

his symptoms, and detailing the progressive steps of his disease, as if he were the physician and not the patient—there was something in all this so germane to a Christian trust and resignation that one is almost tempted to believe that Bishop Warburton's definition of orthodoxy, if something less than the truth, was something more than a jest: "Orthodoxy, my lord, is my doxy; heterodoxy is somebody else's doxy."

Even the daisies that grow so luxuriantly over his head seem instinct with something of his sleepless energy, and you can almost credit his dying fancy that he would leave his grave and weep at the hour of Sunday service of the Twenty-eighth, like the mother in the German legend, who, dying in childhood, left her grave, for nine weeks, ev-

ery night, and came to the cradle-side of her baby and wept. About a month before his death he wrote to a friend:

"Above all things else I have sought to teach the true idea of man, of God, of religion, with its truths, its duties, and its joys. I never fought for myself, nor against a private foe, but have gone into the battle of the nineteenth century, and followed the flag of humanity. Now I am ready to die, though conscious that I leave half my work undone, and much grain lies in my fields waiting only for him that gathereth sheaves. I would rather lay my bones with my fathers and mothers at Lexington, and think I may, but will not complain if earth or sea shall cover them up elsewhere."

It was a feast-day in Florence when they bore him to his burial. Let us trust with the mourners that it was the "feast of an Ascension."

AT AN OLD GRAVE.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

RUTH, daughter of Chrisp and Mary Lee,
Lies here in the hope to rise again;
She was born in seventeen forty-eight,
And died in eighteen hundred and one.
The gift of grace to her was free,
She carried her light in the path of men,
And went from the darkness of this estate
Whither God himself is the light and sun.

Thus on the stone was the legend spelled,
When the yellow lichens were scraped away,
Though half a century's storm and shower
Had smoothed the wrinkled lettering out,
And the scutcheon the carved cherubs held
Had slowly faded day after day,
While, fresh as they bloomed in their earliest hour,
The wantoning vines crept all about.

And soon deciphered, it stood sole sign
For fifty-three long-forgotten years,
Lonely and childless and sad, perhaps,
Of outward grace and comfort shorn.
And the day with its wide indifferent shine
It has learned to know, and the night's chill tears;
And round it the train's wild echo flaps
With screaming speed for the eager morn.

Beneath the seasons' heavy hand
The sunken slate leaned down the grave,
While Mays to Aprils have swiftly wheeled,
And slow Arcturus has reddened the snow;
And it sucked the gloom from the sky and land
To that spot where the scanty grasses wave,
Into the heart of its sombre shield,
Till the earth spread laughing and bright below.

For over the slope and far away,
Bathed in the beautiful light of day,
Dimpled with shadows of floating cloud,
And blue in the distant summer still,
The level fields of the champaign lay,
Golden and brown from new-mown hay;
And behind some lofty and lucid shroud
The slant sun rained on a lifted hill.

So when I saw it first, and so,
Had the burial mound refined to glass,
And Ruth forsaken her sleep to look,
She had seen the country lapped in June,
While the loud bee hummed in the clover blow,
And, far from the idle feet that pass,
Like the rustle of any limpid brook,
The throbbing fluted his broken tune.

Did the heavens let down upon Ruth's birthnight
Larger and lower their throbbing stars,
The river, brimming his banks, flow clear,
And low winds ripple a silken stir?
Did a meteor thrust its veils of light,
And kingly essences burst their bars,
All for the love of the new life here,
And the possibilities born with her?

And hour by hour did the heavens grow pale,
The river go by to swell the tide,
And the spirits that wait on awful chance
Lift their plumes for a loftier flight?
Did the great heart falter, the great fate fail,
And the moment that had been glorified
Slip into the slow and idle dance
Of the hours that bring about the light?

Or a sad spark struck to flickering fire
Was that life, held close from the glad some wind,
And set in all too narrow a niche,
Where rarely breath from full heaven came,
Till the mounting spirit, fluttering higher,
Drew the fluent air expressed and thinned,
And wasting the fragrant oils and rich,
It turned and fed on its sacred flame?

Ah, what matter? Her life she led
Seventy years and more ago;
Over her slumber the dew distills,
The wild bird warbles, the wild rose blooms,
As o'er any queen who lies crowned and dead.
It may be the innocent natures know
That as well God's purpose such life fulfills
As the lives that lead into lofty tombs.

For haply the simple life of Ruth,
Unthrilled by a lover's tender touch,
Unfilled by a mother's sweet content,
Fed with no honeyed joys at all,
Reached to the heart of things, in truth,
And moulded divine results as much
As the life to which an empire bent
While it held the same brown dust in thrall!

The low cloud blushed and burned to see
The sun that over her hovered at last;
Soon would the dews shine all about,
And the great procession of stars would climb—
As much for her still, I said, as for me—
While I staid till the sweet-breathed cattle passed;
Nor yet has her ripple quite died out
That whispers along my lingering rhyme!

LEONORA CHRISTINA IN THE BLUE TOWER.



LEONORA CHRISTINA.

IT is not a fairy tale that I am about to relate, although its heroine was the daughter of a king and the wife of a nobleman whom this king delighted to honor. But I must tell you who they were before I tell the story, and to do this I must pick out the thread of their history from the tangled web of the time in which they lived. It runs as follows: Leonora Christina was a daughter of King Christian IV. of Denmark and Kirstine Munk, a lady of an ancient and illus-

trious family, with whom he had contracted a morganatic marriage. She was born on the 18th of July, 1621, at the castle of Fredericksborg, and in her eighth year was promised in marriage to Corfits Ulfeldt, an impoverished gentleman of good family, who had traveled in his youth, as was the fashion then, had studied at Padua, and had acquired a considerable proficiency in foreign languages. He had already filled several positions of dignity, and on the marriage of