

GIVE US AN INTERPRETER.

THE winning waves with whispers low,
 The wafting winds that gently blow,
 Call me away to a land most fair, —
 "Come, we will bear thee safely there."
 So my silken sail I must unfurl,
 And bound o'er the billows that proudly curl;
 Sunny sea-birds sail round me on high,
 Shooting like sun-beams o'er all the sky;
 With the swelling waves does my bonny bark heave,
 Like a sword-fish through them all I cleave;
 "Where shall I go? What shall I find?"
 Affectionate hearts, ever gentle and kind
 Such have I here!
 "Old age serene, and earnest youth,
 Forgetting all else in its search for truth."
 Such have I here!
 "Men who build cities and armies lead,
 Forward to venture in noble deed."
 Such have I here!
 "Beautiful forms, with eyes that are made
 Of sunbeams in softest dew-drops arrayed."
 Such have I here!
 "Burst forth loud carols sweet and free.
 Hark to the music that swells o'er the sea."

We have all that on this shore.
 "Then what wouldst thou more?"

A man who with power shall backward throw
 The curtain that hangs o'er the infinite now,
 That forth on the earth a glory may stream,
 Startling all souls from their mournful dream.
 By that piercing light men shall see with surprise,
 From their souls sprang the earth, the stars, and the skies.

Z.

BIRDS shooting swiftly through air and light,
 Pause oftentimes in their rapid flight.
 Poised on the wing, a joyous song,
 They wildly warble—then sweep along.
 Songs of high triumph thus should we pour
 Forth from our souls as upward we soar,
 Through boundless Truth—forevermore.

Z.

IDEALS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

No. I.

Is it yet so settled *what life is?* Has experience long since tried and made the most of it? Shall the son plod on in the footsteps of the father? Shall the first child's blunders be fastened upon his children's children, and the experiment of the ignorant first-comer be law to all them that come after? Is there no room for improvement? May not life, in all its forms, be lifted up, and hackneyed drudgery be inspired with an idea, an energy, a heartiness, which shall make it drudgery no longer? Must man forever continue the slave of habit, doing things for no more convincing reason than custom, and positively *making* life a dull thing, lest he should be guilty of finding it in his experience not quite so dull as represented (for it would be a shame to differ from all the world in such a comforting conclusion)?

Let us see then. There are certain things which fall to the lot of all humanity; certain things which every man must do and bear. In what spirit does he do them and bear them? In what spirit does he work, walk abroad, talk with his neighbor, bury his dead, store himself with knowledge, betake himself to the house of worship? According to the spirit with which he does these things, will the field or shop, the school or study, the walk, the fireside circle, the church, the scene of suffering, be to him dull, discouraging, and degrading, or beautiful and full of ever increasing interest and hope. The Christian finds his heaven in each of these; and each of them may be enumerated among the pleasures of religion.

1. First, then, behold the religious man *at work*. The first question asked about every one is: What does he *do*? What is his business? And this very justly; for, until a man have something to do, he has no right to be *thought* of in any other relation.

It is the law of nature, that man must *work*. An outward necessity, if not an inward one, compels him to it. Two causes keep us always active. A restlessness of our own, an inward natural tendency to do things, or what is