

her high vocation of creator of a happy home. Household order must prevail, but let her ennoble it by detecting its relation to that law which keeps the planets in their course. Every new relation and every new scene should be a new page in the book of the mysteries of life, reverently and lovingly perused, but if folded down, never to be read again, it must be regarded as only the introduction to a brighter one. The faults of those she loves should never be veiled by her affection, but placed in their true relation to character, by the deep insight with which she penetrates beneath them. With high heroic courage, she should measure the strength of suffering before it comes, that she may not meet it unprepared. Her life-plan should be stern, but not unyielding. Her hours, precious treasures lent to her, carefully to be protected from vulgar intrusion, but which women are constantly scattering around them, like small coin, to be picked up by every needy wayfarer. Thought should be her atmosphere; books her food; friends her occasional solace. Prosperity will not dazzle her, for her own spirit is always brighter than its sunshine, and if the deepest sorrow visits her, it will only come to lift her to a higher region, where, with all of life far beneath her, she may sit regally apart till the end.

Is this the ideal of a perfect woman, and if so, how does it differ from a perfect man?

W. N.

SONNET.

TO A VOICE HEARD IN MOUNT AUBURN, JULY, 1839.

LIKE the low warblings of a leaf-hid bird,
 Thy voice came to me through the screening trees,
 Singing the simplest, long-known melodies;
 I had no glimpse of thee, and yet I heard
 And blessed thee for each clearly-carolled word;
 I longed to thank thee, and my heart would frame
 Mary or Ruth, some sisterly sweet name
 For thee, yet could I not my lips have stirred;
 I *knew* that thou wert lovely, that thine eyes
 Were blue and downcast, and methought large tears,
 Unknown to thee, up to their lids must rise,
 With half-sad memories of other years,
 As to thyself alone thou sangest o'er
 Words that to childhood seemed to say, "No more!"

M. L. O.

THOUGHTS ON ART.

EVERY department of life at the present day,—Trade, Politics, Letters, Science, Religion,—seem to feel, and to labor to express the identity of their law. They are rays of one sun; they translate each into a new language the sense of the other. They are sublime when seen as emanations of a Necessity contradistinguished from the vulgar Fate, by being instant and alive, and dissolving man as well as his works, in its flowing beneficence. This influence is conspicuously visible in the principles and history of Art.

On one side, in primary communication with absolute truth, through thought and instinct, the human mind tends by an equal necessity, on the other side, to the publication and embodiment of its thought,—modified and dwarfed by the impurity and untruth which, in all our experience, injures the wonderful medium through which it passes. The child not only suffers, but cries; not only hungers, but eats. The man not only thinks, but speaks and acts. Every thought that arises in the mind, in its rising, aims to pass out of the mind into act; just as every plant, in the moment of germination, struggles up to light. Thought is the seed of action; but action is as much its second form as thought is its first. It rises in thought to the end, that it may be uttered and acted. The more profound the thought, the more burdensome. Always in proportion to the depth of its sense does it knock importunately at the gates of the soul, to be spoken, to be done. What is in, will out. It struggles to the birth. Speech is a great pleasure, and action is a great pleasure; they cannot be forborne.

The utterance of thought and emotion in speech and action may be conscious or unconscious. The sucking child is an unconscious actor. A man in an extasy of fear or anger is an unconscious actor. A large part of our habitual actions are unconsciously done, and most of our necessary words are unconsciously said.

The conscious utterance of thought, by speech or action, to any end, is Art. From the first imitative babble of a child to the despotism of eloquence; from his first pile of toys or chip bridge, to the masonry of Eddystone light-house or the Erie canal; from the tattooing of the Owhy-