

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