

the base ; for your sake I will be passive, and I will be strenuous, that all your gift and gain may flow to me. Yet I can not but choose to be your willing slave and captive :

"The eye—it can not choose but see ;
We can not bid the ear be still ;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.
Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress ;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness."

XX.

"Life is—to wake, not sleep,
Rise, and not rest." —Browning.

O rich and precious decays of life, by which the soul's chief treasure is amassed ! how can we prosper without you ? And why will we mourn amid the pains by which we are endowed ? Do we not grow, even as the forest giants, increasing our substance with the ripe result of all fallings from us ; even by having counted many loves and hopes and aspirings, yea, our most valued product, dead and vain ? And is not loss, or the shadow of it, the surest