

and fill it to the brim with its own fulness, and flow back again laden with sweet odors and dancing with livelier joy; but if the bank move to meet it, it repels and hems it in, and changes it from a calm flowing river to a wild torrent. With a little more of trust and kindness there would be something almost as beautiful in Goethe's calm way of encouraging Bettina's passion, as in the passion itself. He met it in the only way it could be met, and most gently breathed upon it. The profound wisdom of the little maid is as striking as her ardor. She never raves, and her extravagance is of the most healthy kind. She revels in the universe and in her love, but accepts the conditions to which the Infinite has subjected the finite, understands the limitations of humanity, and unrepiningly submits, knowing that what she most cherishes is illimitable in its nature and will presently burst its fetters. Perhaps it were well if many ardent natures should expand under such influences as Bettina's. It is certainly most favorable for a noble free spirit to be attracted by the noblest it can find, and undisturbed by any restless craving for sympathy, love and admire at too great a distance from its object to perceive imperfections, but near enough to feel the sunlight of what glory it may possess, and thrive therein. Then the condition of hopeless love, from being the most degrading into which innocence can fall, would become the noblest. To be uncomplaining but ardent was Bettina's high praise, and her love was so generalizing, so little occupied with the details of admiration, that its dignity is sustained, and we hardly feel it to be a delusion.

No one should read this journal, who is not at once so deeply interested in the unfolding of Bettina's rich nature as to lose sight of the thought, that after years had passed she could translate the record of her love into a foreign language, and spread it abroad over the world. Yet when we have learned to love her, this thought becomes less revolting. We reverence the youthful trust that still clings to her, and permits her to expose her intimate heart's history to the multitude, for the sake of the kind ones who will welcome it. She is so absorbed in the object of her passion, that perhaps she did not regard the tale as her own history, but rather as a worthy monument to him who inspired it.

### THE WOOD-FIRE.

THIS bright wood-fire  
So like to that which warmed and lit  
My youthful days — how doth it flit  
Back on the periods nigher,  
Relighting and rewarming with its glow  
The bright scenes of my youth — all gone out now.  
How eagerly its flickering blaze doth catch  
On every point now wrapped in time's deep shade,  
Into what wild grotesqueness by its flash  
And fitful checquering is the picture made!  
When I am glad or gay,  
Let me walk forth into the brilliant sun,  
And with congenial rays be shone upon;  
When I am sad, or thought-bewitched would be,  
Let me glide forth in moonlight's mystery,  
But never, while I live this changeful life,  
This past and future with all wonders rife,  
Never, bright flame, may be denied to me,  
Thy dear, life-imaging, close sympathy.  
What but my hopes shot upward e'er so bright?  
What but my fortunes sank so low in night?

Why art thou banished from our hearth and hall,  
Thou who art welcomed and beloved by all?  
Was thy existence then too fanciful  
For our life's common light, who are so dull?  
Did thy bright gleam mysterious converse hold  
With our congenial souls? secrets too bold?  
Well, we are safe and strong, for now we sit  
Beside a hearth where no dim shadows flit,  
Where nothing cheers nor saddens, but a fire  
Warms feet and hands — nor does to more aspire;  
By whose compact, utilitarian heap,  
The present may sit down and go to sleep,  
Nor fear the ghosts who from the dim past walked,  
And with us by the unequal light of the old wood-fire talked.

### THE DAY BREAKS.

LITTLE child! little child! seeking a home,  
To the Great Spirit trustfully come,  
It is no miser holding back treasure,  
'T will lavish upon you gifts without measure,  
If you will but receive. Hold forth your hand,  
And it is filled with the streaming light,  
Open your eyes, look out o'er the land,  
Behold! it is day, and you thought it was night.