

POETRY.

PROGRESS.

THE Master stood upon the mount and taught.
He saw a fire in his disciples' eyes;
"The old law," they cried, "is wholly come to
nought,
Behold the new world rise!"

"Was it," the Lord then said, "with scorn ye saw
The old law observed by Scribes and Pharisees?
I say unto you, see ye keep that law
More faithfully than these!"

"Too hasty heads for ordering worlds, alas!
Think not that I to annul the law will'd;
No jot, no tittle from the law shall pass,
Till all have been fulfilled."

So Christ said eighteen hundred years ago.
And what then shall be said to those to-day,
Who cry aloud to lay the old world low
To clear the new world's way?

"Religious fervours! ardour misapplied!
Hence, hence," they cry, "ye do but keep man blind!
But keep him self-immersed, preoccupied,
And lame the active mind!"

Ah! from the old world let some one answer give:
"Scorn ye this world, their tears, their inward cares?
I say unto you, see that *your* souls live
A deeper life than theirs!"

"Say ye: 'The spirit of man has found new roads,
And we must leave the old faiths, and walk therein'?—
Leave then the Cross as ye have left carved gods,
But guard the fire within!"

"Bright else and fast the stream of life may roll,
And no man may the other's hurt behold;
Yet each will have one anguish—his own soul
Which perishes of cold."

Here let that voice make end; then, let a strain,
From a far lonelier distance, like the wind
Be heard, floating through heaven, and fill again
These men's profoundest mind:

"Children of men! the unseen Power, whose eye
For ever doth accompany mankind,
Hath look'd on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.

"Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?
Which has not fall'n on the dry heart like rain?
Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man:
Thou must be born again!"

"Children of men! not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
The Friend of man desires."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ON BEING ELECTED POETESS OF THE LADIES' SOCIETY.

You ask me in a gentle grace,
Poetic numbers, rhymes to trace,—
To be your poet.

My friends, you know not what you ask,
And when you see my blund'ring task,
I know you'll rue it.

I fear the melody divine
Dwells not within this soul of mine,—
How can I do it?

Nor, do you tell me what's your will,
That I, at least, might it fulfill,
Did I but know it.

In lyric song to try my skill,
Or else, your souls with music fill
In measured sonnet.

Or should dire tragedy, in feet,
And rhythmic cadence, tales repeat,
Could you "wade" through it?

Or comedy, my pen inspire
An epic, or an ode,—or higher,
If I could woo it.

Or, do you leave it to my choice?
Within what measure lift my voice,
To charm your spirit.

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Ah! since 'tis so, I'll see—'Tis vain
To find a rhyme,—my wearied brain
Cannot come near it.

And yet I can't refuse to try,
Perhaps the muses by and by
Will bring me to it.

But I must warn you, that a name
Unknown in song, unknown to fame,
Will be your poet.

H. HELOISE DUPUIS.

AS THE GIRLS SEE IT.

I took the gentle Anabel
To see a football game,
And thus unto a friend of hers
Did she describe the same:

"Oh, May, you should have seen them play;
'Twas such a lovely sight!
And though the first game I had seen
I understood it quite."

"First came the Yales, all dressed in blue,
Then Harvard came in red.
One fellow, the rest all tried
To jump upon his head.

"And then one fellow stopped and stooped,
And all the rest got round;
And every fellow stopped and stooped
And looked hard at the ground.

"And then the other fellow yelled,
And each man where he stood
Just hit and struck and knocked and kicked,
At every one he could.

"And then one fell upon his neck
And all the others ran,
And on his prone and prostrate form
Leaped every blessed man.

"And then the ambulance drove on,
And, loaded up with men
With twisted necks and broken lungs,
Went driving off again.

"Oh, football's just the cutest game!
It cannot be surpassed,
But yet it really is a shame
To use men up so fast."

Ex.