

Original Poetry.

INVOCATION TO THE IDEAL.

Mother of the soul! thou potent dreamer!
Whose wild whisperings wake the soul to action
Thou bright Ideal! in whose forms we live;
Moved by thy power, before thy throne I fall;
In homage to thy might, my soul I yield.
I hail thee not Queen of sickly fancy,
Which withering fades beneath its own pale light
But as the Queen, in whose unerring hand
Enclosed, weaves the woof of destiny,—
The all potent, whose breathings wake alike
The fire that kindles in the hero's breast,
Or the bright dreams that bid the poet soar
On daring wing, in never tiring flights
That still would scale the Elympian heights.
Thou givest strength to battle with the wrong,
Tho' deck'd with bright fair hues it doth appear,
While truth lies hid beneath the threat'ning clouds,
Whose thunders burst o'er him, who dauntless
strives
To read the veil, and worship at her shrine.

O, mighty mother! own thy prostrate child.
But feebly yet thy soul within me stirs;
Now bid thy spirit deep on me descend;
O, warm with thy pure flame my frozen blood,
And bid my soul with lofty thoughts expand.

Cast me not hence, but listen to my vow.
No craven child am I, that for the boon,
With coward heart, dares not the penalty.
E'en though through darkness lies the path to
light,—
Though thickest clouds hang o'er my onward
way,—
Lead me but to thy soul-inspiring stream,
Let me but freely quaff from its pure fount,
And fearless, daring, I will brave the strife.

Hath not even that spark of thy high spirit,
Which sometimes brightly glows within my soul—
Hath it not shadowed forth the destiny
Of hopes, that, nursed in ethereal soil,
Would vainly strive to strike their root in earth?
Have I not ever mourned o'er the bright dreams
That fondly, madly, strove on earth to rest,
Or dared upon its breast to seek their bourne?
But though thou deck'st with colors not their own
The phantoms we pursue, yet as they fade,
Or ever flee before our eager grasp,
We, by enduring, train the soul for flight,
And learn, e'en on rough sorrow's wing, to mount.

Mounting, with joy, we own the Teacher wise,
Who bade us conjure into life, visions
So bright, they could not rest on earth,
But fleet away, bearing in their high flight
Our souls even unto thine inner fane.

Wilt thou, then, hear my prayer, mine homage
own,
And grant unto my soul some higher light,
That, unextinguished by earth's storms, shall
glow?

Z.

THE DEAD YET SPEAK TO US.

The earth is filled with the labors, the
works, of the dead. Almost all the literature
in the world, the discoveries of science, the
glories of art, the ever-during temples, the
dwelling-places of generations, the comforts
and improvements of life, the languages, the
maxims, the opinions of the living, the very
framework of society, the institutions of na-
tions, the fabrics of empire,—all are the works
of the dead; by these, they who are dead
yet speak. Life,—busy, eager, craving, im-
portunate, absorbing life,—yet what is its
sphere, compared with the empire of death!
What, in other words, is the sphere of visible,
compared with the mighty empire of invisible
life! A moment in time; a speck in immen-
sity; a shadow amidst enduring and un-
changeable realities; a breath of existence
amidst the ages and regions of undying life!
They live,—they live indeed, whom we call
dead. They live in our thoughts; they live
in our blessings; they live in our life; "death
hath no power over them."

Let us then meditate upon those—the
mighty company of our departed brethren—
who occupy such a space in the universe of
being. Let us meditate upon their relation,
their message, their ministry, to us. Let us
look upon ourselves in this relation, and see
what we owe to the dead. Let us look upon
the earth, and see if death hath not left be-
hind its desolating career some softer traces,
some holier imprint, than of destruction.

What memories, then, have the dead left
among us, to stimulate us to virtue, to win us
to goodness.

The approach to death often prepares the
way for this impression. The effect of a last

sickness to develop and perfect the virtues
of our friends is often so striking and beautiful,
as to seem more than a compensation for all
the sufferings of disease. It is the practice
of the Catholic Church to bestow upon its
eminent saints a title to the perpetual homage
of the faithful, in the act of canonization.
But what is a formal decree, compared with
the effect of a last sickness, to canonize the
virtue that we love for eternal remembrance
and admiration? How often does that touch-
ing decay, that gradual unclenching of the
mortal body, seem to be a putting on of the
garments of immortal beauty and life! That
pale cheek, that placid brow, that sweet se-
renity spread over the whole countenance,
that spiritual, almost supernatural, brightness
of the eye, as if light from another world al-
ready shone through it, that noble and touch-
ing disinterestedness of the parting spirit,
which utters no complaint, which breathes no
sigh, which speaks no word of fear nor ap-
prehension to wound its friend, which is calm,
and cheerful, and natural, and self-sustained,
amidst daily declining strength and the sure
approach to death,—and then, at length,
when concealment is no longer possible, that
last firm, triumphant, consoling discourse, and
that last look of mortal tenderness and im-
mortal trust,—what hallowed memories are
those to soothe, to purify, to enrapture sur-
viving love!

Death, too, sets a seal upon the excel-
lence that sickness unfolds and consecrates.
There is no living virtue, concerning which
—such is our frailty—we must not fear that it
may fall; or, at least, that it may some-
what fail from its steadfastness. It is a pain-
ful, it is a just fear, in the bosoms of the best
and purest being on earth, that some dreadful
lapse may come over them, or over those
whom they hold in the highest reverence.
But death, fearful, mighty, as is its power, is
yet a power that is subject to virtue. It
brings relief to the heart from its profoundest
fear. It enables us to say, "Now all is safe!
The battle is fought; the victory is won.
The course is finished; the race is run; the
faith is kept: henceforth it is no more doubt
nor danger, no more temptation nor strife;
henceforth is the reward of the just, the crown
which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will
give!" Yes, death—dark power of earth
though it seem—does yet ensphere virtue, as
it were, in heaven. It sets it up on high, for
eternal admiration. It fixes its place never
more to be changed,—as a star to shine on-
ward, and onward, through the depths of the
everlasting ages!

In life there are many things which in-
terfere with a just estimate of the virtues of
others. There are, in some cases, jealous-
sies, and misconstructions, and there are
false appearances; there are veils upon the
heart that hide its most secret workings and
its sweetest affections from us; there are
earthly clouds that come between us and
the excellence that we love. So that it is
not, perhaps, till a friend is taken from us,
that we entirely feel his value and appreciate
his worth. The vision is loveliest at its
vanishing away; and we perceive not, per-
haps, till we see the parting wing, that an
angel has been with us.

Yet if we are not, from any cause, or in
any degree, blind to the excellence we pos-
sess, if we do feel all the value of the trea-
sure which our affections hold dear; yet, I
say, how does that earthly excellence take
not only a permanent, but a saintly charac-
ter, as it passes beyond the bounds of mortal
frailty and imperfection! how does death
enshrine it, for a homage more reverential
and holy than is ever given to living worth!
So that the virtues of the dead gain, perhaps,
in the power of sanctity, what they lose in
the power of visible presence; and thus,—
it may not be too much to say,—thus the vir-
tues of the dead benefit us sometimes as
much as the examples of living goodness.

How beautiful is the ministration by which
those who are dead thus speak to us,—thus
help us, comfort us, guide, gladden, bless us,
to know that we thus remember them; that
we remember them, not with mere admira-
tion, but in a manner that ministers to all
our virtues. What a glorious vision of the
future is it to the good and pure who are yet
living on earth, that the virtues which they
are cherishing and manifesting, the good
character which they build up here, the
charm of their benevolence and piety, shall
live, when they have laid down the burden
and toil of life,—shall be an inspiring breath
to the fainting hearts that are broken from
them,—a wafted odor of sanctity to hun-
dreds and thousands that shall come after
them. Is it not so? Are there not those,
the simplest story, the frailest record, of
whose goodness is still, and ever, doing
good? But frail records,—we know full
well,—frail records they are not, which are
in our hearts. And can we have known
those whom it is a joy as well as a sorrow to
think of, and not be better for it? Are there
those,—once our friends, now bright angels
in some blessed sphere,—and do we not
sometimes say, "Perhaps that pure eye of

affection is on me now; and I will do no-
thing to wound it?" No, surely, it cannot
be that the dead will speak to us in vain.
Their memories are all around us; their
footsteps are in our paths; the memorials of
them meet our eye at every turn; their pre-
sence is in our dwellings; their voices are
in our ears; they speak to us in the sad reve-
rie of contemplation, in the sharp pang of
feeling, in the cold shadow of memory, in
the bright light of hope,—and it cannot be
that they will speak in vain.—*Dr. Dewey.*

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

HOW TO CHOOSE A SECT.

[The following paragraph is from "Combe's
Tour in America." We apprehend there is more
truth than poetry in it.—*Ed. B. C.*]

The following anecdote is not an old Joe
Miller. I relate it because, while it illus-
trates the kindly feeling which reigns among
the members of a sect towards each other, it
shows how this amiable trait of character
may be taken advantage of by rogues. A
bookseller, a native of Germany, came from
England, settled in one of the large Ameri-
can cities, and began business in a mode-
rate way. He had a stock of neatly-printed
bibles, which he was anxious to dispose of.
After he had been established for some time,
he called on an old-established citizen, and
told him that he thought of joining one of
the religious bodies of the town, and wished
to know which of them was the most influ-
ential. His friend imagined that he was
in joke, and said that there was a simple
way of solving that question. He took up
the Directory and showed the inquiring
bookseller the lists of the directors of all the
public institutions. He desired him to write
down their names, and he would tell him
what sects they belonged to. The book-
seller accordingly folded his paper for col-
umns, and wrote on the heads of them,
"Presbyterian," "Methodist," "Catholic,"
"Quaker," "Baptist," "Unitarian," "Uni-
versalist," "Jew," &c., and under these
heads entered the names of the directors of
the institutions, according to the informa-
tion of his friend. The result was a clear
demonstration that the "Presbyterians"
were by far the most numerous and power-
ful sect in the public institutions, whence
the inference was drawn that in all proba-
bility they would be most influential in the
general affairs of the city. He thanked the
gentleman (who still believed that it was a
joke) and departed. But it was neither a
joke nor a mistake. The bookseller found
out which was the wealthiest Presbyterian
congregation, offered to join them, and pre-
sented a handsome gift to the church, and
neatly-bound copies of his bible to the mi-
nister and elders. He was admitted a mem-
ber, was widely praised among the congrega-
tion, sold all his bibles, obtained exten-
sive credit, had a large store and ample
trade, and might have done well. But, like
too many others, he speculated and ruined
himself. At his bankruptcy, the rich men
of the congregation were his creditors, one
to the extent of \$20,000, another of
\$10,000, and so forth, every man according
to his means!

CAN WE RECONCILE WAR WITH CHRIS-
TIANITY?—Let us put the main aspect of the
two side by side, and see how far they agree.
Christianity saves men; war destroys them.
Christianity elevates men; war debases and
degrades them. Christianity purifies men;
war corrupts and defiles them. Christianity
blesses men; war curses them. God says,
thou shalt not kill; war says, thou shalt kill.
God says, blessed are the peace-makers; war
says, blessed are the war-makers. God says,
love your enemies; war says, hate them.
God says, forgive men their trespasses; war
says, forgive them not. God enjoins forgive-
ness, and forbids revenge; while war scorns
the former, and commands the latter. God
says, resist not evil; war says, you may and
must resist evil. God says, if any man strike
thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also;
war says, turn not the other cheek, but knock
the smiter down. God says, bless those who
curse you: bless and curse not; war says,
curse those who curse you, curse, and bless
not. God says, pray for those that despite-
fully use you; war says, pray against them,
and seek their destruction. God says, see
that none render evil for evil unto any man;
war says, be sure to render evil for evil
unto all that injure. God says, overcome
evil with good; war says, overcome evil with
evil. God says, if thine enemy hunger, feed
him: if he thirst, give him drink; war
says, if you do supply your enemies with
food and clothing, you shall be shot as a tra-
itor. God says, do good unto all men; war
says, do as much evil as you can to your en-
emies. God says to all men, love one another;
war says, hate and kill one another. God
says, they that take the sword, shall perish
by the sword; war says, they that take the
sword shall be saved by the sword. God says,
blessed is he that trusteth in the Lord; war

says, cursed is such a man, and blessed is he
who trusteth in swords and guns. God says,
beat your swords into ploughshares, your
spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no
more; war says, make swords and spears still,
and continue to learn war until all mankind
have ceased from learning it, i. e., fight all of
you, until all of you stop fighting!!

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.—"I may here as
well as any where impart the secret of good
and bad luck. There are men, who, suppos-
ing Providence to have an implacable spite
against them, bemoan in the poverty of a
wretched old age the misfortunes of their
lives. Luck forever ran against them, and
for others. One with a good profession, lost
his luck in the river, where he idled away
his time a fishing, when he should have
been in the office. Another, with a good
trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his
hot temper, which provoked his employers
to leave him. Another, with a lucrative
business, lost his luck by amazing diligence
at every thing but his business. Another,
who steadily followed his trade, as steadily
followed his bottle. Another, who was
honest and constant to his works erred by
perpetual misjudgments; he lacked discre-
tion. Hundreds lost their luck by endors-
ing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting
fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains.
A man never has good luck who has a bad
wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-
working, prudent man, careful of his earn-
ings and strictly honest, who complained of
bad luck. A good character, good habits
and iron industry are impregnable to the
assaults, of all the ill luck that fools ever
dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemal-
ion, creeping out of a grocery late in the
forenoon, with his hands stuck into his
pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and
the crown knocked in, I know he has had
bad luck,—for the worst of all luck is to be
a sluggard, a knave, or a tripler."—*Rev. H.
W. Beecher.*

SELF GOVERNMENT.—Every wrong propen-
sity we should strive to subdue—every
evil habit to lay aside, every good one to
cherish. Conscience and principle we
should enshrine within us, and ever hearken
to their voice. Often should we ask as to
our nature and destiny as immortal beings;
and bound as we are to a future and invis-
ible world, and to a deathless existence, we
should seek, as the gospel directs, to prepare
for the scenes that are before us. No where
has self-cultivation so glorious a field as
when she whispers of our destiny,—as when
she reminds us that we are to live forever—
as when she unfolds the idea of God and of
duty, clearly and livingly within us;—
moving us to reverence and love and obey him,
to hunger and thirst after his likeness, to be
a blessing to ourselves and to all around us,
and thus to make progress in the noblest
growth whether of human or angelic natures.
And never do we appear so noble, so like
the bright intelligences of heaven, as when
we are thus bound to God in deep and holy
affection, in joyful obedience and heavenly
hope; when religion sits enthroned on our
brow, and pride has given way to meekness,
and benevolence reigns within us, and
glows in our looks, and breathes in our
words, and lives in our conduct;—when our
whole life is one continual process of self-
elevation and improvement—when principle
regulates every act, and all our plans take
hold on eternity,—and when all around us
feel that religion has made us nobler and
better and happier. Such we may be; and
to our progress here, by God's grace, there
is no assignable limit. The pathway before
us takes hold on eternity; and in it we may
eternally ascend, rising with a holier ardor
and a swifter progress, and moving with a
diviner energy!—*Tyrone Edwards.*

UNCHARITABLE JUDGMENT.—A man's
character is shown by the general tenor of
his conduct. If his life in the main be cor-
rect, he should have credit for purity of in-
tention. It is exceedingly uncharitable to
form an unfavorable opinion of a man, or to
suffer our confidence in his integrity to be
impaired by a few actions, that we cannot
reconcile with our views of propriety. The
neighbor whom we condemn may see as
much or more in us with which to find fault.
Difference in opinion is unavoidable. It is
our duty while exercising judgment for our-
selves, to accord that privilege to others.
"Charity thinketh no evil—charity never
faileth." Have we not wronged deserving
brethren by our inconsiderate speeches?
Have we not wronged them in our thoughts?
Let us take for our future guide the admoni-
tion of the Savior—"Cast first the beam out
of thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly
to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye."—
Methodist Protestant.