

something demoniacal in him, who can discern a law, or couple two facts. We can imagine a time when, — "Water runs down hill," — may have been taught in the schools. The true man of science will know nature better by his finer organization; he will smell, taste, see, hear, feel, better than other men. His will be a deeper and finer experience. We do not learn by inference and deduction, and the application of mathematics to philosophy, but by direct intercourse and sympathy. It is with science as with ethics, we cannot know truth by contrivance and method; the Baconian is as false as any other, and with all the helps of machinery and the arts, the most scientific will still be the healthiest and friendliest man, and possess a more perfect Indian wisdom.

---

GIFTS.

A DROPPING shower of spray  
 Filled with a beam of light,  
 The breath of some soft day,  
 The groves by wan moonlight;  
     Some river's flow,  
     Some falling snow,  
 Some bird's swift flight;

A summer field o'erstrawn  
 With gay and laughing flowers,  
 And shepherd's-clock half-blown,  
 That tell the merry hours;  
     The waving grain,  
     And spring-soft rain; —  
 Are these things ours?

THE LOVER'S SONG.

BEE in the deep flower-bells,  
 Brook in the cavern dim,  
 Fawn in the woodland dells  
     Hideth him.

I hide in thy deep flower-eyes,  
 In the well of thy dark cold eye,  
 In thy heart my feelings rise,  
     There they lie.

Sing, love, — sing, for thy song  
 Filleth the life of my mind,  
 Thou bendest my woes along  
     Like a wind.

Green of the spring, and flower,  
 Fruit of the summer day,  
 Midnight and moonlit hour,  
     What say they?

Centre of them thou art,  
 Building that points on high,  
 Sun — for it is in thy heart,  
     Will not die.

---

SEA SONG.

Our boat, to the waves go free;  
 By the bending tide where the curled wave breaks,  
 Like the track of the wind on the white snow-flakes,  
 Away, away, — 't is a path o'er the sea.

Blasts may rave — spread the sail,  
 For our spirits can wrest the power from the wind,  
 And the gray clouds yield to the sunny mind, —  
 Fear not we the whirl of the gale.