

courting the title of greatness ; greatness itself alone can make them great.

Oscillating between the substance and the shadow, true to neither, he is no longer heart-whole. Royalism, — Popularity ? The World, — the Spirit ? Which seems to bid higher ? The day of unbought enthusiasm is past ; prudence now usurps the throne of love. Fears of the assassin, guilty tremors, shake that iron frame. Alarmed, he hurries from place to place ; restless, the load of public business augments upon him ; in a few weeks the least courtly of ambassadors cuts short all argument and doubt.

Rest, therefore, may these two-hundred year old bones in their antiquated tomb ; for neither can the bones build new men, nor the grave new houses. We need the new Cromwell. We will rather *be* the new, than recount the rights and wrongs of the old. What have we to do with them ? Let us attend to the existing. The wrongs he temporarily redressed have not yet passed away ; the rights he claimed are not yet conceded. Old England is still corrupt ; New England is still the land of hope. The waters still lie between ; and if aught is changed, it is perhaps only that emigration is prevented, not by royal order in council, but by the decree of want.

THE POET.

No narrow field the poet has,
The world before him spreading,
But he must write his honest thought,
No critic's cold eye dreading.

His range is over everything,
The air, the sea, the earth, the mind,
And with his verses murmurs sing,
And joyous notes float down the wind.

LINES.

THY quiet radiance falls upon my spirit,
Like the cool starshine on a fevered brow,
And I from thee a still delight inherit,
As from fresh leaves that round my footsteps grow.
In thy great freedom to commune with me,
As summer clouds stoop down to bathe the hills,
I feel the greatness of my destiny,
A solemn anthem through my being thrills.
In the long summer days I sit by thee,
And gaze upon thy beauty evermore,
A deeper depth of peace those eyes unfold to me,
As I with growing calm their tranquillity explore,
In thee what buds of possibility
Await the wooing air, to tempt them into birth.
O'er thee what heavenly serenity
Shall spread its joy, as blue skies beauty over earth,
Thy life to thee unconsciously shall be,
As fragrance to the flower, or greenness to the leaves,
And then shall pass this earth as noiselessly,
As the fair cloud its fleecy variation weaves,
Fain would I sit by thee, till life grew dim,
Hearing thy beauty chant its wondrous hymn ;
False pupil were I, learned I not from thee,
That thou to me one revelation art
Of the great beauty, which eternally
Is the apparel of the central heart.

X.

SAADI.

TREES in groves,
Kine in droves,
In ocean sport the finny herds,
Wedgelike cleave the air the birds,
To northern lakes fly wind-borne ducks,
Browse the mountain sheep in flocks,
Men consort in camp and town,
But the poet dwells alone.

God, who gave to him the lyre,
Of all the mortals the desire,
For all men's behoof,
Straitly charged him, ' Sit aloof ;'
Annexed a warning, poets say,
To the bright premium, —
When twain together play,
The harp shall be dumb.