

Poor and wanting bread,
 Steeped in poverty,
 Than to be a dread,
 Than to be afraid,
 From thyself to flee;
 For it is not living
 To a soul believing,
 To change each noble joy
 Which our strength employs,
 For a state half rotten
 And a life of toys.
 Better be forgotten
 Than lose equipoise.

How shall I live? In earnestness.
 What shall I do? Work earnestly.
 What shall I give? A willingness.
 What shall I gain? Tranquillity.
 But do you mean a quietness
 In which I act and no man bless?
 Flash out in action infinite and free,
 Action conjoined with deep tranquillity,
 Resting upon the soul's true utterance,
 And life shall flow as merry as a dance.

II.

Life is too good to waste, enough to prize;
 Keep looking round with clear unhooded eyes;
 Love all thy brothers, and for them endure
 Many privations; the reward is sure.

A little thing! There is no little thing;
 Through all a joyful song is murmuring;
 Each leaf, each stem, each sound in winter drear
 Has deepest meanings for an anxious ear.

Thou seest life is sad; the father mourns his wife and child;
 Keep in the midst of heavy sorrows a fair aspect mild.

A howling fox, a shrieking owl,
 A violent distracting Ghoul,
 Forms of the most infuriate madness,—
 These may not move thy heart to gladness,
 But look within the dark outside,
 Nought shalt thou hate and nought deride.

Thou meet'st a common man
 With a delusive show of *can*.
 His acts are petty forgeries of natural greatness,
 That show a dreadful lateness
 Of this life's mighty impulses; a want of truthful earnestness;

He seems, not does, and in that shows
 No true nobility,—
 A poor ductility,
 That no proper office knows,
 Not even estimation small of human woes.

Be not afraid,
 His understanding aid
 With thy own pure content,
 On highest purpose bent.

Leave him not lonely,
 For that his admiration
 Fastens on self and seeming only;
 Make a right dedication
 Of all thy strength to keep
 From swelling that so ample heap
 Of lives abused, of virtue given for nought,
 And thus it shall appear for all in nature hast thou wrought.
 If thou unconsciously perform what's good,
 Like nature's self thy proper mood.

A life well spent is like a flower,
 That had bright sunshine its brief hour;
 It flourished in pure willingness;
 Discovered strongest earnestness;
 Was fragrant for each lightest wind;
 Was of its own particular kind;—
 Nor knew a tone of discord sharp;
 Breathed away like a silver harp;
 And went to immortality
 A very proper thing to die.

We will close our extracts from this rare file of blotted
 paper with a lighter strain, which, whilst it shows how
 gaily a poet can chide, gives us a new insight into his
 character and habits.

TORMENTS.

Yes! they torment me
 Most exceedingly:—
 I would I could flee.
 A breeze on a river—
 I listen forever;
 The yellowish heather
 Under cool weather,—
 These are pleasures to me.

What do torment me?
 Those living vacantly,
 Who live but to see;
 Indefinite action,
 Nothing but motion,
 Round stones a rolling,
 No inward controlling;—
 Yes! they torment me.

Some cry all the time,
 Even in their prime
 Of youth's flushing clime.
 O! out on this sorrow!
 Fear'st thou to-morrow?
 Set thy legs going,
 Be stamping, be rowing,—
 This of life is the lime.

Hail, thou mother Earth!
 Who gave me thy worth
 For my portion at birth:
 I walk in thy azure,
 Unfond of erasure,
 But they who torment me
 So most exceedingly
 Sit with feet on the hearth.

We have more pages from the same hand lying before us, marked by the same purity and tenderness and early wisdom as these we have quoted, but we shall close our extracts here. May the right hand that has so written never lose its cunning! may this voice of love and harmony teach its songs to the too long silent echoes of the Western Forest.

E.

ART AND ARTIST.

With dauntless eye the lofty one
 Moves on through life;
 Majestic as the mighty sun
 He knows no strife.

He sees the thought flow to the form,
 And rise like bubble bright;
 A moment of beauty,—and it is gone,
 Dissolved in light.

ERNEST THE SEEKER.

CHAPTER II.

"Then let the good be free to breathe a note
 Of elevation—let their odors float
 Around these Converts, and their glories blend,
 Outshining nightly tapers, or the blaze
 Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
 Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
 The soul to purer worlds!"—WORDSWORTH.

As Ernest entered the boudoir, Edith hastily closed her portfolio, and wiping away a tear, rose gracefully to greet him.

"Ah! Ernest! Is it you? How glad I am it is no stranger. I would not have an indifferent eye see me thus moved. My Saint has gone to join the blessed. Sister Luise died last night;" and after a moment gazing at him she added, "You shall see this sketch in which I have hinted to myself the lesson of her life."

Ernest took her hand, and seating himself at the table, they looked together at the three pencilled outlines. The first represented a cavern's mouth, on the edge of a garden, where in the distance dancing groupes were visible. Entering the vault, his face veiled, one arm wrapped in his heavy robe, extending behind him, an aged man seemed slowly drawing on a beautiful girl,—whose feet followed willingly;—while the averted head, the straining eye, the parted lips told, that the heart was with one of the rejoicers behind, who stood watching her. The second sketch was of a chamber in the rock, lighted only from a cleft,—and on the floor, as in a swoon, the female form alone,—her face hidden in her mantle, with one hand cast forward, grasping the crucifix. In the third was again a garden, and a cavern's mouth, but now reversed; and near and far, under shading branches, placid figures seemed conversing. In the fore-ground his back to the beholder, stood with light, triumphant air a youth, from whose presence glory seemed to beam, while lowly in gesture, but with upraised and assured face, glided forth from the dark prison the Virgin.

"And so she has cast off her earthly dross," said Ern-