

light is the shadow of something more resplendent than itself. And so on, up to Me, who am the Light of lights. Look therefore to Mezdám, who causeth the shadow to fall.

MORALS.

Purity is of two kinds, real and formal. The real consisteth in not binding the heart to evil; and the formal in cleansing away what appears evil to the view.

True self-knowledge is knowledge of God. Life is affected by two evils, Lust and Anger. Restrain them within the proper mean. Till man can attain this self-control, he cannot become a celestial.

The perfect seeth unity in multiplicity, and multiplicity in unity.

The roads tending to God are more in number than the breathings of created beings.

OF WRITING.

The spider said, Wherein consisteth the superior excellence of man? The sage Simrash said, Men understand talismans, and charms, and magic arts, while animals do not. The spider answered, Animals exceed men in these respects; knowest thou not that crawling things and insects build triangular and square houses without wood or brick? behold my work, how without loom, I weave fine cloth. Simrash replied, Man can write and express his thoughts on paper, which animals cannot. The spider said, Animals do not transfer the secrets of Mezdám from a living heart to a lifeless body. Simrash hung down his head from shame.

SPRING.

With what a still, untroubled air,
The spring comes stealing up the way,
Like some young maiden coyly fair,
Too modest for the light of day.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem, (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in the room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head.
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one," said Adhem. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Adhem spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished; the next night
He came with a great wakening light,
And showed their names whom love of God had blest.
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE SONG OF BIRDS IN SPRING.

They breathe the feeling of thy happy soul,
Intricate Spring! too active for a word;
They come from regions distant as the pole;
Thou art their magnet, — seedsman of the bird.