word, which doubt and change cannot pluck up. Let me reverence my spiritual nature—I have no sure light but this—O, may I keep it undimmed, unquenched, and may its flame point upward ever unto Thee.'

Such was the Idea which inspired the mind of Jesus, and which he was continually uttering. And yet, in spite of this, the church has always thwarted his purpose, and insisted upon a creed. It has always and does now everywhere demand what a man believes, not how he lives. Of this error the Church will do well to get rid, as soon as possible. Did our Savior ever ask a man his creed, before he gave him his benediction, and suffered him to follow him?

The Christianity of Christ then is not a sound Theology, but a Holy Life. The poor, uneducated day-laborer may know far more of Christ than the philosopher in his rich library, surrounded by all the learning of the world. Christian Truth is universal truth—the light which lighteneth every one who cometh into the world. It is no man’s exclusive property. It is common, free, and unpurchased as the light, the air, and the water. There can be no monopoly here. The invitation is to all. "Ho, every one who thirsteth, come ye to the waters." "Whosoever believeth on me shall never thirst." Sin alone keeps us from the fountain. Unless we resemble Jesus, "our eyes will be holden that we shall not know him," his character will seem too lofty for our imitation, and his words too mystical for our comprehension. We may profess to follow him, but it will be but a phantom, not the real Christ. But let us be true to the Highest within us, as he was, and our hearts will burn within us as we commune with him, till enamored of that uncontained Beauty of Holiness, of which he was so large a partaker, we become at length worthy of his holy name.

C.

ANGELICA SLEEPS.—BEARN.

Sleeping with such an air of grace I found her,
As my transported fancy pictured oft;
Proud at her gentle touch, fresh flowers sprang round her,
Love’s breath the rivulet fanned to murmurs soft.

NATURE AND ART, OR THE THREE LANDSCAPES.

"Art is called Art, because it is not Nature."—GOETHE.

GASPAR POUSSIN.

War, dearest, why
Dost thou so fondly linger, gazing long
Upon that fleecy sky
And gentle brook, rippling the rocks among?
Is it the bright warm air, the sunny green:
The cheerful golden light, pervading all;
The waving trees above, the dark ravine
Below, where the cool waters softly fall;
Or that blue valley, sweeping far away,
Into the opening day?

Tell me, my love, of this bright scene what part
Entrances thus thy sense with magic art?

It is not, love, a part—though every part
Touches the soul—
But to the brooding mind and wakeful heart
Appeals the whole!
Rocking the senses in a dream of youth,
Calling up early memories buried long;
Its nature, life, and truth
Ring through my heart like my own childhood’s song,
Thus once where’er I turned my eye
Earth joyous smiled
Upon her joyful child;
No heavy shadow darkened land or sky,
No jarring discord broke with grating sound
The Harmony profound.

DOMINICHINO.

But what a dark, unnatural gloom,
What stifled air, like vapors in a tomb,
Rests on this saddened earth!
How motionless the trees are drooping,
As by a weight bent low,
And heavy clouds are downward stooping,
Pressing coming woe!
The stagnant waters hardly go,
Staleful and slow!
No sight of mirth,
No flitting bird, nor lamb with happy bound,
Disturbs the icy chill which hangs around.
And yet the picture moves the inmost mind,
Faithful to gloomier epochs of our life;
Moves it more deeply, painting with such power
A dark and painful hour
Of inward solitude, of mental strife.
O God on high! thy love, thy grace alone
Can cheer that dismal day
With heaven-descended ray.
Its desperate doubts and torturing thoughts dispel,
The Skeptic's bitter Hell!
He who to tell such inward agony
This frowning picture planned,
Must have possessed a spirit deep and high
Joined to a master's hand.

ALLSTON'S ITALIAN LANDSCAPE.

Look forth, my love, once more
Upon a fairer scene,
Than Grecia's heights, than Pausilippo's shore,
Or Vallambrosa's shadows thick and green.
See that half-hidden castle sleeping
Mid leafy, bowery groves,
A soft effulgence all around it creeping,
Like that which glances from the wings of doves
In light, uncertain motion.
And on the blue horizon stretching far,
Amid the wide spread ocean,
Rises a mountain pure and pale as evening's earliest star.
This ever-smiling sea
Rough with no frowning storm;
This tranquil land which no rude shapes deform,
From all harsh contrasts free;
This grace, this peace, this calm unchanging life
Belong not to our world of sin and strife.

No! not to outward earth
Belongs such peace as this;
Yet to the heart of man, an inward birth
Gives equal bliss.
When childhood's happy day
Of faith and hope is over,
And those sharp pangs have passed away,
When the cold ray
Of knowledge undeceives the heart round which fair visions hover,
Then, then may come a calmer, better hour,
A deeper Peace descend,
Which lifts our spirit to the loftiest Power
And makes our God our friend.

Then Nature sings again a hymn of joy,
And, like a merry boy,
Laughs out each hill, each valley, rock, and tree,
Laughs out the mighty sea,
Broad Earth and hollow Heaven partake the
Spirit's ecstasy.
O, happy artist! whose God-guided hand
This second Eden planned,
Happy to execute this scene thou art,
Happier to find its image in thy heart.

F. C.