

Across the abysmal spaces?—Who  
 Implores not some diviner clue  
 To lead him to the central sun?

Keep then your sad negations, iced  
 With darkness, doubt, and froze despair;  
 Bind up your vision, and declare  
 That no Evangel has sufficed,  
 (Despite the faith of myriads dead,)  
 Upon your devious paths to shed  
 The light ye seek: But leave us CHRIST!

### PHILOSOPHY.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

So soon the end must come,  
 Why waste in sighs our breath?  
 So soon our lips are dumb,  
 So swift comes death.

So brief the time to smile,  
 Why darken we the air  
 With frowns and tears, the while  
 We nurse despair.

Hold firm the suffering wi'  
 And bravely thrust it back;  
 Fight with the powers of ill,  
 The legions black.

Stand in the sunshine sweet  
 And treasure every ray,  
 Nor seek with stubborn feet  
 The darksome way.

Have courage! Keep good cheer!  
 Our longest time is brief,  
 To those who hold you dear  
 Bring no more grief.

But cherish blisses small,  
 Grateful for least delight  
 That to your lot doth fall,  
 However slight.

And lo! all hearts will bring  
 Love, to make glad your days;  
 Blessings untold will spring  
 About your ways.