

Alone.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

ALONE, alone! in utmost need,
With conscience banning evil deed,
And heart that breaks not, though it bleed.

All, all alone! to solve the doubt—
To work our own salvation out;
Casting our feeble hands about

For human hope, or human cheer,
Or only for a human tear—
Forgetting God is always near.

The loveliest face hath never brought
Its loveliest look; the deepest thought
Is never into language wrought;

And beauty to the highest art
Slips from the painter's hand apart,
And leaves him aching at the heart.

And music, borne by echo back,
Pines on a solitary track,
Till faint hearts cry, Alas, alack!

And love! his deepest, truest tone,
Is known to God himself alone,
And finds no answer to his own.

The wine-press must alone be trod,
The burning plowshare pressed unshod—
There is no rock of help but God.

The Blossom of the Day.

BY F. B. PERKINS.

THE last half of the forenoon is the best part of the day. It is the sunny side of the peach; the tenderloin of the steak; the early manhood of life—always supposing that a day is peach, steak, or life, respectively.

I do not mean for sleep or rest, however; but those are not life. I mean for doing. And the reason is obvious. It is that, in the ordinary course of things there is at that time a maxi-

—mum of vitality on hand, and a minimum of expenditure of it.

All night the mysterious power of that self, of which we are so infinitely ignorant, has been silently accumulating strength—from where? From darkness? From silence? From unconsciousness? No human being knows. We cannot even say whether this strength streams into us from the earth and the air, or whether it is