

What was the thought then whispered?

'Twas of God,

And of His love for us.—No pang we feel,

Escapes his pity, and the hearts that bleed

He bathes at length in balm of Recompense.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-mon).

The World's Greatest Poems.

I. THE RIG-VEDA.

Though 'East is East, and West is West, and never the two shall meet,' we can, surely, claim kinship, mental and spiritual, as well as racial, with our brethren of the older branches of the great Indo-European family. It is true that, of all Europeans, the Greek stands nearest to the Aryan and the Persian, simply because his nature, like theirs, is, above all things, speculative, and gnosticism—the claim to a special, divine wisdom,—is common to the Brahman, the Buddhist, the disciples of Zoroaster, and to the Alexandrian philosophical heretics.

We, of the western world, on the other hand, are, professedly practical, rather than speculative, and have little patience at the best of times, with dreamers and myth-spinners. How much, nevertheless, we owe to these same dreamers, how much of that which affects our truer, higher interests most nearly, we have in common with them, only a deep, exhaustive study of the Sacred Books of the East could make us understand.

Such study is, however, beyond the reach, and probably beyond the inclination of most of us. We ask, in fact, that such research should be performed for us by others, and we made acquainted with its results in some convenient form; that our mental food should be supplied, so to speak, in tabloids, to be assimilated without effort; to be, as it were, peptonized, and made innocuous to weak digestions.

In respect of these same Sacred Books of the East, Max