

## DAVID.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes  
And drops upon the leafy limes;  
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:  
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,  
And sweet the wakeful tapers' smell,  
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with smile intense,  
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;  
Sweet when the lost arrive:  
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,  
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,  
The choicest flowers to give.

Sweeter, in all the strains of love,  
The language of thy turtle-dove,  
Puffed to thy swelling chord;  
Sweeter with every grace endued,  
The glory of thy gratitude,  
Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;  
Strong in pursuit the rapid gledo  
Which makes at once his game:  
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;  
Strong through the turbulent profound  
Shoots xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal!  
His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole  
His chest against his foes:  
Strong the gyre-angel on his sail,  
Strong against tide the enormous whale  
Emerges, as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,  
And in the sea, the man of prayer,  
And far beneath the tide,  
And in the sent to faith assigned  
Where ask is have, and seek is find,  
Where knock is open wide.

Glorious the sun in mid career;  
Glorious the assembled fires appear;  
Glorious the comet's train:  
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;  
Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm;  
Glorious the enraptured main:

Glorious the nothern lights astream;  
Glorious the song when God's the theme;  
Glorious the thunder's roar;  
Glorious hosannah from the den;  
Glorious the catholic amen;  
Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious—more glorious in the crown  
Of him, that brought salvation down  
By meekness, called thy son;  
Thou that stupendous truth believed,  
And now the matchless deed's achieved,  
DETERMINED, DARED AND DONE.

## CRYSTALS FROM A CAVERN.

No. II.

In the spiritual as in the physical world, for some portion of mankind, day is always dawning; and none are so dark as to want the tradition of past light, and the faith of its return.

To found an argument for the value of Christianity on external evidence, and not on the condition of man, and the pure idea of God, is to hold up a candle before our eyes that we may better see the stars. It may dazzle, but cannot assist us.

There is no lie that many men will not believe; there is no man who does not believe many lies, and there is no man who believes only lies.

Physical results can prove nothing but a cause adequate to produce such, that is, a physical cause; though, doubtless, these results, when subservient to a spiritual system, may be used as illustrations of it. But the proofs of a spiritual system must be drawn from itself, must be spiritual proof, and spiritually discerned. Therefore, to the perverted, faithless, loveless mind, they cannot be made manifest; and to attempt to argue a bad, base creature into conscience and religion is a sowing of corn in the sea. Arguments are only valid for any man in proportion as he has the consciousness of the premises they are grounded on. The Epicurean, or greatest-enjoyment man, may, in truth, not reason at all from the only grounds that his self-created habits and feelings permit him to be conscious of. His creed is the only logical one for swine and baboons, and if he chooses to make these his sect, it is his moral election, not his dialectic understanding, that we have a right to blame. From all this, it follows that the question, what is spiritual cultivation? how may the spirit in man be cultivated? is, of all practical questions, infinitely the most important; or, indeed, that all other are but elements of this one.

It is thoughtless to say that because all things we know have each their cause, therefore the whole must have a one cause. We see that within the bounds of nature every phenomenon has a cause; but this does not entitle us to go beyond those bounds to look at nature from without, and say that this too must have a cause; for the argument is evidently drawn only from the parts,

and is unduly stretched when we apply it to the whole, though perfectly tenable when we merely reason from analogy, and conclude that as the phenomena we know have causes, so must the phenomena we do not know. But every movement of existence might be in turn cause and result, and the whole be but a great everlasting wheel. It is as easy to imagine such a system eternal and infinite as to suppose an eternal and infinite Author of it. But the real ground of religion is very different, and may be suggested by the question;—Why is the view of the universe, as this great self-included, self-reproducing whole, so weary and fearful, at the very best, so unsatisfying a prospect for the human mind? How can it be but because the sense that we need a God is an infallible indication that there is one, an extra-mundane creator, the idea of whom is consistent with all we know of the universe, and absolutely required by our best and deepest knowledge of ourselves and our fellow creatures.

*Leaf.* Thou unmoving mass! wherefore dost thou bar my way?

*Stone.* Thou idle wanderer! Water rolled me hither. Quarrel with it, not with me. But wherefore, I may ask in turn, dost thou flutter against me?

*Leaf.* Wind blew me hither. Blame it, not me.

*Stone.* Then may water and wind contend together and dispute instead of us; while thou and I remain at peace.

*Leaf.* Nay, but water and wind will not struggle in anger. For a sweet bird sang one summer evening amidst my tree, and from him I learnt that they are fair twin-sisters; and when they seem to wrestle, it is but to dance together and embrace; and when they uplift their voices it is but to join in song.

Every man has consciousness worse than the world would endure to hear of, but also wiser and better ones than it approves. Of these more memorable inward awakenings is the idea which has always haunted mankind of a universal, however indefinable, affinity between themselves and the whole universe. We feel at times assured, though often unable to express even to ourselves the fact, that the forms and laws of all other beings are all a portion of the forms and laws of our being. Somehow, although we know not how, it is myself that seems to me repeated, or prophesied, or drawn out into story in every thing I see. It is something of myself, some vast primordial matrix of my life that glooms before me with closed eyes and folded senses in the dark huge rock. The doubts and struggles of my earnest hours are the strivings of a spirit working in fraternal union with that which animates the stormy landscapes, and groans in the bosoms of the ancient pine-trees. It seems to be a single deep and blissful heart, from which proceed at once the gentle and pious breathings of my devotion, and the pervading loveliness of this transparent sunset as it melts into a starry night. So I and all things round me appear but different reflections of one great existence. Some in dimmer, some in clearer, in grey, or purple, or golden, in smooth, or distorting mirrors. But there are still more startling suggestions, when this kind of impression works upon us, not only from all the lower appearances, but from men themselves; when it is revealed to us that all the world of intellect, passion, and imagination, all poems, and histories, and mythologies, all tragic and heroic strains of life, exist by implication in every individual breast. For every man has in truth within himself, though buried, perhaps, under granite pavements of custom and ignorance, and under immemorial beds of cold lava, whatever was taught by the priests of Thebes, or with the sinking towers of Babylon rolled into oblivion before the trumpet of Cyrus, and all that was ever evoked from darkness by the lyre of Homer. Our whole constitution is prepared for the impulse, as the electric matter lies folded in the cloud. Give but this shock, and then might the beggar, the negro bondman, or the shrivelled money-hoarder find flashing in his brain an Iago, a Falstaff, a Juliet, a Lear; might rule as Timour a hundred kingdoms, and a million of horsemen; in the person of Cæsar woo a Cleopatra; teach as Plato, hear as Aristotle, die as Socrates; as Columbus fashion a living, substantial world with the lines of a pencil on a chart; and as Isaiah thunderstrike the apostate kings of Judah, in whose wavering, greedy, cruel hearts he would also find an image of his own. So large, manifold, and one is our existence. Yet we to him who in this contemplation forgets that the life which is at the root of all, and is its substance, is good, is true, is holy; and works its way through an infinite scheme of forms to rest for ever in that godlike consciousness.

There are emotions in man so subtle and precious that he cannot find for them even unuttered words. For sympathy is the vital air of language; and thoughts, and feelings which, by their nature, must be the birth of our deepest and most solitary moments, of those the least disturbed by the murmur of crowds, can never to crowds be communicated without a sense of unfitness and shame in the mind of the speaker, and a sense of irritation and repugnancy in the hearers. This higher and more inward language, therefore, supposing such to be possible, could never have had the opportunity of arising. But the more meditative and vocal spirits may for themselves, and the comparatively few who are as themselves, indicate the shooting or lambent light, in significant image, and perpetuate these in written speech, a legacy for all ages of

consolation to the few, and to the many of perplexity. Such things cannot, even in rare moments of serene and devout colloquy, be more palpably expressed than by a glance, a hint, a sigh.

The best and fairest world of which man can form a complete and consistent image, is that in which men live.

Every fancy that we would substitute for a reality, is, if we saw aright, and saw the whole, not only false, but every way less beautiful and excellent than that which we sacrifice to it.

The human heart is made for love as the household hearth for fire; and for truth as the household lamp for light.

Heaven and hell are mixed together to make up this world, as light and darkness to compose the morning twilight.

To wish that others should learn by our experience is sometimes as idle as to think that we can eat and they be filled. But when we find that we have ate poison, it is doubtless mercy to warn them against the dish.

All the sad infernal rivers flow from fountains in this upper world.

He who conceived the images of Ixion and Sisyphus, Tantalus, and the Danaids, must have felt those miseries in himself before he transferred them to other names.

Superstition moulds nature into an arbitrary semblance of the supernatural, and then bows down to the work of its own hands.

The rudest granite block is the first sullen and blind attempt at sculpture, of the same plastic force which, working at last by the hands of man, shaped the Olympic Jove, and the Venus of Melos.

Practical life does all for a purpose, yet it is precisely in a reasonable ultimate purpose that it is most likely to be wanting.

The spontaneous life of emotion and imagination ends in powerlessness and emptiness, and mere slavery to outward impressions, unless its free movements be not indeed suppressed, but regulated towards distinct ends.

Daily, customary life is a dark and mean abode for man; and unless he often opens the door and windows, and looks out into a freer world beyond, the dust and cobwebs soon thicken over every entrance of light; and in the perfect gloom he forgets that beyond and above there is an open air.

He who is satisfied with existence so long as it shines brightly, forgets that snuffing the candle will not prevent it from burning to the socket.

Men narrow their views in order to see more distinctly, as they go to the bottom of a well to see the stars at noon. But it is a poor exchange to give sunlight for starlight.

There are characters so utterly and so unconsciously false and hollow, that they seem like casts or impressions of men similar to those figures of fossil shells in rock, where there is no remnant of the shell itself,—rather than real men, however mutilated and dwarfed. And some such are plausible, full-blown spectacles, on whom daylight and general opinion shine flatteringly; while there shall be some crabbed, uncouth, unhappy fragment of genuine human life that the whole universe scowls on, yet in truth far worthier than the gaudy image which overshadows and scorns it. The one is but a glaring figure in nature's magic lantern; the other one of her misshapen, disinherited children.

Could we imagine a complete devil's world a world of lies, quacks would in it be the only professors, and proof of entire ignorance and incapacity would be the only requisite for obtaining all degrees and diplomas. Yet so much is there akin to this in our actual world, that many among us would sigh for such a state of things as for a millennium, a golden age—an age in which all literature would be puffs, all discourse compliments and rhetoric; and he who wished most earnestly to pass for a great man, without being one, would be at once acknowledged worthiest of the honour.

An excess of excitement and a deficiency of enthusiasm may easily characterise the same period.

Enthusiasm is grave, inward, self-controlled; mere excitement outward, fantastic, hysterical, and passing in a moment from tears to laughter.

An age of eager, random movement keeps turning the windmill round and round, in hopes to grind the faster, forgetting that the wind blows from but one point at one time.

For the Pearl.

## SONNET TO SCOTLAND.

The fairy land of poetry—and dreams  
Of images bright in the borrowed rays  
Of Fancy's multi-coloured sheen—of fays  
And warlocks, associated with the themes  
Of Scottish chivalry and gay romaunt,  
Is this—

Embedded in the rugged rock,  
There roll the glassy waters of the loch;  
Mirror'd upon whose face the ruins gaunt,  
Of some o'erhanging fortalice are seen.  
And here the bosky windings of a glen  
Stretch far beneath the unhallowed gaze of men,  
Save those whom kelt and plaid bespeak their mien;  
And if such scenes to Scotia's land belong,  
Shall it not wake in me the tribute of a song?