

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'd<sup>1</sup> 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.

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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.

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119. AN INTERVIEW WITH A MALAY.

ONE day a Malāy<sup>1</sup> 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 Asiatic<sup>2</sup> dress of any sort: his turban,<sup>3</sup> 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,<sup>4</sup> 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 lunar<sup>5</sup> ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of dēmon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise<sup>6</sup> 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,<sup>7</sup> took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque<sup>8</sup> attitudes exhibited in the ballets<sup>9</sup> at the opera-house,<sup>10</sup> though so ostentatiously<sup>11</sup> complex,<sup>12</sup> had ever done.

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

3. In a cottage-kitchen, but paneled on the wall with dark wood, that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malāy—his turban and loose trowsers of dingy white relieved upon the dark paneling:<sup>1</sup> he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish, though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity<sup>2</sup> contended with the feelings of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her.

4. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow<sup>3</sup> and bilious<sup>4</sup> skin of the Malāy, enameled or veneered with mahogany by marine air; his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay was a little child from a neighboring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head and gazing upward at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, while with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection.

5. My knowledge of the Oriental<sup>5</sup> tongues is not remarkably extensive, being, indeed, confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium,<sup>6</sup> which I have learned from Anastasius. And as I had neither a Malāy dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the Iliad,<sup>7</sup> considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshiped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbors, for the Malay had no means of betray-

<sup>1</sup> Pān'el'ing, panel-work; squares, or pieces of any kind placed between other bodies.—<sup>2</sup> In tre pīd'i t'y, fearlessness.—<sup>3</sup> Sāl' lōw, a pale, ickly, yellowish color.—<sup>4</sup> Bilious (bil'yus), affected with bile, causing a dark hue through the skin.—<sup>5</sup> Ori'ent'al, eastern.—<sup>6</sup> O'pi'um, an intoxicating drug obtained from the juice of the poppy. It is principally used to lessen pain; but the Turks, Chinese, and other Eastern nations indulge in its use for its intoxicating effects.—<sup>7</sup> Il'i ad, the Greek poem of Homer, which gives the history of the Trojan war.

ing the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey.

6. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses, and I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that, if he had traveled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being.

7. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality by having him surged and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No, there was clearly no help for it; he took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but, as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used to opium, and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite<sup>1</sup> from the pains of wandering.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

#### 120. THE BURDENS OF MANKIND.—A DREAM.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates,<sup>2</sup> that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace<sup>3</sup> has carried this thought a great deal

<sup>1</sup> Rēs' pīte, interval of rest.—<sup>2</sup> Socrates, an illustrious Greek philosopher, and teacher of youth, was born at Athens, in the year 468 B. C., and, though one of the wisest and most just of all men, suffered the punishment of death for impiety, at the age of seventy.—<sup>3</sup> Horace, a noted Roman poet, born on the 8th of December, B. C. 65; died on the 19th of November, B. C. 8, at the age of fifty seven.



further: he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

2. As I was ruminating<sup>1</sup> on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when, on a sudden, I thought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter,<sup>2</sup> that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious<sup>3</sup> mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

3. There was a certain lady, of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical<sup>4</sup> shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

4. There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel<sup>5</sup> very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

5. There were numbers of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under

<sup>1</sup> Ruminating (rô' mi nât'ing), musing on, or meditating over and over.—<sup>2</sup> Jupiter, the chief of the fabulous gods of the ancients.—<sup>3</sup> Prodigious (pro dîd' jus), very great; fitted to excite wonder.—<sup>4</sup> Chimerical (kî mēr'ik al), fanciful; imaginary.—<sup>5</sup> Fâr' del, bundle; a little pack.

these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came.

6. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones, who stripped themselves of a tawny<sup>1</sup> skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries.

7. There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication<sup>2</sup> of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the Spleen.<sup>3</sup> But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

8. I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

9. When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it,

<sup>1</sup> Tâw' ny, of a yellowish dark color, like things tanned, or persons sunburnt.—<sup>2</sup> Com pli cã' tion, entanglement; a number woven or tangled together.—<sup>3</sup> Splên, melancholy; a disease called "hypochondria," and familiarly, "blue devils."

which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation.<sup>1</sup> The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me, like a mask.

10. It happened, vëry luckily, that one who stood by me had 'ust before thrown down his visage,<sup>2</sup> which, it seems, was too löng for him. It was, indeed, extended to a shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had, bõth of us, an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel<sup>3</sup> of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

#### 121. THE BURDENS OF MANKIND—CONCLUDED.

**I**N my last paper, I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries, which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sörrõws; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

2. As we were regarding vëry attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hürry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion, I shall communicate to the public.

<sup>1</sup> Ag gra vâ' tion, a making worse.—<sup>2</sup> Visage (vîz' aj), face.—<sup>3</sup> Sê' quel, that which follows; a succeeding part.

3. A venerable, gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had liked to have knocked his brains out; so that, meeting the true father, who came toward him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley<sup>1</sup>-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout<sup>2</sup> in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

4. The female world were vëry busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking<sup>3</sup> a lot of gray hairs for a carbuncle;<sup>4</sup> and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a löst reputation; but, on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are, in some mēasure, suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

5. I could not, for my heart, forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman, mentioned in the former paper, who went öff a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

<sup>1</sup> Gál' ley, a low, flat-built vessel. A galley-slave is one condemned, for crimes, to labor at the oar on board a galley.—<sup>2</sup> Gout, a very painful disease of the joints.—<sup>3</sup> Trúck' ing, exchanging; bartering.—<sup>4</sup> Carbuncle (kâr' bûnk kl), an inflammatory swelling or tumor.

6. I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made so grotesque<sup>1</sup> a figure, that, as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it.

7. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick, bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks, that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made so awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

8. The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear.

9. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes

<sup>1</sup> Grotesque (gro tĕsk'), wildly formed; odd; ludicrous.

toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter; her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterward returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

10. Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

## 122. THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

1. SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
 Stands the old-fashion'd country-seat:  
 Across its antique<sup>1</sup> portico<sup>2</sup>  
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;  
 And from its station in the hall  
 An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
     "Forever—never!  
     Never—forever!"
2. Halfway up the stairs it stands,  
 And points and beckons with its hands  
 From its case of massive oak,  
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
     "Forever—never!  
     Never—forever!"

Antique (an tĕk'), ancient; old-fashioned.—<sup>2</sup> Pòr' tí co, a piazza, gallery, or covered walk

3. By day its voice is low and light;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say at each chamber door,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"
4. Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude<sup>1</sup>  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like Gōd, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"
5. In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality:  
His great fires up the chimney roar'd;  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,<sup>2</sup>  
That warning timepiece never ceased,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"
6. There groups of merry children play'd,  
There youths and maidens dreaming stray'd;  
O precious hours! O golden prime,  
And affluence<sup>3</sup> of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

<sup>1</sup> *Vicissitude*, revolution; regular change or succession.—<sup>2</sup> "Skeleton at the feast." It was customary among the Egyptians to seat a masked or veiled skeleton at their feasts.—<sup>3</sup> *Affluence*, abundance of any thing; wealth; plenty.

7. From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow,  
And in the hush that follow'd the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"
8. All are scatter'd now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask with throbs of pain,  
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"
9. Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear,—  
Forever there, but never here!  
The horologe<sup>1</sup> of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

123. THE MORNING.

IT is morning, and a morning sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical<sup>2</sup> sense, applied to so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years, lead us to call that period the "morning of life." Of a lovely young woman we say, she is "bright as the morning;" and no one doubts why Lucifer<sup>3</sup> is called "son of the morning."

<sup>1</sup> *Horologe* (*hōr'olōj*), a clock or watch.—<sup>2</sup> *Metaphorical*, figurative.—<sup>3</sup> *Lucifer*, the bringer of light; the planet Venus; Satan

2. But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Among all our good people, no one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning; their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast.

3. With them morning is not a new issuing of light; a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of the day"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

4. Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages; but they are the strongest, perhaps, in the East, where the sun is often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself the "wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of righteousness shall arise "with healing in his wings"—a rising Sun that shall scatter life, health, and joy through the Universe.

5. Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakspeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of morning, might be filled.

6. I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are "new every morning," and fresh every moment.

<sup>1</sup> Nothing (nith'ing) —<sup>2</sup> After (aft'er). —<sup>3</sup> Issuing (ish'shu'ing), a flowing, or passing, or sending out. —<sup>4</sup> Regent (re'jent), ruler; governor; director. —<sup>5</sup> Often (of'en). —<sup>6</sup> John Milton, a distinguished English poet, born December 9th, 1608, and died November 8th, 1675. —<sup>7</sup> William Shakspeare, the celebrated English poet, born in 1564, and died in 1616.

7. We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw; and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle, that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be. I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude. DANIEL WEBSTER.

#### 124. FLOWERS.

[T is a matter of gratitude that this finest gift of Providence is the most profusely given. Flowers can not be monopolized.<sup>1</sup> The poor can have them as much as the rich. It does not require such an education to love and appreciate them, as it would to admire a picture of Turner's,<sup>4</sup> or a statue of Thorwaldsen's.<sup>5</sup> And, as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that all men recognize a brief brotherhood in them.

2. It is not impertinent to offer flowers to a stranger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest. A hundred persons turned together into a meadow full of flowers would be drawn together in a transient<sup>6</sup> brotherhood.

3. It is affecting to see how serviceable flowers often are to the necessities of the poor. If they bring their little floral gift to you, it can not but touch your heart to think that their grateful affection longed to express itself as much as yours. You have books, or gems, or services, that you can render as you will.

<sup>1</sup> Miracle, an act or event beyond the ordinary laws of nature; a wonder. —<sup>2</sup> Profusely, prodigally; in a lavish manner. —<sup>3</sup> Monopolized, obtained the sole right of buying and selling; engrossing the whole. —<sup>4</sup> Turner, a distinguished English painter, born 1775, died 1851. —<sup>5</sup> Thorwaldsen, a celebrated Danish sculptor, born 1770, died 1844. —<sup>6</sup> Transient (tran'shent), short; soon past.

The poor can give but little, and do but little. Were it not for flowers, they would be shut out from those exquisite<sup>1</sup> pleasures which spring from such gifts. I never take one from a child, or from the poor, that I do not thank God in their behalf for flowers!

4. And then, when Death enters a poor man's house! It may be, the child was the only creature that loved the unbeloved father—*really* loved him; loved him utterly. Or, it may be, it is an only son, and his mother a widow—who, in all his sickness, felt the limitation of her poverty for her darling's sake as she never had for her own; and did what she could, but not what she would, had there been wealth. The coffin is pine. The undertaker<sup>2</sup> sold it with a jerk of indifference and haste, lest he should lose the selling of a rosewood coffin, trimmed with splendid silver screws. The room is small. The attendant neighbors are few. The shroud is coarse.

5. Oh! the darling child was fit for whatever was most excellent, and the heart aches to do for him whatever could be done that should speak love. It takes money for fine linen; money for costly sepulture.<sup>3</sup> But flowers, thank God, the poorest may have. So, put white buds in the hair—and honey-dew, and mignonette,<sup>4</sup> and half-blown roses, on the breast. If it be spring, a few white violets will do; and there is not a month till November that will not give you something. But if it is winter, and you have no single pot of roses, then I fear your darling must be buried without a flower; for flowers cost money in the winter!

6. And then, if you can not give a stone to mark his burial place, a rose may stand there; and from it you may, every spring, pluck a bud for your bosom, as the child was broken off from you. And if it brings tears for the past, you will not see the flowers fade and come again, and fade and come again, year by year, and not learn a lesson of the resurrection—when that which perished here shall revive again, never more to droop or to die.

H. W. BEECHER.

<sup>1</sup> Exquisite (èks' kwe zit), choice; very nice or select.—<sup>2</sup> Un der ták' er, one who manages funerals.—<sup>3</sup> Sèp' ul tûre, burial.—<sup>4</sup> Mignonette (min yo nèt'), a plant bearing flowers of an agreeable odor.

## 125. THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

1. THE melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,  
And meadows brown and sear.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,  
The wither'd leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying<sup>1</sup> gust,  
And to the rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown,  
And from the shrub the jay,  
And from the wood-top caws<sup>2</sup> the crow,  
Through all the gloomy day.
2. Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,  
That lately sprung and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs,  
A beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves;  
The gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly bed,  
With the fair and good of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie;  
But the cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth  
The lovely ones again.
3. The wind-flower and the violet,  
They perish'd long ago,  
And the wild-rose and the orchis died  
Amid the summer glow;

<sup>1</sup> Ed' dy ing, moving circularly.—<sup>2</sup> This reading—*caws*, instead of *calls*—is sanctioned by the gifted author. This piece alone is sufficient to seal the reputation of a poet, who, at least, on this side of the Atlantic, has no superior. In making these selections, the authors frankly confess the serious difficulty they have experienced in deciding, not what to take, but what to omit, that bears the name of William Cullen Bryant.



But on the hill the golden-rod,  
 And the aster in the wood,  
 And the yëllow sun-flower by the brook,  
 In autumn beauty stood,  
 Till fel the fröst from the clear cold heaven,  
 As falls the plague on men,  
 And the brightness of their smile was göne  
 From upland, glade, and glen.

4. And now, when comes the calm, mild day,  
 As still such days will come,  
 To call the squirrel and the bee  
 From 'out their winter home,  
 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
 Though all the trees are still,  
 And twinkle in the smoky light,  
 The waters of the rill,  
 The south wind searches for the flowers,  
 Whose fragrance late he bore,  
 And sighs to find them in the wood  
 And by the stream no more.
5. And then I think of one who in  
 Her youthful beauty died,  
 The fair, meek blossom that grew up  
 And faded by my side;  
 In the cold, moist earth we laid her,  
 When the förest cast the leaf,  
 And we wept that one so lovely  
 Should have a life so brief;  
 Yet not unmeet it was that one,  
 Like that young friend of ours,  
 So gentle and so beautiful,  
 Should perish with the flowers. W. C. BRYANT.

126. THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

**B**EAUTY is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of

the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone.

2. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it, can not lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

3. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial<sup>1</sup> with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glörious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is löst to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

4. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael,<sup>2</sup> and every spare nook filled with statues of the most ex'quisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a divine Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines förth in their forms, hues, proportions, and möral expression!

5. I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wrönged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded.

6. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and

<sup>1</sup> Congè'ni al, partaking of the same nature or feeling.—<sup>2</sup> Raphael, one of the most celebrated painters. Born 1483, died 1520.