

Or with America's loved poet tell
 How woman's love surviveth fates most fell?
 May I collect a people's ancient lore,
 And forth in strains of sweetest music pour
 The legends old, that in its early dawn
 The fancies of the people fed upon?
 Each bard has struck so well the tuneful lyre
 Touched with a spark of the celestial fire,
 That now there seems no vacancy to fill
 For one who boasteth but of trifling skill.
 Surely each subject is exhausted quite
 On which a simple, bayless bard may write.

EDWARD N. HARNED.

Chappaqua, 1888.

SELECTED.

No thought that ever dwelt honestly as true in the heart of man but *was* an honest insight into God's truth on man's part, and *has* an essential truth in it which endures through all changes, an everlasting possession for us all. And, on the other hand, what a melancholy notion is that which has to represent all men, in all countries and times except our own, as having spent their life in blind condemnable error, mere lost Pagans, Scandinavians, Mahometans, only that we might have the true ultimate knowledge! All generations of men were lost and wrong, only that this present little section of a generation might be saved and right. They all march forward there, all generations since the beginning of the world, like the Russian soldiers in the ditch of Schweidnitz Fort, only to fill up the ditch with their dead bodies, that we might march over and take the place! It is an incredible hypothesis.

Such incredible hypothesis we have seen maintained with fierce emphasis; and this or the other poor individual man, with his sect of individual men, marching as over the dead bodies of all men, towards sure victory, but when he too, with his hypothesis and ultimate infallible credo, sank into the ditch, and became a dead body. What was to be said? Withal it is an important

fact in the nature of man, but he tends to reckon his own insight as final, and goes upon it as such. He will always do it, I suppose, in one or the other way; but it must be in some wider, wiser way than this. Are not all true men that live, or that ever lived, soldiers of the same army, enlisted, under Heaven's captaincy, to do battle against the same enemy, the empire of Darkness and Wrong? Why should we misknow one another, fight not against the enemy but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniform? All uniforms shall be good, so they hold in them true and valiant men. All fashions of arms, the Arab turban and swift scimitar, Thor's strong hammer smiting down Jötuns, shall be welcome. Luther's battle-voice, Dante's march-melody. *All* genuine things are with us, not against us. We are all under one captain, soldiers of the same host.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

PROHIBITION OF IMMIGRATION.

The importance of some restrictive measure has doubtless impressed itself upon the mind of every thoughtful young man and woman. Efforts to successfully restrict it will, however, prove as fruitless as were the efforts to restrict Chinese immigration and slavery, since it is a thing that cannot be restricted short of absolute prohibition. Daniel Webster said less than fifty years ago that United America could never be explored much less thickly settled, but if the present rate of immigration, added to our own increase, continues those of us who live fifty years hence will find this country more thickly populated than they are in Europe at the present time. We have no such extensive parks reserved as they have in England and on the Continent.