

I love to loiter down the street
 And on the market-places ;
 To watch the hurrying stream I meet,
 And scan its changing faces.

There needs no tardy brush or pen
 To picture human passion ;
 The instant-varying throng of men
 Reveals its every fashion.

Be thine the slow, imperfect pace
 To learn by paint and vesture !
 I see whole poems in a face,
 A drama in a gesture !

Cambridge.

R. MACDOUGALL.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
 First chaos, then existence :—Lord ! on thee
 Eternity had its foundations ;—all
 Spring forth from Thee,—of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin :—all life, all beauty thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create ;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be ! Glorious ! great !
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !

—*Selected.*

Believe me better than my best,
 And stronger than my strength can hold,
 Until your royal faith transmutes
 My pebbles into gold.

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*