

stillness, this sense of strangeness, this consciousness of Time and Eternity, they, they were not parts of what you saw and what you were Yesterday. Life was concrete then; something that you could touch and handle. The flower, the leaf that you held in your hand were not representations of life, but life itself. Oh! that it were that now. You are the boy of Yesterday. I am the man of To-day. The same church is here. The swallows are yet nesting under its windows, but the Man has changed. The life that you thought so practical, so consistent is to me nothing but a philosophic essence. The time that you so fondly considered a material part of your existence is to me a purely psychological factor. And yet Yesterday I was not, and You were. To-day I am, and You are not. How is it my second Self, that you are so different? Let me tell you that the things you cherish, I hate. The bell you thought so pretty, is to me pretty too, but my beauty is inspired by fear. Is it because they rang it Yesterday and tolled it To-day? The green herb-scented turf that you used to loll upon; the flowers that you used to caress with infinite tenderness are to me distasteful. Is it because they were Man's sustenance Yesterday while To day he is theirs? You cannot tell me you whisper. I know you cannot tell me. Neither can the meads or the mountains tell me but it matters not. God is still good and merciful. I know God is still good and merciful; but who has told me? Surely your voice is the murmuring wind of the Morrow and I am comforted.

Sweet spirit of Life! thy changefulness is of one body and of one breath. The vessel of Flesh that is thine, is rimmed with a nectar of Pleasure the Naiads have stolen from the grottos of Grace. Grant, O Beneficent Fountain that thy showers may ever perfume the pathways of Men and lead them to the Elysium of Love. But, O Creator, the same vessel is rimmed with the bitterness of Death. Is it demure a maiden should be so fickle? Chaste and pure in thy fulness of thy living may the one unchangeable principle of Sleep forever cherish the Soul that slumbers but does not die; and beckon across that bourn unto which we must all by virtue of our incarnation depart an Era that will place a new God above all other Gods on the altars of our fore-fathers, who knows not the East from the West and whose birthright is Eternity.