

SOME "LEAVES OF GRASS."

To hold men together by paper and seal or by compulsion is no account, That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as the hold of the limbs of the body or the fibres of plants.

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I will not be outfaced by irrational things,
I will penetrate what it is in them that is sarcastic upon me,
I will make cities and civilizations defer to me,
This is what I have learnt from America—it is the amount, and it I will teach again.

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The law of the past cannot be eluded,
The law of the present and future cannot be eluded,
The law of the living cannot be eluded, it is eternal,
The law of promotion and transformation cannot be eluded,
The law of heroes and good-doers cannot be eluded,
The law of drunkards, informers, mean persons, not one iota thereof can be eluded.

—Walt Whitman.



THE SUN-DREAM.

We are not perfect comrade, in our lives;
Our love is but a broken thought of God;
But always in our hearts there is that strives
Towards heights untrod.

The will to follow good has made us one;
Love could not bind us else so close and fast;
We have not turned our faces from the Sun—
And night is past.

Dear, not for us to boast that we are strong,
But, deep within, the Sun-dream, Beauty,
burns,
And life and truth will sing us, song by song,
All Love's concerns.

Out of the tender night's enfolded shade
We slip, empurpled, to the strife that scars,
And duty broadens while ambitions fade
Like day-break stars.

A. E. S. S.

LIBERTY OR STAGNATION.

If a man has a genuine, sincere, hearty wish to get rid of his liberty, if he is really bent upon becoming a slave, nothing can stop him. And the temptation is to some natures a very great one. Liberty is often a heavy burden on a man. It involves that necessity for perpetual choice which is a kind of labour men have always dreaded. In common life we shirk it by forming *habits*, which take the place of self-determination. In politics party-organization saves us the pains of much thinking before deciding how to cast our vote. In religious matters there are great multitudes watching us perpetually, each propagandist ready with his bundle of finalities, which having accepted we may be at peace. The more absolute the submission demanded, the stronger the temptation becomes to those who have been long tossed among doubts and conflicts.

So it is that in all the quiet bays which indent the shores of the great ocean of thought, at every sinking wharf, we see moored the hulks and the razes of enslaved or half enslaved intelligences. They rock peacefully as children in their cradles on the subdued swell which comes feebly in over the bar at the harbour's mouth, slowly crusting with barnacles, pulling at their iron cables as if they really wanted to be free, but better contented to remain bound as they are. For these no more the round unwall'd horizon of the open sea, the joyous breeze aloft, the furrow, the foam, the sparkle that track the rushing keel! They have escaped the dangers of the wave, and lie still henceforth, evermore. Happiest of souls, if lethargy is bliss, and palsy the chief beatitude!

. . . We wonder, therefore, when we find a soul which was born to a full sense of individual liberty, an unchallenged right of self-determination on every new alleged truth offered to its intelligence, voluntarily surrendering any portion of its liberty to a spiritual dictatorship which always proves to rest, in the last analysis, on a *majority vote*, nothing more nor less.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.