HYMN AND PRAYER.

INFINITE Spirit! who art round us ever,
In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen—yet not unfelt—if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth, or pure desire,
A generous act, or noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That I may live to glorify thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
Overcome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

I am unworthy.—Yet for their dear sake,
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found,
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,
Young plants are warmed, they drink my branches' dew,
Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded,
Make me for theirsake firm, and pure, and true.

For theirsake too, the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,
Those, who have found in me some trace of gold,
For theirsake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest,
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,
When on his soul the guilt of man was prest.

Tender and sensitive he braved the storm,
That we might fly a well deserved fate,
Poured out his soul in supplication warm,
Looked with his eyes of love on eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed,
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean,
O speak the word,—thy servant shall be healed.

META.

Meta, the wife of Klopstock, is probably known to many readers
through her beautiful letters to Richardson, the novelist, or Mrs. Jame-
son's popular work, "The Loves of the Poets." It is said that Klop-
stock wrote to her constantly after her death.

This poet had retired from the social circle. Its mirth
was to his sickened soul a noisy discord,—its sentiment
a hollow mockery. With grief he felt that the recital of
a generous action, the vivid expression of a noble thought
could only graze the surface of his mind; the desolate
stillness of death lay brooding on its depths. The friendly
smiles, the affectionate attentions, which had seemed so
sweet in the days when Meta's presence was

"The boon prefigured in his earliest wish,
Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish,"
could give the present but a ghastly similitude to that
blessed time. While his attention, disobedient to his
wishes, kept turning painfully inward, the voice of the
singer suddenly startled it back.

A lovely maid with moist clear eye, and pleading, earnest voice, was seated at
the harpsichord. She sang a sad and yet not hopeless
strain, like that of a lover who pines in absence, yet hopes
again to meet his loved one. The heart of the listener
rose to his lips and natural tears suffused his eyes.
She paused. Some youth of untouched heart, shallow as yet
in all things, asked for a lively song, the expression of an-
imal enjoyment, one of these mountain strains that call
upon us to climb the most steep and rugged ascents with
an untiring gayety. She hesitated and cast a sidelong
glance at the mourner.

Heedlessly the request was urged.

She wafted over the keys an airy prelude,—a cold rush
of anguish came over the awakened heart, Klopstock rose
and hastily left the room.

He entered his chamber and threw himself upon the bed.
The moon was nearly at the full. A
tree near the large
window obscured the radiance, and cast into the room a
flickering shadow, as its leaves kept swaying to and fro
with the breeze. Vainly Klopstock sought to soothe him-
self in that soft and varying light. Sadness is always
deepest at this hour of celestial calmness. The soul real-