

From this spirit-land, afar,
 All disturbing force shall flee;
 Stir nor toil nor hope shall mar
 Its immortal unity.

AUGUST SHOWER.

THE gladsome music of the shower!
 The hastening, tripping, mingling sound,
 Above, beneath me, all around,
 On bank and tree and flower.

The rose lifts up its lip serene,
 The insect's still, that restless thing,
 He makes no noise, he stirs no wing,
 So fresh he grows and clean.

The branches thrill and drip and bow,
 Luxurious to the air;
 How green they look, how sweet and fair
 They gladly seem to know.

And still it pours, the welcome rain
 Far down its rivers creep,
 The very roots are bathing deep
 The fainting roots of grain.

Yet more! exhaustless 't is, as Love,
 The bladed grass is full,
 The pebble-stones are beautiful,
 So cool and wet above!

A pause, — again, — it's almost past,
 The flowers seem to think,
 As gasping eagerly, they drink
 The fresh, the sweet, the last.

The Earth is like recovered child,
 Heeding not, how an hour ago
 It panting lay and faint and low,
 So glad it is and wild.

The lighted West! Oh God of Love!
 Below, in silvery streams,
 Like to Aurora's softest beams,
 While gold bursts out above!

THE PHARISEES.

IF we may trust the statement of grave philosophers, who have devoted their lives to Science, and given proofs of what they affirm, which are manifest to the senses, as well as evident to the understanding, there were once, in very distant ages, classes of monsters on the earth, which differed, in many respects, from any animals now on its surface. They find the bones of these animals "under the bottom of the monstrous world," or imbedded in masses of stone, which have since formed over them. They discover the footprints, also, of these monstrous creatures, in what was once soft clay, but has since become hard stone, and so has preserved these traces for many a thousand years. These creatures gradually became scarce, and at last disappeared entirely from the face of the earth, while nobler races grew up and took their place. The relics of these monsters are gathered together by the curious. They excite the wonder of old men and little girls, of the sage and the clown.

Now there was an analogous class of moral monsters in old time. They began quite early, though no one knows who was the first of the race. They have left their footprints all over the civilized globe, in the mould of institutions, laws, politics, and religions, which were once pliant, but have since become petrified in the ages, so that they seem likely to preserve these marks for many centuries to come. The relics of these moral monsters are preserved for our times in the histories and institutions of past ages. But they excite no astonishment, when discovered, because, while the sauri of gigantic size, the mammoth and the mastodon, are quite extinct, the last of the Pharisees has not yet been seen, but his race is vigorous and flourishing now as of old time. Specimens of this monster are by no means rare. They are found living in all countries, and in every walk of life. We do not search for him in the halls of a museum, or the cabinets of the curious, but every man has seen a Pharisee going at large on the earth. The race, it seems, began early. The Pharisees are of ancient blood; some tracing their genealogy to the great father of Lies himself. However this may be, it is certain, we find them