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

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

SOINET.

When in a book I find a pleasant thought
Which some small flower in the woods to me
Had told, as if in strictest 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.

1842.

SONNET.

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.