

creep on his hands and knees down to me, to help me. How would it be with your priest? The worthy man—he would recommend your unhappy soul to God—lift up a cross before the abyss, and go as he came.

The Baron looked thoughtfully, and serious. . . Herr von Willwitz put out his hand, with all the warmth of friendship: "You know I love you."

"My friend!" and the tears stood in the Baron's eyes.

"Then listen to me. You have just implored of me, with the noblest warmth, never to go down again into a cavern. Here is my hand, I never will. But now comes my turn. Now, let me implore you never again to meddle with books which cast down from their throne God and Providence. Remain in the clear daylight of common sense, instead of losing yourself in those dim shadows. Instead of hanging by a rotten cord over an abyss, keep on the firm, safe ground of feeling and consciousness.

The Baron embraced his friend, and promised him to do so.

THE DISCIPLES CALLED.

The noon had passed, and gently toward the west Declined the sun. Soft, fleecy clouds, tinted With rainbow hues, followed his downward path, Their wavy outlines pencilled on the blue Of the clear sky, in forms of matchless grace, By the great Artist's hand.

Delicious airs

Spring freshly up, while in the deepening shade Of clustered trees, and thick o'er-mantling vines Where coolness dwelt, birds, brilliant as the clime Of their own Orient, poured in liquid strains Their joyous songs. Set free from toil, there stood The patient ox; and from the limpid stream, Mid whose cool waters they the fragrant cud Through noon's hot hours had chewed, the milky kine

Slowly emerged, pressing with careless hoof The verdant sward, to crop their flowery food. Bright in the slanting rays of the red sun Shone roof, and pinnacle, and lofty dome Of stately cities, clustered on the shore Of Galilee's broad sea. Capernaum there, And fair Bethsaida, glittered in his beams, Each temple's polished shafts, and sculptured walls Adorned with gold, flung like a parting smile From his refulgent orb.

And gently swelled,

Touched by that mellow light with dolphin hues, The dark, full waters of the heaving sea, While o'er its glowing waves the land-breeze swept, Its cool delicious breath laden with sweets, Spicy and rare, pilfered from dropping balm, And odorous nard, and from the delicate cups Of those bright golden lillies, which outvied (So said *His* blessed lips, who drew instruction From the humblest herb in nature's realm), The pomp of Solomon's most gorgeous robes.

On those calm waves, and near the shelving shore, Two humble barks, their white sails closely furled, At anchor lay—while at the curved prow Sat the "hard-handed fishermen," who plied Their daily calling on that glassy sea, Now, for the morrow's use, their broken nets Mending with care.

But at their humble toil

As thus they sat, those fishers of the deep, In their rude bark, close moored beneath a rock Rifted and high, where the wild olive grew In clusters thick, thoughts which were naught akin To sordid gain, were stirring quick and rife In each full breast,—thoughts which free utterance found

Ere-long in words—for they had wondering gazed Upon the spotless One—the Son of God, Whose voice of love and hand of healing power Such marvels wrought,—had, at his word, beheld The sightless eyeball raised with joy to gaze On heaven's blue arch,—had heard the dumb break forth

In songs of praise, and seen life's kindling glow Re-light the glance, re-tinge again the cheek Which death had chilled,—amazed and wondering Had they silent gazed on the poor cripple Who, with strength endued, unfelt before, Cast from his hand the crutch so long his stay, And with a bounding step, rejoicing leaped, Eager, with childhood's rapture, to explore The paths his childhood loved.

Humble the lives

Of those poor fishermen, unlearned their minds In worldly wisdom or in lettered lore,— Yet in their souls, that spark of the divine By God bestowed, was kindled into flame By their high theme, as marvelling they talked Of all the wondrous acts daily performed By him they deemed the Jewish peasant's son,— Told of his meekness, and the love divine With which he pardoned e'en his bitterest foes, Till, as they talked, his spirit warmed their hearts, And purified from the low dross of earth Their heaven-aspiring thoughts.