

with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instinct with the same marvelous reproductive powers.

13. There are seven hundred and twenty grains on the ear which I hold in my hand. I presume there were two or three such ears on the stock. This would give us 1440, perhaps 2160 grains as the produce of one. They would yield, next season, if they were all successfully planted, 4200, perhaps 6300 ears. Who does not see that, with this stupendous progression, the produce of one grain in a few years might feed all mankind? And yet, with this visible creation annually springing and ripening around us, there are men who doubt, who deny the existence of God. Gold from the Sacramento River, sir! There is a sacrament in this ear of corn enough to bring an atheist² to his knees.

87. AGRICULTURE—CONCLUDED.

BUT it will be urged, perhaps, sir, in behalf of the California gold, that, though one crop only of gold can be gathered from the same spot, yet, once gathered, it lasts to the end of time; while our vegetable gold is produced only to be consumed, and, when consumed, is gone forever. But this, Mr. President, would be a most egregious error both ways.

2. It is true the California gold will last forever unchanged, if its owner chooses; but, while it so lasts, it is of no use; no, not as much as its value in pig-iron,³ which makes the best of ballast;⁴ whereas gold, while it is gold, is good for little or nothing. You can neither eat it, nor drink it, nor smoke it. You can neither wear it, nor burn it as fuel, nor build a house with it; it is really useless till you exchange it for consumable, perishable goods; and the more plentiful it is, the less its exchangeable value.

¹ Sacrament, an oath or vow; a holy rite; the Lord's Supper.—² A' the ist, one who denies or disbelieves the existence of a Supreme Being.—³ Pig'-iron (i' urn), masses of iron not manufactured.—⁴ Ball' last, weight put into the hold of vessels, when not loaded, to make them float steadily.

3. Far different the case with our Atlantic gold; it does not perish when consumed, but, by a nobler alchemy¹ than that of Paracelsus,² is transmuted in consumption to a higher life "Perish in consumption," did the old miser say? "Thou fool that which thou sowest is not quickened *except* it die." The burning pen of inspiration, ranging heaven and earth for a similitude,³ to convey to our poor minds some not inadequate idea of the mighty doctrine of the resurrection, can find no symbol so expressive as "bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other grain." To-day a senseless plant, to-morrow it is human bone and muscle, vein and artery, sinew and nerve; beating pulse, heaving lungs, toiling, ah, sometimes, overtoiling brain.

4. Last June, it sucked from the cold breast of the earth the watery nourishment of its distending sap-vessels; and now it clothes the manly form with warm, cordial flesh; quivers and thrills with the fivefold mystery of sense;⁴ purveys and ministers to the higher mystery of thought. Heaped up in your gran'aries this week, the next it will strike in the stalwart⁵ arm, and glow in the blushing cheek, and flash in the beaming eye; till we learn at last to realize that the slender stalk, which we have seen shaken by the summer breeze, bending in the cornfield under the yellow burden of harvest, is indeed the "staff of life," which, since the world began, has supported the toiling and struggling myriads of humanity on the mighty pilgrimage of being.

5. Yes, sir, to drop the allegory,⁶ and speak without a figure, it is this noble agriculture, for the promotion of which this great company is assembled from so many parts of the Union, which feeds the human race, and all the humbler orders of animated

¹ Al' che my, chemistry, as-practiced in former times; or the proposed, but imaginary art of the changing of base metals into gold, and of finding some universal remedy for all diseases.—² Par a cêl' sus, one of the early alchemists, was born about the year 1493, near Zurich, a city in the northern part of Switzerland. He is considered as the founder of the modern science of medicine. He died in 1541, in his forty-eighth year.—³ Si mîl' i tîde, likeness; comparison.—⁴ Fivefold mystery of sense, the senses, hearing, seeing, smelling, touching, and tasting.—⁵ Stalwart (stôl' wort), brave; bold; strong.—⁶ Al' le go ry, a story in which the apparent meaning is not the real one, but is intended to declare some important truth with greater force and spirit.

nature dependent on man. With the exception of what is yielded by the fisheries and the chase (a limited, though certainly not an insignificant, source of supply), agriculture is the steward which spreads the daily table of mankind.

6. Twenty-seven millions of human beings, by accurate computation, awoke this very morning, in the United States, all requiring their "daily bread," whether they had the grace to pray for it or not, and, under Providence, all looking to the agriculture of the country for that daily bread, and the food of the domestic animals depending on them; a demand, perhaps, as great as their own. Mr. President, it is the daily duty of you farmers to satisfy this gigantic appetite; to fill the mouths of these hungry millions—of these starving millions, I might say, for if, by any catastrophe,¹ the supply were cut off for a few days, the life of the country—human and brute—would be extinct.

7. How nobly this great duty is performed by the agriculture of the country, I need not say at this board, especially as the subject has been discussed by the gentleman who preceded me. The wheat crop of the United States the present year, is variously estimated at from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five millions of bushels; the oat crop at four hundred millions of bushels; the Indian corn, our precious vegetable gold, at one thousand millions of bushels! a bushel, at least, for every human being on the face of the globe.

8. Of the other cereal,² and of the leguminous³ crops, I have seen no estimate. Even the humble article of hay,—this poor timothy,⁴ herds' grass, and red-top, which, not rising to the dignity of the food of man, serves only for the subsistence of the mute partners of his toil,—the hay crop of the United States is probably but little, if any, inferior in value to the whole crop of cotton, which the glowing imagination of the South sometimes regards as the great bond which binds the civilized nations of the earth together.

EDWARD EVERETT.

¹ Catastrophe (ka tās' tro fe), unfortunate event; calamity; disaster.—² Cereals, relating to grain that is good for food.—³ Leguminous, peas, beans, and other vegetables that grow in pods.—⁴ Timothy, a name applied to an excellent kind of grass.

88. MEMORY.

1. 'TIS sweet to remember! I would not forego
The charm which the past o'er the present can throw,
For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.
We know not the future—the past we have felt—
Its cherish'd enjoyments the bosom can melt;
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the mōrrōw fall cold on the soul.
2. 'Tis sweet to remember! when storms are abroad,
To see in the rainbow the promise of God;
The day may be darken'd, but far in the west,
In vermilion¹ and gold, sinks the sun to his rest;
With smiles like the morning he passeth away—
Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can play,
When in calm reminiscence² we gather the flowers,
Which love scatter'd round us in happier hours.
3. 'Tis sweet to remember! When friends are unkind,
When their coldness and carelessness shadow the mind:
Then, to draw back the veil which envelops a land
Where delectable³ prospects in beauty expand;
To smell the green fields, the fresh waters to hear
Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear;
To drink in the smiles that delighted us then,
To list the fond voices of childhood again;—
Oh, this the sad heart, like a reed that is bruised,
Binds up, when the banquet⁴ of hope is refused.
4. 'Tis sweet to remember! And naught can destroy
The balm-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy,
Which spring from that fountain to gladden our way,
When the changeful and faithless desert or betray.
I would not forgēt!—though my thoughts should be dark,

¹ Vermilion (ver mīl' yun), bright red.—² Reminiscence, memory; remembrance.—³ Delectable, delightful; very pleasing.—⁴ Banquet (bāng' kwet), a rich feast; an entertainment.

O'er the ocean of life I look back from my bark,
And I see the löst Eden, where once I was blest,
A type and a promise of heavenly rest. W. F. CLARKE

89. MEMORY AND HOPE.

HOPE is the leading-string of youth; memory the staff of age. Yet, for a löng time, they were at variance,² and scarcely ever associated together. Memory was almost always grave, nay, sad and melancholy. She delighted in silence and repose, amid rocks and waterfalls; and whenever she raised her eyes from the ground, it was only to look back over her shoulder.

2. Hope was a smiling, dancing,³ rosy boy, with sparkling eyes, and it was impossible to look upon him without being inspired by his gay and sprightly buoyancy.⁴ Wherever he went, he diffused gladness and joy around him; the eyes of the young sparkled brighter than ever at his approach; old age, as it cast⁵ its dim glances at the blue vault⁶ of heaven, seemed inspired with new vigor; the flowers looked more gay, the grass⁷ more green, the birds sung more cheerily, and all nature seemed to sympathize⁸ in his gladness. Memory was of mortal birth, but Hope partook of immortality.⁹

3. One day they chanced¹⁰ to meet, and Memory reproached Hope with being a deceiver. She charged him with deluding mankind with visionary,¹¹ impracticable schemes, and exciting expectations that led only to disappointment and regret; with being the *ignis fatuus*¹² of youth, and the scourge of old age. But Hope cast back upon her the charge of deceit, and maintained that the pictures of the past¹³ were as much exaggerated by Memory, as were the anticipations of Hope. He declared that she looked at objects at a great distance in the past, he in the future, and that this distance magnified every thing. "Let

¹ Staff.—² Vá'ri ance, dispute; difference; quarrel.—³ Dáu'cing.—
Buoyancy (bwá'l'an cy), lightness; flow of spirits.—⁴ Cást.—⁵ Váult, a continued arch or circle.—⁶ Gráss.—⁷ Sym'pa thize, join in the same feelings.—⁸ Im mor tál'i ty, perpetual life.—⁹ Chanced (chánst).—¹⁰ Visionary (viz'un a ry), dreamy; impracticable.—¹¹ Ig'nis fát'u us, a deceitful fire; any thing that deceives.—¹² Pást.

us make the circuit of the world," said he, "and try the experiment." Memory reluctantly consented, and they went their way together.

4. The first person they met was a schoolboy, lounging lazily alöng, and stopping every moment to gaze around, as if unwilling to proceed on his way. By and by, he sat down and burst into tears. "Whither so fast,¹ my good lad?" asked² Hope, jeeringly. "I am going to school," replied the lad, "to study, when I would rather, a thousand times, be ät play; and sit on a bench with a book in my hand, while I löng to be spörting in the fields. But never mind, I shall be a man soon, and then I shall be as free as the air." Saying this, he skipped away merrily, in the hope of soon being a man. "It is thus you play upon the inexperience of youth," said Memory, reproachfully.

5. Passing³ onward, they met a beautiful girl, pacing slowly and with a melancholy air, behind a party of gay young men and maidens, who walked arm in arm with each other, and were flirting and exchanging all those little harmless courtesies,⁴ which nature prompts on such occasions. They were all gayly dressed in silks and ribbons; but the little girl had on a simple frock, a homely⁵ apron, and clumsy, thick-soled shoes. "Why do you not join yönder group," asked Hope, "and partake in their gayety, my pretty little girl?" "Alas!"⁶ replied she, "they take no notice of me. They call me a child. But I shall soon be a woman, and then I shall be so happy!" Inspired by this hope, she quickened her pace, and soon was seen dancing alöng merrily with the rest.

6. In this manner they wended their way, from nation to nation, and clime to clime, until they had made the circuit of the universe. Wherever they came, they found the human race, who at this time were all young (it being not many years since the first creation of mankind), repining⁷ at the present, and looking forward to a riper age for happiness. All anticipated some future good, and Memory had scarce any thing to do but cast looks of reproach at her young companion. "Let us return

¹ Fást.—² Asked (áskt).—³ Páss'ing.—⁴ Courtesies (kér'te sez), civilities.—⁵ Hóme'ly, plain; coarse.—⁶ A lás'.—⁷ Re pin'ing, sorrowing; expressing regret or disappointment.



home," said she, "to that delightful spot where I first drew my breath. I long to repose among its beautiful bowers; to listen to the brooks that murmured a thousand times more musically; to the birds that sung a thousand times more sweetly; and to the echoes that were softer than any I have since heard. Ah! there is nothing on earth so enchanting¹ as the scenes of my early youth!" Hope indulged himself in a sly, significant smile, and they proceeded on their return home.

7. As they journeyed but slowly, many years elapsed ere they approached the spot from which they had departed. It so happened, one day, that they met an old man, bending under the weight of years, and walking with trembling steps, leaning on his staff. Memory at once rec'ognized him as the youth they had seen going to school, on their first onset in the tour of the world. As they came nearer, the old man reclined on his staff, and looking at Hope, who, being immortal, was still a blithe,² young boy, sighed, as if his heart was breaking.

8. "What aileth thee, old man?" asked the youth. "What aileth me?" he replied, in a feeble, faltering voice. "What should ail me, but old age? I have outlived my health and strength; I have survived all that was near and dear; I have seen all that I loved, or that loved me, struck down to the earth like dead leaves in autumn, and now I stand like an old tree, withering, alone in the world, without roots, without branches, and without verdure. I have only just enough of sensation to know that I am miserable; and the recollection of the happiness of my youthful days, when, careless, and full of blissful anticipations, I was a laughing, merry boy, only adds to the miseries I now endure."

9. "Behold," said Memory, "the consequence of thy deceptions," and she looked reproachfully at her companion. "Behold!" replied Hope, "the deception practiced by thyself. Thou persuadest him that he was happy in his youth. Dost thou remember the boy we met when we first set out together, who was weeping on his way to school, and sighed to be a man?" Memory cast down her eyes, and was silent.

¹ En chânt' ing, delighting in the highest degree; captivating.—
² Blithe, happy; gay; joyous.

10. A little way onward, they came to a miserable cottage, at the door of which was an aged woman, meanly clad, and shaking with palsy.¹ She sat all alone, her head resting on her bosom, and, as the pair approached, vainly tried to raise it up to look at them. "Good-mórrōw, old lady, and all happiness to you," cried Hope, gayly; and the old woman thought it was a long time since she had heard such a cheering salutation.² "Happiness!" said she, in a voice that quivered with weakness and infirmity. "Happiness! I have not known it since I was a little girl, without care or sorrow."

11. "Oh, I remember those delightful days, when I thought of nothing but the present moment, nor cared for the future or the past. When I laughed, and played, and sung, from morning till night, and envied no one, and wished to be no other than I was. But those happy times are passed, never to return. Oh, could I but once more return to the days of my childhood!" The old woman sunk back on her seat, and the tears flowed from her hollow eyes. Memory again reproached her companion, but he only asked her if she recollected the little girl they had met a long time ago, who was so miserable because she was so young? Memory knew it well enough, and said not another word.

12. They now approached their home, and Memory was on tiptoe, with the thought of once more enjoying the unequalled beauties of those scenes from which she had been so long separated. But, somehow or other, it seemed that they were sadly changed. Neither the grass was so green, the flowers so sweet and lovely, nor did the brooks murmur, the echoes answer, nor the birds sing half so enchantingly, as she remembered them in time past. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "how changed is every thing! I alone am the same." "Every thing is the same, and thou alone art changed," answered Hope. "Thou hast deceived thyself in the past, just as much as I deceive others in the future."

13. "What are you disputing about?" asked an old man, whom

¹ Palsy (pál' zy), loss of power to move, or to perform any action of mind or body.—² Sal u tá' tion, greeting; act of addressing another when meeting him.

they had not observed before, though he was standing close by them. "I have lived almost fourscore and ten years, and my experience may, perhaps, enable me to decide between you." They told him the occasion of their disagreement, and related the history of their journey round the earth. The old man smiled, and, for a few moments, sat buried in thought. He then said to them: "I, too, have lived to see all the hopes of my youth turn into shadows, clouds, and darkness, and vanish into nothing. I, too, have survived my fortune, my friends, my children; the hilarity¹ of youth, and the blessing of health." "And dost thou not despair?" said Memory. "No: I have still one hope left me." "And what is that?" "The hope of heaven!"

14. Memory turned toward Hope, threw herself into his arms, which opened to receive her, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "Forgive me, I have done thee injustice. Let us never again separate from each other." "With all my heart," said Hope, and they continued forever after to travel together hand in hand, through the world.

J. K. PAULDING

90. HIAWATHA'S CANOE-BUILDING.

1. "GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

¹ Hi lár' i ty, joyfulness; gayety.

- 2 Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;¹
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing² outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer³ he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripp'd it from the trunk unbroken.
3. "Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant⁴ branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whisper'd, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hew'd the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he form'd and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
4. "Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!"

¹ Gird' led, cut a ring round a tree.—² Ooz' ing, flowing out slowly.—
Shêer, clean; quite; at once.—⁴ Pl' ant, easily bent; limber.

My canoe to bind together,
 So to bind the ends together
 That the water may not enter,
 That the river may not wet me!"
 And the Larch, with all its fibers,
 Shiver'd in the air of morning,
 Touch'd his forehead with its tassels,
 Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
 "Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
 From the earth he tore the fibers,
 Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
 Closely sew'd¹ the bark together,
 Bound it closely to the framework.

5. "Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
 Of your balsam and your resin,
 So to close the seams together
 That the water may not enter,
 That the river may not wet me!"
 And the Fir-Tree, tall and somber,²
 Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
 Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
 Answer'd wailing, answer'd weeping,
 "Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
 And he took the tears of balsam,
 Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
 Smear'd therewith each seam and fissure,³
 Made each crevice⁴ safe from water.

6. "Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
 All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
 I will make a necklace of them,
 Make a girdle for my beauty,
 And two stars to deck her bosom!"
 From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
 With his sleepy eyes look'd at him,
 Shot his shining quills, like arrows,

¹ Sewed (sôd).—² Sômb'er, gloomy; dusky.—³ Fissure (fish yer), crack; split; opening.—⁴ Crêv'ice, crack; opening.

Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
 Through the tangle of his whiskers,
 "Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
 From the ground the quills he gather'd,
 All the little shining arrows,
 Stain'd them red, and blue, and yêllôw,
 With the juice of roots and berries;
 Into his canoe he wrought them,
 Round its waist a shining girdle,
 Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
 On its breast two stars resplendent.¹

7. Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
 In the valley, by the river,
 In the bosom of the forest;
 And the forest's life was in it
 All its mystery and its magic
 All the lightness of the birch-tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 All the larch's supple² sinews;
 And it floated on the river
 Like a yêllôw leaf in Autumn,
 Like a yellow water-lily.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

91. NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

NOT many generations³ ago, where you now sit, encircled with
 all that exalts and embellishes⁴ civilized life, the rank thistle
 nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared.
 Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same
 sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the
 panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the
 Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

2. Here, the wigwam⁵-blaze beamed on the tender and help-

¹ Respléndent, shining with brilliant luster; bright.—² Sôp'ple, pliant; flexible; easily bent.—³ Gen'erâ'tion, the people living at the same time; an age.—⁴ Embêllishes, adorns; makes beautiful by ornaments.—⁵ Wig'wam, an Indian hut, or cabin.

less, and the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now, they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy¹ lakes, and now, they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

3. Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe² he acknowledged in every thing around.

4. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind adoration.

5. And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim³ bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face, a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped⁴ the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

6. Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors.⁵ The Indian of falcon⁶ glance and lion bearing, the theme⁷ of the touching ballad,⁸ the hero of

¹ Sedgy (sêj' y), overgrown with a narrow flag or coarse grass, called sedge.—² U'ni verse, the whole system of created things.—³ Pil'grim, a wanderer; a traveler who has a religious object.—⁴ Usurped (yù zêrpt'), taken, and retained that which does not belong to us.—⁵ Pro gën' i tors, forefathers.—⁶ Falcon (fâ' kn), like a falcon, a bird of the hawk kind.—⁷ Thème, topic or subject on which one writes.—⁸ Bâl'lad, a song; generally, a story in verse.

the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil, where *he* walked in majesty, to remind *us* how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

7. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

8. Ages hence, the inquisitive¹ white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder² on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles³ of their exterminators.⁴ Let these be faithful to their rude virtues, as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate, as a people.

SPRAGUE.

92. THEY ARE PASSING AWAY.

1. **T**HEY are passing⁵ away, they are passing away—
The joy from our hearts, and the light from our day,
The hope that beguiled⁶ us when sorrow was near,
The loved one that dash'd from our eyelids the tear,
The friendships that held o'er our bosoms their sway;
They are passing away, they are passing away.
2. They are passing away, they are passing away—
The cares and the strifes of life's turbulent day,
The waves of despair⁸ that roll'd over our soul,
The passions that bow'd not to reason's control,

¹ In quis' i tive, asking many questions; inquiring.—² Pôn der, think deeply; consider carefully; to weigh in the mind.—³ Chronicles (krôn' e klz), stories of the time; histories of events in the order of time in which they occur.—⁴ Ex tēr' min a tors, destroyers; those who root out, or destroy utterly.—⁵ Pâss' ing.—⁶ Be guiled', amused; caused to pass pleasantly.—⁷ Turbulent (têr' bu lënt), noisy; making disturbance.—⁸ De spâir', hopelessness; loss of hope in the mercy of God.

The dark clouds that shrouded religion's kind ray;
They are passing away, they are passing away.

3. Let them go, let them pass, both the sunshine and shower,
The joys that yet cheer us, the storms that yet lower:¹
When their gloom and their light have all faded and past,
There's a home that around us its blessing shall cast,
Where the heart-broken pilgrim no longer shall say,
"We are passing away, we are passing away."

R. M. CARLTON.

93. RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN.

THERE is something patriarchal² still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval³ simplicity reigns over that northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones.⁴ Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy.

2. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream, and anon⁵ come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass. You sneeze, and they cry, "Göd bless you." The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs.

3. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers. The thrifty housewife shows

¹ Lower (lou'er), frown; appear dark, gloomy, and threatening.—

² Patriarchal (pa tre ark'al), like the father of a family; ancient.—³ Rural (rū'ral), relating to the country.—⁴ Primeval, belonging to the earliest times; original.—⁵ Cones, bodies diminishing to a point; the fruit of the pine, fir, etc., that is shaped like a cone.—⁶ Anon', suddenly; immediately.

you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible, and brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heirloom,¹—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it—or, perhaps, a little pine bark in it.

4. Meanwhile the sturdy² husband has brought his horses from the plow, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth³ one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths; and hanging around their necks in front a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalecarlian⁴ peasant women, traveling homeward, or townward, in pursuit of work. They walk bare-foot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

5. Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little garden of Gethsēmane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long, tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings,⁵ on others,

¹ Heirloom (ār lōm), any furniture or movable that descends to the heir with the house.—² Sturdy (stēr'dy), hardy; stout.—³ Uncouth', misshapen; awkward; not handsome.—⁴ Dalecarlian, an old province of Sweden, now comprised in the län or district of Falun.—⁵ Armorial bearings, coats-of-arms, or parts of the coats-of-arms. In ancient times, when the soldiers, and especially their commanders, wore armor, the face of the whole person was entirely concealed. In order that the soldiers might recognize their leaders, the commander wore on his shield, or as a crest for the helmet, some device, such as a bird, a beast, a spear, sword, etc. By degrees this custom was reduced to a system, and the king arrogated the right of bestowing on his brave followers the exclusive privilege of wearing certain devices on the shield or the helmet. This was the foundation of the science of heraldry, and the origin of coats-of-arms.

only the initials' of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages.

6. Nor must I forgēt the suddenly changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no lōng and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom, one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pōmpous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail.

7. The days wane² apace. Erelōng the sun hardly rises above the hori'zon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns alōng the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

8. And now the northern lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a sōft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith,³ east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart⁴ the heavens, like a summer sunset.

9. Sōft, purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pōmp as this is merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding.

10. And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and

¹ Initials (in ish als), the first letters of a name; the beginnings.—
² Wane, decrease; waste away.—³ Ze' nith, the point in the sky just overhead.—⁴ Athwart', across; through.

the sōng of nightingales, is come! In every vil'age there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths, and roses, and ribbons, streaming in the wind; and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the vil'age whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windōws and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle.

11. Oh, how beautiful is the summer night which is not night, but a sunless, yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadōws, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the lōng, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yēsterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit togēther, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!

12. From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a sōft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer; and four times to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice, he chants—

“Ho! watchman, ho! twelve is the clock!
God keep our town from fire and brand,
And hostile hand! twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night lōng; and further north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

94. LIFE AND DEATH—A PARABLE.

1. **A** MAN through Syria's deserts speeding,
His camel by the halter leading,
The beast grew shy, began to rear,
With gestures wild to plunge and tear;
So fearful was his snort and cry
The driver was obliged to fly.
He ran, and saw a well which lay
By chance before him in the way.