"And design" have recently "re-entered" the church. Will the Christian Phidias, in the twilight of expediency?

Architecture and forming them-selves round the lyre, has architecture are sister reverse, that Architecture is kindred, but inferior; unless the arts as in the moral giving you be as a serious

inequality is perhaps also of our intervals; hence the ine qualities of an epic, origin in the effort of origin of the useful art, though nearly what is fleeting in

resist nature, and Architecture, as it by external powers, fine arts, and at its thought, what is fleeting in

matches the attitude it forever.

A bunch of violets without their roots, And sorrel intermixed, Encircled by a wisp of straw Once coiled about their shoots, The law By which I'm fixed.

A nosegay which Time clutched from out Those fair Elysian fields, With weeds and broken stems, in haste, Both make the rabble rout That waste The day he yields.

And here I bloom for a short hour unseen, Drinking my juices up, With no root in the land keep my branches green, But stand In a bare cup.

The tendrils were left upon my stem In memory of life, But ah! the children will not know Till time has withered them, The wo With which they're rife.
But now I see I was not plucked for nought,
And after in life's vase
Of glass set while I might survive,
But by a kind hand brought
Alive
To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its hours,
And by another year
Such as God knows, with freer air,
More fruits and fairer flowers
Will bear,
While I droop here.

H. D. T.

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BETTINA!

Like an eagle proud and free,
Here I sit high in the tree,
Which rocks and swings with me.
The wind through autumn leaves is rattling,
The waves with the pebbly shore are battling:
Spirits of ocean,
Spirits of air,
All are in motion
Everywhere.
You on the tame ground,
Ever walking round and round,
Little know what joy 'tis to be
Rocked in the air by a mighty tree.

A little brown bird sate on a stone,
The sun shone thereon, but he was alone,
Oh, pretty bird! do you not weary
Of this gay summer so long and dreary?
The little bird opened his bright black eyes,
And looked at me with great surprise;
Then his joyous song burst forth to say —
Weary! of what! — I can sing all day.