

# KOSMOS.

VOL. III.]

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

[No. 3.

## INTERPRETATION.

A DREAMING poet lay upon the ground,  
He plucked the grasses with his listless hands,  
No voice was near him, save the wistful sound  
Of the sea cooing to the unbosomed sands.

He leaned his heart upon the naked sod,  
He heard the audible pulse of Nature beat,  
He trembled greatly at the word of God,  
Spoken in the rushes rustling at his feet.

With inward vision, his outward sight grew dim,  
He knew the rhythmic secret of the spheres,  
He caught the cadence, and a noble hymn  
Swam swan-like upon the gliding years.

—*Richard Realf.*

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GOD hath not created anything nobler than a scholar sitting  
at his writing.

EVERY great head goes to the grave with a whole library of  
unprinted thoughts.

No one should laugh at men but he who right heartily loves  
men.

EVERY action becomes more certainly an eternal mother than  
it is an eternal daughter.