

Soon up the aisle in beauty's pride,
 Like lovely vision came the bride—
 To fluttering hearts and eager sight,
 She radiant seemed in robes of white ;
 With gentle grace the words were said,
 The sweet assent, and we were wed.
 Then all the silver bells let free
 Their thrilling tones of melody ;
 Out through the clear and frosty air,
 Like blessed psalm and solemn prayer ;
 Then clear and sweet like birds in song,
 The silver sounding notes prolong—
 Down through the vale, and o'er the hill,
 And echoing round the quaint old mill ;
 And every heart that homeward went,
 Felt music as of sweet content,

So now together toiling on,
 We sweeten labor's hours with song ;
 Then, when there comes the cloud of care,
 We lift our wearied hearts in prayer ;
 And as love's joys around us spring,
 Our very hearts in praise take wing ;
 And oft when evening shadows come,
 We gather round the hearth at home ;
 We speak of earth in beauty bright
 That broke upon my darkened sight.
 With earnest hearts we wondering wait
 Till time shall ope the golden gate,
 And eyes to heaven's glories sealed
 Shall see its glories grand revealed ;
 Beneath heaven's shadowing wing we stand,
 And love doth lead us by the hand.
 We calmly wait for brightest light,
 Till faith and hope give place to sight.

THE SPIRIT OF SYMPATHY.

Few people are more repugnant and more undesirable as companions or associates than cold, impervious, unimpressible persons who pass unmoved and apparently untouched through scenes of joy and scenes of sorrow, seeming to have no chords to vibrate in common with the humanity about them, to be set apart from the range of common feeling and common emotions. Some pride themselves on the cultivation and attainment of these unsympathetic traits, this immovability and hardness of heart. They call it dignity, strength and poise of character, a spirit of calmness and serenity—all virtues to be desired in their true form and right proportions, but not to be mistaken for selfishness, callousness, uncharitableness and coldness of heart.

Better almost anything, even childish extravagance and impetuosity, than these. Imperturbability of countenance and steadiness of nerve under all circumstances and conditions are regarded by some as marks of high culture and stern discipline, and so they may often be ; but the danger is that this hardening process may be carried so far as to deaden if not destroy the finer sensibilities, the soft and tender feelings which sweeten and ennoble humanity, and which only grow and blossom in their fullness and beauty in hearts that are open to the sunshine, in natures that have been enriched and made large and fruitful because they have been genial, receptive and responsive to the common needs, influences and demands of common life in its common round ; because they have been in close and sympathetic touch with the currents of thought and emotion which are always and everywhere swaying the lives and conduct of men.

To stand studiously aloof from such things, to cultivate a habit of repressing and silencing every display of feeling, every exhibition of sympathy, under the mistaken idea that such is the way of the refined and lofty nature, can only result in time in encrusting the heart about with a shell that withers and kills its tenderest and sweetest virtues because it allows neither the going out nor the coming in of those happy influences in whose free action alone can such virtues live and thrive. A man with such an encrusted heart, a nature that can pass unmoved up and down among the joys and sorrows of humanity with tearless eyes and mirthless countenance—such a man might serve when done in marble on some lofty pedestal ; but he has no place in a world like this, where weddings and funerals, the usherings in and the usherings out of life, constitute so large a part of the business of mankind. A culture of whatever kind that gives a result like that is worse than no culture at all. Better a land of