

"I reach a duty, if I do it not  
I never see another, but if done  
My view is brightened, and another spot  
Seen on my moral sun.

So be the duty high as angel's flight  
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise  
E'en from its ashes, duty is infinite  
Receding as the skies."

It is by this inward consciousness and its vague prophetic vision that we are enabled to stand on the threshold of the meaning of eternity and immortality. It extracts from the unrevealed mysteries of life the inward soul at which their outward semblance vaguely hints. It is the occasional glimpse of the great unknown, vouchsafed to a finite vision, the outreaching of time and space by a time-bound soul grasping at infinity.

Man knows by the native power of the mind which is so formed as to originate these ideas, that he was created for a supreme end, but what that end is to be he has no power of determining by his own unaided reason. This knowledge has been conveyed to him through divine revelation, and in receiving it he has become more responsible for what he is or what he shall be.

Many of the teachings of intuition are confirmed by revelation, and many truths are pointed out to us and gain great prominence and significance which would otherwise be passed over as of little moment or remain entirely unnoticed. The great revealed truth of the soul's deathlessness is wonderfully pleasing to the insatiable human mind. Addison likens the soul in its relation to its Creator to one of those mathematical lines which may draw nearer to another for all eternity without any possibility of touching it. In teaching the brotherhood of all mankind, it points out unmistakably to each his duties and obligations, and makes philanthropy a common cause. It is often distasteful to arrogant human nature to acknowledge the chain of unity where it binds to a mutual inheritance, a soul breathing in the high realm of culture, and one existing in gross darkness, but where the need is greatest the claim is strongest, and the more imperative becomes the duty of the higher, because of his superior power of discerning the distance between them to extend the hand of brotherhood and raise the lower nearer his own. This is taught not only by precept but by example, and we find in the divine

philanthropist the ideal man is ever striving to realize. But even after he has attained to the highest degree possible here, and has drawn from every available source, truths which to him seem ponderous and abstract, he has but learned the alphabet of the unknown language.

He cannot grasp the grand colossal words of the yet sealed book. The most he can know of any thing, is but the starting point of a higher life, for no vision, however prophetic, can pierce far enough into futurity to behold and understand the things "we shall know hereafter." But when eternity shall open with a full revelation of ineffable things, when he awakens in the likeness so long desired, and in possession of the secrets of life and death; then will man's search and thirst for knowledge cease. Until then he will have his days of blind groping in the dark brightened by moments of high communion, when he strives in vain to realize intangibilities, after which, he acknowledges with a sense of defeat,

"Behold! we know not anything."

#### Thoughts on the Life and Poetry of Keats.

AMONG the minor poets of England, and she boasts of not a few, Keats takes a foremost place. Considering the humbleness of his birth, the tenderness of his constitution, the shortness of his life, the imaginative quality of his poetry, and the fierce unfeeling criticism to which it was subjected, his name is radiant with a lustre brighter than that which encircles the brow of any of the young poets of England, excepting, perhaps, that of Shelley. There is a mournful, tragic interest, surrounding his life which lends a peculiar charm to his poetry.

Born in 1795, losing his father at the age of 9 years, he was sent by his mother to school at Enfield, where he formed an intimate acquaintance with the son of the schoolmaster—Charles Cowden Clarke, famed in that by no means narrow realm of Shakspearean scholarship. It often happens that the school-boy adumbrates the man. Keats, as a boy, was a strange compound of resoluteness and sensibility, and impressed his companions with a sense of his power. At the age of 15, he was taken from school and apprenticed to a surgeon of Edmonton.