Song.

52 Song. [July,
to us, like a drowning man, to drag us beneath the flood.
Our own meannesses, like wet garments, check the free stroke of the swimmer's arm. Worse still! the precious coin of past creeds, which we dare not cast from us, sinks us to the bottom.

XIX.

We are such poor specimens of men, that we dare not be pious. No wonder the Persian climbed the mountain, in the early morning, to worship the sun. Only in lonely thought, in simplicity as of youth, can we see God's brightness. How mysterious, that we know him as God best, when we think of him as God least. Amen. Hush and worship in the constant sacrifice of a grateful alacrity, a humble willingness, a trust turning ever towards his beams, as flowers seek the sun.

XX.

Oh man of many thoughts and a dusty heart. Talk not, preach not! Thy crop is scarcely large enough to give seed-corn for a coming spring; grind it not into meal. Bury thy thoughts in the soil of common life; and may the soft rains and gentle dews of daily kindness quicken them to a richer harvest.

T. T.

SONG.

LIKE seas flashing in caves
Where stalactites gleam,
Like the sparkling of waves
Where Northern lights beam;
Like the swift drops that fall
Where the sun brightly shines,
Like a clear crystal hall
Amid clustering vines;
Like emerald leaves
All transparent with light,
Where the summer breeze weaves
Its song of delight,
Like wild flickering dreams
In the light which lies,
Which flashes and beams
In Angelo's eyes.

NEED OF A DIVER.

"Far o'er the track of dreary, stormy ages,
Kind winds one blossom wafted from the tree
Of life that grew in Eden, and this, cast
Into their garden, made it what you see,
A bloom upon the face of hard Necessity." — MS.

The Phoenix darted on glittering wing in quest of our earth. For an Angel had placed in his beak a kernel from the fruit of the tree of Life, and said, Not far from the sun of yonder system is one poor world, where this tree is not known. Its inhabitants deck themselves with blooms that wither, they feed on fruits that never satisfy. Feeding they famish, living they die. Many among them are too degraded even to dream of a better life. But there are others who with sweet laments that pierce the skies, accuse their destiny, and call upon an ineffable love