

THE

WHITTIER YEAR-BOOK



NOT FOR A YEAR BUT FOR  
ALL TIME

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 3253  
Chap. .... Copyright No. ....

Shelf. H 62

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

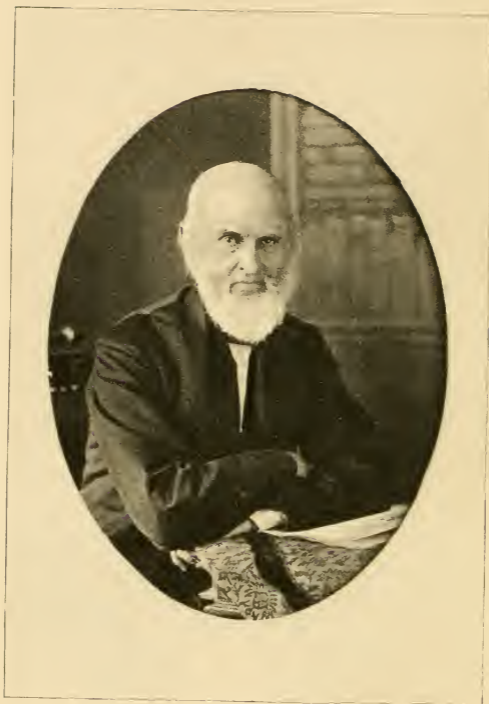












*At. 73*

*From a photograph  
taken in Boston.  
1880*



✓  
THE WHITTIER YEAR BOOK  
PASSAGES FROM THE VERSE AND PROSE  
OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER  
CHOSEN FOR THE DAILY  
FOOD OF THE LOVER  
OF THOUGHT AND  
BEAUTY



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1895

PS 3253

. A62

Copyright, 1895,  
By HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

*All rights reserved.*

*The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.*  
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.

I feel the earth move sunward,  
I join the great march onward,  
And take with joy while living  
My free hold of thanksgiving.

John L. Whittier



# January

## THE PAGEANT

A SOUND as if from bells of silver,  
Or elfin cymbals smitten clear,  
Through the frost-pictured panes I hear.

A brightness which outshines the morning,  
A splendor brooking no delay,  
Beckons and tempts my feet away.

I leave the trodden village highway  
For virgin snow-paths glimmering through  
A jewelled elm-tree avenue ;

I tread in Orient halls enchanted,  
I dream the Saga's dream of caves  
Gem-lit beneath the North Sea waves !

I walk the land of Eldorado,  
I touch its mimic garden bowers,  
Its silver leaves and diamond flowers !

What miracle of weird transforming  
In this wild work of frost and light,  
This glimpse of glory infinite !

This foregleam of the Holy City,  
Like that to him of Patmos given,  
The white bride coming down from heaven !

# JANUARY

## I

Emancipation proclamation, 1863; Maria Edgeworth, 1767;  
Arthur Hugh Clough, 1819.

NOT unto us who did but seek  
The word that burned within to speak,  
Not unto us this day belong  
The triumph and exultant song.

Upon us fell in early youth  
The burden of unwelcome truth,  
And left us, weak and frail and few,  
The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became,  
The air we breathed was hot with blame;  
For not with gauged and softened tone  
We made the bondman's cause our own.

HYMN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF EMANCIPATION.

## 2

James Wolfe, 1726; Justin Winsor, 1831.

DREARILY blows the north-wind  
From the land of ice and snow;  
The eyes that look are weary,  
And heavy the hands that row.  
And with one foot on the water,  
And one upon the shore,  
The Angel of Shadow gives warning  
That day shall be no more.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

## JANUARY

### 3

Lucretia Mott, 1793.

ONLY in the gathered silence  
Of a calm and waiting frame,  
Light and wisdom as from Heaven  
To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth that inward answer tend,  
But to works of love and duty  
As our being's end, —

Not to idle dreams and trances,  
Length of face, and solemn tone,  
But to Faith, in daily striving  
And performance shown.

To —.

### 4

Jakob Ludwig Grimm, 1785.

STILL linger in our noon of time  
And on our Saxon tongue  
The echoes of the home-born hymns  
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies  
In every age and clime ;  
The earliest cradles of the race  
Were rocked to poet's rhyme.

CHILD-SONGS.

## JANUARY

### 5

Stephen Decatur, 1779.

SHUT in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north-wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
The frost-line back with tropic heat ;  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

. . . . .  
What matter how the night behaved ?  
What matter how the north-wind raved ?  
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

SNOW-BOUND.

### 6

Epiphany ; Charles Sumner, 1811.

YET, weak and blinded though we be,  
Thou dost our service own ;  
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,  
And Thou rejectest none.

O Love ! O Life ! Our faith and sight  
Thy presence maketh one,



## JANUARY

As through transfigured clouds of white  
We trace the noon-day sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,  
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,  
We know in Thee the fatherhood  
And heart of God revealed.

OUR MASTER.

ONE language held his heart and lip,  
Straight onward to his goal he trod,  
And proved the highest statesmanship  
Obedience to the voice of God.

SUMNER.

### 7

Israel Putnam, 1718.

At times I long for gentler skies,  
And bathe in dreams of softer air,  
But homesick tears would fill the eyes  
That saw the Cross without the Bear.  
The pine must whisper to the palm,  
The north-wind break the tropic calm;  
And with the dreamy languor of the Line,  
The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to  
beauty join.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

### 8

Robert Schumann, 1810; L. Alma Tadema, 1836.

LIKE warp and woof all destinies  
Are woven fast,

## JANUARY

Linked in sympathy like the keys  
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar ;  
Break but one  
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar  
Through all will run.

MY SOUL AND I.

### 9

John K. Paine, 1839.

WE looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below, —  
A universe of sky and snow !  
The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvellous shapes ; strange domes and  
towers  
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was road ;  
The bridle-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

SNOW-BOUND.

# JANUARY

## IO

Ethan Allen, 1737; Aubrey de Vere, 1814.

THE threads our hands in blindness spin  
No self-determined plan weaves in;  
The shuttle of the unseen powers  
Works out a pattern not as ours.

Ah! small the choice of him who sings  
What sound shall leave the smitten strings;  
Fate holds and guides the hand of art;  
The singer's is the servant's part.

OVERRULED.

## II

Alexander Hamilton, 1757; Bayard Taylor, 1825.

HE brought us wonders of the new and old;  
We shared all climes with him. The Arab's tent  
To him its story-telling secret lent.  
And, pleased, we listened to the tales he told.  
His task, beguiled with songs that shall endure,  
In manly, honest thoroughness he wrought;  
From humble home-lays to the heights of thought  
Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

## I2

John Winthrop, 1588; John Hancock, 1737.

STERNLY faithful to duty, in peril, and suffering,  
and self-denial, they wrought out the noblest of

## JANUARY

historical epics on the rough soil of New England. They lived a truer poetry than Homer or Virgil wrote.

PAWTUCKET FALLS.

### 13

S. P. Chase, 1808.

THE joy that comes in sorrow's guise,  
The sweet pains of self-sacrifice,  
I would not have them otherwise.

I suffer with no vain pretence  
Of triumph over flesh and sense,  
Yet trust the grievous providence,

How dark soe'er it seems, may tend,  
By ways I cannot comprehend,  
To some unguessed benignant end;

That every loss and lapse may gain  
The clear-aired heights by steps of pain,  
And never cross is borne in vain.

MY TRUST.

### 14

WHAT matter though we seek with pain  
The garden of the gods in vain,  
If lured thereby we climb to greet  
Some wayside blossom Eden-sweet?

## JANUARY

To seek is better than to gain,  
The fond hope dies as we attain ;  
Life's fairest things are those which seem,  
The best is that of which we dream.

SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.

### 15

Molière, 1622 ; Marjorie Fleming, 1803.

NOR sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor flower,  
Nor green earth's virgin sod,  
So moved the singer's heart of old  
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life  
Was more than dawning morn,  
Than opening flower or crescent moon  
The human soul new-born !

And still to childhood's sweet appeal  
The heart of genius turns,  
And more than all the sages teach  
From lisping voices learns.

CHILD-SONGS.

### 16

Edmund Spenser, died 1599.

I LOVE the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days,

## JANUARY

Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning  
dew.

Yet vainly in my quiet hours  
To breathe their marvellous notes I try ;  
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers  
In silence feel the dewy showers,  
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the  
sky.

PROEM.

### 17

Benjamin Franklin, 1706; George Fuller, 1822.

THE riches of the Commonwealth  
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health ;  
And more to her than gold or grain,  
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

OUR STATE.

HAUNTED of Beauty, like the marvellous youth  
Who sang Saint Agnes' Eve ! How passing fair  
Her shapes took color in thy homestead air !  
How on thy canvas even her dreams were truth !  
Magician ! who from commonest elements  
Called up divine ideals, clothed upon  
By mystic lights soft blending into one  
Womanly grace and child-like innocence.  
Teacher ! thy lesson was not given in vain.  
Beauty is goodness ; ugliness is sin :  
Art's place is sacred : nothing foul therein  
May crawl or tread with bestial feet profane.

## JANUARY

If rightly choosing is the painter's test,  
Thy choice, O master, ever was the best.

AN ARTIST OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

### 18

Montesquieu, 1689; Daniel Webster, 1782.

THOU,

Whom the rich heavens did so endow  
With eyes of power and Jove's own brow,  
With all the massive strength that fills  
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,  
New England's stateliest type of man,  
In port and speech Olympian;  
Whom no one met, at first, but took  
A second awed and wondering look.  
Whose words in simplest homespun clad,  
The Saxon strength of Cædmon's had,  
With power reserved at need to reach  
The Roman forum's loftiest speech.  
Sweet with persuasion, eloquent  
In passion, cool in argument,  
Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes  
As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,  
And failing only when they tried  
The adamant of the righteous side.

THE LOST OCCASION.

### 19

James Watt, 1736; Bernardin St. Pierre, 1737.

ALL who, by skill and patience, anyhow  
Make service noble, and the earth redeem

## JANUARY

From savageness. By kingly accolade  
Than theirs was never worthier knighthood made.

THE PROBLEM.

HIS simple tale of love and woe  
All hearts had melted, high or low; —  
A blissful pain, a sweet distress,  
Immortal in its tenderness.

CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

## 20

N P. Willis, 1807.

HE comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes!  
— from the frozen Labrador, —  
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which  
the white bear wanders o'er, —  
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the  
luckless forms below  
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into mar-  
ble statues grow!

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes!  
and the quiet lake shall feel  
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to  
the skater's heel;  
And the streams which danced on the broken  
rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,  
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in  
mournful silence pass.

THE FROST SPIRIT.



## JANUARY

21

Oscar II. of Sweden, 1829.

THE pause before the breaking seals  
Of mystery is this;  
Yon miracle-play of night and day  
Makes dumb its witnesses.  
What unseen altar crowns the hills  
That reach up stair on stair?  
What eyes look through, what white wings fan  
These purple veils of air?  
What Presence from the heavenly heights  
To those of earth stoops down?  
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods  
On Ida's snowy crown!

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

22

Bacon, 1561; Lessing, 1729; Byron, 1788.

WHAT lack of goodly company,  
When masters of the ancient lyre  
Obey my call, and trace for me  
Their words of mingled tears and fire!  
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,  
I read the world with Pascal's eyes;  
And priest and sage, with solemn brows austere,  
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of Thought,  
draw near.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

13

## JANUARY

23

William Page, 1811.

WISELY and well said the Eastern bard :  
Fear is easy, but love is hard ;  
Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,  
And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage ;  
But he is greatest and best who can  
Worship Allah by loving man.

THE PREACHER.

24

Frederick the Great, 1712 ; Charles James Fox, 1749.

Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken ?  
Was never a deed but left its token  
Written on tables never broken ?

Do the elements subtle reflections give ?  
Do pictures of all the ages live  
On Nature's infinite negative ?

THE PALATINE.

25

Robert Burns, 1759.

I MATCHED with Scotland's heathery hills  
The sweetbrier and the clover ;  
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,  
Their wood hymns chanting over.

## JANUARY

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,  
I saw the Man uprising ;  
No longer common or unclean,  
The child of God's baptizing !

With clearer eyes I saw the worth  
Of life among the lowly ;  
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth  
Had made my own more holy.

BURNS.

### 26

B. R. Haydon, 1786 ; Thomas Noon Talfourd, 1795.

YET do thy work ; it shall succeed  
In thine or in another's day ;  
And, if denied the victor's meed,  
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Faith shares the future's promise ; Love's  
Self-offering is a triumph won ;  
And each good thought or action moves  
The dark world nearer to the sun.

THE VOICES.

### 27

Mozart, 1756 ; Emperor William II., 1859.

FOLLY and Fear are sisters twain :  
One closing her eyes,  
The other peopling the dark inane  
With spectral lies.

## JANUARY

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls  
Whate'er thou fearest ;  
Round Him in calmest music rolls  
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,  
And the end He knoweth,  
And not on a blind and aimless way  
The spirit goeth.

MY SOUL AND I.

### 28

Charles George Gordon, 1833.

O HEART of mine, keep patience ! — Looking forth,  
As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,  
Pure, just, and free, the Church of Christ on  
earth, —

The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold !  
And found, at last, the mystic Grail I see,  
Brimmed with His blessing, pass from lip to lip  
In sacred pledge of human fellowship ;  
And over all the songs of angels hear, —  
Songs of the love that casteth out all fear, —  
Songs of the Gospel of Humanity !

ON A PRAYER-BOOK.

### 29

Emanuel Swedenborg, 1688.

A MAN remarkable for his practical activities, an  
ardent scholar of the exact sciences, versed in all

## JANUARY

the arcana of physics, a skilful and inventive mechanician, he has evolved from the hard and gross materialism of his studies a system of transcendent spiritualism. From his aggregation of cold and apparently lifeless practical facts beautiful and wonderful abstractions start forth like blossoms on the rod of the Levite.

SWEDENBORG.

### 30

Walter Savage Landor, 1775.

To be saved is only this, —  
Salvation from our selfishness;  
From more than elemental fire, —  
The soul's unsanctified desire; —  
From sin itself, and not the pain  
That warns us of its chafing chain.

THE MEETING.

### 31

Franz Schubert, 1797.

BETTER to stem with heart and hand  
The roaring tide of life, than lie,  
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,  
Of God's occasions drifting by!  
Better with naked nerve to bear  
The needles of this goading air,  
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego  
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

## February

### THE CLEAR VISION.

I DID but dream. I never knew  
What charms our sternest season wore.  
Was never yet the sky so blue,  
Was never earth so white before.  
Till now I never saw the glow  
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,  
And never learned the bough's designs  
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break  
As that my eastern windows see?  
Did ever such a moonlight take  
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?  
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet  
The music of the winter street?  
Was ever yet a sound by half  
So merry as yon school-boy's laugh?

O Earth! with gladness overfraught,  
No added charm thy face hath found;  
Within my heart the change is wrought,  
My footsteps make enchanted ground.  
From couch of pain and curtained room  
Forth to thy light and air I come,  
To find in all that meets my eyes  
The freshness of a glad surprise.

## FEBRUARY

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own  
The wiser love severely kind ;  
Since, richer for its chastening grown,  
I see, whereas I once was blind.  
The world, O Father ! hath not wronged  
With loss the life by Thee prolonged ;  
But still, with every added year,  
More beautiful Thy works appear !

As Thou hast made thy world without,  
Make Thou more fair my world within ;  
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt ;  
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin ;  
Fill, brief or long, my granted span  
Of life with love to thee and man ;  
Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,  
But let my last days be my best !

# FEBRUARY

## I

Edmund Quincy, 1808.

BETTER than self-indulgent years  
The outflung heart of youth,  
Than pleasant songs in idle years  
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,  
And love for hearts that pine,  
But let the manly habitude  
Of upright souls be mine.

MY BIRTHDAY.

## 2

Candlemas; Hannah More 1745.

WHATEVER in love's name is truly done  
To free the bound and lift the fallen one  
Is done to Christ. Whoso in deed and word  
Is not against Him labors for our Lord.  
When He, who, sad and weary, longing sore  
For love's sweet service, sought the sisters' door,  
One saw the heavenly, one the human guest,  
But who shall say which loved the Master best?

BY THEIR WORKS.

## 3

Mendelssohn, 1809; F. W. Robertson, 1816; Sidney Lanier, 1842.

A LIFE of beauty lends to all it sees  
The beauty of its thought;



## FEBRUARY

And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies  
Make glad its way, unsought.

Sure stands the promise, —<sup>a</sup> ever to the meek  
A heritage is given ;  
Nor lose they Earth who, single-hearted, seek  
The righteousness of Heaven !

THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS.

### 4

Josiah Quincy, 1772.

THE moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full ; the hill-range stood  
Transfigured in the silver flood,  
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
Took shadow, or the sombre green  
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
Against the whiteness at their back.  
For such a world and such a night  
Most fitting that unwarming light,  
Which only seemed where'er it fell  
To make the coldness visible.

SNOW-BOUND.

### 5

James Otis, 1725 ; Sir Robert Peel, 1788.

OUR fathers to their graves have gone ;  
Their strife is past, — their triumph won ;

## FEBRUARY

But sterner trials wait the race  
Which rises in their honored place, —  
A moral warfare with the crime  
And folly of an evil time.

THE MORAL WARFARE.

### 6

Madame de Sévigné, 1626; Queen Anne, 1665.

WE shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And, painted on the eternal wall,  
The Past shall reappear.

RAPHAEL.

### 7

Charles Dickens, 1812.

SOMETIMES glimpses on my sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal right;  
And, step by step, since time began,  
I see the steady gain of man;

## FEBRUARY

That all of good the past hath had  
Remains to make our own time glad,  
Our common daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.

THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

### 8

Robert Burton, 1577; John Ruskin, 1819.

THE airs of heaven blow o'er me;  
A glory shines before me  
Of what mankind shall be, —  
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman  
Diviner but still human,  
Solving the riddle old,  
Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbor;  
An equal-handed labor;  
The richer life, where beauty  
Walks hand in hand with duty.

MY TRIUMPH.

### 9

James Parton, 1822.

WE dwell with fears on either hand,  
Within a daily strife,

## FEBRUARY

And spectral problems waiting stand  
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,  
The truths we know, are one;  
The known and nameless stars revolve  
Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,  
And take the dole we deal,  
The law of pain is love alone,  
The wounding is to heal.

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

### IO

Charles Lamb, 1775; Ary Scheffer, 1795.

Lo! in the midst, with the same look he wore,  
Healing and blessing on Gennesaret's shore,  
Folding together, with the all-tender might  
Of his great love, the dark hands and the white,  
Stands the Consoler, soothing every pain,  
Making all burdens light, and breaking every chain.

ON A PRAYER-BOOK.

### II

Lydia Maria Child, 1802; T. A. Edison, 1847.

AND, hushed to silence by a reverent awe,  
Methought, O friend, I saw  
In thy true life of word and work and thought  
The proof of all we sought.

## FEBRUARY

Did we not witness in the life of thee  
Immortal prophecy?  
And feel, when with thee, that thy footsteps trod  
An everlasting road?

Not for brief days thy generous sympathies,  
Thy scorn of selfish ease;  
Not for the poor prize of an earthly goal  
Thy strong uplift of soul.

WITHIN THE GATE.

## 12

Cotton Mather, 1663; Abraham Lincoln, 1809; Charles Robert Darwin, 1809; W. W. Story, 1819; George Meredith, 1828.

THAT quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all strange  
and marvellous things,  
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos  
Ovid sings.

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

THE cloudy sign, the fiery guide,  
Along his pathway ran,  
And Nature, through his voice, denied  
The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these sad eyes  
Saw peril, strife, and pain;  
His was the nation's sacrifice,  
And ours the priceless gain.

THE EMANCIPATION GROUP.

## FEBRUARY

### 13

John Hunter, 1728.

DOUBTS to the world's child-heart unknown  
Question us now from star and stone ;  
Too little or too much we know,  
And sight is swift and faith is slow ;  
The power is lost to self-deceive  
With shallow forms of make-believe.  
We walk at high noon, and the bells  
Call to a thousand oracles.

THE MEETING.

### 14

Edmond About, 1828.

WE share our primal parents' fate,  
And, in our turn and day,  
Look back on Eden's sworded gate  
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies  
The pitying Angel leaves,  
And leads through Toil to Paradise  
New Adams and new Eves !

A LAY OF OLD TIME.

### 15

S. Weir Mitchell, 1829.

NOT mine to look where cherubim  
And seraphs may not see,

## FEBRUARY

But nothing can be good in Him  
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below  
I dare not throne above,  
I know not of His hate, — I know  
His goodness and His love.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

### 16

Philip Melanchthon, 1497; Gaspard de Coligni, 1517.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name  
All other names above;  
Love only knoweth whence it came  
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow  
The mists of earth away!  
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show  
How wide and far we stray!

OUR MASTER.

### 17

A MIND rejoicing in the light  
Which melted through its graceful bower,

## FEBRUARY

Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,  
And stainless in its holy white,  
    Unfolding like a morning flower :  
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,  
    With every breath of feeling woke,  
And, even when the tongue was mute,  
    From eye and lip in music spoke.

MEMORIES.

### 18

Galileo, 1564; George Peabody, 1795.

No gain is lost; the clear-eyed saints look down  
    Untroubled on the wreck of schemes and creeds;  
    Love yet remains, its rosary of good deeds  
Counting in task-field and o'erpeopled town.  
Truth has charmed life; the Inward Word survives,  
    And, day by day, its revelation brings;  
    Faith, hope, and charity, whatsoever things  
Which cannot be shaken, stand. Still holy lives  
    Reveal the Christ of whom the letter told,  
    And the new gospel verifies the old.

ADJUSTMENT.

### 19

Copernicus, 1473.

As night drew on, and, from the crest  
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank  
From sight beneath the smothering bank,



## FEBRUARY

We piled, with care, our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney-back, —  
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick ;  
The knotty forestick laid apart,  
And filled between with curious art  
The ragged brush ; then, hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
Until the old, rude-furnished room  
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom.

SNOW-BOUND.

### 20

David Garrick, 1716 ; Joseph Jefferson, 1829.

WHEN snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,  
Instead of birds, are flitting,  
When children throng the glowing hearth,  
And quiet wives are knitting ;  
While in the firelight strong and clear  
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,  
To tales of all we see and hear  
The ears of home shall listen.

THE DROVERS.

### 21

John Henry Newman, 1801.

By inward sense, by outward signs,  
God's presence still the heart divines ;

## FEBRUARY

Through deepest joy of Him we learn,  
In sorest grief to Him we turn,  
And reason stoops its pride to share  
The child-like instinct of a prayer.

MIRIAM.

### 22

Washington, 1732; James Russell Lowell, 1819.

THANK God! the people's choice was just,  
The one man equal to his trust,  
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,  
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

FROM purest wells of English undefiled  
None deeper drank than he, the New World's child,  
Who in the language of their farm-fields spoke  
The wit and wisdom of New England folk,  
Shaming a monstrous wrong. The world-wide  
    laugh  
Provoked thereby might well have shaken half  
The walls of Slavery down, ere yet the ball  
And mine of battle overthrew them all.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### 23

G. F. Händel, 1685; Josiah Quincy, Jr., 1744.

HAST thou not, on some week of storm,  
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,  
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form  
The curtains of its tent of prayer?

## FEBRUARY

So, haply, when thy task shall end,  
The wrong shall lose itself in right,  
And all thy week-day darkness blend  
With the long Sabbath of the light!

THE VOICES.

### 24

George William Curtis, 1824.

THE jewels loosen on the branches,  
And lightly, as the soft winds blow,  
Fall, tinkling, on the ice below.

And through the clashing of their cymbals  
I hear the old familiar fall  
Of water down the rocky wall,

Where, from its wintry prison breaking,  
In dark and silence hidden long,  
The brook repeats its summer song;

One instant flashing in the sunshine,  
Keen as a sabre from its sheath,  
Then lost again the ice beneath.

THE PAGEANT.

### 25

AND if her life small leisure found  
For feasting ear and eye,  
And Pleasure, on her daily round,  
She passed unpausing by,

## FEBRUARY

Yet with her went a secret sense  
Of all things sweet and fair,  
And Beauty's gracious providence  
Refreshed her unaware.

An inborn charm of graciousness  
Made sweet her smile and tone,  
And glorified her farm-wife dress  
With beauty not its own.

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

### 26

Arago, 1786 ; Victor Hugo, 1802.

THE mystery dimly understood,  
That love of God is love of good,  
That Book and Church and Day are given  
For man, not God, — for earth, not heaven, —  
The blessed means to holiest ends,  
Not masters, but benignant friends.

THE MEETING.

### 27

H. W. Longfellow, 1807 ; J. E. Renan, 1823.

THY greeting smile was pledge and prelude  
Of generous deeds and kindly words ;  
In thy large heart were fair guest-chambers,  
Open to sunrise and the birds !

A MEMORIAL.

## FEBRUARY

28

Montaigne, 1533.

SLOW passed that vision from my view,  
But not the lesson which it taught;  
The soft, calm shadows which it threw  
Still rested on my thought:

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,  
Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime,  
Plant for their deathless heritage  
The fruits and flowers of time.

RAPHAEL.

29

Rossini, 1792.

BLAND as the morning breath of June  
The southwest breezes play;  
And, through its haze, the winter noon  
Seems warm as summer's day.  
The snow-plumed Angel of the North  
Has dropped his icy spear;  
Again the mossy earth looks forth,  
Again the streams gush clear.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

33

## March

### THE WIND OF MARCH.

UP from the sea the wild north wind is blowing  
Under the sky's gray arch ;  
Smiling, I watch the shaken elm-boughs, knowing  
It is the wind of March.

Between the passing and the coming season,  
This stormy interlude  
Gives to our winter-wearied hearts a reason  
For trustful gratitude.

Welcome to waiting ears its harsh forewarning  
Of light and warmth to come,  
The longed-for joy of Nature's Easter morning,  
The earth arisen in bloom !

In the loud tumult winter's strength is breaking ;  
I listen to the sound,  
As to a voice of resurrection, waking  
To life the dead, cold ground.

Between these gusts, to the soft lapse I hearken  
Of rivulets on their way ;  
I see these tossed and naked treetops darken  
With the fresh leaves of May.

## MARCH

This roar of storm, this sky so gray and lowering,  
    Invite the airs of Spring,  
A warmer sunshine over fields of flowering,  
    The bluebird's song and wing.

Closely behind, the Gulf's warm breezes follow  
    This northern hurricane,  
And, borne thereon, the bobolink and swallow  
    Shall visit us again.

And, in green wood-paths, in the kine-fed pasture,  
    And by the whispering rills,  
Shall flowers repeat the lesson of the Master  
    Taught on his Syrian hills.

Blow, then, wild wind! thy roar shall end in  
    singing,  
    Thy chill in blossoming;  
Come, like Bethesda's troubling angel, bringing  
    The healing of the Spring.

## MARCH

### I

Frédéric Chopin, 1809; W. D. Howells, 1837.

THE Night is mother of the Day,  
The Winter of the Spring,  
And ever upon old Decay  
The greenest mosses cling.  
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
Through showers the sunbeams fall;  
For God, who loveth all His works,  
Has left His hope with all!

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

### 2

Sir Thomas Bodley, 1544.

NEVER on custom's oilèd grooves  
The world to a higher level moves,  
But grates and grinds with friction hard  
On granite boulder and flinty shard.  
The heart must bleed before it feels,  
The pool be troubled before it heals.

THE PREACHER.

### 3

Edmund Waller, 1606; William Godwin, 1756.

HE prayeth best who leaves unguessed  
The mystery of another's breast.



## MARCH

Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,  
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know.  
Enough to note by many a sign  
That every heart hath needs like thine.

*Pray for us!*

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

### 4

T. S. King, died 1864.

THE great work laid upon his twoscore years  
Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears,  
Who loved him as few men were ever loved,  
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan  
With him whose life stands rounded and approved  
In the full growth and stature of a man.  
Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,  
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!  
Wave cheerily still, O banner half-way down,  
From thousand-masted bay and steepled town!  
Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell  
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell  
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.  
O East and West! O morn and sunset twain  
No more forever!—has he lived in vain  
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told  
Your bridal service from his lips of gold?

THOMAS STARR KING.

## MARCH

### 5

James Madison, 1751.

WITH smoking axle hot with speed, with steeds of  
fire and steam,  
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday behind him  
like a dream.  
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly backward  
far and fast  
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of the  
past.

MARY GARVIN.

### 6

Michelangelo, 1475; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1806; George du  
Maurier, 1834.

I KNOW not how, in other lands,  
The changing seasons come and go;  
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,  
What purple lights on Alpine snow!  
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits  
On Venice at her watery gates;  
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,  
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

### 7

Sir John Herschel, 1792; Sir Edwin Landseer, 1802.

ENOUGH for me to feel and know  
That He in whom the cause and end,

## MARCH

The past and future, meet and blend,—  
Who, girt with his Immensities,  
Our vast and star-hung system sees,  
Small as the clustered Pleiades,—  
Moves not alone the heavenly quires,  
But waves the spring-time's grassy spires,  
Guards not archangel feet alone,  
But deigns to guide and keep my own;  
Speaks not alone the words of fate  
Which worlds destroy and worlds create,  
But whispers in my spirit's ear,  
In tones of love, or warning fear,  
A language none beside may hear.

QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

### 8

Sir William Hamilton, 1788.

So welcome I from every source  
The tokens of that primal Force,  
Older than heaven itself, yet new  
As the young heart it reaches to,  
Beneath whose steady impulse rolls  
The tidal wave of human souls;  
Guide, comforter, and inward word,  
The eternal spirit of the Lord!

MIRIAM.

### 9

Mirabeau, 1749; William Cobbett, 1762.

THE wild March rains had fallen fast and long  
The snowy mountains of the North among,

## MARCH

Making each vale a watercourse, — each hill  
Bright with the cascade of some new-made rill.

Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by the rain,  
Heaved underneath by the swollen current's strain,  
The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merrimack  
Bore the huge ruin crashing down its track.

THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.

## IO

F. von Schlegel, 1772; William Etty, 1787.

FALSEHOODS which we spurn to-day  
Were the truths of long ago;  
Let the dead boughs fall away,  
Fresher shall the living grow.

CALEF IN BOSTON.

## II

Charles Sumner, died 1874.

THE old traditions of his State,  
The memories of her great and good,  
Took from his life a fresher date,  
And in himself embodied stood.

Safely his dearest friends may own  
The slight defects he never hid,  
The surface-blemish in the stone  
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

## MARCH

Suffice it that he never brought  
His conscience to the public mart;  
But lived himself the truth he taught,  
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart.

SUMNER.

### 12

Richard Steele, 1672; Bishop Berkeley, 1684; Mary Howitt, 1799.

THREE shades at this moment seem walking her  
strand,  
Each with head halo-crowned, and with palms in  
his hand, —  
Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and, smiling  
serene  
On prelate and puritan, Channing is seen.

One holy name bearing, no longer they need  
Credentials of party, and passwords of creed:  
The new song they sing hath a threefold accord,  
And they own one baptism, one faith, and one  
Lord!

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.

### 13

Joseph Priestley, 1733.

THE wind-harp chooses not the tone  
That through its trembling threads is blown;  
The patient organ cannot guess  
What hand its passive keys shall press.

## MARCH

Through wish, resolve, and act, our will  
Is moved by undreamed forces still;  
And no man measures in advance  
His strength with untried circumstance.

OVERRULED.

### 14

Victor Emanuel, 1820; Humbert, 1844.

As yonder tower outstretches to the earth  
The dark triangle of its shade alone  
When the clear day is shining on its top,  
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life  
Is but the shadow of God's providence,  
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;  
And what is dark below is light in Heaven.

TAULER.

### 15

John Endicott, died 1665; Andrew Jackson, 1767.

A GRAVE, strong man, who knew no peer  
In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear  
Of God, not man, and for good or ill  
Held his trust with an iron will.

THE KING'S MISSIVE.

### 16

Caroline Herschel, 1750.

FOR ages on our river borders,  
These tassels in their tawny bloom,

## MARCH

And willowy studs of downy silver,  
Have prophesied of Spring to come.

For ages have the unbound waters  
Smiled on them from their pebbly hem,  
And the clear carol of the robin  
And song of bluebird welcomed them.

THE FIRST FLOWERS.

## 17

Madame Roland, 1754.

I AM: how little more I know!  
Whence came I? Whither do I go?  
A centred self, which feels and is;  
A cry between the silences;  
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife  
With sunshine on the hills of life;  
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast  
Into the Future from the Past;  
Between the cradle and the shroud,  
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

## 18

Francis Lieber, 1800.

HEED how thou livest. Do no act by day  
Which from the night shall drive thy peace away.  
In months of sun so live that months of rain  
Shall still be happy. Evermore restrain

## MARCH

Evil and cherish good, so shall there be  
Another and a happier life for thee.

CONDUCT.

### 19

A. P. Peabody, 1811 ; David Livingstone, 1813.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,  
Nor dream of bards and seers,  
No dead fact stranded on the shore  
Of the oblivious years ;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is He ;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love is Galilee.

OUR MASTER.

### 20

Henrik Ibsen, 1828 ; Charles William Eliot, 1834.

FRESH and green from the rotting roots  
Of primal forests the young growth shoots ; . . .  
On the ladder of God, which upward leads,  
The step of progress are human needs.  
For his judgments still are a mighty deep,  
And the eyes of his providence never sleep.

THE PREACHER.



## MARCH

### 21

J. S. Bach, 1685; Jean Paul Richter, 1763.

THE sweet persuasion of His voice  
Respects thy sanctity of will.  
He giveth day: thou hast thy choice  
To walk in darkness still;

As one who, turning from the light,  
Watches his own gray shadow fall,  
Doubting, upon his path of night,  
If there be day at all!

No word of doom may shut thee out,  
No wind of wrath may downward whirl,  
No swords of fire keep watch about  
The open gates of pearl.

THE ANSWER.

### 22

Van Dyck, 1599; Rosa Bonheur, 1822; Randolph Caldecott, 1846.

THE Traveller said: "If songs have creeds,  
Their choice of them let singers make;  
But Art no other sanction needs  
Than beauty for its own fair sake.  
It grinds not in the mill of use,  
Nor asks for leave, nor begs excuse;  
It makes the flexile laws it deigns to own,  
And gives its atmosphere its color and its tone."

THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

## MARCH

23

P. L. de Laplace, 1749.

ABOVE, below, in sky and sod,  
In leaf and spar, in star and man,  
Well might the wise Athenian scan  
The geometric signs of God,  
The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright  
Of the One Life pervading all,—  
One Being's tidal rise and fall  
In soul and form, in sound and sight,—  
Eternal outflow and recall.

THE OVER-HEART.

24

Joel Barlow, 1755; William Morris, 1834.

STILL, in perpetual judgment,  
I hold assize within,  
With sure reward of holiness,  
And dread rebuke of sin.

A light, a guide, a warning,  
A presence ever near,  
Through the deep silence of the flesh  
I reach the inward ear.

My Gerizim and Ebal  
Are in each human soul,

46

## MARCH

The still, small voice of blessing,  
And Sinai's thunder-roll.

THE VISION OF ECHARD.

### 25

Antonio Rosmini, 1797.

It is not ours to separate  
The tangled skein of will and fate,  
To show what metes and bounds should stand  
Upon the soul's debatable land,  
And between choice and Providence  
Divide the circle of events;

But He who knows our frame is just,  
Merciful and compassionate,  
And full of sweet assurances  
And hope for all the language is,  
That He remembereth we are dust!

SNOW-BOUND.

### 26

Count Rumford, 1753; Nathaniel Bowditch, 1773.

NOR fear I aught that science brings  
From searching through material things;  
Content to let its glasses prove,  
Not by the letter's oldness move,  
The myriad worlds on worlds that course  
The spaces of the universe;  
Since everywhere the Spirit walks  
The garden of the heart, and talks  
With man, as under Eden's trees,  
In all his varied languages.

MIRIAM.

## MARCH

27

AH, well! — The world is discreet ;  
There are plenty to pause and wait ;  
But here was a man who set his feet  
Sometimes in advance of fate, —

Plucked off the old bark when the inner  
Was slow to renew it,  
And put to the Lord's work the sinner  
When saints failed to do it.

To G. L. S.

28

Samuel Sewall, 1652 ; Thomas Clarkson, 1760.

STATELY and slow, with thoughtful air,  
His black cap hiding his whitened hair,  
Walks the Judge of the great Assize,  
Samuel Sewall the good and wise.  
His face with lines of firmness wrought,  
He wears the look of a man unbought,  
Who swears to his hurt and changes not ;  
Yet touched and softened, nevertheless,  
With the grace of Christian gentleness, . . .  
True and tender and brave and just,  
That man might honor and woman trust.

. . . . .  
Green forever the memory be  
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,

## MARCH

Whom even his errors glorified,  
Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-side  
By the cloudy shadows which o'er it glide!

THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

### 29

OVER the roofs of the pioneers  
Gathers the moss of a hundred years ;  
On man and his works has passed the change  
Which needs must be in a century's range.  
The land lies open and warm in the sun,  
Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run, —  
Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the plain,  
The wilderness gladdened with fruit and grain !  
But the living faith of the settlers old  
A dead profession their children hold ; . . .  
And earth, which seemed to the fathers meant  
But as a pilgrim's wayside tent, —  
A nightly shelter to fold away  
When the Lord should call at the break of day, —  
Solid and steadfast seems to be,  
And Time has forgotten Eternity !

THE PREACHER.

### 30

F. A. G. Tholuck, 1799; John Fiske, 1842.

NOTHING fails of its end. Out of sight sinks the  
stone  
In the deep sea of time, but the circles sweep on,

## MARCH

Till the low-rippled murmurs along the shores run,  
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the sun.

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.

### 31

Andrew Marvell, 1621 ; Joseph Haydn, 1732 ; Edward Fitzgerald,  
1809.

YET here at least an earnest sense  
Of human right and weal is shown ;  
A hate of tyranny intense,  
And hearty in its vehemence,  
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom ! if to me belong  
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,  
Still with a love as deep and strong  
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy  
shrine !

PROEM.

## April

“The spring comes slowly up this way.”

CHRISTABEL.

'T IS the noon of the springtime, yet never a bird  
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard ;  
For green meadow-grasses wide levels of snow,  
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should  
    blow ;

Where wind-flower and violet, amber and white,  
On south-sloping brooksides should smile in the  
    light,

O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-waking roots  
The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal shoots ;  
And, longing for light, under wind-driven heaps,  
Round the boles of the pine-wood the ground-laurel  
    creeps,

Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,  
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst  
    into flowers !

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south !  
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy  
    mouth ;

For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,  
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod !

# APRIL

## I

Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, 1786 ; Bismarck, 1815.

THANKS, Mary! for this wild-wood token  
Of Freya's footsteps drawing near ;  
Almost, as in the rune of Asgard,  
The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine-trees called me  
From ceiled room and silent books,  
To see the dance of woodland shadows,  
And hear the song of April brooks !

THE FIRST FLOWERS.

## 2

H. C. Andersen, 1805.

O THOU, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour  
Forgetful of Thy pain,

Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free ;  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with Thee !

THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON.



## APRIL

### 3

George Herbert, 1593; Washington Irving, 1783.

WE faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray;  
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

No pride of self Thy service hath,  
No place for me and mine;  
Our human strength is weakness, death  
Our life, apart from Thine.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,  
All labor vainly done;  
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross  
Is better than the sun.

OUR MASTER.

### 4

Benjamin Peirce, 1809; James Freeman Clarke, 1810.

ALAS for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play!  
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own!

SNOW-BOUND.

## APRIL

### 5

F. R. Stockton, 1834; A. C. Swinburne, 1837.

O SOUL of the springtime, its light and its breath,  
Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this  
death ;

Renew the great miracle ; let us behold  
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled.  
Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has  
lain,

Revive with the warmth and the brightness again,  
And in blooming of flower and budding of tree  
The symbols and types of our destiny see.

APRIL.

### 6

Raphael, 1483, and died 1520.

AROUND the mighty master came  
The marvels which his pencil wrought,  
Those miracles of power whose fame  
Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,  
O Mother, beautiful and mild !  
Enfolding in one dear embrace  
Thy Saviour and thy Child !

The rapt brow of the Desert John ;  
The awful glory of that day  
When all the Father's brightness shone  
Through manhood's veil of clay.

RAPHAEL.

## APRIL

### 7

William Wordsworth, 1770; W. E. Channing, 1780.

THE violet by its mossy stone,  
The primrose by the river's brim,  
And chance-sown daffodil, have found  
Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,  
The rosy tints his sunset brought,  
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales  
And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand; the works of pride  
And human passion change and fall;  
But that which shares the life of God  
With Him surviveth all.

WORDSWORTH.

### 8

David Rittenhouse, 1732.

A CHARMÈD life unknown to death,  
Immortal freshness Nature hath;  
Her fabled fount and glen  
Are now and here: Dodona's shrine  
Still murmurs in the wind-swept pine, —  
All is that e'er hath been.

To ———.

## APRIL

### 9

Fisher Ames, 1758.

I WANDERED lonely where the pine-trees made  
Against the bitter East their barricade,  
And, guided by its sweet  
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,  
The trailing spring flower tinted like a shell  
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss the pines  
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming vines  
Lifted their glad surprise,  
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless trees  
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,  
And snowdrifts lingered under April skies.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

### 10

C. F. S. Hahnemann, 1755.

GOD pity them both! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For, of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!

MAUD MULLER.

## APRIL

### II

George Canning, 1770; Edward Everett, 1794.

WE have seen, in these years of trial, very great sacrifices offered upon the altar of patriotism, — wealth, ease, home-love, life itself. But Edward Everett did more than this: he laid on that altar not only his time, talents, and culture, but his pride of opinion, his long-cherished views of policy, his personal and political predilections, and his constitutional fastidiousness of conservatism. With a rare and noble magnanimity, he met, without hesitation, the demand of the great occasion. All honor to him!

EDWARD EVERETT.

### I2

Henry Clay, 1777.

MAN, who walketh in a show,  
Sees before him, to and fro,  
Shadow and illusion go;  
All things flow and fluctuate,  
Now contract and now dilate;  
In the welter of this sea,  
Nothing stable is but Thee!

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER.

## APRIL

### 13

Madame Guyon, 1648.

NOT with hatred's undertow  
Doth the Love Eternal flow ;  
Every chain that spirits wear  
Crumbles in the breath of prayer ;  
And the penitent's desire  
Opens every gate of fire.

Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,  
Yearns to reach these souls in prison !  
Through all depths of sin and loss  
Drops the plummet of Thy cross !  
Never yet abyss was found  
Deeper than that cross could sound !

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE.

### 14

Horace Bushnell, 1802.

AND all about the softening air  
Of new-born sweetness tells ;  
And the ungathered Mayflowers wear  
The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle  
Is fresh as heretofore ;  
And earth takes up its parable  
Of life from death once more.

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

## APRIL

15

L. A. Thiers, 1797; J. L. Motley, 1814; Henry James, 1843.

DEATH called him from a need as imminent  
As that from which the Silent William went  
When powers of evil, like the smiting seas  
On Holland's dikes, assailed her liberties.  
Sadly, while yet in doubtful balance hung  
The weal and woe of France, the bells were rung  
For her lost leader. Paralyzed of will,  
Above his bier the hearts of men stood still.  
Then, as if set to his dead lips, the horn  
Of Roland wound once more to rouse and warn,  
The old voice filled the air! His last brave word  
Not vainly France to all her boundaries stirred.  
Strong as in life, he still for Freedom wrought,  
As the dead Cid at red Toloso fought.

THIERS.

16

Sir John Franklin, 1786; William Chambers, 1800.

SAD it is the mournful yew-tree  
O'er his slumbers may not wave;  
Sad it is the English daisy  
May not blossom on his grave.

But his tomb shall storm and winter  
Shape and fashion year by year,  
Pile his mighty mausoleum,  
Block by block, and tier on tier.

LADY FRANKLIN.

## APRIL

17

William Gilmore Simms, 1806.

LIGHT, warmth, and sprouting greenness, and o'er  
all

Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether, raining down  
Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed town,  
The freshening meadows, and the hillsides  
brown;

Voice of the west-wind from the hills of  
pine,

And the brimmed river from its distant fall,

Low hum of bees, and joyous interlude

Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirting wood,—

Heralds and prophecies of sound and sight, . . .

Once more, through God's great love, with you I  
share

A morn of resurrection sweet and fair

As that which saw, of old, in Palestine,

Immortal Love uprising in fresh bloom

From the dark night and winter of the tomb!

PICTURES.

18

I MOURN no more my vanished years:

Beneath a tender rain,

An April rain of smiles and tears,

My heart is young again.

60



## APRIL

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,  
I hear the glad streams run ;  
The windows of my soul I throw  
Wide open to the sun.

MY PSALM.

## 19

Lexington and Concord, 1775.

THEY went where duty seemed to call,  
They scarcely asked the reason why ;  
They only knew they could but die,  
And death was not the worst of all !

Of man for man the sacrifice,  
All that was theirs to give, they gave.  
The flowers that blossomed from their grave  
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,  
And shattered slavery's chain as well ;  
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,  
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

LEXINGTON.

## 20

W. H. Furness, 1802.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove ;

## APRIL

I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar ;  
Nor harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their froned palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

### 21

Reginald Heber, 1783; James Martineau, 1805; Charlotte Brontë,  
1816; H. A. Taine, 1828.

GIVE human nature reverence for the sake  
Of One who bore it, making it divine  
With the ineffable tenderness of God !  
Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,  
The heirship of an unknown destiny,  
The unsolved mystery round about us, make  
A man more precious than the Gold of Ophir !

AMONG THE HILLS.

### 22

Henry Fielding, 1707; Madame de Stael, 1766.

THE stream is brightest at its spring,  
And blood is not like wine :

## APRIL

Nor honored less than he who heirs  
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,  
If Love be Fortune's spur ;  
And never maiden stoops to him  
Who lifts himself to her.

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,  
And high and low mate ill ;  
But love has never known a law  
Beyond its own sweet will !

AMY WENTWORTH.

## 23

St. George ; Shakespeare, 1564, and died 1616.

AND here, to-day, the dead look down,  
The kings of mind again we crown ;  
We hear the voices lost so long,  
The sage's word, the sibyl's song.

Here Greek and Roman find themselves  
Alive along these crowded shelves ;  
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,  
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke  
Their stony trance, and lived and spoke,  
Life thrills along the alcoved hall,  
The lords of thought await our call !

THE LIBRARY.

## APRIL

24

Anthony Trollope, 1815 ; J. T. Fields, died 1881.

KEEP for us, O friend, where'er  
Thou art waiting, all that here  
Made thy earthly presence dear ;

Something of thy pleasant past  
On a ground of wonder cast,  
In the stiller waters glassed !

Keep the human heart of thee ;  
Let the mortal only be  
Clothed in immortality.

And when fall our feet as fell  
Thine upon the asphodel,  
Let thy old smile greet us well ;

Proving in a world of bliss  
What we fondly dream in this, —  
Love is one with holiness !

IN MEMORY.

25

Oliver Cromwell, 1599 ; John Keble, 1792.

NOT untrue that tale of old !  
Now, as then, the wise and bold  
All the powers of Nature hold  
Subject to their kingly will ;

64

## APRIL

From the wondering crowds ashore,  
Treading life's wild waters o'er,  
As upon a marble floor,  
    Moves the strong man still.

THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.

## 26

David Hume, 1711; Uhland, 1787; Alice Cary, 1820.

HER dark, dilating eyes expressed  
The broad horizons of the west;  
Her speech dropped prairie flowers; the gold  
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

. . . . .  
Again the blackbirds sing; the streams  
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,  
And tremble in the April showers  
The tassels of the maple flowers.

But not for her has spring renewed  
The sweet surprises of the wood;  
And bird and flower are lost to her  
Who was their best interpreter!

THE SINGER.

## 27

S. F. B. Morse, 1791; Louis Kossuth, 1806; Herbert Spencer, 1820.

TYPE of two mighty continents!— combining  
The strength of Europe with the warmth and  
    glow

## APRIL

Of Asian song and prophecy, — the shining  
Of Orient splendors over Northern snow!

TO KOSSUTH.

FROM clime to clime, from shore to shore,  
Shall thrill the magic thread ;  
The new Prometheus steals once more  
The fire that wakes the dead.

THE CABLE HYMN.

## 28

Earl of Shaftesbury, 1801.

THERE are, who, like the Seer of old,  
Can see the helpers God has sent,  
And how life's rugged mountain-side  
Is white with many an angel tent!

They hear the heralds whom our Lord  
Sends down his pathway to prepare ;  
And light, from others hidden, shines  
On their high place of faith and prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,  
Hopeless, yet longing to be free,  
Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer :  
" Lord, ope their eyes, that they may see ! "

THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK.

## APRIL

29

Oliver Ellsworth, 1745.

SOMEWHAT of goodness, something true  
From sun and spirit shining through  
All faiths, all worlds, as through the dark  
Of ocean shines the lighthouse spark,  
Attests the presence everywhere  
Of love and providential care.

MIRIAM.

30

First Inauguration of Washington, 1789.

O CITY sitting by the Sea!  
How proud the day that dawned on thee,  
When the new era, long desired, began,  
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

How felt the land in every part  
The strong throb of a nation's heart,  
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,  
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

. . . . .

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed  
And trained the new-set plant at first,  
The widening branches of a stately tree  
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

67

## APRIL

One people now, all doubt beyond,  
His name shall be our Union-bond;  
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here and now  
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.



## May

### MY PLAYMATE

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,  
Their song was soft and low ;  
The blossoms in the sweet May wind  
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,  
The orchard birds sang clear ;  
The sweetest and the saddest day  
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,  
My playmate left her home,  
And took with her the laughing spring,  
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,  
She laid her hand in mine ;  
What more could ask the bashful boy  
Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :  
The constant years told o'er  
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,  
But she came back no more.

## MAY

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,  
The brown nuts on the hill,  
And still the May-day flowers make sweet  
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,  
The bird builds in the tree,  
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea.

O playmate in the golden time !  
Our mossy seat is green,  
Its fringing violets blossom yet,  
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern  
A sweeter memory blow ;  
And there in spring the veeries sing  
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are moaning like the sea, —  
The moaning of the sea of change  
Between myself and thee !

# MAY

## I

Joseph Addison, 1672 ; Wellington, 1769.

NATURE'S mighty miracle is still over and around us; and hence awe, wonder, and reverence remain to be the inheritance of humanity.

THE AGENCY OF EVIL.

THE vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods  
Grow misty green with leafing buds,  
And violets and wind-flowers sway,  
Against the throbbing heart of May.

THE CLEAR VISION.

## 2

J. G. Palfrey, 1796.

THE seasons went  
Their rounds, and somewhat to his spirit lent  
Of their own calm and measureless content.

Glad even to tears, he heard the robin sing  
His song of welcome to the Western spring,  
And bluebird borrowing from the sky his wing.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

## 3

Nicolò Macchiavelli, 1469.

THE harp at Nature's advent strung  
Has never ceased to play;

## MAY

The song the stars of morning sung  
Has never died away.

The green earth sends her incense up  
From many a mountain shrine;  
From folded leaf and dewy cup  
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,  
Its transept earth and air,  
The music of its starry march  
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame  
With which her years began,  
And all her signs and voices shame  
The prayerless heart of man.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

## 4

J. J. Audubon, 1780; W. H. Prescott, 1796; T. H. Huxley, 1825.

I DIMLY guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

## MAY

### 5

Empress Eugénie, 1826.

LET me find in Thy employ  
Peace that dearer is than joy;  
Out of self to love be led  
And to heaven acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my natural habitude!

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER.

### 6

HIS light shines on me from above,  
His low voice speaks within, —  
The patience of immortal love  
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years  
Of care and loss and pain,  
My eyes are wet with thankful tears  
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,  
I will not count it dross,  
Nor turn from treasures still my own  
To sigh for lack and loss.

MY BIRTHDAY.

## MAY

### 7

Robert Browning, 1812; Johannes Brahms, 1833.

NOT by the page word-painted  
Let life be banned or sainted :  
Deeper than written scroll  
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung  
My songs that found no tongue ;  
Nobler than any fact  
My wish that failed of act.

MY TRIUMPH.

### 8

O GOLDEN AGE, whose light is of the dawn,  
And not of sunset, forward, not behind,  
Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee  
bring

All the old virtues, whatsoever things  
Are pure and honest and of good repute,  
But add thereto whatever bard has sung  
Or seer has told of when in trance and dream  
They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy !  
Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth divide  
Between the right and wrong ; but give the heart  
The freedom of its fair inheritance.

PRELUDE TO AMONG THE HILLS.

## MAY

### 9

John Brown, 1800.

PERISH with him the folly that seeks through evil  
good!  
Long live the generous purpose unstained with hu-  
man blood!  
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought  
which underlies;  
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Chris-  
tian's sacrifice.

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

### 10

Jared Sparks, 1789.

WHY idly seek from outward things,  
The answer inward silence brings?  
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere  
And age, for that which lies so near?  
Why climb the far-off hills with pain,  
A nearer view of heaven to gain?  
In lowliest depths of bosky dells  
The hermit Contemplation dwells.  
A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat,  
And lotus-twined his silent feet,  
Whence, piercing heaven, with screenèd sight,  
He sees at noon the stars, whose light  
Shall glorify the coming night.

QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

## MAY

### 11

J. L. Gérôme, 1824.

HOWEVER full, with something more  
We fain the bag would cram ;  
We sigh above our crowded nets  
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven  
The vague desire can stay ;  
Self-love is still a Tartar mill  
For grinding prayers away.

THE COMMON QUESTION.

### 12

Justus von Liebig, 1803 ; D. G. Rossetti, 1828.

No perfect whole can our nature make ;  
Here or there the circle will break ;  
The orb of life as it takes the light  
On one side, leaves the other in night.  
Never was saint so good and great  
As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate  
For the plea of the Devil's advocate.

THE PREACHER.

### 13

Alphonse Daudet, 1840 ; Arthur Sullivan, 1842.

WE gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong, —



## MAY

And in the ear of Pride and Power  
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword  
Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer.  
Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,  
Our hearts can do and dare.

THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON.

## 14

Dante, 1265.

THE song whose thunderous chime  
Eternal echoes render, —  
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,  
And Milton's starry splendor!

BURNS.

THOU hast midst Life's empty noises  
Heard the solemn steps of Time,  
And the low mysterious voices  
Of another clime.

All the mystery of Being  
Hath upon thy spirit pressed, —  
Thoughts which, like the Deluge wanderer,  
Find no place of rest.

To —.

## MAY

15

M. W. Balfie, 1808; Montalembert, 1810.

SWEET in the fresh green meadows  
Sparrow and blackbird sung;  
Above him their tinted petals  
The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory  
The minister looked and smiled;  
“How good is the Lord who gives us  
These gifts from His hand, my child!

“Behold in the bloom of apples  
And the violets in the sward  
A hint of the old, lost beauty  
Of the Garden of the Lord!”

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

16

W. H. Seward, 1801.

NATURE is not solitude:  
She crowds us with her thronging wood;  
Her many hands reach out to us,  
Her many tongues are garrulous;  
Perpetual riddles of surprise  
She offers to our ears and eyes.

THE MEETING.

78

## MAY

17

Edward Jenner, 1749.

OVER the woods and meadow-lands  
A crimson-tinted shadow lay  
Of clouds through which the setting day  
Flung a slant glory far away.  
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,  
It flamed upon the city's panes,  
Smote the white sails of ships that wore  
Outward or in, and glided o'er  
The steeples with their veering vanes !  
THE PREACHER.

18

John Wilson, 1785.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sleeping ;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry-vines are creeping.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official ;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescos on its wall ;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing !

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

79

## MAY

19

O FOR boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild-flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood ;  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;  
How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung ;  
Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow !

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

20

Balzac, 1799; John Stuart Mill, 1806.

THE years no charm from Nature take ;  
As sweet her voices call,  
As beautiful her mornings break,  
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,  
Kind voices speak my name,  
And lips that find it hard to praise  
Are slow, at least, to blame.

80

## MAY

How softly ebb the tides of will !  
How fields, once lost or won,  
Now lie behind me green and still  
Beneath a level sun !

MY BIRTHDAY.

## 21

Elizabeth Fry, 1780.

To melt the hearts that harshness turned to stone  
The sweet persuasion of her lips sufficed.  
And guilt, which only hate and fear had known,  
Saw in her own the pitying love of Christ.

So wheresoe'er the guiding Spirit went  
She followed, finding every prison cell  
It opened for her sacred as a tent  
Pitched by Gennesaret or by Jacob's well.

And Pride and Fashion felt her strong appeal,  
And priest and ruler marvelled as they saw  
How hand in hand went wisdom with her zeal,  
And woman's pity kept the bounds of law.

THE TWO ELIZABETHS.

## 22

Richard Wagner, 1813.

WHAT sings the brook? What oracle  
Is in the pine-tree's organ swell?

## MAY

What may the wind's low burden be?  
The meaning of the moaning sea?  
The hieroglyphics of the stars?  
Or clouded sunset's crimson bars?  
I vainly ask, for mocks my skill  
The trick of Nature's cipher still.

QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

## 23

Thomas Hood, 1799; Margaret Fuller, 1810.

HOOD, under all his whims and oddities, conceals the vehement intensity of a reformer. The iron of the world's wrongs had entered into his soul; there is an undertone of sorrow in his lyrics.

MIRTH AND MEDICINE.

## 24

Queen Victoria, 1819.

“THICKER than water,” in one rill  
Through centuries of story  
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still  
We share with you its good and ill,  
The shadow and the glory.

TO ENGLISHMEN.

## MAY

25

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803.

THE mists above the morning rills  
Rise white as wings of prayer ;  
The altar-curtains of the hills  
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,  
Or low with sobs of pain, —  
The thunder-organ of the cloud,  
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed  
The twilight forest grieves,  
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost  
From all its sunlit leaves.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

26

HE findeth not who seeks his own,  
The soul is lost that 's saved alone.  
Not on one favored forehead fell  
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,  
But flamed o'er all the thronging host  
The baptism of the Holy Ghost ;  
Heart answers heart : in one desire  
The blending lines of prayer aspire.  
“ Where in my name, meet two or three,”  
Our Lord hath said, “ I there will be ! ”

THE MEETING.

83

## MAY

27

Julia Ward Howe, 1819.

IF it is not permitted us to believe all things, we can at least hope them. Despair is infidelity and death. Temporally and spiritually, the declaration of inspiration holds good, — “*We are saved by hope.*”

UTOPIAN SCHEMES.

REJOICE in hope ! The day and night  
Are one with God, and one with them  
Who see by faith the cloudy hem  
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light !

ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL.

28

Thomas Moore, 1779; Louis Agassiz, 1807.

SAID the Master to the youth :  
“ We have come in search of truth,  
Trying with uncertain key  
Door by door of mystery ;  
We are reaching, through His laws,  
To the garment-hem of Cause. . . .  
As with fingers of the blind,  
We are groping here to find  
What the hieroglyphics mean  
Of the Unseen in the seen,  
What the Thought which underlies



## MAY

Nature's masking and disguise,  
What it is that hides beneath  
Blight and bloom and birth and death.

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

## 29

Patrick Henry, 1736.

DEAR friends still toiling in the sun, —  
Ye dearer ones who, gone before,  
Are watching from the eternal shore  
The slow work by your hands begun, —

Rejoice with me! The chastening rod  
Blossoms with love; the furnace heat  
Grows cool beneath His blessed feet  
Whose form is as the Son of God!

ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL.

## 30

Decoration Day.

OUR voices take a sober tone, . . .  
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake  
Of the brave hearts that never more shall beat,  
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet!

TO S. E. S. AND H. W. S.

## MAY

IF, for the age to come, this hour  
Of trial hath vicarious power,  
And, blest by Thee, our present pain  
Be liberty's eternal gain,  
    Thy will be done!

THY WILL BE DONE.

## 31

John A. Andrew, 1818.

HE has done the work of a true man, —  
    Crown him, honor him, love him.  
Weep over him, tears of woman,  
    Stoop manliest brows above him!

No duty could overtask him,  
    No need his will outrun;  
Or ever our lips could ask him,  
    His hands the work had done.

To G. L. S.

## June

### JUNE ON THE MERRIMAC

O DWELLERS in the stately towns,  
What come ye out to see?  
This common earth, this common sky,  
This water flowing free?

As gayly as these kalmia flowers  
Your door-yard blossoms spring;  
As sweetly as these wild wood birds  
Your cagèd minstrels sing.

You find but common bloom and green,  
The rippling river's rune,  
The beauty which is everywhere  
Beneath the skies of June.

. . . . .  
From ceilèd rooms, from silent books,  
From crowded car and town,  
Dear Mother Earth, upon thy lap,  
We lay our tired heads down.

Cool, summer wind, our heated brows;  
Blue river, through the green  
Of clustering pines, refresh the eyes  
Which all too much have seen.

## JUNE

For us these pleasant woodland ways  
Are thronged with memories old,  
Have felt the grasp of friendly hands  
And heard love's story told.

A sacred presence overbroods  
The earth whereon we meet ;  
These winding forest-paths are trod  
By more than mortal feet.

Old friends called from us by the voice  
Which they alone could hear,  
From mystery to mystery,  
From life to life, draw near.

More closely for the sake of them  
Each other's hands we press ;  
Our voices take from them a tone  
Of deeper tenderness.

Our joy is theirs, their trust is ours,  
Alike below, above,  
Or here or there, about us fold  
The arms of one great love !

# JUNE

## I

A YEAR has gone, as the tortoise goes,  
Heavy and slow ;  
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,  
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There 's the same sweet-clover smell in the breeze ;  
And the June sun warm  
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

TELLING THE BEES.

## 2

John Randolph, 1773 ; Thomas Hardy, 1840.

BARD, Sage, and Tribune ! in himself  
All moods of mind contrasting, —  
The tenderest wail of human woe,  
The scorn like lightning blasting ;  
The pathos which from rival eyes  
Unwilling tears could summon,  
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst  
Of hatred scarcely human !

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,  
From lips of life-long sadness ;  
Clear picturings of majestic thought  
Upon a ground of madness ;  
And over all Romance and Song  
A classic beauty throwing,

## JUNE

And laurelled Clio at his side  
Her storied pages showing.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

### 3

Richard Cobden, 1804; Henry James, Sr., 1811.

WHERE our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoever is willed, is done !

And ours the grateful service whence  
Comes, day by day, the recompense ;  
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,  
The fountain and the noonday shade.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

### 4

O FOR boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees. . . .  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall ;

## JUNE

Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides !

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

### 5

Adam Smith, 1723.

O, WELCOME calm of heart and mind !  
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind  
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away ;  
A child again, my head I lay  
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

### 6

Nathan Hale, 1755 ; William Francis Bartlett, 1840.

As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage,  
What worthier knight was found  
To grace in Arthur's golden age  
The fabled Table Round ?

A voice, the battle's trumpet-note,  
To welcome and restore ;  
A hand, that all unwilling smote,  
To heal and build once more !

## JUNE

A soul of fire, a tender heart  
Too warm for hate, he knew  
The generous victor's graceful part  
To sheathe the sword he drew.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT.

### 7

CARE, that kills the cat, may plough  
Wrinkles in the miser's brow,  
Deepen envy's spiteful frown,  
Draw the mouths of bigots down,  
Plague ambition's dream, and sit  
Heavy on the hypocrite.  
Seldom comes that evil guest  
Where the conscience lies at rest,  
And brown health and quiet wit  
Smiling on the threshold sit.

TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

### 8

Charles Reade, 1814 ; J. E. Millais, 1829.

"MORE wise," she said, "than those who swarm  
Our hills in middle summer,  
She came, when June's first roses blow,  
To greet the early comer.

"Her step grew firmer on the hills  
That watch our homesteads over ;  
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,  
She caught the bloom of clover.



## JUNE

“For health comes sparkling in the streams  
From cool Chocorua stealing ;  
There ’s iron in our Northern winds ;  
Our pines are trees of healing.”

AMONG THE HILLS.

### 9

George Stephenson, 1781; John Howard Payne, 1791.

THE hills are dearest which our childish feet  
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most  
sweet  
Are ever those at which our young lips drank,  
Stooped to their waters o’er the grassy bank :

Midst the cold dreary sea-watch, Home’s hearth-  
light  
Shines round the helmsman plunging through the  
night ;  
And still, with inward eye, the traveller sees  
In close, dark, stranger streets his native trees.

THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.

### 10

SING soft, sing low, our lowland river,  
Under thy banks of laurel bloom ;  
Softly and sweet, as the hour besemeth,  
Sing us the songs of peace and home.

## JUNE

But to Him who gives us beauty for ashes,  
And the oil of joy for mourning long,  
Let thy hills give thanks, and all thy waters  
Break into jubilant waves of song!

Bring us the air of hills and forests,  
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,  
Give us a waft of the north-wind laden  
With sweetbrier odors and breath of kine!

REVISITED (1865).

### II

Ben Jonson, 1574 ; George Wither, 1588.

O POET rare and old !  
Thy words are prophecies ;  
Forward the age of gold,  
The new Saturnian lies.

The universal prayer  
And hope are not in vain ;  
Rise, brothers ! and prepare  
The way for Saturn's reign.

ASTRÆA.

### 12

Charles Kingsley, 1819.

RING, bells in unrealed steeples,  
The joy of unborn peoples !

## JUNE

Sound, trumpets far off blown,  
Your triumph is my own !

Parcel and part of all,  
I keep the festival,  
Fore-reach the good to be,  
And share the victory.

MY TRIUMPH.

## 13

Madame d'Arblay, 1752 ; Thomas Arnold, 1795.

No longer forward nor behind  
I look in hope or fear ;  
But, grateful, take the good I find,  
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,  
To harvest weed and tare ;  
The manna dropping from God's hand  
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay  
Aside the toiling oar ;  
The angel sought so far away  
I welcome at my door.

MY PSALM.

## JUNE

14

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1811.

To her whose vigorous pencil-strokes  
Sketched into life her Oldtown Folks ;  
Whose fireside stories, grave or gay,  
In quaint Sam Lawson's vagrant way,  
With old New England's flavor rife,  
Waifs from her rude idyllic life,  
Are racy as the legends old  
By Chaucer or Boccaccio told ; . .  
To her, who world-wide entrance gave  
To the log-cabin of the slave,  
Made all his want and sorrow known,  
And all earth's languages his own.

A GREETING.

15

Magna Charta, signed 1215.

O ENGLISHMEN !— in hope and creed,  
In blood and tongue our brothers !  
We, too, are heirs of Runnymede ;  
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed  
Are not alone our mother's.

TO ENGLISHMEN.

16

THE birds are glad ; the brier-rose fills  
The air with sweetness ; all the hills

## JUNE

Stretch green to June's unclouded sky ;  
But still I wait with ear and eye  
For something gone which should be nigh,  
A loss in all familiar things,  
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.  
And yet, dear heart ! remembering thee,  
Am I not richer than of old ?  
Safe in thy immortality,  
What change can reach the wealth I hold ?  
What chance can mar the pearl and gold  
Thy love hath left in trust with me ?

SNOW-BOUND.

## 17

John Wesley, 1703 ; Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775.

No Berserk thirst of blood had they,  
No battle-joy was theirs, who set  
Against the alien bayonet  
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways ;  
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain ;  
They saw not, what to us is plain,  
That God would make man's wrath His praise.

No seers were they, but simple men ;  
Its vast results the future hid :  
The meaning of the work they did  
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

LEXINGTON.

## JUNE

18

Battle of Waterloo, 1815.

STILL, when the sun of summer burns,  
My longing for the hills returns ;  
And northward, leaving at my back  
The warm vale of the Merrimac,  
I go to meet the winds of morn,  
Blown down the hill-gaps, mountain-born,  
Breathe scent of pines, and satisfy  
The hunger of a lowland eye.

A SUMMER PILGRIMAGE.

19

Confucius, 551 B. C. ; Pascal, 1623.

TRUTH is one ;  
And, in all lands beneath the sun,  
Whoso hath eyes to see may see  
The tokens of its unity. . .  
The angels to our Aryan sires  
Talked by the earliest household fires ;  
The prophets of the elder day,  
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,  
Read not the riddle all amiss  
Of higher life evolved from this.

MIRIAM.

98

## JUNE

20

Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1743.

AND not in vain in this soft air  
Shall hard-strung nerves relax,  
Not all in vain the o'erworn brain  
Forego its daily tax.

Unheeded let the newsboy call,  
Aside the ledger lay:  
The world will keep its treadmill step  
Though we fall out to-day.

The truants of life's weary school,  
Without excuse from thrift  
We change for once the gains of toil  
For God's unpurchased gift.

JUNE ON THE MERRIMAC.

21

Bishop Stubbs, 1825.

O FEARFUL heart and troubled brain!  
Take hope and strength from this,  
That Nature never hints in vain,  
Nor prophesies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet stave,  
Her lights and airs are given  
Alike to playground and the grave;  
And over both is Heaven.

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

99

## JUNE

22

Thomas Day, 1748; Giuseppe Mazzini, 1805.

O YOUTH and Beauty, loved of all!  
Ye pass from girlhood's gate of dreams;  
In broader ways your footsteps fall,  
Ye test the truth of all that seems.

Give and receive; go forth and bless  
The world that needs the hand and heart  
Of Martha's helpful carefulness  
No less than Mary's better part.

AT SCHOOL-CLOSE.

23

Midsummer Eve; F. O. C. Darley, 1822.

AWAY with weary cares and themes!  
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!  
Leave free once more the land which teems  
With wonders and romances!  
Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,  
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies  
Beneath the quaintly masking guise  
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set  
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,  
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret  
The roots of spectral beeches;



## JUNE

Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er  
Home's whitewashed wall and painted floor,  
And young eyes widening to the lore  
Of faery-folks and witches.

TO MY SISTER.

### 24

St. John Baptist; John Hampden died, 1643.

THE English revolution of the seventeenth century was prodigal in the development of the real nobility of the mind and heart. Its history is bright with the footprints of men whose very names still stir the hearts of freemen, the world over, like a trumpet peal. Say what we may of its fanaticism, laugh as we may at its extravagant enjoyment of newly acquired religious and civil liberty, who shall now venture to deny that it was the golden age of England?

JOHN BUNYAN.

### 25

O FOR festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread;  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the doorstone, gray and rude!  
O'er me, like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;

## JUNE

While for music came the play  
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;  
And, to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch : pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy!

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

## 26

Philip Doddridge, 1702.

THE gray sky wears again its gold  
And purple of adorning,  
And manhood's noonday shadows hold  
The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and soil  
From off the wings of pleasure,  
The sky, that flecked the ground of toil  
With golden threads of leisure.

BURNS.

## 27

Sir William Pepperrell, 1696.

STILL waits kind Nature to impart  
Her choicest gifts to such as gain  
An entrance to her loving heart  
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

## JUNE

Forever from the Hand that takes  
One blessing from us others fall ;  
And, soon or late, our Father makes  
His perfect recompense to all !

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

### 28

Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1712.

UNTROD by him the path he showed,  
Sweet pictures on his easel glowed  
Of simple faith, and loves of home,  
And virtue's golden days to come.

But weakness, shame, and folly made  
The foil to all his pen portrayed ;  
Still, where his dreamy splendors shone,  
The shadow of himself was thrown.

THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

### 29

St. Peter ; Rubens, 1577 ; Celia Thaxter, 1835.

THE letter fails, and systems fall,  
And every symbol wanes ;  
The Spirit over-brooding all  
Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above  
Or earth below they look,

## JUNE

Who know with John His smile of love,  
With Peter His rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense  
Of sorrow over sin,  
He is His own best evidence,  
His witness is within.

OUR MASTER.

30

Horace Vernet, 1789.

DID not the gifts of sun and air  
To good and ill alike declare  
The all-compassionate Father's care?

In the white soul that stooped to raise  
The lost one from her evil ways,  
Thou saw'st the Christ, whom angels praise !

A bodiless Divinity,  
The still small Voice that spake to thee  
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery !

Revealed in love and sacrifice,  
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,  
One and the same, in threefold guise.

The equal Father in rain and sun,  
His Christ in the good to evil done,  
His Voice in thy soul; — and the Three are One !

TRINITAS.

# July

## SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,  
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep  
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O isles of calm! O dark, still wood!  
And stiller skies that overbrood  
Your rest with deeper quietude!

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through  
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view  
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,  
And softer lights and airs more bland,  
And skies, — the hollow of God's hand!

Transfused through you, O mountain friends!  
With mine your solemn spirit blends,  
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,  
I know the voice of wave and pine,  
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,  
I lapse into the glad release  
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

# JULY

## I

I CALL to mind the summer day,  
The early harvest mowing,  
The sky with sun and clouds at play,  
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,  
The locust in the haying ;  
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,  
Old tunes my heart is playing.

BURNS.

## 2

Marston Moor, 1644.

THEN Freedom sternly said: "I shun  
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,  
When human rights are staked and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,  
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,  
I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread,  
Through Jersey snows the march I led,  
My voice Magenta's charges sped."

THE WATCHERS.

## JULY

### 3

John Singleton Copley, 1737.

FOR art and labor met in truce,  
For beauty made the bride of use,  
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave  
The austere virtues strong to save,  
The honor proof to place or gold,  
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,  
In peace secure, in justice strong;  
Around our gift of freedom draw  
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;  
And, cast in some diviner mould,  
Let the new cycle shame the old!

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

### 4

Independence Day; Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1804; Garibaldi, 1807.

WE give thy natal day to hope,  
O Country of our love and prayer!  
Thy way is down no fatal slope,  
But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace-fires, and yet  
By God's grace only stronger made,  
In future tasks before thee set  
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

. . . . .

## JULY

With peace that comes of purity  
And strength to simple justice due,  
So runs our loyal dream of thee ;  
God of our fathers ! — make it true.

OUR COUNTRY.

### 5

D. G. Farragut, 1801 ; "George Sand," 1804.

FAIR First-Day mornings, steeped in summer calm,  
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,  
Came to him, like some mother-hallowed psalm  
To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel  
Of labor, winding off from memory's reel  
A golden thread of music.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

### 6

John Huss, 1373 ; John Flaxman, 1755.

THE path of life we walk to-day  
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod ;  
We need the shadowing rock, as they, —  
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send His angels, Cloud and Fire,  
To lead us o'er the desert sand !  
God give our hearts their long desire,  
His shadow in a weary land !

"THE ROCK" IN EL GHOR.



## JULY

### 7

GOOD-BY to pain and care ! I take  
    Mine ease to-day :  
Here where these sunny waters break,  
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts  
    away.

I draw a freer breath — I seem  
    Like all I see —  
Waves in the sun — the white-winged gleam  
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam —  
And far-off sails which flit before the south-wind  
    free.

HAMPTON BEACH.

### 8

Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1790.

IN common ways, with common men,  
    He served his race and time  
As well as if his clerkly pen  
    Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,  
    The Muses found their son,  
Could any say his tuneful art  
    A duty left undone ?

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

## JULY

### 9

Henry Hallam, 1777.

AND prayer is made, and praise is given,  
By all things near and far;  
The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,  
As kneels the human knee,  
Their white locks bowing to the sand,  
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,  
Their gifts of pearl they bring,  
And all the listening hills of earth  
Take up the song they sing.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

### 10

John Calvin, 1509; Robert Chambers, 1802.

I REVERENCE old-time faith and men,  
But God is near us now as then;  
His force of love is still unspent,  
His hate of sin as imminent;  
And still the measure of our needs  
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds.

THE MEETING.

# JULY

## II

John Quincy Adams, 1767.

O FOR the tongue of him who lies at rest  
In Quincy's shade of patrimonial trees, —  
Last of the Puritan tribunes and the best.

TO KOSSUTH.

HE rests with the immortals ; his journey has been  
long :  
For him no wail of sorrow, but a pæan full and  
strong !  
So well and bravely has he done the work he found  
to do,  
To justice, freedom, duty, God, and man forever  
true.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

## 12

H. D. Thoreau, 1817.

HIMSELF to Nature's heart so near  
That all her voices in his ear  
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,  
Like Apollonius of old,  
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,  
Or Hermes who interpreted  
What the sage cranes of Nilus said.

SNOW-BOUND.

## III

## JULY

### 13

AND if the husband or the wife  
In home's strong light discovers  
Such slight defaults as failed to meet  
The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask?— who dreams  
Without their thorns of roses,  
Or wonders that the truest steel  
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual sufferance lies  
The secret of true living;  
Love scarce is love that never knows  
The sweetness of forgiving.

AMONG THE HILLS.

### 14

John Gibson Lockhart, 1794.

“HANDS that ope but to receive  
Empty close; they only live  
Richly who can richly give.

“Still,” she sighed, with moistening eyes,  
“Love is sweet in any guise;  
But its best is sacrifice!

“He who, giving, does not crave  
Lickest is to Him who gave  
Life itself the loved to save.

## JULY

“ Love, that self-forgetful gives,  
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,  
Late or soon its own receives.”

THE TWO LOVES.

### 15

Rembrandt, 1606.

THEY sat and watched in idle mood  
The gleam and shade of lake and wood, —  
The beach the keen light smote,  
The white sail of a boat, —

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,  
In sweetness, not in music, dying, —  
Hardhack, and virgin's-bower,  
And white-spiked clethra-flower.

THE MAIDS OF ATTITASH.

### 16

Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723.

THE Beauty which old Greece or Rome  
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home ;  
We need but eye and ear  
In all our daily walks to trace  
The outlines of incarnate grace,  
The hymns of gods to hear !

To ———.

## JULY

17

Isaac Watts, 1674.

SOMETIMES comes to soul and sense  
The feeling which is evidence  
That very near about us lies  
The realm of spiritual mysteries.  
The sphere of the supernal powers  
Impinges on this world of ours.  
The breath of a diviner air  
Blows down the answer of a prayer. . . .  
With smile of trust and folded hands,  
The passive soul in waiting stands  
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,  
The One true Life its own renew.

THE MEETING.

18

George Fox, 1624; Gilbert White, 1720; W. M. Thackeray, 1811.

O BEAUTY, old yet ever new !  
Eternal Voice, and Inward Word,  
The Logos of the Greek and Jew,  
The old sphere-music which the Samian heard !

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,  
Long sought without, but found within,  
The Law of Love beyond all law,  
The Life o'erflooding mortal death and sin !

## JULY

Shine on us with the light which glowed  
Upon the trance-bound shepherd's way,  
Who saw the Darkness overflowed  
And drowned by tides of everlasting Day.

THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

## 19

A STRANGER now, a world-worn man,  
Is he who bears my name ;  
But thou, methinks, whose mortal life  
Immortal youth became,  
Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not there,  
Thy place I cannot see ;  
I only know that where thou art  
The blessed angels be,  
And heaven is glad for thee.

. . . . .  
Look forth once more through space and time,  
And let thy sweet shade fall  
In tenderest grace of soul and form  
On memory's frescoed wall.  
A shadow, and yet all !

A SEA DREAM.

## 20

John Sterling, 1806.

METHINKS the spirit's temper grows  
Too soft in this still air ;

## JULY

Somewhat the restful heart foregoes  
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed  
May founder in the calm,  
And he who braved the polar frost  
Faint by the isles of balm.

MY BIRTHDAY.

### 21

Robert Burns died, 1796.

TO-DAY be every fault forgiven  
Of him in whom we joy!  
We take, with thanks, the gold of Heaven  
And leave the earth's alloy.  
Be ours his music as of spring,  
His sweetness as of flowers,  
The songs the bard himself might sing  
In holier ears than ours.

THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

### 22

WHEN heats as of a tropic clime  
Burned all our inland valleys through,  
Three friends, the guests of summer time,  
Pitched their white tent where sea-winds blew.  
Behind them, marshes, seamed and crossed  
With narrow creeks, and flower-embossed,



## JULY

Stretched to the dark oak wood, whose leafy arms  
Screened from the stormy East the pleasant inland  
farms.

They rested there, escaped awhile  
From cares that wear the life away,  
To eat the lotus of the Nile  
And drink the poppies of Cathay, —  
To fling their loads of custom down,  
Like drift-weed, on the sand-slopes brown,  
And in the sea-waves drown the restless pack  
Of duties, claims, and needs that barked upon their  
track.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

## 23

Charlotte Cushman, 1816.

OUR common Master did not pen  
His followers up from other men ; . . .  
His sermons were the healthful talk  
That shorter made the mountain-walk,  
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,  
Where mingled with His gracious words  
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree  
And ripple-wash of Galilee.

THE MEETING.

## JULY

24

Alexandre Dumas, 1803.

WHAT heed I of the dusty land  
And noisy town?  
I see the mighty deep expand  
From its white line of glimmering sand  
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts  
down!

In listless quietude of mind,  
I yield to all  
The change of cloud and wave and wind  
And passive on the flood reclined,  
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and  
fall.

HAMPTON BEACH.

25

St. James.

WE live by Faith; but Faith is not the slave  
Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's,  
Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.  
What asks our Father of His children, save  
Justice and mercy and humility,  
A reasonable service of good deeds,  
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,  
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see

## JULY

The Master's footprints in our daily ways?  
No knotted scourge nor sacrificial knife,  
But the calm beauty of an ordered life  
Whose very breathing is unworded praise! —  
A life that stands as all true lives have stood,  
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is Good.

REQUIREMENT.

### 26

Winthrop Mackworth Praed, 1802.

THANKS for thy gift  
Of ocean flowers,  
Born where the golden drift  
Of the slant sunshine falls  
Down the green, tremulous walls  
Of water, to the cool still coral bowers,  
Where, under rainbows of perpetual showers,  
God's gardens of the deep  
His patient angels keep;  
Gladdening the dim, strange solitude  
With fairest forms and hues.

TO AVIS KEENE.

[*On Receiving a Basket of Sea-Mosses.*]

### 27

Thomas Campbell, 1777; Atlantic Telegraph completed, 1866.

FROM world to world his couriers fly,  
Thought-winged and shod with fire;  
The angel of His stormy sky  
Rides down the sunken wire.

## JULY

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,  
Beneath the deep so far,  
The bridal robe of earth's accord,  
The funeral shroud of war !

For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall  
Space mocked and time outrun ;  
And round the world the thought of all  
Is as the thought of one !

THE CABLE HYMN.

## 28

Alexandre Dumas, the Younger, 1824.

NEED has its rights, necessity its claim.  
Yea, even self-wrought misery and shame  
Test well the charity suffering long and kind.  
The home-pressed question of the age can find  
No answer in the catch-words of the blind  
Leaders of blind. Solution there is none  
Save in the Golden Rule of Christ alone.

THE PROBLEM.

## 29

Alexis de Tocqueville, 1805.

ROCKED on her breast, these pines and I  
Alike on Nature's love rely ;  
And equal seems to live or die.

## JULY

Assured that He whose presence fills  
With light the spaces of these hills  
No evil to His creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He  
Will do, whatever that may be,  
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,  
What light and life the other know,  
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

## 30

Samuel Rogers, 1763.

DROP Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease ;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and Thy balm ;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire ;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
O still, small voice of calm !

THE BREWING OF SOMA.

# JULY

31

George Henry Thomas, 1816.

AND light is mingled with the gloom,  
And joy with grief;  
Divinest compensations come,  
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom  
In sweet relief.

Who murmurs that in these dark days  
His lot is cast?  
God's hand within the shadow lays  
The stones whereon His gates of praise  
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched Hand!  
Nor stint, nor stay;  
The years have never dropped their sand  
On mortal issue vast and grand  
As ours to-day.

ANNIVERSARY POEM (1863).

## August

### PRELUDE TO AMONG THE HILLS

ALONG the roadside, like the flowers of gold  
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,  
Heavy with sunshine droops the goldenrod,  
And the red pennons of the cardinal flowers  
Hang motionless upon their upright staves.  
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,  
Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,  
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf  
With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,  
Confesses it. The locust by the wall  
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.  
A single hay-cart down the dusty road  
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep  
On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,  
Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,  
The sheep show white, as if a snowdrift still  
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door  
A drowsy smell of flowers — gray heliotrope,  
And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette —  
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends  
To the pervading symphony of peace.

# AUGUST

## I

Lammas; George Ticknor, 1791; Cavour, 1810.

MY ear is full of summer sounds,  
Of summer sights my languid eye;  
Beyond the dusty village bounds  
I loiter in my daily rounds,  
And in the noontime shadows lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,  
The bird swings on the ripened wheat,  
The long green lances of the corn  
Are tilting in the winds of morn,  
The locust shrills his song of heat.

THE SUMMONS.

## 2

Joseph Sturge, 1793; E. A. Freeman, 1823; F. Marion Crawford,  
1854.

THANKS for the good man's beautiful example,  
Who in the vilest saw  
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple  
Still vocal with God's law;

Not his the golden pen's or lip's persuasion,  
But a fine sense of right,  
And Truth's directness, meeting each occasion  
Straight as a line of light.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH STURGE.



## AUGUST

### 3

Juliana Horatia Ewing, 1841.

OUR sweet illusions only die  
Fulfilling love's sure prophecy;  
And every wish for better things  
An undreamed beauty nearer brings.

For fate is servitor of love;  
Desire and hope and longing prove  
The secret of immortal youth,  
And Nature cheats us into truth.

THE SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.

### 4

Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1792; Edward Irving, 1792.

THE glorious ideal of Shelley, who, atheist as he was through early prejudice and defective education, saw the horizon of the world's future kindling with the light of a better day, — that hope and that faith which constitute, as it were, the world's life, and without which it would be dark and dead, cannot be in vain.

THE WORLD'S END.

### 5

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, slake  
Our thirsty souls with rain;  
The blow most dreaded falls to break  
From off our limbs a chain;

## AUGUST

And wrongs of man to man but make  
The love of God more plain.  
As through the shadowy lens of even  
The eye looks farthest into heaven  
On gleams of star, and depths of blue  
The glaring sunshine never knew !

ALL'S WELL.

### 6

Fénelon, 1651 ; Tennyson, 1809.

OH, more than thrice-blest relic, more  
Than solemn rite or sacred lore,  
The holy life of one who trod  
The foot-marks of the Christ of God !

He lived the Truth which reconciled  
The strong man Reason, Faith the child ;  
In him belief and act were one,  
The homilies of duty done !

THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

### 7

Joseph Rodman Drake, 1795.

AND there, on breezy morns, they saw  
The fishing-schooners outward run,  
Their low-bent sails in tack and flaw  
Turned white or dark to shade and sun.

## AUGUST

Sometimes, in calms of closing day,  
They watched the spectral mirage play,  
Saw low, far islands looming tall and nigh,  
And ships, with upturned keels, sail like a sea the  
sky.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

### 8

A GLIMMER of heat was in the air, —  
The dark green woods were still ;  
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud  
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast arose that cloud  
Above the wilderness,  
As some dark world from upper air  
Were stooping over this.

At times the solemn thunder pealed,  
And all was still again,  
Save a low murmur in the air  
Of coming wind and rain.

THE EXILES.

### 9

Izaak Walton, 1593 ; John Dryden, 1631.

#### Passages

From Izaak Walton's Angler, sweet and fresh  
As the flower-skirted streams of Staffordshire,

## AUGUST

Where, under aged trees, the southwest wind  
Of soft June mornings fanned the thin, white hair  
Of the sage fisher.

THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.

### IO

LIFE shall on and upward go ;  
Th' eternal step of Progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
Which God repeats.

Take heart ! the Waster builds again, —  
A charmèd life old Goodness hath ;  
The tares may perish, but the grain  
Is not for death.

God works in all things ; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night :  
Wake thou and watch ! the world is gray  
With morning light !

THE REFORMER.

### II

Jeffries Wyman, 1814.

WHITE with its sun-bleached dust, the pathway  
winds  
Before me ; dust is on the shrunken grass,  
And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass ;

## AUGUST

Frail screen against the Hunter of the sky,  
Who, glaring on me with his lidless eye,  
While mounting with his dog-star high and  
higher  
Ambushed in light intolerable, unbinds  
The burnished quiver of his shafts of fire.  
Between me and the hot fields of his South  
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace-mouth,  
Glimmers and swims before my dazzled sight,  
As if the burning arrows of his ire  
Broke as they fell, and shattered into light.

PICTURES.

### 12

Robert Southey, 1774.

FAINT not, falter not, nor plead  
Thy weakness; truth itself is strong;  
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,  
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

Thy nature, which, through fire and flood,  
To place or gain finds out its way,  
Hath power to seek the highest good,  
And duty's holiest call obey!

THE VOICES.

### 13

FLOWERS spring to blossom where she walks  
The careful ways of duty;  
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her  
Are flowing curves of beauty.

## AUGUST

Unspoken homilies of peace  
Her daily life is preaching;  
The still refreshment of the dew  
Is her unconscious teaching.

Her presence lends its warmth and health  
To all who come before it.  
If woman lost us Eden, such  
As she alone restore it.

AMONG THE HILLS.

### 14

NOT vain the vision which the prophets saw,  
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,  
Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and calm  
On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.  
Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have trod,  
The great hope resting on the truth of God, —  
Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,  
And the tired world breathe free through a long  
Sabbath day.

THE PEACE CONVENTION.

### 15

Napoleon, 1769; Walter Scott, 1771; Thomas De Quincey, 1785.

HUMAN hearts remain unchanged: the sorrow  
and the sin,  
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our  
own akin;

## AUGUST

And if, in tales our fathers told, the songs our  
mothers sung,  
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance is always  
young.

MARY GARVIN.

## 16

Lavoisier, 1743.

ON my cheek I feel the western wind,  
And hear it telling to the orchard trees,  
And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,  
Tales of fair meadows, green with constant  
streams,  
And mountains rising blue and cool behind,  
Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,  
And starred with white the virgin's bower is twined.  
So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he fares  
Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,  
Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs  
Of a serener and a holier land,  
Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall bland.  
Breath of the blessed Heaven for which we pray,  
Blow from the eternal hills! make glad our earthly  
way!

PICTURES.

## AUGUST

17

Fredrika Bremer, 1801.

THY sweet thoughts and northern fancies  
Meet and mingle with our mirth.  
And o'er weary spirits keeping  
Sorrow's night-watch, long and chill,  
Shine they like thy sun of summer  
Over midnight vale and hill.

TO FREDRIKA BREMER.

18

T. W. Parsons, 1819; Emperor Francis Joseph, 1830.

ONE, with years grown wiser, said:  
"So, always baffled, not misled,  
We follow where before us runs  
The vision of the shining ones.

"Not where they seem their signals fly,  
Their voices while we listen die;  
We cannot keep, however fleet,  
The quick time of their wingèd feet.

"From youth to age unresting stray  
These kindly mockers in our way;  
Yet lead they not, the baffling elves,  
To something better than themselves?"

THE SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.



## AUGUST

19

John Woolman, 1720.

EARNEST toil and strong endeavor  
Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigor,  
Steady heart, and weapon strong,  
In the power of truth assailing  
Every form of wrong.

O'er life's humblest duties throwing  
Light the earthling never knew,  
Freshening all its dark waste places  
As with Hermon's dew.

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,  
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed  
Living warmth and starry brightness  
Round that poor man's head.

To —.

[*With a copy of Woolman's Journal.*]

20

Robert Herrick, 1591.

WITH warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight  
From life's glad morning to its solemn night ;

133

## AUGUST

Yet, through the dear God's love, I also show  
There's Light above me by the Shade below.

INSCRIPTION ON A SUN-DIAL.

### 21

Jules Michelet, 1798; John Tyndall, 1820.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds  
Scattered and fell asunder,  
While feebler came the rush of rain,  
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun  
Looked out serene and warm,  
Painting its holy symbol-light  
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful! that rainbow span,  
O'er dim Crane-neck was blended;—  
One bright foot touched the eastern hills,  
And one with ocean blended.

THE EXILES.

### 22

SOMETIMES a cloud, with thunder black,  
Stooped low upon the darkening main,  
Piercing the waves along its track  
With the slant javelins of rain.

## AUGUST

And when west-wind and sunshine warm  
Chased out to sea its wrecks of storm,  
They saw the prisms hues in thin spray showers  
Where the green buds of waves burst into white  
froth flowers.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

### 23

Cuvier, 1769.

EARTH'S rocky tablets bear forever  
The dint of rain and small bird's track :  
Who knows but that my idle verses  
May leave some trace by Merrimac !

So, when this fluid age we live in  
Shall stiffen round my careless rhyme,  
Who made the vagrant tracks may puzzle  
The savans of the coming time :

And, following out their dim suggestions,  
Some idly-curious hand may draw  
My doubtful portraiture, as Cuvier  
Drew fish and bird from fin and claw.

THE FIRST FLOWERS.

## AUGUST

24

William Wilberforce, 1759.

THE truths ye urge are borne abroad  
By every wind and every tide ;  
The voice of Nature and of God  
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found  
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,  
Light, Truth, and Love ; your battle-ground  
The free, broad field of Thought.

TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.

25

C. K. J. von Bunsen, 1791 ; Bret Harte, 1839.

AND when along the line of shore  
The mists crept upward chill and damp,  
Stretched, careless, on their sandy floor  
Beneath the flaring lantern lamp,  
They talked of all things old and new,  
Read, slept, and dreamed as idlers do ;  
And in the unquestioned freedom of the tent,  
Body and o'er-taxed mind to healthful ease unbent.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

136

## AUGUST

26

Sir Robert Walpole, 1676; Prince Albert, 1819.

WE search the world for truth; we cull  
The good, the pure, the beautiful,  
From graven stone and written scroll,  
From all old flower-fields of the soul;  
And, weary seekers of the best,  
We come back laden from our quest,  
To find that all the sages said  
Is in the Book our mothers read.

MIRIAM.

27

Hegel, 1770.

AH me! we doubt the shining skies,  
Seen through our shadows of offence,  
And drown with our poor childish cries  
The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause,  
And of the just effect complain:  
We tread upon life's broken laws,  
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain.

THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

137

## AUGUST

28

John Locke, 1632; Goethe, 1749; Tolstoi, 1828.

THE soul itself its awful witness is.  
Say not in evil doing, "No one sees,"  
And so offend the conscious One within,  
Whose ear can hear the silences of sin  
Ere they find voice, whose eyes unsleeping see  
The secret motions of iniquity.

Nor in thy folly say, "I am alone."  
For, seated in thy heart, as on a throne,  
The ancient Judge and Witness liveth still,  
To note thy act and thought; and as thy ill  
Or good goes from thee, far beyond thy reach,  
The solemn Doomsman's seal is set on each.

THE INWARD JUDGE.

29

F. D. Maurice, 1805; O. W. Holmes, 1809.

HIS still the keen analysis  
Of men and moods, electric wit,  
Free play of mirth and tenderness  
To heal the slightest wound from it.

And his the pathos touching all  
Life's sins and sorrows and regrets,  
Its hopes and fears, its final call  
And rest beneath the violets.

## AUGUST

His sparkling surface scarce betrays  
The thoughtful tide beneath it rolled,  
The wisdom of the latter days,  
And tender memories of the old.

OUR AUTOCRAT (1879).

### 30

CLIMBING a path which leads back never more  
We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer;  
Now, face to face, we greet him standing here  
Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore!  
Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day  
Is closing and the shadows colder grow,  
His genial presence, like an afterglow,  
Following the one just vanishing away.  
Long be it ere the table shall be set  
For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,  
And love repeat with smiles and tears thereat  
His own sweet songs that time shall not forget.  
Waiting with us the call to come up higher,  
Life is not less, the heavens are only nigher!

O. W. HOLMES ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

### 31

John Bunyan died, 1688.

THE broad and pleasant "river of the Water of Life" glided peacefully before him, fringed "on either side with green trees, with all manner of fruit," and leaves of healing, with "meadows beau-

## AUGUST

tified with lilies, and green all the year long;” he saw the Delectable Mountains, glorious with sunshine, overhung with gardens and orchards and vineyards; and beyond all, the Land of Beulah, with its eternal sunshine, its song of birds, its music of fountains, its purple clustered vines, and groves through which walked the Shining Ones, silver-winged and beautiful.

WHAT were bars and bolts and prison walls to him, whose eyes were anointed to see, and whose ears opened to hear, the glory and the rejoicing of the City of God, when the pilgrims were conducted to its golden gates, from the black and bitter river, with the sounding trumpeters, the transfigured harpers with their crowns of gold, the sweet voices of angels, the welcoming peal of bells in the holy city, and the songs of the redeemed ones?

JOHN BUNYAN.



## September

### SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP

A GOLD fringe on the purpling hem  
Of hills the river runs  
As down its long green valley falls  
The last of summer's suns.  
Along its tawny gravel-bed  
Broad-flowing, swift, and still,  
As if its meadow levels felt  
The hurry of the hill,  
Noiseless between its banks of green  
From curve to curve it slips ;  
The drowsy maple-shadows rest  
Like fingers on its lips.

Touched by a light that hath no name,  
A glory never sung,  
Aloft on sky and mountain wall  
Are God's great pictures hung.  
How changed the summits vast and old !  
No longer granite-browed,  
They melt in rosy mist ; the rock  
Is softer than the cloud ;  
The valley holds its breath ; no leaf  
Of all its elms is twirled :  
The silence of eternity  
Seems falling on the world.

## SEPTEMBER

Slow fades the vision of the sky,  
The golden water pales,  
And over all the valley-land  
A gray-winged vapor sails.  
I go the common way of all ;  
The sunset fires will burn,  
The flowers will blow, the river flow,  
When I no more return.  
No whisper from the mountain pine  
Nor lapsing stream shall tell  
The stranger, treading where I tread,  
Of him who loved them well.

But beauty seen is never lost,  
God's colors all are fast ;  
The glory of this sunset heaven  
Into my soul has passed, —  
A sense of gladness unconfined  
To mortal date or clime ;  
As the soul liveth, it shall live  
Beyond the years of time.  
Beside the mystic asphodels  
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,  
And new horizons flush and glow  
With sunset hues of ours.

# SEPTEMBER

## I

L. H. Sigourney, 1791.

SEPTEMBER sunsets, changing forests, moonrise and cloud, sun and rain, — I for one am contented with them. They fill my heart with a sense of beauty.

THE WORLD'S END.

SHE sang alone, ere womanhood had known  
The gift of song which fills the air to-day:  
Tender and sweet, a music all her own  
May fitly linger where she knelt to pray.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

[*Inscription in Christ Church, Hartford.*]

## 2

John Howard, 1726.

FRINGING the stream, at every turn  
Swung low the waving fronds of fern;  
From stony cleft and mossy sod  
Pale asters sprang, and goldenrod.

And still the waters sang the sweet,  
Glad song that stirred its gliding feet,  
And found in rock and root the keys  
Of its beguiling melodies.

THE SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.

## SEPTEMBER

### 3

Mary Whittier Caldwell, 1806.

THERE, too, our elder sister plied  
Her evening task the stand beside ;  
A full, rich nature, free to trust,  
Truthful and almost sternly just,  
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,  
And make her generous thought a fact,  
Keeping with many a light disguise  
The secret of self-sacrifice.  
O heart sore-tried ! thou hast the best  
That Heaven itself could give thee, — rest.

SNOW-BOUND.

### 4

Phœbe Cary, 1824.

YEARS since (but names to me before),  
Two sisters sought at eve my door ;  
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,  
A gray old farmhouse in the West.

How fresh of life the younger one,  
Half smiles, half tears, like rain in sun!  
Her gravest mood could scarce displace  
The dimples of her nut-brown face.

Wit sparkled on her lips not less  
For quick and tremulous tenderness ;

## SEPTEMBER

And, following close her merriest glance,  
Dreame*d* through her eyes the heart's romance.

THE SINGER.

### 5

Meyerbeer, 1791; Archbishop Trench, 1807.

FOR weeks the clouds had raked the hills  
And vexed the vales with raining,  
And all the woods were sad with mist,  
And all the brooks complaining.

At last, a sudden night-storm tore  
The mountain veils asunder,  
And swept the valleys clean before  
The besom of the thunder.

Clear drawn against the hard blue sky,  
The peaks had winter's keenness;  
And, close on autumn's frost, the vales  
Had more than June's fresh greenness.

It was as if the summer's late  
Atoning for its sadness  
Had borrowed every season's charm  
To end its days in gladness.

AMONG THE HILLS.

## SEPTEMBER

### 6

Lafayette, 1757.

IF the stream had no quiet eddying place, could we so admire its cascade over the rocks? Were there no clouds, could we so hail the sky shining through them in its still calm purity?

THE BEAUTIFUL.

### 7

John Greenleaf Whittier died, 1892.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting;  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and  
shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

AT LAST.

## SEPTEMBER

### 8

Ariosto, 1474; A. W. Schlegel, 1767.

I HAVE but Thee, my Father! let Thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if — my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding  
grace —  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving  
cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green expan-  
sions  
The river of Thy peace.

AT LAST.

### 9

Thomas Hutchinson, 1711; J. H. Shorthouse, 1834.

I PRAY the prayer of Plato old:  
God make thee beautiful within,  
And let thine eyes the good behold  
In everything save sin.

## SEPTEMBER

Imagination held in check  
To serve, not rule, thy poisèd mind ;  
Thy Reason, at the frown or beck  
Of Conscience, loose or bind.

MY NAMESAKE.

### IO

Mungo Park, 1771 ; Philip Gilbert Hamerton, 1834.

NOT alone in tones of awe and power  
He speaks to man ;  
The cloudy horror of the thunder-shower  
His rainbows span ;  
And where the caravan  
Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air  
The crane-flock leaves, no trace of passage there,  
He gives the weary eye  
The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon hours,  
And on its branches dry  
Calls out the acacia's flowers.

TO AVIS KEENE.

### II

James Thomson, 1700.

NOTHING before, nothing behind ;  
The steps of Faith  
Fall on the seeming void, and find  
The rock beneath.



## SEPTEMBER

The Present, the Present is all thou hast  
For thy sure possessing ;  
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast  
Till it gives its blessing.

MY SOUL AND I.

### 12

Charles Dudley Warner, 1829.

FROM the clefts of mountain rocks,  
Through the dark of lowland firs,  
Flash the eyes and flow the locks  
Of the mystic Vanishers !

And the fisher in his skiff,  
And the hunter on the moss,  
Hear their call from cape and cliff,  
See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green  
Twilight of the clustered pines,  
In their faces rarely seen  
Beauty more than mortal shines.

THE VANISHERS.

### 13

James Shirley, 1596.

HERE, though unreached the goal we sought,  
Its own reward our toil has brought :

## SEPTEMBER

The winding water's sounding rush,  
The long note of the hermit thrush,

The turquoise lakes, the glimpse of pond  
And river track, and, vast, beyond  
Broad meadows belted round with pines,  
The grand uplift of mountain lines !

So failure wins ; the consequence  
Of loss becomes its recompense ;  
And evermore the end shall tell  
The unreached ideal guided well.

THE SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.

## 14

John Harvard died, 1638 ; Alexander von Humboldt, 1769.

You should have seen that long hill-range  
With gaps of brightness riven, —  
How through each pass and hollow streamed  
The purpling lights of heaven, —

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down  
From far celestial fountains, —  
The great sun flaming through the rifts  
Beyond the wall of mountains !

AMONG THE HILLS.

## SEPTEMBER

### 15

James Fenimore Cooper, 1789; J. G. Percival, 1795.

LIFT we the twilight curtains of the Past,  
And, turning from familiar sight and sound,  
Sadly and full of reverence let us cast  
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy ground,  
Led by the few pale lights which, glimmering round  
That dim, strange land of Eld, seem dying fast;  
And that which history gives not to the eye,  
The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,  
Let Fancy with her dream-dipped brush supply.

THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.

### 16

Samuel Adams, 1722; Francis Parkman, 1823.

O PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,  
We own Thy wise design,  
Whereby these human hands of ours  
May share the work of Thine!

Apart from Thee we plant in vain  
The root and sow the seed;  
Thy early and Thy later rain,  
Thy sun and dew we need.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,  
Our burden is our boon;  
The curse of Earth's gray morning is  
The blessing of its noon.

GARDEN.

## SEPTEMBER

17

Samuel Hopkins, 1721.

HONOR to the true man ever, who takes his life in his hands, and, at all hazards, speaks the word which is given him to utter, whether men will hear or forbear, whether the end thereof is to be praise or censure, gratitude or hatred. It well may be doubted whether on that Sabbath day the angels of God, in their wide survey of His universe, looked upon a nobler spectacle than that of the minister of Newport, rising up before his slave-holding congregation, and demanding, in the name of the Highest, the "deliverance of the captive, and the opening of prison doors to them that were bound."

SAMUEL HOPKINS.

18

Samuel Johnson, 1709; Joseph Story, 1779.

FAREWELL! these smiling hills must wear  
Too soon their wintry frown,  
And snow-cold winds from off them shake  
The maple's red leaves down.  
But I shall see a summer sun  
Still setting broad and low;  
The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,  
The golden water flow.  
A lover's claim is mine on all  
I see to have and hold, —

## SEPTEMBER

The rose-light of perpetual hills,  
And sunsets never cold!

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

### 19

Hartley Coleridge, 1796.

HAS life's infancy only been provided for, and beyond this poor nursery-chamber of Time is there no play-ground for the soul's youth, no broad fields for its manhood?

SCOTTISH REFORMERS.

### 20

THE river wound as it should wind;  
Their place the mountains took;  
The white torn fringes of their clouds  
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim  
Was pressed by feet of mine,  
Never before mine eyes had crossed  
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,  
Walked with me as my guide;  
The skirts of some forgotten life  
Trailed noiseless at my side.

## SEPTEMBER

Was it a dim-remembered dream?  
Or glimpse through æons old?  
The secret which the mountains kept  
The river never told.

A MYSTERY.

### 21

St. Matthew; Savonarola, 1452.

SUFFICE it now. — In time to be  
Shall holier altars rise to Thee, —  
Thy Church our broad humanity!

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,  
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,  
Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard, —  
The music of the world's accord  
Confessing Christ, the Inward Word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,  
One hope, one faith, one love, restore  
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.

HYMN.

### 22

Michael Faraday, 1791; Dr. John Brown, 1810.

WE need love's tender lessons taught  
As only weakness can;  
God hath His small interpreters;  
The child must teach the man.

## SEPTEMBER

We wander wide through evil years,  
Our eyes of faith grow dim;  
But he is freshest from His hands  
And nearest unto Him!

CHILD-SONGS.

### 23

Jane Taylor, 1783; Karl Theodor Körner, 1791.

MORE than clouds of purple trail  
In the gold of setting day;  
More than gleams of wing or sail  
Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,  
Gleams and glories seen and flown,  
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,  
Airs from viewless Eden blown, —

Beauty that eludes our grasp,  
Sweetness that transcends our taste,  
Loving hands we may not clasp,  
Shining feet that mock our haste.

THE VANISHERS.

### 24

John Marshall, 1755.

HOPE not the cure of sin till Self is dead;  
Forget it in love's service, and the debt  
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;

## SEPTEMBER

Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone ;  
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own !

THE TWO RABBINS.

### 25

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, 1794.

WHEN did Age transfer to Youth  
The hard-gained lessons of its day?  
Each lip must learn the taste of truth,  
Each foot must feel its way.

We cannot hold the hands of choice  
That touch or shun life's fateful keys ;  
The whisper of the inward voice  
Is more than homilies.

A NAME.

### 26

Lord Collingwood, 1750.

LET winds that blow from heaven refresh,  
Dear Lord, the languid air ;  
And let the weakness of the flesh  
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,  
The ear forget to hear,  
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,  
More fine the inward ear !



## SEPTEMBER

Be near me in mine hours of need  
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,  
And down these slopes of sunset lead  
As up the hills of morn !

MY BIRTHDAY.

### 27

Bossuet, 1627.

IT becomes all to hope and labor for the coming of that day when the hymns of Cowper and the Confessions of Augustine, the humane philosophy of Channing and the devout meditations of Thomas à Kempis, the simple essays of Woolman and the glowing periods of Bossuet, shall be regarded as the offspring of one spirit and one faith, — lights of a common altar, and precious stones in the temple of the one universal Church.

POPE NIGHT.

### 28

Francis Turner Palgrave, 1824.

FOR there was freedom in that wakening time  
Of tender souls ; to differ was not crime ;  
The varying bells made up the perfect chime.

On lips unlike was laid the altar's coal,  
The white, clear light, tradition-colored, stole  
Through the stained oriel of each human soul.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

## SEPTEMBER

29

Michaelmas; William, Lord Russell, 1639; Lady Russell  
died, 1723.

I FAIN would thank Thee that my mortal life  
Has reached the hour (albeit through care and  
pain)  
When Good and Evil, as for final strife,  
Close dim and vast on Armageddon's plain;  
And Michael and his angels once again  
Drive howling back the Spirits of the Night.  
Oh for the faith to read the signs aright  
And, from the angle of Thy perfect sight,  
See Truth's white banner floating on before;  
And the Good Cause, despite of venal friends,  
And base expedients, move to noble ends;  
See Peace with Freedom make to Time amends,  
And, through its cloud of dust, the threshing-floor,  
Flailed by the thunder, heaped with chaffless  
grain!

1856.

WHAT OF THE DAY?

30

FOR pearls that gem  
A diadem  
The diver in the deep sea dies;  
The regal right  
We boast to-night  
Is ours through costlier sacrifice;

158

## SEPTEMBER

The blood of Vane,  
His prison pain  
Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,  
And hers whose faith  
Drew strength from death,  
And prayed her Russell up to God!

The shadow rend,  
And o'er us bend,  
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms;  
Breathe through these throngs  
Your battle songs,  
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms!

. . . . .  
To party claims  
And private aims,  
Reveal that august face of Truth,  
Whereto are given  
The age of heaven,  
The beauty of immortal youth.

THE EVE OF ELECTION.

## October

### FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems or gold ;  
Once more with harvest-song and shout  
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,  
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves ;  
Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh, favors every year made new !  
Oh, gifts with rain and sunshine sent !  
The bounty overruns our due,  
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on ;  
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill,  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil  
The power to make it Eden-fair,  
And richer fruits to crown our toil  
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

## OCTOBER

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?  
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom ?  
Or sighs for dainties far away,  
Beside the bounteous board of home ?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm  
Can change a rocky soil to gold, —  
That brave and generous lives can warm  
A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers  
And piled with fruits, awake again  
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,  
The early and the latter rain !

## OCTOBER

### I

Rufus Choate, 1799.

THE airs of spring may never play  
Among the ripening corn,  
Nor freshness of the flowers of May  
Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look  
Through fringëd lids to heaven,  
And the pale aster in the brook  
Shall see its image given ;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,  
The south-wind softly sigh,  
And sweet, calm days in golden haze  
Melt down the amber sky.

MY PSALM.

### 2

W. E. Channing died, 1842.

NOT vainly did old poets tell,  
Nor vainly did old genius paint  
God's great and crowning miracle, —  
The hero and the saint !

For even in a faithless day  
Can we our sainted ones discern ;  
And feel, while with them on the way,  
Our hearts within us burn.

## OCTOBER

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,  
And shut from him her saintly prize,  
Whom, in the world's great calendar,  
All men shall canonize.

CHANNING.

### 3

George Bancroft, 1800 ; George Ripley, 1802.

ALL which is real now remaineth,  
And fadeth never :  
The hand which upholds it now sustaineth  
The soul forever.

And that cloud itself, which now before thee  
Lies dark in view,  
Shall with beams of light from the inner glory  
Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through autumn's dawn  
Uprolling thin,  
Its thickest folds when about thee drawn  
Let sunlight in.

MY SOUL AND I.

### 4

Guizot, 1787 ; J. F. Millet, 1814.

BEAUTIFUL yet for me this autumn day  
Melts on its sunset hills ; and, far away,

## OCTOBER

For me the Ocean lifts its solemn psalm,  
To me the pine-woods whisper; and for me  
Yon river, winding through its vales of calm,  
By greenest banks, with asters purple-starred,  
And gentian bloom and golden-rod made gay,  
Flows down in silent gladness to the sea,  
Like a pure spirit to its great reward!

THE PRISONERS OF NAPLES.

### 5

Jonathan Edwards, 1703.

IN the church of the wilderness Edwards wrought,  
Shaping his creed at the forge of thought;  
And with Thor's own hammer welded and bent  
The iron links of his argument,  
Which strove to grasp in its mighty span  
The purpose of God and the fate of man!  
Yet faithful still, in his daily round  
To the weak, and the poor, and sin-sick found,  
The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art  
Drew warmth and life from his fervent heart.  
Had he not seen in the solitudes  
Of his deep and dark Northampton woods  
A vision of love about him fall?  
Not the blinding splendor which fell on Saul,  
But the tenderer glory that rests on them  
Who walk in the New Jerusalem,  
Where never the sun nor moon are known,  
But the Lord and His love are the light alone!

THE PREACHER.



## OCTOBER

### 6

Jenny Lind, 1821.

WHO hates, hates Thee, who loves becomes  
Therein to Thee allied ;  
All sweet accords of hearts and homes  
In Thee are multiplied.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine,  
Within our earthly sod,  
Most human and yet most divine,  
The flower of man and God !

OUR MASTER.

### 7

Robert Dinsmore, 1757.

A GENIAL, jovial, large-hearted old man, simple as a child, and betraying, neither in look nor manner, that he was accustomed to

“ Feed on thoughts which voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers.”

Peace to him! . . . In the ancient burial-ground of Windham, by the side of his “beloved Molly,” and in view of the old meeting-house, there is a mound of earth, where, every spring, green grasses tremble in the wind, and the warm sunshine calls out the flowers. There, gathered like one of his own ripe sheaves, the farmer poet sleeps with his fathers.

ROBERT DINSMORE.

## OCTOBER

### 8

E. C. Stedman, 1833; John Hay, 1839.

POET and friend of poets, if thy glass  
Detects no flower in winter's tuft of grass,  
Let this slight token of the debt I owe  
    Outlive for thee December's frozen day,  
And, like the arbutus budding under snow,  
Take bloom and fragrance from some morn of  
    May  
When he who gives it shall have gone the way  
Where faith shall see and reverent trust shall  
    know.

To E. C. S.

[*Dedication to At Sundown.*]

### 9

Cervantes, 1549; Giuseppe Verdi, 1813.

WE dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,  
    Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
    The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June  
    Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
    Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,  
    Its harvest-time has come,

## OCTOBER

We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.

THE CORN-SONG.

### IO

Benjamin West, 1738; Hugh Miller, 1802.

AUTUMN'S earliest frost had given  
To the woods below  
Hues of beauty, such as heaven  
Lendeth to its bow;  
And the soft breeze from the west  
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

THE FOUNTAIN.

### II

NOWHERE fairer, sweeter, rarer,  
Does the golden-locked fruit bearer  
Through his painted woodlands stray,  
Than where hillside oaks and beeches  
Overlook the long, blue reaches,  
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,  
And green isles of Casco Bay;  
Nowhere day, for delay,  
With a tenderer look beseeches,  
"Let me with my charmed earth stay."

THE RANGER.

## OCTOBER

### 12

ON all his sad or restless moods  
The patient peace of Nature stole ;  
The quiet of the fields and woods  
Sank deep into his soul.

He worshipped as his fathers did,  
And kept the faith of childish days,  
And, howsoe'er he strayed or slid,  
He loved the good old ways.

The simple tastes, the kindly traits,  
The tranquil air, and gentle speech,  
The silence of the soul that waits  
For more than man to teach.

MY NAMESAKE.

### 13

Elizabeth Fry died, 1845.

THE Gospel of a life like hers  
Is more than books or scrolls.  
From scheme and creed the light goes out,  
The saintly fact survives ;  
The blessed Master none can doubt  
Revealed in holy lives.

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

## OCTOBER

14

William Penn, 1644.

GATHERED from many sects, the Quaker brought  
His old beliefs, adjusting to the thought  
That moved his soul the creed his fathers taught :

One faith alone, so broad that all mankind  
Within themselves its secret witness find,  
The soul's communion with the Eternal mind.

The Spirit's law, the Inward Rule and Guide,  
Scholar and peasant, lord and serf, allied,  
The polished Penn and Cromwell's Ironside.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

15

Allan Ramsay, 1686; Wilhelm von Kaulbach, 1805.

THE summer grains were harvested; the stubble-  
fields lay dry,  
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the  
pale green waves of rye ;  
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed  
with wood,  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn  
crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks  
that, dry and sere,  
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the  
yellow ear ;

## OCTOBER

Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,  
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

THE HUSKERS.

### 16

Noah Webster, 1758; Robert Stephenson, 1803.

OH, fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling,  
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!  
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!  
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,  
Our chair a broad pumpkin, — our lantern the moon,  
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,  
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

THE PUMPKIN.

### 17

Sir John Bowring, 1792.

WITH silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb!

## OCTOBER

Yet, would I say what thy own heart approveth:  
Our Father's will,  
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,  
Is mercy still.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
What He hath given ;  
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly  
As in His heaven.

TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

## 18

St. Luke; Henry Taylor, 1800.

FOR lo! in human hearts unseen  
The Healer dwelleth still,  
And they who make His temples clean  
The best subserve His will.

The holiest task by Heaven decreed,  
An errand all divine,  
The burden of our common need  
To render less is thine.

THE HEALER.

## 19

John Adams, 1735; Leigh Hunt, 1784.

IT was the pleasant harvest-time,  
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,  
And garrets bend beneath their load.

## OCTOBER

And the old swallow-haunted barns, —  
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams  
Through which the moted sunlight streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake  
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,  
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks, —

Are filled with summer's ripened stores,  
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,  
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

MABEL MARTIN.

## 20

Sir Christopher Wren, 1632; Thomas Hughes, 1823.

As long as a wandering pigeon shall search  
The fields below from his white-oak perch,  
When the barley-harvest is ripe and shorn,  
And the dry husks fall from the standing corn;  
As long as Nature shall not grow old,  
Nor drop her work from her doting hold,  
And her care for the Indian corn forget,  
And the yellow rows in pairs to set; —  
So long shall Christians here be born,  
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn! —  
By the beak of bird, by the breath of frost,  
Shall never a holy ear be lost,  
But, husked by Death in the Planter's sight,  
Be sown again in the fields of light!

THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.



## OCTOBER

21

S. T. Coleridge, 1772; Alphonse de Lamartine, 1790.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal  
rain  
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with  
grass again ;  
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the  
woodlands gay  
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-  
flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun  
rose broad and red,  
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he  
sped ;  
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and  
subdued,  
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly  
pictured wood.

THE HUSKERS.

22

Franz Liszt, 1811.

AND all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the  
night,  
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow  
light ;

173

## OCTOBER

Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified  
the hill ;  
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter,  
greener still.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient  
weathercocks ;  
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless  
as rocks.  
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's  
dropping shell,  
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rus-  
tling as they fell.

THE HUSKERS.

## 23

Francis Jeffrey, 1773.

WITH mingled sound of horns and bells,  
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,  
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,  
Like a great arrow through the sky,  
Two dusky lines converged in one,  
Chasing the southward-flying sun ;  
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay  
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

## OCTOBER

24

Daniel Webster died, 1852.

Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,  
O sleeper by the Northern sea,  
The gates of opportunity !  
God fills the gaps of human need,  
Each crisis brings its word and deed.  
Wise men and strong we did not lack ;  
But still, with memory turning back,  
In the dark hours we thought of thee,  
And thy lone grave beside the sea.

. . . . .  
But, where thy native mountains bare  
Their foreheads to diviner air,  
Fit emblem of enduring fame,  
One lofty summit keeps thy name.  
And evermore that mountain mass  
Seems climbing from the shadowy pass  
To light, as if to manifest  
Thy nobler self, thy life at best !

THE LOST OCCASION.

25

Lord Macaulay, 1800.

HE who lies where the minster's groined arches  
curve down  
To the tomb-crowded transept of England's re-  
nown,

175

## OCTOBER

The glorious essayist, by genius enthroned,  
Whose pen as a sceptre the Muses all owned, —

How vainly he labored to sully with blame  
The white bust of Penn, in the niche of his  
fame! . . .

For the sake of his gifts, and the works that outlive  
him,  
And his brave words for freedom, we freely forgive  
him!

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.

### 26

Count von Moltke, 1800.

SEARCH thine own heart. What paineth thee  
In others in thyself may be ;  
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak ;  
Be thou the true man thou dost seek !

THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

### 27

THE blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew ;  
And good thoughts where her footsteps pressed  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look ;  
We read her face, as one who reads  
A true and holy book :

## OCTOBER

The measure of a blessed hymn,  
To which our hearts could move ;  
The breathing of an inward psalm,  
A canticle of love.

GONE.

### 28

Erasmus, 1467.

FRINGED with gold their mantles flow  
On the slopes of westering knolls ;  
In the wind they whisper low  
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine !  
Thou and I have seen them too ;  
On before with beck and sign  
Still they glide, and we pursue. . . .

Gentle eyes we closed below,  
Tender voices heard once more,  
Smile and call us, as they go  
On and onward, still before.

THE VANISHERS.

### 29

John Keats, 1795.

GOD'S angels come not as of old  
The Syrian shepherds knew them ;  
In reddening dawns, in sunset gold,  
And warm noon lights I view them.

## OCTOBER

Nor need there is, in times like this  
When heaven to earth draws nearer,  
Of wing or song as witnesses  
To make their presence clearer.

O stream of life, whose swifter flow  
Is of the end forewarning,  
Methinks thy sundown afterglow  
Seems less of night than morning !

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

### 30

ENOUGH that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track ; —  
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back ; —

That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Sweet with eternal good ; —

That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight.

MY PSALM.

## OCTOBER

31

All Hallows Eve ; John Evelyn, 1620.

IF it be true that, according to Cornelius Agrippa, "a wood fire doth drive away dark spirits," it is, nevertheless, also true that around it the simple superstitions of our ancestors still love to linger ; and there the half-sportful, half-serious charms of which I have spoken are oftenest resorted to.

· · · · ·  
Within the circle of the light of the open fire safely might the young conjurers question destiny ; for none but kindly and gentle messengers from Wonderland could venture among them. And who of us, looking back to those long autumnal evenings of childhood when the glow of the kitchen-fire rested on the beloved faces of home, does not feel that there is truth and beauty in what the quaint old author just quoted affirms ? "As the spirits of darkness grow stronger in the dark, so good spirits, which are angels of light, are multiplied and strengthened, not only by the divine light of the sun and stars, but also by the light of our common wood-fires."

CHARMS AND FAIRY FAITH.

## November

### A DAY

TALK not of sad November, when a day  
Of warm, glad sunshine fills the sky of noon,  
And a wind, borrowed from some morn of June,  
Stirs the brown grasses and the leafless spray.

On the unfrosted pool the pillared pines  
Lay their long shafts of shadow: the small rill,  
Singing a pleasant song of summer still,  
A line of silver, down the hill-slope shines.

Hushed the bird-voices and the hum of bees,  
In the thin grass the crickets pipe no more ;  
But still the squirrel hoards his winter store,  
And drops his nutshells from the shag-bark trees.

Softly the dark green hemlocks whisper : high  
Above, the spires of yellowing larches show,  
Where the woodpecker and home-loving crow  
And jay and nut-hatch winter's threat defy.

O gracious beauty, ever new and old !  
O sights and sounds of nature, doubly dear  
When the low sunshine warns the closing year  
Of snow-blown fields and waves of Arctic cold !



## NOVEMBER

Close to my heart I fold each lovely thing  
The sweet day yields ; and, not disconsolate,  
With the calm patience of the woods I wait  
For leaf and blossom when God gives us Spring !

# NOVEMBER

## I

All Saints; Antonio Canova, 1757.

WHERE now with pain thou treadest, trod  
The whitest of the saints of God!  
To show thee where their feet were set,  
The light which led them shineth yet.

The footprints of the life divine,  
Which marked their path, remain in thine;  
And that great Life, transfused in theirs,  
Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy prayers!

THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

## 2

Marie Antoinette, 1755.

SOON or late to all our dwellings come the spectres  
of the mind,  
Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the  
darkness undefined;  
Round us throng the grim projections of the heart  
and of the brain,  
And our pride of strength is weakness, and the  
cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and no answer  
from on high  
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white  
wings downward fly;

## NOVEMBER

But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith,  
and not to sight,  
And our prayers themselves drive backward all the  
spirits of the night!

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

### 3

William Cullen Bryant, 1794.

We praise not now the poet's art,  
The rounded beauty of his song;  
Who weighs him from his life apart  
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

Not for the eye, familiar grown  
With charms to common sight denied, —  
The marvellous gift he shares alone  
With him who walked on Rydal-side.

Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay,  
Too grave for smiles, too sweet for tears;  
We speak his praise who wears to-day  
The glory of his seventy years.

1864.

BRYANT ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

### 4

James Montgomery, 1771.

THE grass is browning on the hills;  
No pale, belated flowers recall  
The astral fringes of the rills,

## NOVEMBER

And drearily the dead vines fall,  
Frost-blackened, from the roadside wall.

Yet through the gray and sombre wood,  
Against the dusk of fir and pine,  
Last of their floral sisterhood,  
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,  
The tawny gold of Afric's mine !

HAZEL-BLOSSOMS.

### 5

Washington Allston, 1779.

ALONG the river's summer walk,  
The withered tufts of asters nod ;  
And trembles on its arid stalk  
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.  
And on a ground of sombre fir,  
And azure-studded juniper,  
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,  
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet  
wild-rose !

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

### 6

C. C. Felton, 1807 ; Richard Jefferies, 1848.

OUR hearts grow cold,  
We lightly hold  
A right which brave men died to gain ;

## NOVEMBER

The stake, the cord,  
The axe, the sword,  
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

Look from the sky,  
Like God's great eye,  
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam,  
Till in the sight  
Of thy pure light  
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

THE EVE OF ELECTION.

### 7

THAT care and trial seem at last,  
Through Memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain-ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair; —

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west-winds play;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

MY PSALM.

## NOVEMBER

### 8

Robert, Earl Lytton, 1831.

THE summer and the winter here  
Midway a truce are holding,  
A soft, consenting atmosphere  
Their tents of peace enfolding.

The silent woods, the lonely hills,  
Rise solemn in their gladness ;  
The quiet that the valley fills  
Is scarcely joy or sadness.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

### 9

MY autumn time and Nature's hold  
A dreamy tryst together,  
And, both grown old, about us fold  
The golden-tissued weather.

I lean my heart against the day  
To feel its bland caressing ;  
I will not let it pass away  
Before it leaves its blessing.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

## NOVEMBER

### IO

Luther, 1483; Goldsmith, 1728; Schiller, 1759; S. G. Howe, 1801.

SMILE not, fair unbeliever !  
One man, at least, I know,  
Who might wear the crest of Bayard  
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

True as the knights of story,  
Sir Lancelot and his peers,  
Brave in his calm endurance  
As they in tilt of spears.

Wouldst know him now? Behold him,  
The Cadmus of the blind,  
Giving the dumb lip language,  
The idiot clay a mind.

THE HERO.

### II

Martinmas; T. B. Aldrich, 1836.

THOUGH flowers have perished at the touch  
Of Frost, the early comer,  
I hail the season loved so much,  
The good St. Martin's summer.

O gracious morn, with rose-red dawn,  
And thin moon curving o'er it!  
The old year's darling, latest born,  
More loved than all before it!

## NOVEMBER

The sweet day, opening as a flower  
Unfolds its petals tender,  
Renews for us at noontide's hour  
The summer's tempered splendor.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

### 12

Richard Baxter, 1615.

THE "Call to the Unconverted" and the "Saints' Everlasting Rest" belong to no time or sect. They speak the universal language of the wants and desires of the human soul. They take hold of the awful verities of life and death, righteousness and judgment to come. Through them the suffering and hunted minister of Kidderminster has spoken in warning, entreaty, and rebuke, or in tones of tenderest love and pity, to the hearts of the generations which have succeeded him.

RICHARD BAXTER.

### 13

St. Augustine, 354; Tegner, 1782; Edwin Booth, 1833.

THE fourteen centuries fall away  
Between us and the Afric saint,  
And at his side we urge, to-day,  
The immemorial quest and old complaint.

No outward sign to us is given, —  
From sea or earth comes no reply;  
Hushed as the warm Numidian heaven  
He vainly questioned, bends our frozen sky.



## NOVEMBER

No victory comes of all our strife, —  
From all we grasp the meaning slips ;  
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,  
With the old question on her awful lips.

THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

### 14

L. J. M. Daguerre, 1787 ; Sir Charles Lyell, 1797.

I HAVE no answer for myself or thee,  
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee ;  
"All is of God that is, and is to be ;  
And God is good." Let this suffice us still,  
Resting in childlike trust upon His will  
Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by the  
ill.

TRUST.

### 15

William Cowper, 1731 ; R. H. Dana, 1787.

AND if the tender ear be jarred  
That, haply, hears by turns  
The saintly harp of Olney's bard,  
The pastoral pipe of Burns,  
No discord mars His perfect plan  
Who gave them both a tongue ;  
For he who sings the love of man  
The love of God hath sung !

BURNS FESTIVAL.

## NOVEMBER

16

John Bright, 1811; Charles Eliot Norton, 1827.

PRESS on!— the triumph shall be won  
Of common rights and equal laws,  
The glorious dream of Harrington,  
And Sidney's good old cause:

Blessing the cotter and the crown,  
Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup;  
And, plucking not the highest down,  
Lifting the lowest up.

TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.

17

Sir Charles Eastlake, 1793; George Grote, 1794.

THE dear Christ dwells not afar,  
The king of some remoter star,  
Listening, at times, with flattered ear  
To homage wrung from selfish fear,  
But here, amidst the poor and blind,  
The bound and suffering of our kind,  
In works we do, in prayers we pray,  
Life of our life, He lives to-day.

THE MEETING.

190

NOVEMBER

18

David Wilkie, 1785; Asa Gray, 1810.

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands  
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,  
I see, beyond the valley lands,  
The sea's long level dim with rain.  
Around me all things, stark and dumb,  
Seem praying for the snows to come,  
And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,  
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn  
atone.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

19

Elisha Mulford, 1833.

UNNOTED as the setting of a star  
He passed; and sect and party scarcely knew  
When from their midst a sage and seer with-  
drew  
To fitter audience, where the great dead are  
In God's republic of the heart and mind,  
Leaving no purer, nobler soul behind.

MULFORD.

20

Thomas Chatterton, 1752; Queen Margherita, 1851.

FOREVER round the Mercy-seat  
The guiding lights of Love shall burn;

191

## NOVEMBER

But what if, habit-bound, thy feet  
Shall lack the will to turn?

What if thine eye refuse to see,  
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,  
And thou a willing captive be,  
Thyself thy own dark jail?

Oh, doom beyond the saddest guess,  
As the long years of God unroll,  
To make thy dreary selfishness  
The prison of a soul!

THE ANSWER.

## 21

Bryan Waller Procter, 1787.

NEVER yet in darkest mood  
Doubted I that Thou wast good,  
Nor mistook my will for fate,  
Pain of sin for heavenly hate, —  
Never dreamed the gates of pearl  
Rise from out the burning marl,  
Or that good can only live  
Of the bad conservative,  
And through counterpoise of hell  
Heaven alone be possible.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER.

## NOVEMBER

22

"George Eliot," 1819.

BEFORE the Ender comes, whose charioteer  
Is swift or slow Disease, lay up each year  
Thy harvests of well-doing, wealth that kings  
Nor thieves can take away. When all the things  
Thou callest thine, goods, pleasures, honors fall,  
Thou in thy virtue shalt survive them all.

LAYING UP TREASURE.

23

FAIRER hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,  
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than  
thine!

And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to ex-  
press,

Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,  
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,  
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine  
grow,

And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky  
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin pie!

THE PUMPKIN.

24

Laurence Sterne, 1713; H. T. Buckle, 1821.

THE horn, on Sabbath morning, through the still  
and frosty air,  
From Spurwink, Pool, and Black Point, called to  
sermon and to prayer,

193

## NOVEMBER

To the goodly house of worship, where, in order  
due and fit,  
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the  
people sit ;

Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire  
before the clown,  
From the brave coat, lace-embroidered, to the gray  
frock, shading down.

MARY GARVIN.

## 25

THE wise old Doctor went his round,  
Just pausing at our door to say,  
In the brief autocratic way  
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,  
Was free to urge her claim on all,  
That some poor neighbor sick abed  
At night our mother's aid would need.  
For, one in generous thought and deed,  
What mattered in the sufferer's sight  
The Quaker matron's inward light,  
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed ?  
All hearts confess the saints elect  
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,  
And melt not in an acid sect  
The Christian pearl of charity !

SNOW-BOUND.

## NOVEMBER

26

Empress Marie Féodorovna, 1847.

AH! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and  
from West,  
From North and from South come the pilgrim and  
guest,  
When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round  
his board  
The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once  
more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled  
before.

THE PUMPKIN.

27

Frances Anne Kemble, 1809.

STILL on the lips of all we question  
The finger of God's silence lies ;  
Will the lost hands in ours be folded ?  
Will the shut eyelids ever rise ?

O friend ! no proof beyond this yearning,  
This outreach of our hearts, we need ;  
God will not mock the hope He giveth,  
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

No dreary splendors wait our coming  
Where rapt ghost sits from ghost apart ;

## NOVEMBER

Homeward we go to Heaven's thanksgiving,  
The harvest-gathering of the heart.

TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

28

William Blake, 1757.

O CHRIST of God! whose life and death  
Our own have reconciled,  
Most quietly, most tenderly  
Take home Thy star-named child!

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,  
Thy words are on her tongue;  
The very silence round her seems  
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's  
Who hears its mother call;  
The lilies of Thy perfect peace  
About her pillow fall.

Oh, less for her than for ourselves  
We bow our heads and pray;  
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,  
To Thee shall point the way!

VESTA



## NOVEMBER

29

Sir Philip Sidney, 1554

BETTER to use the bit, than throw  
The reins all loose on fancy's neck.  
The liberal range of Art should be  
The breadth of Christian liberty,  
Restrained alone by challenge and alarm  
Where its charmed footsteps tread the border  
land of harm.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

30

St. Andrew; Jonathan Swift, 1667; Theodor Mommsen, 1817.

LET the lowliest task be mine,  
Grateful, so the work be Thine;  
Let me find the humblest place  
In the shadow of Thy grace:  
Blest to me were any spot  
Where temptation whispers not.  
If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
Make my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do;  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER.

197

# December

## A CHRISTMAS CARMEN

### I

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,  
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands ;  
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the  
    morn,  
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born !  
    With glad jubilations  
    Bring hope to the nations !  
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun :  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
    All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one !

### II

Sing the bridal of nations ! with chorals of love  
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove,  
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,  
And the voice of the world is the voice of the  
    Lord !  
    Clasp hands of the nations  
    In strong gratulations :  
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun ;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
    All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one !

## DECEMBER

### III

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace ;  
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel  
cease :

Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,  
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man !

Hark ! joining in chorus

The heavens bend o'er us !

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun ;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one !

## DECEMBER

### I

Alexandra, Princess of Wales, 1844.

THE sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon.  
Slow tracing down the thickening sky  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,  
It sank from sight before it set.  
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,  
The coming of the snow-storm told.  
The wind blew east; we heard the roar  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

SNOW-BOUND.

### 2

Pedro II. of Brazil, 1825.

To Thee our full humanity,  
Its joys and pains, belong;  
The wrong of man to man on Thee  
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

To do Thy will is more than praise,  
As words are less than deeds,

## DECEMBER

And simple trust can find Thy ways  
We miss with chart of creeds.

Alone, O Love ineffable !  
Thy saving name is given ;  
To turn aside from Thee is hell,  
To walk with Thee is heaven !

OUR MASTER.

### 3

Mary Lamb, 1764; Sir Frederick Leighton, 1830.

O LOVE Divine ! — whose constant beam  
Shines on the eyes that will not see,  
And waits to bless us, while we dream  
Thou leavest us because we turn from Thee !

All souls that struggle and aspire,  
All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit ;  
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire  
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st,  
Wide as our need Thy favors fall ;  
The white wings of the Holy Ghost  
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

## DECEMBER

### 4

Thomas Carlyle, 1795.

FADE, pomp of dreadful imagery  
Wherewith mankind have deified  
Their hate, and selfishness, and pride!  
Let the scared dreamer wake to see  
The Christ of Nazareth at his side!

The world sits at the feet of Christ,  
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;  
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,  
And feel the heavenly Alchemist  
Transform its very dust to gold.

THE OVER-HEART.

### 5

Martin Van Buren, 1782; "E. Marlitt," 1825.

AGE brought him no despairing  
Of the world's future faring;  
In human nature still  
He found more good than ill.

Hater of din and riot,  
He lived in days unquiet;  
And, lover of all beauty,  
Trod the hard ways of duty.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

## DECEMBER

### 6

R. H. Barham, 1788.

OTHERS shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong, —  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they?  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said  
And life the sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!  
Hail to the brave light-bringers!  
Forward I reach and share  
All that they sing and dare.

MY TRIUMPH.

### 7

Elizabeth Whittier, 1815.

As one who held herself a part  
Of all she saw, and let her heart  
    Against the household bosom lean,  
Upon the motley-braided mat  
Our youngest and our dearest sat,  
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
    Now bathed in the unfading green  
And holy peace of Paradise.

. . . . .

## DECEMBER

I cannot feel that thou art far,  
Since near at need the angels are ;  
And when the sunset gates unbar,  
    Shall I not see thee waiting stand,  
And, white against the evening star,  
    The welcome of thy beckoning hand ?

SNOW-BOUND.

### 8

Lady Anne Barnard, 1750.

NOR mine the hope of Indra's son,  
    Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,  
Life's myriads blending into one,  
    In blank annihilation blest.

. . . . .  
No! I have friends in Spirit Land, —  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,  
    Not others, but themselves are they.  
And still I think of them the same  
As when the Master's summons came ;  
Their change, — the holy mornlight breaking  
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking, —  
    A change from twilight into day.

LUCY HOOPER.

### 9

John Milton, 1608.

THE new world honors him whose lofty plea  
For England's freedom made her own more sure,



## DECEMBER

Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be  
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.

MILTON.

[*Inscription on the Memorial Window in St. Margaret's  
Church, Westminster.*]

### IO

William Lloyd Garrison, 1805.

FROM lips that Sinai's trumpet blew  
We heard a tender undersong;  
Thy very wrath from pity grew,  
From love of man thy hate of wrong.

Now past and present are as one;  
The life below is life above;  
Thy mortal years have but begun  
The immortality of love.

Go, leave behind thee all that mars  
The work below of man for man;  
With the white legions of the stars  
Do service such as angels can.

GARRISON.

### II

Hector Berlioz, 1803; Alfred de Musset, 1810.

O LIVING friends who love me!  
O dear ones gone above me!  
Careless of other fame,  
I leave to you my name.

## DECEMBER

Hide it from idle praises,  
Save it from evil phrases :  
Why, when dear lips that spake it  
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall ;  
I better know than all  
How little I have gained,  
How vast the unattained.

MY TRIUMPH.

### 12

John Jay, 1745 ; F. H. Hedge, 1805.

BEYOND the poet's sweet dream lives  
The eternal epic of the man.  
He wisest is who only gives,  
True to himself, the best he can ;  
Who, drifting in the winds of praise,  
The inward monitor obeys ;  
And, with the boldness that confesses fear,  
Takes in the crowded sail, and lets his conscience  
steer.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

### 13

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, 1815 ; Phillips Brooks, 1835.

A TRUE life is at once interpreter and proof of  
the Gospel.

INTRODUCTION TO WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

· DECEMBER

STILL shines the light of holy lives  
Like star-beams over doubt;  
Each sainted memory, Christlike, drives  
Some dark possession out.

WILLIAM FORSTER.

14

Washington died, 1799.

OUR first and best! — his ashes lie  
Beneath his own Virginian sky.  
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,  
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife  
And dark hours of the nation's life,  
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning  
word,  
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

15

La Rochefoucauld, 1613.

O LORD and Master of us all!  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
We test our lives by Thine.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;  
And, naked to Thy glance,

## DECEMBER

Our secret sins are in the light  
Of Thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress  
Thy tender light shines in ;  
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,  
Thy grace the pang of sin.

OUR MASTER.

## 16

George Whitefield, 1714; Jane Austen, 1775.

Lo ! by the Merrimack Whitefield stands  
In the temple that never was made by hands, —  
Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,  
And dome of the sunshine over all ! —  
A homeless pilgrim, with dubious name  
Blown about on the winds of fame ;  
Now as an angel of blessing classed,  
And now as a mad enthusiast.  
Called in his youth to sound and gauge  
The moral lapse of his race and age,  
And, sharp as truth, the contrast draw  
Of human frailty and perfect law ;  
Possessed by the one dread thought that lent  
Its goad to his fiery temperament,  
Up and down the world he went,  
A John the Baptist crying, Repent !

THE PREACHER.

## DECEMBER

17

Beethoven, 1770; John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807.

BESIDE that milestone where the level sun,  
Nigh unto setting, sheds his last, low rays  
On word and work irrevocably done,  
Life's blending threads of good and ill outspun,  
I hear, O friends! your words of cheer and praise,  
Half doubtful if myself or otherwise.  
Like him who, in the old Arabian joke,  
A beggar slept and crown'd Caliph woke.  
Thanks not the less. With not unglad surprise  
I see my life-work through your partial eyes;  
Assured, in giving to my home-taught songs  
A higher value than of right belongs,  
You do but read between the written lines  
The finer grace of unfulfilled designs.

1877.

RESPONSE.

18

Constitutional Amendment Abolishing Slavery, 1865.

How they pale,  
Ancient myth and song and tale,  
In this wonder of our days,  
When the cruel rod of war  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise!

Ring and swing,  
Bells of joy! On morning's wing

## DECEMBER

Send the song of praise abroad!  
With a sound of broken chains  
Tell the nations that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God!

LAUS DEO.

### 19

HE saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:  
I hate to go above you,  
Because," — the brown eyes lower fell, —  
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her, — because they love him.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

## DECEMBER

20

LET the icy north-wind blow  
The trumpets of the coming storm.  
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow  
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.  
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,  
As gayly as I did of old ;  
And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,  
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

21

Leopold von Ranke, 1795 ; Lord Beaconsfield, 1804.

DEAR to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual  
life of old,  
Inward, grand with awe and reverence ; outward,  
mean and coarse and cold ;  
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and  
vulgar clay,  
Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a web of hod-  
den gray.

The great eventful Present hides the Past ; but  
through the din  
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life  
behind steal in ;

211

## DECEMBER

And the lore of home and fireside, and the legendary rhyme,  
Make the task of duty lighter which the true man  
owes his time.

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

### 22

Landing of the Pilgrims, 1620.

SAD Mayflower! watched by winter stars,  
And nursed by winter gales,  
With petals of the sleeted spars,  
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,  
Within her ice-rimmed bay,  
In common with the wild-wood flowers,  
The first sweet smiles of May?

• • • • •  
"God wills it: here our rest shall be,  
Our years of wandering o'er;  
For us the Mayflower of the sea  
Shall spread her sails no more."

• • • • •  
So live the fathers in their sons,  
Their sturdy faith be ours,  
And ours the love that overruns  
Its rocky strength with flowers.

THE MAYFLOWERS.



## DECEMBER

### 23

Sir Richard Arkwright, 1732; C. A. Sainte-Beuve, 1804.

ASK not why to these bleak hills  
I cling, as clings the tufted moss,  
To bear the winter's lingering chills,  
The mocking spring's perpetual loss.  
I dream of lands where summer smiles,  
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,  
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be  
sweet,  
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my  
feet!

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

### 24

George Crabbe, 1754; Matthew Arnold, 1822.

WHO gives and hides the giving hand,  
Nor counts on favor, fame, or praise,  
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs  
The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath naught been given,  
His gift in need, though small indeed  
As is the grass-blade's wind-blown seed,  
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

GIVING AND TAKING.

## DECEMBER

25

Christmas; Sir Isaac Newton, 1642; William Collins, 1720.

OUR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,  
What may Thy service be? —  
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,  
But simply following Thee.

In vain shall waves of incense drift  
The vaulted nave around,  
In vain the minster turret lift  
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,  
Thy inward altars raise;  
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,  
And its obedience praise!

OUR MASTER.

26

St. Stephen; Thomas Gray, 1716.

I LISTEN, from no mortal tongue,  
To hear the song the angels sung;  
And wait within myself to know  
The Christmas lilies bud and blow.

The outward symbols disappear  
From him whose inward sight is clear;

## DECEMBER

And small must be the choice of days  
To him who fills them all with praise!

THE MYSTIC'S CHRISTMAS.

### 27

St. John Evangelist ; Abigail Whittier (the Poet's Mother),  
died 1857.

AND *she* was with us, living o'er again  
Her life in ours, despite of years and pain, —  
The Autumn's brightness after latter rain.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one  
Who stands, at evening, when the work is done,  
Glorified in the setting of the sun!

Her memory makes our common landscape seem  
Fairer than any of which painters dream,  
Lights the brown hills and sings in every stream;

For she whose speech was always truth's pure gold  
Heard, not unpleased, its simple legends told,  
And loved with us the beautiful and old.

PROEM TO MABEL MARTIN.

### 28

Innocents' Day; C. M. Sedgwick, 1789.

OF such the kingdom! — Teach Thou us,  
O Master most divine,  
To feel the deep significance  
Of these wise words of Thine!

## DECEMBER

The haughty eye shall seek in vain  
What innocence beholds ;  
No cunning finds the key of heaven,  
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love  
That gate shall open fall ;  
The mind of pride is nothingness,  
The childlike heart is all !

CHILD-SONGS.

## 29

W. E. Gladstone, 1809.

WHAT is really momentous and all-important with us is the present, by which the future is shaped and colored.

THE BETTER LAND.

THEN of what is to be, and of what is done,  
Why quierest thou ? —  
The past and the time to be are one,  
And both are now !

MY SOUL AND I.

## 30

GALLERY of sacred pictures manifold,  
A minster rich in holy effigies,  
And bearing on entablature and frieze  
The hieroglyphic oracles of old.

## DECEMBER

Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit ;  
And the low chancel side-lights half acquaint  
The eye with shrines of prophet, bard, and saint,  
Their age-dimmed tablets traced in doubtful writ !  
But only when on form and word obscure  
Falls from above the white supernal light  
We read the mystic characters aright,  
And life informs the silent portraiture,  
Until we pause at last, awe-held, before  
The One ineffable Face, love, wonder, and adore.

THE BOOK.

### 31

James T. Fields, 1816.

HE knew each living pundit well,  
Could weigh the gifts of him or her,  
And well the market value tell  
Of poet and philosopher.  
But if he lost, the scenes behind,  
Somewhat of reverence vague and blind,  
Finding the actors human at the best,  
No readier lips than his the good he saw confessed.

His boyhood fancies not outgrown,  
He loved himself the singer's art ;  
Tenderly, gently, by his own  
He knew and judged an author's heart.  
No Rhadamanthine brow of doom  
Bowed the dazed pedant from his room ;

## DECEMBER

And bards, whose name is legion, if denied,  
Bore off alike intact their verses and their pride.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

BENEATH the moonlight and the snow  
Lies dead my latest year;  
The winter winds are wailing low  
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind  
As if a loss befell;  
Before me, even as behind,  
God is, and all is well!

MY BIRTHDAY.

RICH gift of God! A year of time!  
What pomp of rise and shut of day,  
What hues wherewith our Northern clime  
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,  
What airs outblown from ferny dells,  
And clover-bloom and sweet-briar smells,  
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and  
flowers,  
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its round  
been ours!

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.













LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 871 922 8

