

sidered it a sin to laugh in church, but did not see any harm in going to sleep during the sermon! The unthinking alone can find permanent pleasure in patronizing such an institution, and directly they can be induced to think they will see the thing in the right light. One demand must then be the exclamation of Goethe—"More light! more light!"

MY CHURCH.

YE matin worshippers! flowers bending lowly
 Before the Sun-god's lidless eye!
 Throw from sweet chalices a scented, holy
 Incense on high!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air
 Makes Sabbath to me, and for ever ringeth
 A call to prayer!

Not to a dome where mason's arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of man's vain mind,
 But to a fane more catholic and solemn,
 Where God I find!

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
 Whose endless lamps, stars, sun and moon supply;
 Its choir the winds, waves' plash—it's organ, thunder;
 Its dome the sky.

There, when alone, in thought I love to wander
 Through shady glades, or lie upon the sod,
 And, awed by Nature's ever-wond'rous beauty,
 I pray to God!

Your voiceless lips, dear flowers, are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book;
 You are to me a phalanx of wise teachers
 In this lone nook!

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,
 "Weep without woe and blush without a crime"
 Oh! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
 Your love sublime!

In these sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
 With which thou paintest thy grand widespread hall,
 What a grand lesson to us thou impartest
 Of love to all!

—Anon.