

On the ocean my chariot has often been borne
and the Roamer's white pennon my beauty hath worn.

" My eye hath oft flashed to the gems of the night,
I have caught the first rays of the morn's rosy light ;
The sweet star of evening is set on my crest,
And the beams of night's queen adorn my clear breast.

" On the field, to the slumbering soldier I've come,
And mixed with his tears, as he dreamed of his home ;
I have watched with affection the tomb of the fair,
And nourished the overgreens love planted there.

" I've tasted the breath of the violet blue,
And lent to the lily its beautiful hue ;
On the crown of the rose my palace is set,
In the vine flower I place my pure coronet.

" I've come with rich offerings in my tiny hand,
And clothed with rejoicing full many a land ;
The harvest hath owed to my life giving power,
As I stooped to revive in the dark blighting hour.

" I've called up the herb from its mansion below,
The garden my summons most potent doth show ;
I've passed to give sweet to the nectary's lip,
That the bee from its cup sweet treasures might sip.

" I've come to the earth as a gift from the sky,
As formed by the hand of the matchless on high ;
And where'er my light footstep rejoicing hath been,
Life, Beauty and Love on my pathway are seen."

Fair child of the morning, thou beautiful one,
Thou art like to that faith sent down from God's throne,
Whose love to earth's valley of sorrow is given,
To nourish and water the spirit for heaven.

In affliction's dark blight, in adversity's hour,
It visits the soul with its life-giving power ;
When the fond heart's affections are rest in their bloom,
It nurses Hope's blossoms beyond the dark tomb ;
And like thee, when exhaled 'mid the blue of the sky,
It shines most resplendent in glory on high.



5. "A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not allowing shame to prevent me from asking questions, when I was ignorant."