

activities which go on acting for ever.

"By the spirit when age shall o'ercome thee, thou still shalt enjoy

More indeed than at first when, in-
conscious the life of a boy."

Here is the happiness of old age. You can look back on this old age with satisfaction but there is more. "Thou hast done with the eyes of the actual, begin with the seer's." There is not merely the effects of Saul's deeds on other men as the germs of greater deeds but a sort of immortality of his influence through the memory of the man himself. Note in passing the review of the development of literary records beginning with inscriptions on the rude rocks, then the engraving on wooden tablets followed by the pen on the smooth paper.

In XIV we get the setting of the poem. Back in the pastures with his flock beside Hebron and the brook Kidron David is going over the whole mighty effort to rouse Saul.

In the last two sections of song there is "no harp more, no song more." It is the highest kind of poetry. David now finds the truth, the solution of Saul's misery in his own profound love. So also in "In Memoriam." Man sees, as he looks about, imperfect. He feels that he could surpass God in love but God has put love in man's heart and hence must have greater and more infinite powers of loving. Immortality, the light of the new life that has dawned on him is hinted at in the words

"A new harmony yet, to be run and continued and ended—who knows?"

This was the natural religion such as they were considering at the beginning of this century. This way of representing Christianity is found more than once in Sordello—the problem of how men shall find an adequate end and aim in life.

In XVIII we have

"What stops my despair? This;
'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do."

Then David, having done his utmost creeps home and

"Anon at the dawn, all that trouble
had withered from earth—

Not so much, but I saw it die out in
the day's tender birth;

In the gathered intensity brought to
the gray of the hills;

In the shuddering forests' held breath
in the sudden wind-thrills;

In the startled wild beasts that bore
off, each with eye sidling still,

Tho' averted with wonder and dread;
In the birds stiff and chill

That rose heavily as I approached
them, made stupid with awe;

E'en the serpent that slid away
silent—he felt the new law.

* * * * *

And the little brooks witnessing mur-
mured, persistent and low,

With their obstinate, all but hushed
voices—E'en so, it is so!"

Good Prescriptions for Daily Use.

(1) Don't worry. "Seek peace and pursue it."

(2) Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardily as too slow."

(3) Sleep and rest abundantly. "The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman."

(4) Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. "Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

(5) Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

(6) Think only helpful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

(7) Avoid passion and excitement. "A moment's anger may be fatal."

(8) Associate with healthy people. "Health is contagious as well as disease."

(9) Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. "Trust in the good Lord."

(10) Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."