

MATTER IS FOR MIND.

For us the winds do blow,
 The earth rests, heaven moves, and fountains flow.
 Nothing we see, but means our good,
 As our *delight*, or as our *treasure* :
 The whole is either our cupboard of food,
 Or cabinet of *pleasure*.
 The stars have us to bed ;
 Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws :
 Music and light attend our head.
 All things unto our flesh are kind
 In their descent and being ; to our *mind*,
 In their *ascent* and *cause*.
 More servants wait on man,
 Than he'll take notice of : in every path
 He treads down that which doth befriend him,
 When sickness makes him pale and wan.
 Oh, mighty love ! man is one world, and hath
 Another to attend him.

HERBERT.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the scorpion girt by fire ;
 In circle narrowing as it glows,
 The dames around their captive close,
 Til inly searched by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows—
 The sting she nourished for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain,
 Gives but one pang and cures all pain,
 And darts into her desperate brain :
 So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live like scorpion girt by fire.
 So writhes the mind Remorse has riven,
 Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
 Darkness above, despair beneath,
 Around it flame, within it death.

BYRON.

Fragment Basket.

THE FULNESS THAT IS IN CHRIST,—It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell ; dwell, not come and go, like a wayfaring man who tarrieth but a night, who is with us to-day, and away to-morrow ; not like the shallow, noisy, treacherous brook that fails, when most needed, in heat of summer, but like this deep-seated spring, that rising silently though affluently at the mountain's foot, and having unseen communication with its exhaustless supplies, is ever flowing over its grassy margin, equally unaffected by the long droughts that dry the wells, and the frosts that pave the neighbouring lake with ice. So fail the joys of the