

POETRY.

SLEEP.

—O, gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O, thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?  
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious serge;  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafning clamors in the slipp'ry clouds,  
That with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king?

—SHAKESPEARE.

DISOWNED BY MY MOTHER.

FORSAKEN by my mother! cruel words—  
Be still, O heart, for it is even so—  
Forbidden by the dearest voice on earth  
To enter home, where 'twas my joy to know  
The rights and honors due a son.  
Mother, I ask, what have I done  
To forfeit all thy love, my home's most sacred joy,  
To make so fond a mother,  
Forget her only boy?  
My mother, Jesus knocked so at the door,  
Thy child could not refuse to let Him in;  
Could not resist a risen Saviour's love,  
With pardon for his dark and grievous sin.  
O mother! 'tis a privilege sweet  
To sit at my dear Father's feet,  
To feel His tender love; would I could ask no more  
Than this—to be forever,  
My Lord's ambassador.  
But can a son his mother e'er forget?  
Can he forget the being, fond and fair,  
Who through long infancy and wayward youth,  
Guided each step with loving anxious care?  
No, mother, deep within this heart,  
Remains to thee a sacred part.  
Nor joy will ever come, nor tide of sorrow roll  
That can efface, dear mother,  
Thine image on my soul.

Bright pictures of my sweet German home  
Before me hover—Oh a vision blest—  
A sister's love once more I seem to feel,  
And lean for joy upon my mother's breast.  
Alas 'tis but a pleasant dream,  
A dark cloud veils the joyous gleam.  
By kindred I'm despised, and by them bid to flee;  
Forever, oh! my mother,  
Hast thou forsaken me?

Dear Master, for Thy sake, because I choose  
Beneath the shadow of Thy cross to stand,  
The love of kindred I have lost, and now,  
Alone I wander in a foreign land.  
Yet not alone, my heavenly Guide,  
My Hope, in Thee I will confide.  
And Thou wilt hear Thy servant's prayer, and  
Thou wilt bring  
His loved and gentle mother,  
To know Thee as her King.

Farewell! my mother, if this arm may not,  
By thy desire, be in age thy stay;  
If still thy mother's heart, as years advance,  
As life shades fall, could wish me far away.  
For thee I'm constant in my pray'r,  
'Tis this—within God's mansions fair,  
Amid eternal peace and everlasting joy,  
That you may meet, dear mother,  
Your saved, forsaken boy.

—H.J.

IS REGULATED PLEASURE THE END OF LIFE?

EPICURUS, unlike Aristippus, holds that while pleasure is the end of life, it needs to be sought with care and foresight. But reflection is to be exercised only so far as that is necessary for "practical" purposes. In the discovery of truth for its own sake Epicurus takes no interest; what he desires is a working theory to enable a man to get out of life all that is best in it. His problem was: "How am I to find the highest satisfaction possible in a world that is foreign to me?" In the age of Epicurus Athens had lost her freedom, and, "fallen on evil days," men had to seek in their own souls the satisfaction denied them in public life. The philosophy of Epicurus is a compromise. Aristippus says, "Discard theory and live in the moment;" Epicurus says, "Subordinate theory to practice, (1) Epicurus adopted the doctrine of Democritus because it seemed to banish men's superstitious fears. Matter is composed, he held, of an infinite number of minute particles or atoms, the sole properties of which are size, shape and weight. Granted an eternity of time in which all the possible combinations of atoms may occur, and an infinite number of atoms "running along the illimitable inane" of space, and we may explain on purely mechanical principles the apparent design in the exquisite symmetry of a flower, the flexibility and grace of an animal or a man,