

fest an indifference toward them for they are the life of the campaign, and the campaign is the preparation of men's minds for a wise and judicious choice of ruler. Consider the matter, for it is only by our own study of political questions that we ever stand independent.

## LITERARY.

### THOUGHTS AT SUNSET IN A FOREST.

I.

'Tis near the hour of eventide,  
The sun's last rays yet tinge the sky ;  
The evening breezes gently glide  
Through trees that bend and softly sigh.  
The robins sweet their carols sing  
A farewell to the closing day,  
And slow the coming shadows bring  
The holy calm of evening's gray.

II.

The leafing trees—stately and tall,  
Grotesquely cast their shadows o'er  
A scene that doth to mind recall  
Some picture found in fairy lore.  
Each tree a huge pilaster, made  
Its leafy castle to sustain,  
That courtly fairies brightly arrayed  
Might fitly serve in Echo's train.

III.

E'en as the vesper breezes glide,  
Methinks I hear this wood-nymph's voice,  
Softly and low—yet meant to chide  
The false Narcissus of her choice.  
It dies—but ah! how sadly sweet  
It steals upon the listening ear,  
Recalling thoughts we fain would greet,  
If held less sacred and less dear.

IV.

From ancient myths and fairy lore,  
From past and present thoughts I turn,  
That I o'er deeper things may pore

And thus of nature something learn—  
Learn that beyond, above us all  
Some unseen power, its laws enforce,  
That from our lips unconscious fall  
Praises to Him, of life the source.

V.

Who, that doth Nature truly love  
Or searches out her hidden ways,  
Would dare deny there lives above  
Him who her every law defines.  
Each plant a living witness stands,  
Each flower his handiwork displays,  
The glowing tints by artist hands  
But shows his power in various ways.

VI.

Since in the human heart there dwells  
A sense of Omnipresent force,  
Can man whom Nature thus impels  
Deny the soul this intercourse ?  
No ! no ! I say 'twould be in vain  
To rob the soul of this commune,  
With Nature, that God doth ordain  
Shall be to man a constant boon.

II.

### TROUBADOURS AND TROUVIRES.

In the poetry of Provenc, a Troubadour was a highly polished and cultivated poet, who did not make a trade of his muse, directly in opposition to the musician and youngeur who wondered about the country singing for money. Yet this distinction only showed itself little by little. At first all classes of the community were equally rude and uncultured and the thing pleasing to the peasant was attractive to the eye of the prince also; but by degrees a superior refinement and sensibility manifested themselves in the tastes and manners of courts, and this superiority found poetical expression in a more artistic kind of verse than had hitherto prevailed. Great nobles, princes and kings who practiced verse-making for their pleasure or out of chivalrous gallantry, were always called troubadours; while inferior knights, court attendants, and even citizens and serfs who lived by their art, were called youngeurs.

At all the courts in Southern France, Nor-