

By past efforts unavailing,  
Doubt and error, loss and failing,  
Of our weakness made aware,  
On the threshold of our task.  
Let us light and guidance ask,  
Let us pause in silent prayer.

Then the Master in his place  
Bowed his head a little space,  
And the leaves by soft airs stirred,  
Lapse of wave and cry of bird,  
Left the solemn hush unbroken  
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,  
While its wish, on earth unsaid,  
Rose to heaven interpreted.

Agassiz planned to carry on this summer school as a practical school of marine zoology, but in December of that same year he died. One of his life-long friends says that the most impressive words to those who knew him, among the many tributes paid at his death, were the following:

We buried him from the chapel that stands among the college elms. The students laid a wreath of laurel on his bier, and their manly voices sang his requiem; *for he had been a student all his life long, and when he died he was younger than any of them.*

Longfellow's poem, written for Agassiz's fiftieth birthday, says the same thing more beautifully:

#### HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

(Longfellow's Poem, May 28, 1857).

It was fifty years ago  
In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.  
And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: "Here is a story book  
Thy Father hath written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod,  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
Though at times he hears in his dreams  
The Ranz des Vaches of old,

And the rush of mountain streams  
From the glaciers clear and cold;—

And the mother at home says: "Hark!  
For his voice I listen and yearn,  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return."

#### Quotations For June.

Mine is the month of roses; yes, and mine  
The month of marriages; all pleasant sights  
And scents, the fragrance of the blossoming vine  
The foliage of the valleys and the heights,  
Mine are the longest days, the loveliest nights,  
The mowers' scythe makes music to my ear,  
I am the mother of all dear delights,  
I am the fairest daughter of the year.

—Longfellow.

June is the pearl of our New England year,  
The bobolink has come, and like the soul  
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,  
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what  
Save, June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June!

—James Russell Lowell.

Who loves fair flowers,  
And shady bowers,  
And all the joys a garden brings,  
Knows sweet content  
And merriment  
Far more than happiest of kings,  
The whispering trees,  
The murmuring bees,  
Each flower that nods, each bird that sings,  
Are good friends, sent  
With sweet content  
Unknown to happiest of kings.

—Anon.

O month whose promise and fulfilment blend  
And burst in one; it seems the earth can store  
In all her roomy house no treasure more;  
Of all her wealth no farthing have to spend  
On fruit, when once this stintless flowering end.  
And yet no tiniest flower shall fall before  
It hath made ready at its hidden core  
Its tithe of seed, which he may count and tend  
Till harvest.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

#### The Daisies.

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune  
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,  
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,  
The people God sends us to set our heart free.  
The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,  
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;  
And all of their saying was, "Earth, it is well!"  
And all of their dancing was,  
"Life, thou art good."

—Bliss Carman