Man cannot have a heart or not, at the good will and pleasure of philosophers, how benevolent soever they may be. Nor can he set it aside at his own convenience. He has it always. And it is something more than a mere hydraulic machine. It is even more than a possession. It is himself. Man, as a heart, as a nature more occult than an intelligence, is a riddle yet unsolved by intellectual philosophers. These profess to discourse of the understanding, while they deny that any reality whatever, stands under the intellectual or analytical powers. Fortunately, however, there is also a synthetic nature, which must know and feel all things as whole, as one, and provision for this nature must be part of the common stock, but as far as we can judge by an inspection of the inventories, there is rarely any store laid in.

With the sincerest wishes for the success of any programme having for aim the bettering of man, or his conditions, we still can entertain but faint hopes where we perceive the scheme rather than man is placed first in importance. That there is to be a gradual outworking of society, a vast progress for mankind, cannot be doubtful to the steady observer. A sufficient arc is known to prove the fact of a concentric orbit. But that orbicular track cannot be calculated by the moral astronomers, who are not centralized beings. It is a calculation, too, which cannot be put beforehand into books, and systems, but must be realized, day by day, from the centre itself, as are the planetary motions. Skeptics and scoffers of social melioration have yet some misgiving of their wit, and their objections, but they are rather confirmed than converted by preorganizations never realized, and which, at the same time, serve rather to disappoint than to encourage the faithful.

Various smaller associations in England and America might be spoken of as either in existence or proposed. But for all those which are not bound down by theological tests, it may be remarked, that they are yet in so incipient a state that their immediate observers, or even their members themselves, can scarcely pronounce decisively on the elucidation of any one principle. For material results, the period is too short; for mental order, the elements too chaotic; for spiritual growth, the subject too little heeded.

(To be continued.)

C. L.

A SONG OF DEATH.

Death is here and death is there
But the shattered shaft and dome,
Emblem of a stern despair,
Mark that utter sorrow, where
Faith yet wants a home.

Yonder with the blue-veined lid
Closed o'er eyes whose light is o'er,
Like twin angels that forbid
Beauty to be widowed,

Though they come no more:

So he sleeps! The day is fair,
Summer breezes come and go,
Gambol with his curling hair,
And no wail of sorrow bear
On their sunny flow.

Give the flower unto the earth,
But salt tears will blight its bloom;
All that in him was of worth,
Let it find in thee new birth,
Not a shrouded tomb.

Bury him at morning time,
When the dew is on the grass,
Then the fox-bells ring a chime,
As from out some warmer clime
Morning breezes pass.

Source: The Dial (July 1843) pp. 87