

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,
 Is the light which lies,
 Which flashes and beams
 In Angela's eyes.

Like ripples slow circling
 Where a stone has been thrown,
 Like a sunny spring gushing
 In a meadow alone;
 Like a fair sea-girt isle
 All blooming with flowers,
 Is the joy of her smile
 In our wild-wood bowers.

Deep as the sea,
 As the voice of the night,
 Lofty and free
 As the vast dome of light,
 Are the thoughts which live
 In the soul of this being,
 To her God did give
 The true power of seeing.
 Comprehending by love
 What love did create.
 She seeks not above
 Like one weary of fate,
 And longing to see
 A bright world to come,
 Where'er she may be
 Is her beautiful home.

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