

THE EARTH.

BY WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

My highway is unfeatured air,
 My consorts are the sleepless stars,
 And men, my giant arms upbear,
 My arms unstained and free from scars.

I rest forever on my way,
 Rolling around the happy sun,
 My children love the sunny day,
 But noon and night to me are one.

My heart hath pulses like their own,
 I am their mother, and my veins,
 Though built of the enduring stone,
 Thrill as do theirs with godlike pains.

The forests and the mountains high,
 The foaming ocean and its springs,
 The plains, — O pleasant company,
 My voice through all your anthems rings.

Ye are so cheerful in your minds,
 Content to smile, content to share,
 My being in your silence finds
 The echo of my spheral air.

No leaf may fall, no pebble roll,
 No drop of water lose the road,
 The issues of the general soul,
 Are mirrored in their round abode.

SOCIAL TENDENCIES.

“THE DIVINE END IN SOCIETY IS HUMANE PERFECTION.”

How strange a sound is this heard along the shore! Unlike either the last splashes of a recent storm, or the swell of a coming gale, its indications cannot be read by experience. In irregular intervals, the new waves curl, crisp and yeasty, over the shell-strewn beach, with an unusual surge, although no fresh breeze is sensible above the surface of the waters. The oldest, time-worn caves, echo the unfamiliar sound, and even their inmost recesses seem sensible of the forthcoming of some event, which may destroy their venerable forms forever, and crumble them to common earth. It is as the apprehension of an earthquake, against which no contrivance can prevail, and which no skill can avert. The ancient fishermen, they who seem to be as imperishable as the waters, stand mute. Their boats and nets are drifted to and fro by the influence of the unseen power which they have not the courage to resist, or deem it as impossible to oppose as the south-western gale in its highest fury. Yet the elemental world above is serene; no portents cloud the sky; and the perpetual sun shines on in steady splendor. In a murmuring prophet-note this new impulse is principally indicated.

May we worthily speculate on the origin, operation, and probable futurity of this new movement in the human ocean. Peradventure we may divine the interpretation of the omen.

Certain it is, that the political chiefs of the earth no longer execute that initiative function for which their office was created. The monarch and his prime minister are now but the chairman and his deputy, at a convention where the government really rests in the hands of the majority. The governor has ceased to rule; he is there only to hear resolutions propounded and to count the votes. The old ditty begins to be realized, and each one now is substantially “king in his turn.” Happy fact, that humanity is so much nearer mankind, and is escaping from the leading-strings self-imposed in the nursery.