

that Earth can show her of Eternity:—the home of a vanished past, lost to all record or tradition; the home, too, of deeds to stir the hearts of men while history remains; the scene now of quickening life along the great, ship-bearing River, in the busy streets, and among the girlhood at school beside her; and then the hills, the old, the everlasting hills; and the primordial tides, throbbing so far inland with the full pulse of the Atlantic; the wide, wide sky; the universe of stars; the view of all immensity.

Murs, ville  
 Et port,  
 Asile  
 De mort,  
 Mer grise  
 OÙ brise  
 La brise—  
 Tout dort.

Ce bruit vague  
 Qui s'endort,  
 C'est la vague  
 Sur le bord;  
 C'est la plainte  
 Presqu'éteinte  
 D'une sainte  
 Pour un mort.

On doute  
 La nuit.....  
 J'écoute.....  
 Tout fuit,  
 Tout passe,  
 L'espace  
 Efface  
 Le bruit.

Then, when an angel lays his ear to this still convent, as we lay ours to catch the voice of Ocean whispering through a single shell, he surely hears those undertones of lowly human service which are the soul of all the harmonies on high.