Clouds.

Smooth-edged yet tapering off in gloomy point,
With that long line of sultry red beneath,
As if it tightly vested bosom bore
The lightning close concealed.
Ye fair and soft and ever varying Clouds!
Where in your golden circuit, find ye out
The Armory of Heaven, ruffling thence
Its gleaming swords? — Ye fearful Clouds!
Feminine ever, light or dark or grim,
I fear ye not, I wonder and admire,
And gladly would I charter this soft wind,
That now is here, and now will undulate
Your yielding lines, to bear me softly hence,
That I might stand upon that golden edge,
And bathe my brow in that delicious gloom,
And leaning, gaze into the sudden gap
From whence the Lightning passes!

Night has come, and the bright eyes of stars,
And the voice-gifted wind, and severed wide,
Ye flee, like startled spirits through the sky
Over and over to the mighty North,
Returnless race, forgetting and forgot
Of that red, western cradle whence ye sprung!
As wild, as fitful, is the gathering mass
Of this eventful world,—enlarging heaps
Of care and joy and grief we christen Life.
Like these, they shine full oft in green and gold,
Or brightly ravishing foam:—utterly fond,
We seek repose, confiding on their breast,
And lo, they sink and sink, most noiseless sink,
And leave us in the arms of nothingness.
Like these, they pass, in ever-varying form,
As glancing angels, or assanis grim.
Sharp-gleaming daggers, "beath concealing garb!"

Might we but dwell within the upper Heaven!
In the immensity of soul,—the realm
Of stars serene, and suns and cloudless moons,
Ranging delighted, while far down below
The Atmosphere of life concoct it's shapes
Evil or beautiful, and smile on all,
As gorgeous pictures spread beneath the feet.

Oh Thou, supreme infinitude of Thought!
Thou, who art height and depth! whither is Life,
And what are we, but vanishing shadows all
O'er the eternal ocean of thy Being
Thou congregatest these joys and hopes and griefs,
In thee they bear or gloom. Eternal Sun!

1841.]

The Future is better than the Past.

Let them not come between my soul and thee;
Let me rejoice in thy overflowing light,
Fill up my being's urn, until a Star,
Once kindled, ne'er extinct, my soul may burn
In the pure light of an excelling love,
Giving out rays, as lavishly as given!

"THE FUTURE IS BETTER THAN THE PAST."

Nor where long-passed ages sleep,
Seek we Eden's golden trees,
In the future, folded deep,
Are its mystic harmonies.

All before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the Day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is not, ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care
The real Eden we shall find.

It is coming, it shall come,
To the patient and the striving,
To the quiet heart at home,
Thinking wise and faithful living.

When all error is worked out,
From the heart and from the life;
When the Sensuous is laid low,
Through the Spirit's holy strife;

When the Soul to Sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound;
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings Paradise around.

Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from Seraph-eyes;
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.
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 truces 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 gathered together by the curious. They excite the wonder of old men and little girls, of the sage and the clown.

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