

## LOVE THYSELF LAST.

Love thyself last. Look near; behold thy duty  
To those who walk beside thee down life's  
road;

Make glad their days by little acts of beauty,  
And help them bear the burden of earth's  
load.

Love thyself last. Look far, and find the  
stranger

Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair;  
Go lend a hand and lead him out of danger,  
To heights where he may see the world is  
fair.

Love thyself last. The vastnesses above thee  
Are filled with Spirit Forces, strong and pure.  
And fervently these faithful friends shall love  
thee,

Keep thou thy watch o'er others, and endure.

Love thyself last; and oh, such joy shall thrill  
thee

As never yet to selfish souls was given.

Whate'er thy lot, a perfect peace will fill thee,  
And earth shall seem the ante-room of  
heaven.

Love thyself last; and thou shalt grow in spirit  
To see, to hear, to know and understand.  
The message of the stars, lo, thou shalt hear it,  
And all God's joys shall be at thy command.

Love thyself last. The world shall be made  
better

By thee, if this brief motto forms thy creed.  
Go follow it in spirit and in letter;

This is the Christ religion which men need.

## THE STREAM'S SECRET.

## NEW REVIEW.

O water, thou that wanderest whispering,  
Thou keep'st thy counsel to the last.

Deep in the pleasant green heart of the  
pleasant Isle of Wight a little brook flows  
under a small footbridge in a narrow se-  
questered lane. Its first spring is scarce  
a mile thence, at the foot of yonder downs  
that bound the still green vale dotted with  
elms and farmsteads, through which my  
stream flows very straight and still and  
dark, scarcely stirring the water-plants  
that border it, and scarcely wide enough  
to separate the cattle that browse on either  
side of it. Standing on the bridge, one  
sees it stealing along all its length; so  
small yet so strong, so inevitable; so ap-  
parently abiding and steadfast, yet so full  
of movement and life. Gently and softly

as an infant's breath it comes, yet so  
persistently; no power on earth can turn  
its onward course; it may be dammed,  
diverted, tapped, embanked, carried here,  
carried there, but not turned back; it is  
the quiet pulse of that valley's life and as  
constant as the flow through a live crea-  
ture's heart. It flows for ever by an  
immutable decree; it is young and fresh  
and childlike, and yet so very, very old;  
not indeed quite as old as the hills, just a  
little younger than those sweet grey-green  
downs crested with pines that shed its  
waters from their flanks. It scarcely ever  
overflows, though rumours occasionally  
hint that the lane is under water. One  
hears them with incredulity, waits a day  
or two, and finds the little voice in the  
wilderness saying the same thing to the  
silence and wearing the same face as be-  
fore, though the lane has gathered mud.  
Half a furlong distant, at the roots of some  
elms, is a spring, whence rises a small  
sister brook, which, spreading across this  
same lane in the careless, casual manner  
that is one of the charms of my little brook,  
is spanned by another footbridge, and  
thence, darting behind the hedge, runs  
laughing along among thick-matted cress  
and iris, till it is caught at right angles  
and blended with the first brook. Just at  
their blending in the meadow, the united  
streams spread across this wide bit of  
lane, unchecked by the stout rail fence  
that keeps the cattle in, and, narrowing  
under the footbridge, flow on beneath a  
thick pleaching of golden willow boughs  
to the river and sea, the latter only six  
miles away.

And here begins its richest song, here  
on the stones beneath the bridge, beneath  
the shadow of willow boughs, a soft golden  
warble, infinitely soothing and restful to  
tired brains and weary hearts. What  
does it say in its low, liquid voice, always  
changing yet ever the same, sliding from  
tone to tone, eluding the ear and passing  
into silence, but quickly recapturing its  
ancient note and beginning all over again  
and again, till the senses are hypnotised  
with pleasant sound and the charm of  
Lethé steepes the brain in peace? It is  
always warbling, summer and winter,  
night and day, and always telling the  
same mysterious tale; you cannot turn  
away from it, because of the promise in  
those elusive notes, ever beginning and  
threatening to reveal the secret it always  
keeps. The dawn hears it, looking down