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ISOLATION.

BY B. PAUL NEUMAN,

The moon is large, the heavens are clear ;
Above the trees that crown the height
Two stars are shining, two so near,
It seems their shimmering rays unite.

But she who holds the master-key
Of knowledge, looks with smiling face.
"Between those gleaming sparks you see
Are stretched the myriad miles of space."

I turn unto the close-at-hand,
The world where distance cheats us not ;
How close her thronging peoples stand
All brethren of a common lot.

Nay, the immeasurable sea
Wherein the shining planets roll,
Is small to that immensity
Encircling every human soul.

Grieve not that man must stand apart,
Whose lonely spirit, he shall find,
Is closer to the Eternal Heart
Than to the nearest of his kind.

—The Spectator.