Shelley's House at San Terenzo.

"And did you once see Shelley plain?" Mr. Browning asks. "How strange it seems!" he adds, with an enthusiasm which the memory of no other poet would be likely to excite. Mr. Browning would not have been so moved by meeting a person who had only seen Wordsworth plain, or Scott, or even Byron. Shelley in our age like Spenser for all ages, is the poet's poet. Only a few enthusiasts (among them too many dust comentators and quabbling bibliographers) care for relics and memorials of Shelley. Thus it happens that his house near Spezia, the last house built with hands which sheltered this homeless poet, has not been made a lion and has not been got into guide-books. All the coast of the wild Spezian bay is lined with foundries, forts and manufactories. It is not song now that "floats musical away," as Matthew Arnold says, but the noise of the celebrated thousand ton gun-playing out its match with the hundred inch iron-plated shield. The new town of Spezia sprawls along the beach, displaying the red front of a big hotel to the sea, and noisy with the hammer of masons who are running up a few new pensions. But behind the new town is the old Italian city of narrow streets which Shelley must have known. The houses seem to climb the hill, and turn away from the sea and the sun; and above them stands an ancient castle, unnoted by Baedeker. From the castle one looks down the bay towards Shelley's house, which is concealed from view by a rocky promontory. For eight lire a boatman will row the pilgrim thither and back if the wind prove unfavorable for sailing. The boat slips past the forts and foundries, and round alive-clothed hills topped with tall smoky chimneys. After an hour's rowing you come in sight of old Italy, and leave modern Italy behind. A cliff, worn into caves by the sea, is crowned by a castle like those familiar in the picturer of Clande. The boat rounds the point, and you are close to an old Italian fishing town standing with its back to the dark woods of the cliffs, while the red and yellow houses and the church-tower reflected in the water. The cliffs come close down to the little bay, and the dark wood that covers them makes the bright little town seem brighter by contrast.

Just outside the town stands a large bleak house—Shelley's house—gray, old and deserted. The windows are barred with green shutters, the battered door is locked, the ornaments on the corners of the roof are falling away. The house has a rough stone loggia, in which the washerwoman of San Terenzo are drying queer shirts and odd stockings. The sea-waves, even in the calmest weather, break with a peevish murmur on the shingle and even on the steps of the loggia. The place is like the hut of the fisherman Theocritus—"against it softly floateth up the sea." Almost under the blank windows the fishing people are drawing a net. Children, old men with bare wrinkled legs, and young fellows in their prime, are pulling at the cords, and after an hours' labor rejoice over a few quarts of small fry. There is no one to trouble the pilgrim by "showing" the house—no one even asks for half a franc. The village has forgotten it's old neighbor, the English poet. If the house ever had a garden, the ground had been turned into a cornfield. A step takes you from the house into the pine woods on the cliff. The ground under the trees is overgrown with dark moss and through the boughs of the pines you see the wide bay, Lerici, with its old tower, and the isle where were the temple and harbor of Venus. There is not a sound nor a sight to tell of modern Italy. The woods, with their mossy carpet, are as quiet as when Shelley watched all the day the yellow bees in the ivy blossom. Then the silence is broken by a sound in the highest branches, as a great sea-bird shakes his wings in the boughs, and floats, like the spirit of Shelley, out to the sea.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

For the Messenger.

The Balm of Sympathy.

Like the tendril that clings to the oak for support,
Every heart needs an object on which it may lean;
Yon vine that coquets with the breeze in its sport,
Would be torn by the storm were no other between.

And the heart that relies on itself for its strength,
Though encased, by its pride, in sheething of mail,
Will break of its burden, be conquered at length,
When the winter comes round with adversity's hail.

For the heart is not wrapped in a casement of steel,
That resists, like an armor, the shafts at it hurled,
But will bleed at the touch of the iron-barbed heel,
With which Fate ever tramples the hopes of the world.

But the heart that alone would succumb to its grief,
Grows trrnquil when sympathy lends it an ear;
As the flower drinks life from dew on its leaf,—
'Tis nourished by love's compassionate tear.

E'en the birds of air with each other commune,
And trill to their mates their purest heart-lay;
And this mem'ry outlives e'en the sweetness of June,
And spans o'er the winter a hope-bow of the May.

Oh, why should banish love's nectar, so sweet,
And leave to our lips but the aloes of life!
Can the penance make purer the soul, that it meet
With the angels above, after passing this strife?

Can the Heavens thus covet earth's only pure joy,
And be grudge to the world e'en a single delight?
Ah, the God is best served by the instinct's employ,
And the soul's truest guide is the heart's inner light.

MISS NOMER.

Puyallup, W. T., June 16, 1880.

Value of Woman's Work.

Rev. Thos. K. Beecher, writing to the *Christian Union* of his camp life in the woods gives the following advice:

"All men ought to go to the woods, and religiously do their own washing and general work—such as sewing, cooking, housekeeping, and dish-washing. The work of women is not spoken of sensibly by men till they have done it themselves Gentlemen readers, it is easy to talk! But just try it on a very modest scale once, and you'll honor working women more than ever. Do as I have done—do a wash of six pieces, and then remember that a woman turns off two hundred pieces in a day. Look at your watch and see how long it takes you. Look at your soap and see how much you have used. Look at your white clothes, handkerchief or towel; and see what you have done or not done, and never again speak harshly of or to a woman on wash day, nor of laundry work as if it were unskilled labor. Try it. Don't talk. Don't sneer. Try it. A sympathetic gentleman, having washed two dozen pieces, will never change his shirt again without a glow of reverence and gratitude. She did this. A similar and salutary consciousness will come to him who darns his own socks, patches his trowsers, splices his suspenders and washes dishes. Look not every man upon his own things, but every man also upon the work of a woman." Such an experience in the woods will go far towards settling the woman question, by teaching us that we are all members one of another, and their must be no schism."

Never Again.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are wiser and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain,
We behold it everywhere
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

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