and burdens. Work enough is there for thee, thou uncouth Hercules! labor, countless, to slay earth's monsters and cleanse her filth. Lie there, thou unborn angel! as a protest against a senseless, wretched, false, and wicked age. Man is not yet, nor man's beauty; what is he but a half-formed giant?

The God, that is in thee, shall one day step forth in his young symmetry, to grace redeemed earth in an age of Truth, and Beauty, and Peace. Then shall it be Day."

"But now is it Night," murmured he, with a sense of pure, indignant greatness, as the thought of the corruptions of his time and land, of the luxurious idleness, and petty tyranny, and rotten hypocrisies of prelate and noble, of the vexatious obstacles cast by envy in the path of his brave endeavors, of the eight precious years wasted in the stone quarry, of the corruption and quarrel all around, and above all, of the crushed people of his loved Italy, came over him, "now is it Night."

And he turned to look at the female form, which, in rounded beauty, was sunk in sleep at the opposite end of the sarcophagus,—a sleep so profound, that it seemed as if the jar of elements contending could not rouse her.

"Wake not, wake not, beautiful one! In thistill heaven of dreams shineworlds of loveliness, whose light has never reached us here. There all is purity and joy and peaceful triumph of unchanging good. Far shine in mellow splendors the stars of that Eternity. Veiled are thy eyes, with their deep life; the music of thy hidden thoughts sounds not on our dull ears. Shadows of doubt brood over us; the groans of earth, like the voice of a sleep-walker amid phantom-fiends, drown the soft melodies of heaven. Wake not, oh, wake not."

The walls of the apartment seemed like a prison in his choking emotions, and dashing open the door, he plunged into the free air.

It was morning, cool, balmy morning. Softly up the deep, deep blue skies spread the golden flush; softly over the girdling Alps, with their snowy peaks, mantled the rosy broun; the waking earth was blossing to greet the sun. Far beneath in silver winding was his loved Arno; and on its banks swelled up into the flooding light, the stately Rome, the airy Campanile, the sombre tower of the palace. Florence, his Florence, dear amid her errors, magnificent amid her woes, glittered before him in the valley, with her massive edifices and her shining walls. In her glory, had not a dawn already broken upon slumbering man? As the crowds of his prophets and sibyls, the images of his Moses and his Christ, and the countless forms of embodied poems, yet sitting in silent dignity in the chambers of his mind, like princes imprisoned in their own palace homes, rose up in memory, there came over his spirit a dim anticipation, like rays of breaking light, of the future greatness of the human race. The future greatness? Yes; and were not these very majestic presences reflections, in his grateful reverence, of the greatness of the Past now sunk? In the full prophecy of the hour he conceived his Morning and Twilight. Man had been once; man again should be. The darkness of the present fled away before the blending splendors of Ages gone and Ages coming.

U.
And yet he loveth, as we all do love,
To hear the restless hum of common life;
Though planted in the spirit-soil above,
His leaves and flowers do bud amid the strife
Of all this weary world, and shine more fair
Than sympathies which have no inward root,
Which open fast, but shrink in bleaker air,
And dropping leave behind no winter fruit.

But here are winter fruits and blossoms too;
Those silver hairs o'er bended shoulders curled,
That smile, that thought-filled brow, open to the view
Some symbol of the old man's inner world.

O who would love this wondrous world of sense,
Though steeped in joy and ruled by Beauty's queen,
if it were purchased at the dearexpense
Of losing all which souls like his have seen
Nay, if we judged aright, this glorious All,
Which fills like thought our never-doubting eyes,
Might with its firm-built grandeur sink and fall
Before one ray of Soul-Realities.

WHEAT SEED AND BOLTED FLOUR.

I.

SAINTS and Heroes! Alas! even so. Good people tell us we must try, try, try to be Saints and Heroes. So we cease to be men. We trim our native shrubs and trees into stiff ornaments for the convent garden, till the tassels hang no more upon their sprays, and the birds, who love to tilt upon elastic boughs, forsake us. In other words, to read the riddle, we destroy all naturalness, by seeking to be more than human, until every free and joyous impulse dies. Oh! kind heaven! Break in some tempest one twig away, and bear it to a shady nook, to grow as thou lovist.

II.

Spirit of the Age! Buzz, buzz! thou biggest humbug in the web of cant; buzz away, and free thyself, and carry off

the web. Why cannot our hearts, as in the good old time, open like flowers to drink in the noon of present existence? The root lies brown and shapeless beneath the soil; the blossom will wilt and crumble into dust; the sun of the hour will ripen the seed; some seasonal wind will shake it to the ground. Meanwhile, why not live? Oh! could we get these cobwebs of cant, which catch all the dews of refreshment that heaven sends, but fairly brushed from the calix.

III.

The soul lies buried in a ruined city, struggling to be free, and calling for aid. The worldly trafficker in life's caravan hears its cries, and says, it is a prisoned maniac. But one true man stops, and with painful soul lifts aside the crumbling fragments; till at last, he finds beneath the choking mangled form of exceeding beauty. Dazzling is the light to eyes long blind; weak are the limbs long prisoned; faint is the breath long pent. But oh! that mantling blush, that liquid eye, that elastic spring of renovated strength. The deliverer is folded to the breast of an angel.

IV.

What are another's faults to me? I am no vulture, feeding on carrion. Let me seek only the good in others evermore, and be a bird of paradise, fed on fresh fruits and crystal waters.

V.

Disappointment, like a hammer, breaks the rough coating of custom to show the hidden pearl.

VI.

Oh Radical! why pull at the corner-stone of that old tower, where thy fathers lived, and which now, tottering to its fall, is only upheld by the vines which entwine it, like grateful memories. Leave it for the tempest to level. Oh Conservative! Seest thou not that my darling boy loves to hide in its galleries, and hunt the bat from his hiding place? Will he not be crushed one day by the falling ruin?