

would impart. And, in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought."

Lowell once wrote in a letter: "He is as sweetly high-minded as ever, and when one meets him the fall of Adam seems a false report." And Father Taylor, the sailor preacher of Boston, a devout Methodist, and differing with him entirely in doctrine, said that "Mr. Emerson might think this or that, but he was more like Jesus Christ than any one he had ever known. He had seen him when his religion was tested, and it bore the test."

Mr. Cooke states that at one time Professor Alcott made him a visit, and found him remarkably given to the highest expression of the religious spirit. "In the morning he read from the Bible in the simplest and most impressive manner, making the words he read natural with life; and he made a prayer as if he were communing face to face with God, in a spirit as trustful as a child's."

His was a healthy life, physically and mentally—how different

from the "sick giant, Carlyle!—from beginning to end. It was without crises, almost without events. He was not elated by fame nor hurt by criticism, but went on calmly and steadily in his chosen way. His perfect serenity of soul never failed him. In old age he was as happy and tranquil as ever. But before he died his memory began to fail, and one of the most touching pictures we have of him is that of the old man beside the dead form of his friend, Longfellow. Memory was gone, but, looking at the face and turning away, he said, "That seems like the face of a good man."

It is difficult, rather it is impossible, to judge Emerson by the common literary standards, and from such a brief study as this we go away with a sense of unsatisfactoriness. There is always the fear that we have not been quite just, quite fair, quite true in our estimate of him; and there is the lingering sadness and regret that we found him, when weighed in the balance, something wanting. As has been said of another, he was so great, we cannot forgive him for not being greater.

Toronto.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

It might have been! Oh, saddest words of all.
We dream and dream of scenes beyond recall,
Sad thoughts will come, and burning tears will fall,
For "might have been."

Oh, could we live our lives all o'er again!
Could we forget the present, with the pain
Of thoughts that are unspoken! All in vain.
It might have been.

It might have been. Oh, words of wild regret;
Sorrow for vanished homes, and yet—ah, yet—
Would we, if e'en we could, forget—forget
What might have been?

Ah, well! perchance for all some sweet hope lies
Buried deeply, maybe, from human eyes,
And none but God may ever hear our sighs
O'er "might have been."

God knoweth best; and though our tears fast fall
Though none beside may know, He knoweth all,
All that is sad and lost beyond recall—
The "might have been."