

The bright clouds answer'd—"We depart,  
We vanish from the sky;  
Ask what is deathless in thy heart  
For that which can not die!"

4. Speak, then, thou voice of Gōd within!  
Thou of the deep, low tone,  
Answer me! through life's restless din,  
Where hath the spirit flown?  
And the voice answer'd—"Be thou still!  
Enough to know is given;  
Clouds, winds, and stars their task fulfill—  
Thine is to trust in Heaven!" Mrs. HEMANS.

#### 155. QUEEN ISABELLA, OF SPAIN.

HER person was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light-blue eyes and auburn hair, a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums<sup>1</sup> so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry<sup>2</sup> of features, with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

2. Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability<sup>3</sup> which flowed from the kindness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love.

3. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her. She ap-

<sup>1</sup> En cō' mi um, a high commendation; praise.—<sup>2</sup> Sym' me try, proportion of parts to each other, or to the whole; harmony.—<sup>3</sup> Af fa bl' i ty, easy of access; readiness to converse

peared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrunk from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries<sup>1</sup> in person, taking her needle-work with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When traveling in Galicia,<sup>2</sup> she attired herself in the costume<sup>3</sup> of the country, borrowing for that purpose the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating deportment, as well as by her higher qualities, she gained an ascendancy<sup>4</sup> over her turbulent<sup>5</sup> subjects, which no king of Spain could ever boast.

4. She spoke the Castilian<sup>6</sup> with much elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of discourse, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was temperate, even to abstemiousness,<sup>7</sup> in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine; and so frugal in her table, that the daily expenses for herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty ducats.<sup>8</sup>

5. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence;<sup>9</sup> but she had no relish for it in private, and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels, as presents to her friends. Naturally of a sedate, though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life; and, if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the coarser and less intellectual pleasures to which they were addicted.

<sup>1</sup> Nūn' ner ies, religious houses for females called nuns, who have forsaken the world.—<sup>2</sup> Galicia (gal ish' e a), an old province of Spain.—<sup>3</sup> Cos tū me', established mode of dress; peculiar dress.—<sup>4</sup> As cēnd' en cy, superior or controlling influence.—<sup>5</sup> Turbulent (tēr' bu lent), riotous; violent; mutinous.—<sup>6</sup> Castilian (kas tēl' yan), the language spoken in Castile, considered the most elegant dialect of Spain.—<sup>7</sup> Ab stē' mi ousness, a sparing use of food, or strong drink.—<sup>8</sup> Dūc' at, a coin of several countries in Europe, struck in territory governed by a duke. A silver ducat is generally of nearly the value of an American dollar, and a gold ducat of twice the value.—<sup>9</sup> Mag nī' i cence, grandeur of appearance; splendor of show or state.



6. Among her moral qualities, the most conspicuous, perhaps, was her magnanimity. She betrayed nothing little or selfish, in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble spirit in which they were conceived. She never employed doubtful agents or sinister measures, but the most direct and open policy. She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy<sup>1</sup> of others.

7. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support; and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Ximenes<sup>2</sup> in all his obnoxious<sup>3</sup> but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus<sup>4</sup> in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny<sup>5</sup> of his enemies. She did the same good service to her favorite, Gonsalvo de Cordova;<sup>6</sup> and the day of her death was felt, and, as it proved, truly felt, by both, as the last of their good fortune.

8. Artifice and duplicity<sup>7</sup> were so abhorrent to her character, and so averse from her domestic policy, that when they appear in the foreign relations of Spain, it is certainly not imputable to her. She was incapable of harboring any petty distrust, or latent malice; and, although stern in the execution and exaction of public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even, sometimes, advances, to those who had personally injured her.

9. But the principle which gave a peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella's mind, was piety. It shone forth from the very depths of her soul with a heavenly radiance, which illuminated her whole character. Fortunately, her earliest years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of a mother who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion, as nothing in after life had power to shake.

<sup>1</sup>Pér'fi dy, treachery; falsehood.—<sup>2</sup>Cardinal Ximenes, born 1437, died 1517. He was the queen's confessor.—<sup>3</sup>Obnoxious (obnók'shus), odious; unpopular.—<sup>4</sup>Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. Born 1436, died 1506.—<sup>5</sup>Cal'umny, the uttering of a false charge, proceeding from hatred against another.—<sup>6</sup>Gonsalvo of Cordova, called also "the Great Captain," was a Spanish warrior, distinguished by his victories over the Moors in Spain, and the French in Naples. Born 1443, died 1515.—<sup>7</sup>Du plíc'i ty, double-dealing; deceitfulness.

10. At an early age, in the flower of youth and beauty, she was introduced to her brother's court; but its blandishments, so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers; for she was surrounded by a moral atmosphere of purity, "driving far off each thing of sin and guilt." Such was the decorum of her manners, that, though encompassed by false friends and open enemies, not the slightest reproach was breathed on her fair name in this corrupt and calumnious<sup>1</sup> court.

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

156. BELSHAZZAR.

1. **B**ELSHAZZAR is king! Belshazzar is lord!  
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board;  
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood  
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood;  
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,  
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;  
And the crowds all shout, till the vast roofs ring—  
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"
2. "Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold  
Which my father tore down from the temples of old;  
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,  
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone;  
Bring forth!" and before him the vessels all shine,  
And he bows unto Bāäl,<sup>2</sup> and he drinks the dark wine;  
While the trumpets bray, and the cymbals<sup>3</sup> ring,—  
'Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"
3. *Now* what cometh—look, look!—without menace,<sup>4</sup> or call?  
Who writes with the lightning's bright hand on the wall?  
What pierceth the king like the point of a dart?  
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?

<sup>1</sup>Calum'ni ous, slanderous.—<sup>2</sup>Bā'al, an idol or false god of the Assyrians and Chaldeans.—<sup>3</sup>Cym'bal, a flat musical instrument, in a circular form, producing, when two are struck together, a sharp, ringing sound.—<sup>4</sup>Mēn'ace, a threat; the show of probable evil to come.



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"Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters expound!"  
They are read—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!  
Hark! The Persian is come on a conqueror's wing;  
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

B. W. PROCTER.

### 157. CHARACTER OF HENRY CLAY.

HE was indeed eloquent—all the world knows that. He held the keys to the hearts of his countrymen, and he turned the wards<sup>1</sup> within them with a skill attained by no other master. But eloquence was, nevertheless, only an instrument, and one of many that he used. His conversation, his gestures, his very look, was magisterial,<sup>2</sup> persuasive, seductive, irresistible. And his appliance of all these was courteous, patient, and indefatigable.

2. Defeat only inspired him with new resolution. He divided opposition by his assiduity<sup>3</sup> of address, while he rallied and strengthened his own bands of supporters by the confidence of success which, feeling himself, he easily inspired among his followers. His affections were high, and pure, and generous, and the chiefest among them was that one which the great Italian poet designated as the charity of native land. In him, that charity was an enduring and overpowering enthusiasm, and it influenced all his sentiments and conduct, rendering him more impartial between conflicting interests and sections, than any other statesman who has lived since the Revolution.

3. Thus, with great versatility<sup>4</sup> of talent, and the most catholic<sup>5</sup> equality of favor, he identified every question, whether of domestic administration or foreign policy, with his own great name, and so became a perpetual Tribune<sup>6</sup> of the people. He needed only to pronounce in favor of a measure, or against it,

<sup>1</sup> Wards, the inner parts of a lock.—<sup>2</sup> Magis tē'ri al, like a master; commanding.—<sup>3</sup> As si dū' i ty, constant or close application or diligence; persevering attention.—<sup>4</sup> Ver sa tīl' i ty, the faculty of easily turning one's mind to new subjects.—<sup>5</sup> Cāth' o lic, embracing the whole; liberal.—<sup>6</sup> Trib' une, in ancient Rome, an officer chosen by the people to protect them from the oppressions of the nobles.

here, and immediately popular enthusiasm, excited as by a magic wand, was felt, overcoming and dissolving all opposition in the senate-chamber.

4. In this way, he wrought a change in our political system, that, I think, was not foreseen by its founders. He converted this branch of the legislature from a negative position, or one of equilibrium<sup>1</sup> between the executive and the house of representatives, into the active, ruling power of the republic. Only time can disclose whether this great innovation shall be beneficent, or even permanent.

5. Certainly, sir, the great lights of the senate have set. The obscuration<sup>2</sup> is no less palpable to the country than to us, who are left to grope our uncertain way here, as in a labyrinth, oppressed with self-distrust. The time, too, presents new embarrassments. We are rising to another and more sublime stage of national progress—that of expanding wealth and rapid territorial aggrandizement.<sup>3</sup>

6. Our institutions throw a broad shadow across the St. Lawrence, and, stretching beyond the valley of Mexico, reach even to the plains of Central America, while the Sandwich Islands and the shores of China recognize their renovating<sup>4</sup> influence. Wherever that influence is felt, a desire for protection under those institutions is awakened. Expansion seems to be regulated, not by any difficulties of resistance, but by the moderation which results from our own internal constitution. No one knows how rapidly that restraint may give way. Who can tell how far or how fast it ought to yield?

7. Commerce has brought the ancient continents near to us, and created necessities for new positions—perhaps connections or colonies there—and with the trade and friendship of the elder nations, their conflicts and collisions are brought to our doors and to our hearts. Our sympathy kindles, or indifference extinguishes, the fires of freedom in foreign lands. Before we shall be fully conscious that a change is going on in Europe, we may find ourselves once more divided by that eternal line of

<sup>1</sup> Equilib' rium, equality of weight, or power.—<sup>2</sup> Obscu' rā' tion, the state of being obscured, or darkened.—<sup>3</sup> Ag' grand ize ment, exaltation; act of becoming great.—<sup>4</sup> Rēn' o vāt' ing, restoring to a good state; renewing.



separation that leaves on the one side those of our citizens who obey the impulses of sympathy, while on the other are found those who submit only to the counsels of prudence. Even prudence will soon be required to decide whether distant regions, east and west, shall come under our own protection, or be left to äg'grandize<sup>1</sup> a rapidly spreading domain of hostile despotism.

8. Sir, who among us is equal to these mighty questions? I fear there is no one. Nevertheless, the example of Henry Clay remains for our instruction. His genius has passed to the realms of light, but his virtues still live here for our emulation.<sup>2</sup> With them there will remain, also, the protection and favor of the Most High, if, by the practice of justice and the main'tenance of freedom, we shall deserve them.

9. Let, then, the bier pass on. We will follow with sorrow but not without hope, the reverend form that it bears to its final resting-place; and then, when that grave opens at our feet to receive so es'timable a treasure, we will invoke the G6d of our fathers to send us new guides, like him that is now withdrawn, and give us wisdom to obey their instructions.

WM. H. SEWARD.

### 158. TAULER.

1. TAULER, the preacher, walk'd one autumn day,  
Without the walls of Strasbourg,<sup>3</sup> by the Rhine,  
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life;  
As one who, wandering in a starless night,  
Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen waves,  
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,  
Breaking along an unimagined shore.
2. And as he walk'd he pray'd. Even the same  
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,  
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart  
Had groan'd: "Have pity upon me, Lord!

<sup>1</sup> Ag'grandize, to make great; to enlarge; to dignify.—<sup>2</sup> Em u lä'tion, effort to equal or surpass.—<sup>3</sup> Strasbourg (sträs' b6rg), a strongly fortified city of France, on its east frontier.

Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.  
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

3. Then, as he mused, he heard along his path  
A sound as of an old man's staff among  
The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,  
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.  
"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said;  
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised  
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;  
But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."  
Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again;  
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled:  
"I never am unhappy."

4. Tauler laid  
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve:  
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.  
Surely man's days are evil, and his life  
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, son,  
Our times are in G6d's hands, and all our days  
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,  
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike  
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;  
And that which is not, sharing not His life,  
Is evil *only* as devoid of good.  
And for the happiness of which I spake,  
I find it in submission to His will,  
And calm trust in the holy trinity<sup>1</sup>  
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

5. Silently wondering, for a little space,  
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one  
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought  
Which long has follow'd, whispering through the dark  
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:  
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"  
"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.

<sup>1</sup> Trin'i ty, three united in one.



What Hell may be I know not; this I know—  
I can not lose the presence of the Lord;  
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon  
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,  
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go  
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him  
Than golden-gated Paradise without.”

6. Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,  
Like the first ray which fell on chaos' clove  
Apart the shadow wherein he had walk'd  
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man  
Went his slow way, until his silver hair  
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine  
Slope to the Rhine, he bow'd his head and said:  
“My prayer is answer'd. God hath sent the man  
Lång sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,  
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew.”

7. So, entering with a changed and cheerful step  
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,  
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,  
Which tracing backward till its airy lines  
Harden'd to stony plinths,<sup>2</sup> he raised his eyes  
O'er broad façade<sup>3</sup> and lofty pediment,<sup>4</sup>  
O'er architrave<sup>5</sup> and frieze<sup>6</sup> and sainted niche,  
Up the stone lace-work chiseled by the wise  
Erwin of Steinbach,<sup>8</sup> dizzily up to where  
In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower,

<sup>1</sup> Chaos (ká' os), that confusion, or confused mass, in which matter is supposed to have existed before it was separated into different kinds, and reduced to order by the creating power of God.—<sup>2</sup> Plinth, a flat, round, or square base or foundation for a column.—<sup>3</sup> Façade (fa sád'), front; front view or elevation of an edifice.—<sup>4</sup> Péd'iment, an ornamental crowning of the front of a building.—<sup>5</sup> Architrave (árk' í tráv), the part of a roof which rests on a column.—<sup>6</sup> Frieze, a flat member or face of the upper part of a column, which is often enriched with figures of animals, or other ornaments of sculpture.—<sup>7</sup> Niche (ní tch), a hollow for a statue; a small recess in the side of a wall.—<sup>8</sup> Steinbach (stín' bák) the name of three small towns of Germany.

Jeweled with sunbeams on its mural' crown,  
Rose like a visible prayer.

8. “Behold!” he said,  
“The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes!  
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth  
The dark triangle of its shade alone  
When the clear day is shining on its top;  
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life  
Is but the shadow of God's providence,  
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;  
And what is dark below is light in Heaven.”

J. G. WHITTIER.

#### 159. THE WRECK OF THE ARCTIC.

IT was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages; from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains, from the capitals of various nations; all of them saying in their hearts, we will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial<sup>2</sup> fury, and then we will embark; we will slide across the appeased ocean, and in the gorgeous month of October, we will greet our longed-for native land, and our heart-loved homes.

2. And so the throng streamed along from Ber'lin, from Paris, from the Orient,<sup>3</sup> converging upon London, still hastening toward the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us.

3. The hour was come. The signal ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed;<sup>4</sup> the

<sup>1</sup> Mú'ral, pertaining or attached to a wall.—<sup>2</sup> Equinoctial (é kwe nók'-shal), pertaining to the equinoxes, or the time when the day and night are of equal length. This occurs on the 21st of March and the 23d of September. At these two seasons there is generally a violent storm.—<sup>3</sup> O'ri ent, the east; place of the rising sun.—<sup>4</sup> Weighing an anchor is to draw it up



great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal-gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore, and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow,<sup>1</sup> and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand.

4. And so hope was effulgent,<sup>2</sup> and life's<sup>3</sup> gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur—home is not far away. And every morning it was still one night nearer home, and at evening one day nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of New'foundland<sup>4</sup> Boldly they made it, and plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers.

5. At noon there came noiselessly stealing from the north that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible. At a league's<sup>5</sup> distance, unconscious, and at nearer approach unwarned; within hail, and bearing right toward each other, unseen unfelt, till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic.

6. The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect) ordered away his boat with the first officer, to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley went

<sup>1</sup> Prow, the fore-part of a ship.—<sup>2</sup> Ef fūl' gent, shining with a flood of light.—<sup>3</sup> Līthe, pliant; flexible; easily bent.—<sup>4</sup> Newfoundland (nū fōnd-land').—<sup>5</sup> League, three miles.

over the ship's side, oh that some good angel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul on a like occasion, "except these abide in the ship ye can not be saved." They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now the waters, gaining upon the hold and rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow.

7. Oh, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind—had he stood to execute efficiently the commander's will—we may believe that we should not have to blush for the cowardice and recreancy<sup>1</sup> of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But, apparently, each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe<sup>2</sup> of the collision to the catastrophe of SINKING!

8. Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial-service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

H. W. BEECHER.

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160. LIFE.

1. **I**F all our hopes and all our fears  
 Were prison'd in life's narrow bound;  
 If, travelers through this vale of tears,  
 We saw no better world beyond;  
 Oh, what could check the rising sigh?  
 What earthly thing could pleasure give?

<sup>1</sup> Réc' re an cy, a cowardly yielding.—<sup>2</sup> Ca tās' tro phe, calamity; disaster: a final end.



Oh, who would venture then to die?  
Oh, who could then endure to live?

2. Were life a dark and desert moor,  
Where mists and clouds eternal spread  
Their gloomy vail behind, before,  
And tempests thunder overhead;  
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,  
And not a floweret smiles beneath;  
Who could exist in such a tomb?  
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

3. And such were life, without the ray  
From our divine religion given;  
'Tis *this* that makes our darkness day;  
'Tis *this* that makes our earth a heaven.  
Bright is the golden sun above,  
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,  
And all is joy, and all is love,  
Reflected from a world to come.

BOWRING.

## 161. SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced.<sup>1</sup> Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament.

2. Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love

<sup>1</sup> Di vórced', separated.

which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

3. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry?<sup>1</sup>

4. No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh! the grave! the grave! It burys every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious<sup>2</sup> throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him!

5. But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene;—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities.<sup>3</sup>

6. The last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the ac-

<sup>1</sup> Rêv'el ry, a carousing with noisy merriment.—<sup>2</sup> Compunctious (kom-pungk' shus), repentant; sorrowful.—<sup>3</sup> As si dû' i ty, constant or close application; untiring attention.



count with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited,<sup>1</sup> every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition.<sup>2</sup>

7. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant in the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

8. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of Nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile<sup>3</sup> tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite<sup>4</sup> affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

WASHINGTON IRVING

### 162. PASSING AWAY.

1. I ASK'D the stars in the pomp of night,  
 Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,  
 Bright with beauty and girt with power,  
 Whether eternity were not their dower;<sup>5</sup>  
 And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,  
 Bearing this message to mortal ears:—

<sup>1</sup> Un requit'ed, not repaid; not done or given in return.—<sup>2</sup> Contrition (kon trish'un), repentance; deep sorrow for sin.—<sup>3</sup> Futile, trifling; worthless.—<sup>4</sup> Con'trite, worn; sorrowful; bowed down with grief.—<sup>5</sup> Eternity, duration or continuance without end.—<sup>6</sup> Dow'er, the part of a man's property which his widow enjoys during her life, after his death; here means gift or possession.

2. "We have no light that hath not been given;  
 We have no strength but shall soon be riven;  
 We have no power wherein man may trust;  
 Like him are we things of time and dust;  
 And the legend<sup>1</sup> we blazon<sup>2</sup> with beam and ray,  
 And the song of our silence, is—'PASSING AWAY.'"
3. "We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,  
 Like lamps that have served for a festal night;  
 We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,  
 Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze along;  
 Though worship'd as gods in the olden day,  
 We shall be like a vain dream—PASSING AWAY."
4. From the stars of heaven and the flowers of earth,  
 From the pageant of power and the voice of mirth,  
 From the mist of the morn on the mountain's brow,  
 From childhood's song and affection's vow,  
 From all save that o'er which soul bears sway,  
 There breathes but one record—"PASSING AWAY."
5. "Passing away," sing the breeze and rill,  
 As they sweep on their course by vale and hill:  
 Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,  
 'Tis the lesson of nature, the voice of time;  
 And man at last, like his fathers gray,  
 Writes in his own dust, "PASSING AWAY."

MISS M. J. JEWSBURY.

### 163. PROMISES OF RELIGION TO THE YOUNG.

IN every part of Scripture, it is remarkable with what singular tenderness the season of youth is always mentioned, and what hopes are afforded to the devotion of the young. It was at that age that God appeared unto Moses, when he fed his flock in the desert, and called him to the command of his own people. It was at that age he visited the infant Samuel, while he ministered in the temple of the Lord, "in days when the

<sup>1</sup> Legend, an inscription; a fable.—<sup>2</sup> Blazon (blaz'zn), to display.