

only thing to be desired. But that is not his prevailing tone. At one moment he expresses his weariness in the words—

What matters it the spot we fill  
On earth's green sod when all is said?  
When feet and hands and heart are still  
And all our pulses quieted?

\* \* \* \* \*

So I do not wake to weep  
At any night or any noon,

And so the generous gods allow  
Repose and peace from evil dreams,  
It matters little where or how  
My couch be spread—by moving streams,  
Or on some eminent mountain's brow,  
Kist by the morn or sunset beams.

For we shall rest; the brain that planned,  
That thought and wrought, or well or ill,  
At gaze like Joshua's moon shall stand,  
Not working any work or will.  
While eye and lip and heart and hand  
Shall all be still—shall all be still.

But again he gives us the stirring lines of "The Golden Text:"

You ask for fame or power?  
Then up, and take for text:  
This is my hour,  
And not the next, nor next!

Oh, wander not in ways  
Of ease or indolence!  
Swift come the days,  
And swift the days go hence.

Strike! while the hand is strong,  
Strike! while you can and may;  
Strength goes ere long—  
Even yours will pass away.

Sweet seems the fields, and green,  
In which you fain would lie;  
Sweet seems the scene  
That glads the idle eye.

Soft seems the path you tread,  
And balmy soft the air—  
Heaven overhead,  
And all the earth seems fair.

But, would your heart aspire  
To noble things—to claim  
Bard's, statesman's fire—  
Some measure of their fame:

Or, would you seek and find  
Their secret of success  
With mortal kind?  
Then, up from idleness!

Up—up! all fame, all power  
Lies in this golden text—  
This is my hour—  
And not the next—nor next!

And there is a cheerful acceptance of ills in  
"Quid Refert:"

What care we for the winter weather—  
What care we for set of sun—  
We, who have wrought and thought together,  
And know our work well done?

What do we care though glad stars glitter  
For others only? Though mist and rain  
Be over our heads? Though life be bitter,  
And peace be pledged to pain?

\* \* \* \* \*

What care we though all be a riddle—  
Both sea and shore, both earth and skies?  
Let others read it; we walk that middle,  
Unquestioning way where safety lies.

And care not at all for winter weather,  
And care no more for set of sun—  
We who have wrought and thought together,  
And know our work well done.

Throughout the "Lyrics on Death," which complete the volume, runs a strain of strong faith in the ultimate conquest of good over evil, and the unendingness of life. We have room only for one illustration, the fragment called "From the Sea:"

A voice comes in with the tide—  
A voice that I should know;  
And I fancy it that of the dead, who died  
Ah, me! so long ago.

With the solemn sigh of the sea  
The voice comes landward in:  
And ever it seems to say to me—  
Death wins not—Life doth win.

There was somebody who said unkind words  
which hurt somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who was selfish and  
thoughtless in her home. Was it you?

There was somebody who spoke unkindly of  
somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who found nothing but fault  
with everything in the belongings of her friend.  
Was it you?

There was somebody who borrowed a book and  
kept it for months. Was it you?

There was somebody who, day in and day out,  
never did anything to make anybody else happy.  
Was it you?—*American Primary Teacher.*