

ABRADATES AND PANTHEA.

From the Cyropædia.

BY ALBAN GREAVES.

Here they laid the form that, stricken,
 Lost had nigh the warrior soul:
 None spake as, unto its passage,
 Deathless from the scene it stole.

As soft as failing hours of daylight
 Pass the yielding gates of eve,
 Noiseless as a darker mantle
 Night the dim world o'er doth weave—

So 'twas sped; and then, unaltered,
 Lay the casket of the soul
 Sleeping as they sleep who slumber
 Whilst the years to centuries roll.

Long they tarried, watching sadly
 By that form so gently laid,
 Tho' they knew that now no spirit
 Burned within the dead that stayed.

"Come, ye maidens; he no longer
 Now can need your anxious stay!
 Others have, thro' shadows leading,
 Lit the torch to guide his way."

Ah! this grief would lighten burden,
 Might I view that spectral ground,
 Did some token tell but even
 Where to dream the homo he's found.

Yet, wherever dwell the spirits
 Of the noble fair and true,
 Where they toil not for their gladness
 Loosed from care that here they knew.

There no thinks that he doth tarry,
 And hath worthier union far
 With the brave of braver ages,
 Where all nations heroes are.

Gaze your last, then veil those features
 And go leave me with mine own:
 In the silence here beside him
 I would weep unseen, alone.

Leave us awhile: for few remaining
 Are the hours that I may stay:
 I will guard him, once so valiant,
 For his might hath passed away.

"Then farewell to thee now, my husband!
 Nor it long farewell shall be:
 'Tis a weary night that ending
 Here hath none. Farewell to thee!"

Few were braver than the warrior
 By whose death-bed they had stayed,
 None were nobler than the woman
 Who was dead beside him laid.

WORK AND PLAY.

BY T. G. TOWNLEY.

"Every scope by the immoderate use
 Leads to restraint."

It is taken for granted by a vast majority of young people, and especially by those of the higher class who have means at their disposal, that diversion is the only, or at all events the principal means of attaining and preserving

happiness; and in fact to such an excess is this idea carried that it becomes the grand ruling passion of their lives, which tints all their thoughts, words, and deeds, and causes them to look upon the serious duties of life with loathing and disgust; while on the other hand, what a cheerless prospect is presented to a dispassionate observer who views labour in the abstract without reference to its promptings, inducements, and possible consequences! But from these limits as the extremities of the base of our remarks—the former whose

"Step is as the tread
 Of a flood that leaves its bed,
 And its march it is rude desolation,"

—which is as absurd in its conception, as ruinous in its results, and under whose banè mirth degenerates into senseless rest, and gratification, soon cloyed, terminates in satiety and disgust; the other a barren vista of cheerless toil—let us strive to shew by approximation that happiness is the joyous birth of their happy union, and that 'work and play,' each in its proper bounds, must ever go hand in hand in order that the aim of our existence may be fulfilled. For that happiness does not spring from a mere selfish course of pleasure and self-gratification may be shewn by proving that there is no enjoyment in life without labor. The terms generally used to signify diversion are relaxation, amusement, and recreation. "The idea of relaxation is taken from a bow which must be *unbent* when it is not wanted to be used that its elasticity may be preserved. Amusement literally means an occasional forsaking of the *Muses*, or the laying aside our books when we are weary with study; and recreation is the refreshing or *recreating* of our spirits when they are exhausted with labor, that they may be ready, in due time, to resume it again." It is quite patent then from these considerations that he who never "works" can never "play"; for he who is never bent can no more relax, nor can he leave the muses who is never with them, than play can refresh him who is never exhausted with business. When diversion becomes the business of life its nature is changed; all rest presupposes labor. "He that has no variety can have no enjoyment; he is surfeited with pleasure, and in the better hours of contemplation would find a refuge in labor itself." Seeing then that some employment is absolutely necessary for ultimate, positive enjoyment, let us consider the dignity of conscientiously pursuing work, even from no other motive than duty. Thomas Carlyle says: "There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valour against his task; and doubt, desire, remorse, indignation, and despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying flame, wherein all poison is burned up; and of the sour smoke itself, there is made a bright and blessed flame. Destiny has no other way of cultivating us. A formless chaos, once set *revolving*, grows round, ranges into strata, and is no longer a chaos, but a compacted world. What would become of the earth did it cease to revolve? So long as it revolves, all inequalities disperse themselves, all irregularities incessantly become regular. Of an idle unrevolving man, destiny can make nothing more than a mere enamelled vessel of dishonor, let her spend on him what colouring she may. Let the idle think of this." General as this question is, it may with great propriety be narrowed down to a particular appli-