

Heart of the Andes, which is not an exact copy of one particular spot of nature, but the fine parts of many miles of scenery, exquisitely fitted together. All the poetry of the mountains is written on a bit of canvas hardly more than a yard square.

It would not be in vain if we should seek the spiritual as well as the physical connection of things. We speak of Fire, Light, Gravity, Fertility, Life, and we undertake to write their history and dictate their laws. But we merely skim upon the surface, and write our observations on the water. Another age comes and writes them over again, but the watery tablets are forever smooth. We are yearning to solve the Wonderful, the Infinite, and although we may do much as did Thor at Utgard, yet like him we are trying to empty at a draught the drinking-horn that reaches to the sea.

Let us cultivate the poet's reverence for these unexplained mysteries. Better would it be, like the old Icelanders, to worship these powers as personified deity, than to look unmoved upon the operations of nature and cover up divinity in scientific terms. Let us cultivate the Beautiful, remembering that the Beautiful is the threshold of the Good, and the Good leads man back to the lost Eden.

[The following Poem was read at the Commencement Exercises of the Woodward High School, June, 1856, by the authoress:]

"GO."

BY LIZZIE JACKSON.

Go, seems unwelcome greeting,
But 'tis fancy makes it so,
For kinder, better wish,
Could mortal ne'er bestow.
By logical deduction,
'Twill really appear,
That if you cease to go,
You'll stop—that seems quite clear.