TO LOVERS OF JESUS—AN EXAMPLE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"She hath wrought a good work on me."—Mark 14: 6.

I am going to talk about this blessed woman at this time with this hopeful desire—that you and I may imitate her ever-memorable example. I shall have nothing to say but to open up the meaning of our Lord, as far as I know it, when He said, "She hath wrought a good work on me," or "in me." The passage might be rendered—only the translators do not like to use the term—"She hath wrought a beautiful work on me"—a comely work. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." This was a thing of beauty, which is a joy forever to the church of God, in that constant memorial of her which is blended with the preaching of the gospel of Christ; for as long as the gospel is proclaimed this Mary of Bethany shall have a memorial, because of what she did. What was there beautiful about her work—the breaking of the alabaster vase, and the pouring out of the liquid nard? What was there beautiful about that? I will try to show you.

I. There were seven beauties in it, and the first and chief beauty, perhaps, was that it was altogether a glorifying to Jesus. She meant when she poured that ointment on His head to honor Him personally; every drop of it was for Himself, out of reverence for His actual personality. She was not so much thinking of His deeds of love, or of His words of truth, as of His own unrivalled and most precious self. She had seen His deeds of love when Lazarus was raised, she had heard His words of truth when she sat at His feet; but now she felt an adoring reverence for His thrice blessed person, and she brought that box of precious spikenard, and offered it to Him as her Teacher, her Friend, her Lord, her all. Suggestion was made that she should have sold it and given it to the poor; but she longed to present one offering to Him direct, and not by roundabout method. Doubtless she was not behind-hand in her gifts to the poor, but she felt that when she had done that she had not satisfied the cravings of her grateful heart toward Him who had become poorest of the poor for her sake. She wanted to give something to Him—something suitable for such an One as she conceived Him to be—something suitable for the time and circumstances then present with regard to Him. Because she had a love for Him beyond all others that she had ever heard of, her heart must find expression in a deed of love which must be entirely, wholly, only toward Himself.

Now, this is as we have read the text—a beautiful thing. It will be beautiful on your part and mine if, having taken care of the poor according to our ability, having discharged the claims of our relationships to our fellow-men, we then feel that we must do something for Jesus—distinctly for our Lord. Do you ask me what you shall do for Him? The holy woman's deed had been somewhat spoiled if there had been a command for her to bring the alabaster box, and pour the ointment on His head; her love commanded her, and that was better than a formal precept. The very glory of it lay in the spontaneous suggestion of her own heart that she must do something which should be all for Jesus! Alas! good Lord, how little hast thou of this devotion in these calculating days. Instead of "all for Jesus," how seldom we do anything for Jesus! My heart craves now to know what I shall do that I may imitate her who gave to "Jesus only" that box of spikenard, very costly.

II. A second beauty lay in this; that it was an act of pure love, altogether of love to Jesus. The other woman—blessed was she also among women—I refer to that woman who was a sinner; she also came and brought an alabaster box, and did much the same thing as this Mary of Bethany. But she did what Mary did not do, she mingled weeping with her ointment; she washed His feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. That was a beautiful act in its own way but Mary's deed is a beautiful thing in another way. In this lies the distinction; there does not seem to have been in Mary's act any remembrance of personal sin, though doubtless that feeling was in her heart, and had brought her to the higher stage of adoration of her pardoning Lord. Her sin was put away long ago.

Mary had sat at Jesus' feet, and had chosen the good part, and the matter of pardon for sin had been transacted a long while before; and now, although in her heart there is deep gratitude for it, and for the raisings of her dear brother Lazarus, yet it seems to be quite absorbed in the deeper thought of her soul, for she had attained to all confusing love of Himself. She never would have known that kind of love if she had not learned to sit at His feet but to sit there has a wonderful operation on the human mind; it causes even things that are good in themselves to be overshadowed by matters that are higher and less in relation to self.

III. The third beauty of the action was that it was done with considerable sacrifice. There was an expense about it, and that of no trifling character to a woman who was neither queen nor princess. I shall always feel obliged to Judas for figuring up the price of that box of costly nard. He did it to blame her, but we will let his figures stand, and think the more of her the more he put down for the amount of waste. I should never have known what it cost, nor would you either, if Judas had not marked down in his pocket-book that it "might have been sold for much." How he grudged that "much!" He calculated the value at three hundred pence. He did well to put it in pence, for his sordid soul revelled in small moneys which make up the pounds. Pence, indeed, when the expense is for him to whom the silver and gold belong! Yet I like his calculation in pence, for it is suggestive, since a Roman penny was a day's wages; and take a day's wages now—say 4s. (about a dollar)—and you get some £60. (about $300). It was a large sum of money for a woman in her state of life in Bethany. It was £10 of their money but money then was a different value from what it is now, and it was a great sum for her to expend in one single deed of love. Her gift was costly, and the Lord Jesus deserved to be served at the best rate and at the highest cost.

There is nothing to satisfy love in the slender oblations which come forth like an unwilling taxation, which a miser could coerce withhold. But oh, to give to the Lord Jesus freely, richly, whatever it is with which He has intrusted us, whether it be gold or genius, time or words—whether it be the minted coinage of the pence, or the living courage of a loving heart, or the labor of an earnest hand! Let us give our Well-beloved the best we have, and He will call it beautiful. Mary's gift was all for Him, and all for love, and it was done at great expense, and therefore it was beautiful.

IV. Next, remember, that part of the beauty of Mary's action lay in this, that it was done with preparation. We are told by John what we should not else have known. "Against the day of my burying hath she kept this." Kept this! It was not that seeing Jesus there at the feast, and being seized with a sudden thought, she rushed back to her stores, and fetched out the little vase of spikenard, and broke it in a passion of affection, which in cooler moments she might regret. Far from it; she was now consummating the long thought of weeks and months. We have known warm-spirited brethren and sisters both say and do and give gradly, under a certain spur and impulse, what they never thought of doing when they entered into the assembly. I shall not blame them; rather do I commend them for obeying gracious impulses, but it is not the best way of doing service to our ever-blessed Master. Passion seldom gives so acceptably as principle.

This holy woman was no mere planner and purposer, but a doer of holy deeds. She could keep her alabaster box as long as was prudent, and yet she did not arrive at the tempting conclusion to keep it altogether. She allowed her heart to weigh the project; and the more she weighed it, she became the more resolved to do it—to do it when the due time came. When she believed that the hour had come she did not delay for an instant. She was as prompt as she had been thoughtful. The Passover was drawing very near; it was within six days, and so she brought out what she had held in reserve. Blessed are the punctualities of service which are the result of earnest endeavor to honor the Lord in the best possible way.

There is something beautiful in seeing, as we have seen, some poor woman saving her littles, and putting them by for years till she could accomplish a secret purpose by which Jesus would be glorified. It is striking to see, as you and I did see, a woman of moderate wealth discarding all the comforts of life that she might save sufficient that there might be an orphanage in which children might cared for; not, as she said, for the children's sake, but for Christ's, that He might be glorified. The Stockwell Orphanage is the alabaster box which a devout woman presented to her Lord. Her memory is blessed. Its perfume is recognized in all parts of the earth at this very moment, to the glory of the Lord she loved. Such a thoughtful deed is what Jesus would call a beautiful thing. Let us abound in such beautiful things.

V. There is a fifth point of beauty. Mary did her great deed without a word. Dear sisters, you will pardon me for commending this holy women for her wise and fitting silence all through her gracious act. She did not talk about it beforehand, she said not a word while she did it, and she said nothing afterward. Martha was the worker, and rather the talker too; but I think that all you will find Mary saying is, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died;" and she was so scant of words that she had to borrow those from Martha. Martha said a great deal more than that; but Mary was quite satisfied to be as brief as possible. She was a great thinker, a great sitter at Jesus' feet, and a great learner, but not a great talker. When the time came she was a great worker, for it is very curious, though Martha bears the palm for work in our ordinary talk, yet Mary, the thinker, did more than Marther, the worker. "She," said Christ, "hath wrought a good work on me," which He never said of Martha, good as Martha was.

Though she does not bear the name of a worker in the vulgar judgment, yet is she the queen in the kingdom of good works. Yet, I remind you, she did not say a word. There is such a thing as spoiling what you do by making so great a fuss before you do it, that when the mouse is born people are only astonished that such a small creature should be the only fruit of the dreadful throes of the mountain. Moreover, there is such a thing as talking so much afterward of what we have done that it spoils it all. It seems as if we must let all the world know something about ourselves; whereas the joy and bliss of it all is not to let yourself be seen, but to let the oil go streaming upon the Master till he is anointed with perfume, and we ourselves sink back into our natural insignificance. Silent acts of love have musical voices in the ears of Jesus. Sound no trumpet before thee, or Jesus will take warning and be gone.

VI. Next, and sixthly, there was this beauty about the action of Mary—that she did it in reference to our Lord's death. The disciples shrank from thinking of that sad subject. Peter said, "That be far from thee, Lord." But Mary, bearing her Master's heart very near her own, and sympathizing with Him in His glorious enterprise, instead of drawing back from the thought of that death, performed her work in connection with it. I am not certain to what degree she was conscious that it was so, but there is the fact—the anointing had reference to the burial of the Lord. It seems to me that the best and tenderest duty that Christians do for their Lord Jesus is that which is *touched with the blood-mark*—which bears the stamp of the cross. The best preaching is, "We preach Christ crucified." The best living is, "We are crucified with Christ." The best man is a crucified man. The best style is a crucified style; may we drop into it!

VII. The seventh beauty, to my mind, is this: you may think it a little far-fetched, but I cannot help mentioning it, for it touches my heart. I believe that Mary had in this anointing of the Saviour some little glimpse of His resurrection from the dead, and of His after existence. For I would ask of you, Why do nations at all embalm their dead? Why not consume them in the fire? A mysterious something makes the ordinary Christian men shudder at the thought of cremation. That must surely be an acquired taste; unsophisticated nature does not court the furnace, or covet the flame; we prefer to lie beneath the green hillock with our fathers. Many nations of antiquity, and especially the Egyptians and other Orientals, took great care to anoint the bodies of the departed with precious perfumes, and to lay them asleep in gums and fine linen. What for? Because there darkly shone upon their minds some thought of the hereafter.

There remained with man, long after the fall, a glimmering, undefined belief in immortality. That truth was so universally received that the Old Testament takes it for granted. The existence of God and the immortality of the soul lie at the basis of Old Testament teaching. The after life of the body was accepted also in a manner more or less clear. Immortality was not brought to light, but there it was, and they who reject that doctrine go back into a darkness denser than that into which the heathens themselves dwelt. Why did the Egyptian king embalm his father, and lay him in spices, but that he thought that somehow or other there was another life, and he would, therefore, take care of the body? They would not have wasted precious linen, and gums, and spices, if they had thought that the body was mere rottenness for worms to consume forever. Mary had deeper and clearer thoughts than that, for she expected that something would happen to that blessed body after Christ had died; and she must, therefore, anoint it, and bring the most precious spices that she could procure for His burial. At any rate, let your service of the Lord Jesus be the service of a risen Christ. Come not hither to worship one who died years ago—a hero of the past; but come to adore the ever-living Jesus.

"He lives, your great Redeemer lives." He will certainly come in His own person to reward His saints; and ere He comes He sees what you are doing. If this does not nerve you to tireless diligence in holy service, what can? Our Lord Jesus Christ lives. Let us find some way of anointing His dear and reverend head—some way of crowning Him who wore the crown of thorns for our sake. Ours it is to know that he lives, and that we live in Him. On Him would we expend the full force of our being, counting it all joy to spend and to be spent for His sake.

I am not going to stir you up, my fellow Christians, to do anything for Christ, for I fear to spoil the freeness of your love's life. I do not want to be pleading with you to enter into His service more full; for the work of pressed men is never so much prized as that of happy volunteers. Yet as I love you I would have you love your Lord more and more. It is so sweet to belong to Christ, that the more fully we can belong to Him the more free we are.

As for you that do not love the Lord Jesus, God be merciful to you! I will not pronounce upon you an Anathema Maranatha, but I tremble lest it fall upon you. I am sore grieved for your sakes. I am, moreover, sore vexed for Christ's sake that He should be deprived of your love and service. What has he done that you should slight Him? Oh, blind eyes, that cannot see His beauties, and dear ears, that cannot hear the charms of His voice! God be merciful to you, and help you to trust your Saviour, and then you will love Him for His salvation! It is no wonder that the saved ones love their Lord; it is a marvel that they do not love Him ten thousand times more. The Lord be with you for Christ's sake! Amen.

Workers and Shirkers.

"I know that I've shirked to-day," sighed Marion, closing her book and drawing near the fire, "but I could not rest until I knew whether or not Gwendolen married Grand-court! and I have left undone a dozen things that I meant to do when I awoke this morning. I have come to the conclusion that I am not a Christian worker at all, I am nothing but a Christian shirker! I rather suspect the earth is full of shirkers who pretend to be workers, but that's no comfort to me."

"Just think of an angel shirking," replied Hortense, dropping her tatting into her lap.

"How shocking," exclaimed Marion; "I can't think of it."

"Why not?" asked fourteen year old Grace, who was curled up on the rug reading *St. Nicholas*.

"Because it is too dreadful. It doesn't seem so dreadful for us to do it."

"It does to me," said Hortense, settling herself in her chair with the air of one all ready for a talk. "It is just as dreadful. Every day we work contrary to our own prayers; we ask that we may do his will on earth just as it is done in heaven, and how do we do it? Marion, it strikes me that you and I are hypocrites."

Marion assented humbly; it did look like it.

"Now the question is, which shall we leave off doing, praying or shirking?"

Marion looked intent, but did not speak."

"Saints and angels love their work because it is of God's ordaining," said Hortense.

"They have such grand work to do," remarked Grace, enthusiastically, "and we have only odds and ends."

"Odds and ends," repeated Hortense, indignantly. "God does not have any "odds and ends" in his work; little things are not set aside to be done at any time."

"Oh, I wish that I might do angels' work," cried Marion; "I'm tired of earthly work."

"You dear child," smiled Hortense, "when an angel is sent to the earth what sort of a work is he doing? An angel brought a cruse of water to Elijah, even baking a cake upon the coals for him, and then awakened him out of his sleep to eat and drink. Commonplace, wasn't it? Just as commonplace as for you to take grandma's breakfast up stairs this morning. Do you not believe that this messenger came as cheerily to the tired, discouraged old prophet, asleep under a tree, to bring him water and cake, as did the angel that came to Zacharias when he was engaged in the temple service, and that one brought the water with as much zeal as the other brought the glad news of the coming of John the Baptist?"

"I think of that when I help in the baking," said Grace; "I suppose that was excellent cake, not sour nor heavy."

"The old prophet journeyed in the strength of it forty days and forty nights; we can't make such cake as that, Grace."

"Perhaps we might, if people had to take such journeys. I am beginning to believe that I can be an angel," said Grace, merrily. "I thought that I had to talk about good things and quote the Bible, to be like the angels; but now I'll take a Graham loaf to Auntie Gray on my way to school in the morning, and perhaps that will be accepted."

"If you do it to do his will on earth, it certainly will be," answered Hortense. "If we know what plane each loving inspiration held in his heart, how grand we wou'd think it to do odds and ends."

"That reminds me," said Marion, "I didn't write that letter to-day to old Miss Wood; she is so far away from her home, and so eager for news about everybody in the village. It's poky work, and I hate it."

"As the angel said that was sent to write upon the walls of the king's palace," commented Hortense.

"I'll do it this evening," promised Marion solemnly. "Just think of a fretful, envious, wilful, discouraged angel shirking God's work, and doing something to please himself instead. I did want to scream my force this evening."

"Perhaps saints and angels don't have little plans of their own," interposed Grace.

"Why not? asked Hortense, quickly. "Perhaps the angels ask to do certain things down here on the earth. It would be none the less God's errand that it was an answered prayer."

"That means me," said Marion. "I prayed once that I might earn money to give an invalid a trip to the seashore, but all the opportunity I had to do her good was to make her bed every morning. I didn't like it, either; I even said that I wouldn't do it, when it was first proposed to me."

Grace laughed and said, "Oh, what a queer angel."

Hortense spoke in a lower tone. "In heaven his will is done instantly, submissively, rejoicingly, unquestioningly. The angels are ministers of his that do his pleasure! What a good definition that would be of Christian workers." Marion drew a long breath.

"But"—Grace looked almost vexed—"the angels can't wish to do anything but his will, and we like to do ever so many other things."

"Not if we have given our wills up to him, keeping nothing back," returned Hortense.

"There, that's the first thing to do," said practical Grace; "it's pretty hard work to do his will on earth as it is done in heaven. What a hard thing to pray for! I always thought that the Lord's prayer was easy."

"So did I," confessed Marion, "but that petition touches every thought in our hearts, and every work of our hands."

The door was opened suddenly, and a quick voice called, "Grace, come and set the tea-table!"

"Oh, dear," pouted Grace, "where" Bridget?" Then she sprang up laughing at herself. "They don't say in heaven, "Oh, dear, where's Gabriel? do they?" Hortense took up her shuttle, and Marion sat resting her chin on her hand.

"I can't bear to think of all my life," cried Marion, impetuously; to-day is a sample of all my days."

But Hortense did not speak; she had intended to braid on her cloth sacque that evening, but she resolved to go up stairs and sit in grandma's close, dim-lighted room, and listen for the hundredth time to her stories of when she was young. She smiled all to herself after tea, when she heard Grace ask Will if his coat pocket were mended yet.—*Jennie M. Drinkwater, in Advocate and Guardian.*

Maxims of Rochefoucauld.

Our passions are the only orators who are certain to persuade us.

We have all of us sufficient strength of mind to endure the misfortunes of other people.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and those to come, but present evils, triumph over philosophy.

It requires greater virtue to sustain good fortune than bad.

The evil which we do does not draw upon us so many persecutions and so much hatred as our good qualities.

If we had no faults ourselves, we should not have so much pleasure in discovering the faults of others.

The love of justice in most men is nothing but the fear of suffering from injustice.

Many complain of their memory, but none complain of their judgment.

Old men delight in uttering good precepts—to console themselves for being no longer in a condition to set bad examples.

The surest way of being deceived is to think yourself cleverer and more cunning than anybody else.

People are never made so ridiculous by the qualities they possess as by those which they affect to have.

Society could not long subsist if men were not the dupes of one another.

Our repentance is not so much a regret for the evil we have done, as a fear of what may be the consequences.

When our vices quit us, we flatter ourselves that we quit our vices.

That which often prevents us from abandoning ourselves to a single vice, is the fact that we have several.

He who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks.

It is much easier to limit one's gratitude than one's hopes and desires.

In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us.

It is not so dangerous to do evil to most men as to do them too much good.

There is no man clever enough to know all the evil which he does.

Among the mass of mankind gratitude is nothing but a strong secret desire for still greater benefits.

The Future Life.

The march of the mind in its great quest for truth is like a work of tunneling through a mountain. Marvelous is the engineer's sagacity that directs the advance; mighty are the forces that slowly blast the rock; strong are the arms and resolute the hearts that push their way on through the darkness toward the light beyond. But on the mountain-side the glad sunlight is poured; every dew-drop glistens in it, every flower drinks it, birds sing and children play in its embrace. So, while thinkers are working their way, there are countless folk, simple or learned, who daily live in untroubled and happy sense of a divine love, from which they can never escape.

It is Life itself which, with its various voices, teaches us the things best worth knowing. And the voices which come home to us with sovereign authority are those of Love and Death,—and, for the mother's sake, shall we add, Birth? Let one of the chief of women interpret for this mothers,—it is Elizabeth Barrett Browning, speaking to two parents who mourn their child as lost:

"God lent him and takes him, you sigh;
Nay, there let me break with your pain
God's generous in giving, say I;
And the thing which He gives, I deny
That He ever can take back again.
He gives what He gives. I appeal
To all who bear babes. In the hour
When the veil of the body we feel
Rent round us,—while torments reveal
The motherhood's advent in power
And the babe cries!—has each of us
Known
By apocalypse (God being there
Full in nature) the child is our own,
Life of life, love of love, mean of mean,
Through all changes, all times, everywhere.
He lends not; but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather,—amend,
And finish it up to your dream,—
Or keep, as a mother may type
Her costly, though given by kennel,
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
And the children more fit for such joys
Kept over their heads on the shelf."

So speaks the woman. And what has the man to say? Here is he whom we boast as the wisest and highest among our American authors,—a man, too, so wrapt in philosophic thought, so happy in his lonely contemplation, that he seems generally to stand apart from the struggling, work-a-day world, where most of us live. But the man is a father, like other men; his boy dies, and how does he bear it? He puts his heart into the tenderest poem he ever wrote, the "Threnody." He looks longingly back on just such pictures as other parents do,—the throng of children about the baby in his willow wagon, led by the boy "with sunny face of sweet repose,"—the painted sled, the show fort, the sand castle, the garden of which his "blessed feet" had trod every step,—and now the boy is gone. The lonely father thinks of it, and will not drown nor forget his grief; and slowly there comes to him the sense that love can never lose its own. The rainbow, the sunset, all beauty, all experiences of the soul, teach him a new lesson:

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again."

The moments when such convictions flash in—such insights, rather—are an assurance deeper than belief; but how much can be carried forth from them into the common levels of every-day life? How much will stay after the first exalted hours? There are not many of whom the world can take testimony on these questions; but occasionally there is some one in whom a typical experience is wrought out, and who has the gift of expressing it, like Tennyson in "In Memoriam."—From "*Topics of the Time*," in THE CENTURY *for May.*

The Question at Issue.

The technical question between Russia and England is a disputed boundary. The frontier claimed by England and recognized by Russia until 1881, was a line running east and west from the Oxus to a point on the Persian border a little south of Sarakhs, and about two hundred miles in a direct line from Herat. The line claimed by Russia runs nearly parallel with the other from the Murghab River to the Persian frontier, at one point within thirty miles of Herat. Between these two lines lies what is called the disputed zone, comprising a district known from ancient times as the Badghess. Within this disputed territory the Russians occupy the towns of Pul-i-Khatum, Sari Yazi, Akrobat Pull Khisti, and Penjdeh, and have fortified Zulfiear Pass. The Afghans are in possession at Maruchak and Bala Murghab. It is claimed by the Russians that Badghess has never really belonged to Afghanistan, although it has at different times been nominally subject to the ruler of that country. They say that by the agreement of 1872, and on the official map then issued by the Indian Government, the Afghan frontier passes through the point of confluence of the Koushk and the Murghab rivers, and intersects the Herirud River at a point about eighteen miles south of Pul-i-Khatum on the Persian line.

England, on the other hand, insists that Badghess is Afghan territory. Rescripts are still extant addressed to the inhabitants by the Kings of Cabul. In 1873, Shir Ali Khan specifically named Badghess, in his negotiations with Lord Northbrook, as an Afghan district which was likely to be overrun by the Turcomans if those tribes were expelled from Merv by the Russian arms. Again, in the famous memorandum of 1872, the phrase "dependency of Herat" was especially intended to cover Badghess, and finally the assessment of the district is actually borne on the Herat register at the present day.

On military grounds, the English urge that Zulfiear and Robat Passes must be occupied by the government which controls Herat, since these are the natural outworks and gateways of Western Afghanistan, and for similar reasons Penjdeh must be retained for the protection of the road leading to Maimena and Balk. The Russians, on the other hand, contend that a neutral zone between Turkestan and Afghanistan cannot be marked out, and that the frontiers must be extended so as to embrace on their side the northern slopes of the Paropamius Mountains and the valleys of Heri-rud and the Murghab Rivers, whose population they only are able to protect from the marauding raids of the Tekke and the Turcoman tribes.

Only a year ago, when the tribes of the Merv Oasis gave in their submission to Russia, the apprehensions of England were allayed by the assurance from St. Petersburg that no further advances would be towards Herat. To admit the claims of Russia would be to place that Power within a day's march of Herat; the "Key of India," a prize that would soon prove too tempting for Russian greed. Matters have been drawing to just this issue for many years. Under one pretext and another Russia has been advancing step by step towards the borders of India. Unless a radical change is wrought in the policy that has hitherto controlled her movements in Asia, war is inevitable, soon or late.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—You picture to yourself the beauty of bravery and steadfastness. You let your imagination wander in delight over the memory of martyrs who have died for truth. And then some little, wretched, disagreeable duty comes, which is your martyrdom, the lamp for your oil—and if you will not do it, how your oil is spilt—how flat and thin and unilluminated your sentiment about the martyrs runs out over your self-indulgent life."—*Phillips Brooks.*

—Dr. Holmes beautifully says: I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I planted on the hill-side which overlooks the broad meadows, scalloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic. Nature finds rhymes for them in the recurring measures of the seasons. Winter strips them of their ornaments and gives them, as it were, in prose translation, and summer reclothes them in all the splendid phrases of their leafy language. What are these maples and beeches and birches but odes and idyls and madrigals? What are these pines and firs and spruces but holy hymns, too solemn for the many-hued raiment of their gay deciduous neighbors?

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