

THE BIG PASTURE.

BELIEVING, as we do, that every "good and perfect gift cometh down from the Invariable Father of Lights," where can gratitude be found if not in the effort of due appreciation?

Colourless curiosity has kept many of us, like Philip, darkly standing in the Light of the World for so long a time.

And in view of the above text there is danger of it continuing to be so while men expect to find these gifts otherwise than in the form or the terms of pure Nature and pure Humanity?

One might borrow the eyes of Bartimæus for a little to determine, if possible, how the old time Communion of the Saints tallies with the firmament. It is useless to ask can any good thing come out of here or there. Though it is certain that no poet ever tabulated an inscription to the Unknown Absentee.

Let the poet therefore take his rank above the common people.

That supreme bounty in which he lives, moves, and has his being, as elsewhere recorded, makes him a capitalist, not only rich, but easy to draw from.

Upon the harp of life he plays an accord whose tones pierce the far western passes. Then stately requires some heavenly music to effect his end.

It is uncertain what aspect of religion might yet be introduced into the public school in order to cool swelled headgear at the fountain of the heart. How and if it were shown that the magic garment of Prospero is a Saxon screen behind which Ariel demonstrates the wisdom of Job's best counsellor?

For the brotherhood of Shakspeare and Elihu was not a brotherism of mutually interested parties, but of Man. Simply and purely as such, eyes to the front, hands to the plough, and with right ear to the conch of life.

Not only does the poet "strew with flowers the hard rocks of fate;" he is both miner and florist. There are for him sermons in stones, and a jewel in the toad's head that hops about the garden.

Perhaps some wise one will tell us how much iron capping Jacques in the Forest was enabled to strip from a large mineral claim, or if Touchstone had the gait of an assayer.

Beside the infinite brave ocean shall we scorn the moorings of some, to us, bright bay or inlet, where among the isles such "voice of melody" as Isaiah, and the "hidden soul of harmony"