

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

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 futile³ tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite⁴ 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;⁵
 And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
 Bearing this message to mortal ears:—

¹ Un requit'ed, not repaid; not done or given in return.—² Contrition (kon trish'un), repentance; deep sorrow for sin.—³ Futile, trifling; worthless.—⁴ Con'trite, worn; sorrowful; bowed down with grief.—⁵ Eternity, duration or continuance without end.—⁶ 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 legend¹ we blazon² 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

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

word of the Lord was precious, and when there was no open vision." It was at that age that his spirit fell upon David, while he was yet the youngest of his father's sons, and when, among the mountains of Bethlehem, he fed his father's sheep.

2. It was at that age, also, "that they brought young children unto Christ, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it he was much displeased, and said to them, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." If these, then, are the effects and promises of youthful piety, rejoice, O young man, in thy youth! Rejoice in those days which are never to return, when religion comes to thee in all its charms, and when the God of nature reveals himself to thy soul like the mild radiance¹ of the morning sun, when he rises amid the blessings of a grateful world.

3. If already devotion hath taught thee her secret pleasures; if, when nature meets thee in all its magnificence² or beauty, thy heart humbleth itself in adoration before the hand which made it, and rejoiceth in the contemplation of the wisdom by which it is maintained; if, when revelation unveils her mercies, and the Son of God comes forth to give peace and hope to fallen man, thine eye follows with astonishment the glories of his path, and pours at last over his cross those pious tears which it is a delight to shed; if thy soul accompanieth him in his triumph over the grave, and entereth on the wings of faith into that heaven "where he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high," and seeth the "society of angels and of the spirits of just men made perfect," and listeneth to the "everlasting song which is sung before the throne;" if such are the meditations³ in which thy youthful hours are passed, renounce not, for all that life can offer thee in exchange, these solitary joys.

4. The world which is before thee, the world which thine imagination paints in such brightness, has no pleasures to bestow that can compare with these. And all that its boasted wisdom can produce has nothing so acceptable in the sight of Heaven, as this pure offering of thy soul. In these days, "the Lord him-

¹ Rá'di'ance, brightness shooting in rays; luster.—² Mag'nif'icence, grandeur of appearance.—³ Med'i'tá'tions, deep thoughts.

self is thy shepherd, and thou dost not want. Amid the green pastures, and by the still waters" of youth, he now makes "thy soul to repose."

5. But the years draw nigh, when life shall call thee to its trials; the evil days are on the wing, when "thou shalt say thou hast no pleasure in them;" and, as thy steps advance, "the valley of the shadow of death opens," through which thou must pass at last. It is then thou shalt know what it is to "remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." In these days of trial or of awe, "his Spirit shall be with you," and thou shalt fear no ill; and, amid every evil which surrounds you, "he shall restore thy soul. His goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life;" and when at last the "silver cord is loosed,"¹ thy spirit shall return to the God who gave it, and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

ARCHIBALD ALISON.

164. THE PURE IN HEART SHALL MEET AGAIN.

1 IF yon bright orbs which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite,
Whom death hath torn asunder here,—
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this dreary world afar,—
Meet soul with soul, and cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star!

2. But oh, how dark, how drear, how lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We fail to find the loved of this!—
If there no more the ties shall twine,
That death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah! then those stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.

¹ "Silver cord is loosed," a beautiful figurative expression for death.

3. It can not be ; each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye, or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,—
'Tis Heaven that whispers,—“DRY THY TEARS,
THE PURE IN HEART SHALL MEET AGAIN.”

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

165. DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. “When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always.” Those were her words.

2. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged—in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

3. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes! the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels, in their majesty, after death.

¹Tran' quil, quiet ; calm ; undisturbed.

4. The old man held one languid¹ arm in his, and the small, tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

5. She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

6. “It is not,” said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, “it is not in *this* world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!”

7. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them and used them kindly; for she often said “God bless you!” with great fervor.

8. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes, at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung, with both her arms, about

Languid (lång gwid), drooping ; without activity or animation

his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

9. The child who had been her little friend, came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her; saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

10. Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

11. Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And, when the day came on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape, from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

12. And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless¹ toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit² age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing; grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old;

¹ Remorse less, having no compassion or pity; pitiless.— De crep' it infirm; feeble.

the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied—the living dead, in many shapes and forms,—to see the closing of that early grave.

13. Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat, when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

14. They carried her to one old nook, where she had, many and many a time, sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

15. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath; many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave, before the stone should be replaced.

16. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing, with a pensive face, upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone, at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and, when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed.

17. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place: when the bright moon poured in her

light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and, most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave; in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

CHARLES DICKENS.

166. THE ALPINE SHEEP.

1. **W**HEN on my ear your löss was knell'd,¹
 And tender sympathy upburst,²
 A little spring from memory well'd,
 Which once had quench'd my bitter thirst;³
 And I was fain to bear⁴ to you
 A portion of its mild relief,
 That it might be a healing dew,
 To steal some fever from your grief.
2. After⁵ our child's untroubled breath
 Up to the Father took its way,
 And on our home the shade of Death,
 Like a löng twilight haunting lay,
 And friends came round, with us to weep
 Her little spirit's swift remove,
 The story of the Alpine sheep
 Was told to us by one we love.
3. They in the valley's sheltering care,⁶
 Soon crop the meadöws' tender prime,
 And when the sod grows brown and bare,⁷
 The Shepherd strives to make them climb
 To airy⁸ shelves of pasture⁹ green,
 That hang alöng the mountain's side,
 Where grass¹⁰ and flowers togöther lean,
 And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

¹Knelled (næld), tolled by a bell; struck as on a bell.—²Upburst (up bürst').—³Thirst (thürst).—⁴Bear (bär).—⁵After (äft'er).—⁶Cäre.—⁷Bäre.—⁸Airy (är'e).—⁹Pasture (pást'yer).—¹⁰Gräss

4. But naught can tempt the timid things
 'The steep and rugged path' to try,
 Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
 And sear'd² below the pastures lie,
 Till in his arms his lambs he takes,
 Along the dizzy verge³ to go,
 Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
 They follow on o'er rock and snow
5. And in those pastures, lifted fair,⁴
 More dewy-söft than lowland mead,
 The shepherd drops his tender care,
 And sheep and lambs togöther feed.
 This parable, by Nature breathed,
 Blew on me as the south-wind free
 O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
 From icy thralldom⁵ to the sea.
6. A blissful vision⁶ through the night
 Would all my happy senses sway
 Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
 Or climbing up the starry way,
 Holding our little lamb asleep,
 While, like the murmur⁷ of the sea,
 Sounded that voice alöng the deep,
 Saying, "Arise, and follow me." MARIA LOWELL.

167. THE SLEEP.

1. **O**F all the thoughts of Göd that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Alöng the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this—
 "He giveth His beloved, sleep?"

¹Pått.—²Sëared, dry; burnt.—³Verge (vërtj), border; edge.—⁴Fair (fär).—⁵Thräll' dom, bondage; confinement.—⁶Vision (viz'un), something imagined to be seen, but not real.—⁷Murmur (mër'mer), a low, continued, or frequently repeated sound.

2. What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved;
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep;
The senate's shout to patriot vows;
The monarch's crown to light the brows!
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."
3. What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved;
A little dust, to over weep;
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake?
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."
4. "Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dust that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."
5. O Earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd² gold! the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
"And giveth His beloved, sleep!"
6. His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it resteth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

¹ "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep." (Psalm cxxvii. 1, 2.)—² Delv'ed dug out of the earth.

- 7 Yea! men may wonder when they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I ween¹ their blessèd smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved, sleep!"
- 8 For me, my heart, that erst² did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the juggler's³ leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
"Who giveth His beloved, sleep!"
9. And friends! dear friends! when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,—
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED, SLEEP!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

168. A SISTER PLEADING FOR A CONDEMNED BROTHER

- Isabella.* I am a woful suitor to your honor;
Please but your honor hear me.
- Angelo.* Well; what's your suit?
- Isab.* There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must.
- Ang.* Well; the matter?
- Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
- Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done;

¹ Wèen, think; fancy; imagine.—² Erst, at first; formerly; till now.—³ Jugg' gler, a cheat; a deceiver; one who practices or exhibits sleight of hand tricks.

Mine were the very cipher of a function,¹
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law!

I had a brother, then;—must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look; what I will not, that I can not do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong
if so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Isab. Too late? Why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: well, believe this,
No ceremony that to the great belongs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon,² nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,³
And you were Isabel; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit⁴ of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once;
And He, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,

¹ Function (fūngk' shun), duty; office; performance.—² Truncheon (trūn' shun), a short staff; a club.—³ Potency, power; authority.—⁴ Forfeit, that which is lost by an offense.

If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? oh! that's sudden. Spare him, spare him.

Good, good my lord, bethink you:

Who is it that hath died for this offense?

There's many have committed it.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept;

Those many had not dared to do that evil,

If the first man that did the edict¹ infringe,²

Had answer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;

Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,

Or new, or by remissness new-conceived,

And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,

Are now to have no successive degrees;

But ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,

Which a dismiss'd offense would after gall;

And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;

Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence:

And he, that suffers: oh! 'tis excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous³

To use it like a giant.—Merciful Heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,

Splittest the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,

Than the soft myrtle: Oh, but man, proud man,

¹ Edict, proclamation; law.—² Infringe, break; encroach upon.—
³ Tyrannous, cruel; unjustly severe.

Dress'd in a little brief authöriety,
Most ignörant of what he's most assured,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the ängels weep.

We can not weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with saints,—'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.¹
That in the captain's but a choleric² word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.³

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authöriety, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, 'tis suc^r sence,
That my sense bleeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-mörröw.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you; good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that Heaven shall share with you.
Not with fond shékels⁴ of the tested⁵ gold,
Or stones, whose rate is either rich or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at Heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers from preservèd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to-morrow.

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe.

SHAKSPEARE

¹ Prof a ná' tion, a violation of something sacred; treating with abuse or disrespect.—² Choleric (kól' er ik), angry; passionate.—³ Bläs' pheny, irreverent or contemptuous words uttered wickedly against God.—⁴ Shekel (shék' kl), a Jewish coin of the value of about half a dollar, or sixty cents.—⁵ Tést' ed, tried; purified.

169. THE TRAVELER.

1. **W**ITHDRAW yön curtain, look within that room,
Where all is splendor, yet where all is gloom:
Why weeps that mother? why, in pensive mood,
Group noiseless round, that little, lovely brood?
The battle-door is still, laid by each book,
And the harp slumbers in its custom'd nook.
Who hath done this? what cold, unpitying foe
Hath made this house the dwelling-place of woe!
2. 'Tis he, the husband, father, löst in care,
O'er that sweet fellöw in his cradle there:
The gallant bark that rides by yönder strand
Bears him to-mörröw from his native land.
Why turns he, half unwilling, from his home,
To tempt the ocean, and the earth to roam?
Wealth he can boast a miser's sigh would hush,
And health is laughing in that ruddy blush;
Friends spring to greet him, and he has no foe—
So honor'd and so bless'd, what bids him go?—
3. His eye must see, his foot each spot must tread,
Where sleeps the dust of earth's recorded dead;
Where rise the monuments of äncient time,
Pillar and pyramid in age sublime;
The Pagan's temple and the Churchman's tower,
War's bloodiest plain and Wisdom's greenest bower;
All that his wonder woke in school-boy themes,
All that his fancy fired in youthful dreams:
Where Socrates¹ once taught he thirsts to stray,
Where Homer² pour'd his everlasting lay;

¹ Socrates, an illustrious Grecian philosopher and teacher of youth was born at Athens, in the year 468 B. C. Though the best of all the men of his time, and one of the wisest and most just of all men, he unjustly suffered the punishment of death for impiety at the age of seventy.—² Homer, the most distinguished of poets, called the "Father of Song." He is supposed to have been an Asiatic Greek, though his birth-place, and the period in which he lived, are not known.

From Virgil's¹ tomb he lōngs to pluck one flower
 By Avon's² stream to live one moonlight hour;
 To pause where England "garners up" her great,
 And drop a patriot's tear to Milton's³ fate;
 Fame's living masters, too, he must behold,
 Whose deeds shall blazon with the best of old;
 Nations compare, their laws and customs scan,
 And read, wherever spread, the book of Man:
 For these he goes, self-banish'd from his hearth,
 And wrings the hearts of all he loves on earth.

4. Yēt say, shall not new joy those hearts inspire,
 When, grouping round the future winter fire,
 To hear the wonders of the world they burn,
 And lose his absence in his glad return?—
 Return?—alas! he shall return no more,
 To bless his own sweet home, his own proud shore,
 Look once again—cold in his cabin now,
 Death's finger-mark is on his pallid brow;
 No wife stood by, her patient watch to keep,
 To smile on him, then turn away to weep;
 Kind woman's place rough mariners supplied,
 And shared the wanderer's blessing when he died.
5. Wrapp'd in the raiment that it lōng must wear,
 His body to the deck they slowly bear;
 Even there the spirit that I sing is true,
 The crew look on with sad, but curious view;
 The setting sun flings round his farewell rays,
 O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays;
 How eloquent, how awful, in its power,
 The silent lecture of death's sabbath hour!

¹ Virgil, the most distinguished of the Roman poets, was born at Andes, a small village of Mantua, on the 15th of October, B. C. 70. He died on the 22d of September, B. C. 19, before completing his fifty-first year. His body lies buried at the distance of two miles from the city of Naples.—² Avon, a river in England, on the bank of which Shakspeare was born.—³ John Milton, the most illustrious English poet, was born in London, on the 9th of December, 1608. He died on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1675.

One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,
 And the last rite man pays to man is paid;
 The plashing waters mark his resting-place,
 And fold him round in one lōng, cold embrace;
 Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
 Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more;
 Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
 With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

170. DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

THE discovery itself of the Amērican continent may, I think, fairly be considered the most extraordinary event in the history of the world. In this, as in other cases, familiarity blunts the edge of our perceptions; but much as I have meditated, and often as I have treated this theme, its magnitude grows upon me with each successive contemplation.

2. That a continent nearly as large as Europe and Africa united, spread out on both sides of the equator, lying between the western shores of Europe and Africa and the eastern shore of Asia,¹ with groups of islands in either ocean, as it were stopping-places on the march of discovery,—a continent, not inhabited indeed by civilized races, but still occupied by one of the families of rational man,—that this great hemisphere, I say, should have lain undiscovered for five thousand years upon the bosom of the deep,—a mystery so vast, within so short a distance, and yet not found out,—is indeed a marvel.

3. Mute nature, if I may so express myself, had made the discovery to the philosopher, for the preponderance² of land in the eastern hemisphere demanded a counterpoise³ in the west. Dark-wooded trees, unknown to the Europēan naturalist, had from age to age drifted over the sea and told of the tropical forests where they grew. Stupendous ocean currents, driven

¹ Asia (ā'she a).—² Pre pōn' der ance, greater weight.—³ Coun' ter poise, a weight to balance another; a force or power sufficient to balance another.