

world." As other examples of his poetry one may quote the lines.—

As the wave breaks to foam on shelves,
Then runs into a wave again,
So lovers melt their sundered selves,
Yet melted would be twain :

and the striking thought enshrined in the line—

There is no god dare wrong a worm.

Before passing from his poetry one feels bound to add a few lines of the little poem, "Terminus," not on account of their literary merit, but by reason of the pathetic interest attaching to them and as an instance of the greatness of the man. Emerson was growing old, and though still eagerly sought after as a lecturer, he felt his powers were waning and his work was no longer, what it had been. His recognition of this fact and the resolution based upon it shall be given in his own words—

It is time to be old,
To take in sail ;
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said : " No more !
No further shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches and thy root,
Fancy depart ; no more invent,
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent."

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As a bird trims her to the gale
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime :
Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed ;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.