another's power in the midst of penitence, avaricious of another's wealth under vows of poverty, and jealous of another's glory in the service of their God. Is this Christianity? and is Saladin to be damned if he despises it?"

DEMOSTHENES.

"While I remember what I have been, I never can be less. External power can affect those only who have none intrinsically. I have seen the day, Eubulides, when the most august of cities had but one voice within her walls; and when the stranger, on entering them, stopped at the silence of the gateway, and said, 'Demosthenes is speaking in the assembly of the people.'"

"There are few who form their opinions of greatness from the individual. Ovid says, 'the girl is the least part of herself.' Of himself, certainly, the man is."

"No men are so facetious as those whose minds are somewhat perverted. Truth enjoys good air and clear light, but no playground."

"I found that the principal means (of gratifying the universal desire of happiness) lay in the avoidance of those very things, which had hitherto been taken up as the instruments of enjoyment and content; such as military commands, political offices, clients, adventures in commerce, and extensive landed property."

"Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of merit or of obtaining the higher."

"Praise keeps good men good."

"The highest price we can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

"There is a gloom in deep love as in deep water; there is a silence in it which suspends the foot; and the folded arms, and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface; the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song."

"Anaxagoras is the true, firm, constant friend of Pericles; the golden lamp that shines perpetually on the image I adore."

[The Letter of Pericles to Aspasia in reply to her request to be permitted to visit Xeniaides.]

"Do what your heart tells you; yes, Aspasia, do all it tells you. Remember how august it is. It contains the temple, not only of Love, but of Conscience; and a whisper is heard from the extremity of one to the extremity of the other. "Beast in penitiveness, even in sorrow, on the flowery bank of youth, whereasunder runs the stream that passes irreversibly! let the garland drop into it, let the hand be refreshed by it—but may the beautiful feet of Aspasia stand firm."
Nothing is, if thou art not.
From thee as from a root
The blossoming stars upshoot,
The flower cups drink the rain.
Joy and grief and weary pain
Spring aloft from thee,
And toss their branches free.
Thou art under, over all:
Thou art Atlas—thou art Jove;
The mightiest truth
Hath all its youth
From thy enveloping thought—
Thy thought itself lay in thy earliest love.
Nature keeps time to thee
With voice unbroken;
Still doth she rhyme to thee,
When thou hast spoken.
When the sun shines to thee,
'Tis thy own joy
Opening mines to thee
Nought can destroy.
When the blast moans to thee,
Still doth the wind
Echo the tones to thee
Of thy own mind.
Laughter but saddens thee
When thou art glad,
Life is not life to thee
But as thou livest,
Labor is strife to thee.
When thou least strivest:

More did the spirit sing, and made the night
Most musical with inward melodies.
But vanished soon and left the listening Bard
Wreapt in unearthly silence—till the morn
Reared up the screen that shuts the spirit-world
From loftiest poet and from wisest sage.

C.