

The burthens of the Bible shall not overlay and crush us; its wisdom shall make us strong, and its piety enchant us. Paul and Jesus shall not be our masters, but elder brothers, who open the pearly gate of Truth and cheer us on, leading us to the Tree of Life. We shall find the Kingdom of Heaven and enjoy it now, not waiting till Death ferries us over to the other world. We shall then repose beside the rock of ages, smitten by divine hands, and drink the pure water of life as it flows from the Eternal, to make earth green and glad. We shall serve no longer a bond-slave to tradition, in the leprous host of sin, but become free men, by the Law and Spirit of Life. Thus like Paul shall we serve the Christ within; and like Jesus serving and knowing God directly, with no mediator intervening, become one with Him. Is not this worth a man's wish; worth his prayers; worth his work, to seek the living Christianity; the Christianity of Christ? Not having this, we seem but bubbles, — bubbles on an ocean, shoreless and without bottom; bubbles that sparkle a moment in the sun of life, then burst to be no more. But with it we are men, immortal Souls, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.

P.

## WAYFARERS.

How they go by — those strange and dreamlike men!  
One glance on each, one gleam from out each eye,  
And that I never looked upon till now,  
Has vanished out of sight as instantly.

Yet in it passed there a whole heart and life,  
The only key it gave that transient look;  
But for this key its great event in time  
Of peace or strife to me a sealed book.

## FROM GOETHE.

If at a master's work I look,  
What has been done with joy I see;  
But if I read in mine own book,  
I see what should have been done by me.

## PÆAN.

SING songs of joy by the foaming tide,  
Beings of beauty who sit on the shore!  
Let the sweeping winds and the waves that glide,  
Bear your sweet notes the wide world o'er.  
Stag and fawn through the forest bound;  
Children are laughing with merry sound;  
Sunlight is flashing all around;  
Lovers are sitting holy and still;  
The old man wanders at his will;  
Gold! Gold! is all I can say,  
For all is golden on this happy day.

The rushing river is molten gold,  
The wealth of the trees could ne'er be told,  
The bank is framed of golden ore,  
A hundred golden-rods wave on the shore,  
The laugh of the children, the lover's glance,  
The motes, that mid the sunbeams dance,  
The songs of the birds and their eyes of joy,  
All are of gold without alloy.  
E'en the old man's thoughts like butterfly's wings  
Are woven of gold, and he too sings,  
"Joy! oh joy for this golden day,  
I know it shall never pass away!"

Z.

## LYRIC.

THE stars coldly glimmer —  
And I am alone.  
The pale moon grows dimmer,  
And now it has gone.  
Loud shrieks the owl, night presses round,  
The little flowers lie low on the ground  
And sadly moan.

Why is the earth so sad?  
Why doth she weep?  
Methinks she should be glad  
Calmly to sleep.  
But the dews are falling, heavy and fast,  
Sadly sighs the cold night-blast,  
Loud roars the deep.