ing that like theirs, our appropriative instincts will be unfolded harmoniously, and that we shall come evermore to her law by coming to ourselves.

And here come the bee and the butterfly themselves to tell us about it. But, as I said, they obtrude not their precepts upon us. Nay, they seem rather shy than not. And yet these two insects have been, unconsciously to themselves and to man, preachers and parable-bringers since Thought began.

So come here, thou little citizen of this green republic, and tell us more than the dull books, which prate as if they knew all about thee. We may fling aside Kirby and Spence, now thou art here. Come, leave that clover-blossom awhile, where thou art rolling thyself about and packing away thy nectar;—cease that monotonous talking to thyself,—that hurried merchant-like air:—leave dunning the poor, drooping, insolvent field-flowers, for they will pay thee one day:—come out of the sunshine, thou hot, petulant, systematic little worker, and tell us why thou hast ever been a stirrer of deep thoughts and resolves to the earnest soul! And thou, my lady butterfly,—gay dancer in the breeze, living air-flower,—silent ever, but not from thought,—making thy demure morning calls on the very flowers at whose doors the disappointed bee has been grumbling;—who made thee a proverb and a perpetual homily in the courts of kings,—or saw thee flitting along in thy relations of the street or the ball-room?

Did some poet invent these correspondences, or stand they not as they have ever stood, written in the double-leaved book of the Most High?

For indeed God writes all his decrees dually. They are simultaneously proclaimed at the two open gates of His city, to the inhabitants of the suburbs,—which open gates are nature and the soul. They who hear one proclamation rejoice, but feebly. But they who hear both, mingle faith and wisdom with their joy.

When we perceive the light which breaks through the visible symbol, What exultation is ours! we the discovery have made!

Yet is the meaning the same as when Adam lived sinless in Eden, Only long-hidden its slept and now again is restored.

Man unconsciously uses figures of speech every moment, Little dreaming the cause why to such terms he is prone,—Little dreaming that everything has its own correspondence Folded within it of old, as in the body the soul.

Lost to man was the key of those sacred hieroglyphics,—Stolen away by sin,—till with Jesus restored.

Now with infinite pains we here and there spell out a letter: Now and then will the sense feebly shine through the dark. When we perceive the light which breaks through the visible symbol, What exultation is ours! we the discovery have made!

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Gleams of the mystery fall on us still, though much is forgotten, And through our commonest speech illuminesthe path of our thoughts. Thus does the lordly sun shine out a type of the Godhead; Wisdom and Love the beams that stream on a darkened world.

Thus do the sparkling waters flow, giving joy to the desert, And the great Fountain of Life opens itself to the thirst.

Thus does the word of God distill like the rain and the dew-drops, Then do the warm wind breathe like to the Spirit of God, And the green grass and the flowers are signs of the regeneration.

O thou Spirit of Truth! visit our minds once more! Give us to read, in letters of light, the language celestial, Written all over the earth,—written all over the sky: Thus may we bring our hearts at length to know our Creator, Seeing in all things around types of the Infinite Mind.

COLOR AND LIGHT.

The word unto the nations came And shone o'er many a darkened spot; The pure white lustre of its flame The darkness comprehended not;
Glimmerings.

Till broken into colored light,
Within the prism of the mind,
It traced upon the murky night
A rainbow arch with hues defined.

And where the narrowed sunbeams turned
To colors all distinct, yet blended,
The soul of man within him burned,—
The darkness dimly comprehended.

When shall the pure ethereal fire
Glow with a white interior heat?
When shall the Truth of God inspire
The shaping mind with light complete?

Never,—until a second youth
Renews the earth; then may we see
The primal Light,—the uncolored Truth,
And gather life eternally.

MY THOUGHTS.

Many are the thoughts that come to me
In my lonely musing;
And they drift so strange and swift,
There's no time for choosing
Which to follow, for to leave
Any, seems a losing.

When they come, they come in
As on glancing feather,
Startled birds rise one by one
In autumnal weather,
Waking one another up
From the sheltering heather.

Some so merry that I laugh,
Some are grave and serious.
Some so trite, their least approach
Is enough to weary us:—
Others flit like midnight ghosts,
Shrouded and mysterious.

There are thoughts that o'er me steal,
Like the day when dawning;
Great thoughts winged with melody
Common utterance scorning,
Moving in an inward tune,
And an inward morning.

Some have dark and drooping wings,
Children all of sorrow;
Some are as gay, as if to-day
Could see no cloudy morrow,—
And yet like light and shade they each
Must from the other borrow.

THE RIDDLE.

"Ye bards, ye prophets, ye sages,
Read to me if ye can,
That which hath been the riddle of ages,
Read me the riddle of Man!"

Then came the bard with his lyre
And the sage with his pen and scroll,
And the prophet with his eye of fire,
To unriddle a human soul.

And the soul stood up in its might,
Its stature they could not scan,
And it rayed out a dazzling mystic light,
And shamed their wisest plan.

Yet sweetly the bard did sing,
And learnedly talked the sage,
And the seer flashed by with his lightning wing,
Soaring beyond his age.

Of life-fire snatched from Jove;
Of a forfeited age of gold;
Of providence and deathless love
The chanting minstrel told.

The sage of wisdom spoke,
Of doctrines, books, and schools,
And how when they broke from learning's yoke,
All men were turned to fools.

And the prophet told of heaven,
And the golden age to come,—
"Ye must follow the sun through the gates of even,
And he will see you home."

Many a dream they saw,
And many a creed did build;
Each in its turn was truth and law,
While they who sought were filled.

But the soul stood up, still freed
From the prison of each plan,—
He was a riddle they could not read,
This simple-seeming man.

He stood in his mystery still,
Of ever-changing light;
Glimmerings.

We behold the happy souls
Peacefully, triumphantly
Swimming on the smiling sea,
Then we linger round the shore,
Lovers of the earth no more.

Once,—’t was in our infancy,
We were drifted by this sea
To the coast of human birth,
To this body and this earth:
Gentle were the hands that bore
Our young spirits to the shore;
Gentle lips that bade us look
Outward from our cradle-nook
To the spirit-bearing ocean
With such wonder and devotion,
As, each stilly sabbath day,
We were led a little way,
Where we saw the waters swell
Far away from inland dell,
And received with grave delight
Symbols of the Infinite:—
Then our home was near the sea;
“Heaven was round our infancy;”
Night and day we heard the waves
Murmuring by us to their caves;
Floated in unconscious life
With no later doubts at strife,
Trustful of the Upholding Power,
Who sustained us hour by hour.

Now we’ve wandered from the shore,
Dwellers by the sea no more;
Yet at times there comes a tone
Telling of the visions flown,
Sounding from the distant sea
Where we left our purity:
Distant glimpses of the surge
Lure us down to ocean’s verge;
There we stand with vague distress,
Yearning for the measureless,
By half-wakened instincts driven,
Fearing to put off and swim,
Yet impelled to turn to Him,
In whose life we live and move,
And whose very name is Love.

Grant me courage, Holy One,
To become indeed thy son,
And in thee, thou Parent-Sea,
Live and love eternally.

THE OCEAN.

“Is a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
That brought us thither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.”—

Tell me, brother, what are we,
 Spirits bathing in the sea
 Of Deity!
 Half afloat, and half on land,
 Wishing much to leave the strand,
 Standing, gazing with devotion,
 Yet afraid to trust the ocean,—
 Such are we.

Wanting love and holiness,
 To enjoy the wave’s caress;
 Wanting faith and heavenly hope,
 Buoyantly to bear us up;
 Yet impatient in our dwelling,
 When we hear the ocean swelling,
 And in every wave that rolls

Many, yet one, he baffled their skill,
And put their dreams to flight.
His feet on the earth were planted,
His head o’er the stars rose dim,
And ever unto himself he chanted
A half articulate hymn.
In words confused and broken,
He chanted his mystic dream,
And but half of the half his lips had spoken,
Floated on Time’s dull stream.
They, who heard of the song which he
Sang on from time to time,
Gave it the name Philosophy,
And echoed the olden rhyme.
But their systems all are vain,
And the overflowing soul
Sweeps lyre and song to the dark inne,
And blest the old sage’s scroll.
And man, the great riddle, is still
Unread to the dreamer’s eye,—
We are ever afloat, as we ply our skill,
On the sea of mystery.

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