Toil could never compass it,
Art its height could never hit,
But a music music-born.
Thy beauty, if it lack the fire
Which drives me mad with sweet desire,
What boots it? What the soldier’s mail,
Unless he conquer and prevail?
What all the goods thy pride which lift,
If thou pine for another’s gift?
Alas! that one is born to blight,
Victim of perpetual slight;—
Thy heart saith, Brother! go thy ways;
None shall ask thee what thou doest,
Or care an apple what thou knowest,
Or listen when thou repliest,
Or remember where thou liest,
Or how thy supper is sodden,—
And another is born
To make the sun forgotten.
Surely he carries a talisman
Under his tongue;
Broad are his shoulders, and strong,
And his eye is scornful,
Threatening and young.
I hold it of little matter,
Whether your jewel be of pure water,
A rose diamond or a white,
But whether it dazzle me with light.
I care not how you are drest,
In the coarsest or in the best,
Nor whether your name is base or brave,
Nor for the fashion of your behavior,
But whether you charm me,
Bid my bread feed and my fire warm me,
And dress up nature in your favor.
One thing is forever good,
That one thing is Success,
Dear to the Eumenides,
And to all the heavenly brood.
Who bides at home, nor looks abroad,
He carries the eagles—he masters the sword.

As sunbeams stream through liberal space
And nothing jostle or displace,
So waved the pinetree through my thought,
And fanned the dreams it never brought.

Whether is better the gift or the donor?
Come to me,”
Quoth the pinetree,
“I am the giver of honor.
My garden is the cloven rock,
And my manure the snow,
And drifting sandheaps feed my stock
In summer’s searching glow.
Ancient or curious,
Who knoweth ought of us?
Old as Jove,
Old as Love,
Who of me
Tells the pedigree?
Only the mountains old,
Only the waters cold,
Only moon and star
My coevals are.
Ere the first fowl sung
My relenting boughs among;
Ere Adam wied,
Ere Adam lived,
Ere the duck dived,
Ere the bees hived,
Ere the lion roared,
Ere the eagle soared,
Light and heat, land and sea
Spake unto the oldest tree.
Glad in the sweet and secret aid
Which matter unto matter paid,
The water flowed, the breezes fanned,
The tree confined the roving sand,
The sunbeam gave me to the sight,
The tree adorned the formless light,
And once again
O'er the grave of men
We shall talk to each other again,
Of the old age behind,
Of the time out of mind,
Which shall come again.

Whether is better the gift or the donor?
Come to me,”
Quoth the pinitree,
"I am the giver of honor.
He is great who can live by me.
The rough and bearded forester
Is better than the lord;
God fills the script and canister,
Sin piles the loaded board.
The lord is the peasant that was,
The peasant the lord that shall be:
The lord is hay, the peasant grass,
One dry, and one the living tree.
Genius with my boughs shall flourish,
Want and cold our roots shall nourish.
Who liveth by the ragged pine,
Foundeth a heroic line;
Who liveth in the palace hall,
Waneth fast and spendeth all.
He goes to my savage haunts
With his chariot and his care,
My twilight realm he disenchants,
And findeth his prison there.

What prizeth the town and the tower?
Only what the pinitree yields;
Sinsew that subdued the fields;
The wild-eyed boy, who in the woods
Chanteth his hymn to hills and floods,
Whom the city's poisoning spleen
Made not pale, or fat, or lean;
Whom the rain and the wind purgeth,
In whose cheek the rose-leaf blusheth,
In whose feet the lion rusheth,
Iron arms, and iron mould,
That know not fear, fatigue, or cold.

I giveth my raftersthis boat,
My billettsto his boiler's throat,
And I will swim the ancient sea
To float my child to victory,
And grant to dwellers with the pine
Dominion over the palm and vine.

Westward I ope the forest gates,
The train along the railroad skates,
It leaves the land behind like ages past,
The foreland flows to it in river vast,
Missouri, I have made a mart,
I teach Iowa Saxon art.

But when it seeketh enlarged supplies,
The orphan of the forest dies.

Whose walketh in solitude,
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird,
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass,
From these companions power and grace.
Clean shall he be, without, within,
From the old adorning sin.
Love shall he, but not adulate,
The all-fair, the all-embracing Fate;
All ill dissolving in the light
Of his triumphant piercing sight.

Not vain, sour, nor frivolous,
Not mad, shrifted, nor gaudious,
Grave, chaste, contented, though retired,
And of all other men desired.

On him the light of sun and moon
Shall fall with purer radiance down;
All constellations of the sky
Shed their virtue through his eye.

Him nature giveth for defence
His formidable innocence;
The mounting sap, the shells, thesea,
All spheres, all stones, his helpers be.

He shall never be old;
Nor his fate shall be foretold;
He shall see the speeding year,
Without wailing, without fear;
He shall be happy in his love,
Like to like shall joyful prove;
He shall be happy whilst he woun
Muse-born a daughter of the Muse;
But if with gold she bind her hair,
And deck her breast with diamond,
Take off thy eyes, thy heart forbear,
Though thou lie alone upon the ground.

The robe of silk in which she shines,
It was woven of many sins,
And the shreds
Which she sheds
In the wearing of the same,
Shall be grief on grief,
And shame on shame.

Heed the old oracles
Ponder my spells,
Song wakes in my pinnacles
When the wind swells,
Soundeth the prophetic wind,
The shadows shake on the rock behind,
And the countless leaves of the pine are strings
Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings.
Hearken! Hearken!
If thou wouldst know the mystic song
Claunted when the sphere was young.
Aloft, abroad, the pean swells;
O wise man! hear'st thou half it tells?
O wise man! hear'st thou the least part?
"T is the chronicle of art.
To the open ear itsings,
The early genesis of things,
Of tendency through endless ages,
Of star-dust, and star-pilgrimages,
Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
Of chemic matter, force and form,
Of poles, and powers, cold, wet, and warm;
The rushing metamorphosis,
Dissolving all that fixture is,
Melts things that be to things that seem,
And solid nature to a dream.
0 listento the undersong,
The ever old, the ever young;
And far within those cadent pauses
The chorus of the ancient Causes!
Delights the dreadful Destiny,
To fling his voice into the tree,
And shock thy weak ear with a note
Breathed from the everlasting throat.
In music he repeatsthe pang
Whence the fair flock of nature sprang.
0 mortal! thy ears are stones;
These echoes are laden with tones,
Which only the pure can hear;
Thou canst not catch what they recite,
Of Fate and Will, of Want and Right,
Of man to come, of human life,
Of Death, and Fortune, Growth, and Strife.

Once again the pinetreesung:—
"Speak not thy speech my boughs among;
Put off thy years, wash in the breeze;
My hours are peaceful centuries!
Talk no more with feeble tongue,
No more the fool of space and time,
Come weave with mine a nobler rhyme.
Only the Americans
Can read thy line, can meet thy glance,
But the runes that I rehearse
Understands the universe;
The least breath my boughs which tossed,
Brings again the Pentecost;
To every soul it sounds so clear,
In a voice of solemn cheer,
And to thine eye the vast skies fail
Dise and satirical
On clucking hens and prating fools,
On thieves, on drudges, and on dolls.
And thou shalt say to the most High,
'Godhead! all this astronomy
And Fate, and practice, and invention,
This radiant pomp of sun and star,
Throses that were, and worlds that are,
Behold! were in vain and in vain;
It cannot be,—I will look again,
Surely now will the curtain rise,
And earth's fitten ant me surprise;
But the curtain doth not rise,
And nature has miscarried wholly
Into failure, into folly.'

Alas! thine is the bankruptcy,
Blessed nature so to see.
Come, lay thee in my soothing shade,
And heal the hurts which sin has made.
I will teach the bright parable
Older than time,
Things undeclarable,
Visions sublime.
I see thee in the crowd alone;
I will be thy companion.
Let thy friends be as the dead in doom,
And build to them a final tomb;
Let the starred shade that nightly falls
Still celebrate their funerals,
And the bell of beetle and of bee
Knell their melodious memory.
Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
Thy churches and thy charities,
And leave thy peacock wit behind;
Enough for thee the primal mind
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.
Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
God hid the whole world in thy heart.
Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
And giveth them all who all renounce.
The rain comes when the wind calls,
The river knows the way to the sea,
Without a pilot it runs and fails,
Blessing all lands with its charity.
The sea tomes and foams to find
Its way up to the cloud and wind.
The shadow akin close to the flying ball,
The date falls not on the palm tree tall,
And thou—go burn thy wormy pages,—
Shall outsee the seer, outwit the sages.
Christ's Idea of Society.

As the bee through the golden ranges,
From world to world the godhead changes;
As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
From form to form he maketh haste,
And this vault which glows immense with light
Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
What seeks such Traveller as the bowers
Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers,
A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
Or the stars of eternity?

Alike to him the better, the worse;—
The glowing angel, the outcast corse.
Thou metest him by centuries,
And lo! he passes like the breeze;
Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
He hides in pure transparency;
Thou ask'st in fountains and in fires,
He is the essence that inquires.

He is the axis of the star;
He is the sparkle of the spars;
He is the heart of every creature;
He is the meaning of each feature;
And his mind is the sky
Than all it holds more deep, more high.

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST'S IDEA OF SOCIETY.

The common mode of studying the Idea of Jesus Christ, with respect to Society, has uniformly been, to seek its manifestation in Ecclesiastical History. It seems not to have been doubted, that what his immediate followers thought and did, must necessarily have done full justice to his views; and this has led to the most laborious investigations of the history of the times—a history peculiarly difficult to investigate, from many causes. There is only here and there an individual, even of the present day, who has seen that, supposing we understood exactly the Apostolic church, it is after all below the mark, at which Jesus aimed, and really of little consequence to us, as far as our present modes of action are concerned.

There is certainly no reasonable doubt that the apostles organized churches, for the express purpose of promulgating the history and words of Jesus; with how much, or

how little ultimate success, as to his aim of establishing the kingdom of heaven on earth, the past history and present condition of Christendom may show. What the apostles did, was, however, doubtless, the wisest thing they could do at the time; and we have received its benefits. The words and life of Jesus are promulgated to the hearing of the ear. An un Fallen soul has been embalmed in the hearts, and brought down to succeeding generations on the mighty affections of those, on whom he necessarily made so prodigiously a personal impression; and this development of an individual into the divine life is available for the encouragement and culture of all men. There has never yet been a criticism of those early Reminiscences, well called the Gospels, and the Epistles that accompany them, and the fine dramatic poem that concludes the New Testament, which has done any justice to them, as the divinest efflorescence of human nature through the medium of Literature. When we consider the technical reverence with which they are held sacred, loaded as they have been with the extraneous authority which councils, and popes, and synods have endeavored to give them, it is only wonderful that here and there a spirit is found so free and self-dependent as to accept them simply; as we accept the history of our native land, the poetry of our native tongue, the sweetness and magnificence of nature itself. Yet such only can appreciate them.

But while we acknowledge the natural growth, the good design, and the noble effects of the apostolic church, and wish we had it, in place of our own more formal ones, we should not do so small justice to the divine soul of Jesus of Nazareth, as to admit, that it was a main purpose of his to found it, or that when it was founded, it realized his idea of human society. Indeed we probably do injustice to the apostles themselves, in supposing that they considered their churches anything more than initiatory. Their language implies, that they looked forward to a time, when the uttermost parts of the earth should be inherited by their beloved master, and beyond this, when even the name, which is still above every name, should be lost in the glory of the Father, who is to be all in all.

Some persons indeed refer all this sort of language to another world; but this is gratuitously done. Rich Jesus