

DIVINE LOVE.

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy might."—DEUT. vi. 5.

I KNOW not what this world would be
 (Not even by analogy)
 If love were banished, for a time,
 To other realm, or other clime;
 But no, it is not bound by space,
 But with illimitable grace,
 Glides through all worlds, and lives in all;
 All hearts and souls it does enthrall;
 And though in some 'tis little felt,
 Some, where the spirit seldom dwelt,
 'Tis not quite banished or forgot:
 It were indeed a dreary spot,
 Without one single ray of love,
 That heavenly blessing from above!
 For what were virtue, goodness, truth,
 Without the light of love? in sooth
 They would not be—they could not last
 Without this heavenly antepast;
 This foretaste of celestial love
 Vicegerent here, but crowned above.
 Oh! love, thou pure and holy thing!
 What are the blessings thou dost bring?
 Nay, rather what is happiness
 But love in some new guise or dress?
 Even from birth 'tis love which fills
 Each avenue of soul—instils
 Its spiritual influence,
 And makes us love all excellence;
 Whatever bears the noble stamp
 Of great and good; 'tis this pure lamp
 Which lights our path, which gives us hope,
 Extends our views to higher scope.
 We love to read, to hear, to learn,
 And why? because our spirits burn

To enter at that heavenly gate,
 Where mind in majesty of state
 Sits on the throne of love ; and where
 Love's essence breathes upon the air.
 And all God's attributes abound
 In holy love ; for all around
 Throughout creation, not a law
 But springs from love ; nay, if we saw
 The root of all that's good 'twould be
 Love, only love, that we should see.
 Love all pervading—all divine,
 In heaven how brightly will it shine,
 The pure, pure spirit cherished here,
 To consummate the heavenly sphere ;
 To bud on earth for one short hour,
 To bloom for age a lovely flower,
 In heaven so beautiful and bright,
 Its very shadow will be light,
 That when we say " this, this is love !"
 Our spirits will be far above,
 Dwelling with God in holiness,
 And loving for pure blessedness.

R. E. S.

STANZAS.

BY MARION HARTOG.

Oh, draw not the avenger's brand ;
 Vengeance to One alone belongs,
 It needeth not a mortal's hand
 To vindicate thy wrongs.
 There's shame enough upon his brow,
 God hath chastised him, why shouldst thou ?

 He who hath filled the world's high place,
 Now, by the world, forsook,
 In the deep anguish of disgrace,
 Quaileth before thy look.