

## THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

OUR vales are sweet with fern and rose,  
Our hills are maple-crowned;  
But not from them our fathers chose  
The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land  
To Death they set apart;  
With scanty grace from Nature's hand,  
And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,  
Frost-flung and broken, lines  
A lonesome acre thinly grown  
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree shows  
Its drooped and tasselled head;  
Within, a stag-horned sumach grows,  
Fern-leafed with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neighboring plain  
Like white ghosts come and go,  
The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,  
The cow-bell tinkles slow.

Low moans the river from its bed,  
The distant pines reply;  
Like mourners shrinking from the dead,  
They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,  
Unchecked the winter blast;  
The school-girl learns the place to shun,  
With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified—  
That he might read who ran—  
The emptiness of human pride,  
The nothingness of man.

They dared not plant the grave with flowers,  
Nor dress the funeral sod,  
Where, with a love as deep as ours,  
They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they kept,  
From beauty turned aside;

Nor missed they over those who slept  
The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would blow,  
The golden leaves would fall,  
The seasons come, the seasons go.  
And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung  
In bloom and green its wreath,  
And harebells swung as if they rung  
The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share,  
The gifts she hath for all,  
The common light, the common air,  
O'ercrept the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,  
The sunrise and the noon,  
And glorified and sanctified  
It slept beneath the moon.

With flowers or snow-flakes for its sod,  
Around the seasons ran,  
And evermore the love of God  
Rebuked the fear of man.

We dwell with fears on either hand,  
Within a daily strife,  
And spectral problems waiting stand  
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,  
The truths we know, are one;  
The known and nameless stars revolve  
Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,  
And take the dole we deal,  
The law of pain is love alone,  
The wounding is to heal.

Unharm'd from change to change we glide,  
We fall as in our dreams;  
The far-off terror, at our side,  
A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all-tender heart  
Alike rest great and small;  
Why fear to lose our little part,  
When He is pledged for all?

O fearful heart and troubled brain!  
 Take hope and strength from this,—  
 That Nature never hints in vain,  
 Nor prophecies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet stave,  
 Her lights and airs are given,  
 Alike to playground and the grave,—  
 And over both is Heaven.

## THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

### EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSWELL.

[I AM so well pleased with my boarding-house that I intend to remain there, perhaps for years. Of course I shall have a great many conversations to report, and they will necessarily be of different tone and on different subjects. The talks are like the breakfasts,—sometimes dipped toast, and sometimes dry. You must take them as they come. How can I do what all these letters ask me to? No. 1. wants serious and earnest thought. No. 2. (letter smells of bad cigars) must have more jokes; wants me to tell a "good storey" that he has copied out for me. (I suppose two letters before the word "good" refer to some Doctor of Divinity who told the story.) No. 3. (in female hand)—more poetry. No. 4. wants something that would be of use to a practical man. (*Prahetical mahn* he probably pronounces it.) No. 5. (gilt-edged, sweet-scented)—"more sentiment,"—"heart's outpourings."—

My dear friends, one and all, I can do nothing but report such remarks as I happen to have made at our breakfast-table. Their character will depend on many accidents,—a good deal on the particular persons in the company to whom they were addressed. It so happens that those which follow were mainly intended for the divinity-student and the school-mistress; though others, whom I need not mention, saw fit to interfere, with more

or less propriety, in the conversation. This is one of my privileges as a talker; and of course, if I was not talking for our whole company, I don't expect all the readers of this periodical to be interested in my notes of what was said. Still, I think there may be a few that will rather like this vein,—possibly prefer it to a livelier one,—serious young men, and young women generally, in life's roseate parenthesis from — years of age to — inclusive.

Another privilege of talking is to misquote.—Of course it wasn't Proserpina that actually cut the yellow hair,—but *Iris*. It was the former lady's regular business, but Dido had used herself ungenteelly, and Madame d'Enfer stood firm on the point of etiquette. So the bathycolpian Here—Juno, in Latin—sent down *Iris* instead. But I was mightily pleased to see that one of the gentlemen that do the heavy articles for this magazine misquoted Campbell's line without any excuse. "Waft us *home* the *message*" of course it ought to be. Will he be duly grateful for the correction?]

—The more we study the body and the mind, the more we find both to be governed, not *by*, but *according to* laws, such as we observe in the larger universe.—You think you know all about *walking*,—don't you, now? Well, how