

being of another order from thee, an order whose presence thou mayst feel, nay, approach step by step, but which cannot be known till thou art it, nor seen nor spoken of till thou hast passed through it.

"Suffice it to say, that it is not such a being as men love to paint, a fairy, —like them, only lesser and more exquisite than they, a goddess, larger and of statelier proportion, an angel, —like still, only with an added power. Man never creates, he only recombines the lines and colors of his own existence; only a deific fancy could evolve from the elements the form that took me home.

"Secret, radiant, profound ever, and never to be known, was she; many forms indicate and none declare her. Like all such beings she was feminine. All the secret powers are 'Mothers.' There is but one paternal power.

"She had heard my wish while I looked at the stars, and in the silence of fate prepared its fulfilment. 'Child of my most communicative hour,' said she, 'the full pause must not follow such a burst of melody. Obey the gradations of nature, nor seek to retire at once into her utmost purity of silence.' The vehemence of thy desire at once promises and forbids its gratification. Thou wert the keystone of the arch and bound together the circling year; thou canst not at once become the base of the arch, the centre of the circle. Take a step inward, forget a voice, lose a power; no longer a bounteous sovereign, become a vestal priestess and bide thy time in the Magnolia.'

"Such is my history, friend of my earlier day. Others of my family that you have met, were formerly the religious lily, the lonely dahlia, fearless decking the cold autumn, and answering the shortest visits of the sun with the brightest hues, the narcissus, so wrapt in self-contemplation, that it could not abide the usual changes of a life. Some of these have perfume, others not, according to the habit of their earlier state, for as spirits change, they still bear some trace, a faint reminder of their latest step upwards or inwards. I still speak with somewhat of my former exuberance, and over-ready tenderness to the dwellers on this shore, but each star sees me purer, of deeper thought, and more capable of retirement into my own heart. Nor shall I again detain a wanderer, luring him from afar, nor shall I again subject myself to be ques-

tioned by an alien spirit to tell the tale of my being in words that divide it from itself. Farewell stranger, and believe that nothing strange can meet me more. I have atoned by confession; further penance needs not, and I feel the Infinite possess me more and more. Farewell, to meet again in prayer, in destiny, in harmony, in elemental power.

The Magnolia left me, I left not her, but must abide forever in the thought to which the clue was found in the margin of that lake of the South.

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#### LOVE AND INSIGHT.

THE two were wandering mid the bursting spring;  
 They loved each other with a lofty love;  
 So holy was their love that now no thing  
 To them seemed strange. The golden light above  
 And all around was part of it, and flowed  
 From out their souls; so did the clouds which showed  
 A changing glory. Birds on rustling wing,  
 Flowers upon slender waving stems did spring  
 Forth from their feelings—tender, full of mirth,  
 Swift soaring, or more lowly loving earth.  
 Old Ocean ceased its vast complaint. Its voice  
 Of mystery grew articulate. Waves rejoice  
 Beholding souls far greater than the abyss  
 Wherein they swelled. Earth stood enriched  
 With wondrous beauty. Over each bare stone  
 Spread clinging moss. Nothing did stand alone  
 Or mournful now. All wild, fierce sounds were hushed.  
 The wind that once on wilful whirlwinds rushed,  
 Now bore aloft sweet sounds of jubilee.  
 The glorious hour had come; Earth did see  
 Herself no longer orphaned, and with song  
 Of love and life joined the high harmony,  
 Which through the universe forever rolls along.

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#### SUNSET.

THE sun's red glory vanishes amid complaining waves,  
 Bright beings always go thus, sink down into dark graves;  
 Not only death but life hath graves than death, O, far more dreary;  
 High hopes and feelings melt away and then come days most weary;  
 Angels from heaven on earth appear, but soon their light grows dim,  
 And all forlorn they mourn the past—must it be so with him!