is the toil
of composition!

Yea, when the volume of the universe was blazoned out
in beauty by its Author,

God was glad, and blessed His work; for it was very
good.

And shall not the image of his Maker be happy in his
own mind's doing,

Looking on the structure he hath reared, gratefully with
sweet complacency?

Shall not the Minerva of his brain, panoplied and perfect
in proportions,

Gladden the soul and give light unto the eyes, of him
the travailing parent?

Go to the sculptor, and ask him of his dreams,—wherefore are his nights so moonlit?

Angel faces, and beautiful shapes, fascinate the pale Pygmalion:

Go to the painter, and trace his reveries,—wherefore are his days so sunny?

Choice design and skilful colouring charm the flitting hours of Parrhasius:

Even so, walking in his buoyancy, intoxicate with fairy fancies,

The young enthusiast of authorship goeth on his way rejoicing:

Behold,—he is gallantly attended; legions of thrilling thoughts

Throng about the standard of his mind, and call his Will their captain;

Behold,—his court is as a monarch's; ideas, and grand imaginations

Swell, with gorgeous cavalcade, the splendour of his Spiritual State;

Behold,—he is delicately served: for oftentimes, in solitary calmness,

Some mental fair Egeria smileth on her Numa's worship;

Behold,—he is happy; there is gladness in his eye, and his heart is a sealed fountain,

Bounding secretly with joys unseen, and keeping down its ecstasy of pleasure!

Dea: how dignified, and worthy, full of privilege and happiness,

Standeth in majestic independence the self-ennobled Author!

For God hath blessed him with a mind, and cherished it
in tenderness and purity,
Hath taught it in the whisperings of wisdom, and added
all the riches of content :
Therefore, leaning on his God, a pensioner for soul and
body,
His spirit is the subject of none other, calling no man
Master.
His hopes are mighty and eternal, scorning small ambi-
tions :
He hideth from the pettiness of praise, and pitieth the
feebleness of envy.
If he meet honours, well ; it may be his humility to take
them :
If he be rebuked, better ; his veriest enemy shall teach
him.
For the master-mind hath a birthright of eminence ; his
cradle is an eagle's eyrie :
Need but to wait till his wings are grown, and Genius
soareth to the sun :
To creeping things upon the mountain leaveth he the
gradual ascent,
Resting his swiftness on the summit only for a higher
flight.
Glad in clear good-conscience, lightly doth he look for
commendation ;
What, if the prophet lacketh honour ? for he can spare
that praise :
The honest giant careth not to be patted on the back by
pigmies ;
Flatter greatness, he brooketh it good-humouredly :
blame him,—thou tiltest at a pyramid :

Yet, just censure of the good never can he hear without
contrition ;
Neither would he miss one wise man's praise, for scarce
is that jewel and costly :
Only for the herd of common minds, and the vulgar
trumpetings of fame,
If aught he heedeth in the matter, his honour is sought
in their neglect.
Slender is the marvel, and little is the glory, when round
his luscious fruits
The worm and the wasp and the multitude of flies are
gathered as to banquet ;
Fashion's freak, and the critical sting, and the flood of
flatteries he scorneth ;
Cheerfully asking of the crowd the favour to forget
him :
The while his blooming fruits ripen in richer fragrance,
A feast for the few,—and the many yet unborn,—who
still shall love their savour.

So then, humbly with his God, and proudly independent
of his fellows,
Walketh, in pleasures multitudinous, the man ennobled
by his pen :
He hath built up, glorious architect, a monument more
durable than brass ;
His children's children shall talk of him in love, and
teach their sons his honour :
His dignity hath set him among princes, the universe is
debtor to his worth,
His privilege is blessing for ever, his happiness shineth
now,

For he standeth of that grand Election, each man one
among a thousand,
Whose sound is gone out into all lands, and their words
to the end of the world !

Of Mystery.



All things being are in mystery ; we expound mysteries
by mysteries ;

And yet the secret of them all is one in simple grandeur :

All intricate, yet each path plain, to those who know the
way ;

All unapproachable, yet easy of access, to them that hold
the key :

We walk among labyrinths of wonder, but thread the
mazes with a clue ;

We sail in chartless seas, but behold ! the pole-star is
above us.

For counting down from God's good will, thou meltest
every riddle into Him,

The axiom of reason is an undiscovered God, and all
things live in His ubiquity :

There is only one great secret ; but that one hideth
everywhere ;

How should the infinite be understood in Time, when it
stretcheth on ungrasped for ever?

Can a halting Œdipus of earth guess that enigma of the
universe?

Not one: the sword of faith must cut the Gordian knot
of nature.

God, pervading all, is in all things the mystery of each;
The wherefore of its character and essence, the fountain
of its virtues and its beauties.

The child asketh of its mother,—Wherefore is the violet
so sweet?

The mother answereth her babe,—Darling, God hath
willed it.

And sages, diving into science, have but a profundity of
words,

They track for some few links the circling chain of con-
sequence,

And then, after doubts and disputations, are left where
they began,

At the bald conclusion of a clown, things are because
they are.

Wherefore are the meadows green, is it not to gratify the
eye?

But why should greenness charm the eye? such is God's
good will.

Wherefore is the ear attuned to a pleasure in musical
sounds,

And who set a number to those sounds, and fixed the
laws of harmony?

Who taught the bird to build its nest, or lent the shrub
its life,

Or poised in the balances of order the power to attract
and to repel?

Who continueth the worlds, and the sea, and the heart,
in motion?

Who commanded gravitation to tie down all upon its
sphere?—

For even as a limestone cliff is an aggregate of countless
shells,

One riddle concrete of many, a mystery compact of
mysteries,

So God, cloudeapped in immensity, standeth the cohe-
sion of all things,

And secrets, sublimely indistinct, permeate that Uni-
verse, Himself:

As is the whole, so are the parts, whether they be
mighty or minute,

The sun is not more unexplained than the tissue of an
emmet's wing.

Thus then, omnipresent Deity worketh His unbiassed
mind,

A mind, one in moral, but infinitely multiplied in
means:

And the uniform prudence of His will cometh to be
counted law,

Till mutable man fancieth volition stirring in the potter's
clay:

God, a wise father, showeth not His reasons to His
babes;

But willeth in secresy and goodness: for causes generate
dispute:

Then we, His darkling children, watch that invariable
purpose,

And invest the passive creature with its Maker's energy
and skill.

Therefore, they of old time stopped short of God in
idols,

Therefore, in these latter days, we heed not the Jehovah
in His works.

Mystery is God's great name; He is the mystery of
goodness :

Some other, from the hierarchs of heaven, usurped the
mystery of sin.

God is the King, yea, even of Himself; He crowned Him-
self with holiness ;

The burning circlet of iniquity another found and wore.

God is separate, even from His attributes ; but He willed
eternally the good ;

Therefore freely, though unchangeably, is wise, righte-
ous, and loving :

But ambition, open unto angels, saw the evil, flung aside
from the beginning,

It was Lucifer that saw, and nothing loathed those black
unclaimed regalia,

So he coveted and stole, to be counted for a king, an-
tagonist of God,

But when he touched the leprous robes, behold, a
cheated traitor.

For self-existence, charactered with love, with power,
wisdom, and ubiquity,

Could not dwell alone, but willed and worked creation.

Thus, in continual exhalation, darkening the void with
matter,

Sprang from prolific Deity the creatures of His skill.

And beings living on His breath, were needfully less
 perfect than Himself,
 Therefore less capable of bliss, whereat His benevolence
 was bounded ;
 So to make the capability expand, intensely progressive
 to eternity,
 He suffered darkness to illustrate the light, and pain to
 heighten pleasure :
 To heap up happiness on souls He loved, allowed He sin
 and sorrow,
 And then to guilt and grief and shame, He brought un-
 bidden amnesty :
 Sinless, none had been redeemed, nor wrapt again in
 God :
 Sorrowless, no conflict had been known, and Heaven
 had been mulcted of its comfort :
 Yea, with evil unexhibited, probationary toils unfelt,
 Men had not appreciated good, nor angels valued their
 security.
 Herein, to reason's eye, is revealed the mystery of good-
 ness
 Blessing, through permitted woe, and teaching by the
 mystery of sin.

☉ Christian, whose chastened curiosity loveth things
 mysterious,
 Accounting them shadows and eclipses of Him the one
 great light,
 Look now, satisfied with faith, on minds that judge by
 sense,
 And, dull from contemplating matter, take small heed of
 spirit.

Toiling feebly upward, their argument tracketh from
below,
They catch the latest consequent, and prove the nearest
cause :
What is this ? that a seed produced a seed, and so for a
thousand seasons ;
Ascend a thousand steps, thy ladder leaveth thee in
air :
Thou canst not climb to God, and short of Him is
nothing ;
There is no cause for ought we see, but in His present
will.
Begin from the Maker, thou carriest down His attributes
to reptiles,
The sharded beetle and the lizard live and move in
Him :
Begin from the creature, corruption and infirmity mar
thy foolish toil,
Heap Ossa on Olympus, how much art thou nearer to
the stars ?
It is easy running from a mountain's top down to the
valleys at its foot,
But difficult and steep the laborious ascent, and feebly
shalt thou reach it ;
Yet man, beginning from himself, that first deluding
mystery,
Hopeth from the pit of lies to struggle up to truth ;
So, taxing knowledge to its strength, he pusheth one
step further,
And fancieth complacently that much is done by reach-
ing a remote effect :

Then he maketh answer to himself, as a silly nurse to her
 little one,
Evading, in a mist of words, hard things he cannot
 solve ;
Till, like an ostrich in the desert, he burieth his head in
 atoms,
Thinking that, if he is blind, no sun can shine in
 heaven.

Therefore cometh it to pass, that an atheist is ever the
 most credulous,
Snatching at any foolish cause, that may dispel his
 doubts ;
And, even as it were for ridicule, a spectacle for men and
 angels,
The captious and cautious unbeliever is of all men
 weakest to believe :
Cut from the anchorage of God, his bark is a plaything
 of the billows ;
The compass of his principle is broken, the rudder of
 his faith unshipped :
Chance and Fate, in a stultified antagonism, govern all
 for him ;
Truth sprang from the conflict of falsities, and the mul-
 titude of accidents hath bred design !
Where is the imposture so gross, that shall not entrap
 his curiosity ?
What superstition is so abject, that it doth not blanch
 his cheek ?
Whereof can he be sure, with whom Chaos is substitute
 for Order ?

How should his silly structure stand, a pyramid built
upon its apex?—

Yea, I have seen grey-headed men, the bastard slips of
science,

Go for light to glow-worms, while they scorn the sun at
noon :

Men, who fear no God, trembling at a gipsy's curse,

Men, who jest at revelation, clinging to a madman's
prophecy !

There is a pleasing dread in the fashion of all mysteries,
For hope is mixed therein and fear ; who shall divine
their issues ?

Even the orphan, wandering by night, lost on dreary
moors,

Is sensible of some vague bliss amidst his shapeless
terrors ;

The buoyancy of instant expectation, spurring on the
mind to venture,

Overbeareth, in its energy, the cramp and the chill of
apprehension.

There is a solitary pride, when the heart, in new import-
ance,

Writeth gladly on its archives, the secrets none other
men have seen :

And there is a caged terror, evermore wrestling with the
mind,

When crime hath whispered his confession, and the se-
crets are written there in blood :

The village maiden is elated at the tenderly confided tale :

The bandit's wife with sickening fear guessed the preme-
ditated murder :

The sage, with triumph on his brow, hideth up his deep
discovery ;
The idlest clown shall delve all day, to find a hidden
treasure.

For mystery is man's life ; we wake to the whisperings
of novelty :

And what, though we lie down disappointed ? we sleep,
to wake in hope.

The letter, or the news, the chances and the changes,
matters that may happen,

Sweeten or embitter daily life with the honey-gall of
mystery.

For we walk blindfold,—and a minute may be much,—
a step may reach the precipice ;

What earthly loss, what heavenly gain, may not this
day produce ?

Levelled of Alps and Andes, without its valleys and
ravines,

How dull the face of earth, unfeatured of both beauty
and sublimity :

And so, shorn of mystery, beggared in its hopes and
fears,

How flat the prospect of existence, mapped by intuitive
foreknowledge.

Praise God, creatures of earth, for the mercies linked
with secrecy,

That spices of uncertainty enrich the cup of life ;

Praise God, his hosts on high, for the mysteries that
make all joy ;

What were intelligence, with nothing more to learn, or
heaven, in eternity of sameness ?

To number every mystery were to sum the sum of all things:

None can exhaust a theme, whereof God is example and similitude.

Nevertheless, take a garland from the garden, a handful from the harvest,

Some scattered drops of spray from the ceaseless mighty cataract.

Whence are we,—whither do we tend,—how do we feel, and reason?

How strange a thing is man, a spirit saturating clay!

When doth soul make embryos immortal,—how do they rank hereafter,—

And will the unconscious idiot be quenched in death as nothing?

In essence immaterial, are these minds, as it were, thinking machines?

For, to understand may but rightly be to use a mechanism all possess,

So that in reading or hearing of another, a man shall seem unto himself

To be recollecting images or arguments, native and congenial to his mind:

And yet, what shall we say,—who can arede the riddle?

The brain may be clockwork, and mind its spring, mechanism quickened by a spirit.

Who so shrewd as rightly to divide life, instinct, reason;

Trees, zoophytes, creatures of the plain, and savage men among them?

Hath the mimosa instinct,—or the scallop more than life,—

Or the dog less than reason,—or the brute-man more than instinct?

What is the cause of health,—and the gendering of disease?

Why should arsenic kill, and whence is the potency of antidotes?

Behold, a morsel,—eat and die; the term of thy probation is expired:

Behold, a potion,—drink and be alive; the limits of thy trial is enlarged.

Who can expound beauty? or explain the character of nations?

Who will furnish a cause for the epidemic force of fashion?

Is there a moral magnetism living in the light of example?

Is practice electricity?—Yet all these are but names.

Doth normal Art imprison, in its works, spirit translated into substance,

So that the statue, the picture, or the poem, are crystals of the mind?

And doth Philosophy with sublimating skill shred away the matter,

Till rarefied intelligence exudeth even out of stocks and stones?

☉ mysteries, ye all are one, the mind of an inexplicable Architect

Dwelleth alike in each, quickening and moving in them all.

Fields, and forests, and cities of men, their woes and
wealth and works,

And customs, and contrivances of life, with all we see
and know,

For a little way, a little while, ye hang dependent on
each other,

But all are held in one right-hand, and by His will ye
are.

Here is an answer unto mystery, an unintelligible God,
This is the end and the beginning, it is reason that He
be not understood.

Therefore it were probable and just, even to a man's
weak thinking,

To have one for God who always may be learnt, yet
never fully known :

That He, from whom all mysteries spring, in whom they
all converge,

Throned in His sublimity beyond the grovellings of lower
intellect,

Should claim to be truer than man's truest, the boasted
certainty of numbers,

Should baffle his arithmetic, confound his demonstrations,
and paralyse the might of his necessity,

Standing supreme as the mystery of mysteries, every-
where, yet impersonate,

Essential One in three, essential Three in one !

Of Gifts.

I had a seeming friend ;—I gave him gifts, and he was
gone :

I had an open enemy ;—I gave him gifts, and won him :
Common friendship standeth on equalities, and cannot
bear a debt ;

But the very heart of hate melteth at a good man's
love :

Go to, then, thou that sayest,—I will give and rivet the
links :

For pride shall kick at obligation, and push the giver
from him.

The covetous spirit may rejoice, revelling in thy
largess,

But chilling selfishness will mutter,—I must give
again :

The vain heart may be glad, in this new proof of man's
esteem,

But the same idolatry of self abhorreth thoughts of
thanking.

Nevertheless, give ; for it shall be a discriminating test
Separating honesty from falsehood, weeding insincerity
from friendship.

Give, it is like God ; thou weariest the bad with
benefits :

Give, it is like God ; thou gladdenest the good by grati-
tude.

Give to thy near of kin, for providence hath stationed
thee his helper :

Yet see that he claim not as his right, thy freewill offer-
ing of duty.

Give to the young, they love it ; neither hath the poison
of suspicion

Spoilt the flavour of their thanks, to look for latent
motives.

Give to merit, largely give ; his conscious heart will
bless thee :

It is not flattery, but love,—the sympathy of men his
brethren.

Give, for encouragement in good ; the weak desponding
mind

Hath many foes, and much to do, and leaneth on its
friends.

Yet heed thou wisely these ; give seldom to thy
better ;

For such obtrusive boon shall savour of presumption ;

Or, if his courteous bearing greet thy proffered kind-
ness,

Shall not thine independent honesty be vexed at the
semblance of a bribe ?

Moreover heed thou this ; give to thine equal charily,

The occasion fair and fitting, the gift well chosen and
desired :

Hath he been prosperous and blest? a flower may show
thy gladness;

Is he in need? with liberal love, tender him the well
filled purse:

Disease shall welcome friendly care in grapes and pre-
cious unguents;

And where a darling child hath died, give praise, and
hope, and sympathy.

Yet once more, heed thou this; give to the poor dis-
creetly,

Nor suffer idle sloth to lean upon thy charitable arm:

To diligence give, as to an equal, on just and fit occa-
sion;

Or he bartereth his hard-earned self-reliance for the
casual lottery of gifts.

The timely loan hath added nerve, where easy liberality
would palsy;

Work and wages make a light heart; but the mendicant
asked with a heavy spirit.

A man's own self-respect is worth unto him more than
money,

And evil is the charity that humbleth, and maketh man
less happy.

There are who sow liberalities, to reap the like again;

But men accept his boon, scorning the shallow usurer:

I have known many such a fisherman lose his golden
baits;

And oftentimes the tame decoy escapeth with the flock.

Yea, there are who give unto the poor, to gain large in-
terest of God,—

Fool,—to think His wealth is money, and not mind:

And haply after thine alms, thy calculated givings,
The hurricane shall blast thy crops, and sink the home-
ward ship;

Then shall thy worldly soul murmur that the balances
were false,

Thy trader's mind shall think of God,—He stood not to
His bargain!

Give, saith the preacher, be large in liberality, yield to
the holy impulse,

Tarry not for cold consideration, but cheerfully and
freely scatter.

So, for complacency of conscience, in a gush of counter-
feited charity,

He that hath not wherewith to be just, selfishly pre-
sumeth to be generous:

The debtor, and the rich by wrong, are known among
the band of the benevolent;

And men extol the noble hearts, who rob that they may
give.

Receivers are but little prone to challenge rights of
giving,

Nor stop to test, for conscience' sake, the righteousness
of mammon:

And the zealot in a cause is a receiver, at the hand which
bettereth his cause;

And thus an unsuspected bribe shall blind the good
man's judgment:

It is easy to excuse greatness, and the rich are readily
forgiven:

What, if his gains were evil, sanctified by using them
aright?

O shallow flatterer, self-interest is thy thought,
Hopeless of partaking in the like, thou too wouldest
scorn the giver.

Money hath its value; and the scatterer thereof his
thanks:

Few men, drinking at a rivulet, stop to consider its
source.

The hand that closeth on an alm, be it for necessities or
zeal,

Hath small scruple whence it came: Vespasian rejoiceth
in his tribute.

Therefore have colleges and hospitals risen upon
orphans' wrongs,

Chapels and cathedrals have thriven on the welcome
wages of iniquity,

And fraud, in evil compensation, hath salved his guilty
conscience,

Not by restoring to the cheated, but by ostentatious
giving to the grateful.

So, those who reap rejoice; and reaping, bless the
sower:

No one is eager to discover, where discovery tendeth
unto loss:

Yet, if knowledge of a theft make gainers thereby
guilty,

Can he be altogether innocent, who never asked the
honesty of gain?

Therefore, O preacher, zealous for charity, temper thy
warm appeal,—

Warning the debtor and unjustly rich, they may not dare
to give :

To do good is a privilege and guerdon : how shouldest
thou rejoice

If ill-got gifts of presumptuous fraud be offered on the
altar ?

The question is not of degrees ; unhallowed alms are
evil ;

Discourage and reject alike the obolus, or talent of
iniquity.

Yet more, be careful that, unworthily, thou gain not an
advantage over weakness,

Unstable souls, fervent and profuse, fluttered by the
feeling of the moment ;

For eloquence swayeth to its will the feeble and the
conscious of defect :

Rashly give they, and afterward are sad,—a gift that
doubly erred.

It was the worldliness of priestcraft that accounted alms-
giving for charity ;

And many a father's penitence hath steeped his son in
penury ;

Yet, considered he lightly the guilt of a death-bed selfish-
ness

That strove to take with him, for gain, the gold no
longer his ;

So he died in a false peace, and dying robbed his kin-
dred ;

The cunning friar at his side having cheated both the
living and the dead.

Charity sitteth on a fair hill-top, blessing far and near,
But her garments drop ambrosia, chiefly, on the violets
around her :

She gladdeneth indeed the maplike scene, stretching to
the verge of the horizon,

For her angel face is lustrous and beloved, even as the
moon in heaven :

But the light of that beatific vision gloweth in serener
concentration

The nearer to her heart, and nearer to her home,—that
hill-top where she sitteth :

Therefore is she kind unto her kin, yearning in affection
on her neighbours,

Giving gifts to those around, who know and love her
well.

But the counterfeit of charity, an hypocrite of earth, not
a grace of heaven,

Seeketh not to bless at home, for her nearer aspect is
ill-favoured :

Therefore hideth she for shame, counting that pride
humility,

And none of those around her hearth are gladdened by
her gifts :

Rather, with an overreaching zeal, flingeth she her
bounty to the stranger,

And scattered prodigalities abroad compensate for mean-
ness in her home :

For benefits showered on the distant shine in unmixed
beauty,

So that even she may reap their undiscerning praise :

Therefore native want hath pined, where foreign need was
fattened;

Woman been crushed by the tyrannous hand that upheld
the flag of liberality ;
Poverty been prisoned up and starved, by hearts that
are maudlin upon crime ;
And freeborn babes been manacled by men, who liberate
the sturdy slave.

Policy counselleth a gift, given wisely and in season,
And policy afterwards approveth it, for great is the in-
fluence of gifts.

The lover, unsmiled upon before, is welcome for his
jewelled bauble ;

The righteous cause without a fee, must yield to boun-
teous guilt :

How fair is a man in thine esteem, whose just discrimi-
nation seeketh thee,

And so, discerning merit, honoureth it with gifts !

Yea, let the cause appear sufficient, and the motive
clear and unsuspecting,

As given unto one who cannot help, or proving honest
thanks,

There liveth not one among a million, who is proof
against the charm of liberality,

And flattery, that boon of praise, hath power with the
wisest,

Man is of three natures, craving all for charity ;

It is not enough to give him meats, withholding other
comfort ;

For the mind starveth, and the soul is scorned, and so
the human animal

Eateth his unsatisfying pittance, a thankless, heartless
pauper :

Yet would he bless thee and be grateful, didst thou feed
his spirit,

And teach him that thine almsgivings are charities, are
loves :

—I saw a beggar in the street, and another beggar pitied
him ;

Sympathy sank into his soul, and the pitied one felt
happier :

Anon passed by a cavalcade, children of wealth and
gaiety ;

They laughed, and looked upon the beggar, and the
gallants flung him gold ;

He, poor spirit-humbled wretch, gathered up their giv-
ings with a curse,

And went—to share it with his brother, the beggar who
had pitied him

Of Beauty.

Thou mightier than Manoah's son, whence is thy great
 strength,
 And wherein the secret of thy craft, O charmer charm-
 ing wisely?—
 For thou art strong in weakness, and in artlessness well-
 skilled,
 Constant in the multitude of change, and simple amidst
 intricate complexity.
 Folly's shallow lip can ask the deepest question,
 And many wise in many words should answer, what is
 beauty?—
 Who shall separate the hues that flicker on a dying
 dolphin,
 Or analyse the jewelled lights that deck the peacock's
 train,
 Or shrewdly mix upon a palette the tints of an irides-
 cent spar,
 Or set in rank the wandering shades about a watered
 silk?

For beauty is intangible, vague, ill to be defined ;
She hath the coat of a chameleon, changing while we
watch it.

Strangely woven is the web, disorderly yet harmonious,
A glistening robe of mingled mesh, that may not be un-
ravelled.

It is shot with heaven's blue, the soul of summer skies,
And twisted strings of light, the mind of noonday suns,
And ruddy gleams of life, that roll along the veins,
A coat of many colours, running curiously together.
There is threefold beauty for man ; twofold beauty for
the animal ;

And the beauty of inanimates is single : body, temper,
spirit.

Multiplied in endless combination, issue the changeable
results ;

Each class verging on the other twain, with impercept-
ible gradation ;

And every individual in each having his propriety of
difference,

So that the meanest of creation bringeth in a tribute of
the beautiful.

Yea, from the worst in favour shineth out a fitness of
design,

The patent mark of beauty, its Maker's name im-
prest.

For the great Creator's seal is set to all His works ;
Its quarterings are Attributes of praise, and all the shield
is Beauty :

So, that heraldic blazon is Creation's common signet ;
And the universal family of life goeth in the colours of
its Lord :

But each one, as a several son, shall bear those arms
with a difference :

Beauty, various in phase, and similar in seeming oppositions.

The coins of old Rome were struck with a diversity for each,

Barely two be found alike, in every Cæsar's image :

So, note thou the seals, ranged around the charters of
the Universe,

The finger of God is the stamp upon them all, but each
hath its separate variety.

Beauty, theme of innocence, how may guilt discourse
thee?

Let holy angels sing thy praise, for man hath marred thy
visage.

Still the maimed torso of a Theseus can gladden taste
with its proportions ;

Though sin hath shattered every limb, how comely are
the fragments !

And music leaveth on the ear a memory of sweet
sounds ;

And broken arches charm the sight with hints of fair
completeness.

So, while humbled at the ruin, be thou grateful for the
relics :

Go forth, and look on all around with kind uncaptious
eye :

Freely let us wander through these unfrequented ways,
And talk of glorious beauty filling all the world.

For beauty hideth everywhere, that Reason's child may
seek her,

And having found the gem of price, may set it in God's crown.

Beauty nestleth in the rosebud, or walketh the firmament with planets,

She is heard in the beetle's evening hymn, and shouteth in the matins of the sun ;

The cheek of the peach is glowing with her smile, her splendour blazeth in the lightning,

She is the dryad of the woods, the naiad of the streams ;
Her golden hair hath tapestried the silkworm's silent chamber,

And to her measured harmonies the wild waves beat in time ;

With tinkling feet at eventide she danceth in the meadow,

Or, like a Titan, lieth stretched athwart the ridgy Alps ;

She is rising, in her veil of mist, a Venus from the waters,—

Men gaze upon the loveliness,—and lo, it is beautiful exceedingly ;

She, with the might of a Briareus, is dragging down the clouds upon the mountain,—

Men look upon the grandeur,—and lo, it is excellent in glory.

For I judge that beauty and sublimity be but the lesser and the great,

Sublime, as magnified to giants, and beautiful, diminished into fairies.

It were a false fancy to solve all beauty by desire,

It were a lowering thought to expound sublimity by dread.

Cowardly men with trembling hearts have feared the
furious storm,

Nor felt its thrilling beauty; but is it then not beautiful?

And careless men, at summer's eve, have loved the dimpled waves;

O that smile upon the seas,—hath it no sublimity?

Dost thou nothing know of this,—to be awed at woman's beauty?

Nor, with exhilarated heart, to hail the crashing thunder?

Thou hast much to learn, that never found a fearfulness in flowers;

Thou hast missed of joy, that never basked in beauties of the terrible.

Show me an enthusiast in aught; he hath noted one thing narrowly,

And lo, his keenness hath detected the one dear hiding-place of beauty:

Then he boasteth, simple soul, flattered by discovery,

Fancying that no science else can show so fair and precious:

He hath found a ray of light, and cherisheth the treasure in his closet,

Mocking at those larger minds, that bathe in floods of noon;

Lo, what a jewel hath he gotten,—this is the monopolist of beauty,—

And lightly heeding all beside, he poured his yearnings thitherward:

Be it for love, or for learning, habit, art, or nature,

Exclusive thought is all the cause of this particular zeal.
But the like intensity of fitness, kind and skilful beauty,
So pleasant to his mind in one thing, filleth all beside :
From the waking minute of a chrysalis, to the perfect
 cycle of chronology,
From the centipede's jointed armour, to the mammoth's
 fossil ribs,
From the kingfisher's shrill note, to the cataract's thun-
 dering bass,
From the greensward's grateful hues, to the fascinating
 eye of woman,
Beauty, various in all things, setteth up her home in
 each,
Shedding graciously around an omnipresent smile.

There is beauty in the rolling clouds, and placid shingle
 beach,
In feathery snows, and whistling winds, and dun electric
 skies ;
There is beauty in the rounded woods, dank with heavy
 foliage,
In laughing fields, and dinted hills, the valley and its
 lake ;
There is beauty in the gullies, beauty on the cliffs,
 beauty in sun and shade,
In rocks and rivers, seas and plains,—the earth is
 drowned in beauty.

Beauty coileth with the watersnake, and is cradled in the
 shrewmouse's nest,
She flitteth out with evening bats, and the soft mole hid
 her in his tunnel ;

The limpet is encamped upon the shore, and beauty not
a stranger to his tent ;

The silvery dace and golden carp thread the rushes with
her :

She saileth into clouds with an eagle, she fluttereth into
tulips with a humming bird ;

The pasturing kine are of her company, and she prowleth
with the leopard in his jungle.

Moreover, for the reasonable world, its words, and acts,
and speculations,

For frail and fallen manhood, in his every work and
way,

Beauty, wrecked and stricken, lingereth still among us,
And morsels of that shattered sun are dropt upon the
darkness.

Yea, with savages and boors, the mean, the cruel, and
besotted,

Ever in extenuating grace hide some relics of the beau-
tiful.

Gleams of kindness, deeds of courage, patience, justice,
generosity,

Truth welcomed, knowledge prized, rebukes taken with
contrition,

All, in various measure, have been blest with some of
these,

And never yet hath lived the man utterly beggared of
the beautiful.

Beauty is as crystal in the torchlight, sparkling on the
poet's page ;

Virgin honey of Hymettus, distilled from the lips of the
orator ;

A savour of sweet spikenard, anointing the hands of
liberality ;

A feast of angels' food set upon the tables of religion.

She is seen in the tear of sorrow, and heard in the exu-
berance of mirth ;

She goeth out early with the huntsman, and watcheth at
the pillow of disease.

Science in his secret laws hath found out latent beauty,
Sphere and square, and cone and curve, are fashioned
by her rules :

Mechanism met her in his forces, fancy caught her in
its flittings,

Day is lightened by her eyes, and her eyelids close upon
the night.

Beauty is dependence in the babe, a toothless tender
nurseling ;

Beauty is boldness in the boy, a curly rosy truant ;

Beauty is modesty and grace in fair retiring girlhood,

Beauty is openness and strength in pure high-minded
youth ;

Man, the noble and intelligent, gladdeneth earth in
beauty,

And woman's beauty sunneth him, as with a smile from
heaven.

There is none enchantment against beauty, Magician
for all time,

Whose potent spells of sympathy have charmed the
passive world :

Verily, she reigneth a Semiramis ; there is no might
against her ;

The lords of every land are harnessed to her triumph.
Beauty is conqueror of all, nor ever yet was found among
the nations

That iron-moulded mind, full proof against her power.
Beauty, like a summer's day, subdueth by sweet influ-
ences ;

Who can wrestle against Sleep ?—yet is that giant, very
gentleness.

Ajax may rout a phalanx, but beauty shall enslave him
single-handed ;

Pericles ruled Athens, yet is he the servant of Aspasia :
Light were the labour, and often-told the tale, to count
the victories of beauty,—

Helen, and Judith, and Omphale, and Thais, many a
trophied name.

At a glance the misanthrope was softened, and repented
of his vows,

When beauty asked, he gave, and banned her—with a
blessing ;

The cold ascetic loved the smile that lit his dismal cell,
And kindly stayed her step, and wept when she de-
parted :

The bigot abbess felt her heart gush with a mother's
feeling,

When looking on some lovely face beneath the cloister's
shade ;

Usury freed her without ransom ; the buccaneer was
gentle in her presence ;

Madness kissed her on the cheek, and Idiocy brightened
at her coming :

Yea, the very cattle in the field, and hungry prowlers of
the forest

With fawning homage greeted her, as Beauty glided by.
A welcome guest unbidden, she is dear to every hearth ;
A glad spontaneous growth of friends is springing round
her rest :

Learning sitteth at her feet, and Idleness laboureth to
please her,

Folly hath flung aside his bells, and leaden Dullness
gloweth ;

Prudence is rash in her defence ; Frugality filleth her
with riches ;

Despair came to her for counsel ; and Bereavement was
glad when she consoled ;

Justice putteth up his sword at the tear of supplicating
beauty,

And Mercy, with indulgent haste, hath pardoned beauty's
sin.

For beauty is the substitute for all things, satisfying
every absence,

The rich delirious cup to make all else forgotten :

She also is the zest unto all things, enhancing every pre-
sence,

The rare and precious ambergris, to quicken each per-
fume.

O beauty, thou art eloquent ; yea, though slow of
tongue,

Thy breast, fair Phryne, pleaded well before the dazzled
judge :

O beauty, thou art wise ; yea, though teaching falsely,
Sages listen, sweet Corinna, to commend thy lips ;

O beauty, thou art ruler ; yea, though lowly as a slave,
Myrrha, that imperial brow is monarch of thy lord ;
O beauty, thou art winner ; yea, though halting in the
race,

Hippodame, Camilla, Atalanta,—in gracefulness, ye fascinate your umpires ;

O beauty, thou art rich ; yea, though clad in russet,
Attalus cannot boast his gold against the wealth of
beauty ;

O beauty, thou art noble ; yea, though Esther be an
exile,

Set her up on high, ye kings, and bow before the majesty
of beauty !

Friend and scholar, who, in charity, hast walked with me
thus far,

We have wandered in a wilderness of sweets, tracking
beauty's footsteps :

And ever as we rambled on among the tangled thicket,
Many a startled thought hath tempted further roaming :
Passion, sympathetic influence, might of imaginary
haloes,—

Many the like would lure aside, to hunt their wayward
themes.

And, look you,—from his ferny bed in yonder hazel
coppice,

A dappled hart hath flung aside the boughs and broke
away ;

He is fleet and capricious as the zephyr, and with exulting
bounds

Hieth down a turfy lane between the sounding woods ;
His neck is garlanded with flowers, his antlers hung
with chaplets,

And rainbow-coloured ribbons stream adown his mottled
flanks :

Should we follow?—foolish hunters, thus to chase
afoot,—

Who can track the airy speed and doubling wiles of
Taste?

For the estimates of human beauty, dependent upon
time and clime,

Manifold and changeable, are multiplied the more by
strange gregarious fashion :

And notable ensamples in the great turn to epidemics
in the lower,

So that a nation's taste shall vary with its rulers.

Stern Egypt, humbled to the Greek, fancied softer idols,
Greece, the Roman province, nigh forgot her classic
sculpture ;

Rome, crushed beneath the Goth, loved his barbarian
habits,

And Alaric, with his ruffian horde, is tamed by silken
Rome.

Columbia's flattened head, and China's crumpled feet,—
The civilized tapering waist,—and the pendulous ears of
the savage,—

The swollen throat among the mountains, and an ebon
skin beneath the tropics,—

These shall all be reckoned beauty : and for weighty
cause.

First, for the latter : Providence in mercy tempereth
taste by circumstance,

So that Nature's must shall hit her creature's liking ;

Second, for the middle : though the foolishness of vanity
seek to mar proportion,

Still, defects in those we love shall soon be counted
praise ;

Third, for the first : a chief, and a princess, maimed or
distorted from the cradle,

Shall coax the flattery of slaves to imitate the great in
their deformity :

Hence groweth habit : and habits make a taste,
And so shall servile zeal deface the types of beauty.

Whiles Alexander conquered, crookedness was comely :
And followers learn to praise the scars upon their leader's
brow.

Youth hath sought to flatter age by mimicking grey
hairs ;

Age plastereth her wrinkles, and is painted in the ruddi-
ness of Youth.

Fashion, the parasite of Rank, apeth faults and failings,
Until the general Taste depraved hath warped its sense
of beauty.

Each man hath a measure for himself, yet all shall coin-
cide in much ;

A perfect form of human grace would captivate the
world :

Be it manhood's lustre, or the loveliness of woman, all
would own its beauty,

The Caffre and Circassian, Russians and Hindoos, the
Briton, the Turk, and Japanese.

Not all alike, nor all at once, but each in proportion to
intelligence,

His purer state in morals, and a lesser grade in guilt :
For the high standard of the beautiful is fixed in Rea-
son's forum,

And sins, and customs, and caprice, have failed to break
it down :

And reason's standard for the creature pointeth three
perfections,

Frame, knowledge, and the feeling heart, well and kindly
mingled :

A fair dwelling, furnished wisely, with a gentle tenant
in it,

This is the glory of humanity: thou hast seen it seldom.

There is a beauty for the body; the superficial polish of
a statue,

The symmetry of form and feature delicately carved and
painted.

How bright in early bloom the Georgian sitteth at her
lattice,

How softened off in graceful curves her young and gentle
shape :

Those dark eyes, lit by curiosity, flash beneath the
lashes,

And still her velvet cheek is dimpled with a smile.

Dost thou count her beautiful?—even as a mere fair
figure,

A plastic image, little more,—the outer garb of woman:
Yea,—and thus far it is well; but Reason's hopes are
higher,—

Can he sate his soul on a scantling third of beauty?

Yet is this the pleasing trickery, that cheateth half the
world,

Nature's wise deceit to make up waste in life ;

And few be they that rest uncaught, for many a twig is
limed ;

Where is the wise among a million, that took not form
for beauty ?

But watch it well : for vanity and sin, malice, hate, sus-
picion,

Louring as clouds upon the countenance, will disen-
chant its charms.

The needful complexity of beauty claimeth mind and
soul,

Though many coins of foul alloy pass current for the
true :

And albeit fairness in the creature shall often co-exist
with excellence,

Yet hath many an angel shape been tenanted by fiends.

A man, spiritually keen, shall detect in surface beauty

Those marring specks of evil which the sensual cannot
see ;

Therefore is he proof against a face, unlovely to his
likings,

And common minds shall scorn the taste, that shrunk
from sin's distortion.

There is a beauty for the reason ; grandly independent
of externals,

It looketh from the windows of the house, shining in
the man triumphant.

I have seen the broad blank face of some misshapen
dwarf

Lit on a sudden as with glory, the brilliant light of
mind :

Who then imagined him deformed ? intelligence is blaz-
ing on his forehead,

There is empire in his eye, and sweetness on his lip, and
his brown cheek glittereth with beauty :
And I have known some Nireus of the camp, a varnished
paragon of chamberers,
Fine, elegant, and shapely, moulded as the master-piece
of Phidias,—
Such an one, with intellects abased, have I noted crouch-
ing to the dwarf,
Whilst his lovers scorn the fool, whose beauty hath de-
parted !

And there is a beauty for the spirit ; mind in its perfect
flowering,
Fragrant, expanded into soul, full of love and blessed.
Go to some squalid couch, some famishing death-bed
of the poor ;
He is shrunk, cadaverous, diseased ;—there is here no
beauty of the body :
Never hath he fed on knowledge, nor drank at the
streams of science,
He is of the common herd, illiterate ;—there is here no
beauty of the reason :
But lo ! his filming eye is bright with love from heaven,
In every look it beameth praise, as worshipping with
seraphs ;
What honeycomb is hived upon his lips eloquent of
gratitude and prayer,—
What triumph shrined serene upon that clammy brow,
What glory flickering transparent under those thin
cheeks,—
What beauty in his face !—Is it not the face of an
angel ?

Now, of these three, infinitely mingled and combined,
Consisteth human beauty, in all the marvels of its mighti-
ness :

And forth from human beauty springeth the intensity of
Love ;

Feeling, thought, desire, the three deep fountains of
affection.

Son of Adam, or daughter of Eve, art thou trapped by
nature,

And is thy young eye dazzled with the pleasant form of
beauty ?

This is but a lower love ; still it hath its honour ;

What God hath made and meant to charm, let not man
despise.

Nevertheless, as reason's child, look thou wisely farther,
For age, disease, and care, and sin, shall tarnish all the
surface :

Reach a loftier love : be lured by the comeliness of
mind,—

Gentle, kind, and calm, or lustrous in the livery of know-
ledge :

And more, there is a higher grade ; force the mind to its
perfection,—

Win those golden trophies of consummate love :

Add unto riches of the reason, and a beauty moulded to
thy liking,

The precious things of nobler grace that well adorn a
soul ;

Thus, be thou owner of a treasure, great in earth and
heaven,

Beauty, wisdom, goodness, in a creature like its God.

So then, draw we to an end ; with feeble step and faltering,

I follow Beauty through the universe, and find her home Ubiquity ;

In all that God hath made, in all that man hath marred,
Lingereth beauty, or its wreck, a broken mould and castings.

And now, having wandered long time, freely and with desultory feet,

To gather in the garden of the world a few fair sample flowers,

With patient scrutinizing care let us cull the conclusion of their essence,

And answer to the riddle of Zorobabel, Whence the might of beauty ?

Ugliness is native unto nothing, but an attribute of concrete evil ;

In everything created, at its worst, lurk the dregs of loveliness :

We be fallen into utter depths, yet once we stood sublime,

For man was made in perfect praise, his Maker's comely image :

And so his new-born ill is spiced with older good,

He carrieth with him, yea to crime, the withered limbs of beauty.

Passions may be crooked generosities ; the robber steal-eth for his children ;

Murder was avenger of the innocent, or wiped out shame with blood.

Many virtues, weighted by excess, sink among the vices ;

Many vices, amicably buoyed, float among the virtues.
For, albeit sin is hate, a foul and bitter turpitude,
As hurling back against the Giver all His gifts with insult,
Still when concrete in the sinner, it will seem to partake
of his attractions,
And in seductive masquerade shall cloak its leprous skin;
His broken lights of beauty shall illumine its utter black,
And those refracted rays glitter on the hunch of its deformity.

Verily the fancy may be false, yet hath it met me in my musings,
(As expounding the pleasantness of pleasure, but no ways extenuating licence,) That even those yearnings after beauty, in wayward wanton youth,
When, guileless of ulterior end, it craveth but to look upon the lovely,
Seem like struggles of the soul, dimly remembering pre-existence,
And feeling in its blindness for a long-lost god, to satisfy its longing;
As if the sucking babe, tenderly mindful of his mother, Should pull a dragon's dugs, and drain the teats of poison.
Our primal source was beauty, and we pant for it ever and again;
But sin hath stopped the way with thorns; we turn aside, wander, and are lost.

God, the undiluted good, is root and stock of beauty,
And every child of reason drew his essence from that
stem.

Therefore, it is of intuition, an innate hankering for
home,

A sweet returning to the well, from which our spirit
flowed,

That we, unconscious of a cause, should bask these
darkened souls

In some poor relics of the light that blazed in primal
beauty,

And, even like as exiles of idolatry, should quaff from
the cisterns of creation

Stagnant draughts, for those fresh springs that rise in
the Creator.

Only, being burdened with the body, spiritual appetite
is warped,

And sensual man, with taste corrupted, drinketh of pol-
lutions :

Impulse is left, but indiscriminate ; his hunger feasteth
upon carrion :

His natural love of beauty doateth over beauty in decay.
He still thirsteth for the beautiful ; but his delicate ideal
hath grown gross,

And the very sense of thirst hath been fevered from
affection into passion.

He remembereth the blessedness of light, but it is with
an old man's memory,

A blind old man from infancy, that once hath seen the
sun,

Whom long experience of night hath darkened in his
cradle recollections,

Until his brightest thought of noon is but a shade of
black.

This then is thy charm, O beauty all pervading ;
And this thy wondrous strength, O beauty, conqueror of
all :

The outline of our shadowy best, the pure and comely
creature,

That winneth on the conscience with a saddening ad-
miration :

And some untutored thirst for God, the root of every
pleasure,

Native to creatures, yea in ruin, and dating from the
birthday of the soul.

For God sealet up the sum, confirmed exemplar of pro-
portions,

Rich in love, full of wisdom, and perfect in the plenitude
of Beauty.

Of Fame.

Blow the trumpet, spread the wing, fling thy scroll upon
the sky,

Rouse the slumbering world, O Fame, and fill the sphere
with echo !

—Beneath thy blast they wake, and murmurs come
hoarsely on the wind,

And flashing eyes and bristling hands proclaim they
hear thy message :

Rolling and surging as a sea, that upturned flood of
faces

Hasteneth with its million tongues to spread the won-
drous tale ;

The hum of added voices groweth to the roaring of a
cataract,

And rapidly from wave to wave is tossed that exaggerated
story,

Until those stunning clamours, gradually diluted in the
distance,

Sink ashamed, and shrink afraid of noise, and die away.
Then brooding Silence, forth from his hollow caverns,
Cloaked and cowed, and gliding along, a cold and
stealthy shadow,
Once more is mingled with the multitude, whispering as
he walketh,
And hushing all their eager ears, to hear some newer
Fame.

So all is still again ; but nothing of the past hath been
forgotten ;
A stirring recollection of the trumpet ringeth in the
hearts of men :
And each one, either envious or admiring, hath wished
the chance were his
To fill as thus the startled world with fame, or fear, or
wonder.
This lit thy torch of sacrilege, Ephesian Eratostratus ;
This dug thy living grave, Pythagoras, the traveller from
Hadës ;
For this, dived Empedocles into Etna's fiery whirlpool ;
For this conquerors, regicides, and rebels, have dared
their perilous crimes.
In all men, from the monarch to the menial, lurketh lust
of fame ;
The savage and the sage alike regard their labours
proudly :
Yea, in death, the glazing eye is illumined by the hope
of reputation,
And the stricken warrior is glad, that his wounds are
salved with glory.

For fame is a sweet self-homage, an offering grateful to
the idol,
A spiritual nectar for the spiritual thirst, a mental food
for mind,
A pregnant evidence to all of an after immaterial existence,
A proof that soul is scathless, when its dwelling is dissolved.
And the manifold pleasures of fame are sought by the
guilty and the good :
Pleasures, various in kind, and spiced to every palate :
The thoughtful loveth fame as an earnest of better immortality,
The industrious and deserving, as a symbol of just appreciation,
The selfish, as a promise of advancement, at least to a
man's own kin,
And common minds, as a flattering fact that men have
been told of their existence.

There is a blameless love of fame, springing from desire
of justice,
When a man hath featly won and fairly claimed his
honours :
And then fame cometh as encouragement to the inward
consciousness of merit,
Gladdening by the kindness and thanks, wherewithal
his labours are rewarded.
But there is a sordid imitation, a feverish thirst for
notoriety,
Waiting upon vanity and sloth, and utterly regardless of
deserving:

And then fame cometh as a curse; the fire-damp is gathered in the mine:

The soul is swelled with poisonous air, and a spark of temptation shall explode it.

Idle causes, noised awhile, shall yield most active consequents,

And therefore it were ill upon occasion to scorn the voice of rumour.

Ye have seen the chemist in his art mingle invisible gases,

And lo, the product is a substance, a heavy dark precipitate:

Even so fame, hurtling on the quiet with many meeting tongues,

Can out of nothing bring forth fruits, and blossom on a nourishment of air.

For many have earned honour, and thereby rank and riches,

From false and fleeting tales, some casual mere mistake;

And many have been wrecked upon disgrace, and have struggled with poverty and scorn,

From envious hints and ill reports, the slanders cast on innocence.

Whom may not scandal hit? those shafts are shot at a venture:

Who standeth not in danger of suspicion? that net hath caught the noblest.

Cæsar's wife was spotless, but a martyr to false fame;

And Rumour, in temporary things, is gigantic as a ruin or a remedy:

Many poor and many rich have testified its popular
omnipotence,
And many a panic-stricken army hath perished with the
host of the Assyrians.

Nevertheless, if opportunity be nought, let a man bide
his time ;

So the matter be not merchandize nor conquest, fear
thou less for character.

If a liar accuseth thee of evil, be not swift to answer ;
Yea, rather give him licence for awhile ; it shall help
thine honour afterward :

Never yet was calumny engendered, but good men
speedily discerned it,

And innocence hath burst from its injustice, as the green
world rolling out of Chaos.

What, though still the wicked scoff,—this also turneth
to his praise ;

Did ye never hear that censure of the bad is buttress to
a good man's glory ?

What, if the ignorant still hold-out, obstinate in unkind
judgment,—

Ignorance and calumny are paired ; we affirm by two
negations :

Let them stand round about, pushing at the column in
a circle,

For all their toil and wasted strength, the foolish do but
prop it.

And note thou this ; in the secret of their hearts, they
feel the taunt is false,

And cannot help but reverence the courage, that walketh
amid calumnies unanswering :

He standeth as a gallant chief, unheeding shot or shell;
He trusted in God his Judge: neither arrows nor the
pestilence shall harm him.

A high heart is a sacrifice to Heaven; should it stoop
among the creepers in the dust,
To tell them that what God approved, is worthy of
their praise?

Never shall it heed the thought; but flaming on in
triumph to the skies,
And quite forgetting fame, shall find it added as a
trophy.

A great mind is an altar on a hill: should the priest
descend from his altitude,
To canvass offerings and worship from dwellers on the
plain?

Rather, with majestic perseverance will he minister in
solitary grandeur,
Confident the time will come, when pilgrims shall be
flocking to the shrine.

For fame is the birthright of genius; and he recketh not
how long it be delayed;

The heir need not hasten to his heritage, when he know-
eth that his tenure is eternal.

The careless poet of Avon, was he troubled for his
fame,

Or the deep-mouthed chronicler of Paradise, heeded he
the suffrage of his equals?

Mæonides took no thought, committing all his honours
to the future,

And Flaccus, standing on his watch-tower, spied the
praise of ages.

Smoking flax will breed a flame, and the flame may
illuminate a world;

Where is he who scorned that smoke as foul and murky
vapour?

The village stream swelled to a river, and the river was a
kingdom's wealth,

Where is he who boasted he could step across that
stream?

Such are the beginnings of the famous: little in the
judgment of their peers,

The juster verdict of posterity shall fix them in the orbits
of the Great.

Therefore dull Zoilus, clamouring ascendant of the
hour,

Will soon be fain to hide his hate, and bury up his bit-
terness for shame:

Therefore mocking Momus, offended at the steps of
Beauty,

Shall win the prize of his presumption, and be hooted
from his throne among the stars.

For, as the shadow of a mountain lengtheneth before the
setting sun,

Until that screening Alp have darkened all the canton,—

So, Fame groweth to its great ones; their images loom
longer in departing;

But the shadow of mind is light, and earth is filled with
its glory.

And thou, student of the truth, commended to the praise
of God,

Wouldst thou find applause with men?—seek it not, nor
shun it.

Ancient fame is roofed in cedar, and her walls are
marble;
Modern fame lodgeth in a hut, a slight and temporary
dwelling:
Lay not up the treasures of thy soul within so damp a
chamber,
For the moth of detraction shall fret thy robe, and drop
its eggs upon thy motive;
Or the rust of disheartening reserve shall spoil the lustre
of thy gold,
Until its burnished beauty shall be dim as tarnished
brass;
Or thieves, breaking through to steal, shall claim thy
jewelled thoughts,
And turn to charge the theft on thee, a pilferer from
them!

There is a magnanimity in recklessness of fame, so fame
be well deserving,
That rusheth on in fearless might, the conscious sense
of merit:
And there is a littleness in jealousy of fame, looking as
aware of weakness,
That creepeth cautiously along, afraid that its title will
be challenged.
The wild boar, full of beechmast, flingeth him down
among the brambles:
Secure in bristly strength, without a watch, he sleepeth:
But the hare, afraid to feed, croucheth in its own soft
form;
Wakefully with timid eyes, and quivering ears, he lis-
teneth.

Even so, a giant's might is bound up in the soul of
Genius,
His neck is strong with confidence, and he goeth tusked
with power :
Sturdily he roameth in the forest, or sunneth him in fen
and field,
And scareth from his marshy lair a host of fearful
foes.
But there is a mimic Talent, whose safety lieth in its
quickness,
A timorous thing of doubling guile, that scarce can face
a friend :
This one is captious of reproof, provident to snatch oc-
casion,
Greedy of applause, and vexed to lose one tittle of the
glory.
He is a poor warder of his fame, who is ever on the
watch to keep it spotless ;
Such care argueth debility, a garrison relying on its
sentinel.
Passive strength shall scorn excuses, patiently waiting
a reaction,
He wotteth well that truth is great, and must prevail at
last ;
But fretful weakness hasteth to explain, anxiously
dreading prejudice,
And ignorant that perishable falsehood dieth as a branch
cut off.

Purity of motive and nobility of mind shall rarely con-
descend
To prove its rights, and prate of wrongs, or evidence its
worth to others.

And it shall be small care to the high and happy conscience

What jealous friends, or envious foes, or common fools may judge.

Should the lion turn and rend every snarling jackal,
Or an eagle be stopt in his career to punish the petulance of sparrows?

Should the palm tree bend his crown to chide the briar at his feet,

Nor kindly help its climbing, if it hope, and be ambitious?

Should the nightingale account it worth her pains to vindicate her music,

Before some sorry finches, that affect to judge of song?

No: many an injustice, many a sneer, and slur,

Is passed aside with noble scorn by lovers of true fame:
For well they wot that glory shall be tintured good or evil,

By the character of those who give it, as wine is flavoured by the wine-skin:

So that worthy fame floweth only from a worthy fountain,

But from an ill-conditioned troop the best report is worthless.

And if the sensibility of genius count his injuries in secret,

Wisely will he hide the pains a hardened herd would mock:

For the great mind well may be said to note such littleness in brethren,

The while he is comforted and happy in the firmest assurance of desert.

Cease awhile, gentle scholar ;—seek other thoughts and themes ;

Or dazzling Fame with wildfire light shall lure us on for ever.

For look, all subjects of the mind may range beneath its banner,

And time would fail and patience droop, to count that numerous host.

The mine is deep, and branching wide,—and who can work it out?

Years of thought would leave untold the boundless topic, Fame.

Every matter in the universe is linked in suchwise unto others,

That a deep full treatise upon one thing might reach to the history of all things :

And before some single thesis had been followed out in all its branches,

The wandering thinker would be lost in the pathless forest of existence.

What were the matter or the spirit, that hath no part in Fame?

Where were the fact irrelevant, or the fancy out of place?

For the handling of that mighty theme should stretch from past to future,

Catching up the present on its way, as a traveller burdened with time;

All manner of men, their deeds, hopes, fortunes, and ambitions,

All manner of events and things, climate, circumstance, and custom,

Wealth and war, fear and hope, contentment, jealousy,
devotion,
Skill and learning, truth, falsehood, knowledge of things
gone and things to come,
Pride and praise, honour and dishonour, warnings, en-
samples, emulations,
The excellent in virtues, and the reprobate in vice, with
the cloud of indifferent spectators,—
Wave on wave with flooding force throned the shoals of
thought,
Filling that immeasurable theme, the height and depth
of Fame.
With soul unsatisfied and mind dismayed, my feet have
touched the threshold,
Fain to pour these flowers and fruits an offering on that
altar:
Lo, how vast the temple,—there are clouds within the
dome!
Yet might the huge expanse be filled, with volumes writ
on Fame.

Of Flattery.

Music is commended of the deaf:—but is that praise despised?

I trow not: with flattered soul the musician heard him gladly.

Beauty is commended of the blind:—but is that compliment misliking?

I trow not: though false and insincere, woman listened greedily.

Vacant Folly talketh high of Learning's deepest reason:

Is she hated for her hollowness?—learning held her wiser for the nonce

The worldly and the sensual, to gain some end, did homage to religion:

And the good man gave thanks as for a convert, where others saw the hypocrite.

But none of these were cheated at the heart, nor steadily believed those flatteries;

They feared the core was rotten, while they hoped the
skin was sound :
But the fruits have so sweet fragrance, and are verily so
pleasant to the eyes,
It were an ungracious disenchantment to find them
apples of Sodom.
So they laboured to think all honest, winking hard with
both their eyes ;
And hushed up every whisper that could prove that
praise absurd :
They willingly regard not the infirmities that make such
worship vain,
And palliate to their own fond hearts the faults they will
not see.
For the idol rejoiceth in his incense, and loveth not to
shame his suppliants,
Should he seek to find them false, his honours die with
theirs :
An offering is welcome for its own sake, set aside the
giver,
And praise is precious to a man, though uttered by the
parrot or the mocking-bird.

The world is full of fools ; and sycophancy liveth on the
foolish :
So he groweth great and rich, that fawning supple para-
site.
Sometimes he boweth like a reed, cringing to the pom-
pousness of pride,
Sometimes he strutteth as a gallant, pampering the fic-
kleness of vanity :

I have known him listen with the humble, enacting
silent marveller,
To hear some purse-proud dunce expose his poverty of
mind ;
I have heard him wrangle with the obstinate, vowing
that he will not be convinced,
When some weak youth hath wisely feared the chance of
ill success :
Now, he will barely be a winner,—to magnify thy
triumphs afterward ;
Now, he will hardly be a loser,—but cannot cease to
wonder at thy skill :
He laudeth his own worth, that the leader may have
glory in his follower ;
He meekly confesseth his unworthiness, that the leader
may have glory in himself.
Many wiles hath he, and many modes of catching,
But every trap is selfishness, and every bait is praise.

Come, I would forewarn thee and forearm thee ; for
keen are the weapons of his warfare ;
And, while my soul hath scorned him, I have watched
his skill from far.
His thoughts are full of guile, deceitfully combining
contrarieties,
And when he doeth battle in a man, he is leagued with
traitorous Self-love.
Strange things have I noted, and opposite to common
fancy ;
We leave the open surface, and would plumb the secret
depths.

For he will magnify a lover, even to disparaging his mistress ;

So much wisdom, goodness, grace,—and all to be enslaved ?

Till the Narcissus, self-enamoured, whelmed in floods of flattery,

Is cheated from the constancy and fervency of love by friendship's subtle praise.

Moreover, he will glorify a parent, even to the censure of his child,—

O degenerate scion, of a stock so excellent and noble !

Scant will he be in well earned praise of a son before his father ;

And rarely commendeth to a mother her daughter's budding beauty :

Yet shall he extol the daughter to her father, and be warm about the son before his mother ;

Knowing that self-love entereth not, to resist applause with jealousies.

Wisely is he sparing of hyperbole where vehemence of praise would humble,

For many a father liketh ill to be counted second to his son :

And shrewdly the flatterer hath reckoned on a self still lurking in the mother,

When his tongue was slow to speak of graces in the daughter.

But if he descend a generation, to the grandsire his talk is of the grandson,

Because in such high praise he hideth the honours of the son ;

And the daughter of a daughter may well exceed, in
beauty, love, and learning,
For unconsciously old age perceived—she cannot be my
rival.

These are of the deep things of flattery: and many a
shallow sycophant

Hath marvelled ill that praise of children seldom won
their parents.

This therefore note, unto detection: flattery can sneer as
well as smile;

And a master in the craft wotteth well, that his oblique
thrust is surest.

Flattery sticketh like a burr, holding to the soil with
anchors,

A vital, natural, subtle seed, everywhere hardy and in-
digenous.

Go to the storehouse of thy memory, and take what is
readiest to thy hand,—

The noble deed, the clever phrase, for which thy pride
was flattered:

Oh, it hath been dwelt upon in solitude, and comforted
thy heart in crowds,

It hath made thee walk as in a dream, and lifted up the
head above thy fellows;

It hath compensated months of gloom, that minute of
sweet sunshine,

Drying up the pools of apathy, and kindling the fire of
ambition:

Yea, the flavour of that spice, mingled in the cup of
life,

Shall linger even to the dregs, and still be tasted with a
welcome

The dame shall tell her grandchild of her coy and
courted youth,
And the greybeard prateth of a stranger, who praised his
task at school.

Ofttimes to the sluggard and the dull, flattery hath done
good service,

Quickening the mind to emulation, and encouraging the
heart that failed.

Even so, a stimulating poison, wisely tendered by the
leech,

Shall speed the pulse, and rally life, and cheat astonished
death.

For, as a timid swimmer ventureth afloat with blad-
ders,

Until self-confidence and growth of skill have made him
spurn their aid,

Thus commendation may be prudent, where a child hath
ill deserved it;

But praise unmerited is flattery, and the cure will bring
its cares:

For thy son may find thee out, and thou shalt rue the
remedy:

Yea, rather, where thou canst not praise, be honest in
rebuke.

I have seen the objects of a flatterer mirrored clearly on
the surface,

Where self-love scattereth praise, to gather praise
again.

This is a commodity of merchandize, words put out at
interest:

A scheme for canvassing opinions, and tinging them all
with partiality.

He is but a harmless fool ; humour him with pitiful
good-nature :

If a poetaster quote thy song, be thou tender to his
poem :

Did the painter praise thy sketch ? be kind, commend
his picture ;

He looketh for a like return ; then thank him with thy
praise.

In these small things with these small minds count thou
the sycophant a courtier,

And pay back, as blindly as ye may, the too transparent
honour.

Also, where the flattery is delicate, coming unobtrusive
and in season,

Though thou be suspicious of its truth, be generous at
least to its gentility.

The skilful thief of Lacedæmon had praise before his
judges,

And many caitiffs win applause for genius in their
callings.

Moreover, his meaning may be kind,—and thou art a
debtor to his tongue ;

Hasten well to pay the debt, with charity and shrewd-
ness :

He must not think thee caught, nor feel himself dis-
covered,

Nor find thine answering compliment as hollow as his
own.

Though he be a smiling enemy, let him heed thee as the
fearless and the friendly ;

A searching look, a poignant word, may prove thou art
aware :

Still, with compassion to the frail, though keen to see
his soul,

Let him not fear for thy discretion, see thou keep his
secret, and thine own.

However, where the flattery is gross, a falsehood clear
and fulsome,

Crush the venomous toad, and spare not for a jewel in
his head.

Tell the presumptuous in flattery, that or ever he be-
spatter thee with praise,

It might be well to stop and ask how little it were
worth :

Thou hast not solicited his suffrage,—let him not force
thee to refuse it ;

Look to it, man, thy fence is foiled,—and thus we spoil
the plot.

Self-knowledge goeth armed, girt with many weapons,

And carrieth whips for flattery, to lash it like a slave :

But the dunce in that great science goeth as a greedy
tunny,

To gorge both bait and hook, unheeding all but ap-
petite :

He smelleth praise and swalloweth,—yea, though it be
palpable and plain,

Say unto him, Folly thou art Wisdom,—he will bless
thee for thy lie.

Flatterer, thou shalt rue thy trade, though it have many
present gains ;

Those varnished wares may sell apace, yet shall they
spoil thy credit.

Thine is the intoxicating cup, which whoso drinketh it
shall nauseate :

Thine is trickery and cheating ; but deception never
pleased for long.

And though while fresh thy fragrance seemed even as
the dews of charity,

Yet afterwards it fouled thy censer, as with savour of
stale smoke.

For the great mind detected thee at once, answering
thine emptiness with pity,

He saw thy self-interested zeal, and was not cozened by
vain-glory :

And the little mind is bloated with the praise, scorning
him who gave it,

A fool shall turn to be thy tyrant, an thou hast dubbed
him great :

And the medium mind of common men, loving first thy
music,

After, when the harmonies are done, shall feel small
comfort in their echoes ;

For either he shall know thee false, conscious of con-
trary deservings,

And, hating thee for falsehood, soon will scorn himself
for truth,

Or, if in aught to toilsome merit honest praise be
due,

Though for a season, belike, his weakness hath been
raptured at thy witching,

Shall he not speedily perceive, to the vexing of his dis-
appointed spirit,

That thine exaggerated tongue hath robbed him of fair
fame ?

Thou hast paid in forger's coins, and he had earned true
money :

For the substance of just praise, thou hast put him off
with shadows of the sycophant :

Thou art all things to all men, for ends false and
selfish,

Therefore shalt be nothing unto any one, when those
thine ends are seen.

Turn aside, young scholar, turn from the song of
Flattery !

She hath the Siren's musical voice, to ravish and be-
tray.

Her tongue droppeth honey, but it is the honey of
Anticyra ;

Her face is a mask of fascination, but there hideth de-
formity behind ;

Her coming is the presence of a queen, heralded by
courtesy and beauty,

But, going away, her train is held by the hideous dwarf,
Disgust.

Know thyself, thine evil as thy good, and flattery shall
not harm thee :

Yea, her speech shall be a warning, a humbling and a
guide.

For wherein thou lackest most, there chiefly will the
sycophant commend thee,

And then most warmly will congratulate, when a man
hath least deserved.

Behold, she is doubly a traitor ; and will underrate her victim's best,

That, to the comforting of conscience, she may plead his worse for better.

Therefore, is she dangerous—as every lie is dangerous : Believe her tales, and perish : if thou act upon such counsel.

Her aims are thine not thee, thy wealth and not thy welfare,

Thy suffrage not thy safety, thine aid and not thine honour.

Moreover, with those aims insured, ceaseth all her glozing ;

She hath used thee as a handle,—but her hand was wise to turn it :

Thus will she glorify her skill, that it deftly caught thy kindness,

Thus will she scorn thy kindness, so pliable and easy to her skill.

And then, the flatterer will turn to be thy foe, the bitterest and hottest,

Because he oweth thee much hate to pay off many humblings.

Thinkest thou now that he is high, he loveth the remembrance of his lowliness,

The servile manner, the dependent smile, the conscience self-abased ?

No, this hour is his own, and the flatterer will be found a busy mocker ;

He that hath salved thee with his tongue, shall now gnash upon thee with his teeth,

Yea, he will be leader in the laugh,—silly one, to listen
to thy loss,

We scarce had hoped to lime and take another of the
fools of flattery.

At the last; have charity, young scholar,—yea, to the
sycophant convicted;

Be not a Brutus to thyself, nor stern in thine own
cause.

Pardon exaggerated praise; for there is a natural im-
pulse,

Spurring on the nobler mind, to colour facts by feel-
ings:

Take an indulgent view of each man's interest in
self,

Be large and liberal in excuses; is not that infirmity
thine own?

Search thy soul and be humble; and mercy abideth with
humility;

So that, yea, the insincere may find thee pitiful, and love
thee.

Mildly put aside, without rudeness of repulse, the pam-
pering hand of flattery,

For courtesy and kindness have gone beneath its guise,
and ill shouldst thou rebuke them.

Thou art incapable of theft: but flowers in the garden
of a friend

Are thine to pluck with confidence, and it were unfriend-
liness to hesitate:

Thou abhorrest flattery: but a generous excess in
praise

Is thine to yield with honest heart, and false were the
charity to doubt it :

The difference lieth in thine aim ; kindness and good
are of charity,

But selfish, harmful, vile, and bad, is Flattery's evil
end.

Of Neglect.

Generous and righteous is thy grief, slighted child of
 sensibility;
 For kindliness enkindleth love, but the waters of indif-
 ference quench it :
 Thy soul is athirst for sympathy, and hungereth to find
 affection,
 The tender scions of thy heart yearn for the sunshine of
 good feeling ;
 And it is an evil thing and bitter, when the cheerful face
 of Charity,
 Going forth gaily in the morning to woo the world with
 smiles,
 Is met by those wayfaring men with coldness, suspicion,
 and repulse,
 And turneth into hard dead stone at the Gorgon visage
 of Neglect.
 O brother, warm and young, covetous of others' fa-
 vour,

I see thee checked and chilled, sorrowing for censure or
forgetfulness :

Let coarse and common minds despise—that wounding
of thy vanity,

Alas, I note a sorer cause, the blighting of thy love ;

Let the callous sensual deride thee,—disappointed of thy
praise,

Alas, thou hast a juster grief, defrauded of their kind-
ness :

It is a theme for tears to feel the soft heart harden-
ing,

The frozen breath of apathy sealing up the fountain of
affection ;

It is a pang, keen only to the best, to be injured well-
deserving,

And slumbering Neglect is injury,—Could ye not watch
one hour ?

When God Himself complained, it was that none re-
garded,

And indifference bowed to the rebuke, Thou gavest Me
no kiss when I came in.

Moreover, praise is good ; honour is a treasure to be
hoarded ;

A good man's praise foreshadoweth God's, and in His
smile is heaven :

But men walk on in hardihood, steeling their sinfulness
to censure,

And when rebuke is ridiculed, the love of praise were
an infirmity ;

The judge thou heedest not in fear, cannot have deep
homage of thy hope,

And who then is the wise of this world, that will own he
trembleth at his fellows ?

Calm, careless, and insensible, he mocketh blame or
calumny,

Neither should his dignity be humbled to some pittance
of their praise :

The rather, let false pride affect to trample on the trea-
sure

Which evermore in secret strength unconquered Nature
prizeth ;

Rather, shall he stifle now the rising bliss of triumph,
Lest after, in the world's Neglect, he must acknowledge
bitterness.

For lo, that world is wide, a huge and crowded conti-
nent,

Its brazen sun is mammon, and its iron soil is care :

A world full of men, where each man clingeth to his
idol ;

A world full of men, where each man cherisheth his
sorrow ;

A world full of men, multitude shoaling upon multi-
tude ;

A surging sea, where every wave is burdened with an
argosy of self ;

A boundless beach, where every stone is a separate mi-
croscopic world :

A forest of innumerable trees, where every root is inde-
pendent.

What then is the marvel or the shame, if units be lost
among the million ?

Canst thou reasonably murmur, if a leaf drop off unnoticed?

Wondrous in architecture, intricate and beautiful, delicately tinged and scented,

Exquisite of feeling and mysterious in life, none cared for its growth, or its decay.

None? yea,—no one of its fellows,—nor cedar, palm, nor bramble,—

None? its twinborn brother scarcely missed it from the spray:

None?—if none indeed, then man's neglect were bitterness;

And Life a land without a sun, a globe without a God!

Yea, flowers in the desert, there be that love your beauty;

Yea, jewels in the sea, there be that prize your brightness;

Children of unmerited oblivion, there be that watch and woo you,

And many tend your sweets, with gentle ministering care:

Thronging spirits of the happy, and the everpresent Good One

Yearning seek those precious things, man hath not heart to love,

Gems of the humblest or the highest, pure and patient in their kind,

The souls unhardened by ill usage, and uncorrupt by luxury.

And ye, poor desolates unsunned, toilers in the dark damp mine,

Wearied daughters of oppression, crushed beneath the car of avarice,

There be that count your tears,—He hath numbered the
hairs of thy head,—

There be that can forgive your ill, with kind considerate
pity :

Count ye this for comfort, Justice hath her balances,

And yet another world can compensate for all :

The daily martyrdom of patience shall not be wanting of
reward ;

Duty is a prickly shrub, but its flower will be happiness
and glory.

Be too, the friendless, yet dependent, that find nor home
nor lover,

Sad imprisoned hearts, captive to the net of circum-
stance,—

And ye, too harshly judged, noble unappreciated intel-
lects,

Who, capable of highest, lowlier fix your just ambition
in content,—

And chiefest, ye, famished infants of the poor, toiling
for your parents' bread,

Tired, and sore, and uncomforted the while, for want of
love and learning,

Who struggle with the pitiless machine in dull continu-
ous conflict,

Tasked by iron men, who care for nothing but your
labour,—

Be ye long-suffering and courageous : abide the will of
Heaven ;

God is on your side ; all things are tenderly remem-
bered :

His servants here shall help you ; and where those fail
you through Neglect,

His kingdom still hath time and space for ample discrimina-
tive Justice :

Yea, though utterly on this bad earth ye lose both right
and mercy,

The tears that we forgot to note, our God shall wipe
away.

Nevertheless, kind spirit, susceptible and guileless,
Meek uncherished dove, in a carrion flock of fowls,
Sensitive mimosa, shrinking from the winds that help to
root the fir,

Fragile nautilus, shipwrecked in the gale whereat the
conch is glad,

Thy sharp peculiar grief is uncomforted by hope of com-
pensation,

For it is a delicate and spiritual wound, which the probe
of pity bruiseeth :

Yet hear how many thoughts extenuate its pain ;

Even while a kindred heart can sorrow for its presence.

For the sting of neglect is in this,—that such as we are
all, forget us,

That men and women, kith and kin, so lightly heed of
other :

Sympathy is lacking from the guilty such as we, even
where angels minister,

And souls of fine accord must prize a fellow-sinner's
love ;

For the worst love those who love them, and the best
claim heart for heart,

And it is a holy thirst to long for love's requital :

Hard it will be, hard and sad, to love and be unloved ;

And many a thorn is thrust into the side of him that is
forgotten.

The oppressive silence of reserve, the frost of failing
friendship,
Affection blighted by repulse, or chilled by shallow
courtesy,
The unaided struggle, the unconsidered grief, the unes-
teemed self-sacrifice,
The gift, dear evidence of kindness, long due, but never
offered,
The glance estranged, the letter flung aside, the greeting
ill received,
The services of unobtrusive care unthanked, perchance
unheeded,
These things, which hard men mock at, rend the feelings
of the tender,
For the delicate tissue of a spiritual mind is torn by
those sharp barbs ;
The coldness of a trusted friend, a plenitude ending in
vacuity,
Is as if the stable world had burst a hollow bubble.

But consider, child of sensibility; the lot of men is
labour,
Labour for the mouth, or labour in the spirit, labour
stern and individual,
Worldly cares and worldly hopes exact the thoughts of
all,
And there is a necessary selfishness, rooted in each
mortal breast.
The plans of prudence, or the whisperings of pride, or
all-absorbing reveries of love,
Ambition, grief, or fear, or joy, set each man for him-
self ;

Therefore, the centre of a cycle, whereunto all the universe convergeth,

Is seen in fallen solitude, the naked selfish heart:

Stripped of conventional deceptions, untrammelled from the harness of society,

We all may read one little word engraved on all we do;

Other men, what are they unto us? the age, the mass, the million,—

We segregate, distinct from generalities, that isolated particle, a self:

It is the very law of our life, a law for soul and body,

An earthly law for earthly men, toiling in responsible probation.

For each is the all unto himself, disguise it as we may,

Each infinite, each most precious; yet even as a nothing to his neighbour.

O consider, we be crowding up an avenue, trapped in the decoy of time,

Behind us the irrevocable past, before us the illimitable future:

What wonder is there, if the traveller, wayworn, hopeful, fearful,

Burdened himself, so lightly heed the burden of his brother?

How shouldst thou marvel and be sad, that the pilgrims trouble not to learn thee,

When each hath to master for himself the lessons of life and immortality?

Moreover, what art thou,—so vainly impatient of Neglect,

Where then is thy worthiness, that so thou claimest
honour?

Let the true judgment of humility reckon up thine ill
deserts,

How little is there to be loved, how much to stir up
scorn!

The double heart, the bitter tongue, the rash and erring
spirit,

Be these, ye purest among men, your passports unto
favour?

It is mercy in the Merciful, and justice in the Just, to
be jealous of His creature's love,

But how should evil or duplicity arrogate affection to
itself?

Where love is happiness and duty, to be jealous of that
love is godlike,

But who can reverence the guilty? who findeth pleasure
in the mean?

Check the presumption of thy hopes: thankfully take
refuge in obscurity,

Or, if thou claimest merit, thy sin shall be proclaimed
upon the housetops.

Yet again: consider them of old, the good, the great,
the learned,

Who have blessed the world by wisdom, and glorified
their God by purity.

Did those speed in favour? were they the loved and the
admired?

Was every prophet had in honour? and every deserving
one remembered to his praise?

What shall I say of yonder band, a glorious cloud of
witnesses,

The scorned, defamed, insulted,—but the excellent of
earth?

It were weariness to count up noble names, neglected in
their lives,

Whom none esteemed, nor cared to love, till death had
sealed them his.

For good men are the health of the world, valued only
when it perisheth,

Like water, light, and air, all precious in their absence.

Who hath considered the blessing of his breath, till the
poison of an asthma struck him?

Who hath regarded the just pulses of his heart, till
spasm or paralysis have stopped them?

Even thus, an unobserved routine of daily grace and
wisdom,

When no more here, had worship of a world, whose
penitence atoned for its neglect.

And living genius is seen among infirmities, wherefrom
the commoner are free;

And other rival men of mind crowd this arena of con-
tention;

And there be many cares; and a man knoweth little of
his brother;

Feebly we appreciate a motive, and slowly keep pace
with a feeling:

And social difference is much; and experience teacheth
sadly,

How great the treachery of friends, how dangerous the
courtesy of enemies.

So, the sum of all these things operateth largely upon
all men,

Hedging us about with thorns, to cramp our yearning
sympathies,

And we grow materialized in mind, forgetting what we
see not,

But, immersed in perceptions of the present, keep things
absent out of thought :

Thus, where ingratitude, and guilt, and labour, and self-
fishness would harden,

Humbly will the good man bow, unmurmuring, to
Neglect.

Yet once more, griever at Neglect, hear me to thy com-
fort, or rebuke :

For, after all thy just complaint, the world is full of
love.

O heart of childhood, tender, trusting, and affectionate,
O youth, warm youth, full of generous attentions,
O woman, self-forgetting woman, poetry of human life,
And not less thou, O man, so often the disinterested
brother,

Many a smile of love, many a tear of pity,
Many a word of comfort, many a deed of magnani-
mity,

Many a stream of milk and honey pour ye freely on the
earth,

And many a rosebud of love rejoiceth in the dew of your
affection.

Neglect? O liberal world, for thine are many prizes :

Neglect? O charitable world, where thousands feed on
bounty ;

Neglect? O just world, for thy judgments err not
often ;

Neglect? O libel on a world where half that world is
woman !

Where is the afflicted, whose voice, once heard, stirreth
not a host of comforters ?

Where is the sick untended, or in prison, and they
visited him not ?

The hungry is fed, and the thirsty satisfied, till ability
set limits to the will,

And those who did it unto them, have done it unto God !
For human benevolence is large, though many matters
dwarf it,

Prudence, ignorance, imposture, and the straitenings of
circumstance and time.

And if to the body, so to the mind, the mass of men are
generous ;

Their estimate, who know us best, is seldom seen to
err ;

Be sure the fault is thine, as pride, or shallowness, or
vanity,

If all around thee, good and bad, neglect thy seeming
merit :

No man yet deserved, who found not some to love him ;
And he, that never kept a friend, need only blame him-
self :

Many for unworthiness will droop and die, but all are
not unworthy ;

It must indeed be cold clay soil, that killeth every seed.

Therefore, examine thy state, O self-accounted martyr of
Neglect,

It may be, thy merit is a cubit, and thy measure thereof
a furlong ;

But grant it greater than thy thoughts, and grant that
men thy fellows,

For pleasure, business, or interest, misuse, forget, neg-
lect thee,—

Still be thou conqueror in this, the consciousness of high
deservings ;
Let it suffice thee to be worthy ; faint not thou for
praise ;
For that thou art, be grateful ; go humbly even in thy
confidence ;
And set thy foot upon the neck of an enemy so harmless
as Neglect.

Of Contentment.

Godliness with Contentment,—these be the pillars of
 felicity,
 Jachin, wherewithal it is established, and Boaz, in the
 which is strength :
 And upon their capitals is lily-work, the lotus fruit and
 flower,
 Those fair and fragrant types of holiness, innocence,
 and beauty ;
 Great gain pertaineth to the pillars, nets and chains of
 wreathen gold,
 And they stand up straight in the temple porch, the
 house where Glory dwelleth.

The body craveth meats, and the spirit is athirst for
 peacefulness,
 He that hath these, hath enough ; for all beyond is
 vanity.

Surfeit vaulteth over pleasure, to light upon the hither
side of pain :

And great store is great care, the rather if it mightily
increaseth.

Albeit too little is a trouble, yet too much shall swell
into an evil,

If wisdom stand not nigh to moderate the wishes :

For covetousness never had enough, but moaneth at its
wants for ever,

And rich men have commonly more need to be taught
contentment than the poor.

That hungry chasm in their market-place gapeth still
unsatisfied,

Yea, fling in all the wealth of Rome,—it asketh higher
victims ;

So, when the miser's gold cannot fill the measure of his
lust,

Curtius must leap into the pit, and avarice shall close
upon his life.

Behold Independence in his rags, all too easily con-
tented,

Careful for nothing, thankful for much, and uncomplain-
ing in his poverty :

Such an one have I sometime seen earn his crust with
gladness ;

He is a gatherer of simples, culling wild herbs upon the
hills ;

And now, as he sitteth on the beach, with his motherless
child beside him,

To rest them in the cheerful sun, and sort their mints
and horehound,—

Tell me, can ye find upon his forehead the cloud of
covetous anxiety,
Or note the dull unkindled eyes of sated sons of
pleasure?—

For there is more joy of life with that poor picker of the
ditches,

Than among the multitude of wealthy who wed their
gains to discontent.

I have seen many rich, burdened with the fear of
poverty,

I have seen many poor, buoyed with all the carelessness
of wealth :

For the rich had the spirit of a pauper, and the money-
less a liberal heart ;

The first enjoyeth not for having, and the latter hath no-
thing but enjoyment.

None is poor but the mean in mind, the timorous, the
weak, and unbelieving ;

None is wealthy but the affluent in soul, who is satisfied
and floweth over.

The poor-rich is attenuate for fears, the rich-poor is
fattened upon hopes ;

Cheerfulness is one man's welcome, and the other
warneth from him by his gloom.

Many poor have the pleasures of the rich, even in their
own possessions ;

And many rich miss the poor man's comforts, and yet
feel all his cares.

Liberty is affluence, and the Helots of anxiety never can
be counted wealthy ;

But he that is disenthralled from fear, goeth for the time
a king ;

He is royal, great, and opulent, living free of fortune,
And looking on the world as owner of its good, the
Maker's child and heir :

Whereas, the covetous is slavish, a very Midas in his
avarice,
Full of dismal dreams, and starved amongst his treasures :

The ceaseless spur of discontent goaded him with instant
apprehension,
And his thirst for gold could never be quenched, for he
drank with the throat of Crassus.

Vanity, and dreary disappointment, care, and weariness,
and envy ;

Vanity is graven upon all things ; wisely spake the
preacher.

For ambition is a burning mountain, thrown up amid
the turbid sea,

A Stromboli in sullen pride above the hissing waves ;
And the statesman climbing there, forgetful of his patriot
intentions,

Shall hate the strife of each rough step, or ever he hath
toiled midway :

And every truant from his home, the happy home of
duty,

Shall live to loathe his eminence of cares, that seething
smoke and lava.

Contentment is the temperate repast, flowing with milk
and honey :

Ambition is the drunken orgy, fed by liquid flames :

A black and bitter frown is stamped upon the forehead
of Ambition.

But fair Contentment's angel-face is rayed with winning smiles.

There was in Tyre a merchant, the favourite child of fortune,

An opulent man with many ships, to trade in many climes ;

And he rose up early to his merchandize, after feverish dreaming,

And lay down late to his hot unrest, overwhelmed with calculated cares.

So, day by day, and month by month, and year by year, he gained ;

And grew grey, and waxed great ; for money brought him all things.

All things ?—verily, not all ; the kernel of the nut is lacking,—

His mind was a stranger to content, and as for Peace, he knew her not :

Luxuries palled upon his palate, and his eyes were satiate with purple ;

He could coin much gold, but buy no happiness with it.

And on a day, a day of dread, in the heat of inordinate ambition,

When he threw with a gambler's hand, to lose or to double his possessions,

The chance hit him,—he had speculated ill,—and men began to whisper ;—

Those he trusted, failed ; and their usuries had bribed him deeply ;

One ship foundered out at sea,—and another met the pirate,—

And so, with broken fortunes, men discreetly shunned him.

He was a stricken stag, and went to hide away in solitude,

And there in humility, he thought,—he resolved, and promptly acted :

From the wreck of all his splendours, from the dregs of the goblet of affluence,

He saved with management a morsel and a drop, for his daily cup and platter :

And lo, that little was enough, and in enough was competence ;

His cares were gone,—he slept by night, and lived at peace by day ;

Cured of his guilty selfishness,—money's love, envy, competition,—

He lived to be thankful in a cottage that he had lost a palace :

For he found in his abasement, what he vainly had sought in high estate,

Both mind and body well at ease, though robed in the russet of the lowly.

Once more, a certain priest, happy in his high vocation,

With faith, and hope, and charity, well served his village altar ;

As men count riches he was poor ; but great were his treasures in heaven,

And great his joys on earth, for God's sake doing good :

He had few cares and many consolations, one of the welcome everywhere ;

The labourer accounted him his friend, and magnates
did him honour at their table :

With a large heart and little means he still made many
grateful,

And felt as the centre of a circle, of comfort, calmness,
and content.

But, on a weaker sabbath,—for he preached both well
and wisely,—

Some casual hearer loudly praised his great neglected
talents :

Why should he be buried in obscurity, and throw these
pearls to swine ?

Could he not still be doing good,—the whilst he pushed
his fortunes ?

Then came temptation, even on the spark of discontent ;
The neighbouring town had a pulpit to be filled ; hotly
did he canvass, and won it :

Now was he popular and courted, and listened to the
spell of admiration,

And toiled to please the taste, rather than to pierce the
conscience.

Greedily he sought, and seeking found, the patronizing
notice of the great ;

He thirsted for emoluments and honours, and counted
rich men happy :

So he flattered, so he preached ; and gold and fame
flowed in ;

They flowed in,—he was reaping his reward, and felt
himself a fool.

Alas, what a shadow was he following,—how precious
was the substance he had left !

Man for God, gold for good, this was his miserable
bargain.

The village church, its humble flock, and humbler
parish priest,
Zeal, devotion, and approving Heaven,—his books, and
simple life,
His little farm and flower-beds,—his recreative rambles
with a friend,
And haply, at eventide, the leaping trouts, to help their
humble fare,
All these wretchedly exchanged for what the world
called fortune,
With the harrowing conscience of a state relapsed to
vain ambitions.
Then,—for God was gracious to his soul,—his better
thoughts returned,
And better aims with better thoughts, his holy walk of
old.
Sickened of style, and ostentation, and the dissipative
fashions of society,
He deserted from the ranks of Mammon, and renewed
his allegiance to God :
For he found that the praises of men, and all that gold
can give,
Are not worthy to be named, against godliness and calm
contentment.

Of Life.

A child was playing in a garden, a merry little child,
 Bounding with triumphant health, and full of happy
 fancies;
 His kite was floating in the sunshine,—but he tied the
 string to a twig
 And ran among the roses to catch a new-born butterfly;
 His horn-book lay upon a bank, but the pretty truant
 hid it,
 Buried up in gathered grass, and moss, and sweet wild-
 thyme;
 He launched a paper boat upon the fountain, then
 wayward turned aside,
 To twine some fragrant jessamines about the dripping
 marble:
 So, in various pastime shadowing the schemes of man-
 hood,
 That curly-headed boy consumed the golden hours:

And I blessed his glowing face, envying the merry little child,

As he shouted with the ecstasy of being, clapping his hands for joyfulness :

For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is happiness and hope,

Thy days are bright, thy flowers are sweet, and pleasure the condition of thy gift.

A youth was walking in the moonlight, walking not alone,

For a fair and gentle maid leant on his trembling arm :

Their whispering was still of beauty, and the light of love was in their eyes,

Their twin young hearts had not a thought unwowed to love and beauty :

The stars and the sleeping world, and the guardian eye of God,

The murmur of the distant waterfall, and nightingales warbling in the thicket,

Sweet speech of years to come, and promises of fondest hope,

And more, a present gladness in each other's trust,

All these fed their souls with the hidden manna of affection,

While their faces shone beatified in the radiance of reflected Eden :

I gazed on that fond youth, and coveted his heart,

Attuned to holiest symphonies, with music in its strings :

For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is love and beauty,

Thy joys are full, thy looks most fair, thy feelings pure
and sensitive.

A man sat beside his merchandize, a careworn altered
man,

His waking hope, his nightly fear, were money, and its
losses :

Rarely was the laugh upon his cheek, except in bitter
scorn

For his foolishness of heart, and the lie of its romance,
counting Love a treasure.

His talk is of stern Reality, chilling unimaginative
facts,

The dull material accidents of this sensual body ;

Lucreless honour were contemptible, impoverished affec-
tion but a pauper's riches,

Duty, struggling unrewarded, the bargain of a cheated
fool :

The market value of a fancy must be measured by the
gain it bringeth,

No man is fed or clothed by fame, or love, or duty :—

So toiled he day by day, that cold and joyless man,

I gazed upon his haggard face, and sorrowed for the
change :

For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is care and weariness,

Thy soil is parched, thy winds are fierce, and the suns
above thee hardening.

A withered elder lay upon his bed, a desolate man and
feeble :

His thoughts were of the past, the early past, the bye
gone days of youth :

Bitterly repented he the years stolen by the god of this
world :

Remembering the maiden of his love, and the heart-
stricken wife of his selfishness.

For the sunshiny morning of his life came again to him a
vivid truth,

But the years of toil as a long dim dream, a cloudy
blighted noon :

He saw the nutting schoolboy, but forgot the speculative
merchant ;

The callous calculating husband was shamed by the
generous lover :

He knew that the weeds of worldliness, and the smoky
breath of Mammon

Had choked and killed those tender shoots, his yearnings
after honour and affection ;

So was he sick at heart, and my pity strove to cheer him,
But a deep and dismal gulph lay between comfort and
his soul.

Then I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is vanity and
sorrow,

Thy storms at noon are many, and thine eventide is
clouded by remorse.

Now, when I thought upon these things, my heart was
grieved within me :

I wept, with bitterness of speech, and these were the
words of my complaining :

“ Wherefore then must happiness and love wither into
care and vanity,—

Wherefore is the bud so beautiful, but flower and fruit
so blighted?

Hard is the lot of man; to be lured by the meteor of
romance,

Only to be snared, and to sink, in the turbid mudpool
of reality."

Suddenly, a light,—and a rushing presence,—and a
consciousness of Something near me,—

I trembled, and listened, and prayed: then I knew the
Angel of Life:

Vague, and dimly visible, mine eye could not behold
Him,

As, calmly unimpassioned, He looked upon an erring
creature;

Unseen, my spirit apprehended Him; though He spake
not, yet I heard:

For a sympathetic communing with Him flashed upon
my mind electric.

Pensioner of God, be grateful; the gift of Life is good:
The life of heart, and life of soul, mingled with life for
the body.

Gladness and beauty are its just inheritance,—the beauty
thou hast counted for romance:

And guardian spirits weep that selfishness and sorrow
should destroy it.

Thou hast seen the natural blessing marred into a curse
by man;

Come then, in favour will I show thee the proper ex-
cellence of life.

Keep thou purity, and watch against suspicion,—love
shall never perish;

Guard thine innocence spotless, and the buoyancy of
childhood shall remain.

Sweet ideals feed the soul, thoughts of loveliness delight
it,

The chivalrous affection of uncalculating youth lacketh
not honourable wisdom.

Charge not folly on invisibles, that render thee happier
and purer,

The fair frail visions of Romance have a use beyond the
maxims of the Real.

Behold a patriarch of years, who leaneth on the staff of
religion ;

His heart is fresh, quick to feel, a bursting fount of
generosity :

He, playful in his wisdom, is gladdened in his children's
gladness,

He, pure in his experience, loveth in his son's first
love :

Lofty aspirations, deep affections, holy hopes are his
delight ;

His abhorrence is to strip from Life its charitable gar-
ment of Idea.

The cold and callous sneerer, who heedeth of the merely
practical,

And mocketh at good uses in imaginary things, that man
is his scorn :

The hard unsympathizing modern, filled with facts and
figures,

Cautious, and coarse, and materialized in mind, that man
is his pity.

Passionate thirst for gain never hath burnt within his
bosom,

The leaden chains of that dull lust have not bound him
prisoner:

The shrewd world laughed at him for honesty, the vain
world mouthed at him for honour,

The false world hated him for truth, the cold world de-
spised him for affection :

Still, he kept his treasure, the warm and noble heart,
And in that happy wise old man survive the child and
lover.

For human Life is as Chian wine, flavoured unto him
who drinketh it,

Delicate fragrance comforting the soul, as needful sub-
stance for the body :

Therefore, see thou art pure and guileless ; so shall thy
Realities of Life

Be sweetened, and tempered, and gladdened by the
wholesome spirit of Romance.

Dost thou live, man, dost thou live,—or only breathe
and labour?

Art thou free, or enslaved to a routine, the daily machi-
nery of habit?

For one man is quickened into Life, where thousands
exist as in a torpor,

Feeding, toiling, sleeping, an insensate weary round :

The plough, or the ledger, or the trade, with animal cares
and indolence,

Make the mass of vital years a heavy lump unleavened.

Drowsily lie down in thy dullness, fettered with the irons
of circumstance,

Thou wilt not wake to think and feel a minute in a
month.

The epitome of common life is seen in the common
epitaph,
Born on such a day, and dead on such another, with an
interval of threescore years.
For time hath been wasted on the senses, to the hourly
diminishing of spirit :
Lean is the soul and pineth, in the midst of abundance
for the body :
He forgot the worlds to which he tended, and a creature's
true nobility,
Nor wished that hope and wholesome fear should stir
him from his hardened satisfaction.
And this is death in life ; to be sunk beneath the waters
of the Actual,
Without one feebly-struggling sense of an airier spiritual
realm :
Affection, fancy, feeling—dead ; imagination, conscience,
faith,
All wilfully expunged, till they leave the man mere
carcase.
See thou livest, whiles thou art : for heart must live, and
soul,
But care and sloth and sin and self, combine to kill that
life.
A man will grow to an automaton, an appendage to the
counter or the desk,
If mind and spirit be not roused, to raise the plodding
groveller.
Then praise God for sabbaths, for books, and dreams,
and pains,
For the recreative face of nature, and the kindling
charities of home ;

And remember, thou that labourest,—thy leisure is not
loss,
If it help to expose and undermine that solid falsehood,
the Material.

Life is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers;
Lightsome at commencement, but darkening to its end
in a distant massy portal.
It beginneth as a little path, edged with the violet and
primrose,
A little path of lawny grass, and soft to tiny feet:
Soon, spring thistles in the way, those early griefs of
school,
And fruit-trees ranged on either hand show holiday de-
lights:
Anon, the rose and the mimosa hint at sensitive affec-
tion,
And vipers hide among the grass, and briars are woven
in the hedges:
Shortly, staked along in order, stand the tender sap-
lings,
While hollow hemlock and tall ferns fill the frequent
interval:
So advancing, quaintly mixed, majestic line the way
Sturdy oaks, and vigorous elms, the beech and forest-
pine:
And here the road is rough with rocks, wide, and scant
of herbage,
The sun is hot in heaven, and the ground is cleft and
parched:
And many-times a hollow trunk, decayed, or lightning-
scathed,

Or in its deadly solitude, the melancholy upas ;
But soon, with closer ranks, are set the sentinel trees,
And darker shadows hover amongst Autumn's mellow
tints ;
Ever and anon, a holly,—junipers, and cypresses, and
yews ;
The soil is damp ; the air is chill ; night cometh on
apace :
Speed to the portal, traveller,—lo, there is a moon,
With smiling light to guide thee safely through the
dreadful shade :
Hark,—that hollow knock,—behold, the warder openeth,
The gate is gaping, and for thee ;—those are the jaws of
Death !

Of Death.

Keep silence, daughter of frivolity,—for Death is in that chamber !

Startle not with echoing sound the strangely solemn peace.

Death is here in spirit, watcher of a marble corpse,—
That eye is fixed, that heart is still,—how dreadful in its stillness !

Death, new tenant of the house, pervadeth all the fabric,
He waiteth at the head, and he standeth at the feet, and hideth in the caverns of the breast :

Death, subtle leech, hath anatomized soul from body,
Dissecting well in every nerve its spirit from its substance :

Death, rigid lord, hath claimed the heriot clay,
While joyously the youthful soul hath gone to take his heritage :

Death, cold usurer, hath seized his bonded debtor ;
Death, savage despot, hath caught his forfeit serf ;

Death, blind foe, wreaketh petty vengeance on the
flesh ;

Death, fell cannibal, gloateth on his victim,
And carrieth it with him to the grave, that dismal banquet-hall,

Where in foul state the Royal Goul holdeth secret
orgies.

Hide it up, hide it up, draw the decent curtain :

Hence ! curious fool, and pry not on corruption :

For the fearful mysteries of change are being there
enacted,

And many actors play their part on that small stage, the
tomb.

Leave the clay, that leprous thing, touch not the fleshly
garment :

Dust to dust, it mingleth well among the sacred soil :

It is scattered by the winds, it is wafted by the waves, it
mixeth with herbs and cattle,

But God hath watched those morsels, and hath guided
them in care ;

Each waiting soul must claim his own, when the arch-
angel soundeth,

And all the fields, and all the hills, shall move a mass of
life ;

Bodies numberless crowding on the land, and covering
the trampled sea,

Darkening the air precipitate, and gathered scatheless
from the fire ;

The Himalayan peaks shall yield their charge, and the
desolate steppes of Siberia,

The Maelström disengulph its spoil, and the iceberg
manumit its captive :

All shall teem with life, the converging fragments of
humanity,

Till every conscious essence greet his individual frame ;
For in some dignified similitude, alike, yet different in
glory,

This body shall be shaped anew, fit dwelling for the
soul :

The hovel hath grown to a palace, the bulb hath burst
into the flower,

Matter hath put on incorruption, and is at peace with
spirit.

Æmen,—and so it shall be :—but now, the scene is
drear,—

Yea, though promises and hope strive to cheat its sad-
ness ;

Full of grief, though faith herself is strong to speed the
soul,

For the partner of its toil is left behind to endure an
ordeal of change.

Dear partner, dear and frail, my loved though humble
home,—

Should I cast thee off without a pang, as a garment
flung aside ?

Many years, for joy and sorrow, have I dwelt in thee,
How shall I be reckless of thy weal, nor hope for thy
perfection ?—

This also, He that lent thee for my uses in mortality,
Shall well fulfil with boundless praise on that returning
day :

Behold, thou shalt be glorified : thou, mine abject
friend,

And should I meanly scorn thy state, until it rise to
greatness ?

Far be it, O my soul, from thine expectant essence,
To be heedless, if indignity or folly desecrate those thine
ashes :

Keep them safe with careful love ; and let the mound be
holy ;

And, thou that passest by, revere the waiting dead.

Naples sitteth by the sea, keystone of an arch of azure,
Crowned by consenting nations peerless queen of
gaiety :

She laugheth at the wrath of Ocean, she mocketh the
fury of Vesuvius,

She spurneth disease and misery and famine, that crowd
her sunny streets :

The giddy dance, the merry song, the festal glad pro-
cession,

The noonday slumber and the midnight serenade,—all
these make up her Life :

Her Life ?—and what her Death ?—look we to the end
of life,—

Solon, and Tellus the Athenian, wisely have ye pointed
to the grave.

For behold yon dreary precinct,—those hundreds of
stone wells,

A pit for a day, a pit for a day,—a pit to be sealed for a
year :

And in the gloom of night, they raise the year-closed
lid,—

Look in,—for gnawing lime hath half consumed the
carcasses ;

Thus they hurl the daily dead into that horrible pit,
The dead that only died this day,—as unconsidered
offal !

There, a stark white heap, unwept, unloved, uncared
for,

Old men and maidens, young men and infants, mingle
in hideous corruption ;

Fling in the gnawing lime,—seal up the charnel for a
year ;

For lo, a morrow's dawn hath tinged the mountain sum-
mit.

O fair false city, thou gay and gilded harlot,

Woe, for thy wanton heart, woe, for thy wicked hard-
ness :

Woe unto thee, that the lightsomeness of Life, beneath
Italian suns,

Should meet the solemnity of Death, in a sepulchre so
foul and fearful.

For that, even to the best, the wise and pure and pious,
Death, repulsive king, thine iron rule is terrible :

Yea, and even at the best, in company of buried kin-
dred,

With hallowing rites, and friendly tears, and the dear
old country church,

Death, cold and lonely, thy frigid face is hateful,

The bravest look on thee with dread, the humblest curse
thy coming.

Still, ye unwise among mankind, your foolishness hath
added fears ;

The crowded cemetery, the catacomb of bones, the pestilential vault,
With fancy's gliding ghost at eve, her moans and flaky footfalls,
And the gibbering train of terror to fright your coward hearts.
We speak not here of sin, nor the phantoms of a bloody conscience,
Nor of solaces, and merciful pardon : we heed but the inevitable grave ;
The grave, that wage of guilt, that due return to dust,
The grave, that goal of earth, and starting-post for Heaven.

Plant it with laurels, sprinkle it with lilies, set it upon yonder dewy hill
Midst holy prayers, and generous griefs, and consecrating blessings :
Let Sophocles sleep among his ivy, green perennial garlands,
Let olives shade their Virgil, and roses bloom above Corinne ;
To his foster-mother, Ocean, entrust the mariner in hope ;
The warrior's spirit, let it rise on high from the flaming fragrant pyre.
But heap not coffins and corruption to infect the mass of living,
Nor steal from odious realities the charitable poetry of Death :
It is wise to gild uncomeliness, it is wise to mask necessity,

It is wise from cheerful sights and sounds to draw their
gentle uses :

Hide the facts, the bitter facts, the foul, and fearful
facts,

Tend the body well in hope, this were praise and wis-
dom :

But to plunge in gloom the parting soul, that hath loved
its clay tenement so long,

This were vanity and folly, the counsel of moroseness
and despair.

Not thus, the Scythian of old time welcomed Death with
songs ;

Not thus, the shrewd Egyptian decorated Death with
braveries ;

Not thus, on his funeral tower sleepeth the sun-worship-
ping Parsee ;

Not thus, the Moslem saint lieth in his arabesque mau-
soleum ;

Not thus, the wild red Indian, hunter of the far Mis-
souri,

In flowering trees hath nested up his forest-loving
ancestry ;

Not thus, the Switzer mountaineer scattereth ribboned
garlands

About the rustic cross that halloweth the bed of his be-
loved ;

Not thus, the village maiden wisheth she may die in
spring,

With store of violets and cowslips to be sprinkled on
her snow-white shroud ;

Not thus, the dying poet asketh a cheerful grave,—

Lay him in the sunshine, friends, nor sorrow that a
Christian hath departed !

Dea ; it is the poetry of Death, an Orpheus gladdening
Hadës,
To care with mindful love for all so dear—and dead ;
To think of them in hope, to look for them in joy, and—
but for its simple vanity,—
To pray with all the earnestness of nature for souls who
cannot change.
For the tree is felled, and boughed, and bare, and the
Measurer standeth with His line ;
The chance is gone for ever, and is past the reach of
prayer :
For men and angels, good and ill, have rendered all
their witness ;
The trial is over, the jury are gone in, and none can now
be heard ;
Well are they agreed upon the verdict, just, and fixt,
and final,
And the sentence showeth clear, before the Judge hath
spoken :
Now,—while resting matter is at peace within the
tomb,
The conscious spirit watcheth in unspeakable suspense
Racked with a fearful looking-forward, or blissfully
feeding on the foretaste,
Waiting souls in eager expectation pass the solemn in-
terval :
They slumber not at death, but awaken, quickened to
the terrors of the judgment ;
They lie not insensate among darkness, but exult, look-
ing forward to the light :
Idiotcy, brightening on the instant, when that veil is
torn,

Is grateful that his torpor here hath left him as an innocent :

The young child, stricken as he played, and guileless babes unborn,

Freed from fetters of the flesh, burst into mind immediate :

Madness judgeth wisely, and the visions of the lunatic are gone,

And each hasteneth to praise the mercy that made him irresponsible.

For the soul is one, though manifold in act, working the machinery of brain,

Reason, fancy, conscience, passion, are but varying phases ;

If, in God's wise purpose, the machine were shattered or confused,

Still is soul the same, though it exhibit with a difference :

Therefore, dissipate the brain, and set its inmate free,

Behold, the maniacs and embryos stand in their place intelligent.

That solvent eateth away all dross, leaving the gold intact :

Matter lingereth in the retort, spirit hath flown to the receiver :

And lo, that recipient of the spirits, it is some aerial world,

An oasis midway on the desert space, separating earth from heaven,

A prison-house for essences incorporate, a limbus vague and wide,

Tartarus for evil, and Paradise for good, that intermediate Hadës.

☉ Death, what art thou? a Lawgiver that never altereth,
Fixing the consummating seal, whereby the deeds of life
become established :

O Death, what art thou? a stern and silent usher,
Leading to the judgment for Eternity, after the trial-
scene of Time :

O Death, what art thou? an Husbandman, that reapeth
always,
Out of season, as in season, with the sickle in his
hand :

O Death, what art thou? the shadow unto every sub-
stance,

In the bower as in the battle, haunting night and day :

O Death, what art thou? Nurse of dreamless slumbers
Freshening the fevered flesh to a wakefulness eternal :

O Death, what art thou? strange and solemn Alchy-
mist,

Elaborating life's elixir from these clayey crucibles :

O Death, what art thou? Antitype of Nature's mar-
vels,

The seed and dormant chrysalis bursting into energy
and glory. •

Thou calm safe anchorage for the shattered hulls of
men,—

Thou spot of gelid shade, after the hot-breathed de-
sert,—

Thou silent waiting-hall, where Adam meeteth with his
children,—

How full of dread, how full of hope, loometh inevitable
Death :

Of dread, for all have sinned; of hope, for One hath
saved ;

The dread is drowned in joy, the hope is filled with immortality!

—Pass along, pilgrim of life, go to thy grave unfearing,

The terrors are but shadows now, that haunt the vale of Death.

Of Immortality.

Gird up thy mind to contemplation, trembling inhabitant of earth ;

Tenant of a hovel for a day,—thou art heir of the universe for ever !

For, neither congealing of the grave, nor gulphing waters of the firmament,

Nor expansive airs of heaven, nor dissipative fires of Gehenna,

Nor rust of rest, nor wear, nor waste, nor loss, nor chance, nor change,

Shall avail to quench or overwhelm the spark of soul within thee !

Thou art an imperishable leaf on the evergreen bay-tree of Existence ;

A word from Wisdom's mouth, that cannot be unspoken ;

A ray of Love's own light ; a drop in Mercy's sea ;

A creature, marvellous and fearful, begotten by the fiat
of Omnipotence.

I, that speak in weakness, and ye, that hear in charity,
Shall not cease to live and feel, though flesh must see
corruption ;

For the prison-gates of matter shall be broken, and the
shackled soul go free,

Free, for good or ill, to satisfy its appetite for ever :

For ever,—dreadful doom, to be hurried on eternally to
evil,—

For ever,—happy fate, to ripen into perfectness—for
ever !

And is there a thought within thy heart, O slave of sin
and fear,

A black and harmful hope, that erring spirit dieth ?

That primal disobedience hath ensured the death of
soul,

And separate evil sealed it thine—thy curse, Annihila-
tion ?

Heed thou this ; there is a Sacrifice ; the Maker is Re-
deemer of His creature ;

Freely unto each, universally to all, is restored the privi-
lege of essence :

Whether unto grace or guilt, all must live through Him,
Live in vital joy, or live in dying woe :

Death in Adam, Life in Christ : the curse hung upon
the cross :

Who art thou that heedest of redemption, as narrower
than the fall ?

All were dead,—He died for all ; that living, they might
love ;

If living souls withhold their love,—still, He hath died
for them.

Eve stole the knowledge ; Christ gave the life :

Knowledge and life are the perquisites of soul, the privilege of Man :

Mercy stepped between and stayed the double theft ;

God gave ; and giving, bought ; and buying, asketh
love :

And in such asking rendereth bliss, to all that hear and
answer,

For love with life is heaven ; and life unloving, hell.

Creature of God, His will is for thy weal, eternally progressing ;

Fear not to trust a Maker's love, nor a Saviour's ransom :

He drank for all,—for thee, and me,—the poison of our
deeds ;

We shall not die, but live,—and, of His grace, we love.

For, in the mysteries of Mercy, the One fore-knowing
Spirit

Outstrippeth reason's halting choice, and winneth men
to Him :

Who shall sound the depths ? who shall reach the
heights ?

Freedom, in the gyves of fate ; and sovereignty, reconciled with justice.

If then, as annihilate by sin, the soul was ever forfeit,

Godhead paid the mighty price, the pledge hath been
redeemed :

He from the waters of Oblivion raised the drowning
race,

Lifting them even to Himself, the baseless Rock of
Ages.

None can escape from Adam's guilt, or second Adam's
guerdon :

Sin and death are thine ; thine also is interminable
being :

Let it be even as thou wilt, still are we ransomed from
nonentity,

The worlds of bliss and woe are peopled with immor-
tals :

And ruin is thy blame ; for thou, the worst, art free
To take from Heaven the grace of love, as the gift of
life :

Yet is not remedy thy praise ; for thou, the best, art
bound

In self, and sin, and darkling sloth, until He break the
chain :

None can tell, without a struggle, if that chain be
broken ;

Strive to-day,—one effort more may prove that thou art
free !

Here is faith and prayer, here is the Grace and the
Atonement,

Here is the creature feeling for its God, and the prodigal
returning to his Father.

But, behold, His reascnable children, standing in just
probation,

With ears to hear, neglect ; with eyes to see, refuse :

They will not have the blessing with the life, the bless-
ing that enricheth immortality ;

And look for pleasures out of God, for heaven in life
alone ;

So, they snatch that awful prize, existence void of love,
And in their darkening exile make a needful hell of self.

Therefore fear, thou sinner, lest the huge blessing, Im-
mortality,

Be blighted in thine evil to a curse,—it were better he
had not been born :

Therefore hope, thou saint, for the gift of Immortality is
free ;

Take and live, and live in love ; fear not, thou art re-
deemed !

The happy life, that height of hope, the knowledge of all
good,

This is the blessing on obedience, obedience the child of
faith ;

The miserable life, that depth of all despair, the know-
ledge of all evil,

This is the curse upon impenitence, impenitence that
sprung of unbelief.

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love in all He doeth,
Love, a brilliant fire, to gladden or consume :

The wicked work their woe by looking upon love, and
hating it :

The righteous find their joys in yearning on its loveliness
for ever.

Who shall imagine Immortality, or picture its illimit-
able prospect ?

How feebly can a faltering tongue express the vast idea !
For consider the primæval woods that bristle over broad
Australia,

And count their autumn leaves, millions multiplied by
millions ;

Thence look up to a moonless sky from a sleeping isle of
the Ægæan,
And add to these leaves yon starry host, sparkling on
the midnight numberless ;
Thence traverse an Arabia, some continent of eddying
sand,
Gather each grain, let none escape, add them to the
leaves and to the stars ;
Afterward gaze upon the sea, the thousand leagues of an
Atlantic,
Take drop by drop, and add their sum, to the grains,
and leaves, and stars ;
The drops of ocean, the desert sands, the leaves, and
stars innumerable,
(Albeit, in that multitude of multitudes, each small unit
were an age,)
All might reckon for an instant, a transient flash of
Time,
Compared with this intolerable blaze, the measureless
enduring of Eternity !

☉ grandest gift of the Creator,—O largess worthy of a
God,—
Who shall grasp that thrilling thought, life and joy for
ever ?
For the sun in heaven's heaven is Love that cannot
change,
And the shining of that sun is life, to all beneath its
beams :
Who shall arrest it in the firmament,—or drag it from
its sphere ?
Or bid its beauty smile no more, but be extinct for ever ?

Yea, where God hath given, none shall take away,
Nor build up limits to His love, nor bid His bounty
cease ;

Wide, as space is peopled, endless as the empire of
heaven,

The river of the water of life floweth on in majesty for
ever !

Why should it seem a thing impossible to thee, O man
of many doubts,

That God shall wake the dead, and give this mortal im-
mortality ?

Is it that such riches are unsearchable, the bounty too
profuse ?

And yet, what gift, to cease or change, is worthy of the
King Almighty ?

For remember the moment thou art not, thou mightest
as well not have been ;

A millennium and an hour are equal in the gulph of
that desolate abyss, annihilation :

If Adam had existed till to-day, and to-day had perished
utterly,

What were his gain in length of a life, that hath passed
away for ever ?

No tribute of thanks can exhale from the empty censer
of nonentity :

The Giver, with His gift reclaimed, is mulcted of all
praise.

Tell me, ye that strive in vain to cramp and dwarf the
soul,

Wherefore should it cease to be, and when shall essence
die ?

It is,—and therefore shall be,—till just obstacle op-
poseth :

Show no cause for change, and reason leaneth to con-
tinuance.

The body verily shall change ; this curious house we
live in

Never had continuing stay, but changeth every instant :
But the spiritual tenant of the house abideth in unalter-
able consciousness,

He may fly to many lands, but cannot flee himself.

The soil wherein ye drop the seed, by suns or rains may
vary ;

But the seed is the same ; and soul is the seed ; and flesh
but its anchorage to earth.

The machine may be broken, and rust corrode the
springs : but can rust feed on motion ?

Worms may batten on the brain : but can worms gnaw
the mind ?

Dynamics are, and dwell apart, though matter be not
made ;

Spirit is, and can be separate, though a body were not :
Power is one, be it lever, screw, or wedge ; but it
needeth these for illustration :

Mind is one, be it causal or ideal ; but it is shown in
these.

The creature is constructed individual, for trial of his
reasonable will,

Clay and soul, commingled wisely, mingled not con-
fused :

As power is not in the spring, till somewhat give it
action,

So, until spirit be infused, the organism lieth inergetic.

Or shalt thou say that mind is the delicate offspring of
matter,

The bright consummate flower that must perish with its
leaf?

Go to : doth weight breed lightness ? is freedom the
atmosphere of prisons ?

When did the body elevate, expand, and bud the mind ?

Lo, a red-hot cinder flung from the furnaces of *Ætna*,

There is fire in that ash ; but did the pumice make it ?

Nay, cold clod, never canst thou generate a flame,

Nay, most exquisite machinery, never-more elaborate a
mind ;

Rather do ye battle and contend, opposite the one to the
other ;

Till God shall stop the strife, and call the body col-
league.

Garment of flesh, and art thou then a vest, so tinged
with subtle poison,

(Maddening tunic of the centaur,) as to kill the soul ?

Not so : fruit of disobedience, rot in dissolution, as thou
must,—

The seed is in the core, its germ is safe, and life is in
that germ :

Moreover, Marah shall be sweetened : and a Good Phy-
sician

Yet shall heal those gangrene wounds, the spotted plague
of sin :

He, through worldly trials, and the separative cleansing
of the grave,
Shall change its corruptible to glory, and wash that garment white.

Still, is the whisper in thy heart, that oftenest the bed of
death

Seemeth but a sluggish ebb, of sinking soul and body ?
Mind dwelling, long-time, sensual in the chambers of the
flesh,

May slumber on in conscious sloth, and wilfully be
dulled :

But is it therefore nigh to dissolution, even as the body
of this death ?

Ask the stricken conscience, gasping out its terrors ;

Ask the dying miser, loth to leave his gold ;

Ask the widowed poor, confiding her fatherless to strangers ;

Ask the martyr-maid, a broken reed so strong,

That weak and tortured frame, with triumph on its
brow !—

O thou gainsayer, the finger of disease may seem to reach
the soul,

But it is a spiritual touch, sympathy with that which
aileth :

Pain or fear may dislocate and shatter this delicate machinery of nerves ;

But madness proveth mind : the fault is in the engine,
not the impetus :

Dissipate the mists of matter, lo, the soul is clear :

Timour's cage bowed it in the dust ; but now it goeth
forth a freedman.

Yet more, there is reason in moralities, that the soul
must live;
If God be king in heaven, or have care for earth.
Can wickedness have triumphed with impunity, or virtue
toiled unseen?
Shall cruelty torture unavenged, and the innocent com-
plain unheard?
Is there no recompense for woe,—must there be no other
world for justice, —
No hope in setting suns of good, nor terror for the evil
at its zenith?
How shall ye make answer unto this; a just God pros-
pering iniquity,
Wisdom encouraging the foolish, and Goodness abetting
the depraved!

Yet again; mine erring brother, pardon this abundance
of my speech,
Yield me thy candour and thy charity, listening with a
welcome:
For, even now, a thousand thoughts are trooping to my
theme;
O mighty theme, O feeble thoughts! Alas! who is suffi-
cient?
Judge not so high a cause by these poor words alone,
For lo, the advocate hath little skill: pardon, and pass
on:
Certify thyself with surer proofs; fledge thine own mind
for flight;
Think, and pray; those better proofs shall follow on
with holy aspiration.
Yet in my humbler grade to help thy weal and comfort.

Thy weal for this and higher worlds, and comfort in thy
 sickness,
 Suffer the multitude of fancies, walking with me still in
 love ;
 But tread in fear, it is holy ground,—remember, Immor-
 tality !

Wilt thou argue from infirmities, thine abject evil
 state,
 As how should stricken wretched man indeed exist for
 ever :
 The brutal and besotted, the savage and the slave, the
 sucking infant and the idiot,
 The mass of mean and common minds, and all to be im-
 mortal ?—
 Consider every beginning, how small it is and feeble :
 Ganges, and the rolling Mississippi sprung of brooks
 among the mountains ;
 The Yew-tree of a thousand years was once a little
 seed ;
 And Nero's marble Rome, a shepherd's mudbuilt
 hovel :
 A speck is on the tropic sky, and it groweth to the ter-
 rible tornado ;
 An apple, all too fair to see, destroyed a world of souls :
 A tender babe is born,—it is Attila, scourge of the
 nations !
 A seeming malefactor dieth,—it is Jesus, the Saviour of
 men !

And hie not in thy thoughts the vain and wordy
 notion

That nothing which was born in Time can tire out the
footsteps of Infinity :

Reckon up a sum in numbers ; where shall progression
stop ?

The starting-post is definite and fixed, but what is the
goal of numeration ?

So, begin upon a moment, and when shall being end ?

Souls emanate from God, to travel with Him equally for
ever.

Moreover, thou that objectest the unenterable circle of
eternity,

That none but He from everlasting can endure, as to a
future everlasting,

Consider, may it be impossible that creatures were
counted in their Maker,

And so, that the confines of Eternity are filled by God
alone ?

Trust not thy soul upon a fancy : who would freight a
bubble with a diamond,

And launch that priceless gem on the boiling rapids of
a cataract ?

If then we perish not at death, but walk in spirit through
the darkness,

Waiting for a mansion incorruptible, whereof this body
is the seed,

Tell me, when shall be the period ? time and its ordeals
are done :

The storms are passed, the night is at end, behold the
Sabbath morning.

Is death to be conqueror again, and claim once more the
victory,—

Can the enemy's corpse awaken into life, and bruise the
Champion's head?

Evil, terrible ensample, that foil to the attributes of
Good,

Is banished to its own black world, weeded out of earth
and heaven :

Shall that great gulf be passed, and sin be sown again?

We know but this, the book of truth proclaimeth
gladly, Never!

There remaineth the will of our God : when He re-
penteth of His creature,

Made by self-suggested mercy, ransomed by self-sacri-
ficing justice,—

When Truth, that swore unto his neighbour, disap-
pointeth him, and cleaveth to a lie,—

When the counsels of Wisdom are confounded, and
Love warreth with itself,—

When the Unchangeable is changed, and the arm of
Omnipotence is broken,—

Then,—thy quenchless soul shall have reached the goal
of its existence.

But it seemeth to thy notions of the merciful and just,
a false and fearful thing,

To lay such a burden upon time, that eternity be built
on its foundation :

if so casual good or ill should colour all the future,
And the vanity of accident, or sternness of necessity,
save or wreck a soul.

Were it casual, vain, or stern, this might pass for
truth :

But all things are marshalled by Design, and carefully
tended by Benevolence.

O man, thy Judge is righteous,—noting, remembering,
and weighing;—

Want, ignorance, diversities of state, are cast into the
balance of advantage :

The poisonous example of a parent asketh for allowance
in the child ;

Care, diseases, toils, and frailties,—all things are consi-
dered.

And again, a mysterious Omniscience knoweth the
spirits that are His,

While the delicate tissues of Event are woven by the
fingers of Ubiquity.

Should Providence be taken by surprise from the pos-
sible impinging of an accident,

One fortuitous grain might dislocate the banded
universe :

The merest seeming trifle is ordered as the morning
light ;

And He, that rideth on the hurricane, is pilot of the
bubble on the breaker.

Once more, consider Matter, how small a thing is father
to the greatest ;

Thou that lightly hast regarded the results of so-called
accident.

A blade of grass took fire in the sun,—and the prairies
are burnt to the horizon :

A grain of sand may blind the eye, and madden the
brain to murder :

A careful fly deposited its egg in the swelling bud of an
acorn,—

The sapling grew,—cankrous and gnarled,—it is yonder
hollow oak :

A child touched a spring, and the spring closed a valve,
and the labouring engine burst,—

A thousand lives were in that ship,—wrecked by an in-
fant's finger !

Shall nature preach in vain ? thy casualty, guided in its
orbit,

Though less than a mote upon the sunbeam, saileth in a
fleet of worlds ;

That trivial cause, watered and observed of the Husband-
man day by day,

In calm undeviating strength doth work its large effect.

Thus, in the pettiness of life note thou seeds of gran-
deur,

And watch the hour-glass of Time with the eyes of an
heir of Immortality.

There still be clouds of witnesses,—if thou art not weary
of my speech,—

Flocks of thoughts adding lustre to the light, and point-
ing on to Life.

For reflect how Truth and Goodness, well and wisely put,
Commend themselves to every mind with wondrous in-
tuition :

What is this ? the recognition of a standard, unwritten,
natural, uniform ;

Telling of one common source, the root of Good and
True.

And if thus present soul can trace descent from Deity,

Being, as it standeth, individual, a separate reasonable
thing,

What should hinder that its hope may not trace gladly
forward,

And, in astounding parallel, like Enoch walk with God?

Yea, the genealogy of soul, that vivifying breath of a
Creator,

Breath, no transient air, but essence, energy, and rea-
son,

Is looming on the past, and shadowing the future, sub-
limely as Melchisedek of old,

Having not beginning, nor end of days, but present in
the majesty of Peace!

☞ false scholar, credulous in vanities, and only sceptical
of truth,

Wherefore toil to cheat thy soul of its birthright, Im-
mortality?

Is it for thy guilt? He pardoneth: Is it for thy frailty?
He will help:

Though thou fearest, He is love; and Mercy shall be
deeper than Despair:

Even for thy full-blown pride, is it much to be receiver
of a God?

And lo, thy rights, He made thee; thy claims, He hath
redeemed.

Hath the fair aspect of affection no beauty that thou
shouldst desire it?

And are those sorrows nothing, to thee that passest by?

For it is Fact, immutable, that God hath dwelt in
Man:

With gentle generous love ennobling while He bought us.

What, though thou art false, ignorant, weak and
daring,—

Can the sun be quenched in heaven—or only Belisarius
be blind?

But, even stooping to thy folly, grant all these hopes are
vain ;

Stultify reason, wrestle against conscience, and wither up
the heart :

Where is thy vast advantage?—I have all that thou
hast,

The buoyancy of life as strong, and term of days no
shorter ;

My cup is full with gladness, my griefs are not more
galling ;

And thus, we walk together, even to the gates of
death :

There, (if not also on my journey, blessing every step,
Gladdening with light, and quickening with love, and
killing all my cares,)

There,—while thou art quailing, or sullenly expecting to
be nothing,—

There,—is found my gain ; I triumph where thou trem-
blest.

Grant all my solace is a lie, yet it is a fountain of delight,
A spice in every pleasure, and a balm for every pain :

O precious wise delusion, scattering both misery and
sin,—

O vile and silly truth, depraving while it curseth !

Darkling child of knowledge, commune with Socrates
and Cicero,

They had no prejudice of birth, no dull parental warpings ;

See, those lustrous minds anticipate the dawning day,—
Whilst thou, poor mole, art burrowing back to darkness
from the light.

I will not urge a revelation, mercies, miracles, and
martyrs,

But, after twice a thousand years, go, learn thou of the
pagan :

It were happier and wiser even among fools, to cling to
the shadow of a hope,

Than, in the company of sages, to win the substance of
despair ;

But here, the sages hope ; despair is with the fools,

The base bad hearts, the stolid heads, the sensual and
the selfish.

And wilt thou, sorry scorner, mock the phrase, despair ?

Despair for those who die and live,—for me, I live and
die :

What have I to do with dread?—my taper must go
out ;—

I nurse no silly hopes, and therefore feel no fears ;

I am hastening to an End.—O false and feeble answer :

For hope is in thee still, and fear, a racking deep
anxiety.

Erring brother, listen : and take thine answer from
the ancients :

Consider every end, that it is but the end of a begin
ning.

All things work in circles ; weariness induceth unto
rest,

Rest invigorateth labour, and labour causeth weariness :
 War produceth peace, and peace is wanton unto war :
 Light dieth into darkness, and night dawneth into
 day :

The rotting jungle reeds scatter fertility around ;
 The buffalo's dead carcass hath quickened life in mil-
 lions :

The end of toil is gain, the end of gain is pleasure,
 Pleasure tendeth unto waste, and waste commandeth
 toil.

So, is death an end,—but it breedeth an infinite begin-
 ning ;

Limits are for time, and death killed time ; Eternity's
 beginning is for ever.

Ambition, hath it any goal indeed ? is not all fruition,
 disappointment ?

A step upon the ladder, and another, and another,—we
 start from every end ?

Look to the eras of mortality, babe, student, man,
 The husband, the father, the death-bed of a saint,—and
 is it then an end ?

That common climax, Death, shall it lead to nothing ?
 How strong a root of causes flowering a consequence of
 vapour :

That solid chain of facts, is it to be snapped for ever ?
 How stout a show of figures, weakly summing to non-
 entity.

Or haply, Death, in the doublings of thy thought, shall
 seem continuous ending ;

A dull eternal slumber, not an end abrupt.

O most futile chrysalis, wherefore dost thou sleep?
Dreamless, unconscious, never to awake,—what object
in such slumber?

If thou art still to live, it may as well be wakefully as
sleeping:

How grovelling must that spirit be, to need eternal
sleep!

Or was indeed the toil of life so heavy and so long,
That nevermore can rest refresh thine overburdened
soul?—

Sleep is a recreance to body, but when was mind
asleep?

Even in a swoon it dreameth, though all be forgotten
afterward:

The muscles seek relaxing, and the irritable nerves ask
peace;

But life is a constant force, spirit an unquietable im-
petus;

The eye may wear out as a telescope, and the brain work
slow as a machine,

But soul, unwearied, and for ever, is capable of effort
unimpaired.

I live, move, am conscious: what shall bar my being?
Where is the rude hand, to rend this tissue of existence?
Not thine, shadowy Death, what art thou but a phan-
tom?

Not thine, foul Corruption, what art thou but a fear?
For death is merely absent life, as darkness absent
light;

Not even a suspension, for the life hath sailed away,
steering gladly somewhere.

And corruption closely noted, is but a dissolving of the
parts,

The parts remain, and nothing lost, to build a better
whole.

Moreover, mind is unity, however versatile and rapid ;
Thou canst not entertain two coincident ideas, although
they quickly follow :

And Unity hath no parts, so that there is nothing to
dissolve :

And element is still unchanged in every searching
solvent.

Who then shall bid me be annulled ?—He that gave me
being ?

Amen, if God so will : I know that will is love ;
But love hath promised life, and therefore I shall live ;
So long as He is God, I shall be His Creature !

And here, shrewd reasoner, so eager to prove that thou
must perish,

I note a sneer upon thy lip, and ridicule is haply on thy
tongue :

How, said he,—creature of a God, and are not all his
creatures,—

The lion, and the gnat,—yea, the mushroom, and the
crystal,—have all these a soul ?

Thy fancies tend to prove too much, and overshoot the
mark :

If I die not with brutes, then brutes must live with
me ?—

I dare not tell thee that they will, for the word is not in
my commission ;

But of the twain it is the likelier ; continuance is the
chance :

Men, dying in their sins, are likened unto beasts that
perish ;

They are dark, animal, insensate, but have they not
a lurking soul ?

The spirit of a man goeth upward, reasonable, apprehending God ;

The spirit of a beast goeth downward, sensual, doting on
the creature :

Who told thee they die at dissolution ?—boldly think it
out,—

The multitude of flies, and the multitude of herbs, the
world with all its beings :

Is Infinity too narrow, Omnipotence too weak, and Love
so anxious to destroy,

Doth Wisdom change its plan, and a Maker cancel His
created ?

God's will may compass all things, to fashion and to
nullify at pleasure : —

Yet are there many thoughts of hope, that all which are
shall live.

True, there is no conscience in the brute, beyond some
educated habit,

They lay them down without a fear, and wake without a
hope :

Hunger and pain is of the animal : but when did they
reckon or compare ?

They live, idealess, in instinct ; and while they breathe
they gain :

The master is an idol to his dog, who cannot rise beyond
him ;

And void of capability for God, there would seem small
cause for an infinity.

Therefore, caviller, my poor thoughts dare not grant they
live :

But is it not a great thing to assume their annihilation—
and thine own ?

Would it be much if a speck on space, this globe with
all its millions,

Verily, after its pollution, were suffered to exist in
purity ?

Or much, if guiltless creatures, that were cruelly en-
treated upon earth,

Found some commensurate reward in lower joys here-
after ?

Or much, if a Creator, prodigal of life, and filled with
the profundity of love,

Rejoice in all creatures of His skill, and lead them to
perfection in their kind ?

O man, there are many marvels ; yet life is more a
mystery than death :

For death may be some stagnant life,—but life is present
God !

~~Al~~ Many are the lurking holes of evil ; who shall search
them out ?

Who so skilled to cut away the cancer with its fibres ?

For wily minds with sinuous ease escape from lie to
lie ;

And cowards driven from the trench steal back to hide
again.

Vain were the battle, if a warrior, having slain his
foes,

Shall turn and find them vital still, unharmed, yea, un-
ashamed :

For Error, dark magician, daily cast out killed,
Quickened animate anew beneath the midnight moon :
Once and again, once and again, hath reason answered
wisely ;

But not the less with brazen front doth folly urge her
questions.

It were but unprofitable toil, a stand-up fight with un-
belief :

When was there candour in a caviller, and who can
satisfy the faithless ?

Too long, O truant from the fold, have I tracked thy
devious paths ;

Too long, treacherous deserter, fought thee as a noble
foeman :

Haply, my small art, and an arm too weakly for its
weapon,

Hath failed to pierce thine iron coat, and reach thy
stricken soul :

Haply, the fervour of my speech, and too patient sifting
of thy fancies,

Shall tend to make thee prize them more, as worthier
and wiser :

Go to : be mine the gain : we measure swords no more ;
God,—and a word go with thee,—Man, thou ART Im-
mortal !

Child of light, and student in the truth, too long have I
forgotten thee :

Lo, after parley with an alien, let me hold sweet converse
with a brother.

Glorious hopes, and ineffable imaginings, crowd our
holy theme,

Fear hath been slaughtered on the portal, and Doubt
driven back to darkness :

For Christ hath died, and we in Him ; by faith His All
is ours ;

Cross and crown, and love, and life ; and we shall reign
in Him !

Yea, there is a fitness and a beauty in ascribing immor-
tality to mind,

That its energies and lofty aspirations may have scope
for indefinite expansion :

To learn all things is privilege of reason, and that with
a growing capability,

But in this age of toil and time we scarce attain to al-
phabets :

How hardly in the midst of our hurry, and jostled by
the cares of life,

Shall a man turn and stop to consider mighty secrets ;
With barely hours, and barely powers, to fill up daily
duties,

How small the glimpse of knowledge, his wondering eye
can catch !

And knowledge is a noting of the order wherein God's
attributes evolve,

Therefore worthy of the creature, worthy of an angel's
seeking :

Yea, and human knowledge, meagre though the har-
vest,

Hath its roots, both deep and strong ; but the plants are
exotic to the climate :

All we seem to know demand a longer learning,
History and science, and prophecy and art, are workings
all of God :

And there are galaxies of globes, millions of unimagined
beings,
Other senses, wondrous sounds, and thoughts of thrilling
fire,
Powers of strange might, quickening unknown elements,
And attributes and energies of God which man may
never guess.

Not in vain, O brother, hath soul the spurs of enterprise,
Nor aimlessly panteth for adventure, waiting at the cave
of mystery :
Not in vain the cup of curiosity, sweet and richly
spiced,
Is ruby to the sight, and ambrosia to the taste, and redolent
with all fragrance :
Thou shalt drink, and deeply, filling the mind with
marvels ;
Thou shalt watch no more, lingering, disappointed of
thy hope ;
Thou shalt roam where road is none, a traveller untrammelled,
Speeding at a wish, emancipate, to where the stars are
suns !

Count, count your hopes, heirs of immortality and
love ;
And hear my kindred faith, and turn again to bless me.
For lo, my trust is strong to dwell in many worlds,
And cull of many brethren there, sweet knowledge ever
new :

I yearn for realms where fancy shall be filled, and the
ecstasies of freedom shall be felt,

And the soul reign gloriously, risen to its royal destinies :

I look to recognize again, through the beautiful mask of
their perfection,

The dear familiar faces I have somehow loved on
earth :

I long to talk with grateful tongue of storms and perils
past,

And praise the mighty Pilot that hath steered us through
the rapids :

HE shall be the focus of it all, the very heart of glad-
ness,—

My soul is athirst for God, the God who dwelt in Man !
Prophet, priest, and king, the sacrifice, the substitute,
the Saviour,

Rapture of the blessed in the hunted One of earth, the
Pardoner in the victim :

How many centuries of joy concentrate in that theme,
How often a Methusalem might count his thousand
years and leave it unexhausted !

And lo, the heavenly Jerusalem, with all its gates one
pearl,

That pearl of countless price, the door by which we
entered,—

Come, tread the golden streets, and join that glorious
throng,

The happy ones of heaven and earth, ten thousand
times ten thousand ;

Hark, they sing that song,—and cast their crowns be-
fore Him ;

Their souls alight with love,—Glory, and Praise, and
Immortality!—

Veil thine eyes: no son of time may see that holy
vision,

And even the seraph at thy side hath covered his face
with wings.

Both he not speak parables?—each one goeth on his
way,

Ye that hear, and I that counsel, go on our ways for-
getful.

For the terrible realities whereto we tend, are hidden
from our eyes,

We know, but heed them not, and walk as if the tem-
poral were all things.

Vanities, buzzing on the ear, fill its drowsy chambers,
Slow to dread those coming fears, the thunder and the
trumpet;

Motes, steaming on the sight, dim our purblind eyes,
Dark to see the ponderous orb of nearing Immortality:
Hemmed in by hostile foes, the trifler is busied on an
epigram;

The dull ox, driven to slaughter, careth but for pasture
by the way.

Alas, that the precious things of truth, and the ever-
lasting hills,

The mighty hopes we spake of, and the consciousness
we feel,—

Alas, that all the future, and its adamantine facts,
Clouded by the present with intoxicating fumes,—
Should seem even to us, the great expectant heirs,
To us, the responsible and free, fearful sons of reason,

Only as a lovely song, sweet sounds of solemn music,
A pleasant voice, and nothing more,—doth he not speak
parables ?

Look to thy soul, O man, for none can be surety for his
brother :

Behold, for heaven—or for hell,—thou canst not escape
from Immortality !

Of Ideas.

Mind is like a volatile essence, flitting hither and thither,

A solitary sentinel of the fortress body, to show himself everywhere by turns :

Mind is indivisible and instant, with neither parts nor organs,

That it doeth, it doth quickly, but the whole mind doth it :

An active versatile agent, untiring in the principle of energy,

Nor space, nor time, nor rest, nor toil, can affect the tenant of the brain.

His dwelling may verily be shattered, and the furniture thereof be disarranged,

But the particle of Deity in man slumbereth not, neither can be wearied :

However swift to change, even as the field of a kaleidoscope,

It taketh in but one idea at once, moulded for the moment to its likeness:

Mind is as the quicksilver, which, poured from vessel to vessel,

Instantly seizeth on a shape, and as instantly again discardeth it;

For it is an apprehensive power, closing on the properties of Matter,

Expanding to enwrap a world, collapsing to prison up an atom:

As, by night, thine irritable eyes may have seen strange changing figures,

Now a wheel, now suddenly a point, a line, a curve, a zigzag,

A maze ever altering, as the dance of gnats upon a sun-beam,

Swift, intricate, neither to be prophesied, nor to be remembered in succession,

So, the mind of a man, single, and perpetually moving, Flickereth about from thought to thought, changed with each idea;

For the passing second metamorphosed to the image of that within its ken,

And throwing its immediate perceptions into each cause of contemplation.

It shall regard a tree; and unconsciously, in separate review,

Embrace its colour, shape, and use, whole and individual conceptions;

It shall read or hear of crime, and cast itself into the commission;

It shall note a generous deed, and glow for a moment as the doer;

It shall imagine pride or pleasure, treading on the edges
of temptation ;
Or heed of God and of His Christ, and grow transformed
to glory.

Therefore, it is wise and well to guide the mind aright,
That its aptness may be sensitive to good, and shrink
with antipathy from evil :

For use will mould and mark it, or nonusage dull and
blunt it ;—

So to talk of spirit by analogy with substance ;
And analogy is a truer guide, than many teachers tell of,
Similitudes are scattered round, to help us, not to hurt
us ;

Moses, in his every type, and the Greater than Moses
in His parables,

Preach, in terms that all may learn, the philosophic
lessons of analogy :

And here, in a topic immaterial, the likeness of analogy
is just ;

By habits, knit the nerves of mind, and train the
gladiator shrewdly :

For thought shall strengthen thinking, and imagery
speed imagination,

Until thy spiritual inmate shall have swelled to the giant
of Otranto.

Nevertheless, heed well, that this Athlete, growing in
thy brain,

Be a wholesome Genius, not a cursed Afrite :

And see thou discipline his strength, and point his aim
discreetly ;

Feed him on humility and holy things, weaned from
covetous desires ;
Hour by hour and day by day, ply him with ideas of
excellence,
Dragging forth the evil but to loathe, as a Spartan's
drunken Helot :
And win, by gradual allurements, the still expanding
soul,
To rise from a contemplated universe, even to the Hand
that made it.

A common mind perceiveth not beyond his eyes and
ears :
The palings of the park of sense enthrall this captured
roebuck :
And still, though fettered in the flesh, he doth not feel
his chains,
Externals are the world to him, and circumstance his
atmosphere.
Therefore tangible pleasures are enough for the animal-
man ;
He is swift to speak and slow to think, dreading his own
dim conscience ;
And solitude is terrible, and exile worse than death,
He cannot dwell apart, nor breathe at a distance from
the crowd.
But minds of nobler stamp, and chiefest the mint-
marked of heaven,
Walk independent, by themselves, freely manumitted of
externals ;
They carry viands with them, and need no refreshment
by the way,

Nor drink of other wells than their own inner fountain.
Strange shall it seem how little such a man will lean
 upon the accidents of life,
He is winged and needeth not a staff; if it break,—he
 shall not fall :
And lightly perchance doth he remember the stale
 trivialities around him,
He liveth in the realm of thought, beyond the world of
 things ;
These are but transient Matter, and himself enduring
 Spirit :
And worldliness will laugh to scorn that sublimated
 wisdom.
His eyes may open on a prison-cell, but the bare walls
 glow with imagery ;
His ears may be filled with execrations, but are listening
 to the music of sweet thoughts ;
He may dwell in a hovel with a hero's heart, and canopy
 his penury with peace,
For mind is a kingdom to the man, who gathereth his
 pleasure from Ideas.

Of Names.

Adam gave the name, when the Lord had made His creature,

For God led them in review, to see what man would call them.

As they struck his senses, he proclaimed their sounds,
A name for the distinguishing of each, a numeral by which it should be known :

He specified the partridge by her cry, and the forest prowler by his roaring,

The tree by its use, and the flower by its beauty, and everything according to its truth.

There is an arbitrary name; whereunto the idea attacheth ;

And there is a reasonable name, linking its fitness to idea :

Yet shall these twain run in parallel courses,

Neither shalt thou readily discern the habit from the nature.

For mind is apt, and quick to wed ideas and names together,
Nor stoppeth its perception to be curious of priorities;
And there is but little in the sound, as some have vainly
fancied,
The same tone in different tongues shall be suitable to
opposite ideas:
Yea, take an ensample in thine own; consider similar
words:
How various and contrary the thoughts those kindred
names produce:
A house shall seem a fitting word to call a roomy
dwelling,
Yet there is a like propriety in the small smooth sound,
a mouse:
Mountain, as if of a necessity, is a word both mighty
and majestic,—
What heed ye then of Fountain?—flowing silver in the
sun.

~~M~~any a fair flower is burdened with preposterous appellatives,
Which the wiser simplicity of rustics entitled by its
beauties:
And often the conceit of science, loving to be thought
cosmopolite,
Shall mingle names of every clime, alike obscure to
each.
There is wisdom in calling a thing fitly; name should
note particulars
Through a character obvious to all men, and worthy of
their instant acceptance.

The herbalist had a simple cause for every word upon
his catalogue,
But now the mouth of Botany is filled with empty
sound ;
And many a peasant hath an answer on his tongue,
concerning some vexed flower,
Shrewder than the centipede phrase, wherewithal philo-
sophers invest it.

For that, the foolishness of pride, and flatteries of
cringing homage,
Strew with chaff the threshing-floors of science; names
perplex them all :
The entomologist, who hath pried upon an insect,
straightway shall endow it with his name ;
It had many qualities and marks of note,—but in chief,
a vain observer:
The geographer shall journey to the pole, through biting
frost and desolation,
And, for some simple patron's sake, shall name that
land, the happy :
The fossilist hath found a bone, the rib of some huge
lizard,
And forthwith standeth to it sponsor, to tack himself on
reptile immortalities :
The sportsman, hunting at the Cape, found some strange-
horned antelope,
The spots are new, the fame is cheap, and so his name
is added.
Thus, obscurities encumber knowledge, even by the
vanity of men
Who play into each other's hand the game of giving
names.

Various are the names of men, and drawn from different wells ;

Aspects of body, or characters of mind, the creature's first idea :

And some have sprung of trades, and some of dignities or office ;

Other some added to a father's, and yet more growing from a place :

Animal creation, with sciences, and things,—their composites, and near associations,

Contributed their symbolings of old, wherewith to title men :

And heraldry set upon its creature the figured attributes as ensigns

By which, as by a name concrete, its bearer should be known.

Egypt opened on the theme, dressing up her gods in qualities ;

Horns of power, feathers of the swift, mitres of catholic dominion,

The sovereign asp, the circle everlasting, the crook and thong of justice,

By many mystic shapes and sounds displayed the idol's name.

Thereafter, high-plumed warriors, the chieftains of Etruria and Troy,

And Xerxes, urging on his millions to the tomb of pride, Thermopylæ,

And Hiero with his bounding ships, all figured at the prow,

And Rome's Prætorian standards, piled with strange
devices,

And stout crusaders pressing to the battle, clad in
sable mail;

These all in their speaking symbols, earned, or wore, a
name.

Eve, the mother of all living, and Abraham, father of a
multitude,

Jacob, the supplanter, and David, the beloved, and all
the worthies of old time,

Noah, who came for consolation, and Benoni, son of
sorrow,

Kings and prophets, children of the East, owned each
his title of significance.

There be names of high descent, and thereby storied
honours:

Names of fair renown, and therein characters of merit:

But to lend the lowborn noble names, is to shed upon
them ridicule and evil;

Yea, many weeds run rank in pride, if men have dubbed
them cedars.

And to herald common mediocrity with the noisy notes
of fame,

Tendeth to its deeper scorn; as if it were to call the
mole a mammoth.

Yet shall ye find the trader's babe dignified with sound-
ing titles,

And little hath the father guessed the harm he did his
child:

For either may they breed him discontent, a peevish re-
pining at his station,

Or point the finger of despite at the mule in the trap-
pings of an elephant :

And it is a kind of theft to filch appellations from the
famous,

A soiling of the shrines of praise with folly's vulgar
herd.

Prudence hath often gone ashamed for the name they
added to his father's,

If minds of mark and great achievements bore it well
before :

For he walketh as the jay in the fable, though not by his
own folly,

Another's fault hath compassed his misfortune, making
him a martyr to his name

Who would call the tench a whale, or style a torch,
Orion?

Yet many a silly parent hath dealt likewise with his
nurseling

Give thy child a fit distinguishment, making him sole
tenant of a name,

For it were a sore hindrance to hold it in common with
a hundre ! :

In the Babel of confused identities fame is little feasible,
The felon shall detract from the philanthropist, and the
sage share honours with the simple ;

Still, in thy title of distinguishment, fall not into arro-
gant assumption,

Steering from caprice and affectations ; and for all thou
doest, have a reason.

He that is ambitious for his son, should give him un-
tried names,

For those that have served other men, haply may injure
by their evils ;
Or otherwise may hinder by their glories ; therefore, set
him by himself,
To win for his individual name some clear specific praise.
There were nine Homers, all goodly sons of song, but
where is any record of the eight ?
One grew to fame, an Aaron's rod, and swallowed up his
brethren :
Who knoweth ? more distinctly titled, those dead eight
had lived ;
But the censers were ranged in a circle to mingle their
sweets without a difference.

Art thou named of a common crowd, and sensible of
high aspirings ?
It is hard for thee to rise,—yet strive : thou mayest be
among them a Musæus.
Art thou named of a family, the same in successive gene-
rations ?
It is open to thee still to earn for epithets, such an one,
the good or great.
Art thou named foolishly ? Show that thou art wiser than
thy fathers,
Live to shame their vanity or sin by dutiful devotion to
thy sphere.
Art thou named discreetly ? It is well, the course is
free :
No competitor shall claim thy colours, neither fix his
faults upon thee :
Hasten to the goal of fame between the posts of duty,
And win a blessing from the world, that men may love
thy name :

Yea, that the unction of its praise, in fragrance well deserving,

May float adown the stream of time, like ambergris at sea ;

So thy sons may tell their sons, and those may teach their children,

He died in goodness, as he lived ;—and left us his good name.

And more than these : there is a roll whereon thy name is written ;

See that, in the Book of Doom, that name is fixed in light :

Then, safe within a better home, where time and its titles are not found,

God will give thee His new Name, and write it on thy heart :

A Name, better than of sons, a Name dearer than of daughters,

A Name of union, peace, and praise, as numbered in thy God.

Of Things.

Abstracted from all substance, and flying with the
 feathered flock of thoughts,
 The idea of a thing hath the nature of its Soul, a
 separate seeming essence :
 Intimately linked to the idea, suggesting many qualities,
 The name of a thing hath the nature of its Mind, an in-
 tellectual recorder :
 And the matter of a thing, concrete, is a Body to the
 perfect creature,
 Compacted three in one, as all things else within the
 universe.
 Nothing canst thou add to them, and nothing take away,
 for all have these proportions,
 The thought, the word, the form, combining in the
 Thing :
 All separate, yet harmonizing well, and mingled each
 with other,
 One whole in several parts, yet each part spreading to a
 whole :

The idea is a whole ; and the meaning phrase that spake
idea, a whole ;

And the matter, as ye see it, is a whole ; the mystery of
true tri-unity :

Yea, there is even a deeper mystery,—which none, I wot,
can fathom,

Matter, different from properties whereby the solid sub-
stance is described ;

For, size and weight, cohesion and the like, live distinct
from matter,

Yet who can imagine matter, unendowed with size and
weight ?

As in the spiritual, so in the material, man must rest
with patience,

And wait for other eyes wherewith to read the books of
God.

Men have talked learnedly of atoms, as if matter could
be ever indivisible ;

They talk, but ill are skilled to teach, and darken truth
by fancies :

An atom by our grosser sense was never yet conceived,
And nothing can be thought so small, as not to be
divided :

For an atom runneth to infinity, and never shall be
caught in space,

And a molecule is no more indivisible than Saturn's
belted orb.

Things intangible, multiplied by multitudes, never will
amass to substance,

Neither can a thing which may be touched, be made of
impalpable proportions ;

The sum of indivisibles must need be indivisible, as adding many nothings,
And the building up of atoms into matter is but a silly sophism ;
Lucretius, and keen Anaximander, and many that have followed in their thoughts,
(For error hath a long black shadow, dimming light for ages,)
In the foolishness of men without a God fancied to fashion Matter
Of intangibles, and therefore uncohering, indivisibles, and therefore Spirit.

Things breed thoughts ; therefore at Thebes and Helio-
polis,
In hieroglyphic sculptures are the priestly secrets written :
Things breed thoughts ; therefore was the Athens of idolatry
Set with carved images, frequent as the trees of Academus :
Things breed thoughts ; therefore the Brahmin and the Burman
With mythologic shapes adorn their coarse pantheon :
Things breed thoughts ; therefore the statue and the picture,
Relics, rosaries, and miracles in act, quicken the Papist in his worship :
Things breed thoughts ; therefore the lovers at their parting,
Interchanged with tearful smiles the dear reminding tokens :

Things breed thoughts ; therefore when the clansman
met his foe,
The blood-stained claymore in his hand revived the me-
mories of vengeance.

Things teach with double force ; through the animal eye,
and through the mind,
And the eye catcheth in an instant, what the ear shall
not learn within an hour.

Thence is the potency of travel, the precious might of
its advantages

To compensate its dissipative harm, its toil and cost and
danger.

Ulysses, wandering to many shores, lived in many
cities,

And thereby learnt the minds of men, and stored his own
more richly :

Herodotus, the accurate and kindly, spake of that he
saw,

And reaped his knowledge on the spot, in fertile fields
of Egypt :

Lycurgus culled from every clime the golden fruits of
justice ;

And Plato roamed through foreign lands, to feed on
truth in all.

For travel, conversant with Things, bringeth them in
contact with the mind ;

We breathe the wholesome atmosphere about ungarbled
truth :

Pictures of fact are painted on the eye, to decorate the
house of intellect,

Rather than visions of fancy, filling all the chambers
with a vapour.

For, in Ideas, the great mind will exaggerate, and the
lesser extenuate truth :

But in Things the one is chastened, and the other
quickened, to equality :

And in Names,—though a property be told, rather than
some arbitrary accident,

Still shall the thought be vague or false, if none have
seen the Thing :

For in Things the property with accident standeth in a
mass concrete,

These cannot cheat the sense, nor elude the vigilance of
spirit.

Travel is a ceaseless fount of surface education,

But its wisdom will be simply superficial, if thou add
not thoughts to things :

Yet, aided by the varnish of society, things may serve
for thoughts,

Till many dullards that have seen the world shall pass
for scholars :

Because one single glance will conquer all descriptions,
Though graphic, these left some unsaid, though true,
these tended to some error ;

And the most witless eye that saw, had a juster notion
of its object,

Than the shrewdest mind that heard and shaped its
gathered thoughts of Things.

Of Faith.

Confidence was bearer of the palm ; for it looked like
conviction of desert :

And where the strong is well assured, the weaker soon
allow it.

Majesty and Beauty are commingled, in moving with im-
mutable decision,

And well may charm the coward hearts that turn and
hide for fear.

Faith, firmness, confidence, consistency,—these are well
allied ;

Yea, let a man press on in aught, he shall not lack of
honour :

For such an one seemeth as superior to the native in-
stability of creatures ;

That he doeth, he doeth as a god, and men will marvel
at his courage.

Even in crimes, a partial praise cannot be denied to
daring,

And many fearless chiefs have won the friendship of a
foe.

Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both over
them and in them ;

The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand
quail :

A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the tide of
battle,

And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had fled ;

The tenderest child, unconscious of a fear, will shame
the man to danger,

And when he dared it, danger died, and faith had van-
quished fear.

Boldness is akin to power : yea, because ignorance is
weakness,

Knowledge with unshrinking might will nerve the
vigorous hand :

Boldness hath a startling strength ; the mouse may fright
a lion,

And oftentimes the horned herd is scared by some brave
cur.

Courage hath analogy with faith, for it standeth both in
animal and moral ;

The true is mindful of a God, the false is stout in self :

But true or false, the twain are faith ; and faith worketh
wonders :

Never was a marvel done upon the earth, but it had
sprung of faith :

Nothing noble, generous, or great, but faith was the root
of the achievement ;

Nothing comely, nothing famous, but its praise is faith.

Leonidas fought in human faith, as Joshua in divine :
Xenophon trusted to his skill, and the sons of Mattathias to their cause :
In faith Columbus found a path across those untried waters ;
The heroines of Arc and Saragossa fought in earthly faith :
Tell was strong, and Alfred great, and Luther wise, by faith ;
Margaret by faith was valiant for her son, and Wallace mighty for his people :
Faith in his reason made Socrates sublime, as faith in his science, Galileo ;
Ambassadors in faith are bold, and unreprieved for boldness ;
Faith urged Fabius to delays, and sent forth Hannibal to Cannæ :
Cæsar at the Rubicon, Miltiades at Marathon ; both were sped by faith.
I set not all in equal spheres : I number not the martyr with the patriot ;
I class not the hero with his horse, because the twain have courage ;
But only for ensample and instruction, that all things stand by faith ;
Albeit faith of divers kinds, and varying in degree.
There is a faith towards men, and there is a faith towards God ;
The latter is the gold and the former is the brass ; but both are sturdy metal :
And the brass mingled with the gold floweth into rich Corinthian ;

A substance bright and hard and keen, to point Achilles'
spear :

So shalt thou stop the way against the foes that hem
thee ;

Trust in God to strengthen man ;—be bold, for He doth
help.

Get more : for confidence in man, even to the worst and
meanest,

Hath power to overcome his ill, by charitable good.

Fling thine unreserving trust even on the conscience of
a culprit,

Soon wilt thou shame him by thy faith, and he will melt
and mend :

The nest of thieves will harm thee not, if thou dost bear
thee boldly ;

Boldly, yea and kindly, as relying on their honour :

For the hand so stout against aggression, is quite dis-
armed by charity :

And that warm sun will thaw the heart casehardened by
long frost.

Treat men gently, trust them strongly, if thou wish their
weal ;

Or cautious doubt and bitter thoughts will tempt the
best to foil thee.

Believe the well in sanguine hope, and thou shalt reap
the better ;

But if thou deal with men so ill, thy dealings make them
worse.

Despair not of some gleams of good still lingering in
the darkest,

And among veterans in crime, plead thou as with their
children :

So, astonished at humanities, the bad heart long estranged,
Shall even weep to feel himself so little worth thy love ;
In wholesome sorrow will he bless thee ; yea, and in that
spirit may repent ;
Thus wilt thou gain a soul, in mercy given to thy faith.

Look aside to lack of faith, the mass of ills it bringeth :
All things treacherous, base, and vile, dissolving the
brotherhood of men.

Bonds break ; the cement hath lost its hold ; and each
is separate from other ;

That which should be neighbourly and good, is cankered
into bitterness and evil.

O thou serpent, fell Suspicion, coiling coldly round the
heart,—

O thou asp of subtle Jealousy, stinging hotly to the
soul,—

O distrust, reserve, and doubt,—what reptile shapes are
here,

Poisoning the garden of a world with death among its
flowers !

No need of many words, the tale is easy to be told ;

A point will touch the truth, a line suggest the picture.

For if, in thine own home, a cautious man and captious,
Thou hintest at suspicion of a servant, thou soon wilt
make a thief ;

Or if, too keen in care, thou dost evidently disbelieve
thy child,

Thou hast injured the texture of his honour, and
smoothed to him the way of lying ;

Or if thou observest upon friends, as seeking thee sel-
fishly for interest,

Thou hast hurt their kindliness to thee, and shalt be
paid with scorn:
Or if, O silly ones of Marriage, your foul and foolish
thoughts,
Harshly misinterpreting in each the levity of innocence
for sin,
Shall pour upon the lap of home, pain where once was
pleasure,
And mix contentions in the cup, that mantled once with
comforts,
Bitterly and justly shall ye rue the punishment due to
unbelief;
Ye trust not each the other, nor the mutual vows of
God;
Take heed, for the pit may now be near, a pit of your
own digging,—
Faith abused tempteth unto crime, and doubt may make
its monster.

Man verily is vile, but more in capability than action;
His sinfulness is deep, but his transgressions may be
few, even from the absence of temptation:
He is hanging in a gulph midway, but the air is breath-
able about him:
Thrust him not from that slight hold, to perish in the
vapours underneath.
For, God pleadeth with the deaf, as having ears to hear,
Christ speaketh to the dead, as those that are capable of
living;
And an evil teacher is that man, a tempter to much sin,
Who looketh on his hearers with distrust, and hath no
confidence in brethren.

All may mend ; and sympathies are healing : and reason
hath its influence with the worst ;
And in those worst is ample hope, if only thou hast
charity, and faith.

Somewhiles have I watched a man exchanging the
sobriety of faith,

Old lamps for new,—even for fanatical excitements.

He gained surface, but lost solidity ; heat, in lieu of
health ;

And still with swelling words and thoughts he scorned
his ancient coldness :

But, his strength was shorn as Samson's ; he walked he
knew not whither ;

Doubt was on his daily path ; and duties showed not
certain.

Until, in an hour of enthusiasm, stung with secret
fears,

He pinned the safety of his soul on some false prophet's
sleeve :

And then, that sure word failed ; and with it, failed his
faith ;

It failed, and fell ; O deep and dreadful was his fall in
faith !

He could not stop, with reason's rein, his coursers on
the slope,

And so they dashed him down the cliff of hardened un-
belief.

With overreaching grasp he had strained for visionary
treasures,

But a fiend had cheated his presumption, and hurled
him to despair.

So he lay in his blood, the victim of a credulous false
faith,

And many nights, and night-like days, he dwelt in outer
darkness.

But, within a while, his variable mind caught a new im-
pression,

A new impression of the good old stamp, that sealed
him when a child :

He was softened, and abjured his infidelity ; he was
wiser, and despised his credulity ;

And turned again to simple faith more simply than
before.

Experience had declared too well his mind was built of
water,

And so, renouncing strength in self, he fixed his faith in
God

It is not for me to stipulate for creeds ; Bible, Church,
and Reason,

These three shall lead the mind, if any can, to
truth.

But I must stipulate for faith ; both God and man de-
mand it :

Trust is great in either world, if any would be well.

Verily, the sceptical propensity is an universal foe ;

Sneering Pyrrho never found, nor cared to find, a
friend :

How could he trust another ? and himself, whom would
he not deceive ?

His proper gains were all his aim, and interests clash
with kindness.

So, the Bedouin goeth armed, an enemy to all,

The spear is stuck beside his couch, the dagger hid beneath his pillow.

For society, void of mutual trust, of credit, and of faith,

Would fall asunder as a waterspout, snapped from the cloud's attraction.

Faith may rise into miracles of might, as some few wise have shown :

Faith may sink into credulities of weakness, as the mass of fools have witnessed.

Therefore, in the first, saints and martyrs have fulfilled their mission,

Conquering dangers, courting deaths, and triumphing in all.

Therefore, in the last, the magician and the witch, victims of their own delusion,

Have gained the bitter wages of impracticable sins.

They believed in allegiance with Satan ; they worked in that belief,

And thereby earned the loss and harm of guilt that might not be.

For, faith hath two hands ; with the one it addeth virtue to indifferents ;

Yea, it sanctified a Judith and a Jael, for what otherwise were treachery and murder :

With the other hand it heapeth crime even on impossibles or simples,

And many a wizard well deserved the faggot for his faith :

He trusted in his intercourse with evil, he sacrificed heartily to fiends,

He withered up with curses to the limit of his will, and
was vile, because he thought himself a villain.

A great mind is ready to believe, for he hungereth to
feed on facts,

And the gnawing stomach of his ignorance craveth un-
ceasing to be filled :

A little mind is boastful and incredulous, for he fancieth
all knowledge is his own,

So will he cavil at a truth ; how should it be true, and
he not know it ?—

There is an easy scheme, to solve all riddles by the
sensual,

And thus, despising mysteries, to feel the more suffi-
cient :

For it comforteth the foul hard heart, to reject the pure
unseen,

And relieveth the dull soft head, to hinder one from
gazing upon vacancy.

True wisdom, labouring to expound, heareth others
readily ;

False wisdom, sturdy to deny, closeth up her mind to
argument.

The sum of certainties is found so small, their field so
wide an universe,

That many things may truly be, which man hath not
conceived :

The characters revealed of God are a strong mind's sole
assurance

That any strangeness may not stand a sober theme for
faith.

Ignorance being light denied, this ought to show the
stronger in its view,

But ignorance is commonly a double negative, both of
light and morals:

So, adding vanity to blindness, for ease, it taketh refuge
in a doubt,

And aching soon with ceaseless doubt, it finisheth the
strife by misbelieving.

Faith, by its very nature, shall embrace both credence
and obedience:

Yea, the word for both is one, and cannot be divided.

For, work void of faith, wherein can it be counted for a
duty;

And faith not seen in work,—whereby can the doctrine
be discovered?

Faith in religion is an instrument; a handle, and the
hand to turn it:

Less a condition than a mean, and more an operation
than a virtue.

A moral sickness, like to sin, must have a moral
cure;

And faith alone can heal the mind, whose malady is
sense.

Ye are told of God's deep love: they that believe will
love Him:

They that love Him, will obey: and obedience hath its
blessing.

Ye are taught of the soul's great price; they that believe
will prize it,

And, prizing soul, will cherish well the hopes that make
it happy.

Effects spring from feelings, and feelings grow of
faith:

If a man conceive himself insulted, will not his anger
smite ?

Thus, let a soul believe his state, his danger, destiny,
redemption,

Will he not feel eager to be safe, like him that kept the
prison at Philippi ?

A mother had an only son, and sent him out to sea :
She was a widow, and in penury ; and he must seek his
fortunes.

How often in the wintry nights, when waves and winds
were howling,

Her heart was torn with sickening dread, and bled to
see her boy.

And on one sunny morn, when all around was com-
fort,

News came, that weeks ago, the vessel had been
wrecked ;

Yea, wrecked, and he was dead ! they had seen him
perish in his agony :

Oh then, what agony was like to her's,—for she believed
the tale.

She was bowed and broken down with sorrow, and un-
comforted in prayer ;

Many nights she mourned, and pined, and had no hope
but death.

But on a day, while sorely she was weeping, a stranger
broke upon her loneliness,—

He had news to tell, that weather-beaten man, and must
not be denied :

And what were the wonder-working words that made
this mourner joyous,

That swept her heaviness away, and filled her world with
praise?

Her son was saved,—is alive,—is near!—O did she stop
to question?

No, rushing in the force of faith, she met him at the
door!

Of Honesty.

All is vanity which is not honesty;—thus is it graven
on the tomb :

And there is no wisdom but in piety ;—so the dead man
preacheth :

For, in a simple village church, among those classic
shades

Which sylvan Evelyn loved to rear, (his praise, and my
delight,)

These, the words of truth, are writ upon his sepulchre
Who learnt much lore, and knew all trees, from the
cedar to the hyssop on the wall.

A just conjunction, godliness and honesty ; ministering
to both worlds,

Well wed, and ill to be divided, a pair that God hath
joined together.

I touch not now the vulgar thought, as of tricks and
cheateries in trade ;

I speak of honest purpose, character, speech and action.

For an honest man hath special need of charity, and
prudence,
Of a deep and humbling self-acquaintance, and of
blessed commerce with his God,
So that the keennesses of truth may be freed from asperities of censure,
And the just but vacillating mind be not made the pendulum of arguments:
For a false reason, shrewdly put, can often not be answered on the instant,
And prudence looketh unto faith, content to wait solutions;
Yea, it looketh, yea, it waiteth, still holding honesty in leash,
Lest, as a hot young hound, it track not game, but vermin.
Many a man of honest heart, but ignorant of self and God,
Hath followed the marsh-fires of pestilence, esteeming them the lights of truth;
He heard a cause, which he had not skill to solve,—and so received it gladly;
And that cause brought its consequence, of harm to an unstable soul.
Prudence, for a man's own sake, never should be separate from honesty;
And charity, for other's good, and his, must still be joined therewith:
For the harshly chiding tongue hath neither pleasuring nor profit,
And the cold unsympathizing heart never gained a good.

Sin is a sore, and folly is a fever; touch them tenderly
for healing;
The bad chirurgeon's awkward knife harmeth, spite of
honesty.
Still, a rough diamond is better than the polished
paste,—
That courteous flattering fool, who spake of vice as
virtue:
And honesty, even by itself, though making many ad-
versaries
Whom prudence might have set aside, or charity have
softened,
Evermore will prosper at the last, and gain a man great
honour
By giving others many goods, to his own cost and
hindrance.

Freedom is father of the honest, and sturdy Independ-
ence is his brother;
These three, with heart and hand, dwell together in
unity.
The blunt yeoman, stout and true, will speak unto
princes unabashed:
His mind is loyal, just and free, a crystal in its plain in-
tegrity;
What should make such an one ashamed? where
courtiers kneel, he standeth;—
I will indeed bow before the king, but knees were knit
for God.
And many such there be, of a high and noble con-
science,

Honourable, generous, and kind, though blest with
little light :

What should he barter for his Freedom ? some petty
gain of gold ?

Free of speech, and free in act, magnates honour him
for boldness :

Long may he flourish in his peace, and a stalwarth race
around him,

Rooted in the soil like oaks, and hardy as the pine upon
the mountains !

Yet, there be others, that will truckle to a lie, selling
honesty for interest :

And do they gain ?—they gain but loss ; a little cash,
with scorn.

Behold, the sorrowful change wrought upon a fallen
nature :

He hath lost his own esteem, and other men's respect ;
For the buoyancy of upright faith, he is clothed in the
heaviness of cringing ;

For plain truth where none could err, he hath chosen
tortuous paths ;

In lieu of his majesty of countenance—the timorous
glances of servility ;

Instead of Freedom's honest pride,—the spirit of a slave.

Nevertheless, there is something to be pleaded, even for
a necessary guile,

Whilst the world, and all that is therein, lieth deep in
evil.

Who can be altogether honest,—a champion never out
of mail,

Ready to break a lance for truth with every crowding
error?

Who can be altogether honest,—dragging out the
secrecies of life,

And risking to be lashed and loathed for each unkind
disclosure?

Who can be altogether honest,—living in perpetual
contentions,

And prying out the petty cheats that swell the social
scheme?

For he must speak his instant mind,—a mind corrupt
and sinful,

Exhibiting to other men's disgust its undisguised de-
formities:

He must utter all the hatred of his heart, and add to it
the venom of his tongue;

Shall he feel, and hide his feelings? that were the mean-
ness of a hypocrite.—

Still, O man, such hypocrisy is better, than this bold
honesty to sin:

Kill the feeling, or conceal it: let shame at least do the
work of charity.

☉ charity, thou livest not in warnings, meddling among
men,

Rebuking every foolish word, and censuring small sins;
This is not thy secret,—rather wilt thou hide their mul-
titude,

And silence the condemning tongue, and wearisome ex-
hortation.

But for thee, thy strength and zeal shine in encourage-
ment to good,

Lifting up the lantern of ensample, that wanderers may
find the way :

That lantern is not lit to gaze on all the hatefulness of
evil,

But set on high for life and light, the loveliness of
good.

The hard censorious mind sitteth as a keen anatomist
Tracking up the fibres in corruption, and prying on a
fearful corpse :

But the charitable soul is a young lover, enamoured
little wisely,

That saw no fault in her he loved, and sought to see one
less ;

So, in his kind and genial light, she grew more worthy
of his love ;

Won to good by gentle suns, and not by frowning
tempest.

Verily, infirm thyself,—be slow to chide a brother's
imperfections ;

For many times the decent veil must hang on faults of
nature :

And the rude hands, that rend it, offend against the
modesty of right,

While seeming zeal, and its effort to do good, is only
feigned self-praise :

Often will the meannesses of life, hidden away in
corners,

Prove wisdom ; and the generous is glad to leave them
unregarded in the shade.

The follies none are found to praise, let them die un-
blamed ;

Thine honest strife will only tend to make some think
them wise :

And small conventional deceits, let them live uncen-
sured :

Or if thou war with pigmies, thou shalt haply help the
cranes.

Where to be blind was safety, Ovid had been wise for
winking :

And when a tell-tale might do harm, be sure it is prudent
to be dumb ;

That which is just and fit is often found combating with
honesty :

In the cause of good, be wise ; and in a case indifferent,
keep silence.

Let honesty's unblushing face be shaded by the mantle
of humility,

So shall it shine a lamp of love, and not the torch of
strife :

Otherwise the lantern of Diogenes, presumptuously
thrust before the face,

If it never find an honest man, shall often make an
angered.

Let honesty be accompanied by charity of heart, lest it
walk unwelcome ;

Or the mouthing censor of others and himself, soon
shall sink to scorn.

Let honesty be added unto innocence of life : then a
man may only be its martyr ;

But if openness of speech be found with secrecy of
guilt, the martyr will be seen a malefactor.

There is a cunning scheme, to put on surface bluntness,
And cover still deep water, with the clamorous ripples
of a shallow.

For a man, to gain his selfish ends, will make a stalking-
horse of honesty ;

And hide his poaching limbs behind, that he may cheat
the quicker.

Such an one is loud and ostentatious, full of oaths for
argument,

Boastful of honour and sincerity, and not to be put down
by facts :

He is obstinate, and showeth it for firmness : he is rude,
displaying it for truth ;

And glorieth in doggedness of temper, as if it were un-
compromising justice.

Be aware of such a man ; his brawling covereth de-
signs ;

This specious show of honesty cometh as the herald of a
thief :

His feint is made with awkward clashing on the buckler's
boss,

But meanwhile doth his secret skill ensure its fatal
aim.

This is the hypocrite of honesty ; ye may know him by
an overacted part ;

Taking pains to turn and twist, where other men walk
straight ;

Or walking straight, he will not step aside to let another
pass,

But roughly pusheth on, provoking opposition on the
way ;

He is full of disquietude for calmness, full of intriguing
for simplicity,

Valorous with those who cannot fight, and humble to the brave :

Where ' brotherly advice were good, this man rudely blameth,

And on some small occasion, flattereth with coarse praise.

The craven in a lion's skin hath conquered by his character for courage ;

Sheep's clothing helped the wolf, till he slew by his character for kindness.

For honesty hath many gains, and well the wise have known

This will prosper to the end, and fill their house with gold.

The phosphorus of cheaterly will fade, and all its profits perish,

While honesty with growing light endureth as the moon.

Yea, it would be wise in a world of thieves, where cheating were a virtue,

To dare the vice of honesty, if any would be rich.

For that which by the laws of God is heightened into duty,

Ever, in the practice of a man, will be seen both policy and privilege.

Thank God, ye toilers for your bread, in that, daily labouring,

He hath suffered the bubbles of self-interest to float upon the stream of duty :

For honesty, of every kind, approved by God and man,

Of wealth and better weal is found the richest cornucopia,

Tempered by humbleness and charity, honesty of speech
hath honour ;
And mingled well with prudence, honesty of purpose
hath its praise :
Trust payeth homage unto truth, rewarding honesty of
action :
And all men love to lean on him, who never failed nor
fainted.
Freedom gloweth in his eyes, and Nobleness of nature at
his heart,
And Independence took a crown and fixed it on his
head :
So, he stood in his integrity, just and firm of purpose,
Aiding many, fearing none, a spectacle to angels, and to
men :
Yea,—when the shattered globe shall rock in the throes
of dissolution,
Still, will he stand in his integrity, sublime—an honest
man.

Of Society.

Better is the mass of men, Suspicion, than thy fears,
Kinder than thy thoughts, O chilling heart of Prudence,

Purer than thy judgments, ascetic tongue of Censure,
In all things worthier to love, if not also wiser to esteem.

Yea, let the moralist condemn, there be large extenuations of his verdict,

Let the misanthrope shun men and abjure, the most are rather loveable than hateful.

How many pleasant faces shed their light on every side,

How many angels unawares have crossed thy casual way!

How often, in thy journeyings, hast thou made thee instant friends,

Found, to be loved a little while, and lost, to meet no more;

Friends of happy reminiscence, although so transient in
their converse,
Liberal, cheerful, and sincere, a crowd of kindly traits.
I have sped by land and sea, and mingled with much
people,
But never yet could find a spot, unsunned by human
kindness ;
Some more, and some less,—but truly all can claim a
little ;
And a man may travel through the world, and sow it
thick with friendships.

There be indeed, to say it in all sorrow, bad apostate
souls,
Deserted of their ministering angels, and given up to
liberty of sin,—
And other some, the miserly and mean, whose eyes are
keen and greedy,
With stony hearts, and iron fists, to filch and scrape and
clutch,—
And others yet again, the coarse in mind, selfish, sen-
sual, brutish,
Seeming as incapable of softer thoughts, and dead to
better deeds,—
Such, no lover of the good, no follower of the generous
and gentle,
Can nearer grow to love, than may consist with pity.
Few verily are these among the mass, and cast in fouler
moulds,
Few and poor in friends, and well-deserving of their
poverty :

Yet, or ever thou hast harshly judged, and linked their
presence to disgust,

Consider well the thousand things that made them all
they are.

Thou hast not thought upon the causes, ranged in con-
secutive necessity,

Which tended long to these effects, with sure constrain-
ing power :

For each of those unlovely ones, if thou couldst hear his
story,

Hath much to urge of just excuse, at least as men
count justice :

Foolish education, thwarted opportunities, natural pro-
pensities unchecked,—

Thus were they discouraged from all good, and pam-
pered in their evil ;

And, if thou wilt apprehend them well, tenderly looking
on temptations,

Bearing the base indulgently, and liberally dealing with
the froward,

Thou shalt discern a few fair fruits even upon trees so
withered,

Thou shalt understand how some may praise, and some
be found to love them.

Nevertheless for these, my counsel is, Avoid them if
thou canst ;

For the finer edges of thy virtues will be dulled by at-
trition with their vice.

And there is an enemy within thee ; either to palliate
their sin,

Until, for surface-sweetness, thou too art drawn adown
the vortex ;
Or, even unto fatal pride, to glorify thy purity by contrast,
Until the publican and harlot stand nearer heaven than
the Pharisee :
Or daily strife against their ill, in subtleness may irritate
thy soul,
And in that struggle thou shalt fail, even through infirmity of goodness ;
Or, callous by continuance of injuries, thou wilt cease to
pardon,
Cease to feel, and cease to care, a cold case-hardened
man.
Beware of their example,—and thine own ; beware the
hazards of the battle ;
But chiefly be thou ware of this, an unforgiving spirit.
Many are the dangers and temptations compassing a bad
man's presence ;
The upas hath a poisonous shade, and who would slumber
there ?
Wherefore, avoid them if thou canst ; only, under providence and duty,
If thy lot be cast with Kedar, patiently and silently live
to their rebuke.

How beautiful thy feet, and full of grace thy coming,
O better kind companion, that art well for either world !
There is an atmosphere of happiness floating round that
man,
Love is throned upon his heart, and light is found within
his dwelling :

His eyes are rayed with peacefulness, and wisdom waiteth
on his tongue ;
Seek him out, cherish him well, walking in the halo of
his influence :
For he shall be fragrance to thy soul, as a garden of
sweet lilies,
Hedged and apart from the outer world, an island of the
blest among the seas.

There is an outer world, and there is an inner centre ;
And many varying rings concentric round the self.
For, first, about a man,—after his communion with
Heaven,—
Is found the helpmate even as himself, the wife of his
vows and his affections :
See then that ye love in faith, scorning petty jealousies,
For Satan spoileth too much love, by souring it with
doubts ;
See that intimacy die not to indifference, nor anxiety
sink into moroseness,
And tend ye well the mutual minds bound in a copart-
nership for life.

Next of those concentric circles, radiating widely in cir-
cumference,
Wheel in wheel, and world in world,—come the band of
children :
A tender nest of soft young hearts, each to be separately
studied,
A curious eager flock of minds, to be severally tamed
and tutored.
And a man, blest with these, hath made his own society,

He is independent of the world, hanging on his friends
more loosely :

For the little faces round his hearth are friends enow for
him,

If he seek others, it is for sake of these, and less for his
own pleasure.

What companionship so sweet, yea, who can teach so
well

As these pure budding intellects, and bright unsullied
hearts?

What voice so musical as theirs, what visions of elegance
so comely,

What thoughts and hopes and holy prayers, can others
cause like these?

If ye count society for pastime,—what happier recreation
than a nurseling,

Its winning ways, its prattling tongue, its innocence and
mirth?

If ye count society for good,—how fair a field is here,
'To guide these souls to God, and multiply thyself for
heaven!

And this sweet social commerce with thy children,
groweth as their growth,

Unless thou fail of duty, or have weaned them by thine
absence.

Keep them near thee, rear them well, guide, correct, in-
struct them;

And be the playmate of their games, the judge in their
complaining.

So shall the maiden and the youth love thee as their
sympathizing friend,

And bring their joys to share with thee, their sorrows for
consoling :

Yea, their inmost hopes shall yearn to thee for counsel,
They will not hide their very loves, if thou hast won
their trust ;

But, even as man and woman, shall they gladly seek
their father,

Feeling yet as children feel, though void of fear in
honour :

And thou shalt be a Nestor in the camp, the just and
good old man,

Hearty still, though full of years, and held the friend of
all ;

No secret shall be kept from thee ; for if ill, thy wisdom
may repair it ;

If well, thy praise is precious ; and they would not miss
that prize.

O the blessing of a home, where old and young mix
kindly,

The young unawed, the old unchilled, in unreserved
communion !

O that refuge from the world, when a stricken son or
daughter

May seek, with confidence of love, a father's hearth and
heart ;

Sure of a welcome, though others cast them out ; of
kindness, though men scorn them ;

And finding there the last to blame, the earliest to com-
mend.

Come unto me, my son, if sin shall have tempted thee
astray,

I will not chide thee like the rest, but help thee to re-
turn ;

Come unto me, my son, if men rebuke and mock thee,
There always shall be one to bless,—for I am on thy
side !

Alas,—and bitter is their loss, the parents, and the chil-
dren,

Who, loving up and down the world, have missed each
other's friendship.

Haply, it had grown of careless life, for years go swiftly
by ;

Or sprang of too much carefulness, that drank up all
the streams :

Haply, sullen disappointment came and quenched the
fire ;

Haply, sternness, or misrule, crushed or warped the feel-
ings.

Then, ill-combined in tempers, they learnt not each the
other ;

The growing child grew out of love, and drew the breath
of fear ;

The youth, ill-trained, renounced his fears, and made
a league with cunning ;

And so those hardened men were foes, that should have
been chief friends.

Where was the cause, the mutual cause ? O hunt it out
to kill it :

And what the cure, the simple cure ?—A mutual flash of
love.

For dull estrangement's daily air froze up those early
sympathies

By cold continuance in apathy, or cutting winds of cen-
sure ;

It was a slow process, which any fleeting hour could have melted ;
But every hour duly came, and passed without the sun.
Caution, care, and dry distrust, obscured each other's minds,
Till both those gardens, rich to yield, were rank with many weeds :
And doubt, a hidden worm, gnawed at the root of their Society,
They lacked of mutual confidence, and lived in mutual dread.
Judge me, many fathers ; and hearken to my counsel, many sons ;
I come with good in either hand, to reconcile contentions ;
For better friends can no man have, than those whom God hath given,
And he that hath despised the gift, thought ill of that he knew not.
Be ye wiser,—(I speak unto the sons,)—and win paternal friendships,
Cultivate their kindness, seek them out with honour, and be the screening Japheth to their failings :
And be ye wiser,—(I speak unto the fathers,)—gain those filial comrades,
Cherish their reasonable converse, and look not with coldness on your children.
For the friendship of a child is the brightest gem set upon the circlet of Society,
A jewel worth a world of pains—a jewel seldom seen.

The third cycle on the waters, another of those rings upon the onyx,

A further definite broad zone, holdeth kith and kin :
A motley band of many tribes, and under various banners ;
The intimate and strangers, the known and loved, or
only seen for loathing :
Some, dear for their deserts, shall honour and have
honour of relationship,
Some, despising duties, will add to it both burden and
disgrace.
A man's nearest kin are oftentimes far other than his
dearest,
Yet in the season of affliction those will haste to help
him.
For, note thou this, the Providence of God hath bound
up families together,
To mutual aid and patient trial ; yea, those ties are
strong.
Friends are ever dearer in thy wealth, but relations to be
trusted in thy need,
For these are God's appointed way, and those the choice
of man :
There is lower warmth in kin, but smaller truth in
friends,
The latter show more surface, and the first have more of
depth.
Relations rally to the rescue, even in estrangement and
neglect,
Where friends will have fled at thy defeat, even after pro-
mises and kindness.
For friends come and go, the whim that bound may
loose them,

But none can dis sever a relationship, and Fate hath tied
the knot.

Wide, and edged with shadowy bounds, a distant boulevard to the city,

The common crowd of social life is buzzing round
about :

That is as the outer court, with all defences levelled,
Ranged around a man's own fortress, and his father's
house.

For many friends go in and out, and praise thee, finding
pasture,

And some are honey-comb to-day, who turn to gall to-morrow :

And many a garrulous acquaintance with his frequent
visit

Will spend his leisure to thy cost, selling dullness
dearly :

For the idle call is a heavy tax, where time is counted
gold,

And even in the day of relaxation, haply he may spare
his presence,—

He found himself alone, and came to talk,—till they that
hear are tired ;

Let the man bethink him of an errand, that his face be
not unwelcome.

But many friends there be, both well and wisely
greeted,

Gladly are they hailed upon the hills, and are chidden
that they come so seldom.

Of such are the early recollections, school friendships
that have thriven to grey hairs,
And veteran men are young once more, and talk of boy-
ish pranks;
And such, yet older on the list, are those who loved thy
father,
Thy father's friend, and thine, who tendereth thee tried
love:
Such also, many gentle hearts, whom thou hast known
too lately,
Hastening now to learn their worth, and chary of those
minutes;
And such, thy faithful pastor, coming to thy home with
peace;—
Greet the good man heartily,—and bid thy children bless
him!

~~M~~any thoughts, many thoughts,—who can catch them
all?
The best are ever swiftest winged, the duller lag be-
hind;
For, behold, in these vast themes, my mind is as a forest
of the West,
And flocking pigeons come in clouds, and bend the
groaning branches;
Here for a rest, then off and away,—they have sped to
other climes,
And leave me to my peace once more, a holiday from
thoughts.
I dare not lure them back, for the mighty subject of
Society

Would tempt to many a hackneyed note in many a
weary key :
Sage warnings, stout advice, experiences ever to be
learned,
The foolish floatiness of vanity, and solemn trumperies
of pride,—
Economy, the poor man's mint,—extravagance, the rich
man's pitfall,
Harmful copings with the better, and empty-headed
apings of the worse,
Circumstance and custom, sympathies, antipathies, di-
verse kinds of conversation,
Vapid pleasures, the weariness of gaiety, the strife and
bustle of the world,
Home comforts, the miseries of style, the cobweb lines
of etiquette,
The hollowness of courtesies, and substance of deceits,—
idleness, business, and pastime,—
The multitude of matters to be done, the when, and
where, and how,
And varying shades of character, to do, undo, or miss
them,—
All these, and many more alike, thick converging
fancies,
Flit in throngs about my theme, as honey-bees at even
to their hive.
Find an end, or make one : these seeds are dragon's
teeth :
Sown thoughts grow to things, and fill that field, the
world :
Many wise have gone before, and used the sickle
well ;

Who can find a corner now, where none have bound the
sheaves?

So, other some may reap: I do but glean and gather:

My sorry handful hath been culled after the ripe harvest
of Society.

Of Solitude.



Who hath known his brother,—or found him in his
freedom unrestrained ?

Even he, whose hidden glance hath watched his deepest
Solitude.

For we walk the world in domino, putting on characters
and habits,

And wear a social Janus mask, while others stand
around :

I speak not of the hypocrite, nor dream of meant de-
ceptions,

But of that quick unconscious change, whereof the best
know most.

For mind hath its influence on mind ; and no man is
free but when alone ;

Yea, let a dog be watching thee, its eye will tend to thy
restraint.

Self-possession cannot be so perfect, with another intel-
lect beside thee,

It is not as a natural result, but rather the educated produce.

The presence of a second spirit must control thine own,

And throw it off its equipoise of peace, to balance by an effort.

The common minds of common men know of this but little ;

What then ? they know nothing of themselves : I speak to those who know.

The consciousness that some are hearing, cometh as a care,

The sense that some are watching near, bindeth thee to caution ;

And the tree of tender nerves shrinketh as a touched mimosa,

Drooping like a plant in drought, with half its strength decayed.

There are antipathies warning from the many, and sympathies drawing to the few,

But merchant-minds have crushed the first, and cannot feel the latter :

Whereas to the quickened apprehension of a keen and spiritual intellect,

Antipathies are galling, and sympathies oppress, and solitude is quiet.

He that dwelleth mainly by himself, heedeth most of others,

But they that live in crowds, think chiefly of themselves.

There is indeed a selfish seeming, where the anchorite liveth alone,

But probe his thoughts,—they travel far, dreaming for
ever of the world :

And there is an apparent generosity, when a man mixeth
freely with his fellows,

But prove his mind, by day and night, his thoughts are
all of self :

The world, inciting him to pleasures, or relentlessly pro-
voking him to toil,

Is full of anxious rivals, each with a difference of in-
terest ;

So must he plan and practise for himself, even as his
own best friend ;

And the gay soul of dissipation never had a thought un-
selfish.

The hermit standeth out of strife, abiding in a contem-
plative calmness ;

What shall he contemplate,—himself ? a meagre theme
for musing :

He hath cast off follies, and kept aloof from cares ; a
man of simple wants ;

God and the soul, these are his excuse, a just excuse,
for solitude :

But he carried with him to his cell the half-dead feelings
of humanity :

There were they rested and refreshed ; and he yearned
once more on men.

~~What~~ There is the wise, or the learned, or the good, that
sought not solitude for thinking,

And from seclusion's secret vale brought forth his pre-
cious fruits ?

Forests of Aricia, your deep shade mellowed Numa's
wisdom,

Peaceful gardens of Vaucluse, ye nourished Petrarch's
love;
Solitude made a Cincinnatus, ripening the hero and the
patriot,
And taught De Staël self-knowledge, even in the damp
Bastile;
It fostered the piety of Jerome, matured the labours of
Augustine,
And gave imperial Charles religion for Ambition:
That which Scipio praised, that which Alfred practised,
Which fired Demosthenes to eloquence, and fed the
mind of Milton,
Which quickened zeal, nurtured genius, found out the
secret things of science,
Helped repentance, shamed folly, and comforted the
good with peace,—
By all men just and wise, by all things pure and perfect,
How truly, Solitude, art thou the fostering nurse of
greatness!

Enough;—the theme is vast; sear me these necks of
Hydra:
What shall drive away the thoughts flocking to this
carcase?
Yea,—that all which man may think, hath long been
said of Solitude;
For many wise have proved and preached its evils and
its good:
I cannot add,—I will not steal; enough, for all is
spoken:
Yet heed thou these for practice, and discernment among
men.

There are pompous talkers, solemn, oracular, and dull :
Track them from society to solitude ; and there ye find
 them fools.

There are light-hearted jesters, taking up with company
 for pastime ;

How speed they when alone ?—serious, wise, and
 thoughtful.

And wherefore ? both are actors, saving when in soli-
 tude,

There they live their truest life, and all things show sin-
 cere :

But the fool by pomposity of speech striveth to be
 counted wise,

And the wise, for holiday and pleasance, playeth with the
 fool's best bauble.

The solemn seemer, as a rule, will be found more igno-
 rant and shallow

Than those who laugh both loud and long, content to
 hide their knowledge.

For thee ; seek thou Solitude, but neither in excess nor
 morosely ;

Seek her for her precious things, and not of thine own
 pride.

For there, separate from a crowd, the still small voice
 will talk with thee,

Truth's whisper, heard and echoed by responding con-
 science ;

There, shalt thou gather up the ravelled skeins of
 feeling,

And mend the nets of usefulness, and rest awhile for
 duties :

There, thou shalt hive thy lore, and eat the fruits of
study,

For Solitude delighteth well to feed on many thoughts :

There, as thou sittest peaceful, communing with fancy,
The precious poetry of life shall gild its leaden cares :

There, as thou walkest by the sea, beneath the gentle
stars,

Many kindling seeds of good will sprout within thy
soul ;

Thou shalt weep in Solitude,—thou shalt pray in Soli-
tude,

Thou shalt sing for joy of heart, and praise the grace of
Solitude.

Pass on, pass on !—for this is the path of wisdom :

God make thee prosper on the way ; I leave thee well
with Solitude.

The End.

Every beginning is shrouded in a mist, those vague
 ideas beyond,
 And the traveller setteth on his journey, oppressed with
 many thoughts,
 Balancing his hopes and fears, and looking for some
 order in the chaos,
 Some secret path between the cliffs, that seem to bar his
 way :
 So, he commenceth at a clue, unravelling its tangled
 skein,
 And boldly speedeth on to thread the labyrinth before
 him.
 Then as he gropeth in the darkness, light is attendant
 on his steps,
 He walketh straight in fervent faith, and difficulties
 vanish at his presence ;
 The very flashing of his sword scattereth those shadowy
 foes ;

Confident and sanguine of success, he goeth forth conquering and to conquer.

Every middle is burdened with a weariness,—to have to go as far again,—

And Diligence is sick at heart, and Enterprize foot-sore :

That which began in zeal, bursting as a fresh-dug spring,

Goeth on doggedly in toil, and hath no help of nature :

Then, is need of moral might, to wrestle with the animal re-action,

Still to fight, with few men left, and still though faint pursuing.

The middle is a marshy flat, whereon the wheels go heavily,

With clouds of doubt above, and ruts of discouragement below :

Press on, sturdy traveller, yet a league, and yet a league !

While every step is binding wings on thy victorious feet.

Every end is happiness, the glorious consummation of design,

The perils past, the fears annulled, the journey at its close :

And the traveller resteth in complacency, home-returned at last :

Work done may claim its wages, the goal gained hath won its prize :

While the labour lasted, while the race was running,

Many-times the sinews ached, and half refused the struggle :

But now, all is quietness, a pleasant hour given to repose ;

Calmness in the retrospect of good, and calmness in the prospect of a blessing.

Hope was glad in the beginning, and fear was sad mid-way,

But sweet fruition cometh in the end, a harvest safe and sure.

That which is, can never not have been : facts are solid as the pyramids :

A thing done is written in the rock, yea, with a pen of iron.

Uncertainty no more can scare, the proof is seen complete,

Nor accident render unaccomplished, for the deed is finished.

Thus the end shall crown the work, with grace, grace, unto the topstone,

And the work shall triumph in its crown, with peace, peace, unto the builder.

I have written, as other some of old, in quaint and meaning phrase,

Of many things for either world, a crowd of facts and fancies :

And will ye judge me, men of mind?—judge in kindly calmness ;

For bitter words of haste or hate have often been repented.

Deep dreaming upon surface reading ; imagery crowded over argument ;

Order less considered in the multitude of thoughts :
this witnessing is just.

Scripture gave the holier themes, the well-turned words
and wisdom ;

While Fancy on her swallow's wing skimmed those
deeper waters.

And wilt thou say with shrewdness,—He hath burnished
up old truths,

But where he seemed to fashion new, the novelty was
false ?

Alas, for us in these last days, our elders reaped the
harvest :

Alas, for all men in all times, who glean so many tares !
That which is true, how should it be new ? for time is
old in years :

That which is new, how should it be true ? for I am
young in wisdom.

Nevertheless, I have spoken at my best, according to the
mercies given me,

Of high, and deep, and famous things, of Evil, or of
Good.

I have told of Errors near akin to Truth, and whole-
somes linked with poison ;

Of subtle Uses in the humblest, and the deep-laid plots
of Pride :

I have praised Wisdom, comforted thy Hope, and
proved to thee the folly of Complainings ;

Hinted at the hazard of an Influence, and turned thee
from the terrors of Ambition.

I have shown thee thy Captivity to Law ; yet bade thee
hide Humilities :

I have lifted the curtains of Memory ; and smoothed the
soft pillow of Rest.

Experience had his sober hour ; and Character its keen
appreciation ;

And holy Anger stood sublime, where Hatred fell con-
demned.

Prayer spake the mind of God, even in His own good
words :

And Zeal, with kindness warmly mixt, allied him to
Discretion.

I taught thee that nothing is a Trifle, even to the laugh
of Recreation ;

I led thee with the Train of Religion, to be dazzled at
the name of the Triune.

Thought confessed his unseen fears ; and Speech de-
clared his triumphs ;

I sang the blessedness of Books ; and commended the
prudence of a Letter :

Riches found their room, either unto honour—or de-
spising :

Inventions took their lower place, for all things come of
God.

I scorned Ridicule ; nor would humble me for Praise ;
for I had gained Self-knowledge ;

And pleaded fervently for Brutes, who suffer for man's
sin.

Then, I rose to Friendship ; and bathed in all the ten-
derness of Love ;

Knew the purity of Marriage ; and blest the face of
Children.

And whereas, by petulance or pride, I had haply said
some evil,

Mine after-thought was Tolerance, to bear the faults of
all :

Many faults, ill to bear, bred the theme of Sorrow ;
Many virtues, dear to see, induced the gush of Joy.

Thus, for awhile, as leaving thee in joy, was I loth to
break that spell ;

I roamed to other things and thoughts, and fashioned
other books.

But in a season of reflection, after many days,
A thought stood before me in its garment of the past,—
and lo, a legion with it !

They came in thronging bands,—I could not fight nor
fly them,—

And so they took me to their tent, the prisoner of
thoughts.

Then, I bade thee greet me well, and heed my cheerful
counsels ;

For every day we have a Friend, who changeth not with
time.

Gladly did I speak of my commission, for I felt it graven
on my heart,

And could not hold my wiser peace, but magnified mine
office.

Mystery had left her echoes in my mind, and I dis-
coursed her secret :

And thence I turned aside to man, and judged him for
his Gifts.

Beauty, noble thesis, had a world of sweets to sing
of,

And dated all her praise from God, the birthday of the
soul.

Thence grew Fame ; and Flattery came like Agag ;
But this was as the nauseous dregs, of that inspiring
cup :

Forth from Flattery sprang in opposition harsh and dull
Neglect ;

And kind Contentment's gentle face to smile away the
sadness.

Life, all buoyancy and light, and Death, that sullen
silence,

Sped the soul to Immortality, the final home of man.

Then, in metaphysical review, passed a triple troop,
Swift Ideas, sounding Names, and heavily armed
Things :

Faith spake of her achievements even among men her
brethren ;

And Honesty, with open mouth, would vindicate himself :
The retrospect of Social life had many truths to tell of.

And then I left thee to thy Solitude, learning there of
Wisdom.

Friend and scholar, lover of the right, mine equal kind
companion,—

I prize indeed thy favour, and these sympathies are
dear :

Still, if thy heart be little with me, wot thou well, my
brother,

I canvass not the smiles of praise, nor dread the frowns
of censure.

Through many themes in many thoughts, have we held
sweet converse ;

But God alone be praised for mind! He only is sufficient.

And every thought in every theme by prayer had been established :

Who then should fear the face of man, when God hath answered prayer?

I speak it not in arrogance of heart, but humbly as of justice,

I think it not in vanity of soul, but tenderly, for gratitude,—

God hath blest my mind, and taught it many truths ;

And I have echoed some to thee, in weakness, yet sincerely :

Yea, though ignorance and error shall have marred those lessons of His teaching,

I stand in mine own Master's praise, or fall to His reproof.

If thou lovest, help me with thy blessing ; if otherwise, mine shall be for thee ;

If thou approvest, heed my words ; if otherwise, in kindness be my teacher.

Many mingled thoughts for self have warped my better aim ;

Many motives tempted still, to toil for pride or praise :

Alas, I have loved pride and praise, like others worse or worthier ;

But hate and fear them now, as snakes that fastened on my hand :

Scævola burnt both hand and crime ; but Paul flung the viper on the fire :

He shook it off, and felt no harm ; so be it ! I renounce them.

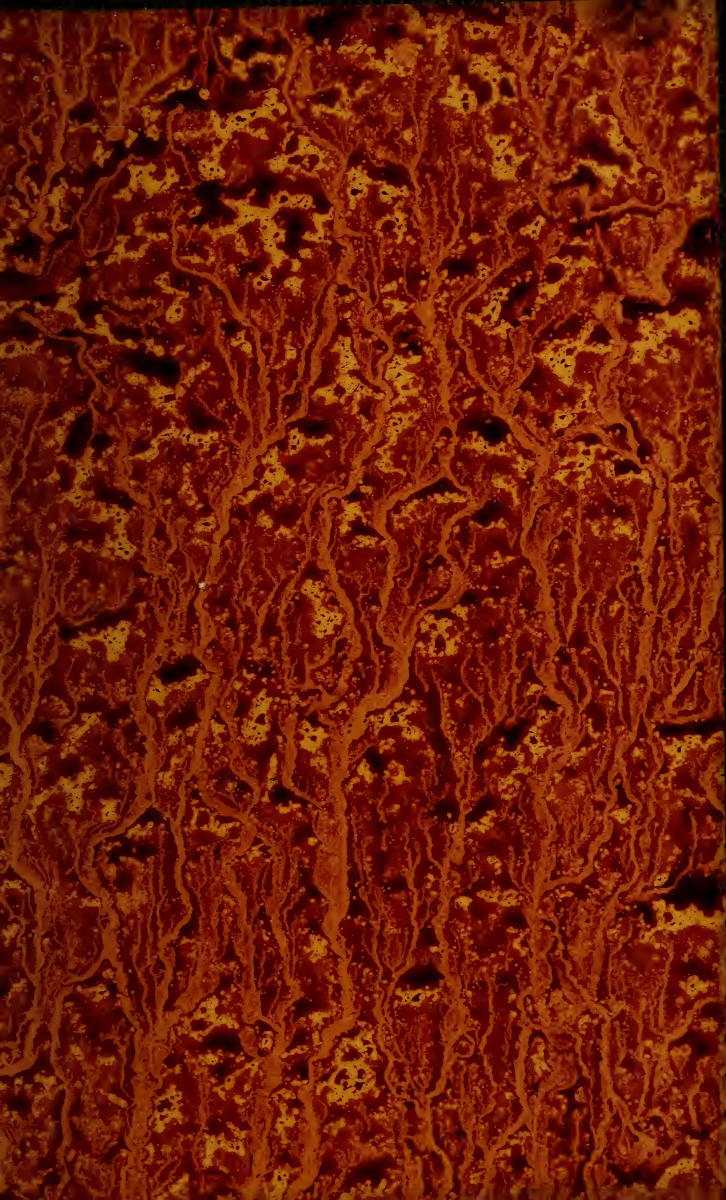
Rebuke then, if thou wilt rebuke,—but neither hastily
nor harshly ;

Or, if thou wilt commend, be it honestly, of right : I
work for God and good.

ΤΕΛΟΣ.

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