

## T H E T R A N S I T I O N .

THE pure who seem to die in earth's rude strife,  
Only win double life.' — KEEBLE.

O LIBERATED one! — shall tears be shed  
For thy swift transit from this lodge of ours?  
Where thou wert not at home, nor satisfied;  
Where sudden frosts transfix the fairest flowers,  
And even thy highest pleasures only led  
To deeper thirst for joys that never shed  
Their perfect bloom on sublunary bowers;  
Joys to a purer, holier sphere allied;  
For thou wert not a serf, but nobly born,  
Of genius and of God — all low delights to scorn.

What shall we mourn? — thy pains? — earth's pains are past!  
Thy losses? — gold henceforth to thee is dross.  
Woes and bereavements? — they are o'er at last!  
The dire death-struggle? — servant of the Cross!  
Who had a martyr's firmness in thy breast,  
Though o'er thy forehead on that parting day  
We bent, and saw the chilling dew-drops start,  
How can we in our groping blindness say  
Whether the sentient nerve was quick to know  
What oft our lips miscall — convulsion, pang, or throe?

Mourn *we* for thee? We, who the same stern field  
Must reap, and on the same clay pallet lie!  
For all these grosser particles must yield  
To the same subterranean solvency,  
Ere from its cell of mystery and gloom,  
Amid the rending rocks and flaming skies,  
And cleaving cerements of the prisoning tomb,  
The immortal body in that glory rise,  
Which HE who cannot swerve hath promised sure  
To those who sleep in CHRIST, and patiently endure.

Thoughts from thy grave, dear friend, how strong their trace!  
Bright wings unfold and spirit-voices cry,  
There is no death! — but only change of place!  
Can there be death to immortality?  
In God's great universe is room for all  
The souls that HE hath made. The shroud, the pall,  
False banners of a fancied victory,  
Behold! their tyrant terrors fade and fall!  
Out of the ship, pale trembler! Tread the shore  
Of the eternal life! Thy league with time is o'er!

Question not GOD! O creature of the dust!  
Make no conditions where thy lot shall be;  
Ask thou no pledge of HIM! Be still and trust;  
Trust and be joyful, for HIS love is free.  
Pass on in faith where'er HE bids thee go;  
Gird thee with truth, in sun-light or in shade;  
Uproot the weed of self, and meekly sow  
Sweet seeds of love for all HIS hand hath made;  
Build not on rituals: make HIS will thy text,  
And all is well with thee in this world or the next.

L. H. S.

## NEW-YORK SOCIETY

SEEN THROUGH A NOVEMBER FOG.

'By Jove! Frank,' said I, 'you've saved my life!' and I gave my coal-fire a fearful poke under the ribs, and catching a woe-begone chair by the ear, I dragged it to me. 'One half-hour more of this dolorous drumming pattering in my ears, ten minutes more of this infernal hum-drum room all to myself, you might have bid me good-bye for-ever! What under heaven was it, though, brought you here this dismal night? You surely could n't rain down. No! no! it does n't rain such good company in November. But never mind; kick off your boots and settle yourself comfortably for the night. Here you are, and here you stay.'

Frank's wet boots went flying into the corner, and his shaggy great-coat, gemmed all over with little rain-beads, was toasting itself complacently at the grate, and the ill-conditioned chair was teetering to-and-fro, with two pair of bachelor stockings on the top-most bar.

But I sprang up hastily, with a muttered apology for my neglect, and went fumbling about in the dark recesses that so abundantly perplex my thrifty land-lady, making fearful havoc in the serried ranks of flasks, and demijohns, and bottles, till my hand grasped the one it knew so well, and dragged it forth to light; but my heart misgave me when I heard no more that musical splash, and I knew that the spirit had departed, leaving for its legacy the fragrant odor of Glenlivet, that lingered so gratefully in my nostrils.

'It's no use to heat the water, Frank;' and I pulled lustily at the bell till our black Ganymede thrust in his grizzled head, ducking and ducking at the door, and chuckling his 'Yes, Sah's, till a thick cloud took him out of our sight, and by-and-by he loomed up again through the dense fog we were creating, bearing in his hands a half-dozen of Barclay and Perkins' best.

'Sam!' said my friend, irreverently curtailing my baptismal appellation, and blowing aside the wreathing smoke, 'how goes practice now, eh? any more dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums? any more measles and hooping-cough? population rising and health below par?' and Frank, by a spasmodic effort, just raised himself enough to catch a glimpse between his two toes of the eminently disgusted expression of my features, and relapsed, with a deep groan, into his chair.

'I declare to you, Frank, it's intolerable. Here I've been now these six months, spoiling the prettiest shingle you ever saw on a brick wall, smoking six segars per diem, studying Bulwer, and Thackeray, and Dickens by the cubic foot, writing poetry by the ream, and running up a score at the publican's that positively haunts me; and every single professional copper I have received in all that time wouldn't count up this day to a dollar; and the last patient I had — let's see; it was in September — she was a perfect African Venus for ugliness, and well-stricken in years at that. Well, her husband discharged me in a fit of jealousy and, what was worse, never paid my bill, which I had all beautifully