

Daybreak.

A wind came up out of the sea
And said, "O mists, make room for me."
It hailed the ships and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."
And hurried landward, far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."
It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"
It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."
And o'er the farms, "O chanticler,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."
It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."
It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."
It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet, in quiet lie."

—Longfellow.

Third Prize Collection sent by Miss M. R. Ferguson.

The Worship of Nature.

"It hath been, as it were, especially rendered unto me and made plain and legible to my understanding, that a great worship is going on among the things of God."—Gratt.

The Ocean looketh up to Heaven,
As 'twere a living thing,
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the Sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth
Sends its in-
cense up
From every
mountain
shrine,
From every flow-
er and dewy
cup
That greeteth
the sunshine.

The mists are lift-
ed from the
rills
Like the white
wing of pray-
er,
They lean above
the ancient
hills
As doing hom-
age there.

The forest tops are
lowly cast
O'er breezy hill
and glen,
As if a prayerful
spirit passed
On Nature as on
men.

The clouds weep
o'er the fallen
world
Even as repent-
ant love;
Ere to the blessed
breeze un-
furled
They fade in
light above.

The sky is as a
temple's arch,
The blue and
wavy air
Is glorious with
the spirit-
march
Of messengers
of prayer.

The gentle moon—the kindling sun—
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on—
The altar fires of Heaven!

—Whittier.

John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, one of the most eminent poets of the United States, has been the author of numerous poems, chiefly bearing on the abolition of slavery. The above is a fine example of the work of his pen, exhibiting as it does the graceful diction and absolute purity which characterized all his works.

The Goblet of Life.

"Filled is Life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

"No purple flowers,—no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of Mistletoe.

"This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

"And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

"Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

"It gave new strength and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled in it their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel won.

"Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give.

"And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

"The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the returns of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

"Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One-half the human race.

"O, suffering, sad humanity!
O, ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

"I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side."

H. W. Longfellow.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow may well rank with the foremost poets of the nineteenth century. His chief works are *Evangeline*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Hiawatha*, and *The Golden Legend*.

Godiva.

I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:



"IN LOVE."

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife of that grim Earl who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as these?" "But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then flipp'd at the diamond in his ear;
"Oh ay, ay, you talk!" "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeat it," and nodding as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet,
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclass'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but even at a breath
She finger'd looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclass'd herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway: there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity;

The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spouts
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheeks flame: her palfrey's foot-fall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding stared: but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till last she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused:
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers.
One after one: but even then she gain'd
Her bower: whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away
And built herself an everlasting name.

—Tennyson.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, has been styled the "Melodious Poet," and indeed poetry to him was almost the supreme passion of life. He has treated romantic, antique and domestic life with skill; history, art, science and modern social problems with grace, and clothed all his subjects with fine perfection. His artistic culture has rarely ever been surpassed. His "In Memoriam" is, without doubt, the greatest religious poem of our age. He was essentially woman's poet without losing a single attribute of true manliness, for woman, as he conceives her in his "Princess," is the purifying element of humanity, the supreme friend and counselor of man.

"Locksley Hall" and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" are pen pictures of the passions of every-day life. His magic pen endeared him to the nations of either side of the ocean, and universal sorrow was expressed when word was cabled that England's poet laureate was no more. His last poem has become almost "household property" voicing, as it does, the prayer of many on entering the "great unknown."

"Sunset and eve-
ning star
And one clear
call for me,
May there be no
moaning of
the bar
When I put out
to sea!"

"For though from
our bourne
of time and
place
The flock may
bear me far,
I hope to see my
Pilot face to
face
When I have
crossed the
bar!"

"In Love."

Truly a reg-
ular old-fash-
ioned "cosy
corner," and a
pair of young
people old-
fashioned en-
ough to be in
love—(does
that fashion
ever change,
we wonder?)
This fair girl
has a piece of
work in her
pretty hands;
but I doubt if
many stitches
are being put
into it; nor
that, even if
put in, they

would be very correct! Her thoughts are evidently on that young man opposite. As for him, he assumes an attitude of extreme ease; but for all that, succeeds in looking very uncomfortable, and as if he wanted to say something! Has the proposal been made? We fancy not; but would venture to wager that before another hour (or even less) has gone by, these two will be sitting side by side, perhaps on that quaint old seat around the big tree, and the work will have dropped to the ground, for the little hands will be otherwise engaged. Perhaps, too, some wicked dicky-birds in that same old tree will, at their very next afternoon tea, go and tell tales to most of their feathered friends of all the silly things said by this old-fashioned pair who are "in love!"

The Universal Route.

As we journey along with a laugh and a song,
We see on youth's flower-decked slope,
Like a beacon-light, shining fair on the sight,
The beautiful Station of Hope.

But the wheels of old Time roll along as we climb,
And our youth speeds away on the years;
And, with hearts that are numb, with life's sorrows we come
To the mist-covered Station of Tears.

Still onward we pass, where the milestones, alas!
Are the tombs of our dead, to the west
Where glitter and gleams in the dying sunbeams,
The sweet, silent Station of Rest.

All rest is but change, and no grave can estrange
The soul from its Parent above;
And, scorning the rod, it soars back to God,
To the limitless City of Love.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

American Inventors.

Little Boy—"Papa, what is an inventor?"
Papa—"He is a man who invents something
that everybody else manufactures, and then spends
all his money trying to stop them."