

In the bright and sunny morning,
Marring life or else adorning,
In the hour of night, a story
Weaving on for shame or glory.

If the tiny stream be dry,
Trickling no more merrily
The green fields and woodlands over,
But lies hid beneath its cover,
Then the river, sluggish, weary,
Scarce moves on its pathway dreary.

Thus, if each swift day no more
Yield its tribute to life's store,
If each little act be slighted,
And at night its torch unlighted,
Filled no more with truth and glory,
Life will be an idle story.

W.

WINDMILL.

The tower-like mill,
High on the hill,
Tells us of many fair homesteads concealed
In the valleys around;
Where waving in sunlight, many a field
Of bright grain may be found.

The wild free wind
They have sought to bind
And make it labor like all other things;
Nought careth he;
Joyful he works, while joyfully sings,
And wanders free.

A broad swift stream,
With glance and gleam,
Comes rolling down from the mountains afar,
Exulting in life;
It sweeps over rocks; it knows no bar;
Too mighty for strife.

Green winding lanes,
Broad sunny plains,
High hills echoing every sweet sound,
Trees stately and tall,
Glorious in beauty are seen all around.—
Where is the lord of all?

Like the eagle high,
That cleaves through the sky,
Whose keen eye glances through burning light,
Such should he be!
Seest thou yonder that poor weary wight?
Alas! it is he.

FESTUS.*

AGLAURON. Well, Laurie, I have come for you to walk; but you look very unlike doing anything so good. What portend that well-filled ink-horn, and that idle pen, and that quire of paper, blank, I see, as yet? And your face no less so. Pray what is the enterprise before you?

LAURIE. A hopeless one! To give some account of the impression produced by a great poem.

AGLAURON. Hopeless, indeed! To "drink up Issel, eat a crocodile," is not hard task enough for ambition like yours. You must measure the immeasurable; while growing calculate your growth; as the sunbeam passes, you must chronicle the miracles it has yet to perform before it is spent.

LAURIE. Such are the tasks proposed to man; he needs not propose them to himself.

AGLAURON. Nay, I cannot blame the poor infant. To be sure his little hands can never reach the moon, nor grasp the fire, but he would be a dullard, if he did not stretch them out just so boldly. But this task of yours seems to me not only bold, but perfectly idle. A man capable of criticising a great poem has something else to do.

LAURIE. And that is?—

AGLAURON. Writing another.

LAURIE. That is not a just way of thinking. It is not the order of nature for every man to express the thought that agitates the general mind, or interpret the wonders that nature offers to all alike. What matter who does it,

* Festus; a Poem. London. William Pickering. 1839.