

faculties to seize upon a higher potency of spirit. Spirit rises and raises the world, through this alone life is living, through this alone moment is joined to moment, all else is fleeting shadow, each man who makes true a moment in time is a great man, and however forcible are many apparitions in time, cannot reckon them among realities because no deep recognition, no pure will of the absolute spirit bids them rise and rest but wholly vulgar motives of passion. Napoleon is an example. — Yet are such not without use for the human capacities of the spirit. Partialities and prejudices must be satiated, even let us say sated, before they can leave free the spirit of the time. No matter what prejudices may not this hero of all have shaken to pieces — what will he not satiate even to disgust, how many will he in future time root up with detestation, to which it now clings with passionate, blind devotion. — Or can it be possible that after such terrible ghostly destinies, time should not be given to reflect. — I doubt not of this, all things find their end, and only that lives which is able to awake life, of this I have said to thee enough, thou wilt understand me. Why should not each one begin his career of life with solemnity and consecration, regarding himself as a development of the divine which is the aim of us all, seeking where and how it may be furthered. Indeed I have now said to thee enough to bring close to thee the thought that the higher powers of the spirit of man may be the only real aim of thy inner contemplation, so that all may be brought to thee for one purpose, however far thy faculties may be brought into action. Nothing can remain untried in man which his higher ideal nature is capable of producing. For our destiny is the Mother which bears beneath its heart the fruit of the ideal. — Take from these lines all that bears upon the heaped up leaves thou hast sent me, and soothe thereby thy anxiety on my account. Farewell, and take my thanks for all thy love.”

Such Beauty is not given, only lent,
Darts winged by love divine, the speedier spent,
Frail effigies of that most seen Unseen,
What is and must be, yet hath never been; —
O teach the ear to catch that under-tone,
Which draws the earth to know the Unknown, Alone!
I see thee passing, once incarnate Soul,
From sphere to sphere seeking that only goal,
Where thought and love and life together flow,
And the Above smiles back from the Below.
This earthly life to thee was but as glass,
Seeing beyond thy thoughts and wishes pass,
Thou couldst not stay behind to water flowers,
Upon the pathway of these puny Hours

With tears undue. — O solitary flame
We will not stir thee by a human blame,
Ask mercy from the heaven thou teachest us to name,

F.

SONNET.

WHEN in a book I find a pleasant thought
Which some small flower in the woods to me
Had told, as if in straitest secrecy,
That I might speak it in sweet verses wrought,
With what best feelings is such meeting fraught!
It shows how nature's life will never be
Shut up from speaking out full clear and free
Her wonders to the soul that will be taught.
And what though I have but this single chance
Of saying that which every gentle soul
Shall answer with a glad, uplifting glance?
Nature is frank to him whose spirit whole
Doth love Truth more than praise, and in good time,
My flower will tell me sweeter things to rhyme.

April, 1819.

J. R. L.

SONNET.

ONLY as thou herein canst not see me,
Only as thou the same low voice canst hear
Which is the morning-song of every sphere
And which thou erewhile heardst beside the sea
Or in the still night flowing solemnly,
Only so love this rhyme and so revere;
All else cast from thee, haply with a tear
For one who, rightly taught, yet would not be
A voice obedient; some things I have seen
With a clear eye, and otherwhile the earth
With a most sad eclipse hath come between
That sunlight which is mine by right of birth
And what I know with grief I ought to have been, —
Yet is short-coming even something worth.

J. R. L.