

111. THE HERMIT.

1. **A**T the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove;
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rang symphonious,¹ a hermit began;
No more with himself, or with nature, at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.
2. "Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe?
Why, lone Philomela,² that languishing fall,³
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom intrall,
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay;
Mourn, sweetest complainer; man calls thee to mourn.
Oh, soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.
3. "Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent⁴ displays;
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again:
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!
4. "'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo⁵ blossom will save;

¹ Sym pho' ni ous, agreeing in sound; harmonious.— Phi lo mè' la, the nightingale.—² Languishing (lång' gwish ing) fall, sad note.—³ In thráll', enslave; reduce to bondage.—⁴ Crès' cent, the increasing or new moon, which, when receding from the sun, shows a curving rim of light; the figure or likeness of the new moon.—⁵ Em' bryo, in an unformed state; a state not completed or finished.

- But when shall spring visit the moldering urn?
Oh, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?
5. "'Twas thus, by the light of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont' to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
Oh, pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,
'Thy creature, that fain² would not wander from thee.
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!"
 6. "And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence³ of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb!"

DR. JAMES BEATTIE.

'THE KNIGHT, THE HERMIT, AND THE MAN.

112. THE KNIGHT.—PART FIRST.

SIR GUY DE MONTFORT was as brave a knight⁴ as ever laid lance in rest or swung his glittering battle-ax. He possessed many noble and generous qualities, but they were obscured, alas! by the strange thirst for human blood that marked

¹ Wont (wünt), to be used; accustomed.—² Fain, willingly.—³ Ef ful' gence, splendor; light.—⁴ Knight (nit), a champion; a soldier on horseback endowed with peculiar privileges. The laws and usages to which knights were subjected during the feudal ages, formed the institution called chivalry. The business of a knight was to travel in search of adventure, to redress wrongs, and particularly to protect the ladies. He was clad in armor, and wore a sword, a spear, and a battle-ax. The invention and application of gunpowder have rendered the defensive armor of the knight of little avail; and chivalry, as an institution, has fallen into decay. The term knight is now applied to one of the lowest orders of the English nobility.

the age in which he lived—an age when “Love your friends and *hate* your enemies” had taken the place of “But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.”

2. Ten knights as brave as Sir Guy, and possessing as many noble and generous qualities, had fallen beneath his superior strength and skill in arms; and for this the bright eyes of beauty looked admiringly upon him—fair lips smiled when he appeared, and minstrels' sang of his prowess, in lady's bower and festive hall.

3. At a great tournament,² given in honor of the marriage of the king's daughter, Sir Guy sent forth his challenge to single and deadly combat, but, for two days, no one accepted this challenge, although it was three times proclaimed by the herald.³ On the third day, a young and strange knight rode, with visor⁴ down, into the lists,⁵ and accepted the challenge. His slender form, his carriage, and all that appertained to him, showed him to be no match for Guy de Montfort—and so it proved. They met—and Sir Guy's lance, at the first tilt, penetrated the corselet⁶ of the brave young knight and entered his heart. As he rolled upon the ground his casque⁷ flew off, and a shower of sunny curls fell over his fair young face and neck.

4. Soon the strange news went thrilling from heart to heart, that the youthful knight who had kissed the dust beneath the sharp steel of De Montfort, was a maiden! and none other than the beautiful, high-spirited Agnes St. Bertrand, whose father Sir Guy had killed, but a few months before, in a combat to which he had challenged him. By order of the king the tournament was suspended, and rampant⁸ knights and ladies gay went back to their homes, in soberer mood than when they came forth.

Min' strels, poets; bards; singers.—² Tournament (têrn' a ment), a military sport or exercise on horseback; a mock fight.—³ Hêr' ald, an officer whose business was to make a solemn declaration, or challenge, or give public information.—⁴ Visor (vlz' or), that part of the helmet which covers the face; it was perforated or pierced with holes for the eyes, nose, and mouth.—⁵ Lists, ground inclosed for a race, or field of combat.—⁶ Corse'let, light armor for the fore-part of the body.—⁷ Casque (kâsk), helmet; armor for the head.—⁸ Râmp' ant, wanton beyond restraint.

5. Alone in his castle, with the grim faces of his ancestors looking down upon him from the wall, Sir Guy paced to and fro with hurried steps. The Angel of Mercy was nearer to him than she had been for years, and her whispers were distinctly heard. Glôry and fame were forgotten by the knight—for self was forgotten.

6. The question—a strange question for him—“What good?” arose in his mind. He had killed St. Bertrand—but why? To add another leaf to his laurels as a brave knight. But was this leaf worth its cōst—the broken heart of the fairest and loveliest maiden in the land? nay, more—the life-drops from that broken heart?

7. For the first time the flush of triumph was chilled by a remembrance of what the triumph had cōst him. Then came a shudder, as he thought of the lovely widōw who drooped in Arto Castle—of the wild pang that snapped the heart-strings of De Cressy's bride, when she saw the battle-ax go crashing into her husband's brain—of the beautiful betrothed of Sir Gilbert de Marion, now a shrieking mâniac¹—of Agnes St. Bertrand!

8. As these sad images came up before the knight, his pace grew more rapid, and his brows, upon which large beads of sweat were standing, were clasped between his hands with a gesture of agony. “And what for all this?” he murmured. “What for all this? Am I braver or better for such bloody work?”

9. Through the lōng night he paced the hall of his castle; but with daydawn he rode forth alone. The sun arose and set; the seasons came and went; years passed; but the knight returned not.

113. THE HERMIT.—PART SECOND.

FAR from the busy scenes of life dwelt a pious recluse,² who, in prayer, fasting, and various forms of penance, sought to find repose for his troubled conscience. His food was pulse, and his drink the pure water that went sparkling in the sunlight past his hermit-cell in the wilderness. Now and then a traveler

¹ Mâ' ni ac, an insane person.—² Re cluse', a religious devotee; one shut out from society.

who had lost his way, or an eager hunter in pursuit of game, met this lonely man in his deep seclusion.¹ To such he spoke eloquently of the vanities of life and of the wisdom of those who, renouncing these vanities, devote themselves to God; and they left him, believing the hermit to be a wise and happy man.

2. But they erred. Neither prayer nor penance filled the aching void that was in his bosom. If he were happy, it was happiness for which none need have felt an envious wish; if he were wise, his wisdom partook more of the selfishness of this world than of the holy benevolence of the next.

3. The days came and went; the seasons changed; years passed; and still the hermit's prayers went up at morning, and the setting sun looked upon his kneeling form. His body was bent, though not with age; his long hair whitened, but not with the snows of many winters. Yet all availed not. The solitary one found not in prayer and penance² that peace which passeth all understanding.

4. One night he dreamed in his cell that the Angel of Mercy came to him, and said: "It is in vain—all in vain! Art thou not a man, to whom power has been given to do good to thy fellow-man? Is the bird on the tree, the beast in his lair, the worm that crawls upon the earth, thy fellow? Not by prayer not by meditation, not by penance, is man purified; not for these are his iniquities washed out. 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' These are the divine words thou hast not yet learned. Thou callest thyself God's servant; but where is thy work? I see it not. Where are the hungry thou hast fed?—the naked thou hast clothed?—the sick and the prisoner who have been visited by thee? They are not here in the wilderness!"

5. The angel departed, and the hermit awoke. It was midnight. From the bending heavens beamed down myriads³ of beautiful stars. The dark and solemn woods were still as death, and there was no sound on the air save the clear music of the singing rill, as it went on happily with its work, even in the darkness.

¹ Seclusion (se klü' zun), retirement; solitude; the state of being separate or alone.—² Pen'ance, suffering imposed or submitted to as an atonement or a satisfaction for sin.—³ Myr'i ad, the number of ten thousand; an immense indefinite number.

6. "Where is *my* work?" murmured the hermit, as he stood with his hot brow uncovered in the cool air. "The stars are moving in their courses; the trees are spreading forth their branches and rising to heaven; and the stream flows on to the ocean; but I, superior to all these—I, gifted with a will, an understanding, and active energies—am doing no work! 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Those blessed words can not be said of me."

7. Morning came, and the hermit saw the bee at its labor, the bird building its nest, and the worm spinning its silken thread. "And is there no work for *me*, the noblest of all created things?" said he.

8. The hermit knelt in prayer, but found no utterance. Where was his work? He had none to bring but evil work. He had harmed his fellow-men—but where was the good he had done? Prayers and penitential deeds wiped away no tear from the eye of sorrow—fed not the hungry—clothed not the naked.

9. "De Montfort!—it is vain! there must be charity as well as piety!" Thus murmured the hermit, as he arose from his prostrate attitude. When night came, the hermit's cell, far away in the deep, untrodden forest, was tenantless.

114. THE MAN.—PART THIRD.

A FEARFUL plague¹ raged in a great city. In the narrow streets, where the poor were crowded together, the hot breath of the pestilence withered up hundreds in a day. Those not stricken down, fled, and left the suffering and the dying to their fate. Terror extinguished all human sympathies.

2. In the midst of these dreadful scenes, a man clad in plain garments—a stranger—approached the plague-stricken city. The flying inhabitants warned him of the peril he was about encountering, but he heeded them not. He entered within the walls, and took his way with a firm step to the most infected² regions.

3. In the first house that he entered he found a young maiden,

¹ Plague, a dreadful disease, causing almost instant death.—² In fect' ed, visited by disease.

alone, and almost in the agonies of death; and her feeble cry was for something to slake her burning thirst. He paced to her lips a cool draught,¹ of which she drank eagerly; then he sat down to watch by her side. In a little while the hot fever began to abate, and the sufferer slept. Then he lifted her in his arms and bore her beyond the city walls, where the air was purer, and where were those appointed to receive and minister to the sick who were brought forth.

4. Again he went into the deadly atmosphere, and among the sick and the dying; and soon he returned once more with a sleeping infant that he had removed from the infolding arms of its dead mother. There was a calm and holy smile upon the stranger's lips, as he looked into the sweet face of the innocent child ere he resigned it to others; and those who saw that smile said in their hearts—"Vëriily, he hath his reward."

5. For weeks the plague hovered, with its black wings, over that devoted city—and during the whole time, this stranger to all the inhabitants passed from house to house, supporting a dying head here, giving drink to such as were almost mad with thirst there, and bearing forth in his arms those for whom there was any hope of life. But when "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday" had left the city, he was nowhere to be found.

6. For years the castle of De Montfort was without a lord. Its knightly owner had departed, though to what far country no one knew. At last he returned—not on mailed² charger, with corselet, casque, and spear—a boastful knight, with hands crimsoned by his brother's blood,—nor as a pious devotee from his cloister,³ but, as a *man*, from the city where he had done good deeds amid the dying and the dead. He came to take possession of his stately castle and his broad lands once more—not as a knight, but as a man—not to glory once more in his proud elevation, but to use the gifts with which God had endowed him, in making wiser, better, and happier his fellow-men.

7. He had work to do, and he was faithful in its performance.

¹ Draught (dräft), a portion to drink; that which is drank at once.—
² Mailed, clad in armor.—³ Clois' ter, an inclosure; a place of religious retirement.

He was no longer a knight-errant,¹ seeking for adventure wherever brute courage promised to give him renown; he was no longer an idle hermit, shrinking from his work in the great harvest-fields of life; but he was a *man*, doing valiantly, among his fellow-men, truly noble deeds—not deeds of blood, but deeds of moral daring, in an age when the real uses of life were despised by the titled few.

8. There was the bold Knight, the pious Hermit, and the Man; but the MAN was best and greatest of all.

T. S. ARTHUR.

115. NO LIFE PLEASING TO GOD, THAT IS NOT USEFUL TO MAN.

IT pleased our mighty sovereign,² Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honor and dominion, to set Mirza, his servant, over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honor, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency,³ and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head.

2. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused; he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward. He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply:

3. "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honored, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country,

¹ Knight-errant (nit-ër' rant), a wandering knight.—² Sovereign (siv'er in) a supreme or chief ruler.—³ Com plä' cen cy, pleasure; satisfaction.

fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city glōrious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendor of thy presence. But the lōngest life is a period scarcely sufficient to prepare for death. All other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets¹ in the path of the traveler, under whose foot they perish forever: and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent² as the colors of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forgēt the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

4. By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

5. "Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible³ force: but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am, as thou art, a reptile of the earth; my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages, are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare; but by whom then must the faithful be governed? By those only who have no fear of judgment? by those only whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the Dervis⁴ alone the gate of paradise! To all, the life of a Dervis is not possible; to all, therefore, it can not be a duty. Depart

¹ Emmets, ants.—² Evanescent, short-lived; passing quickly away.

—³ Irresistible (ir resist' i bl), that can not be resisted with success.—

⁴ Dervis, a priest or monk among the Persians and Turks who leads an austere life.

to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may He who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

6. Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requested an audience,¹ and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. "My lord!" said he, "I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou the Iman,² who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honors which I so lately wished to resign."

7. The king, who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words.

116. NO LIFE PLEASING TO GOD, THAT IS NOT USEFUL TO MAN—CONCLUDED.

"TO Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty lord has honored with dominion, be perpetual health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee will I relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet³ multiply to thee!

¹ Audience, hearing.—² Iman, a Mohammedan priest or prince.—

³ Proph'et, here means Mohammed, whom his followers believe to have been a prophet.

2. "Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated¹ with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contem'plate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep.

3. "I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered² part of the country. My dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill. I drank the running water from the spring, and ate such fruit and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet.

4. "One morning after my nocturnal vigil,³ just as I perceived the hori'zon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept⁴ it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared.

5. "When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and vanities of

¹ Im prég' nâted, infused; filled.—² Sequestered (se kwês' terd), retired; separated; apart from others.—³ Vigil (vij il), watch.—⁴ Intercept', come between; hide from view.

life; but thou hast as yet only done it in part; thou art still every day busied in the search of food; thy mind is not wholly at rest; neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food, when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity, but devotion?

6. "I was now so confident of a miraculous¹ supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object. This impatience, however, I labored to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words:

7. "'Cosrou, I am the angel, who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation.² To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.'

8. "At these words, I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now,

¹ Mi rác' u lous, supernatural; wonderful.—² Em u lâ' tion, effort to equal or surpass; desire of superiority.

therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received.

9. "As the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is profane which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated¹ in a moment. Here thou canst do little more than pile error upon error: there, thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; and in the mean time emulate the eagle.

10. "Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayst stimulate those to beneficence,² who act from no higher motive than immediate interest; thou canst not produce the principle, but mayst enforce the practice. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell! May the smile of Him who resides in the heaven of heavens be upon thee; and against thy name, in the volume of His will, may happiness be written."

11. The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, "that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind."

HAWKESWORTH.

117. ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

1 **G**OD of my life, and Author of my days,
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise,
And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name, to harps of seraphs³ sung:

¹ Ir rã' di át ed, made splendid; enlightened intellectually.—² Be nêf' i cence, the practice of doing good; active goodness, kindness, or charity.—³ Sêr 'aphs, highest rank of angels.

Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,¹
Are equal all; for all are nothing here.

2. All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's works through all their parts proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul:
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;²
Impetuous³ passion stops her headlong tide.
At thy felt presence all emotions⁴ cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace;
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants⁵ vanish from my eyes;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,⁶
And one vast object fills my aching sight.
3. But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted⁷ yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But He, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
4. His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense⁸ from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant⁹ live;

Sphère, world; station or rank in life.—² Sub side', settle down.—
Im pêt' u ous, hasty; 'orcible.—⁴ E mò' tions, feelings.—⁵ Pageants
(pã' jents), splendid shows.—⁶ Infinite (in' fe nít), that which is without
bounds.—⁷ Wonted (wunt' ed), accustomed; usual.—⁸ In' cense, the
odors of spices and gums burned in religious rites; acceptable prayers
and praises.—⁹ Súp' pli ant, one who asks a favor.

- From each terrestrial¹ bondage set me free;
 Still every wish that centers not in thee;
 Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
 And point my path to everlasting peace.
5. If the soft hand of winning Pleasure leads,
 By living waters, and through flowery meads,
 When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
 And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,—
 Oh! teach me to elude² each latent³ snare,
 And whisper to my sliding heart, "Beware!"
 With caution let me hear the Siren's⁴ voice,
 And, doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.
- 6 If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,—
 Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
 And with strong confidence lay hold on thee:
 With equal eye, my various lot receive,
 Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
 Prepared to kiss the scepter or the rod,
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.
7. I read his awful name, emblazon'd⁵ high,
 With golden letters, on the illumined sky;
 Nor less the mystic⁶ characters I see
 Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree:
 In every leaf, that trembles to the breeze,
 I hear the voice of God among the trees.
8. With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
 With thee in busy, crowded cities talk;
 In every creature own thy forming power,
 In each event thy providence adore:
 Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
 Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
 Thus shall I rest unmoved by all alarms,

¹ Ter rès' tri al, belonging to the earth.—² E lùde', escape.—³ Lá' tent, hidden; concealed.—⁴ Sí' ren, a fabled goddess of the ancients who enticed men by singing, and devoured them; hence, an enticing woman.—
 Em blá' zoned, painted in bright colors.—⁵ Mys' tic, not easily understood; used as a sign.

- Secure within the temple of thine arms,
 From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
 And feel myself omnipotent¹ in thee.
9. Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
 And earth recedes² before my swimming eye;
 When, trembling, on the doubtful edge of fate
 I stand, and stretch my view to either state;—
 Teach me to quit this transitory³ scene
 With decent triumph, and a look serene;
 Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
 And, having lived to thee, in thee to die.

MRS. BARBAULD.

118. THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

1. FATHER of all! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
2. Thou great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind;
3. Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
 And, binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.
4. What conscience⁴ dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This⁵ teach me more than hell to shun,
 That,⁵ more than heaven pursue.

¹ Om níp' o tent, all-powerful.—² Re cedes', departs; goes back.—
³ Trán' si to ry, passing away soon.—⁴ Conscience (kón' shens), the faculty within us which judges of our conduct with regard to some standard of right or wrong.—⁵ When this or that are thus used, *this* means the latter thing spoken of, and *that*, the former. In this stanza, *this* means "What conscience warns me not to do;" *that*, what "Conscience dictates to be done."

5. What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For Gōd is paid when man receives,—
To enjoy is to obey.
6. Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
7. Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.
8. If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrōng, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.
9. Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or im'pious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
10. Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
11. Mean though I am, not whōlly so,
Since quicken'd¹ by thy breath;
Oh, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,—
Through this day's life or death.
12. This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

Quick'ened, made alive.

13. To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE.

119. AN INTERVIEW WITH A MALAY.

ONE day a Malāy¹ knocked at my door. What business a Malāy could have to transact among English mountains, I can not conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a seaport, about forty miles distant. The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl, born and bred among the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic² dress of any sort: his turban,³ therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any.

2. In this dilemma,⁴ the girl recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar⁵ ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of dēmon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise⁶ from the house. I did not immediately go down; but when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate,⁷ took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque⁸ attitudes exhibited in the ballets⁹ at the opera-house,¹⁰ though so ostentatiously¹¹ complex,¹² had ever done.

¹ Ma lāy', a native of Malacca or Malaya.—² Asiatic (ā she āt' ik), relating to Asia.—³ Turban (tēr' ban), a head-dress worn in the East.—⁴ Dī lēm' ma, perplexing condition; a difficult or doubtful choice.—⁵ Lū' nar, belonging to the moon.—⁶ Ex' or cise, to expel, as evil spirits to free from evil influences, by calling on some holy name.—⁷ E lāb' o-rate, made with great labor and care.—⁸ Statuesque (stāt yu ēsk'), resembling statues.—⁹ Bāl lets, dances of a particular kind, accompanied with gestures.—¹⁰ Op' e ra-house, a house in which operas, or musical dramas, are given.—¹¹ Ostentatiously (os ten tā' shus ly), with vain display.—¹² Cōm' plex, composed of many parts.