

SOME "LEAVES OF GRASS."

To thee old cause!
 Thou peerless, passionate, good cause,
 Thou stern, remorseless, sweet idea,
 Deathless throughout the ages, races,
 lands,
 After a strange sad war, great war for
 thee,
 (I think all war through time was really
 fought, and ever will be really fought
 for thee),
 These chants for thee, the eternal march
 of thee.
 (A war, O soldiers, not for itself alone,
 Far, far more stood silently waiting
 behind, now to advance in this book).

* * *

As I lay with my head in your lap,
 camarado,
 The confession I made I resume, what
 I said to you in the open air I resume,
 I know I am restless and make others
 so,
 I know my words are weapons, full of
 danger, full of death,
 For I confront peace, security, and all
 the settled laws, to unsettle them,
 I am more resolute because all have
 denied me than I could ever have
 been had all accepted me,
 I heed not and have never heeded
 either experience, cautions, major-
 ities, nor ridicule,
 And the threat of what is call'd hell is
 little or nothing to me,
 And the lure of what is call'd heaven
 is little or nothing to me;
 Dear camarado! I confess I have
 urged you onward with me, and still
 urge you, without the least idea what
 is our destination,
 Or whether we shall be victorious, or
 utterly quell'd and defeated.

* * *

I hear it was charged against me that
 I sought to destroy institutions,
 But really I am neither for nor against
 institutions,
 (What, indeed, have I in common
 with them? or what with the destruc-
 tion of them?)
 Only I will establish in the Mannahatta
 and in every city in these States, in-
 land and seaboard,

And in the fields and woods, and above
 every keel, little or large, that dents
 the water,
 Without edifices or rules or trustees or
 any argument,
 The institution of the dear love of
 comrades.

—Walt Whitman.

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They are slaves who dare not speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse.
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

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THOUGHTS FROM THOMAS
A KEMPIS.

All that is not of God shall perish.
 He that is in peace is not suspicious
 of any.

The peculiar gift of the elect is grace
 or love.

It is no small wisdom to keep silence
 in an evil time.

Such as everyone is inwardly, so he
 judgeth outwardly.

Private affection bereaves us easily
 of a right judgment.

O that we had spent one day in this
 world thoroughly well!

Occasions do not make a man fail,
 but they show what he is.

Many secretly seek themselves in
 what they do, and know it not.

We are too much led by our passions,
 and too solicitous for transitory things.

He to whom the Eternal Word
 speaketh, is delivered from many an
 opinion.

By two wings man is lifted up from
 things earthly, namely, by Simplicity
 and Purity.

Whoso knoweth himself, is lowly in
 his own eyes, and delighteth not in the
 praises of men.

Let the love of pure truth draw thee
 to read. Enquire not who spoke this
 or that, but mark what is spoken.

Regard not much who is for thee, or
 who against thee; but give all thy
 thought and care to this, that God be
 with thee in everything thou doest.