

verdure, swept by incense laden breezes, and inhabited by angelic beings whose tresses rival Helion's glow, and voices trill like music of sweet birds. The ploughman on the grassy sward will soon be transformed into a merry knight whose duties are but to command, or smile upon fair dames. A lawyer's fancy will surround him with a Rothchild's roubles or the millions of a Vanderbilt. The doctor's art, still more fatal in his fancy, will slay its thousands and tens of thousands. The simple clerk, never known and never to be known to the annals of fame, will clothe himself in pontifical robes and bow all men's consciences to his oracular utterances. This fancy surrounds men with an artificial world. In private life it plays a prominent part—dictates this, that, and the other, till grotesqueness often stalks abroad to laugh at reason.

It might be said that all our actions are performed by the dictation of theory or fancy—straining theory till it split to make it cover all pre-considered purpose. It is interesting to reflect upon just how much each modifies the type of that great *fact* which under the hand of time is ever taking shape behind us.

Facts are things done or undone—matters of history. We may change our abode, our occupation, our opinion, daily; but who throughout the ages has, can, or will work change in a fact. We may suppress, obliterate the memory, tear out the leaf from written history, but time will write her own annals, and the facts inscribed by her iron pen, attracting our attention now, may soon overwhelm us with amazement, or flash forth consternation to a waiting multitude. The sphere of labor occupied by man will be found impressed upon earth's broad, truth-telling bosom, and while theory traces with bold hand the outlines of his labor, to fancy will remain the coloring.

Among students there are some who work according to theory, others who follow fancy. The first are in danger of broken heads, the others of broken hearts. Thus they engage in a leap-frog game, now up, now down, till at length, wearied, lying side by side, they hide life's joys and cares, its triumphs and defeats, in the ever-yawning grave. Practice is the offspring of our combined powers and tendencies. The truest course of action—the truest life, has its complement in the full cultivation and development of the noble gifts of nature; its supplement in the divinity to which it must be allied.

A writer says:—"Step by step theory has been making her way with giant strides into the territory of practice for the last century and a half." Yet this age is becoming intensely theoretical, and this augurs well. Fantastic enterprises still rise and cause wise men to shake their heads, but whimsical phantoms are being chased into well-merited oblivion by the hounding approach of newly-awakened inquiry. Nothing but the tested can stand. Everything is brought to the common crucible of man's intelligence, the chaff

to perish, the gold to come forth refined. Fancy has her realm, and she is now being ordered home. She may suggest, but never rule. Put her in Victoria's place if you will, but never in Gladstone's. Fancy must ever remain a queen-subject, controlled by the more sturdy, practical powers of man.

Do our peering eyes read aright the horoscope of that future, newborn every moment, we see approaching the time when grand and practicable theories shall overthrow the present régime of disorder, when peace and safety shall abide by plenty's side, and the issues of life flow from channels hewn by wise masterbuilders from the firm adamant—when content shall be crowned with happiness, and bask amid such pure pleasures as are suggested by the royal prisoner, fancy. Then let the swift revolving years roll on. They shall yet purge our old earth of its ills, and bring in, though with silent tread, the simple and the true, till time shall tell the great Fact of our universe, and write in flaming letters on the sky its name of *Truth*.

I. W. P.

SNOWFALL.

I.

The earth to-night is like a child
Half-clad, that trembles in the blast;
For, stripped by Autumn as it passed,
Her limbs stand bare to Winter wild
And shiver fitfully.

"Oh toll me, bare and silent trees,
Where lives your wealth of summer toil—
The work of earth and air and soil?
They only swayed with passing breeze,
And shivered fitfully.

Oh God, our lives stand bare as they
With all our strivings still unblest;
High forces work their will, at best
Regardless when we curse or pray,—
So moan we ceaselessly.

II.

This morn, like some cathedral grand,
The earth with worshippers low bent;
And purest blessings down are sent
Upon the lowliest from God's hand—
All hushed and breathlessly.

Oh life, in darkness waiting long,
Thy cries climb up the altar stairs;
And God will crown thy naked cares
With whitened hope and purer song
Of praising ceaselessly.

B.B.