

What do torment me?
 Those living vacantly,
 Who live but to see;
 Indefinite action,
 Nothing but motion,
 Round stones a rolling,
 No inward controlling;—
 Yes! they torment me.

Some cry all the time,
 Even in their prime
 Of youth's flushing clime.
 O! out on this sorrow!
 Fear'st thou to-morrow?
 Set thy legs going,
 Be stamping, be rowing,—
 This of life is the lime.

Hail, thou mother Earth!
 Who gave me thy worth
 For my portion at birth:
 I walk in thy azure,
 Unfond of erasure,
 But they who torment me
 So most exceedingly
 Sit with feet on the hearth.

We have more pages from the same hand lying before us, marked by the same purity and tenderness and early wisdom as these we have quoted, but we shall close our extracts here. May the right hand that has so written never lose its cunning! may this voice of love and harmony teach its songs to the too long silent echoes of the Western Forest.

E.

ART AND ARTIST.

With dauntless eye the lofty one
 Moves on through life;
 Majestic as the mighty sun
 He knows no strife.

He sees the thought flow to the form,
 And rise like bubble bright;
 A moment of beauty,—and it is gone,
 Dissolved in light.

ERNEST THE SEEKER.

CHAPTER II.

"Then let the good be free to breathe a note
 Of elevation—let their odors float
 Around these Converts, and their glories blend,
 Outshining nightly tapers, or the blaze
 Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
 Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
 The soul to purer worlds."—WORDSWORTH.

As Ernest entered the boudoir, Edith hastily closed her portfolio, and wiping away a tear, rose gracefully to greet him.

"Ah! Ernest! Is it you? How glad I am it is no stranger. I would not have an indifferent eye see me thus moved. My Saint has gone to join the blessed. Sister Luise died last night;" and after a moment gazing at him she added, "You shall see this sketch in which I have hinted to myself the lesson of her life."

Ernest took her hand, and seating himself at the table, they looked together at the three pencilled outlines. The first represented a cavern's mouth, on the edge of a garden, where in the distance dancing groupes were visible. Entering the vault, his face veiled, one arm wrapped in his heavy robe, extending behind him, an aged man seemed slowly drawing on a beautiful girl,—whose feet followed willingly;—while the averted head, the straining eye, the parted lips told, that the heart was with one of the rejoicers behind, who stood watching her. The second sketch was of a chamber in the rock, lighted only from a cleft,—and on the floor, as in a swoon, the female form alone,—her face hidden in her mantle, with one hand cast forward, grasping the crucifix. In the third was again a garden, and a cavern's mouth, but now reversed; and near and far, under shading branches, placid figures seemed conversing. In the fore-ground his back to the beholder, stood with light, triumphant air a youth, from whose presence glory seemed to beam, while lowly in gesture, but with upraised and assured face, glided forth from the dark prison the Virgin.

"And so she has cast off her earthly dross," said Ern-