Vigilance yea

Sorted No drifting against fur Spain; Home not Elementar of —

Hoped the Mail filed (Mass.) he meets — at the Working side Church with the of Al-aksa Voz Farringdon Willis, form the NOTES. —

Do that I say I am glad err I needed not with wrong. Wide lies the mead as of old, and the river is creeping along by the side of the elm-clad bank that turns its weedy stream, and grey o'er the lip the quivering waves are passing by.

There is work in the mead as of old; they are eager at winning the hay, While every sun is bright and begems its sheaves. The forks shine white in the sun round the yellow-red-wheeled wagon, Where the mountain of hay grows fast; and now from out of the lane Comes the oxen carrying another corn, and the shoulder of the sun.

They are busy winning the hay, and the life and the picture they make, If I were as once I was, I should do its work for my sake; For here if one need not work is a place for happy rest, While one's thought went over the world north, south, and east and west.

There are the men and the maid and the wives and the gaffers grey Of the fields I am old and blind but little of it is theirs. Since I was a lad amongst them; and yet how great is the change! Strange are the tales I told unto me of the Genosse and its charge;

Their talk and their laughter mingling with the music of the meads Has now no meaning to me to help or to hinder my needs, So far from these days I drifted in a world of sorrow. A part of myself, my boy, and of pleasure and pain he knows, And deem it something strange when he is other than glad. Lo now! what stories that spoons a cup of the world to tell.

And its is a world of sorrow. A part of myself, my boy, and of pleasure and pain he knows, And deem it something strange when he is other than glad.  

Who the hell is that, or if I love you were yet on the earth! Could she refrain from the fields where my joy and her joy had birth, When I was through it, and I am on it here, and I am here, and the beer —

Mid the flowers that led her on when the summer eve was sweet?

No, no, it is no longer; never again can she come and behold the bay-waves creeping over the meadows of her home —

No more can she see the sky with rose-hung dawn, and the earth With that she handled a while a grove in the mist of the haymaking band. Her laughter is gone and her life; there is no such thing on the earth,

No share for my boy in the world's sweet song, nor yet the earth.

Nay, let me look and believe that all these will vanish away, At least when the night has fallen, and that she will be there 'tis the bay, Happy and weary with work, waiting and longing for love. There will be, as of old, when the great moon arose above,

And lightless and dead was the village, and nought but the weir was awake; There will she rise to meet me, and my hands will be hasting to take, And thence shall we wander away, and over the ancient bridge;

By many a rose-loned hedgerow, till we reach the sun-burnt ridge And the great trench digged by the Romans; these then awhile shall we stand, To watch the dawn come creeping over the fragrant lovely land, Till all the world is decked with, and draws us west, To the deeds of the field and the fold and the merry summer's gain.

Ah thus, only then shall I see her, in dreams of the day or the night, When my soul is beguiled of its sorrow to remember past delight.

She is gone. I would advise, as I have done, to read and to read, To read and to read, and to read; and to read; and to read; and to read;

That she awoke a win of earth the the boy as an picture, and for me there is void and dearth That I cannot name or measure. Yet for me and all these she died, Even as she lived for awhile, that the better day might be

Therefore live, and I shall live till the last day a work shall fail. Have patience now but a little and I will tell you the tale Of how and why she died, and why I am weak and worn, And have wander'd away to the meadows and the earth where I was born; But here and to-day I cannot; for ever my thought will stay To that hope fulfilled for a little and the bliss of the earlier day. Of the great world's hope and auguis to-day I scarce can think; Like a ghost from the lives of the living and their earthly deeds I shrink. I will go down and do the water and earth over and over; And wend in our footsteps of old till I come to the sun-burnt ridge, And the great trench digged by the Romans; and thence awhile will I gaze, And see three seeming countries stretch, I will fade in the haze And in all the dwellings of man that thence mine eyes shall see,

What man as hapless as I am the betune the sun shall be?

O fool, what words are these? Thou hast a sorrow to cure, And thou hast been old and happy; but there they it other a curse, No sting it has and no meaning it is empty sound on the air. The life is full of sorrow, and the world is ever in one place That they have no words of complaining; nor so happy they have been That they may measure sorrow or tell what grief may mean. And thou, thou hast a secret to do, and it is meant within the heart. Depart and ponder on these through the sun-worn afternoon.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Every man who builds a house, or plants an orchard, or invents a machine, or discovers a law of nature, or does anything which tends to promote human comfort or happiness, is a public benefactor; but any man who stands between industry and the natural elements, to buy a trifle upon labour or to keep a foot of land out of use, is a curse to his country and a despoiler to his fellowmen.—Frances Fyodorov.