

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

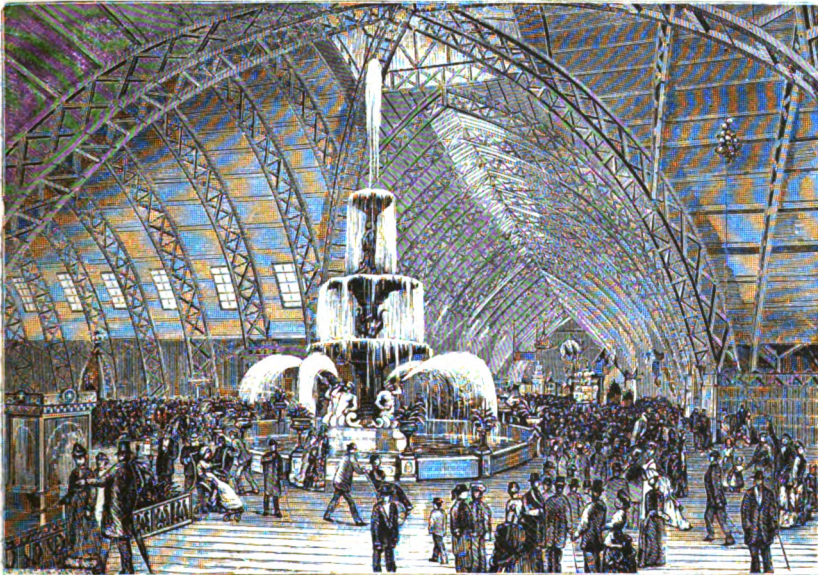
OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

THE CENTURY—ITS FRUITS AND ITS FESTIVAL.

XI.—AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.



GENERAL VIEW OF INTERIOR OF AGRICULTURAL HALL.

THE farmer's assumption that everything comes from the soil would have required the assignment of Agricultural Hall to the place of honor in our series of sketches, in precedence of

its more prominent associates. We are sustained in the arrangement adopted by the action of the Commission in placing the engineer, the craftsman and the artist in front of the line, and billeting the tiller

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Beguiled into forgetfulness of care,
 Due to the day's unfinished task, of pen
 Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
 In Nature's prodigality displayed
 Before my window, oftentimes and long
 I gaze upon a portrait whose mild gleam
 Of beauty never ceases to enrich
 The common light.

The sonnet, too, beginning—

Rotha, my spiritual child! this head was gray
 When at the sacred font for thee I stood,
 Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay—

came naturally to my mind as I talked
 with the younger sister. These ladies
 are intelligent and refined, and of very
 pleasing manners: their mother was a
 daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges. They
 live at a pretty cottage underneath Lough
 Rigg, not far from Fox How.

We went to church again at half-past
 three: I walked with Mrs. Wordsworth.
 She spoke of herself—said she was rap-
 idly growing blind: in the last week she
 had perceived a great change. One
 would get used to the deprivation, she
 supposed, however. Her life had been

a happy one, she added: she had very
 much to be thankful for. Her manner
 in church, I may mention, is most re-
 verent, her head bowed and her hands
 clasped. As I returned from church
 with her a tourist accosted me: Could
 I tell him which was Mr. Wordsworth's
 house? I pointed it out to him. "We
 have many such inquiries," Mrs. Words-
 worth said.

I had now to make my final adieu to
 the dear venerable lady. (I little thought
 I should ever see her again.) Her serene
 and tranquil old age, I said to myself,
 would be a lesson to me for life. She
 wished me a good voyage and a safe
 return to my friends.

William Wordsworth kindly went with
 me for a mountain-climb. We ascended
 Lough Rigg, from which we looked down
 on three lakes, Windermere, Rydal and
 Grasmere—a last view of all this beauty.
 How lovely were the evening lights on
 mountain and valley!

ELLIS YARNALL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

I.

O AGE that half believ'st thou half believ'st,
 Half doubt'st the substance of thine own half doubt,
 And, half perceiving that thou half perceiv'st,
 Stand'st at thy temple door, heart in, head out!
 Lo! while thy heart's within, helping the choir,
 Without, thine eyes range up and down the time,
 Blinking at o'er-bright science, smit with desire
 To see and not to see. Hence, crime on crime.
 Yea, if the Christ (called thine) now paced yon street,
 Thy halfness hot with His rebuke would swell,
 Legions of scribes would rise and run and beat
 His fair intolerable Wholeness twice to hell.
 Nay (so, dear Heart, thou whisperest in my soul),
 'Tis a half time, yet Time will make it whole.

II.

Now at thy soft recalling voice I rise
 Where thought is lord o'er Time's complete estate,
 Like as a dove from out the gray sedge flies
 To tree-tops green where coos his heavenly mate.
 From these clear coverts high and cool I see
 How every time with every time is knit,
 And each to all is mortised cunningly,
 And none is sole or whole, yet all are fit.
 Thus, if this Age but as a comma show
 'Twixt weightier clauses of large-worded years,
 My calmer soul scorns not the mark: I know
 This crooked point Time's complex sentence clears.
 Yet more I learn while, Friend! I sit by thee:
 Who sees all time, sees all eternity.

III.

If I do ask, How God can dumbness keep
 While Sin creeps grinning through His house of Time,
 Stabbing His saintliest children in their sleep,
 And staining holy walls with clots of crime?—
 Or, How may He whose wish but names a fact
 Refuse what miser's-scanting of supply
 Would richly glut each void where man hath lacked
 Of grace or bread?—or, How may Power deny
 Wholeness to th' almost-folk that hurt our hope—
 Those heart-break Hamlets who so barely fail
 In life or art that but a hair's more scope
 Had set them fair on heights they ne'er may scale?—
 Somehow by thee, dear Love, I win content:
 Thy Perfect stops th' Imperfect's argument.

IV.

By the more height of thy sweet stature grown,
 Twice-eyed with thy gray vision set in mine,
 I ken far lands to wifeless men unknown,
 I compass stars for one-sexed eyes too fine.
 No text on sea-horizons cloudily writ,
 No maxim vaguely starred in fields or skies,
 But this wise thou-in-me deciphers it:
 Oh, thou'rt the Height of heights, the Eye of eyes.
 Not hardest Fortune's most unbounded stress
 Can blind my soul nor hurl it from on high,
 Possessing thee, the self of loftiness,
 And very light that Light discovers by.
 Howe'er thou turn'st, wrong Earth! still Love's in sight,
 For we are taller than the breadth of night.

SIDNEY LANIER.