

that which is most important of all, the philosophy of their own being. We need no longer be like men walking in darkness. We may see ourselves, and we may see others ; and it is possible to see clearly the way wherein we should walk. Truth has come down to us, not only to enlighten the valleys in which the world has been so slowly and painfully travelling and toiling in uncertain obscurity, but to lead us up the lofty summits, where every one who venerates its teachings, may have the radiant sunshine of Heaven itself to illumine and to bless him.

THE SHADOW OF OURSELVES.

A Remonstrance.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

There is always a dark spot upon our sunshine : it is the shadow of ourselves.—CARLYLE.

WHY should the shadow of thyself be flung
 On the bright sunshine, and the singing earth?
 Like the wind-harp, all noble hearts are strung
 To tones of sadness, not to tones of mirth.
 As he, who fitly girds him for the race,
 Leaves every weight and obstacle behind,
 So shouldst thou onward go, with upward face,
 And in thy progress strength and freedom find,
 And gladness of heart, and peacefulness of mind.

Touch not the cup of compromise : O, spurn
 The lure, though thou art fainting and athirst,
 And thy poor heart all wearily may yearn :
 To drink the cup of gall thou art not first ;
 All lips have tasted, and all hearts have felt

The anguish which in words no utterance found:
 Enough, if thou in loneliness hast knelt
 In the deep solitude, where human sound
 Came not, and there hast felt the Godhead gird thee round.

From thy strong citadel of self go forth,
 And hold communion with the rock and wood:
 Let the strong wind from out the iron North,
 And the high mountain, wile thee from thy mood:
 Bend down thine ear, like to a listening child,
 And hear the gay bird-song, the insect-hum,
 And let the leaping brook, with pleasure wild,
 Home to thy heart in primal beauty come,
 Up to the rocky cleft, where thou a child hast clomb.

And the frail blossom, trembling in the light,
 Shall speak to thee of love, and trust, and peace—
 Speak to thy heart; young tears shall dim thy sight;
 Nor wilt thou doubting ask, Who nourished these?
 Forth from the barren rock they trusting start—
 The glad airs fan them, and the dew-drops fall:
 Deep shall their teachings sink into thine heart,
 And voices from the grove to thee shall call,
 To speed thee on thy way, released from dangerous thrall.

Call forth the manhood of thy strong right arm,
 To make thee despot o'er the unyielding earth;
 And thou shalt find that **LABOR** hath a charm
 In his brown face, seducing thee to mirth.
 How shall the red blood sing along thy veins,
 And sleep come down a benison at night,
 When thou shalt listen to the summer rains,
 That fill thy harvest-home with fresh delight—
 Co-worker thou with God, who aids thee with his might!

Brooklyn, L. I.