

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.

BEAUTY 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 congenial¹ 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,² 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

¹ Con gè' ni al, partaking of the same nature or feeling.—² Raphael, one of the most celebrated painters. Born 1483, died 1520.

it seems to me to be most important to those conditions, where coarse labor tends to give a grösness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

W. E. CHANNING.

127. THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

1. MY beautiful! my beautiful!
That standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck,
Thy dark and fiery eye—
Fret not to roam the desert now
With all thy wingèd speed,
I may not mount on thee again:
Thou'rt sold, my Ar'ab steed!
2. Fret not with that impatient hoof,
Snuff not the breezy wind,
The farther that thou fliest now,
So far am I behind.
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein,
Thy master hath his gold:
Fleet limb'd and beautiful, farewell!
Thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!
3. Farewell! those free untired limbs
Full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky
Which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now
Thy corn and bread prepare;
Thy silky mane, I braided once,
Must be another's care.
4. The morning sun shall dawn again,
But never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths
Where we were wont to be.

- Evening shall darken on the earth,
And o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step,
Shall bear me home again.
5. Yes! thou must go! the wild, free breeze,
The brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's house, from all of these
My exiled one must fly.
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud,
Thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck,
Thy master's hand to meet.
 6. Only in sleep shall I behold
That dark eye glancing bright;
Only in sleep shall hear again
That step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm
To check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel
Thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
 7. Ah, rudely then, unseen by me,
Some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves,
Along thy panting side;
And the rich blood that's in thee swells
In thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes which rest on thee
May count each starting vein.
 8. Will they ill use thee? If I thought—
But no, it can not be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curb'd,
So gentle, yet so free.
And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone
My lonely heart should yearn,
Can the same hand which casts thee off
Command thee to return?

9. Return? Alas, my Ar'ab steed,
 What shall thy master do,
 When thou, who wert his all of joy,
 Hast vanish'd from his view?
 When the dim distance cheats mine eye,
 And through the gathering tears,
 Thy bright form for a moment like
 The false mirage¹ appears.
10. Slow and unmounted will I roam
 With weary foot alone,
 Where with fleet step and joyous bound
 Thou oft hast borne me on:
 And sitting down by that green well,
 Will pause and sadly think,
 'Twas here he bow'd his glossy neck,
 When last I saw him drink.
11. *When last I saw him drink!*—Away!
 The fever'd dream is o'er;
 I could not live a day, and know
 That we should meet no more;
 They tempted me, my beautiful!
 For hunger's power is strong,
 They tempted me, my beautiful!
 But I have loved too long.
12. Who said that I had given thee up?
 Who said that thou wert sold?
 'Tis false, 'tis false! my Ar'ab steed!
 I fling them back their gold.
 Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back,
 And scour the distant plains:
 Away!—Who overtakes us now
 Shall claim thee for his pains! MRS. NORTON.

¹ *Mirage* (mè rāz'), a deceptive appearance, as an image of water in sandy deserts, or of a village in a desert, built on a lake, or of objects elevated in the air.

128. THE VISION OF CARAZAN.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdad,¹ was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice² and his wealth; his origin is obscure, as that of the spark which by the collision³ of steel and adamant⁴ is struck out of darkness; and the patient labor of persevering diligence alone had made him rich.

2. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inflexibly⁵ just. But whether in his dealings with men, he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth, he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less: he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

3. But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque⁶ at the stated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object, not only of affection, but reverence.

4. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and, turning round with a look of circumspective⁷ suspicion, proceeded to the mosque,

¹ *Bāg dād'*, a large and celebrated city of Asiatic Turkey, formerly the capital of the empire of the caliphs.—² *Av'arice*, excessive love of money or gain.—³ *Collision* (kol liz'un), striking together.—⁴ *Ad'ament*, the diamond, or other hard stone; a flint.—⁵ *In flēx'ibly*, firmly; immovably.—⁶ *Mosque* (mōsk), a Mohammedan house of worship.—⁷ *Circumspēct'ive*, looking round; cautious.

was followed by every eye with silent malignity:¹ the poor suspended their supplication, when he passed by: though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

5. Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the center of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry, and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy;² and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand: attention suspended the tumult in a moment; and he thus gratified the curiosity which procured him audience.

6. "To him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the most merciful, be everlasting honor! he has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my harem,³ with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandise, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate⁴ the blow. At the same moment, I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air.

7. "The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a luster that obscured the sun. The gate of paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold. The irrevocable⁵ sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation⁶ was past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good,

¹Malig'ni ty, bitter anger; bitterness.—²Pród'igy, a surprising thing; a wonder.—³Há'rem, a place in Eastern dwelling-houses allotted to the women.—⁴Dép're cate, pray earnestly against.—⁵Ir rév'o ca ble, that can not be recalled.—⁶Pro bá'tion, moral or preparatory trial.

When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

8. "Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by love of God; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by love of man: for thy own sake, only, hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor around thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast indeed beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony,¹ would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven?

9. "If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distill their dew? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thy heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron; thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth forever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall pretract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.

10. "At this moment, I was driven, by some secret and irresistible power, through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity² deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence³ of desire: 'Oh that I had been doomed forever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! There society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or, if I had

¹Pár'si mo ny, sparingness in the use of money; avarice; meanness.—²Va cü'ity, space without matter; emptiness.—³Vé'he mence, violent ardor; eagerness.

been condemned to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life, the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dread interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitudes would divide eternity into time.'

11. "While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive, without succor and without society, further and further still, forever and forever. I then stretched out my hands toward the regions of existence, with an emotion that awakened me.

12. "Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Africa, or the gems of Golconda."¹

13. At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in ecstasy² of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the caliph,³ to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity. HAWKESWORTH.

¹ Gol cón'da, a fortified town in Hindostan, which has been noted as a place of deposit for diamonds, which are brought hither from the plains at the base of Neela Hulla mountains, on the banks of Kistnah and Pennar rivers, no mines existing in the vicinity. A large amount of treasure is supposed to be kept here, as Europeans or native strangers are not usually allowed to enter the gates.—² Ec' sta sy, extreme joy or pleasure; overpowering emotion.—³ Cál' iph, a successor, or representative of Mohammed; the highest ruler among the Mohammedans.

129. FRIENDSHIP.

1. WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut-trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together;
Shall a light word part us now?
2. We have been gay together;
We have laugh'd at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together;
Shall a light word part us now?
3. We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which were silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together;
Shall a light word part us now?

MRS. NORRIS.

130. FORGIVE AND FORGET.

1. WHEN streams of unkindness as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel of God can declare,
"I now can forgive and forget."

2. But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence' steep'd,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heap'd;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition² is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still
At once to forgive and forget.
3. To forget? It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all insults and evils behind,
And but for the future to live:
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smolder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.
4. Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art:
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt!
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget!
5. Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too—
Count not their sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue:
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met;
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,
Nor learn to forgive and forget?
6. Yes, yes; let a man when his enemy weeps,
Be quick to receive him a friend;

¹Pen' i tence, sorrow of heart for sins or offenses.—²Contrition (kon-trish' un), deep sorrow for sin.

For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
Hot coals—to refine and amend;
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
And whisper, Forgive and forget. M. F. TUPPER.

131. THE HEADSTONE.

THE coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped-up brink, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shoveling was over, and the long, broad, skillfully cut pieces of turf were aptly joined together, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newest mound in the church-yard was scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring. The burial was soon over; and the party, with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate, and about to leave the church-yard.

2. Here, some acquaintances from distant parts of the parish, who had not had opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor in the course of the few hundred yards that the little procession had to move over from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands quietly but cheerfully, and inquiring after the welfare of each other's families. There, a small knot of neighbors were speaking, without exaggeration,¹ of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the gray-headed persons of the group; while a few yards further removed from the spot were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony

Exaggeration (egz áj er á' shun), enlargement beyond truth.

now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and gray walls of the house of God.

3. Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave, with countenances of sincere but unimpassioned grief. They were brothers, the only sons of him who had been buried. And there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them for a long time, and more intently than would have been the case had there been nothing more observable about them than the common symptoms of a common sorrow. But these two brothers, who were now standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other; and the only words that had passed between them, during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

4. No deep and deadly quarrel was between these brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement.¹ Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favor—selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations²—unaccommodating manners on both sides—taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle³ and fester⁴ in remembrance—imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the same—these, and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together in one baneful⁵ band, had gradually but fatally infected⁶ their hearts, till at last they, who in youth had been seldom separate and truly attached, now met at market, and, miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen⁷ during a feud.¹⁰

5. Surely, if any thing could have softened their hearts toward each other, it must have been to stand silently, side by

¹ Unimpassioned (un im pash' und), without showing signs of passion or feeling.—² In tent'ly, attentively; fixedly.—³ Es trange' ment, separation; reserve.—⁴ Temporal expectations, expectations of this world, as goods and possessions.—⁵ Rankle (rang' kl), corrode; turn sour or bitter.—⁶ Fes' ter, foment; corrupt.—⁷ Bane' ful, injurious; poisonous; working ill.—⁸ In fect' ed, tainted with disease; poisoned.—⁹ Clans' men, persons belonging to a clan or tribe.—¹⁰ Feud, violent quarrel.

side, while the earth, stones, and clods were falling down upon their father's coffin. And doubtless their hearts were so softened. But pride, though it can not prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel.

6. A headstone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it. The elder brother directed him how to place it—a plain stone with a sand-glass, skull, and cross-bones, chiselled not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said, loudly enough to be heard by several of the bystanders, "William, this was not kind in you; you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as you could love him. You were the elder, and, it may be, the favorite son; but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this headstone, had I not?"

7. During these words the stone was sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned. For awhile the elder brother said nothing, for he had a consciousness in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son in designing this last becoming mark of affection and respect to his memory; so that the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simply, among the other unostentatious¹ memorials of the humble dead.

8. The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected "by his affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to soften the displeasure of the angry man, and he said, somewhat more mildly, "Yes, we were his affectionate sons; and since my name is on the stone I am satisfied, brother. We have not drawn together kindly of late years, and perhaps never may; but I acknowledge and respect your worth; and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our father, with my foot above his head, I express my willingness to be on other and better

¹ Unostentatious (un os ten tá' shús), modest; not showy

terms with you; and if we can not command love in our hearts, let us, at least, brother, bar out all unkindness."

9. The minister who had attended the funeral, and had something intrusted to him to say publicly before he left the church-yard, now came forward, and asked the elder brother why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn, and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently—

"Behold, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell!"

10. The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite overcame a heart in which many kind, if not warm, affections dwelt; and the man thus appealed to bowed down his head and wept. "Give me your hand, brother;" and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kindlier and more humanely toward each other.

11. As the brothers stood fervently, but composedly grasping each other's hand, in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was haply not yet still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said—"I must fulfill the promise I made to your father on his death-bed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its office. I must not say that you did your duty to your old father: for did he not often beseech you, apart from one another, to be reconciled, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bare you, and, Stephen,¹ who died that you

¹ In reading this sentence, it must be remembered that Stephen was the name of the younger brother, whom the minister addressed. His mother died in giving him birth.

might be born? When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were both absent; nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died.

12. "As long as sense continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two alone. Tears were in his eyes; I saw them there, and on his cheek too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with this paper in his hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him. 'My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. Dear boys, receive my blessing.'"

13. Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden—and when the brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and, in a single word or two, expressed their joy at this perfect reconciliation. The brothers themselves walked away from the church-yard, arm in arm, with the minister to the manse.¹ On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm-book. The same psalm was sung (given out at their own request), of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.

J. WILSON.

132. THE BROTHERS.

1. WE are but two—the others sleep
Through Death's untroubled night;
We are but two—oh, let us keep
The link that binds us bright!

¹ Manse, a clergyman's dwelling-house.