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GEMS

from the

POETS



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GEMS
FROM * THE
POETS

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS
OF HOMER, MILTON, SHAKSPERE, SCOTT, BURNS,
BYRON, LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, TENNYSON,
LOWELL, AND MANY OTHER FAMOUS POETS.

EDITED BY
HAZLITT ALVA CUPPY, M.A., Ph.D.

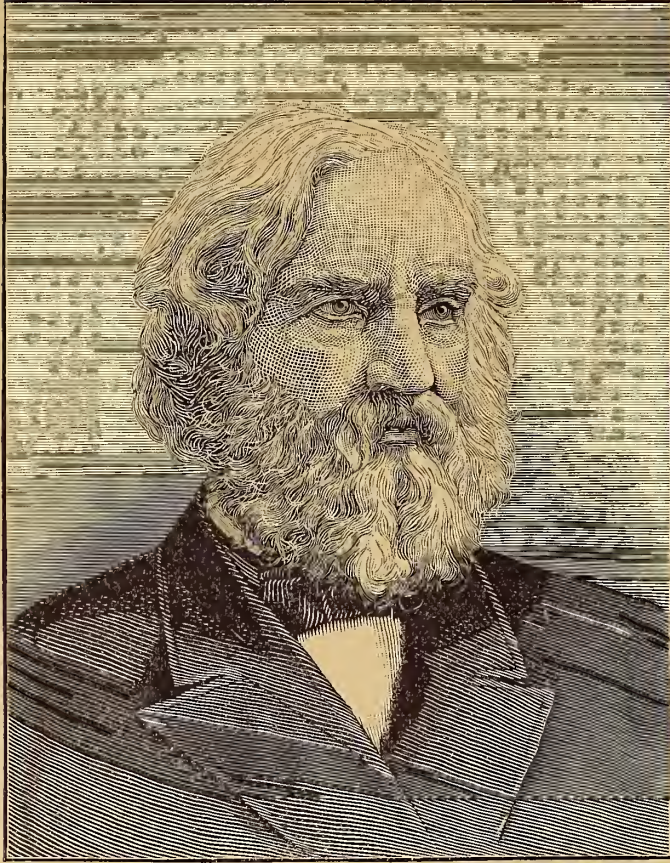


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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825. Afterward he studied and traveled abroad, returning to enter upon his duties as a professor in his Alma Mater. From 1836 to 1854 he held a professorship in Harvard University. He was twice married; in 1831 to Mary Storer Potter, of Portland, who died four years later. 1843 he married Francis Elizabeth Appleton, of Boston. March 24, 1882, he died, leaving two sons and three daughters.

Longfellow has been honored above all his contemporaries. He was honored by degrees from Harvard, Cambridge and Oxford Universities. His bust has been placed in the poets' corner in Westminster Abbey. His "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," are known throughout the English-speaking world.



BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

THERE is something of poetry born in us each,
 Though in many, perhaps, it is born without speech—
 An existence but dumb and uncertain, that strives
 For expression in vain through the whole of their lives.
 That is glad when the spring wears its beautiful smiles,
 And is sad when all nature to tears would beguile;

* * * *

That can weep with the world in its woe of to-day,
 And to-morrow take part in its merriest play.

* * * *

That can feel, and can be, yet can never express
 All the feeling and being its life may possess."

POETRY, music and art are three golden links binding
 our higher natures to the Divine.

THE starry firmament forms a picture so perfectly
 artistic that it could not be other than the
 embodiment of an infinite conception.

THERE is music, too, in the fascinating rhythm of the
 movements of the planets and in the silent harmonies
 of the myriads of stars as they step out on parade,
 night after night.

AND the vaulted heavens, bedecked with scintillating
 points—studded with clusters of brilliants, are but
 the fruition of a magnificent poetical idea.

AND so the best that is in us always responds to that
 which truly belongs to the artistic, the poetical or the
 musical, for such appeals to the heart.

THESE GEMS FROM THE POETS are often but the
 expression of the unexpressed in each of us.
 They therefore belong to humanity, and will, it is hoped,
 find a responsive chord in every heart.

FER the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
 And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips fer me and you."

HAZLITT ALVA CUPPY.



MAIDEN, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh, it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest ;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



TIME.

—❖—
GATHER ye rosehuds as ye may,
Old Time is still a-flyng;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worst and worst
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.



W. HATHRELL.



AUTUMN.

THE autumn is old;
 The sear leaves are flying;
 He hath gathered up gold,
 And now he is dying:
 Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe;
 The harvest is heaping;
 But some that hath sowed
 Have no riches for reaping:
 Poor wretch, fall a-weeping?

The year's in the wane;
 There is nothing adorning;
 The night has no eve,
 And the day has no morning;
 Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill;
 The red sun is sinking;
 And I am grown old,
 And life is fast shrinking;
 Here's enow for sad thinking!

THOMAS HOOD.

NIGHT.

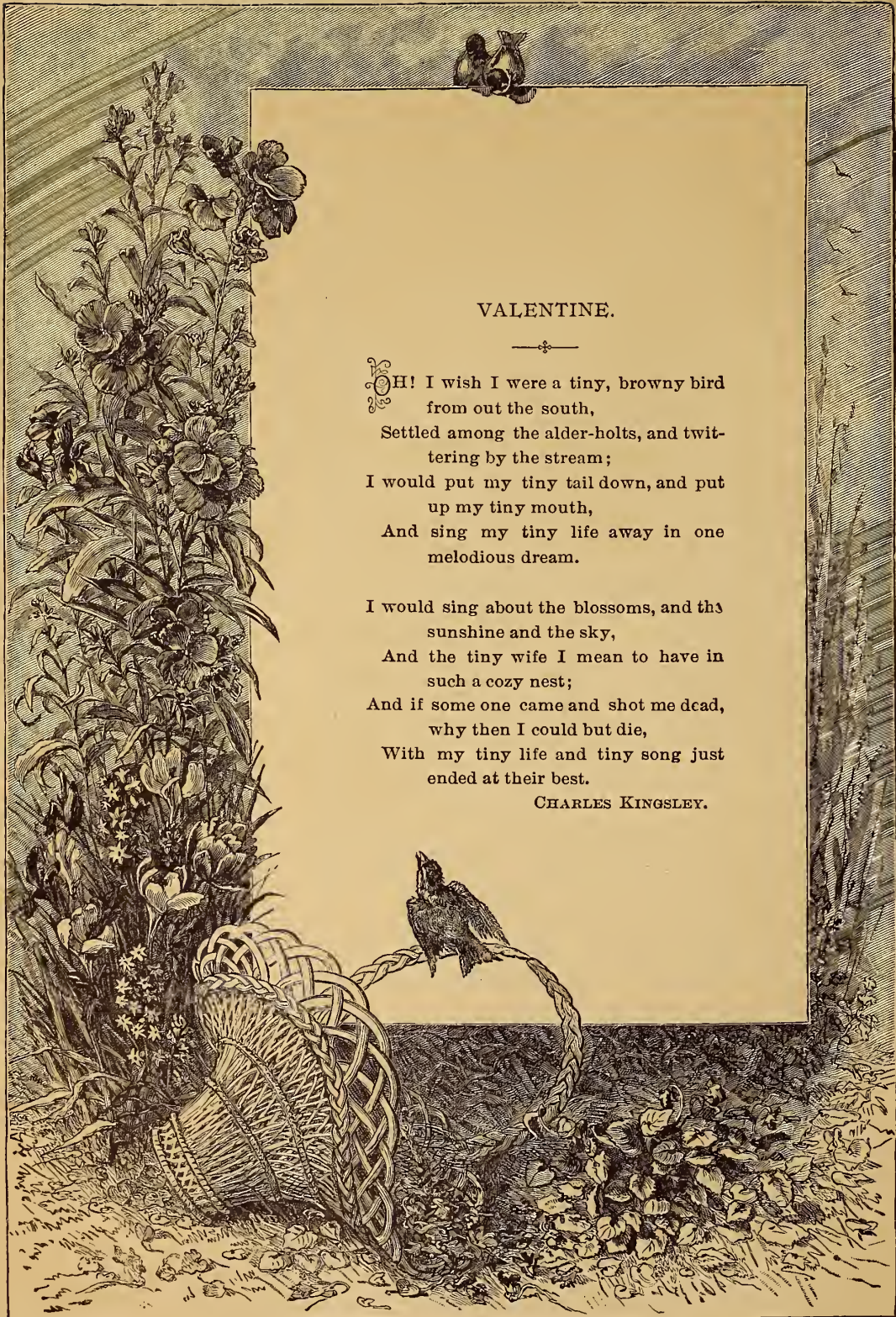
HOW beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's
 ear
 Were discord to the speaking quietude
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's cobon
 vault,
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur
 rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which love has spread
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
 So stainless that their white and glittering spires
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castle steep,
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
 So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it
 A metaphor of peace—all form a scene
 Where musing solitude might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
 Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
 So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day
 In southern climes o'er ocean's waveless field



Sinks sweetly smiling: not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;
And vesper's image on the western main
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
Rolls o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



VALENTINE.

OH! I wish I were a tiny, browny bird
from out the south,
Settled among the alder-holts, and twit-
tering by the stream;
I would put my tiny tail down, and put
up my tiny mouth,
And sing my tiny life away in one
melodious dream.

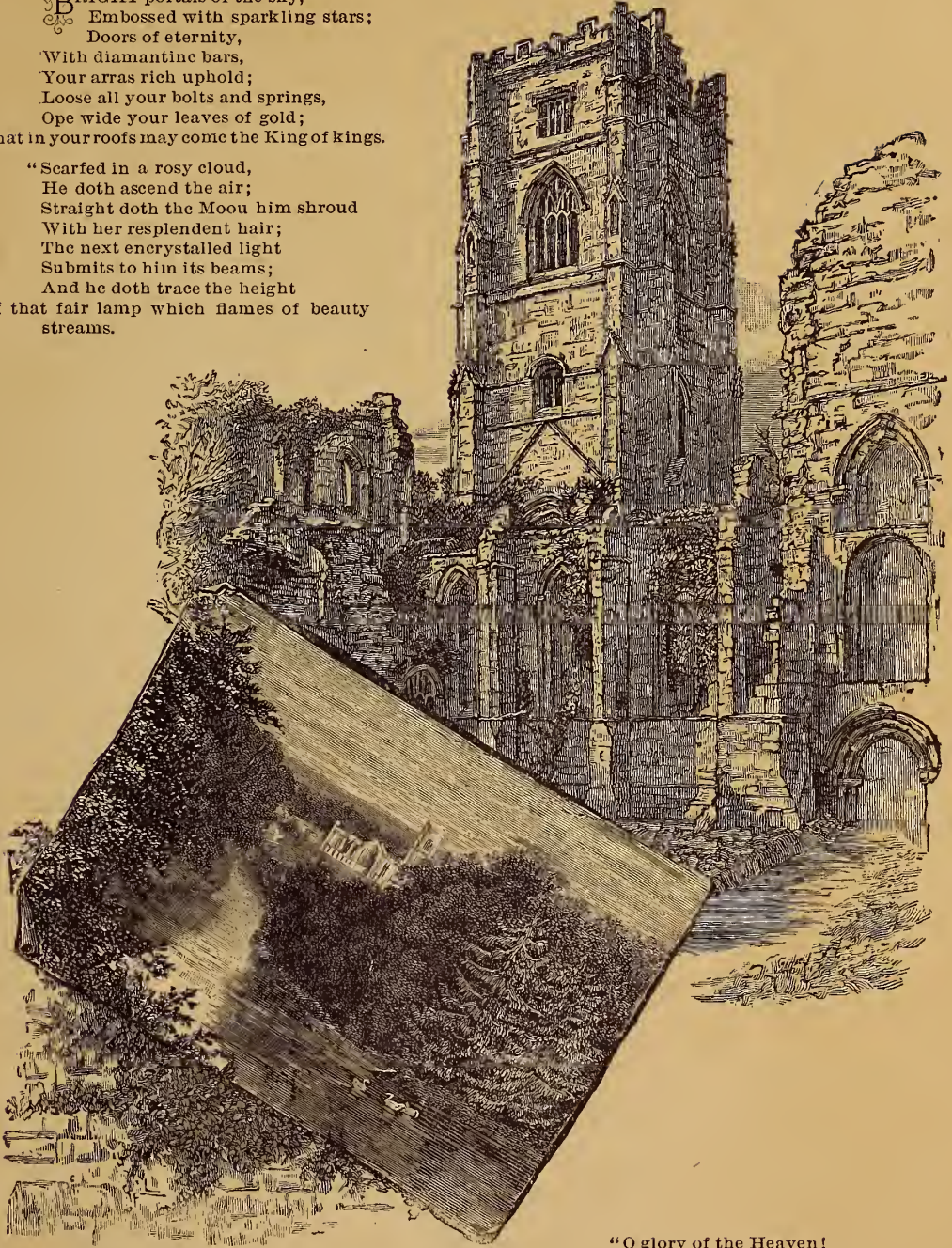
I would sing about the blossoms, and the
sunshine and the sky,
And the tiny wife I mean to have in
such a cozy nest;
And if some one came and shot me dead,
why then I could but die,
With my tiny life and tiny song just
ended at their best.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

BRIGHT portals of the sky,
Embossed with sparkling stars;
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold;
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold;
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

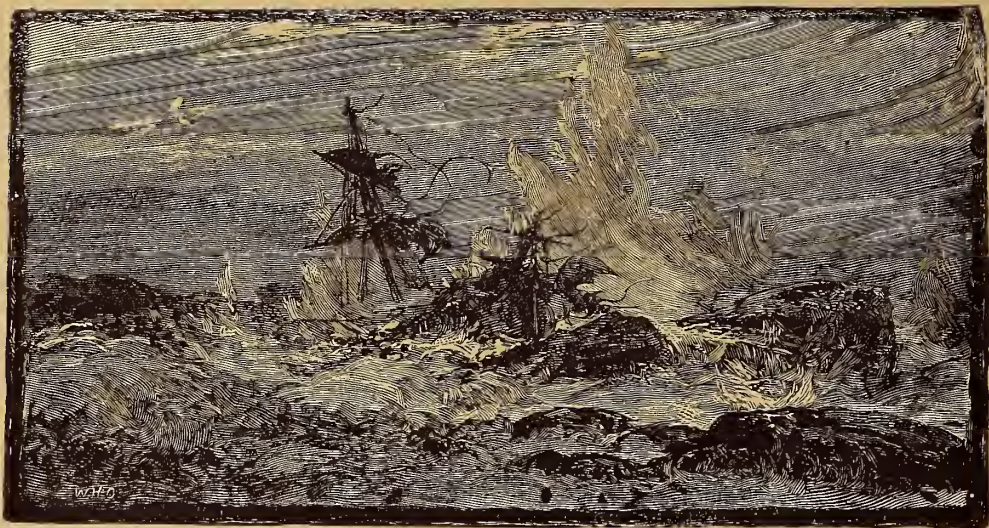
“Scarfed in a rosy cloud,
He doth ascend the air;
Straight doth the Moon him shroud
With her resplendent hair;
The next encrystalled light
Submits to him its beams;
And he doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty
streams.



The choirs of happy souls,
Waked with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controls,
Their Lord in triumph meet;
The spotless spirits of light
His trophies do extol,
And, arched in squadrons bright,
Greet their great victor in his capitol.

“O glory of the Heaven!
O soul delight of Earth!
To thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth;
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation, and our song.”
From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.



SPIRITS OF THE STORM.

ROLL, thunders, roll!
 On the cold mist of the night,
 As I watch the streaming light,
 Lurid blinking in the south,
 Like a mighty serpent's mouth
 Spitting fire.
 Peal on peal, the thunder's crashing,
 And the streaming lightning's flashing,
 Like great giants coming o'er us,
 Dancing to the distant chorus,
 In their ire,
 Sowing fire,
 From the wild sky higher, higher,
 While the heaving, angry motion,
 Of a great aerial ocean,
 Dashes cloud-built ships asunder,
 As the distant coming thunder
 Rolls, rolls, rolls,
 And shakes the great earth to the poles.

 Roll, thunders, roll!
 You wake my sleeping soul,
 To see the war in rage before me,
 And its dreadful menace o'er me,
 Lightning,
 Brightening,
 Flashing,
 Dashing;
 Thunders booming in the distance,
 Till the earth seems in resistance
 To the navies sailing higher,
 O'er the wild clouds dropping fire;
 And there he comes! the wing'd horse comes,
 Beneath great Jove whose mighty arms
 Hurl thunder-bolts, and heaven drums
 Her awful roll of sad alarms:
 He stamps the clouds, and onward prances;
 As from him the wild lightning glances;
 By his neigh the world is shaken,
 And his hoof so fleetly dances
 That the lightning's overtaken,
 And he feeds upon its blazing
 Shafts, as if he were but grazing;
 Stops, paws the clouds beneath his form,
 Then gallops o'er the raging storm;
 Flies on! his long, disheveled mane
 Streams wildly through the leaden plane
 Of the dull skies,
 The while the drapery of the clouds
 Wraps this spirit as in shrouds,
 Our darting eyes
 In vague surprise
 Arise,
 And trace the wandering course
 Of heaven's fleet-foot winged horse!

 Roll, thunders, roll!
 As lightnings in the arching scroll,
 Streak the heavens in their flight
 By their dazzling flow of light:
 While old Neptune, all alone,
 Is sitting on his mountain throne,

O'er the sea,
 In a mood so lonely, he
 Thrusts his trident by his side,
 With such force that the great mountain
 Opens a deep cavern wide,
 And bursts forth a living fountain
 Sparkling with its silvery tide;
 And the Nereids, fifty strong,
 To the water's babbling song,
 Like fairy wands
 From Neptune's hands
 Sally from this cavern wide,
 Sailing o'er the gray, cold rocks,
 With their fairy rainbow locks,
 Down upon the water's brim,
 Either way the surface skim,
 Till their taper'd finger tips
 Gently in the water dips;
 Then beneath the raging skies
 Neptune in his chariot flies
 O'er the sea,
 With his trident in his hand,
 In a bearing of command,
 Fitting to his majesty,
 He calls to his daughters
 To quit the wild waters,
 He calls, but they heed not his word:
 Then his trident he hurls
 At his sea nymph girls,
 But the truant—they flee from their lord.
 Unto the clouds they go
 In the whirlwinds of the storm,
 Arethusa leads the way
 Wheresoe'er the winds may blow.
 She lithely moves her graceful form
 As if she would herself survey,
 And then she rides the southern wind
 And bids her sisters follow,
 And leave old Neptune far behind,
 Lord of his mountain hollow,
 To nurse his wrath
 And tread his path,
 And curse his fairy daughters,
 These mountain elves
 That freed themselves
 From the lord of ocean's waters.
 He grasped a trident in his hand
 That mystic rose at his command,
 And wildly blew till the great ocean
 Trembled like an aspen-tree,
 And winds that were in wild commotion,
 Whirling through immensity,
 He'd by his magic art control
 And gather in a secret scroll
 And hurl them at his Dorian daughters
 O'er the heaving angry waters,
 Till the growling thunders roll,
 Giving spleen to Neptune's soul,
 As he sees them dart through the air,
 Daughters fifty, all so fair,
 Free from the Ionian sea,
 Designed to be
 Their destiny.



W. H. Overton sc.

Roll, thunders, roll!
 Till the many church-bells toll
 Once in unity,
 Touched by the enchanting wand
 Of his majesty,
 Who's arbiter of sea and land,
 And marks each destiny.
 But there!
 The fair-faced nymphs of air,
 Metamorphosed from the Dorian sea,
 O'er the waters,
 Lovely daughters,
 Through the misty clouds they flee,
 Their fairy forms
 Float o'er the storms
 So swift and magically
 That on the wings of the long streaming flashes
 They ride and they dance their delight,
 Wear crowns of electrical dashes,
 And bask in their dazzling light.

Where the deep-voiced thunder peals louder,
 And the long-shected lightnings play fast,
 We see them peep through the dark cloud, or
 Ride off on a sulphurous blast.
 When the storm to its fullness is raging,
 And all nature at war seems to be,

The cloud-sphere is then more engaging
 To them than a wild breaking sea.

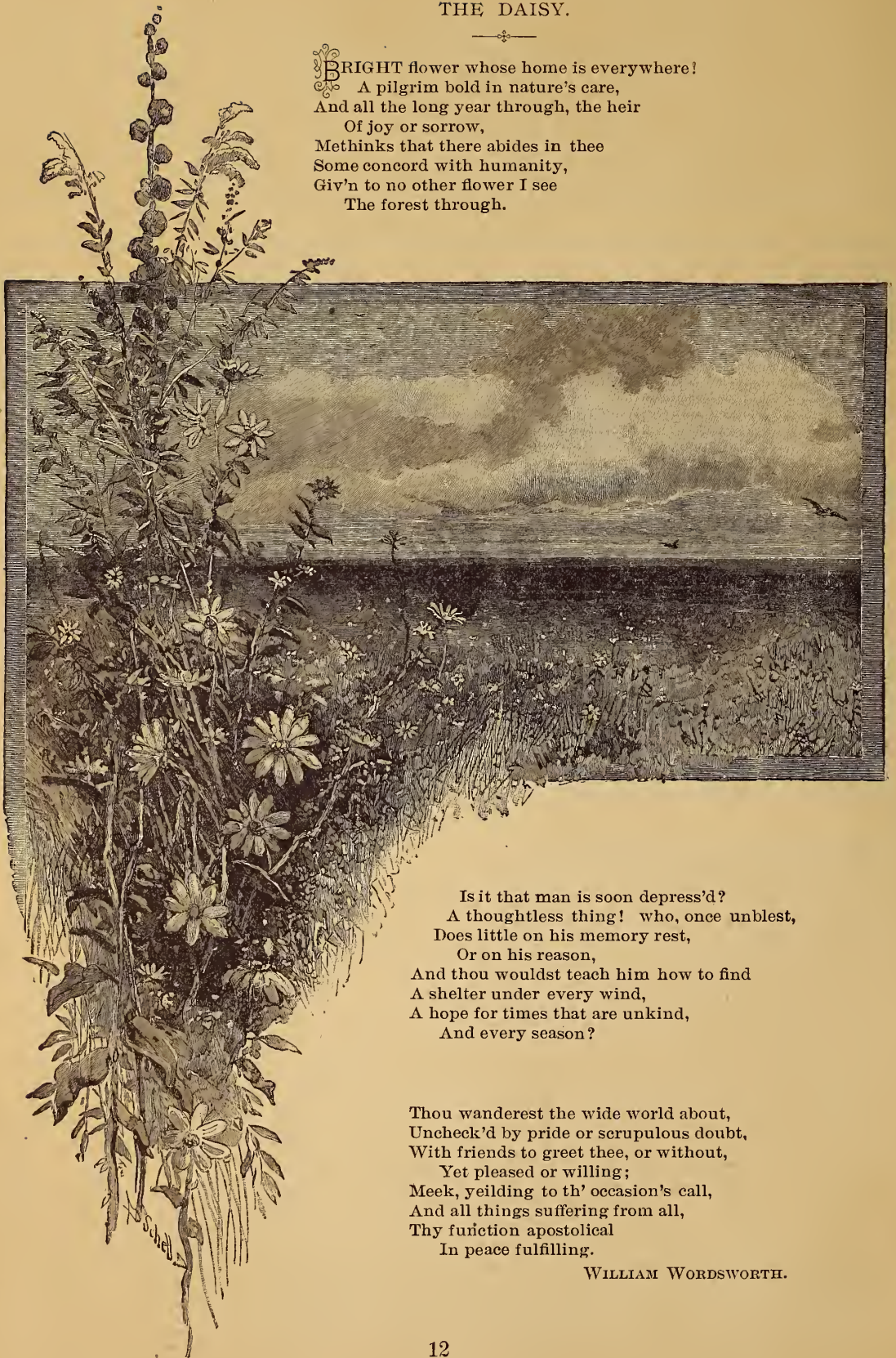
But now the growling, rolling, grumbling,
 Thunders in the distance mumbling,
 Fainter, fainter, dying, dying,
 And the lightning dimmer flying,
 O'er the dark cloud westward lying,
 As the morning in her glory
 Bursts forth like an ancient story,
 The while the resting sunbeams light
 On this dark cloud of the night,
 And the arching rainbow's given
 To the spirit-forms of heaven,
 In a moment unrolled
 In its pinions of gold,
 And quick as its birth
 It o'ercircles the earth:
 And there the spirits of the storms
 Sit and rest their weary forms.

N. J. CLODFELTER.



THE DAISY.

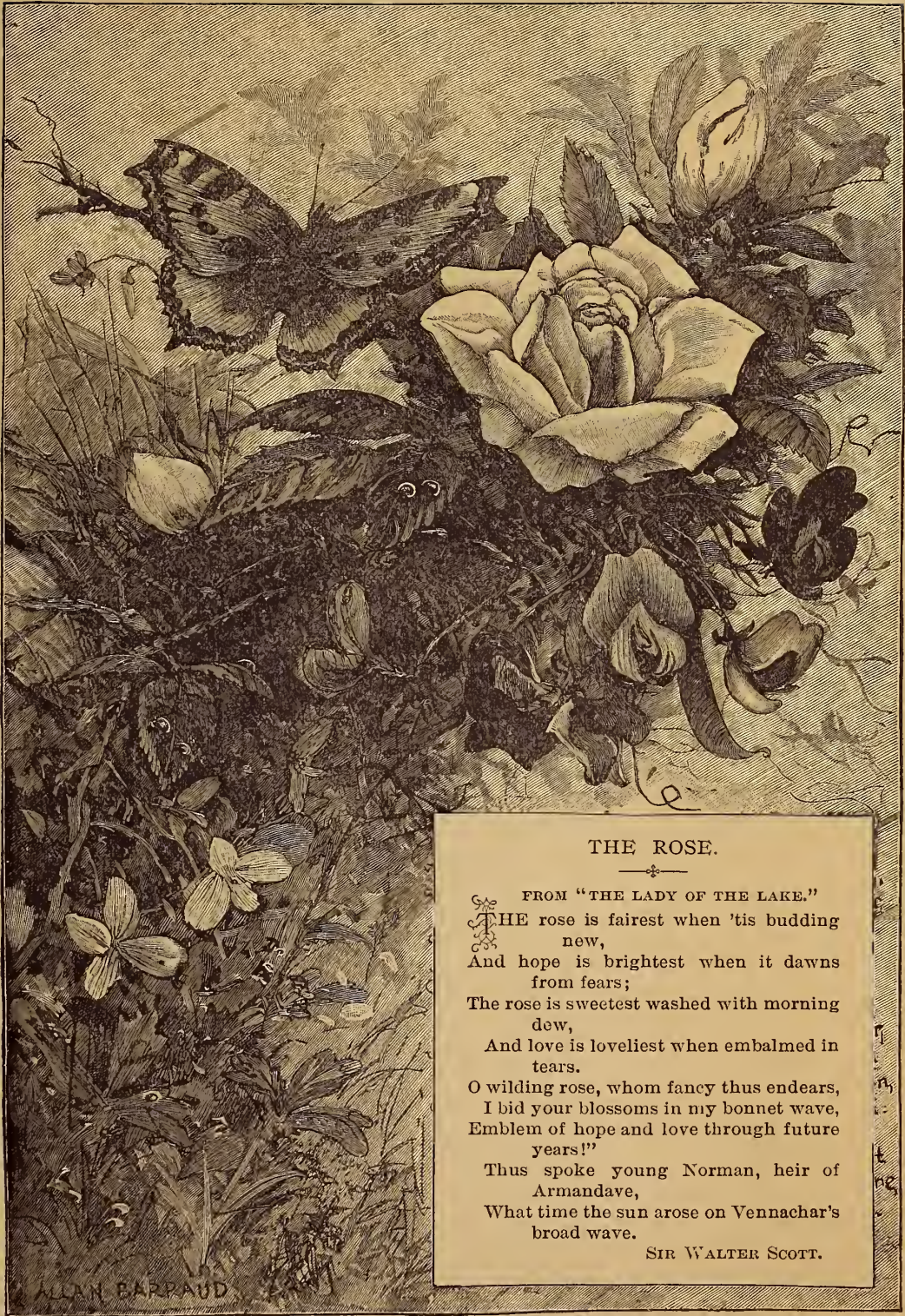
BRIGHT flower whose home is everywhere!
A pilgrim bold in nature's care,
And all the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow,
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Giv'n to no other flower I see
The forest through.



Is it that man is soon depress'd?
A thoughtless thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason,
And thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season?

Thou wanderest the wide world about,
Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,
Yet pleased or willing;
Meek, yeilding to th' occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical
In peace fulfilling.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



THE ROSE.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding
new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns
from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning
dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in
tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future
years!"
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of
Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's
broad wave.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



LULLABY.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



ALL that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red
and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a
flower hangs furl'd;
They must solace themselves
with the saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star
is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to
me: therefore I love it.
ROBERT BROWNING.



SING HEIGH-HO!

—❖—
THERE sits a bird on every tree;
Sing heigh-ho!
There sits a bird on every tree,
And courts his love, as I do thee;
Sing heigh-ho and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

There grows a flower on every bough;
Sing heigh-ho!
There grows a flower on every bough,
Its petals kiss—I'll show you how;
Sing heigh-ho and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

From sea to stream the salmon roam;
Sing heigh-ho!
From sea to stream the salmon roam;
Each finds a mate and leads her home;
Sing heigh-ho and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

The sun's a bridegroom, earth a bride;
Sing heigh-ho!
They court from morn till eventide:
The earth shall pass, but love abide.
Sing heigh-ho and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On turning one down with the plough, in April, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter, biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou beueath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—do distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!



ROBERT BURNS.



A WINTER'S EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE.

THOU of home the guardian Lar,
And when our earth hath wandered
far

Into the cold, and deep snow covers
The walks of our New England lovers,
Their sweet secluded evening star!

'Twas with thy rays the English Muse
Ripened her mild domestic hues:

'Twas by thy flicker that she conned
The fireside wisdom that enrings
With light from heaven familiar things;
By thee she found the homely faith

In whose mild eyes thy comfort stay'th,
When death, extinguishing his torch,
Gropes for the latch-string in the porch;
The love that wanders not beyond
His earliest nest, but sits and sings
While children smooth his patient wings:
Therefore with thee I love to read
Our brave old poets: at thy touch how
stirs

Life in the withered words: how swift
recede

Time's shadows! and how glows again
Through its dead mass the incandescent
verse,

As when upon the anvils of the brain
It glittering lay, cyclopically wrought
By the fast-throbbing hammers of the
poet's thought!

Thou murmurest, too, divinely stirred
The aspirations unattained,
The rhythms so rathe and delicate,
They bent and strained
And broke, beneath the somber weight
Of any airiest mortal word.

As who would say, "'Tis those, I ween,
Whom lifelong armor-chafe makes lean
That win the laurel;'"

While the gray snow-storm, held aloof,
To softest outline rounds the roof,
Or the rude North with baffled strain
Shoulders the frost-starred window-pane!

Now the kind nymph to Bacchus borne
By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems
Gifted upon her natal morn

By him with fire, by her with dreams,
Nicotia, dearer to the Muse

Than all the grapes' bewildering juice,
We worship, unforbid of thee;

And, as her incense floats and curls
In airy spires and wayward whirls,

Or poises on its tremulous stalk
A flower of frailest reverie,

So winds and loiters, idly free,
The current of unguided talk,

Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
In smooth, dark pools of deeper thought.

Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
A sweetly unobtrusive third:

For thou hast magic beyond wine,
To unlock natures each to each;

The unspoken thought thou canst divine:
Thou fillest the pauses of the speech

With whispers that to dreamland reach,
And frozen fancy-springs unchain

In Arctic outskirts of the brain;
Sun of all inmost confidences!

To thy rays doth the heart unclose
Its formal calyx of pretenses,

That close against rude day's offenses,
And open its shy midnight rose.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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FLOWERS.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolf's-bane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me;
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a
blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

THOMAS HOOD.

MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning star, day's
harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and
leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green
lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that doth inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

WOODS IN WINTER.

—❖—
WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows
the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.



Where, twisted 'round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute
springs

Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



OH, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

OH, my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.



I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.



THE USE OF FLOWERS.


—♦—

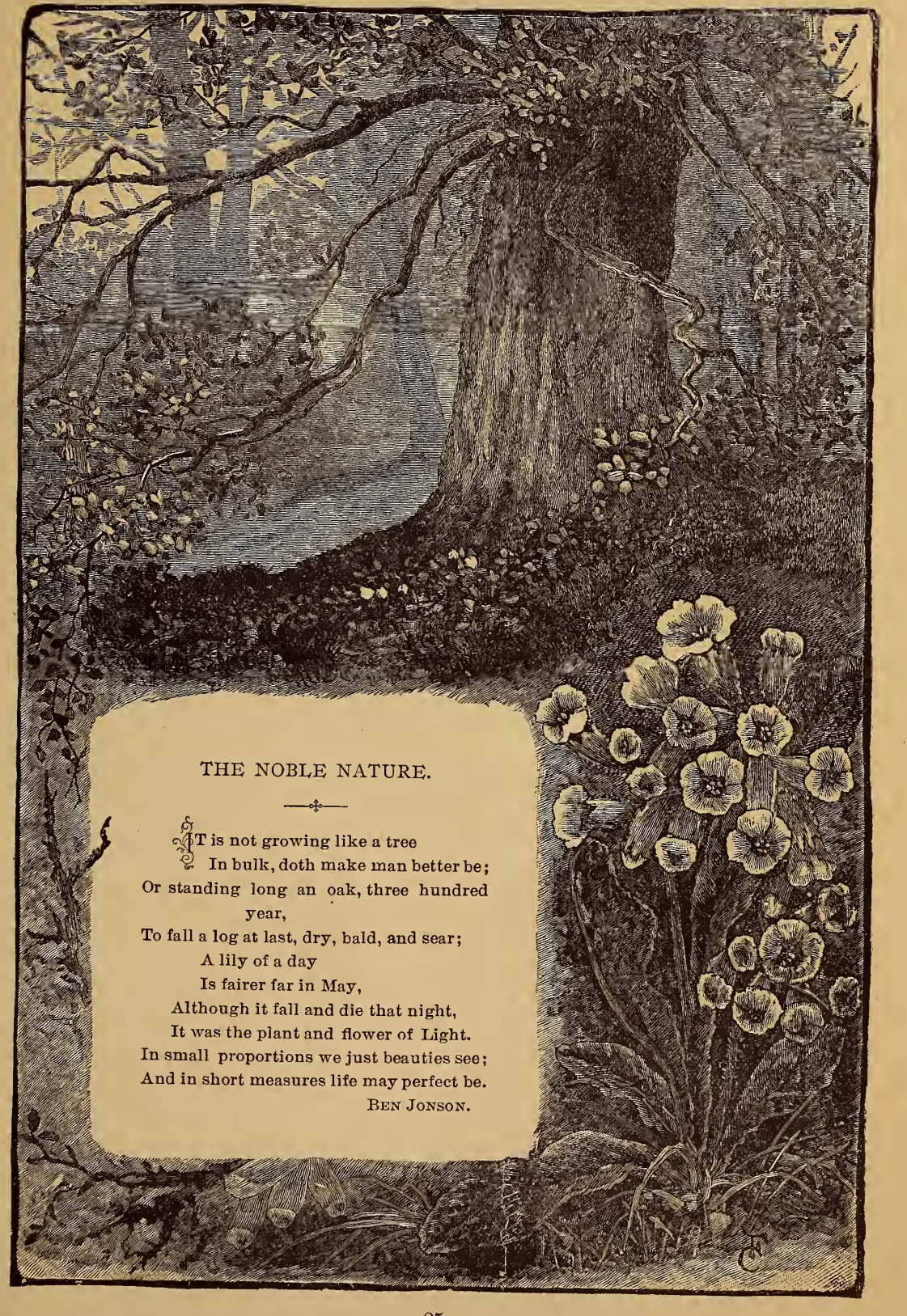
GOD might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow-light,
All fashioned with supremest grace
Upspringing day and night—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him!

MARY HOWITT.





THE NOBLE NATURE.

—❖—

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred
year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

TO THE HIGHLAND GIRL OF
INVERRNAID.

— ❦ —
SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head;
And these gray rocks, this household lawn,
These trees—a veil just half withdrawn—
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake,
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode;



In truth together ye doth seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But O fair Creature! in the light
Of common day so heavenly bright,
I bless thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart:
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

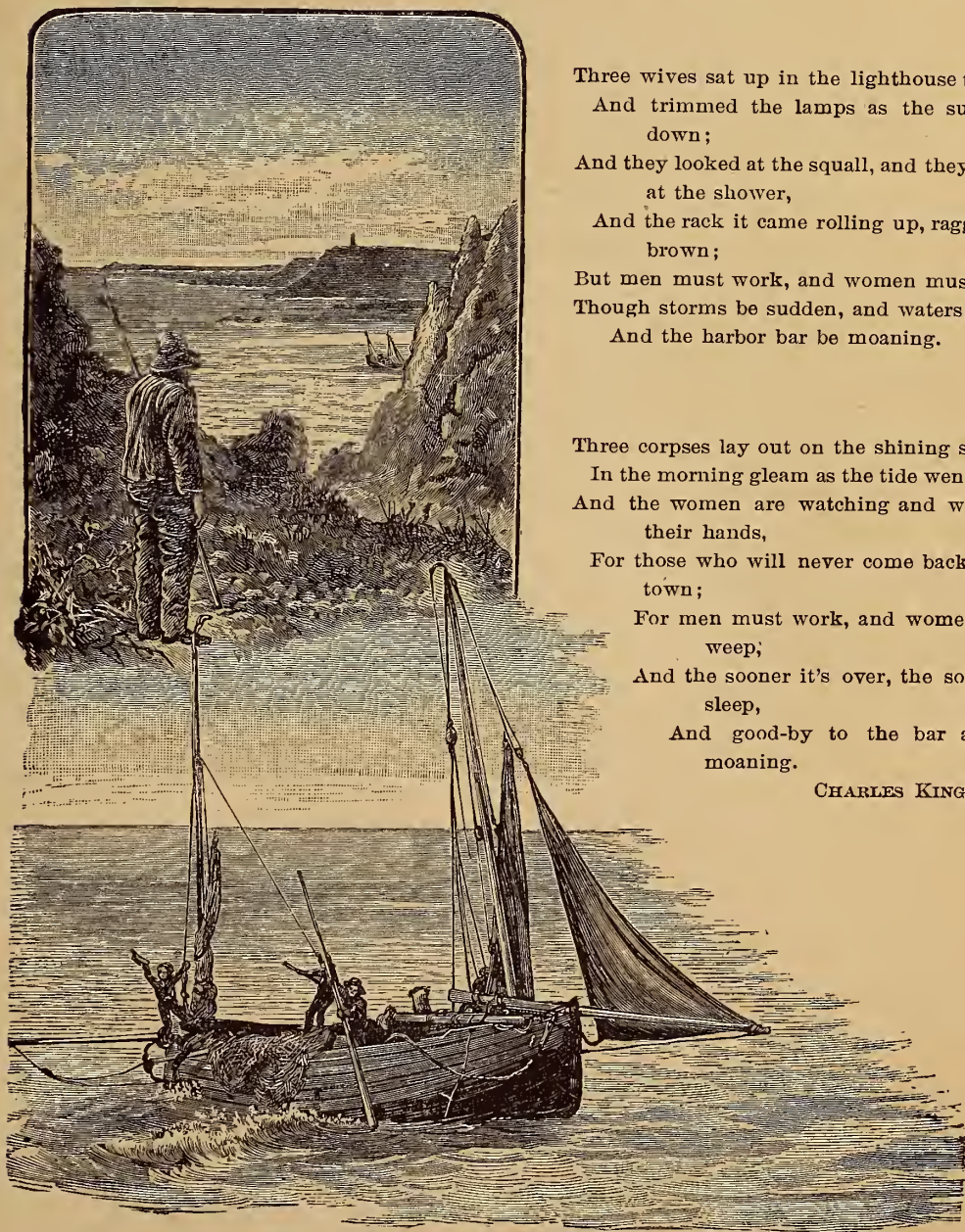
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE FISHERMEN.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west—

Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him
the best,

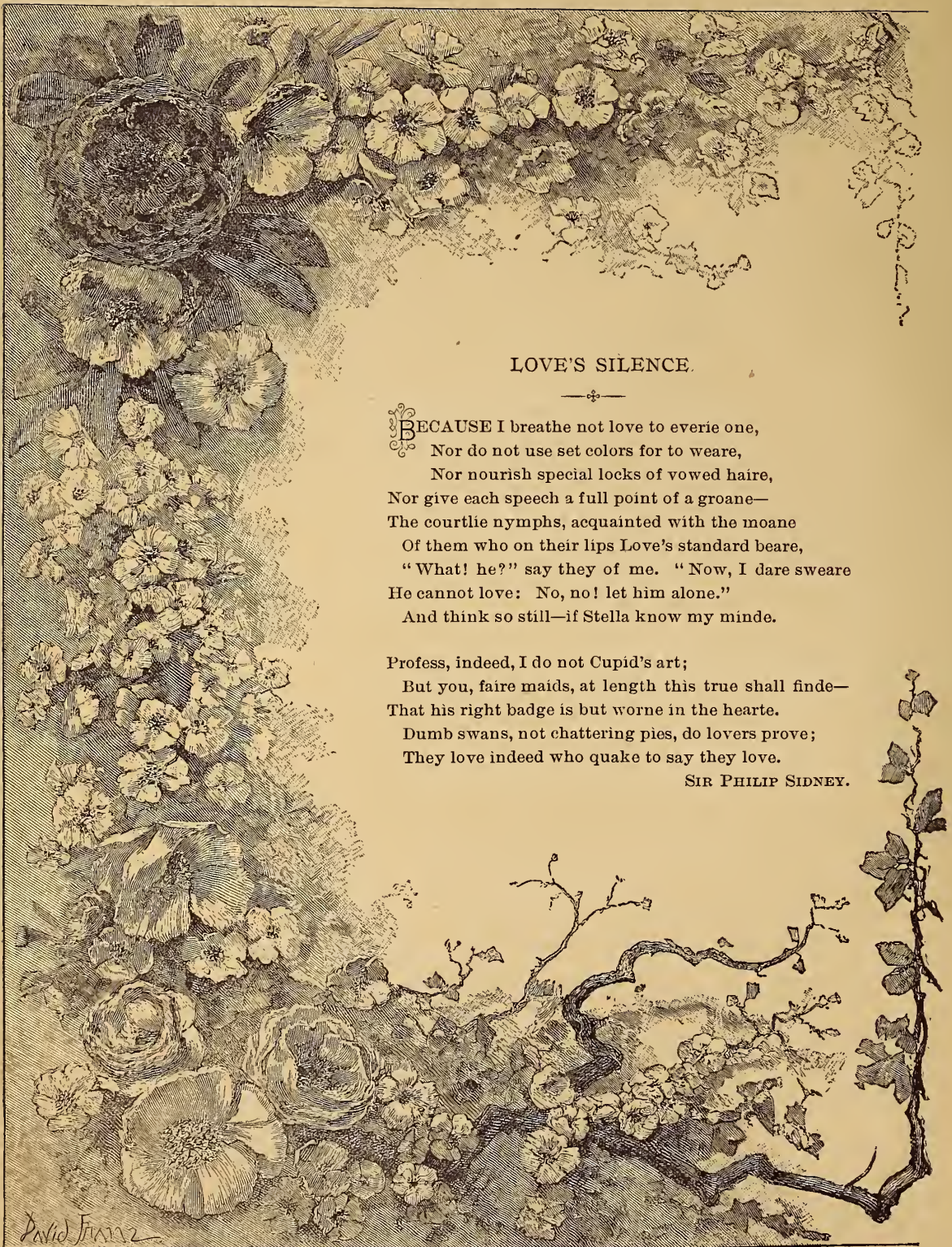
And the children stood watching them out
of the town;
For men must work and women must weep;
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.



Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went
down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked
at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and
brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing
their hands,
For those who will never come back to the
town;
For men must work, and women must
weep;
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to
sleep,
And good-by to the bar and its
moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



LOVE'S SILENCE.

—❖—
BECAUSE I breathe not love to everie one,
Nor do not use set colors for to weare,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed haire,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groane—
The courtlie nymphs, acquainted with the moane
Of them who on their lips Love's standard beare,
"What! he?" say they of me. "Now, I dare swear
He cannot love: No, no! let him alone."
And think so still—if Stella know my minde.

Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art;
But you, faire maids, at length this true shall finde—
That his right badge is but worne in the hearte.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

David Finn



BENEDICITE.

GOD'S love and peace be with thee, where
 Soe'er this soft autumnal air
 Lift the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
 Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
 Or out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
 Imparting, in its glad embrace,
 Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Fair nature's book together read,
 The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
 The maple's shadows overhead—

* * * * *
 God's love—unchanging, pure and true—
 The Paraclete white-shining through
 His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
 As thou mayst hear and I may say,
 I greet thee, dearest, far away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



CRADLE SONG.

FROM "BITTER-SWEET."

WHAT is the little one thinking
about?

Very wonderful things, no doubt;

Unwritten his story!

Unfathomed mystery!

Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and
winks,

As if his head were as full of kinks

And curious riddles as any sphinx!

Warped by colic and wet by tears,

Punctured by pins and tortured by fears,

Our little nephew will lose two years;

And he'll never know

Where the summers go;

He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?

Who can follow the gossamer links

By which the manikin feels his way

Out from the shore of the great unknown,

Blind, and wailing, and alone,

Into the light of day?

Out from the shore of the unknown sea,

Tossing in pitiful agony;

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,

Specked with the barks of little souls—

Barks that were launched on the other side,

And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?

What does he think of his mother's hair?

What of the cradle-roof, that flies

Forward and backward through the air?

What does he think of his mother's breast,

Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,

Seeking it ever with fresh delight,

Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?

What does he think when her quick embrace

Presses his hand and buries his face

Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell

With a tenderness she can never tell,

Though she murmur the words

Of all the birds—

Words she has learned to murmur well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!

I can see the shadow creep

Over his eyes in soft eclipse,

Over his brow and over his lips,

Out to his little finger-tips!

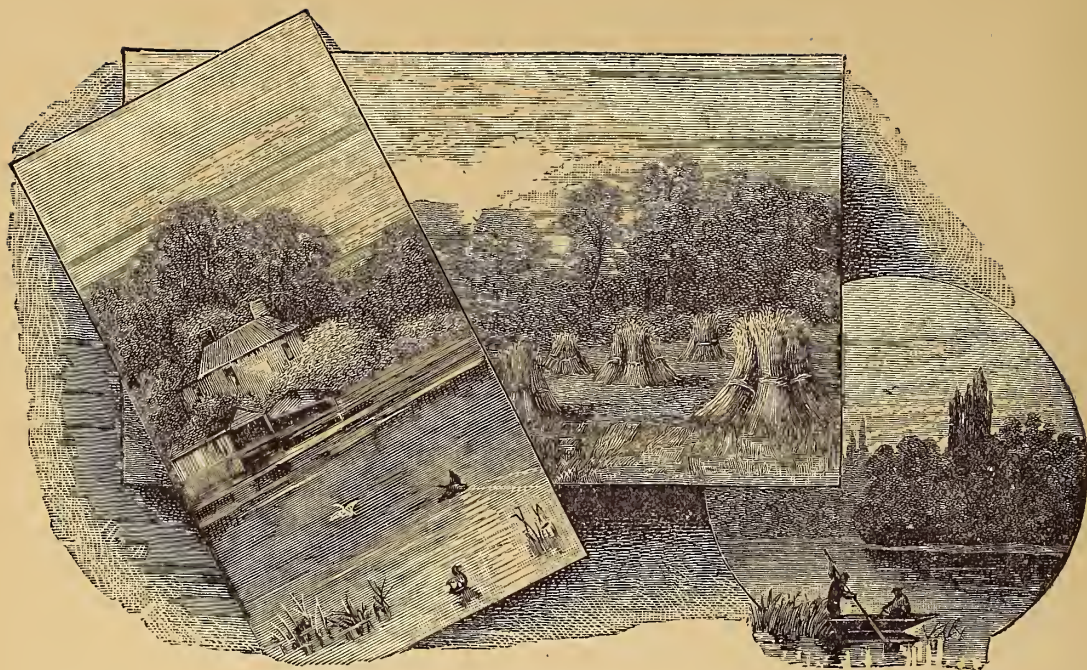
Softly sinking, down he goes!

Down he goes! down he goes!

See! he's hushed in sweet repose.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.





THANATOPSIS.



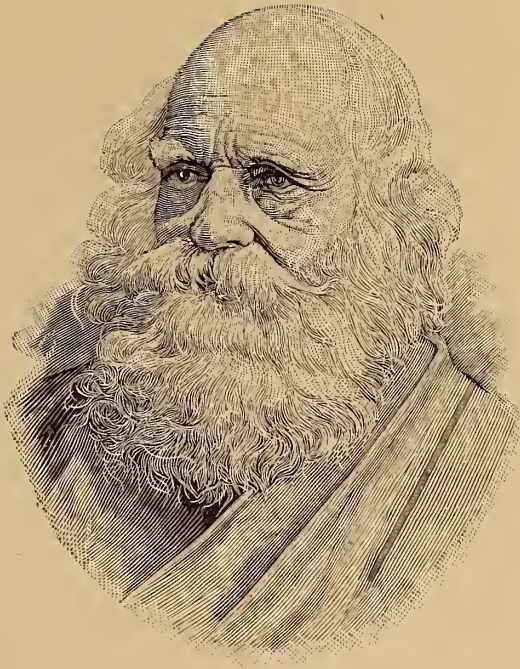
TO him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice, Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green: and, poured
round all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through all the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall
come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who
goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—Cummington, Massachusetts, was the birthplace of William Cullen Bryant; the date, November 3, 1794. His father was a physician, who also served a number of terms as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. The son early developed a talent for writing verse. At the age of thirteen his first published poem appeared. He was for one year a student at Williams College; then he took up the study of law, and practiced at the bar for about ten years. In the meantime his "Thanatopsis," written when he was only eighteen years of age, had appeared in the *North American Review*. In 1825 Mr. Bryant removed to New York, where he accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Evening Post*. Three years later he became editor-in-chief, a position which he held for fifty years—until his death, 1878. He stood in the foremost ranks of those who devote their time to letters. His poems are read and admired wherever the English language is spoken. His translations of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" appeared in 1870-2. One of his latest efforts was a splendid compilation, "Library of Poetry and Song," to the publishers of which we are indebted for several selections appearing in this series.



TO A WATERFOWL.

W HITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps
of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing! cannie wee thing!
 Lovely wee thing! wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.
 Wishfully I look, and languish,
 In that bonnie face o' thine;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
 Bonnie wee thing! cannie wee thing!
 Lovely wee thing! wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

ROBERT BURNS.



CUPID SWALLOWED.

—♦—
ANOTHER day, as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor—Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him!
Faith I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

LEIGH HUNT.



NATURE'S CHAIN.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

LOOK 'round our world; behold the chain
of love

Combining all below and all above,
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Formed and impelled its neighbor to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one center still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again;
All forms that perish other forms supply
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die);
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends,
unknown.

Has God, thou fool! worked solely for thy
good,

Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer;
The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labors of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear,
While man exclaims, "See all things for my
use!"

"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose;
And just as short of reason he must fall
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

POPE.

TO A MOUSE.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need'na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin' an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request;
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen!

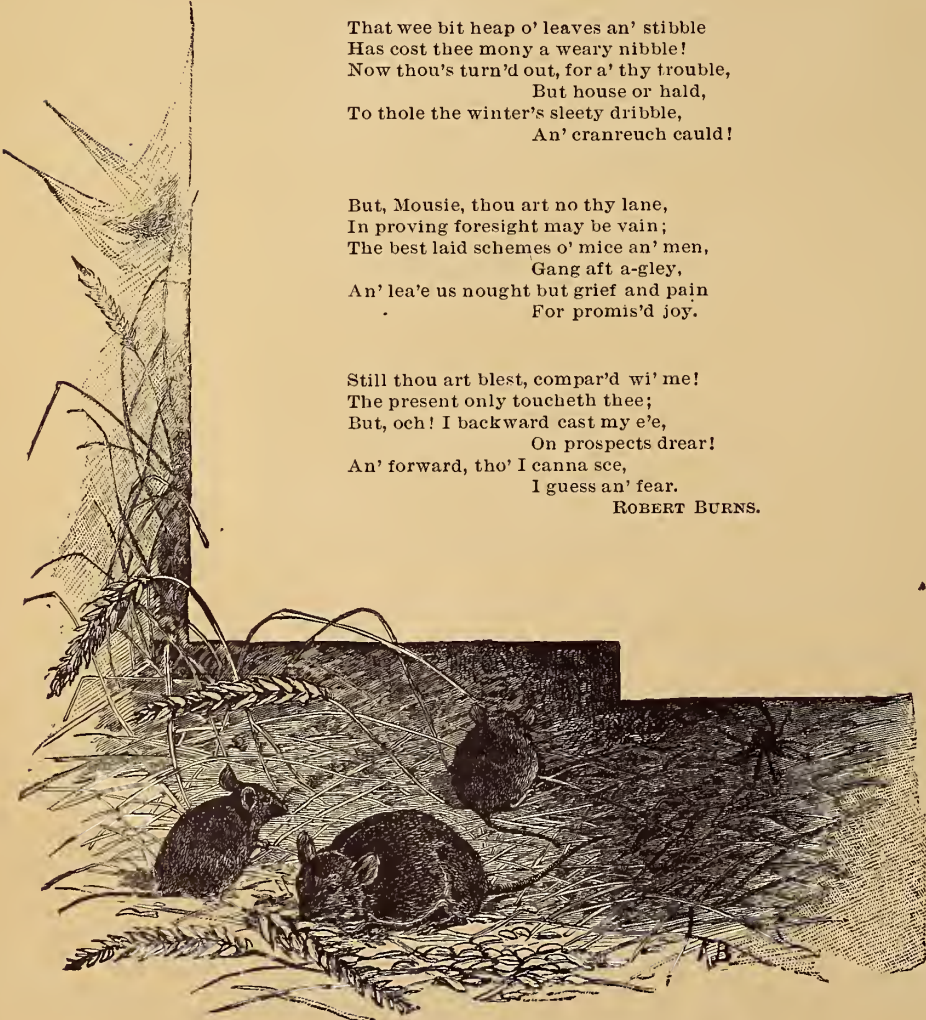
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 'Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain;
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee;
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear.

ROBERT BURNS.



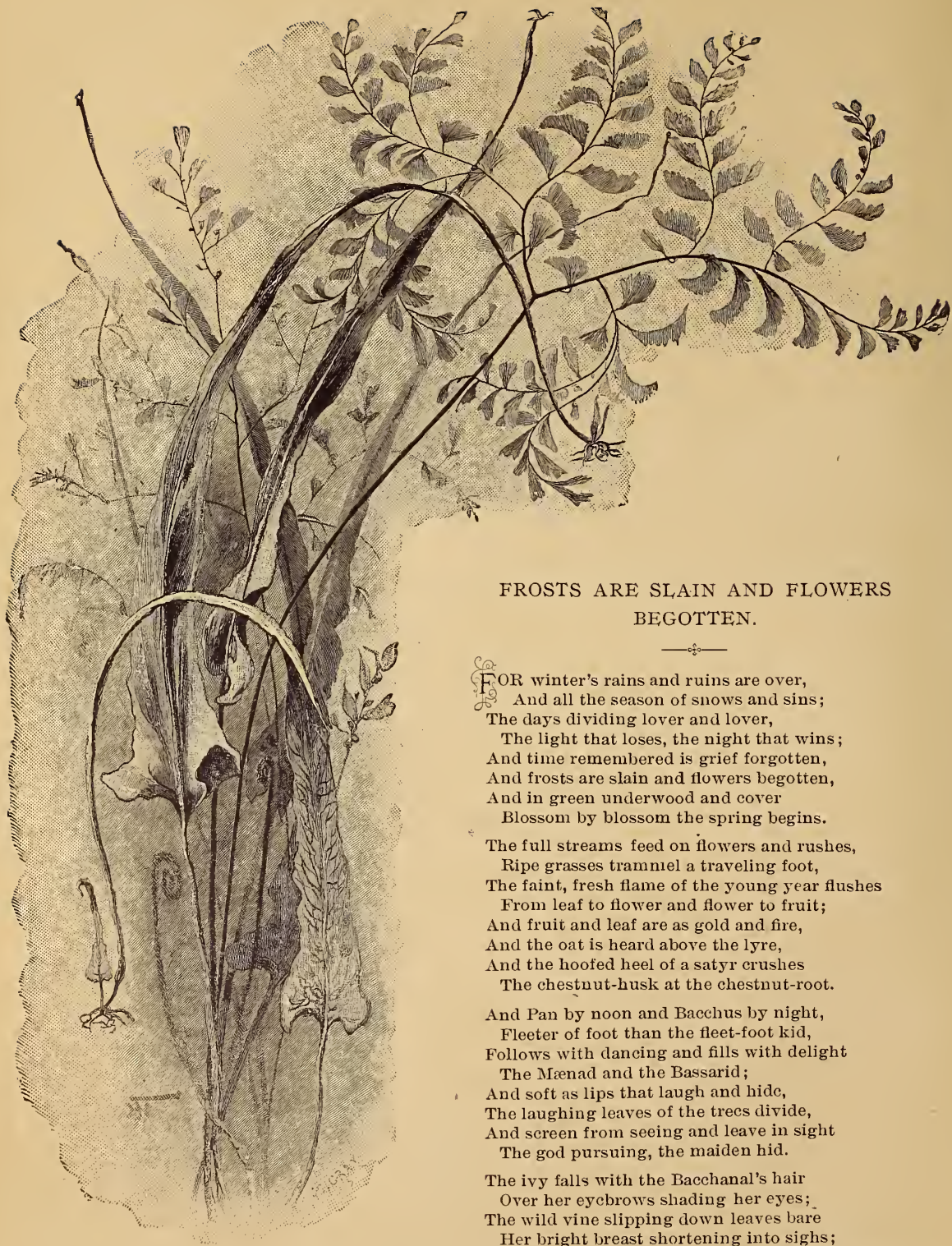


HE bowers whereat, in dreams,
 I see
 The wantonest singing birds,
 Are lips—and all thy melody
 Of lip-begotten words.

Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart en-
 shrin'd,
 Then desolately fall,
 Oh, God! on my funereal mind
 Like starlight on a pall.

Thy heart—thy heart—I wake and
 sigh,
 And sleep to dream till day
 Of the truth that gold can never buy,
 Of the baubles that it may.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.



FROSTS ARE SLAIN AND FLOWERS
BEGOTTEN.

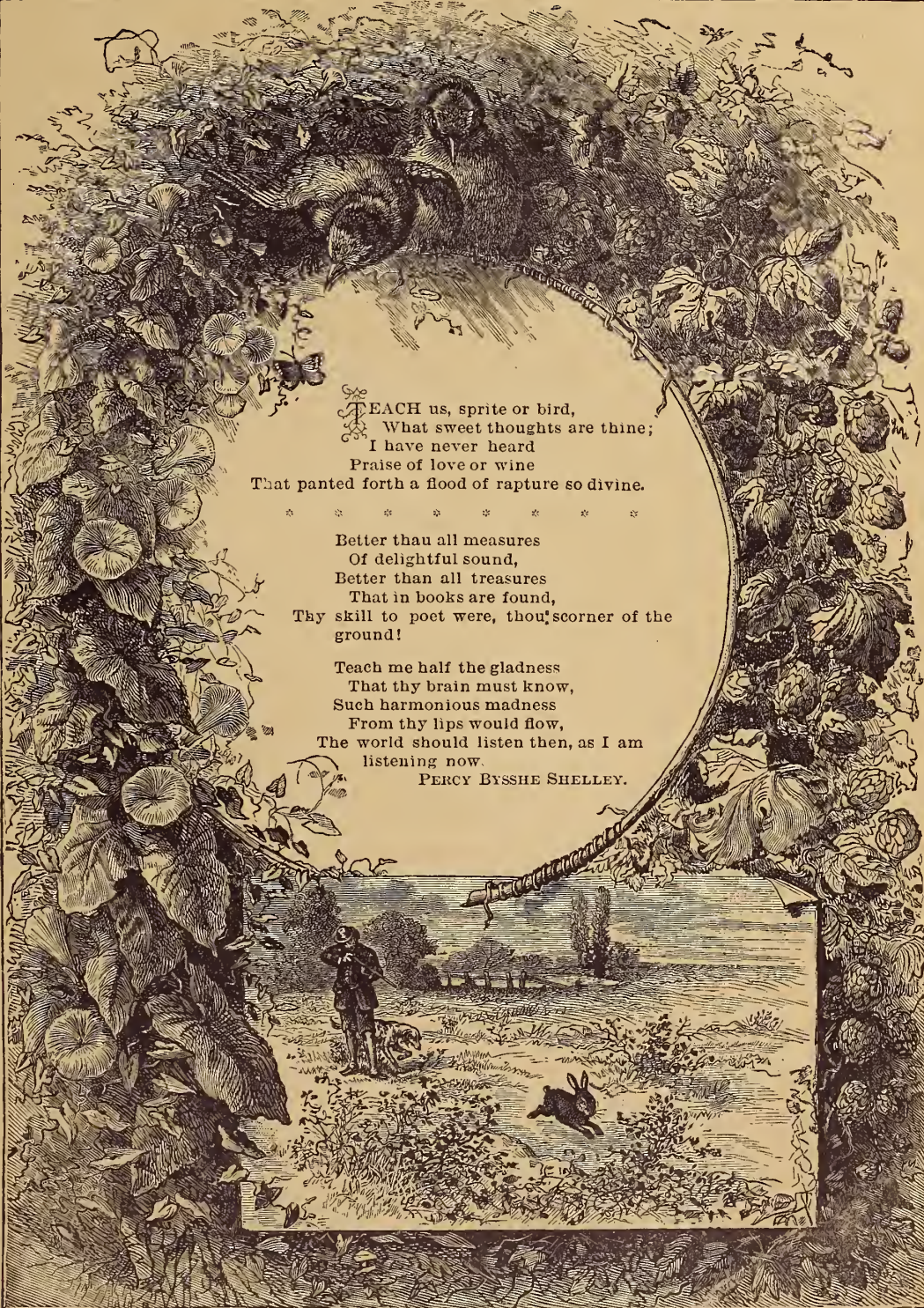
FOR winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flowers and rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,
The faint, fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hooped heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows shading her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



TEACH us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

* * * * *

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou'scorner of the
ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From thy lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am
listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



TO A SPIDER.

SPIDER! thou needst not run in fear
about

To shun my curious eyes;
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out,
Lest thou shouldst eat the flies;
Nor will I roast thee, with cursed delight
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see,
For there is One who might
One day roast me.

Thou art welcome to a Rhymer sore
perplexed,

The subject of his verse;
There's many a one who on a better text
Perhaps might comment worse.
Then shrink not, old Free-Mason, from my
view,

But quietly like me spin out the line;
Do thou thy work pursue,
As I will mine.

Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the
ways

Of Satan, Sire of lies;
Hell's huge black Spider, for mankind he
lays

His toils, as thou for flies.
When Betty's busy eye runs 'round the
room,

Woe to that nice geometry, if seen!
But where is He whose broom
The earth shall clean?

Spider! of old thy flimsy webs were
thought—

And 'twas a likeness true—
To emblem laws in which the weak are
caught,

But which the strong break through;
And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en,
Like some poor client is that wretched fly:
I'll warrant thee thou'lt drain
His life-blood dry.

And is not thy weak work like human
schemes

And care on earth employed?
Such are young hopes and Love's delightful
dreams

So easily destroyed;
So does the Statesman, whilst the Avengers
sleep,

Self-deemed secure, his wiles in secret
lay;
Soon shall destruction sweep
His work away.

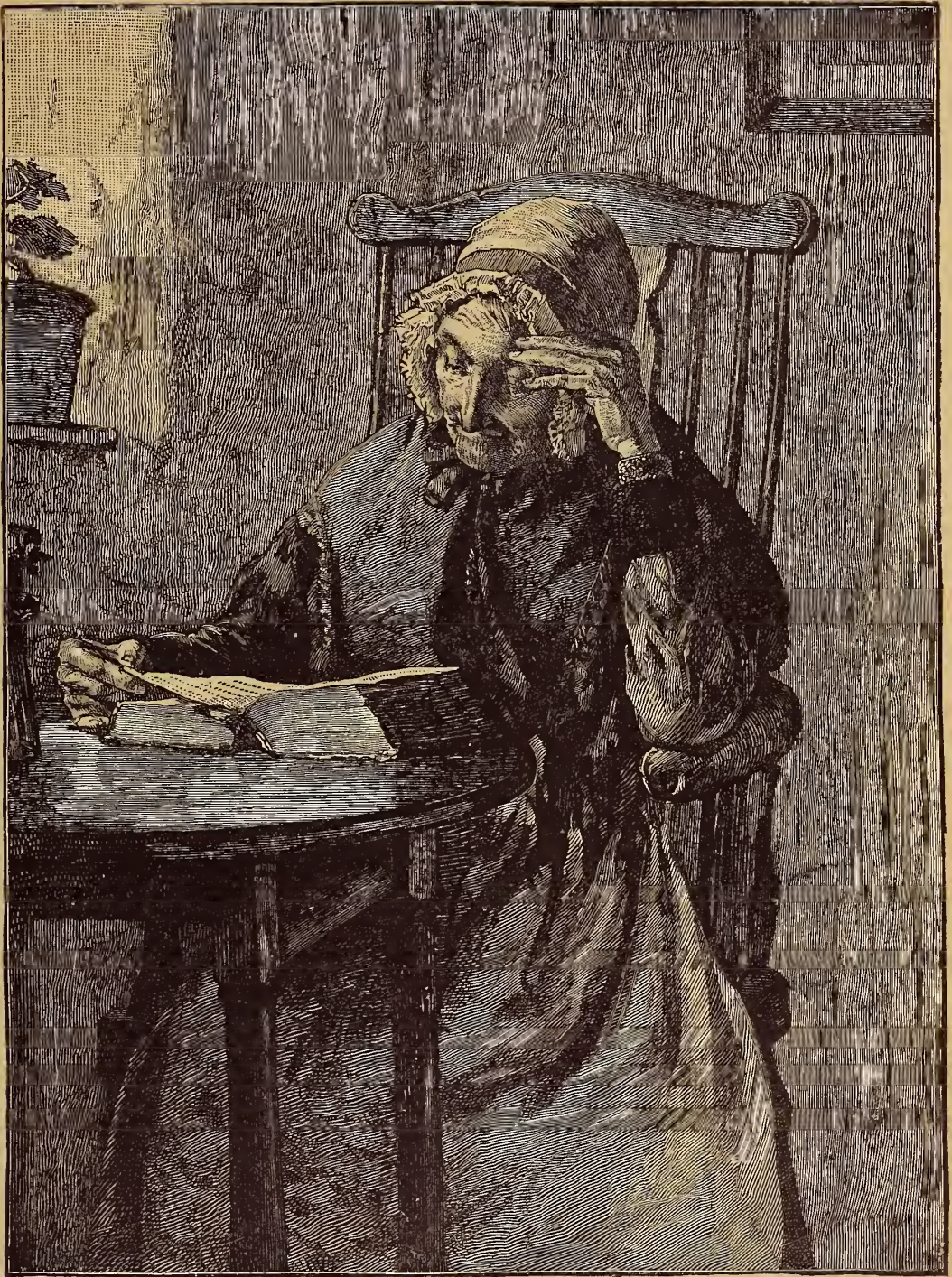
Thou busy laborer! one resemblance more
May yet the verse prolong;

For, Spider, thou art like the Poet poor,
Whom thou hast helped in song.
Both busily, our needful food to win,
We work, as Nature taught, with cease-
less pains:

Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my brains.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.





TO MY MOTHER.

BECAUSE I feel that, in the Heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of "Mother,"
Therefore by that dear name I long have called you—
You who are more than mother unto me,
And fill my heart of hearts, where Death installed
you,

In setting my Virgin's spirit free,
My mother—my own mother, who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its own soul-life.

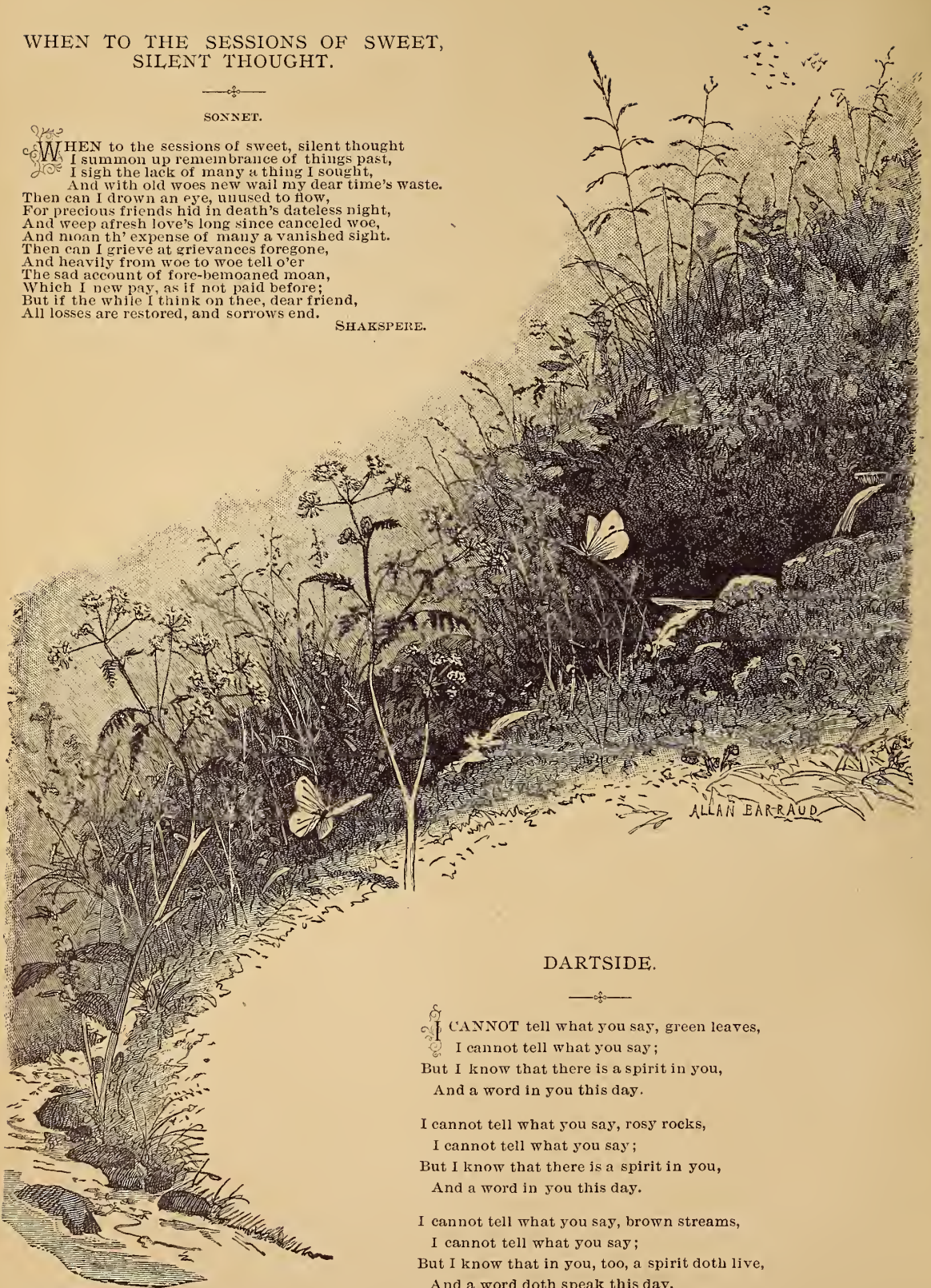
EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WHEN TO THE SESSIONS OF SWEET,
SILENT THOUGHT.

SONNET.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet, silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since canceled woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before;
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SHAKSPERE.



DARTSIDE.

I CANNOT tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, brown streams,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that in you, too, a spirit doth live,
And a word doth speak this day.



"Oh, green is the color of faith and truth,
And rose the color of love and youth,
And brown of the fruitful clay.
Sweet earth is faithful, fruitful and young,

And her bridal day shall come ere long;
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams
And the whispering woodlands say."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

HOW does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,



Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,

Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with
its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and rattling,
And shaking and quaking,

And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaring,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;



Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,

Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

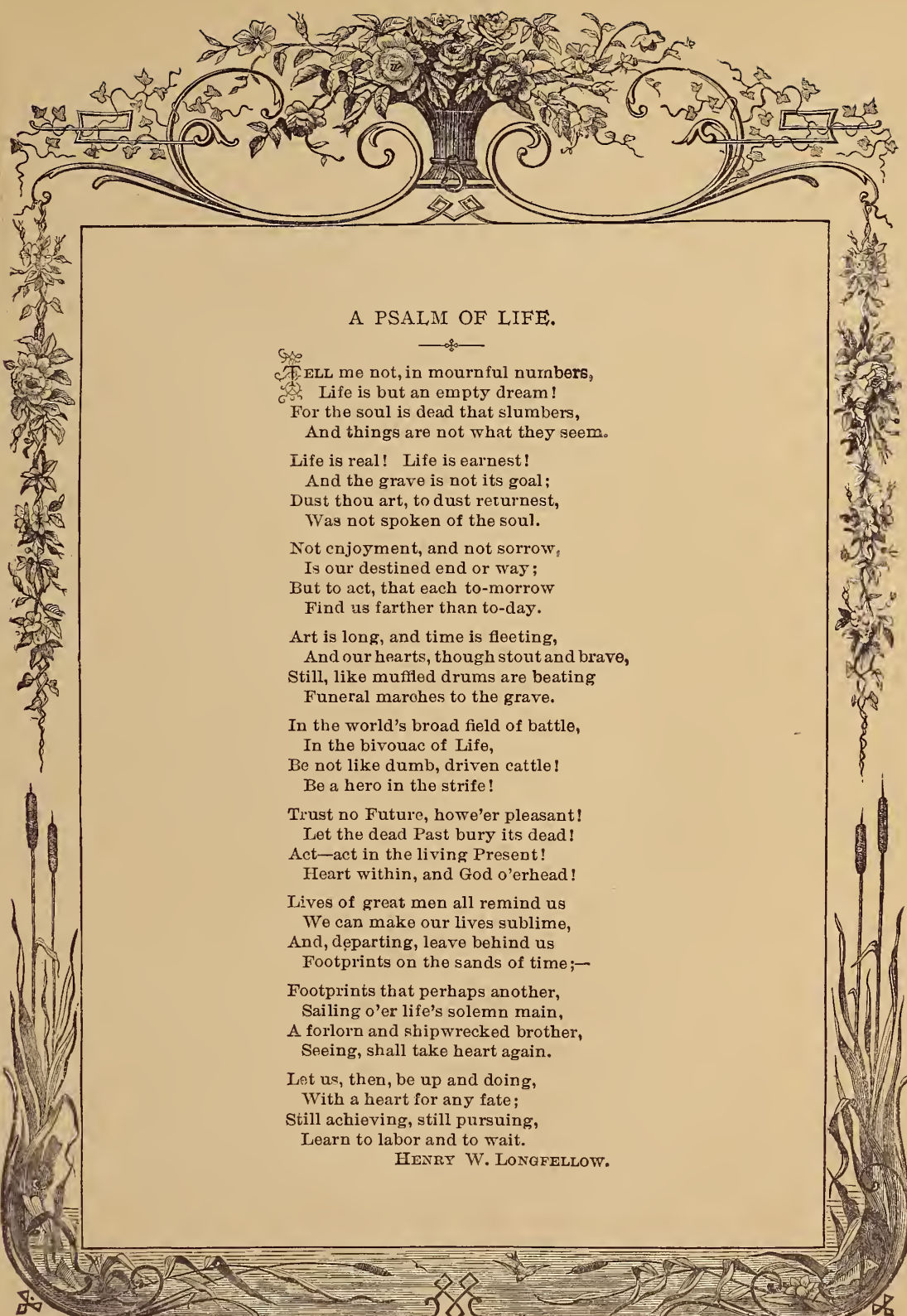


JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.



A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

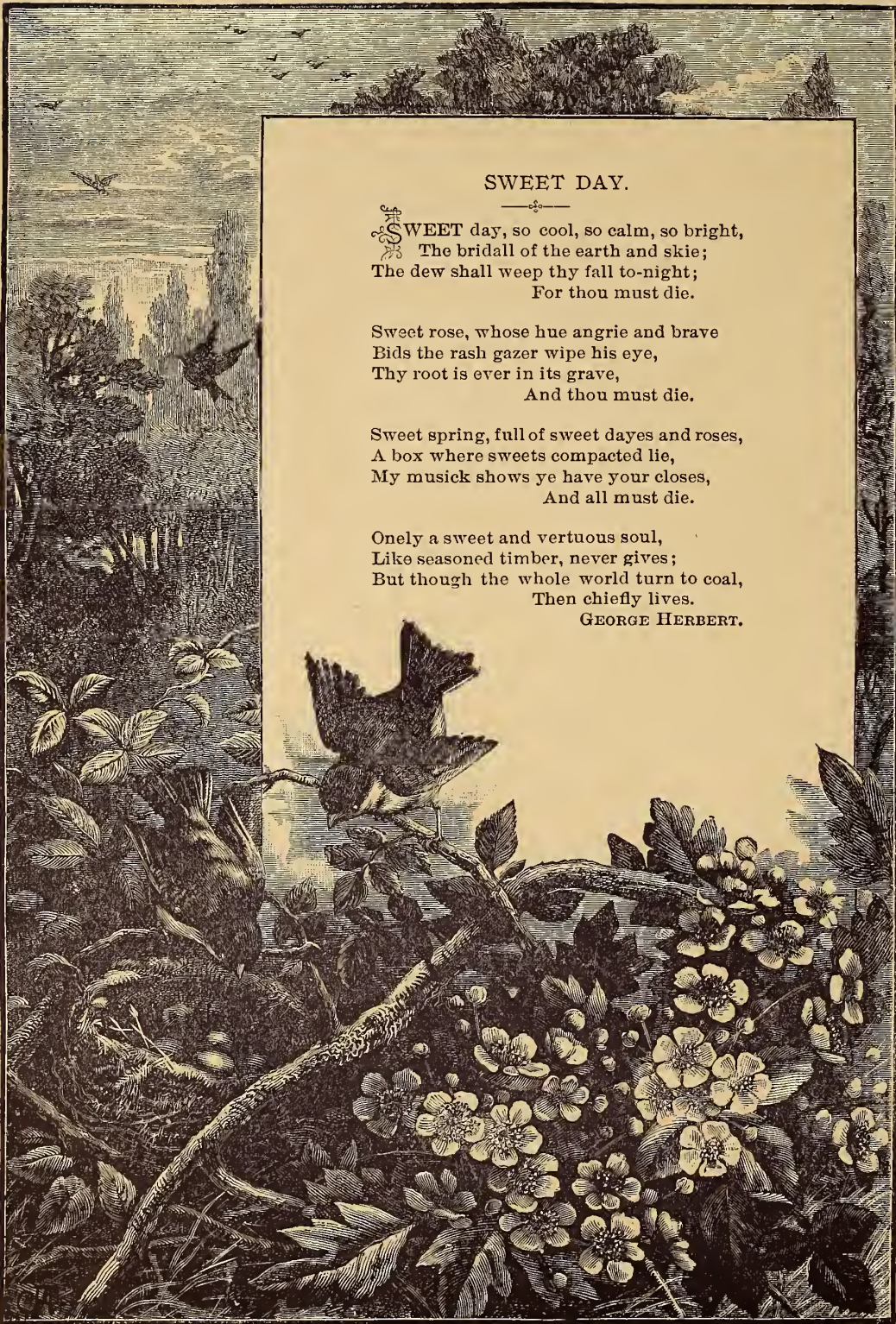
Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



SWEET DAY.

—❖—
SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.
GEORGE HERBERT.

LOVE LETTERS MADE OF FLOWERS.

AN exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honeyed kiss—
This art of writing *billet-doux*
In buds, and odors, and bright hues!
In saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks;

In puns of tulips; and in phrases,
Charming for their truth, of daisies;
Uttering, as well as silence may,
The sweetest words the sweetest way.
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom!
The place where *billet-doux* repose 'em.

What delight in some sweet spot
Combining *love* with *garden* plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers
And one's epistolary powers!
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies;
One's sighs, and passionate declarations,
In odorous rhetoric of carnations;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach,
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering every day one's pathos!
A letter comes, just gathered. We
Dote on its tender brilliancy,
Inhale its delicate expressions
Of balm and pea, and its confessions
Made with as sweet a *maiden's blush*
As ever morn bedewed on bush:
('Tis in reply to one of ours,
Made of the most convincing flowers.)

Then, after we have kissed its wit,
And heart, in water putting it
(To keep its remarks fresh), go 'round
Our little eloquent plot of ground,
And with enchanted hands compose
Our answer—all of lily and rose,
Of tuberose and of violet,
And *little darling* (*mignonette*);
Of *look at me* and *call me to you*
(Words, that while they greet, go through you);
Of *thoughts*, of *flames*, *forget-me-not*,
Bridewort—in short, the
whole blest lot
Of vouchers for a lifelong
kiss—
And literally, breathing
bliss!

LEIGH HUNT.





MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART.

— ❖ —
MY true-love hath my heart, and I have
his,

By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses
guides:

He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.





THE NIGHTINGALE AND
GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel—as well he might—
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied, far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, quite eloquent,

“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
“As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.”
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

WILLIAM COWPER.

FLOWERS.

STARS they are, wherein we read our
 history,
 As astrologers and seers of old;
 Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
 Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God hath written in those stars above;
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us
 Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
 Written all over this great world of ours;
 Making evident our own creation,
 In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
 Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
 Of the self-same universal being
 Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
 Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
 Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
 Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
 Flaunting gaily in the golden light;
 Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
 Tender wishes blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
 Workings are they of the self-same powers,
 Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
 Seeth in himself and in the flowers.



Everywhere about us are they
 glowing,
 Some like stars to tell us
 Spring is born;
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'er-
 flowing,
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
 And in Summer's green emblazoned field,
 But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
 In the center of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green valleys,
 On the mountain-top, and by the brink
 Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
 Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
 But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
 On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
 In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
 Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
 Tell us of the ancient games of flowers.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.



And with childlike, credulous affection
 We behold their tender buds expand;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

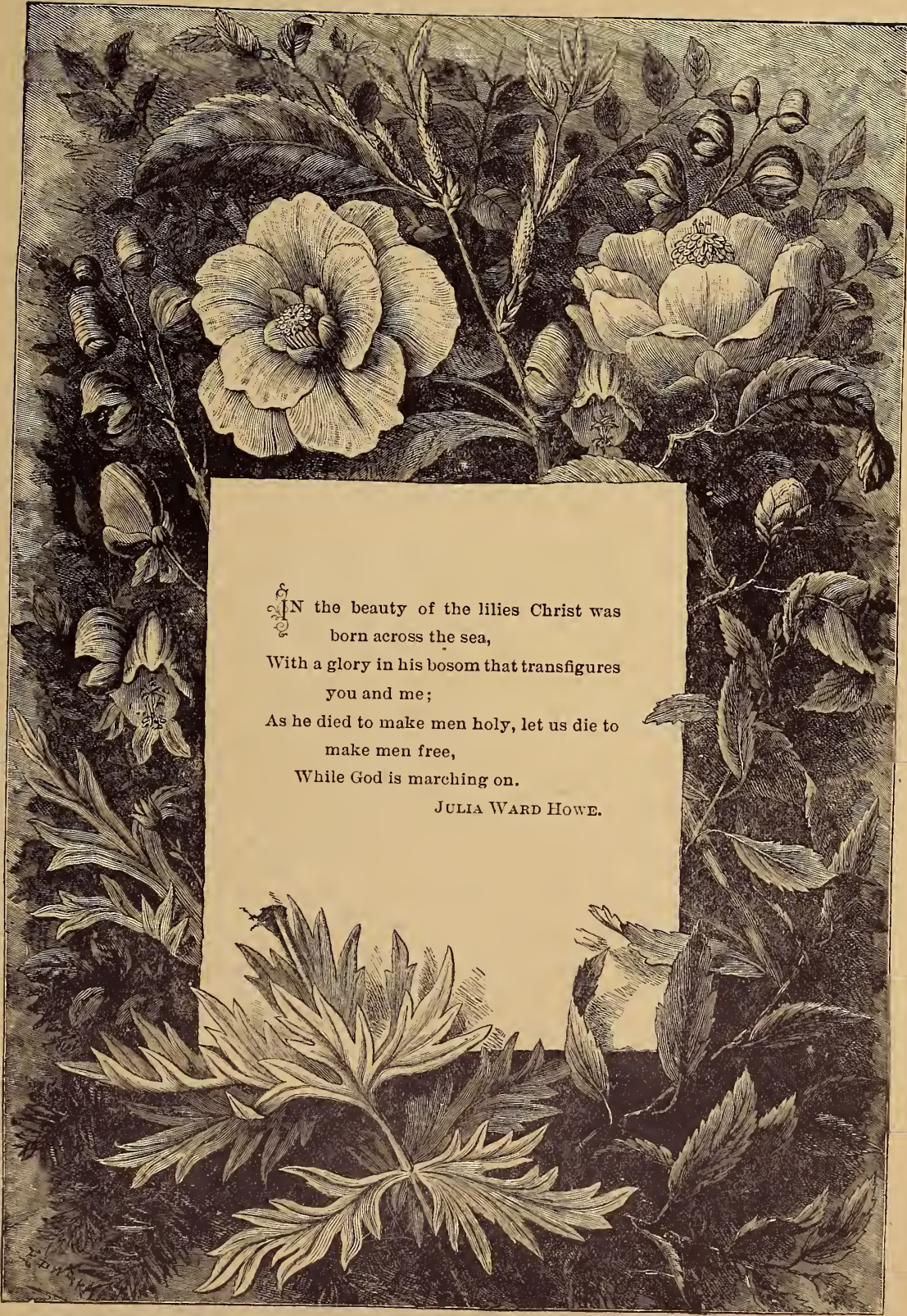


EASTER WEEK.

SEE the land, her Easter keeping,
 Rises as her Maker rose.
 Seeds so long in darkness sleeping,
 Burst at last from winter snows.
 Earth with heaven above rejoices;
 Fields and gardens hail the spring;
 Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,
 While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
 Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
 Use the craft by God implanted,
 Use the reason not your own.
 Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
 Each his Easter tribute bring—
 Work of fingers, chant of voices,
 Like the birds who build and sing.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



IN the beauty of the lilies Christ was
born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on.

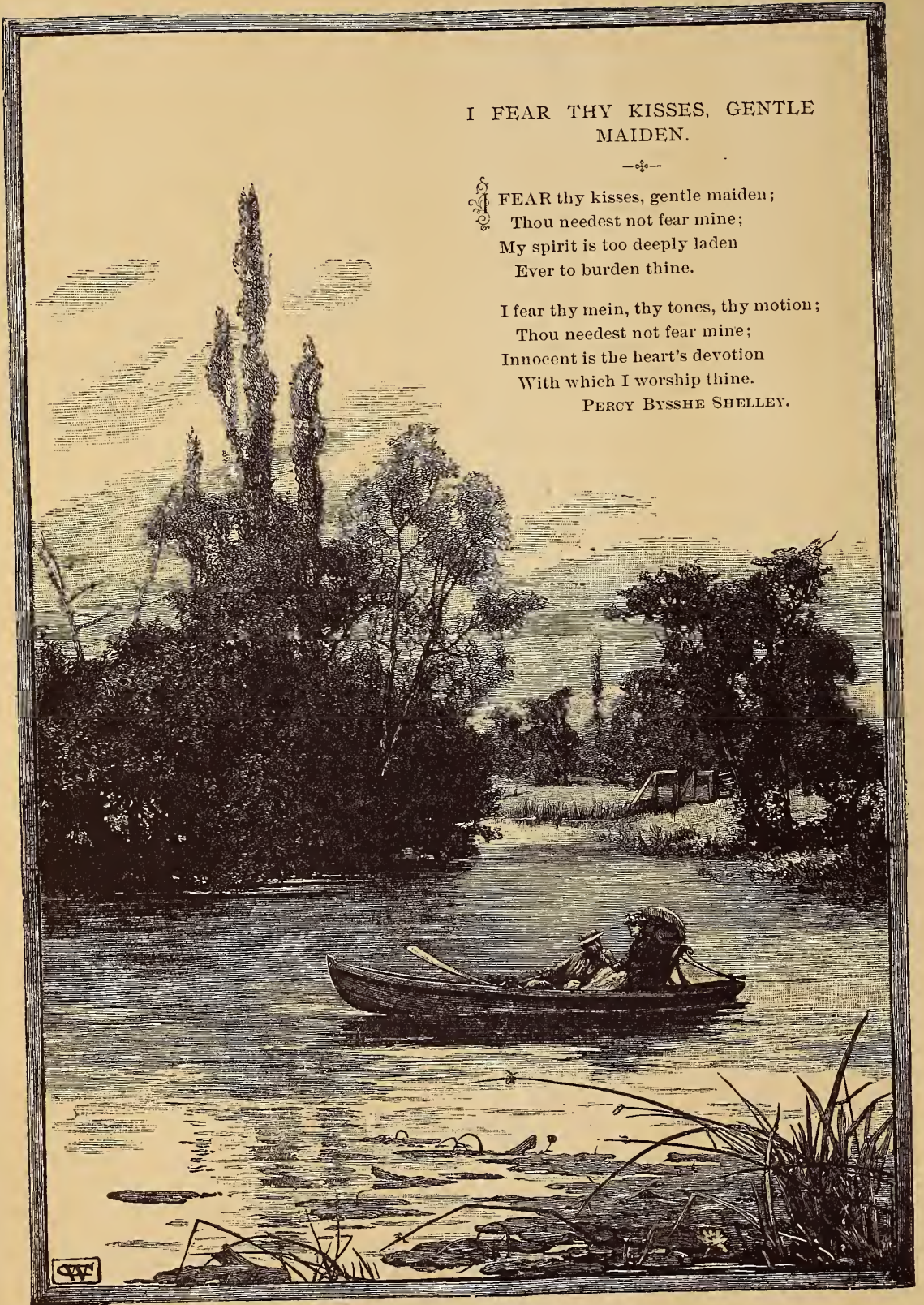
JULIA WARD HOWE.

I FEAR THY KISSES, GENTLE
MAIDEN.

—❖—
FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mein, thy tones, thy motion;
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



EXAMPLE.

—❖—
WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them


more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

JOHN KEBLE.





ALMOND BLOSSOM.

BLOSSOM of the almond-trees,
April's gift to April's bees,
Birthday ornament of spring,
Flora's fairest daughterling—
Coming when no flowerets dare
Trust the cruel outer air,
When the royal king-cup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold,
And the sturdy blackthorn spray
Keeps his silver for the May—
Coming when no flowerets would,
Save thy lowly sisterhood,
Early violets, blue and white,
Dying for their love of light.
Almond blossom, sent to teach us
That the spring days soon will reach us,
Lest, with longing over-tried
We die as the violets died—
Blossom, clouding all the tree
With thy crimson broidery,
Long before a leaf of green
On the bravest bough is seen—
Ah! when winter winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well.

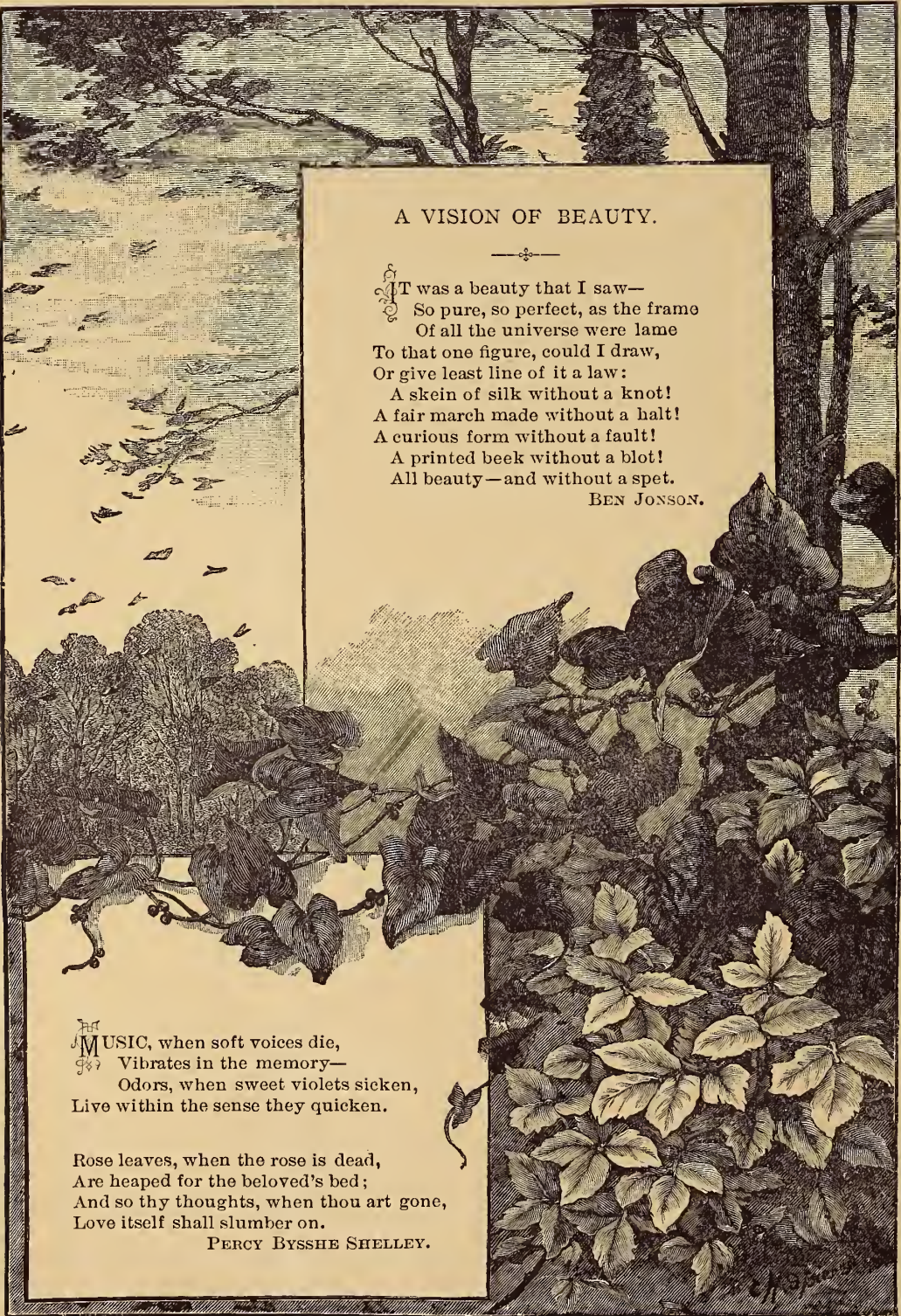
EDWIN ARNOLD.



ANSWER TO A CHILD'S
QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say?
The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I
love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the
wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it
sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms,
and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come
back together.
But the lark is so brimful of glad-
ness and love,
The green fields below him, the
blue sky above,
That he sings and he sings, and
forever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love
loves me."

SAMUEL COLERIDGE.



A VISION OF BEAUTY.

—♦—
IT was a beauty that I saw—
So pure, so perfect, as the frame
Of all the universe were lame
To that one figure, could I draw,
Or give least line of it a law:
A skein of silk without a knot!
A fair march made without a halt!
A curious form without a fault!
A printed beek without a blot!
All beauty—and without a spot.

BEN JONSON.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.





A HOPE.



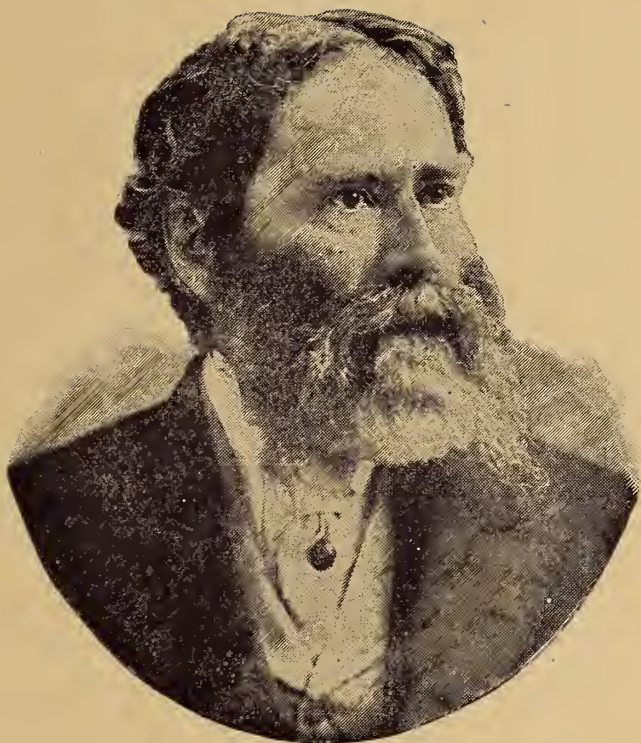
TWIN stars, aloft in ether clear,
Around each other roll away,
Within one common atmosphere
Of their own mutual light and day.

And myriad happy eyes are bent
Upon their changeless love alway;
As, strengthened by their one intent,
They pour the flood of life and day.

So we through this world's waning night
May, hand in hand, pursue our way;
Shed 'round us order, love and light,
And shine unto the perfect day.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.





BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819. His father was the Rev. Charles Lowell, and was a direct descendant of English settlers. After graduating from Harvard (1838), he entered law. In 1841 "A Year's Life," his first volume of poems, was given to the public. In 1844 he was married to Maria White. The well-known "Bigelow Papers" made Mr. Lowell's name widely known; they appeared in the *Boston Courier* in 1846-8. In 1845 "The Vision of Sir Launfal" was issued. It is one of the grandest poems in the English language; the beautiful portrayal of a right gospel pervades it from beginning to end. He succeeded Longfellow as professor of belles-lettres at Harvard in 1855. He was a constant contributor to leading magazines, especially to the *Atlantic Monthly*. From 1863-72 he was one of the editors of *The North American Review*. He was appointed minister to Spain by President Hayes in 1877, and in 1880 was transferred to London. He loved England almost as his own America, and was greatly admired and beloved by the English people. Oxford honored him with D.C.L., and Cambridge by making him an LL.D. His death occurred August 1, 1891.



LOVE'S ALTAR.

I BUILT an altar in my soul,
 I builded it to one alone;
 And ever silently I stole,
 In happy days of long-agone,
 To make rich offerings to that ONE.

'Twas garlanded with purest thought,
 And crowned with fancy's flowers bright,
 With choicest gems 'twas all inwrought
 Of truth and feeling; in my sight
 It seemed a spot of cloudless light.

Yet when I made my offering there,
 Like Cain's, the incense would not rise;
 Back on my heart down-sank the prayer,
 And altar-stone and sacrifice
 Grew hateful in my tear-dimmed eyes.

O'ergrown with age's mosses green,
 The little altar firmly stands;
 It is not, as it once hath been,
 A selfish shrine—these time-taught hands
 Bring incense now from many lands.

Knowledge doth only widen love;
 The stream, that lone and narrow rose,
 Doth, deepening ever, onward move,
 And with an even current flows
 Calmer and calmer to the close.

The love, that in those early days
 Girt 'round my spirit like a wall,
 Hath faded like a morning haze,
 And flames, unpent by self's mean thrall
 Rise clearly to the perfect ALL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



THE HOLLY-TREE.

READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the Holly-tree
Can emblem see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the aftertime.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly-leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly-tree.

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly-tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



AMY'S CRUELTY.

—❖—
 FAIR Amy of the terraced house,
 Assist me to discover
 Why you who would not hurt a mouse
 Can torture so your lover.

You give your coffee to the cat,
 You stroke the dog for coming,
 And all your face grows kinder at
 The little brown bee's humming.

But when *he* haunts your door . . . the town
 Marks coming and marks going, . . .
 You seem to have stitched your eyelids
 down
 To that long piece of sewing!

You never give a look, not you,
 Nor drop him a "Good-morning,"
 To keep his long day warm and blue,
 So fretted by your scorning.

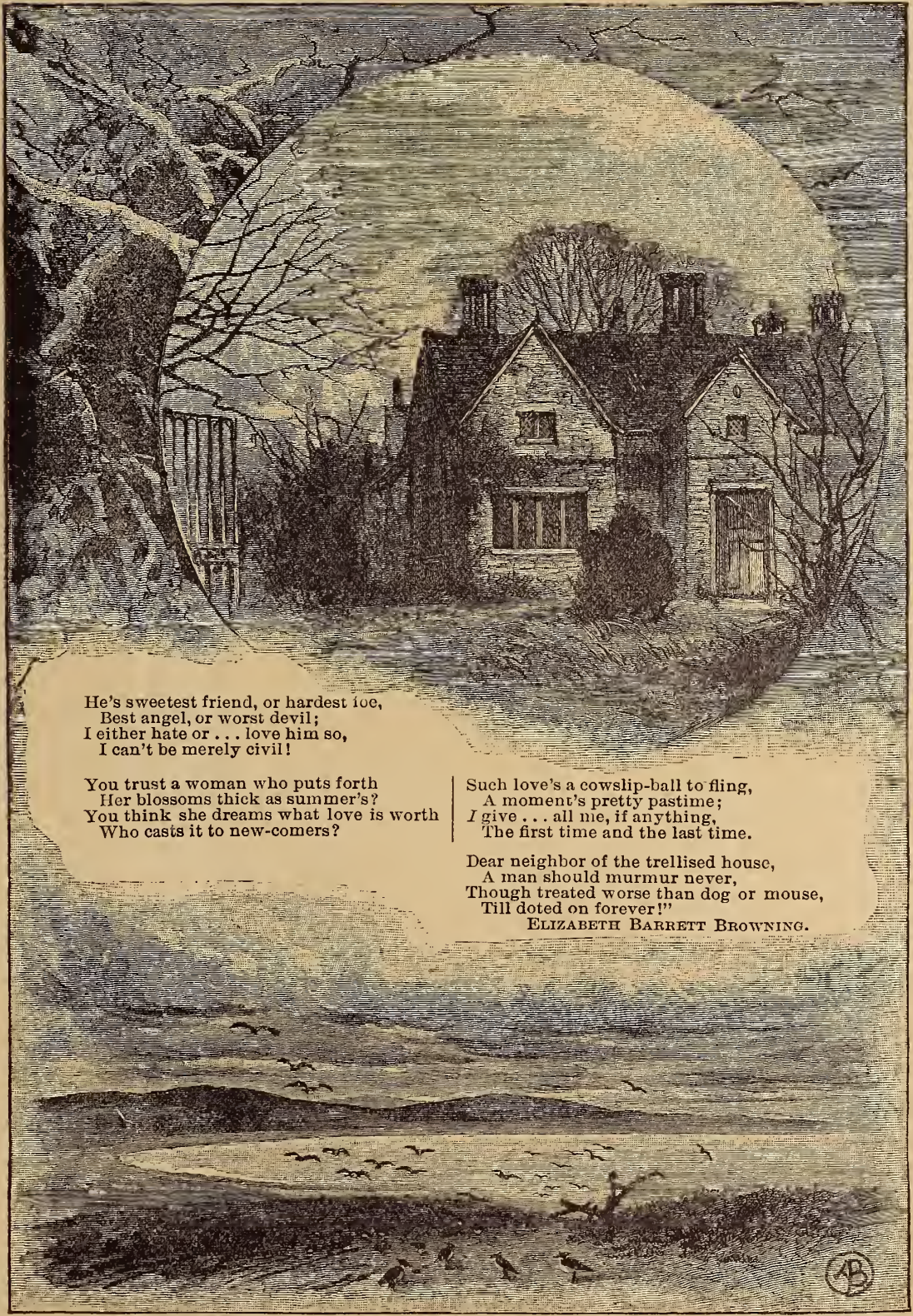
She shook her head: "The mouse and bee
 For crumb or flower will linger;
 The dog is happy at my knee,
 The cat purrs at my finger.

But *he* . . . to *him*, the least thing given
 Means great things at a distance;
 He wants my world, my sun, my heaven,
 Soul, body, whole existence.

They say love gives as well as takes;
 But I'm a simple maiden—
 My mother's first smile when she wakes
 I still have smiled and prayed in.

I only know my mother's love,
 Which gives all and asks nothing,
 And this new loving sets the groove
 Too much the way of loathing.

Unless he gives me all in change,
 I forfeit all things by him:
 The risk is terrible and strange—
 I tremble, doubt, . . . deny him.



He's sweetest friend, or hardest foe,
Best angel, or worst devil;
I either hate or . . . love him so,
I can't be merely civil!

You trust a woman who puts forth
Her blossoms thick as summer's?
You think she dreams what love is worth
Who casts it to new-comers?

Such love's a cowslip-ball to fling,
A moment's pretty pastime;
I give . . . all me, if anything,
The first time and the last time.

Dear neighbor of the trellised house,
A man should murmur never,
Though treated worse than dog or mouse,
Till doted on forever!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



TRIADS.



I.

THE word of the sun to the sky,
The word of the wind to the sea,
The word of the moon to the night,
What may it be?

The sense of the flower to the fly,
The sense of the bird to the tree,
The sense of the cloud to the light,
Who can tell me?

The song of the fields to the kye,
The song of the lime to the bee,
The song of the depth to the height,
Who knows all three?



II.

The message of April to May,
That May sends on into June,
And June gives out to July
For birthday boon.

The delight of the dawn in the day,
The delight of the day in the noon,
The delight of a song in a sigh
That breaks the tune.

The secret of passing away,
The cast of the change of the moon,
None knows it with ear or with eye,
But all will soon.

III.

The live wave's love for the shore,
The shore's for the wave as it dies,
The love of the thunder-fire
That sears the skies.

We shall know not though life wax
hoar
Till all life, spent into sighs,
Burn out as consumed with desire
Of death's strange eyes.

Till the secret be secret no more
In the light of one hour as it flies,
Be the hour as of suns that expire
Or suns that rise.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



MEETING.

THE gray sea, and the long, black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves, that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears:
A tap at the pane, the quick, sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears;
Than the two hearts, beating each to each.

ROBERT BROWNING.



EVANGELINE.

—❖—
FAIR was she to behold, that maiden of
seventeen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on
the thorn by the wayside,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows,

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers
at noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth
was the maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while
the bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters bless-
ings among them.

* * * * *

But a celestial brightness, a more ethereal
beauty,

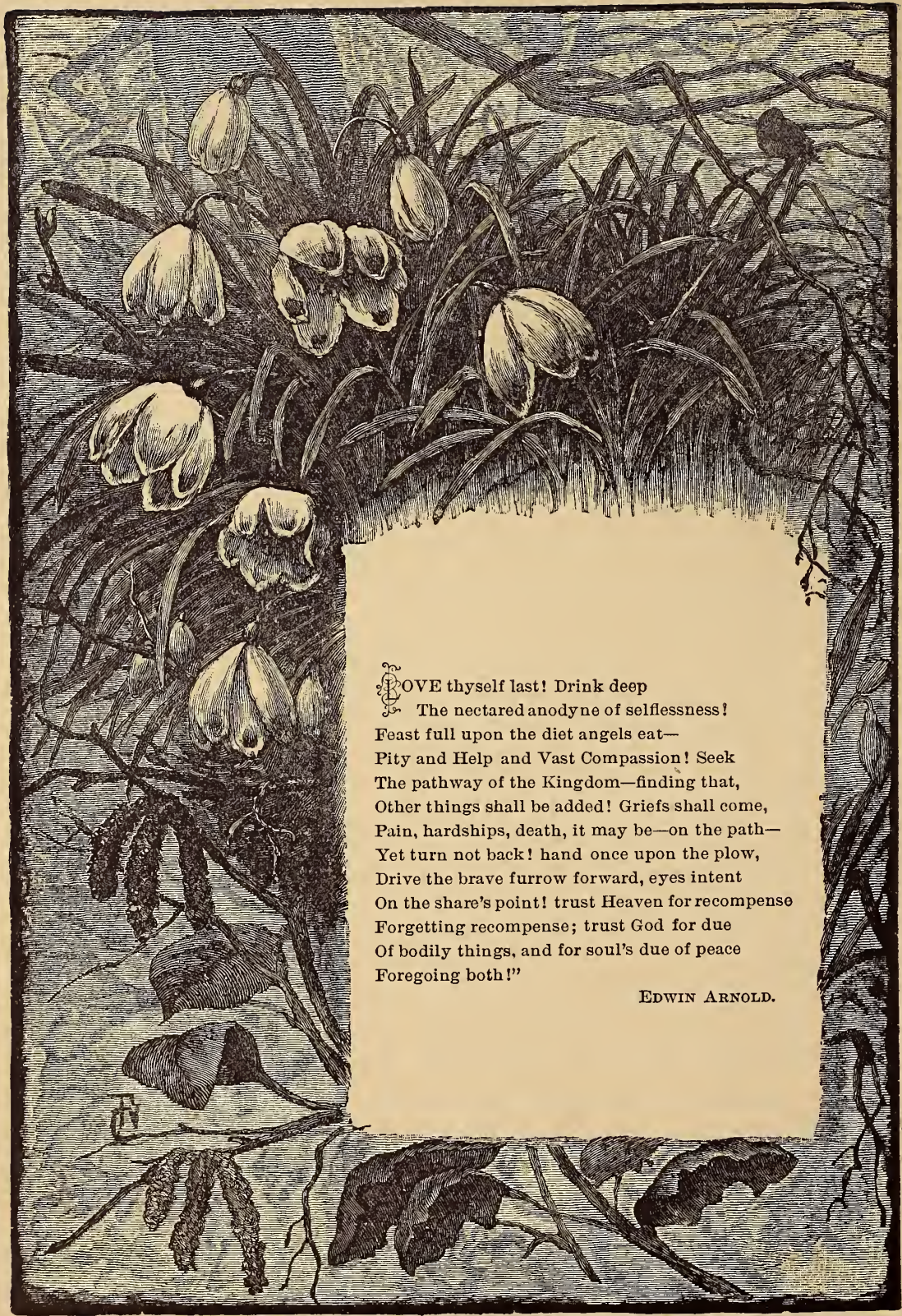
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's
benediction upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceas-
ing of exquisite music.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.





LOVE thyself last! Drink deep
The nectared anodyne of selflessness!
Feast full upon the diet angels eat—
Pity and Help and Vast Compassion! Seek
The pathway of the Kingdom—finding that,
Other things shall be added! Grievs shall come,
Pain, hardships, death, it may be—on the path—
Yet turn not back! hand once upon the plow,
Drive the brave furrow forward, eyes intent
On the share's point! trust Heaven for recompense
Forgetting recompense; trust God for due
Of bodily things, and for soul's due of peace
Foregoing both!"

EDWIN ARNOLD.



AND a stranger, when he sees her
 In the street, even, smileth stilly,
 Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her
 Soften, sleeken every word,
 As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
 The hard earth whereon she passes,
 With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"
 Ay, and always, in good sooth,
 We may all be sure HE DOTH.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

GIN a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie—
Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
*Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name
I dinna care to tell.*

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie—
Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
*Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.*

ROBERT BURNS.



LINES.

HEARD a thousand blended
notes,
While in a grove I sat re-
clined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant
thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link
The human soul that through
me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to
think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that
sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its
wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and
play'd;
Their thoughts I cannot meas-
ure—
But the least motion which they
made,
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out
their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If I these thoughts may not
prevent,
If such be of my creed the plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.



COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky—
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I swore to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the
wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so
sweet
That whenever a March wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your
sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with
curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.





There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ON PARTING.



HE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift,
Untainted, back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see;
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak;
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

BYRON.

IN MEMORIAM.

THU STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know:
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear;
But help thy foolish ones to bear,
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



W. A. SHADE
1892



A CHILD'S THOUGHT
OF GOD.

THEY say that God lives very
high!
But if you look above the
pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory
shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across his
face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my mother laid
On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear gesser?"
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

POOR MAILIE.

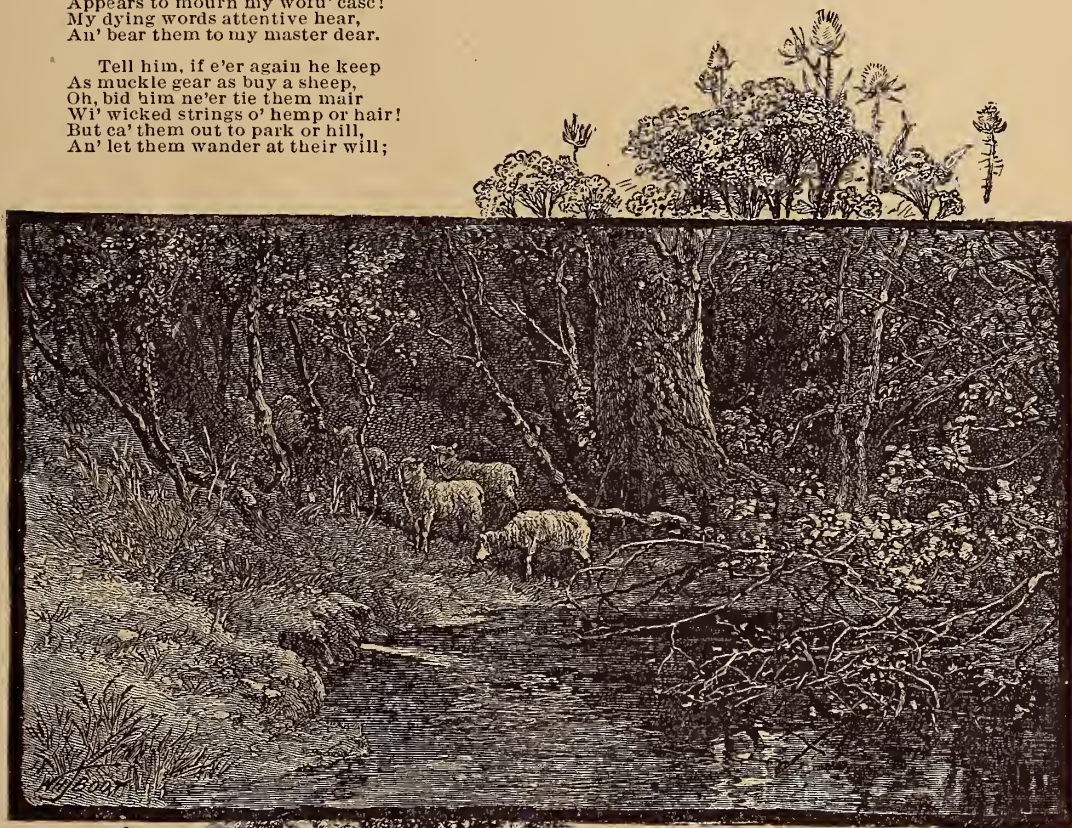
AS Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
 Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
 Upon her clood she coost a hitch,
 An' owre she wars'd in the ditch:
 There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When Hughoc he cam doytin' hy,
 Wi' glowrin' e'en and lifted han's,
 Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
 He saw her days were near-hand ended,
 But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
 He gaped widc, but naething spak—
 At length poor Mailie silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my wofu' case!
 My dying words attentive hear,
 An' bear them to my master dear.

Tell him, if e'er again he keep
 As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
 Oh, bid him ne'er tie them mair
 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
 But ca' them out to park or hill,
 An' let them wander at their will;

An' may they never learn the gaets
 Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets!
 To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
 At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
 So may they, like their great forbears,
 For monie a year come thro' the sheers;
 So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
 An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
 Oh, bid him breed him up wi' care!
 An' if he live to be a beast,



So may his flock increase, and grow
 To scores o' lambs, and packs o' woo'!

Tell him he was a master kin'
 An' ay was guid to me an' mine;
 An' now my dying charge I gie him,
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

Oh, bld him save their harmless lives,
 Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
 But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
 Till they be fit to fend themsel';
 An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
 Wi' teats o' hay, an' rips o' corn.

To pit some havins in his breast!
 An' warn him, what I winna name,
 To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloods,
 Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

An' niest my yowie, silly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
 Oh, may thou ne'er forgather up
 Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop,
 By ay keep mind to moop an' mell
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thyse!'!

An' now, my bairns, wi' my last breath
 I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith;
 An' when you think upo' your mither,
 Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
 To tell my master a' my tale;
 An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
 An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blather."

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
 An' closed her een among the dead.

ROBERT BURNS.

WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up-stairs and doon-stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed? for it's now ten o'clock."



Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye
comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to
the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the
floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie,
that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue;
glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an
airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about,
crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—
waukin' sleepin' folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's
in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee
like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and
ravelin' a' her thrums;
Hey, Willie Winkie! See, there
he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a
storie wean,
A wee stumple stoussie, that
canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep,
before he'll close an ee;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips
gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

MINNIE and Winnie slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies! And they slept well.


Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell.
"What are they dreaming of,
Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft!

ALFRED TENNYSON..



A BALLAD OF DREAMLAND.

HID my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's way hidden apart;
In a softer bed than the soft, white snow's is,
Under the roses I hid my heart.
Why would it sleep not? why should it start,
When never a leaf of the rose-tree stirred?
What made sleep flutter his wings and part?
Only the song of a secret bird.

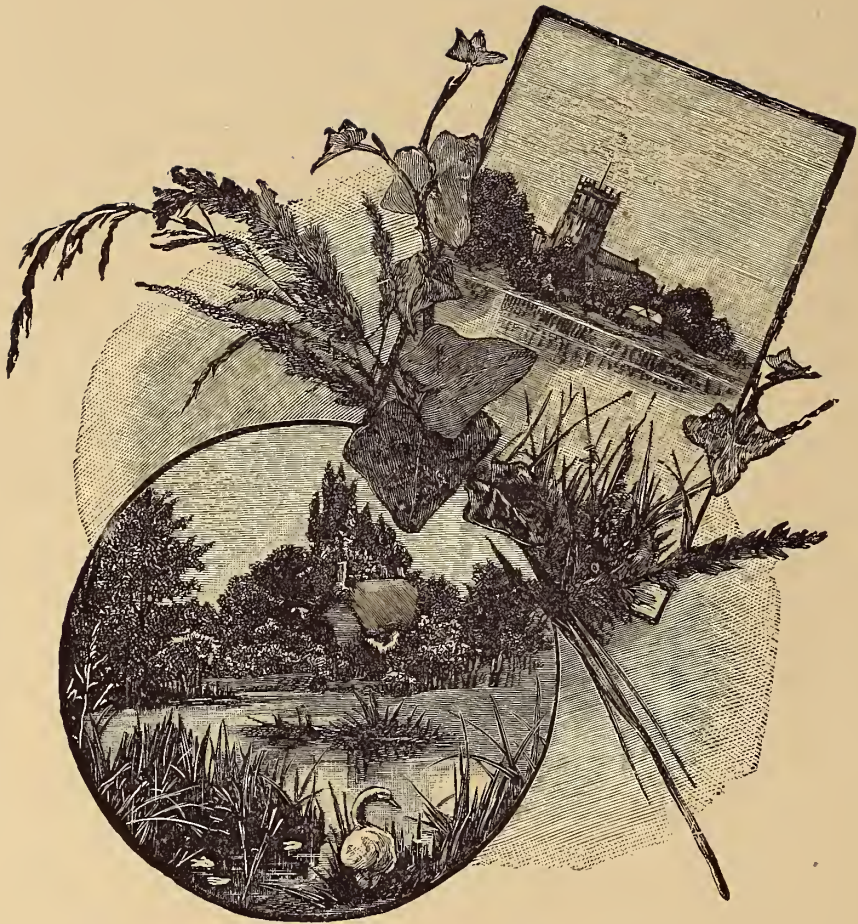
Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,
And mild leaves muffle the keen sun's dart;
Lie still, for the wind on its warm sea dozes,
And the wind is unquieter yet than thou art.
Does a thought in thee still as a thorn's wound smart?
Does the fang still fret thee of hope deferred?
What bids the lids of thy sleep dispart?
Only the song of a secret bird.

The green land's name that a charm incloses,
It never was writ in the traveler's chart,
And sweet as the fruit on its tree that grows is,
It never was sold in the merchant's mart;
The swallows of dreams through its dim fields dart,
And sleep's are the tunes in its tree-tops heard;
No fount's note wakens the wildwood hart,
Only the song of a secret bird.

ENVOI.

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part,
To sleep for a season and hear no word
Of true love's truth or of light love's art,
Only the song of a secret bird.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

—❖—
SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

BYRON.





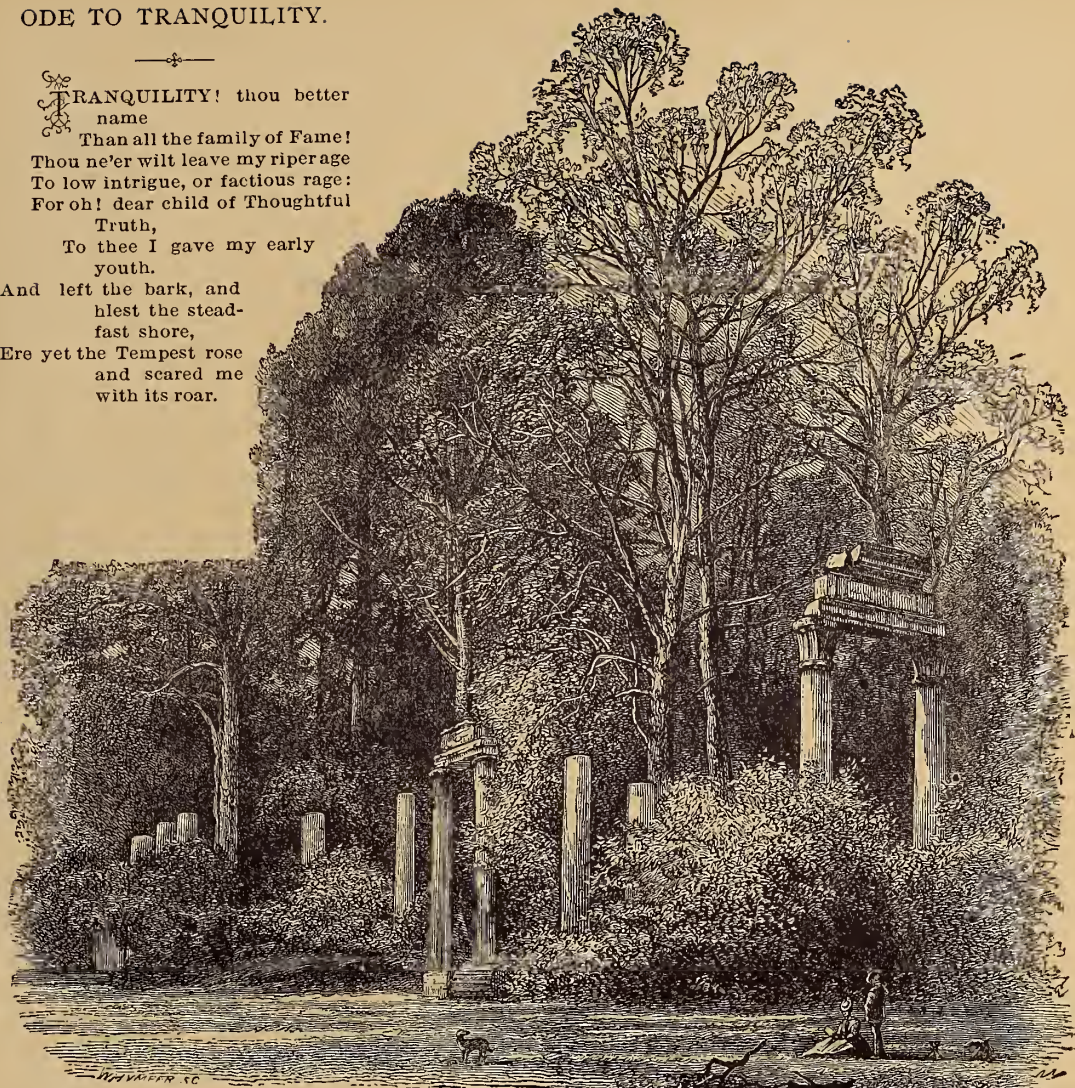
CHILD'S SONG.

— ❦ —
WHAT is gold worth, say
Worth for work or play,
Worth to keep or pay,
Hide or throw away,
Hope about or fear?
What is love worth, pray?
Worth a tear?

Golden on the mold
Lie the dead leaves rolled
Of the wet woods old,
Yellow leaves and cold,
Woods without a dove,
Gold is worth but gold;
Love's worth love.
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ODE TO TRANQUILITY.

TRANQUILITY! thou better
 name
 Than all the family of Fame!
 Thou ne'er wilt leave my ripelage
 To low intrigue, or factious rage:
 For oh! dear child of Thoughtful
 Truth,
 To thee I gave my early
 youth.
 And left the bark, and
 blest the stead-
 fast shore,
 Ere yet the Tempest rose
 and scared me
 with its roar.



Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
 On him but seldom, power divine,
 Thy spirit rests! SATIETY
 And SLOTH, poor counterfeits of thee,
 Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope
 And dire Remembrance interlope,
 To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind;
 The hubble floats before, the specter stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
 At morning through the accustomed mead;
 And in the sultry summer's heat
 Will build me up a mossy seat,
 And when the gust of Autumn crowds
 And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
 Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
 Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the scorching soul,
 To thee I dedicate the whole!
 And while within myself I trace
 The greatness of some future race,
 Aloof with hermit eye I scan
 The present works of present man—
 A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
 Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!
 SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SEAWEED.

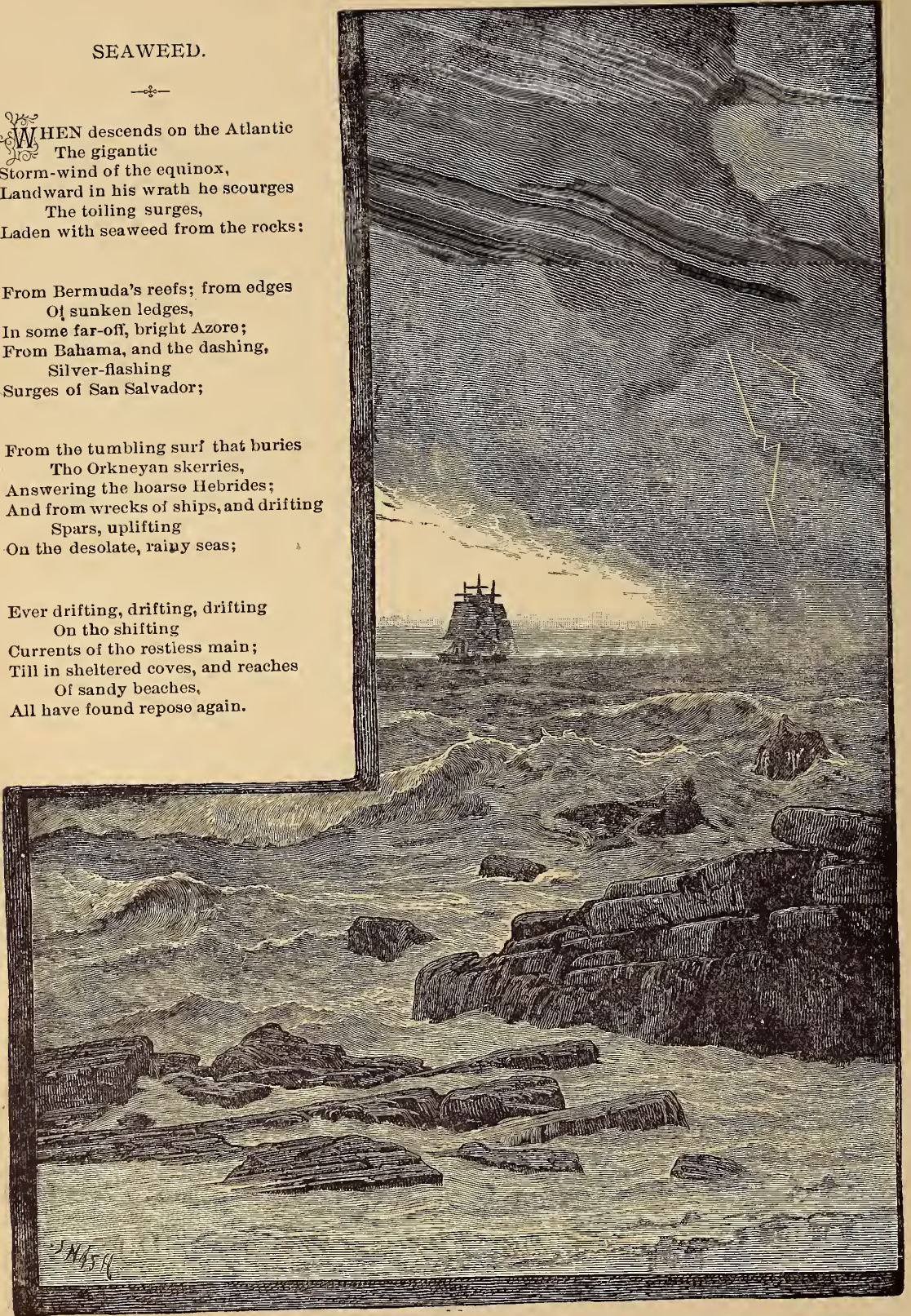


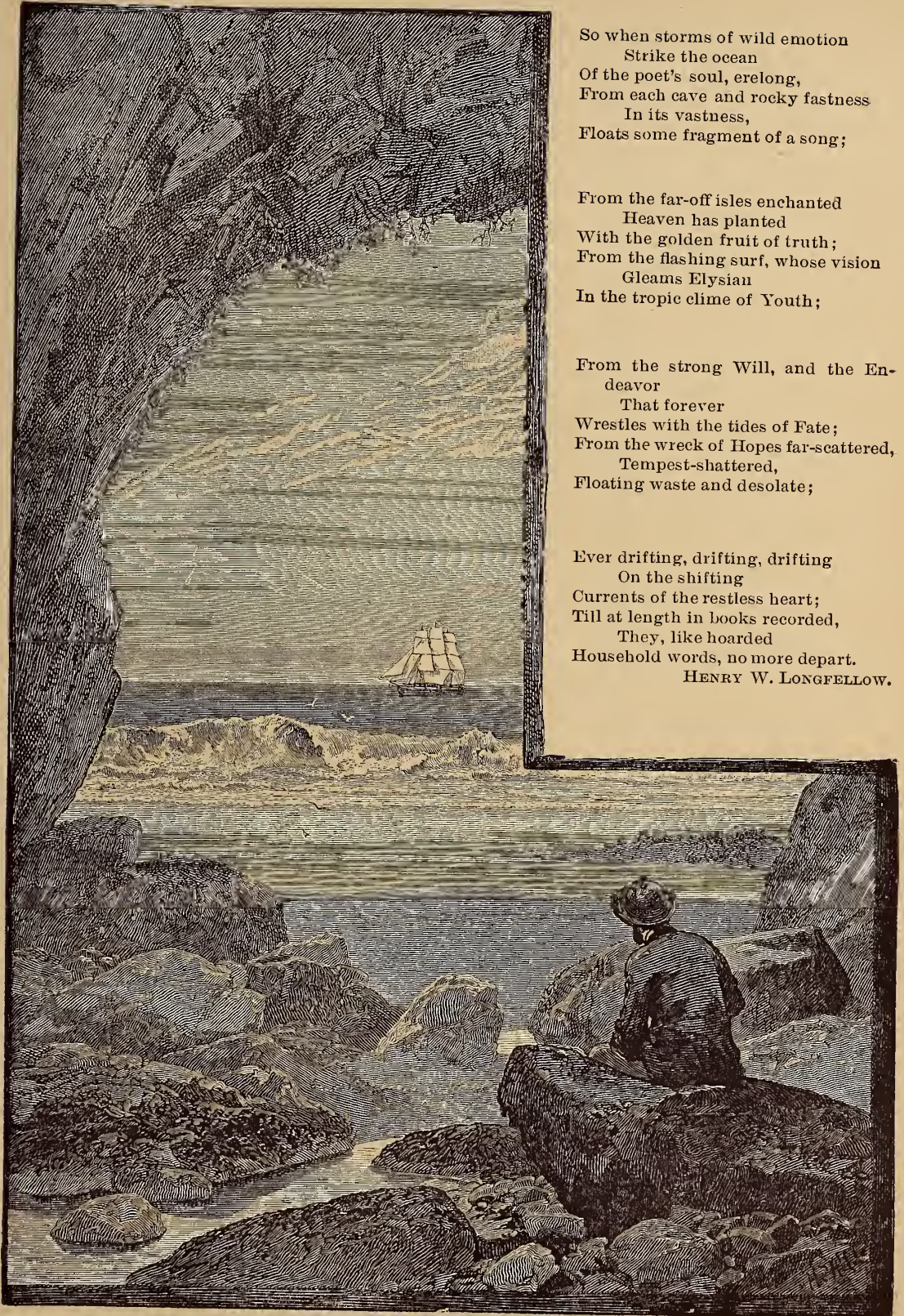
WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.





So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long,
From each cave and rocky fastness
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song;

From the far-off isles enchanted
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the En-
deavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



PEACE IN ACADIE.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
 Indistinct in the twilight,
 Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad
 and prophetic,
 Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that
 rest on their bosoms.
 Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-
 voiced neighboring ocean
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate
 answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are
 the hearts that beneath it
 Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the
 woodland the voice of the huntsman?

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean;
 The winds of heaven mix forever,
 With a sweet emotion:
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine?

See! the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother;
 And the sunlight elaps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



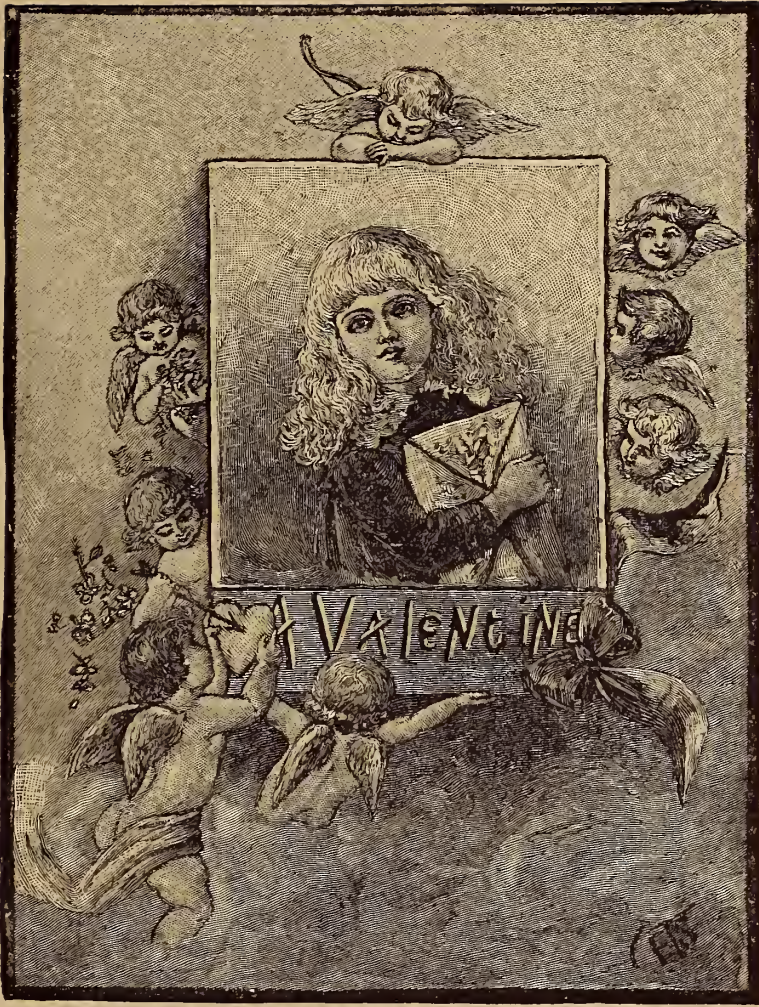


CENTEEL in personage,
 Conduct and equipage;
 Noble by heritage;
 Generous and free;

Brave, not romantic;
 Learned, not pedantic;
 Frolic, not frantic—
 This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
 Meanness disdaining,
 Still entertaining,
 Engaging and new;

Neat, but not finical;
 Sage, but not cynical;
 Never tyrannical,
 But ever true.
 HENRY FIELDING.



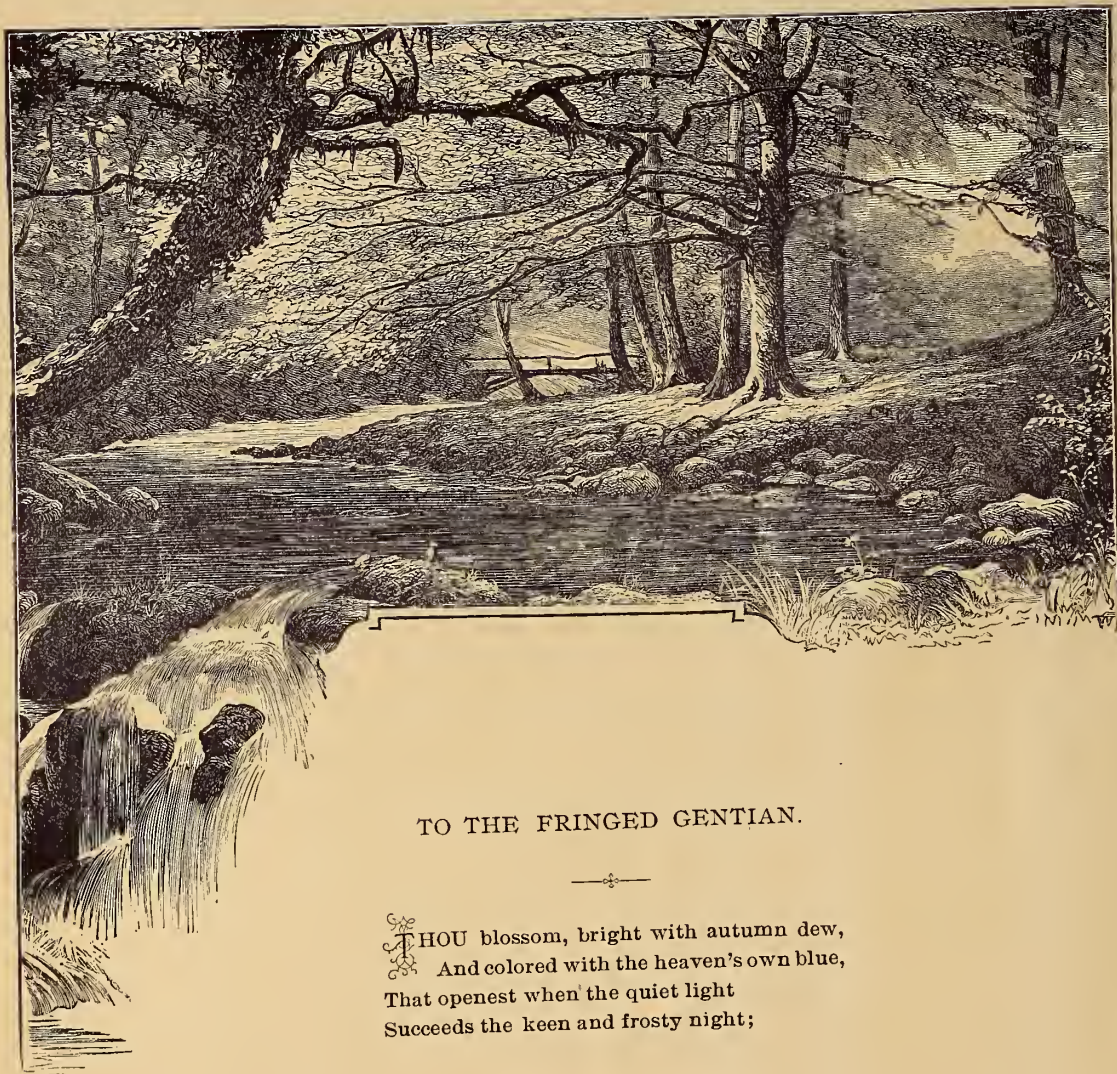
SONNETS.



O, Valentine, and tell that lovely maid,
 Whom fancy still will portray to my sight,
 How here I linger in this sullen shade,
 This dreary gloom of dull, monastic night;
 Say that, from every joy of life remote,
 At evening's closing hour I quit the throng,
 Listening in solitude the ring-dove's note,
 Who pours like me her solitary song;
 Say that her absence calls the sorrowing sigh;
 Say that of all her charms I love to speak,
 In fancy feel the magic of her eye,
 In fancy view the smile illumine her cheek,
 Court the lone hour when silence stills the grove,
 And heave the sigh of memory and of love.

Think, Valentine, as, speeding on thy way,
 Homeward thou hastest light of heart along,
 If heavily creep on one little day
 The medley crew of travelers among,
 Think on thine absent friend; reflect that here
 On life's sad journey comfortless he roves,
 Remote from every scene his heart holds dear—
 From him he values, and from her he loves.
 And when, disgusted with the vain and dull,
 Whom chance companions of thy way may doom,
 Thy mind, of each domestic comfort full,
 Turns to itself, and meditates on home,
 Ah! think what cares must ache within his breast
 Who loathes the road, yet sees no home of rest.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

—❖—
THOU blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

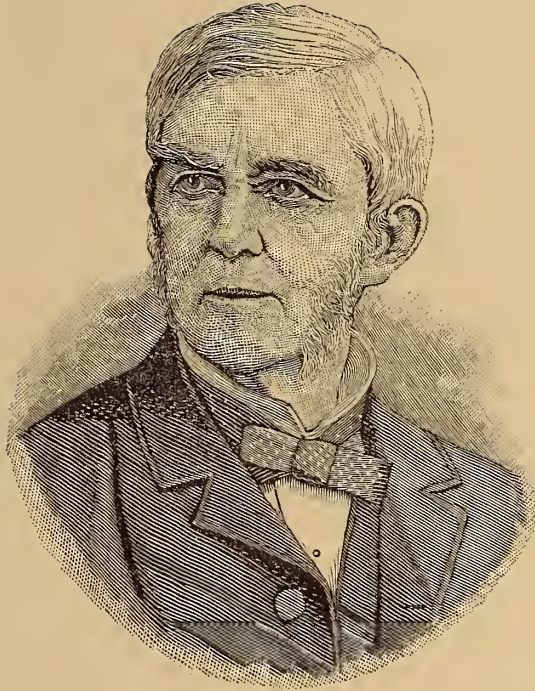
Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. He attended Phillips Academy in Andover, and in 1829 graduated from Harvard. The following year some of his poems appeared in the *Advertiser*, of Boston. At first he studied law, but soon gave this over for the study of medicine. After spending three years in medical study at Edinburgh and Paris, he was given a degree in 1836. During the same year his first volume of poems appeared. He practiced medicine some time in Boston. From 1847 to 1882 he was Parkman professor of anatomy at Harvard University.

Among the famous contributions to literature from the pen of Dr. Holmes, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," and "Over the Teacups" are probably most widely read. He has been a prolific writer for over fifty years, and a list of his writings would make a lengthy paper. At present he is engaged in writing his autobiography. He lives in a very pretty stone house on Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.



STANZAS.

STRANGE! that one lightly whisper'd
tone

Is far, far sweeter unto me
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea;
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair, blue skies,
And naught but empty air I see;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf
That ever western breeze hath fann'd,
But thou shalt have the tender flower,
So I may take thy hand;
That little hand to me doth yield
More joy than all the broider'd field.

Oh, lady! there be many things
That seem right fair, below, above;
But sure not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love;
Let us not pay our vows alone,
But join two altars both in one.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

—❦—

DO you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together,
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and forever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me!"

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



A PARABLE.

WORN and footsore was the Prophet
When he reached the holy hill;
"God has left the earth," he murmured,
"Here his presence lingers still.

God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt thou talk with me no more?
Have I not as truly loved thee
As the chosen ones of yore?

Hear me, guider of my fathers,
Lo, an humble heart is mine;
By thy mercy I beseech thee,
Grant thy servant but a sign!"

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air.

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And from out the rock's hard bosom
Sprang a tender violet.

"God! I thank thee," said the Prophet,
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

Still thou speakest with thy children
Freely as in Eld sublime,
Humbleness and love and patience
Give dominion over Time. -

Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou thyself wouldst then have sought me,
And set free my spirit's wings.

But I looked for signs and wonders
That o'er men should give me sway;
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved of my heart.

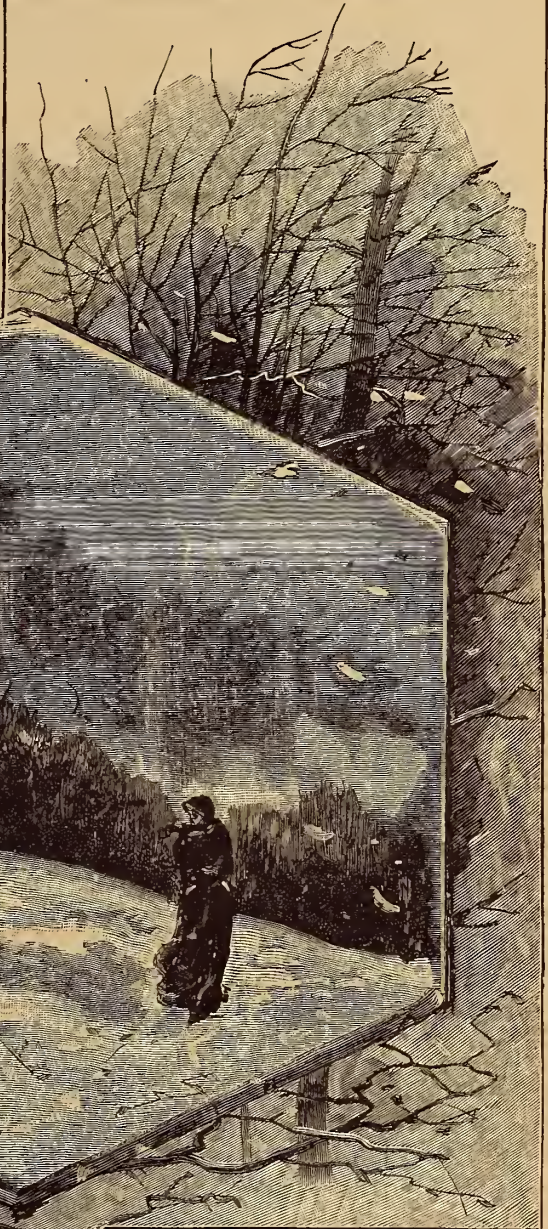
In her hand she held a flower,
Like to this as like may be,
Which beside my very threshold
She had plucked and brought to me."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WINTER.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blow;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"
The joyless winter day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May;



The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty
scheme,
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy will!
Then all I want (oh, do Thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

ROBERT BURNS.

A. BARRAUD





SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF
DELIGHT.

—*—
SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel-light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



FOR AN ALBUM.

—❖—
AS thro' life's span we fleeting go,
We should not this forget,
'Tis always better not to do
Things that we will regret,
For memories in declining years,
Will make us young in age,
If sunny life from youth appears,
Thro' its eventful stage.

N. J. CLODFELTER.



LOVE-SONG.

—*—
 NEARER to thy mother-heart,
 Simple Nature, press me,
 Let me know thee as thou art,
 Fill my soul and bless me!
 I have loved thee long and well,
 I have loved thee heartily;
 Shall I never with thee dwell,
 Never be at one with thee?

Inward, inward to thy heart,
 Kindly Nature, take me,
 Lovely even as thou art,
 Full of loving make me!
 Thou knowest naught of dead-cold
 forms,
 Knowest naught of littleness,
 Lifeful Truth thy being warms,
 Majesty and earnestness.

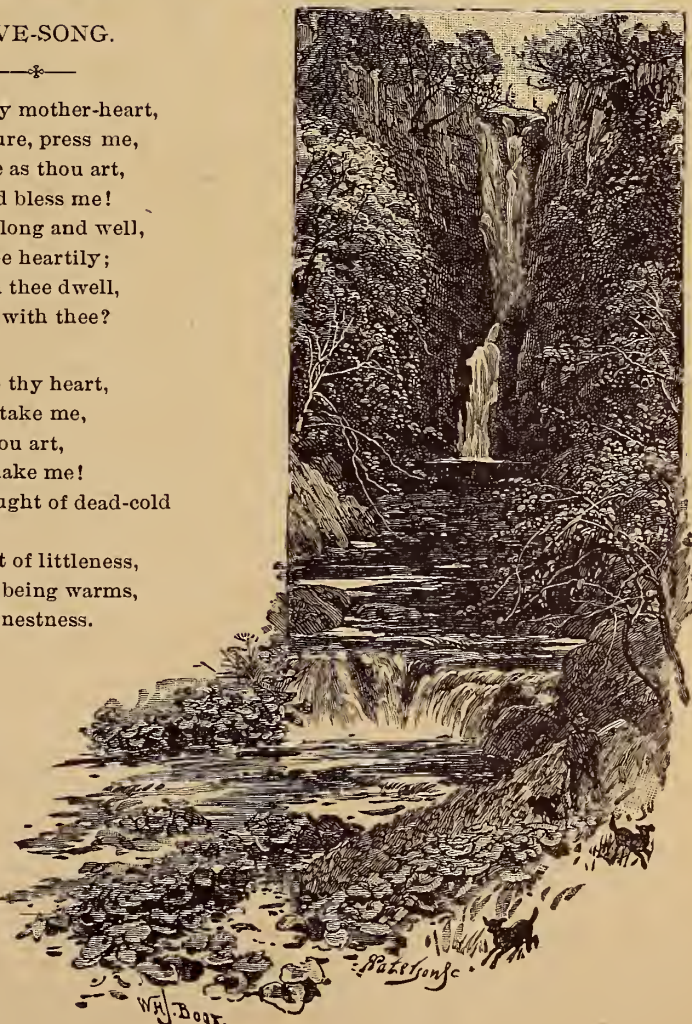
Homeward, homeward to thy
 heart,

Dearest Nature call me;
 Let no halfness, no mean part,
 Any longer thrall me!

I will be thy lover true,
 Will be a faithful soul,
 Then circle me, then look me
 through,

Fill me with the mighty
 Whole.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Of did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.



Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallows twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
 vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
 Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.



Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die,

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiles as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him
borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

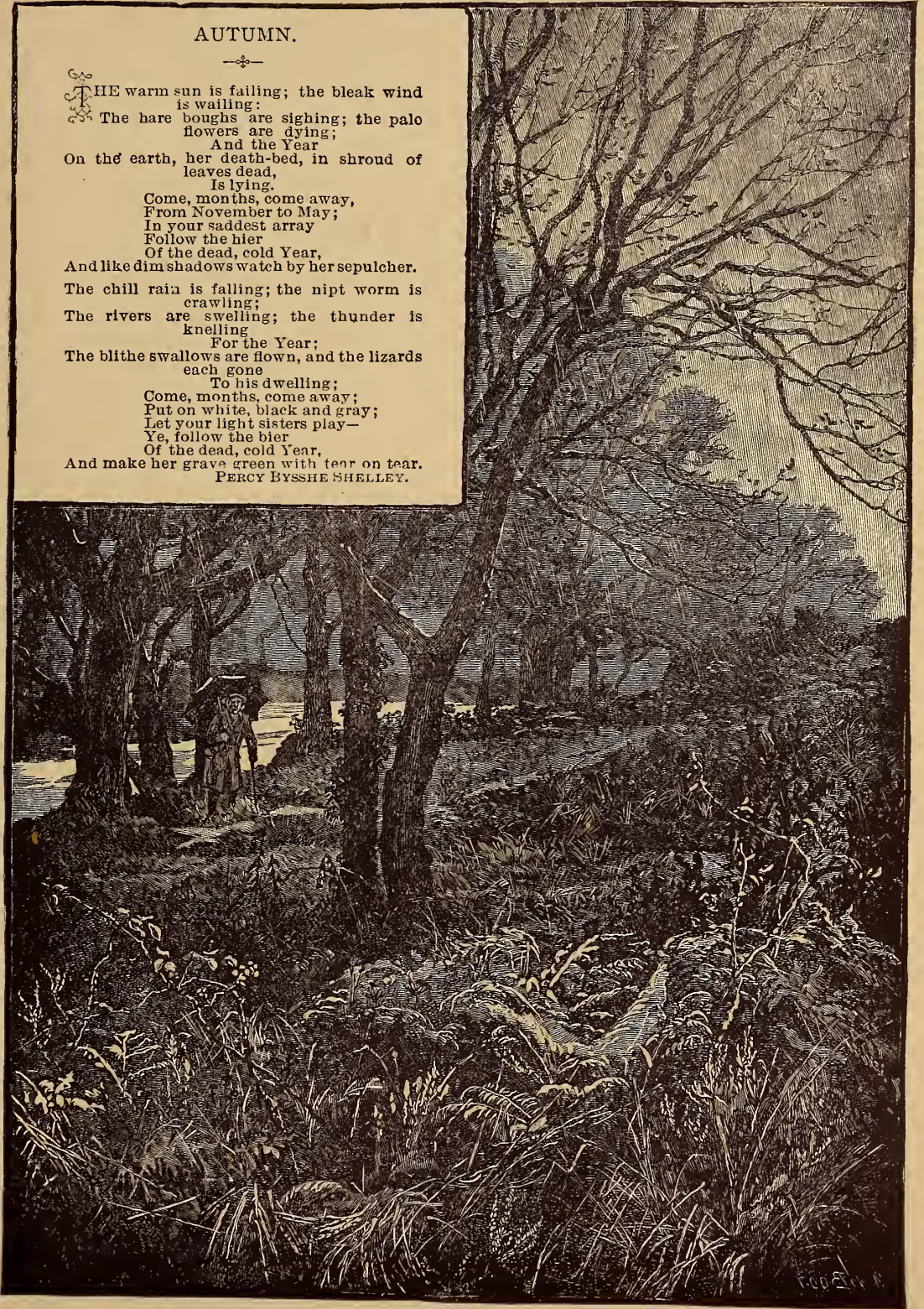
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a
friend.

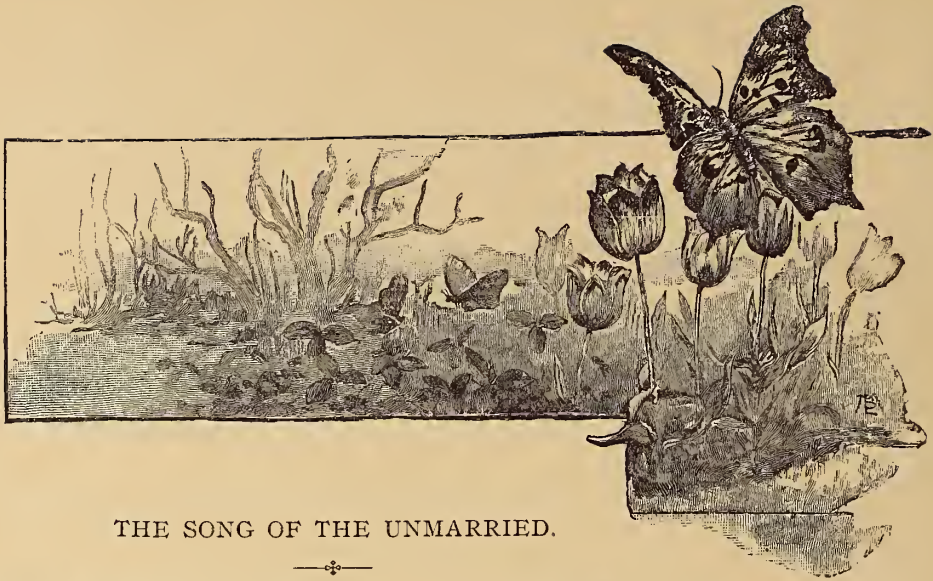
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

AUTUMN.

THE warm sun is falling; the bleak wind
is wailing:
The hare boughs are sighing; the pale
flowers are dying;
And the Year
On the earth, her death-bed, in shroud of
leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May;
In your saddest array
Follow the hier
Of the dead, cold Year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulcher.
The chill rain is falling; the nipt worm is
crawling;
The rivers are swelling; the thunder is
knelling
For the Year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards
each gone
To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away;
Put on white, black and gray;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead, cold Year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.





THE SONG OF THE UNMARRIED.

THE winds of March are humming
 Their parting song, their parting song,
 And summer skies are coming,
 And days grow long, and days grow long.
 I watch, but not in gladness,
 Our garden-tree, our garden-tree;
 It buds in sober sadness,
 Too soon for me, too soon for me.
 My second winter's over,
 Alas! and I, alas! and I
 Have no accepted lover:
 Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

'Tis not asleep or idle
 That Love has been, that Love has been,
 For many a happy bridal
 The year has seen, the year has seen;
 I've done a bridemaid's duty
 At three or four, at three or four;
 My best bouquet had beauty,
 Its doner more, its doner more.
 My second winter's over,
 Alas! and I, alas! and I
 Have no accepted lover:
 Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

His flowers my bosom shaded
 One sunny day, one sunny day;
 The next they fled and faded,
 Beau and bouquet, beau and bouquet.
 In vain, at ball and parties,
 I've thrown my net, I've thrown my net;
 This waltzing, watching heart is
 Unchosen yet, unchosen yet.
 My second winter's over,
 Alas! and I, alas! and I
 Have no accepted lover:
 Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

They tell me there is no hurry
 For Hymen's ring, for Hymen's ring;
 And I'm too young to marry:
 'Tis no such thing, 'tis no such thing.
 The next springtides will dash on
 My eighteenth year, my eighteenth year;
 It puts me in a passion,
 Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!
 My second winter's over,
 Alas! and I, alas! and I
 Have no accepted lover:
 Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.
 FITZ-GREENE HALLECK







THE WORLD'S AGE.

WHO will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
Flash, and will flash till the last.
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Anteroom of Hell.

Still the race of Hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the Words inherits—
"Wife and child, and Fatherland."
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare, as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the age's gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



TO THE RIVER.

F AIR river! in thy bright, clear flow
Of crystal, wandering water,
Thou art an emblem of thy glow
Of beauty—the unhidden heart—
The playful mazes of art
In old Alberto's daughter;

But when within thy wave she looks,
Which glistens then, and trembles—
Why, then, the prettiest of brooks
Her worshiper resembles;
For in his heart, as in thy stream,
Her image deeply lies—
His heart, which trembles at the beam
Of her soul-searching eyes.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.



HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of
the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed
with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisterns flow.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcomed, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE NIGHT BIRD.

A FLOATING, a floating
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I hear the singing bird
Upon the topmost tree.

"Oh, came you off the isles of Greece,
Or off the banks of Seine;
Or off some tree in forests free,
Which fringe the western main?"

"I came not off the Old World,
Nor yet from off the New,
But I am one of the birds of God,
Which sing the whole night through."

"Oh, sing and wake the dawning—
Oh, whistle for the wind;
The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind.

"The current sweeps the Old World,
The current sweeps the New;
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discover'd sight
Gleam'd like a vision of delight.
I started—seeming to espy
The home and shelter'd bed—
The sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My father's house, in wet or dry,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.

She look'd at it as if she fear'd it;
Still wishing, dreading to be near it;
Such heart was in her, being then
A little prattler among men.
The blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy:
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



SHE IS NOT FAIR TO
OUTWARD VIEW.

— ❖ —
 SHE is not fair to outward view,
 As many maidens be;
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me;
 Oh, then I saw her eye was bright—
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold;
 To mine they ne'er reply;
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The love-light in her eye;
 Her very frowns are better far
 Than smiles of other maidens are!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

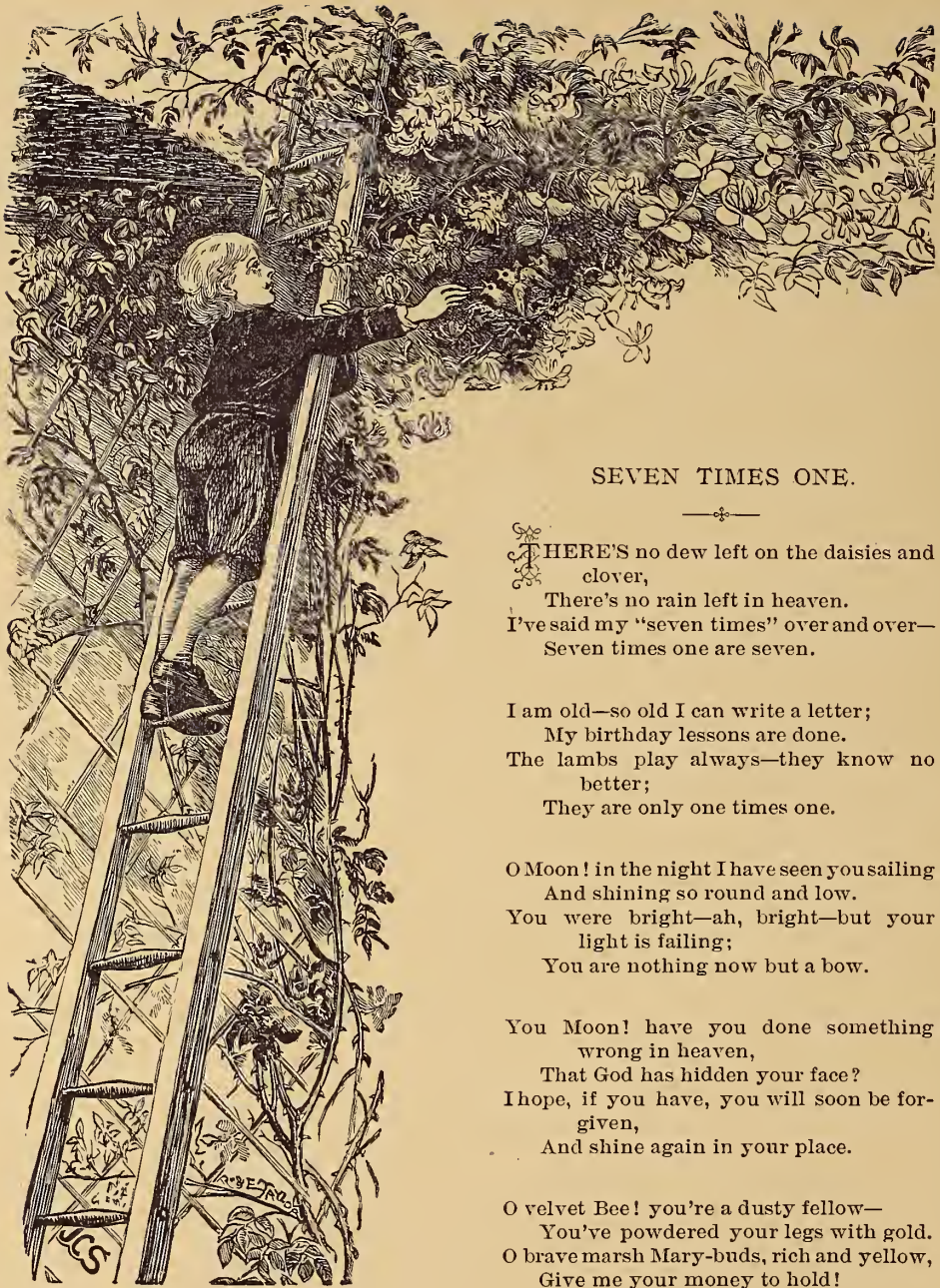
PERFECTION.

— ❖ —
 FROM "KING JOHN."

TO gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to
 garnish,
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

SHAKSPERE.





SEVEN TIMES ONE.



HERE'S no dew left on the daisies and
 clover,
 There's no rain left in heaven.
 I've said my "seven times" over and over—
 Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old I can write a letter;
 My birthday lessons are done.
 The lambs play always—they know no
 better;
 They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
 And shining so round and low.
 You were bright—ah, bright—but your
 light is failing;
 You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something
 wrong in heaven,
 That God has hidden your face?
 I hope, if you have, you will soon be for-
 given,
 And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow—
 You've powdered your legs with gold.
 O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
 Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper,
 Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
 O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple
 clapper
 That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young
 ones in it—
 I will not steal them away:
 I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet!
 I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.



DAISY.

WITH little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy.
Thou unassuming commonplace
Of nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which Love makes for thee!

* * * * *

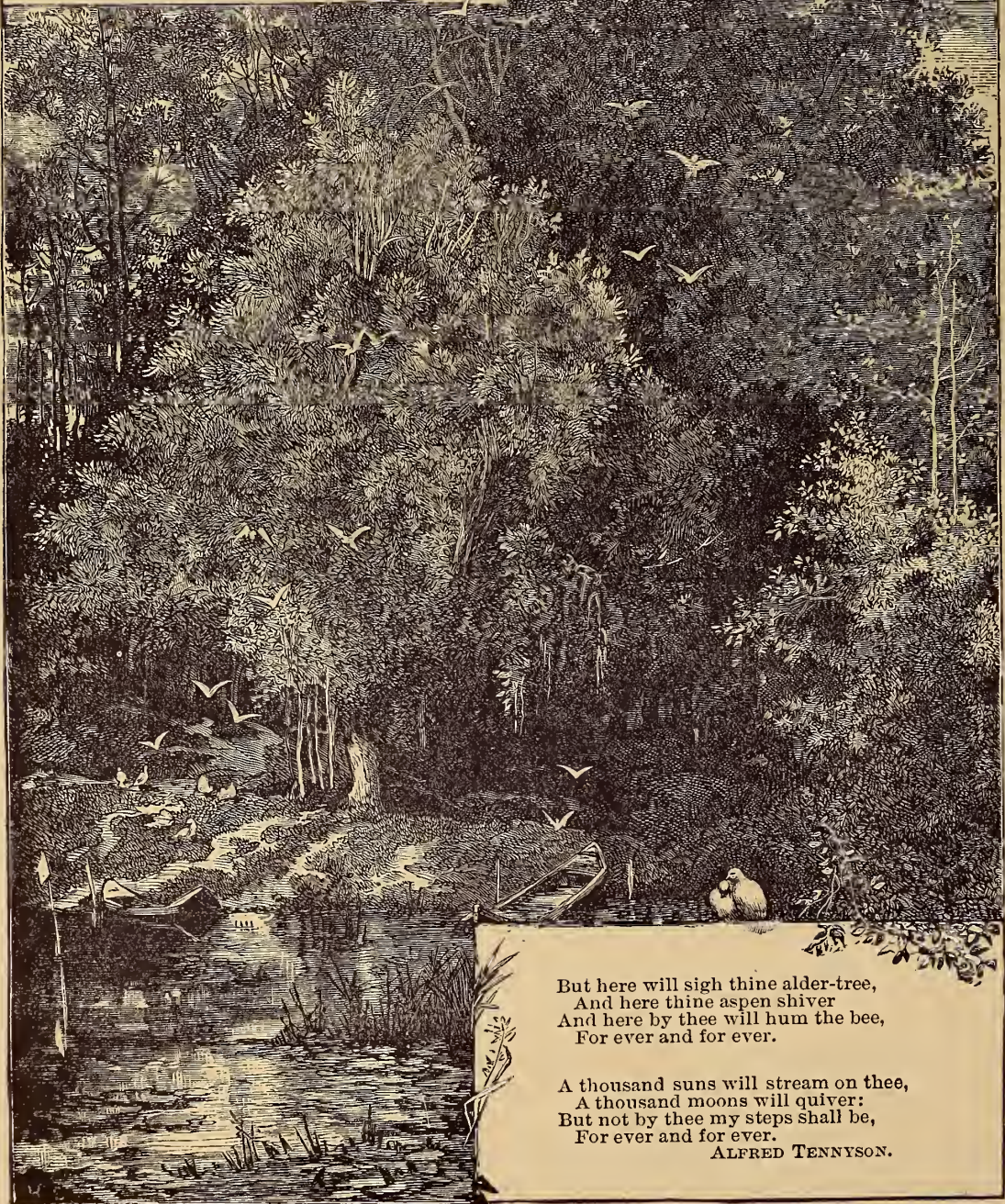
Sweet, silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A FAREWELL.

—❖—
FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea;
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet, then a river:
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.



But here will sigh thine alder-tree,
And here thine aspen shiver
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver:
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek brown eyes,
 In whose orbs a shadow lies
 Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun—
 Golden tresses wreathed in one,
 As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
 Where the brook and river meet,
 Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
 On the brooklet's swift advance,
 On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
 Beautiful to thee must seem
 As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
 When bright angels in thy vision
 Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
 As the dove, with startled eye,
 Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
 That our ears perceive no more,
 Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
 Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares!
 Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
 Morning rises into noon,
 May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
 Birds and blossoms many-numbered—
 Age, that bough with snows encumbered:

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
 When the young heart overflows,
 To embalm that tent of snows.

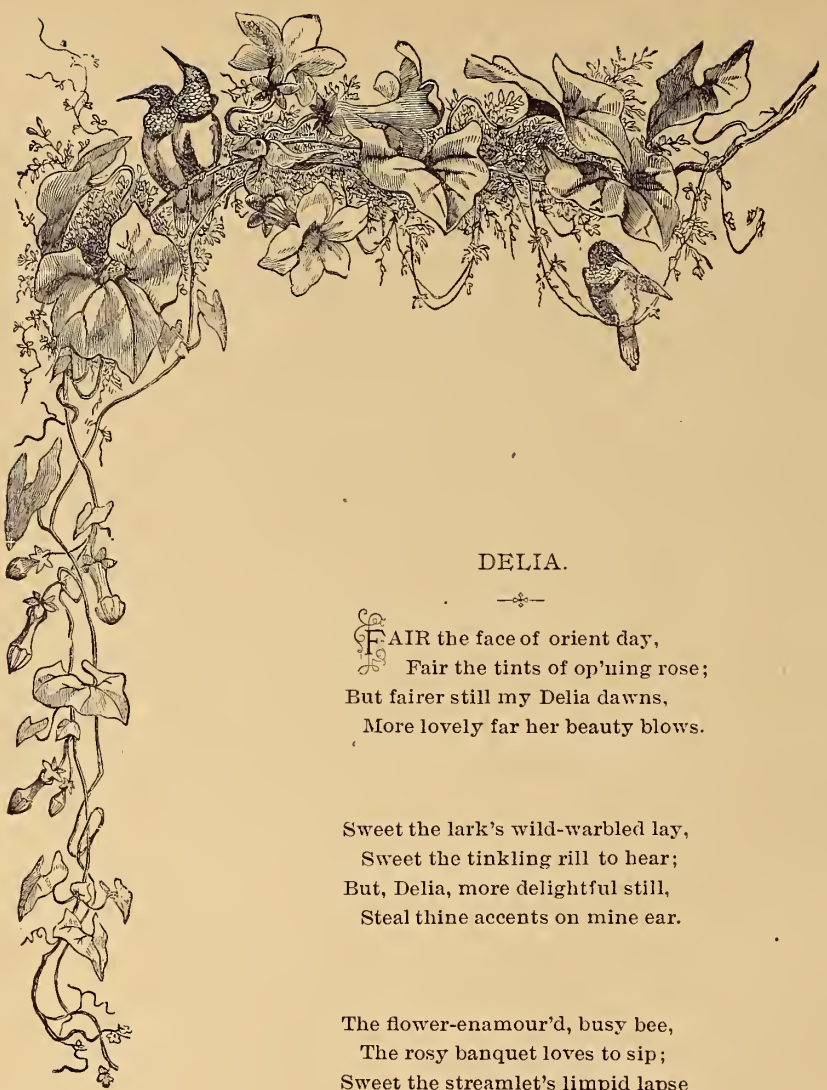
Bear a lily in thy hand;
 Gates of brass cannot withstand
 One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
 In thy heart the dew of youth,
 On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
 Into wounds that cannot heal,
 Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
 Into many a sunless heart,
 For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



DELIA.

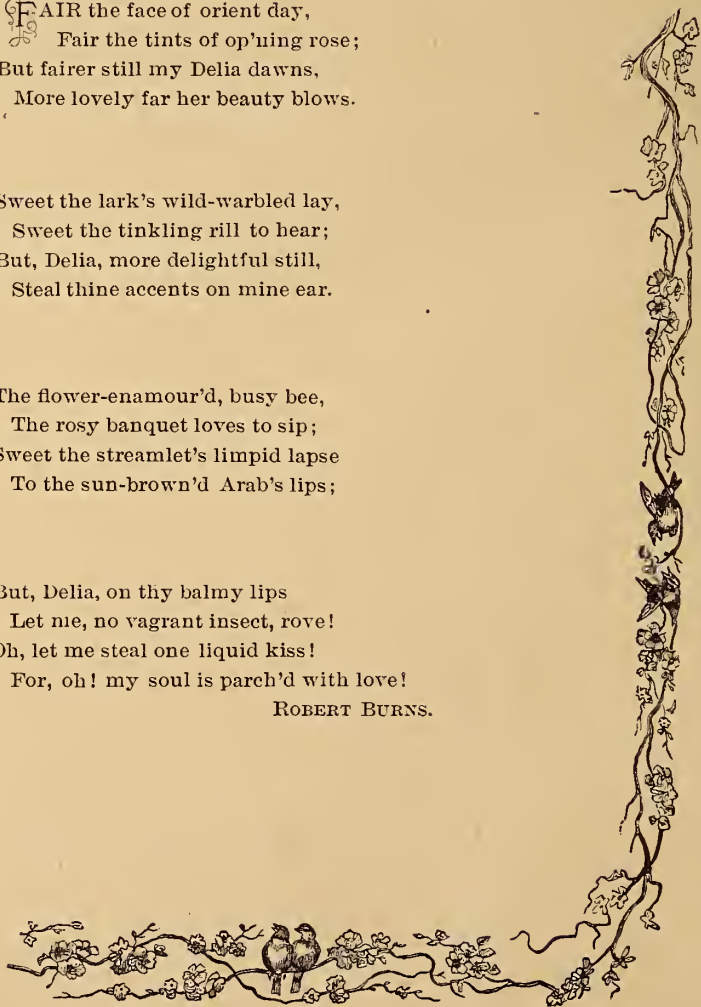
—♦—
FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd, busy bee,
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
Oh, let me steal one liquid kiss!
For, oh! my soul is parch'd with love!

ROBERT BURNS.







MARY MORISON.

OH, Mary, at thy window be!
 It is the wished, the trusted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see
 That make the miser's treasure poor:
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing—
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
 Though this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sighed, and said among them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me show;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early,
 mother, dear,
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad
 New-year;
 Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest,
 merriest day;
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but
 none so bright as mine;
 There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and
 Caroline,
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they
 say,
 So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.


I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall
 never wake,
 If you do not call me loud when the day begins to
 break;
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and
 garlands gay,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I
 see,
 But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-
 tree?
 He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him
 yesterday—
 But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in
 white,
 And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of
 light.
 They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what
 they say,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never
 be;
 They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is
 that to me?
 There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer
 day,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the
 green,
 And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made
 the Queen;
 For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from
 far away,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.



The honeysuckle 'round the porch has wov'n
its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint
sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in
swamps and hollow gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

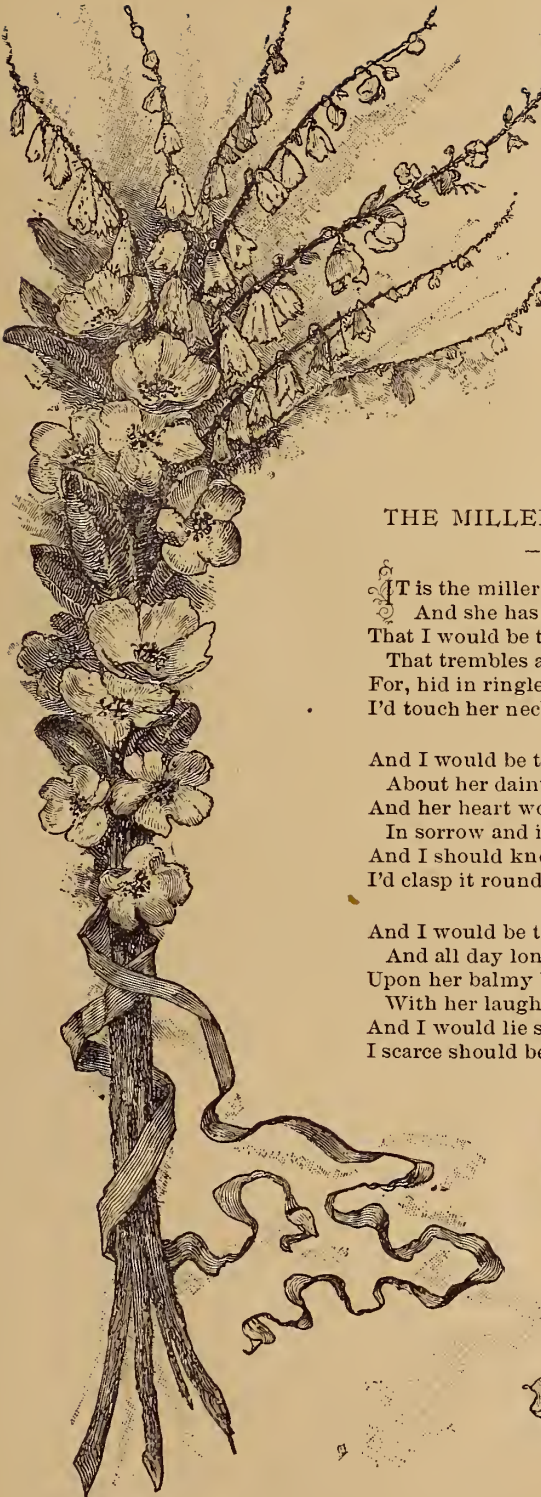
The night winds come and go, mother, upon the
meadow-grass;
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten
as they pass,
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the
livelong day.
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and
still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the
hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily
glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me
early, mother, dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad
New-year;
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest,
merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

ALFRED TENNYSON.





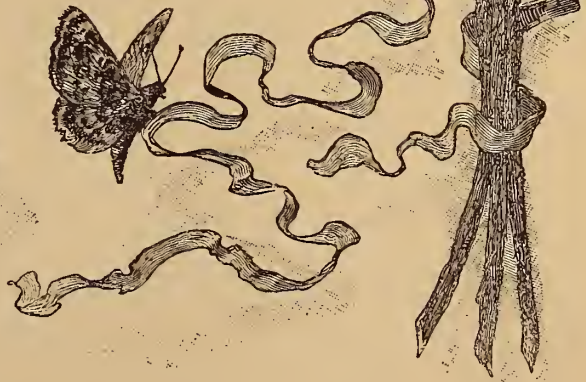
THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

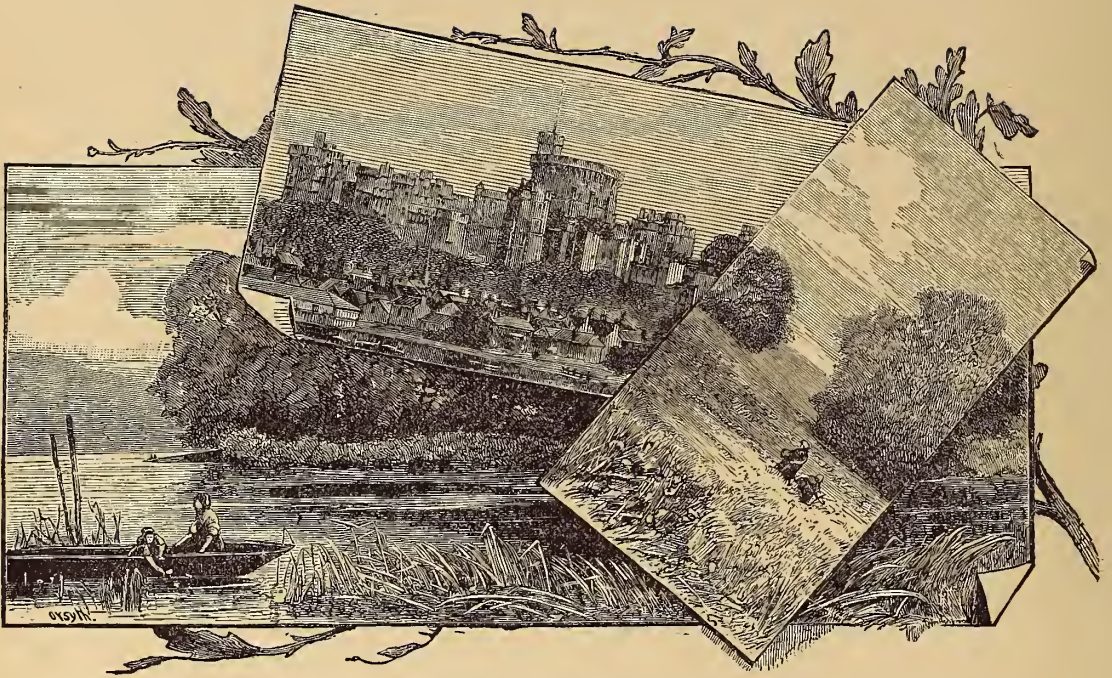
IT is the miller's daughter,
And she has grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear;
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom
With her laughter or her sighs;
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.





THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO
HIS SOUL.

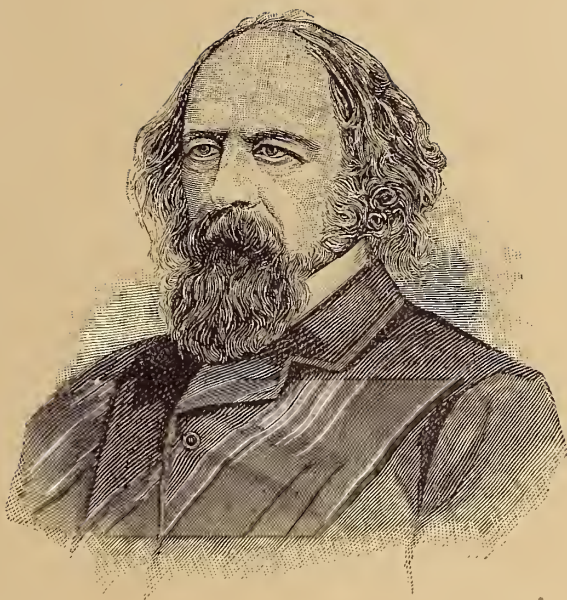


VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

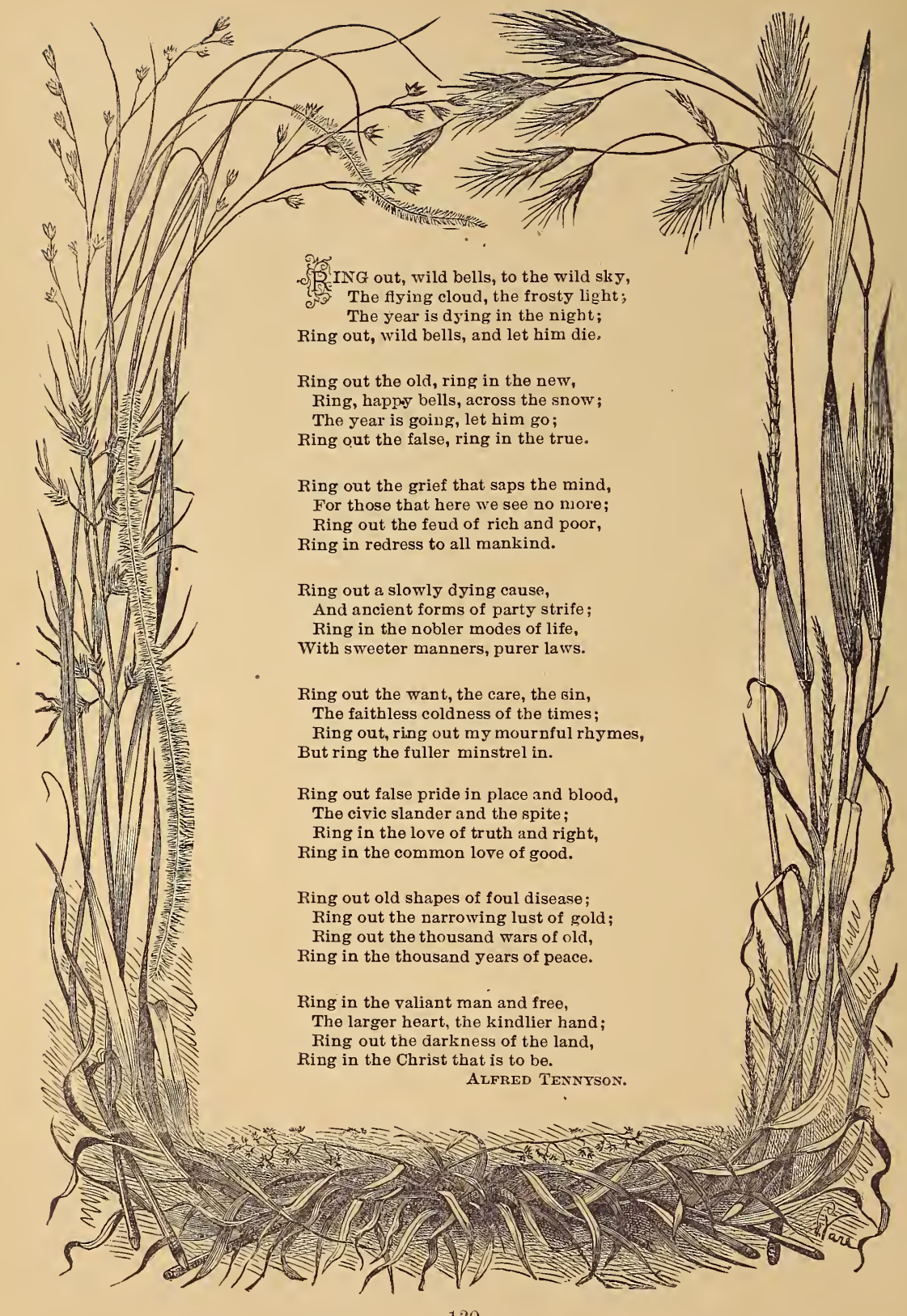
The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

POPE.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

ALFRED TENNYSON was the third of twelve children. He was born in 1809, in Somerby, Lincolnshire, England. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge. While in the university he published, in conjunction with his brother Charles, a small volume, "Poems by Two Brothers." A little later he won a medal for a poem in blank verse on "Timbuctoo." In 1830, still an undergraduate, he issued "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." This production did not bring the young poet into any prominent notice, but ten years or more later (1842), when he had published two volumes of "English Idylls and Other Poems," containing "Locksley Hall," etc., was he recognized as one who had some right to stand at the head of English poets. "In Memoriam," "Locksley Hall," "The Holy Grail" and "Enoch Arden" are among his last productions. His style is a marvel of exactness and finish. His poetry has gathered largely the elements of all the poetic arts. He was made Poet Laureate in 1850. He will stand in coming time as one of the few great poets who embodied the Christlike in his work. Dante's "Inferno," Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" stand out, and will ever stand out, as great, if not the greatest, works of poetical minds. Mr. Tennyson was made a lord in 1883, and died October 6, 1892, his soul taking its flight to heaven seemingly along a sunbeam which at that moment fell across the death-bed.



RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

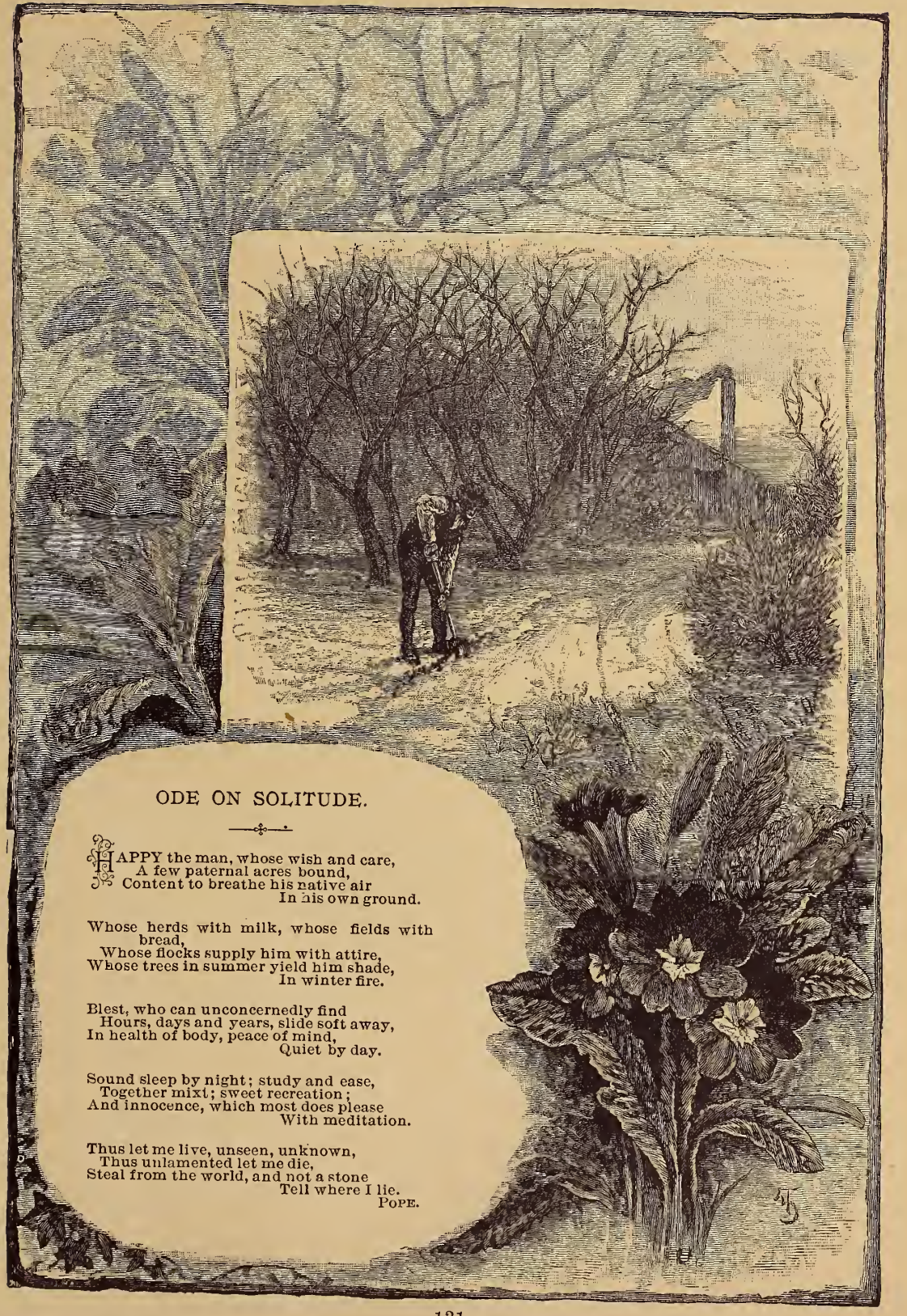
Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



ODE ON SOLITUDE.

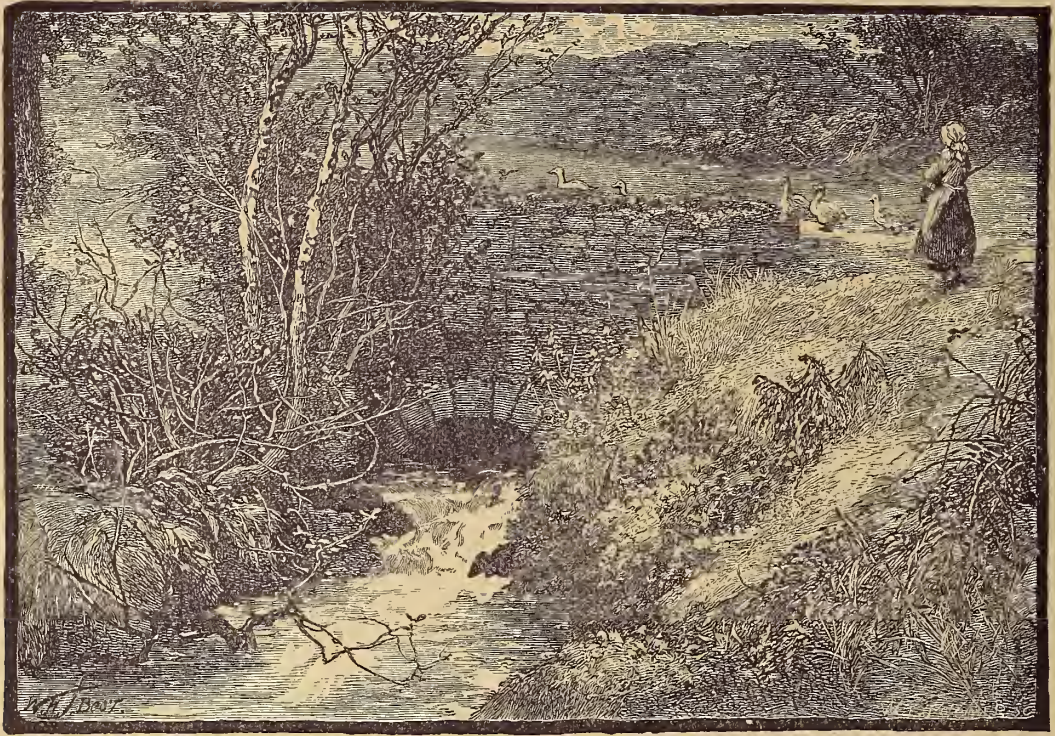
— ❦ —
HAPPY the man, whose wish and care,
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with
bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

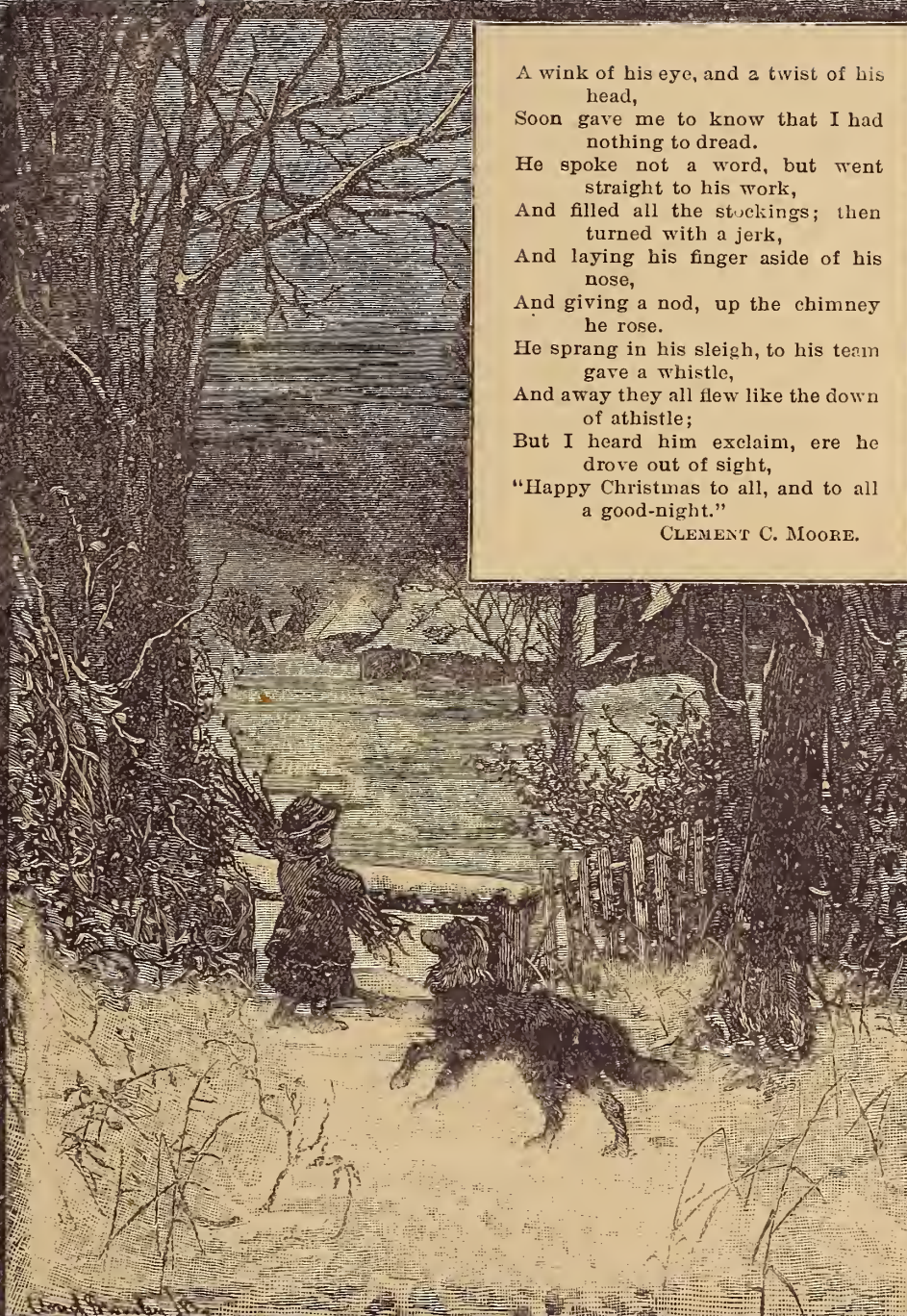
Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.
POPE.



A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

IT WAS the night before Christmas, when all
 through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
 The stockings were nestled by the chimney with
 care,
 In hopes that St. Nicholas would be there;
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
 While visions of sugar plums danced in their
 heads;
 And Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap,
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's
 nap,
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
 The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
 Gave the luster of midday to objects below,
 When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
 But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
 More rapid than eagles, his coursers they came,
 And he whistled and shouted and called them by
 name;
 "Now, Dasher, now, Dancer, now, Prancer and
 Vixen,
 On, Comet, on, Cupid, on, Doder and Blitzen—
 Now dash away, dash away, dash away all."
 As dry leaves that before the wild hurriean fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
 So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
 With the sleighful of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
 And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
 The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
 As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a
 bound.
 He was dressed in fur from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
 soot;
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked just like a peddler just opening his
 pack.
 His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how
 merry.
 His checks were like roses, his nose like a
 cherry;
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the
 snow.
 The stump of a pipe he held in his teeth,
 And the smoke, it enircled his head like a
 wreath,
 He had a broad face and a round little belly,
 That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of
 jelly.
 He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf;
 And I laughed when I saw him in spite of
 myself.



A wink of his eye, and a twist of his
head,
Soon gave me to know that I had
nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went
straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then
turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his
nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney
he rose.
He sprang in his sleigh, to his team
gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down
of athistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he
drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all
a good-night."

CLEMENT C. MOORE.



AT PARTING.

FOR a day and a night Love sang to us, played with us,
Folded us round from the dark and the light;
And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he made
with us,
Made with our hearts and our lips while he stayed with us,
Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch, with his wings had he hidden us,
Covered us close from the eyes that would smite,
From the feet that had tracked and the tongue that had
chidden us,
Sheltering in shades of myrtles forbidden us,
Spirit and flesh growing one with delight
For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest, and his feet will not stay for us;
Morning is here in the joy of its might;
With his breath has he sweetened a night and a day for us;
Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way for us;
Love can but last in us here at his height
For a day and a night.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.





THE IVY GREEN.

—❖—

IVY, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones
decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the moldering dust that years have
made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealth on, though he wears no
wings,
And a stanch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tightly he
clings
To his friend, the huge oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mold of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works
decayed,
And nations scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE WINGED WORSHIPERS.

—❖—

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of
heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if you stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.



Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.



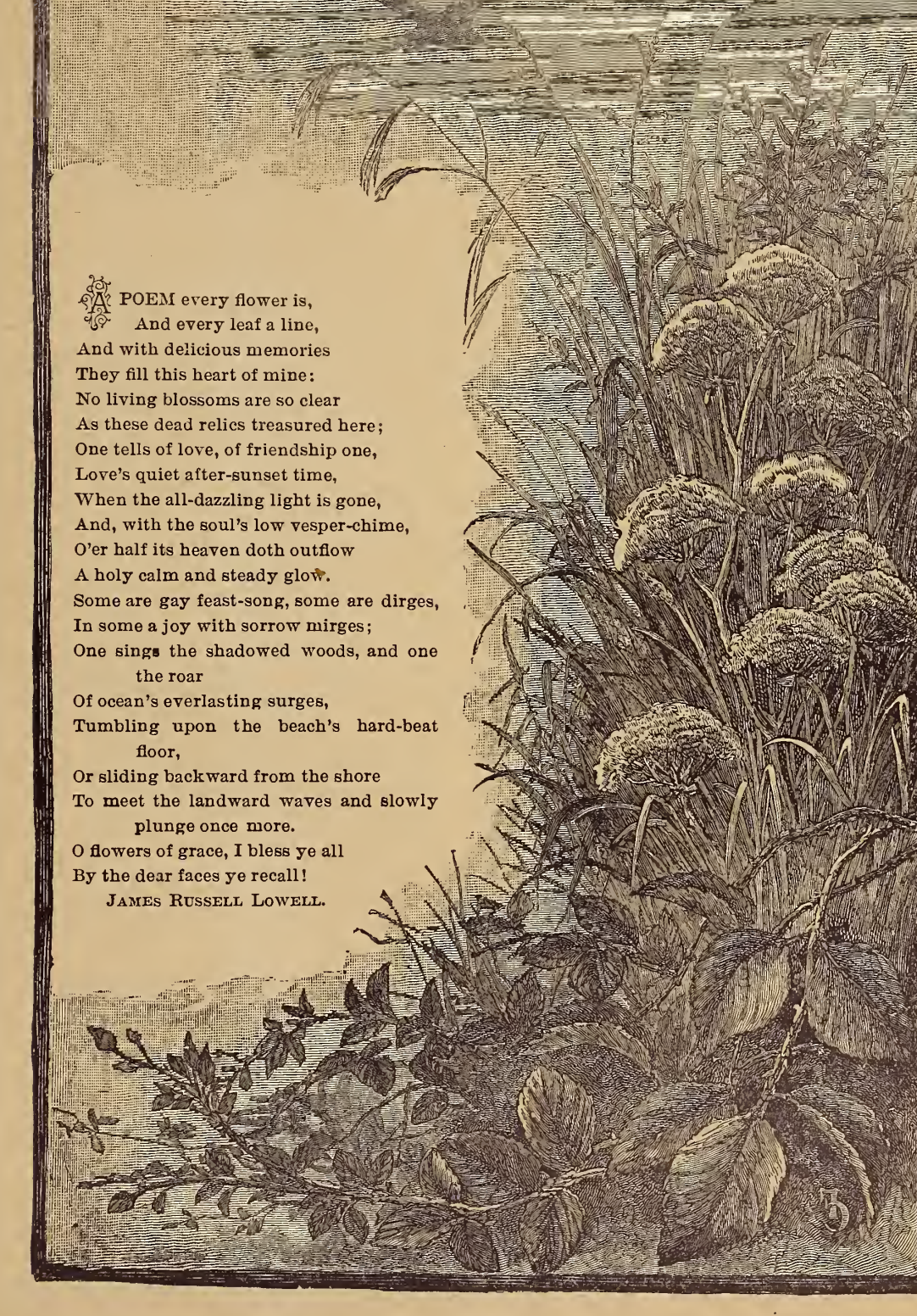
HER LIKENESS.



A GIRL, who has so many wilful
 ways
 She would have caused Job's
 patience to forsake him;
 Yet is so rich in all that's girlhood's
 praise,
 Did Job himself upon her goodness
 gaze,
 A little better she would surely
 make him.

Yet is this girl I sing in naught
 uncommon,
 And very far from angel yet, I
 trow.
 Her faults, her sweetness, are pure-
 ly human;
 Yet she's more lovable as simple
 woman
 Than any one diviner that I
 know.

Therefore I wish that she may
 safely keep
 This womanhede, and change
 not, only grow;
 From maid to matron, youth to age,
 may creep,
 And in perennial blessedness, still
 reap
 On every hand of that which she
 doth sow.
 DINAH MARIA MULOCK.



❧ A POEM every flower is,
And every leaf a line,
And with delicious memories
They fill this heart of mine:
No living blossoms are so clear
As these dead relics treasured here;
One tells of love, of friendship one,
Love's quiet after-sunset time,
When the all-dazzling light is gone,
And, with the soul's low vesper-chime,
O'er half its heaven doth outflow
A holy calm and steady glow.
Some are gay feast-song, some are dirges,
In some a joy with sorrow mirges;
One sings the shadowed woods, and one
the roar
Of ocean's everlasting surges,
Tumbling upon the beach's hard-beat
floor,
Or sliding backward from the shore
To meet the landward waves and slowly
plunge once more.
O flowers of grace, I bless ye all
By the dear faces ye recall!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.



HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my
childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-
wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew—
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood
by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;

For often, at noon, when returned from the
field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing!

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
well;

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to
leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.



TO A BUTTERFLY.

STAY near me—do not take thy flight;
 A little longer stay in sight!
 Much converse do I find in thee,
 Historian of my infancy!
 Dead times revive in thee;
 Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,
 A solemn image to my heart,
 My father's family!
 Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,

The time, when in our childish plays,
 My sister Emmeline and I
 Together chased the butterfly!
 A very hunter did I rush
 Upon the prey—with leaps and springs
 I follow'd on from brake to bush;
 But she, God love her! fear'd to brush
 The dust from off its wings.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



PRELUDE TO THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

—❦—
 PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,
 And winds were soft and low,
 To lie amid some sylvan scene,
 Where, the long drooping boughs between,
 Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
 Alternate come and go.

Or, where the denser grove receives
 No sunlight from above,
 But the dark foliage interweaves
 In one unbroken roof of leaves,
 Underneath whose sloping eaves
 The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
 I lay upon the ground;
 His hoary arms uplifted he,
 And all the broad leaves over me
 Clapped their little hands in glee,
 With one continuous sound.

A slumberous sound—a sound that brings
 The feelings of a dream—
 As of innumerable wings,
 As, when a bell no longer swings,
 Faint the hollow murmur rings
 O'er meadow, lake and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
 Bright visions came to me,
 As lapped in thought I used to lie,
 And gaze into the summer sky,
 Where the sailing clouds went by,
 Like ships upon the sea.

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
 Ere fancy has been quelled;
 Old legends of the monkish page,
 Traditions of the saint and sage,
 Tales that have the rime of age,
 And chronicles of eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
 Even in the city's throng
 I feel the freshness of the streams,
 That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
 Water the green land of dreams,
 The holy land of song.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



EVENING.



THE sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
 The bats are flitting fast in the gray
 air;
 The slow, soft toads out of damp corners
 creep,
 And evening's breath, wandering here
 and there
 Over the quivering surface of the stream,
 Wakes not one ripple from its silent dream.

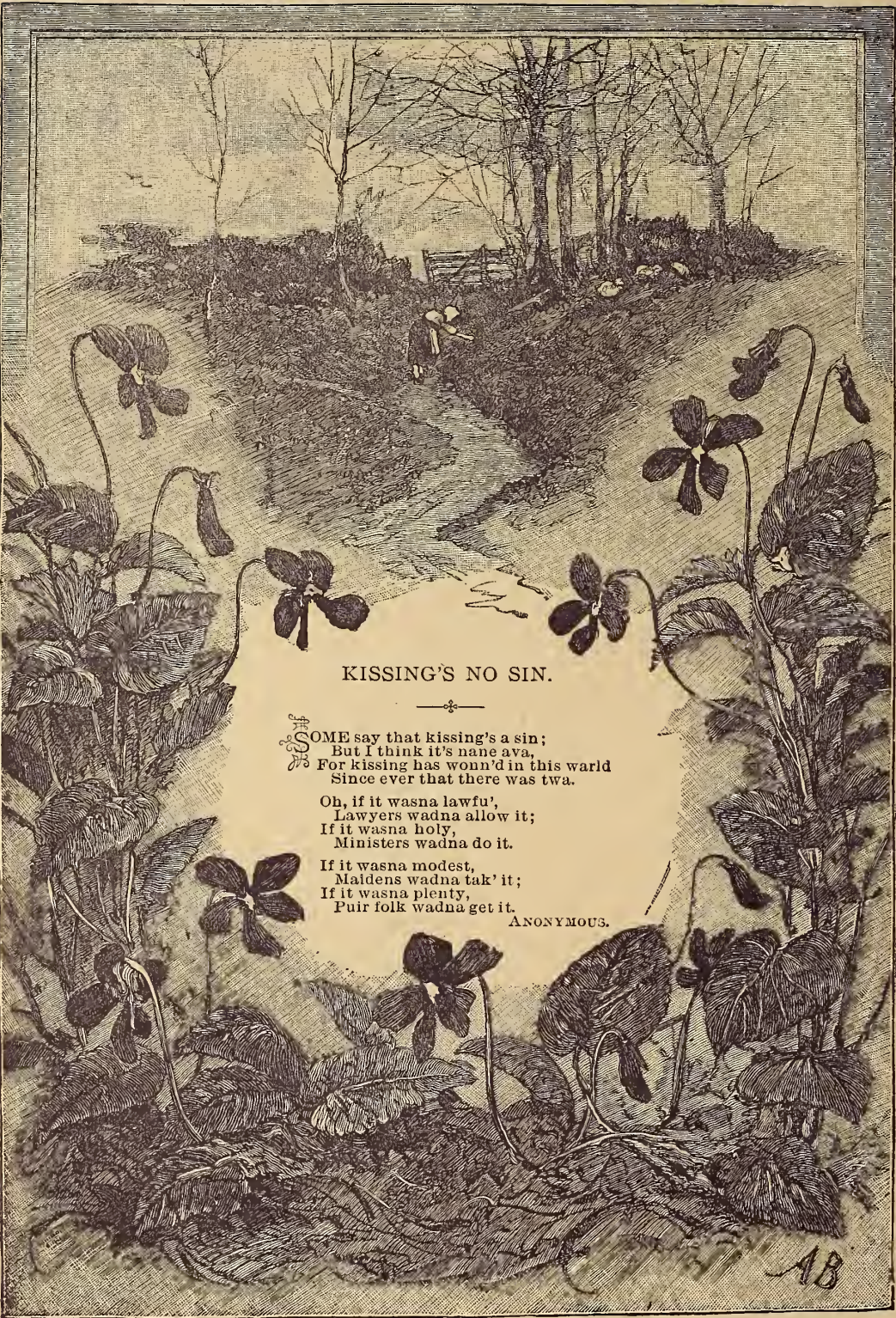
There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
 Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
 The wind is intermitting, dry and light:
 And in the inconstant motion of the
 breeze
 The dust and straws are driven up and down,
 And whirled about the pavement of the
 town.

Within the surface of the fleeting river,
 The wrinkled image of the city lay,
 Immovably unquiet, and forever
 It trembles, but it never fades away;
 Go to the ()
 You, being changed, will find it then as
 now.

The chasm in which the sun is sunk is shut
 By darkest barriers of enormous cloud,
 Like mountain over mountain huddled—
 but
 Growing and moving upward in a crowd,
 And over it a space of watery blue,
 Which the keen evening star is shining
 through.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.





KISSING'S NO SIN.



SOME say that kissing's a sin;
But I think it's nane ava,
For kissing has woun'd in this world
Since ever that there was twa.

Oh, if it wasna lawfu',
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maldens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folk wadna get it.

ANONYMOUS.

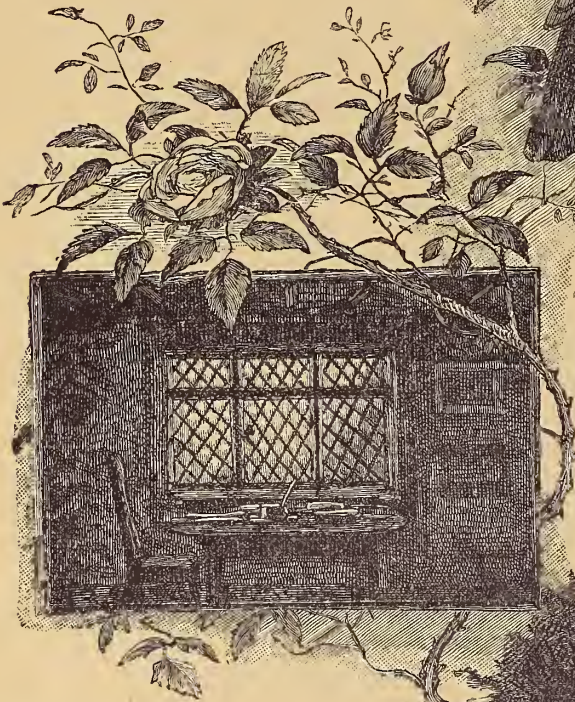
AB



A WORD TO THE WISE.



WHEN spring with sunny days comes
in,
Then flowers to burgeon and bloom begin;
When the moon has her radiant course
begun,
The stars swim after her one by one;
When a pair of sweet eyes on the poet
beams,



TWO HEARTS.

—
TO H. H.

ABOUT the shrine of Cupid lay
Two hearts, poor little things,
They both were nestling by the way,
Beneath his drooping wings,
And as they lay in close commune,
'Tis strange a golden sun,
Came riding o'er so opportune,
They melted into one.

N. J. CLODFELTER.



From the depths of his soul songs gush in
streams;
But songs and stars and flowers of all dyes,
And moonbeams and sunshine and sweet-
est eyes—
Be as fond of this sort of thing as you
may—
To make up a world go a very short way.
HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS.



ARGUMENT.

EVEN as the bird, who midst the leafy bower
Has, in her nest, sat darkling through the
 night,
With her sweet brood; impatient to desery
Their wished looks, and to bring home their food,
In the fond quest unconscious of her toil:
She, of the time preventive, on the spray
That overhangs their couch, with wakeful gaze
Expects the sun; nor ever till the dawn,
Removeth from the east her eager ken:
So stood the dame erect, and bent her glance
Wistfully on that region, where the sun
Abateth most his speed; that, seeing her
Suspense and wondering, I became as one
In whom desire is waken'd, and the hope
Of somewhat new to come fills with delight.

Short space ensued; I was not held, I say,
Long in expectance, when I saw the heaven
Wax more and more resplendent; and, "Behold,"
Cried Beatrice, "the triumphal hosts
Of Christ, and all the harvest gather'd in,
Made ripe by these revolving spheres," Meseem'd,
That, while she spake, her image all did burn;
And in her eyes such fullness was of joy,
As I am fain to pass unconstrued by.

As in the calm full moon, when Trivia smiles,
In peerless beauty, 'mid the eternal nymphs,
That paint through all its gulfs the blue profound;
In the bright pre-eminence so saw I there
O'er million lamps a sun, from whom all drew
Their radiance, as from ours the starry train:
And through the living light, so lustrous glow'd
The substance, that my ken undured it not.

DANTE.



THE PARTING.

—❖—
We did not part as others part;
And should we meet on earth no more,
Yet deep and dear within my heart
Some thoughts will rest a treasured shore.


How oft when weary and alone,
Have I recalled each word, each look,
The meaning of each varying tone,
And the last parting glance we took!

Yes, sometimes even here are found
Those who can touch the chords of love,
And wake a glad and holy sound,
Like that which fills the courts above.

It is as when a traveler hears,
In a strange land, his native tongue,
A voice he loved in happier years,
A song which once his mother sung.

We part; the sea may roll between,
While we through different climates roam;
Sad days—a life—may intervene;
But we shall meet again at home.

ANDREWS NORTON.

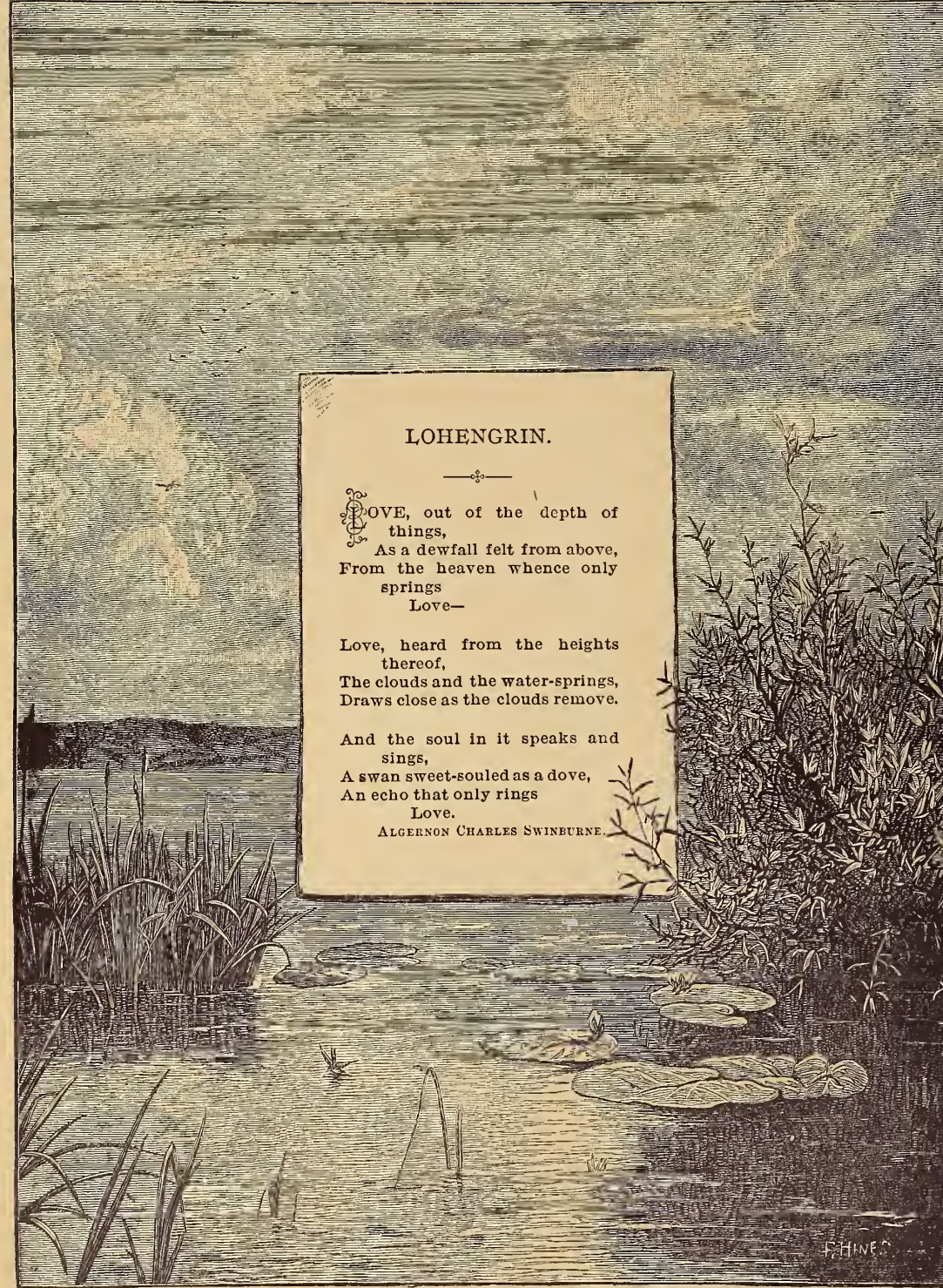


WRITTEN IN MARCH.

—❖—

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plow-boy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



LOHENGRIN.

—❖—
LOVE, out of the depth of
things,
As a dewfall felt from above,
From the heaven whence only
springs
Love—

Love, heard from the heights
thereof,
The clouds and the water-springs,
Draws close as the clouds remove.

And the soul in it speaks and
sings,
A swan sweet-souled as a dove,
An echo that only rings
Love.

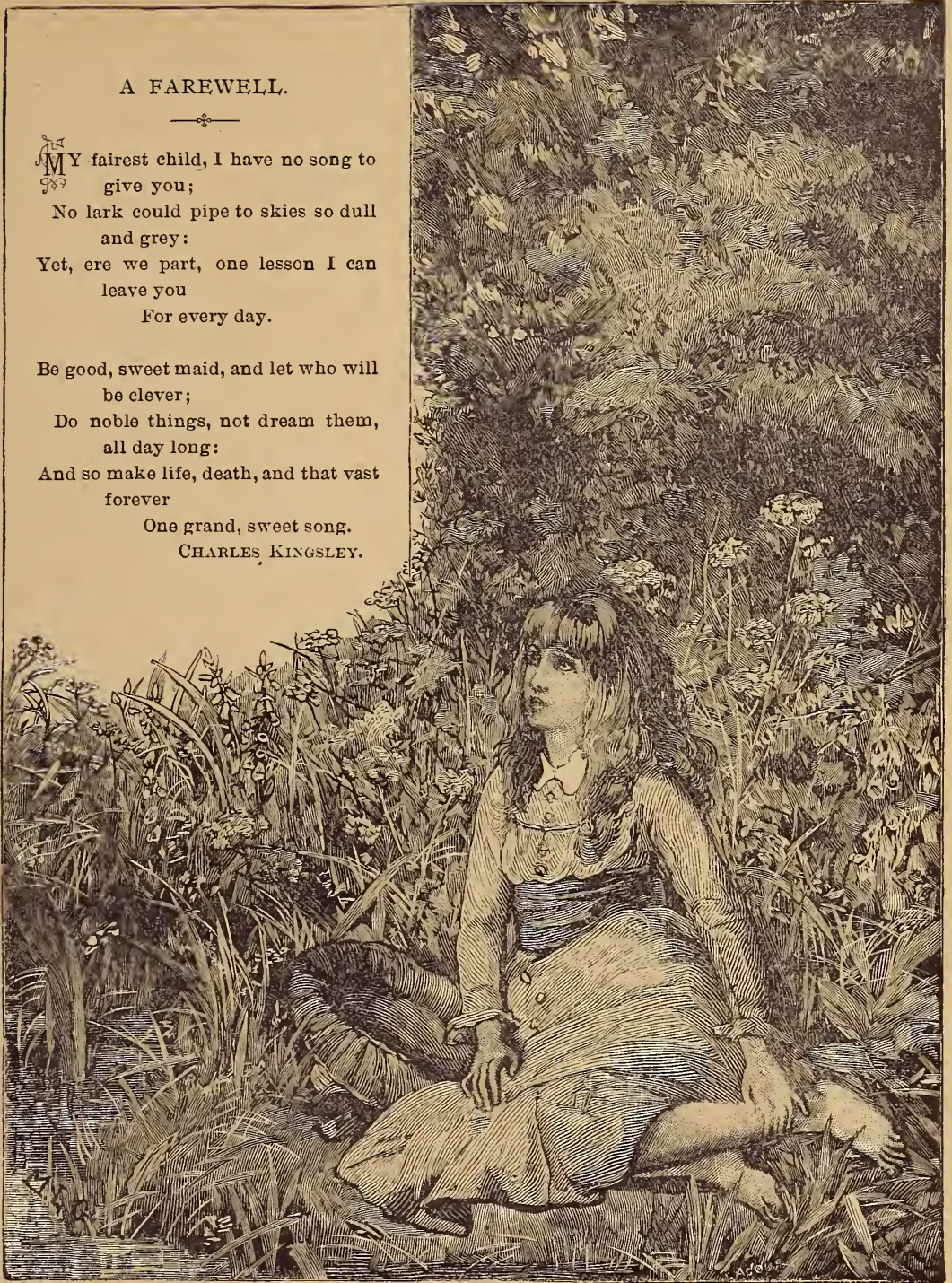
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

FINED

A FAREWELL.

MY fairest child, I have no song to
give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull
and grey:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can
leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them,
all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast
forever
One grand, sweet song.
CHARLES KINGSLEY.



LOVE.

WHEN the tree of Love is budding first,
Ere yet its leaves are green,
Ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nursed
Its infant life has been;
The wild bee's slightest touch might wring
The buds from off the tree,
As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing
Breaks the bubbles on the sea.

But when its open leaves have found
A home in the free air,
Pluck them, and there remains a wound
That ever rankles there.
The blight of hope and happiness
Is felt when fond ones part,
And the bitter tear that follows is
The life-blood of the heart.
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

TO A DEAD TREE.

THE dead tree bears; each dried-up bough
With leaves is overgrown,
And wears a living drapery now
Of verdure not his own.

The worthless stock a use has found,
The unsightly branch a grace;
As climbing first, then dropped around,
The green shoots interlace.

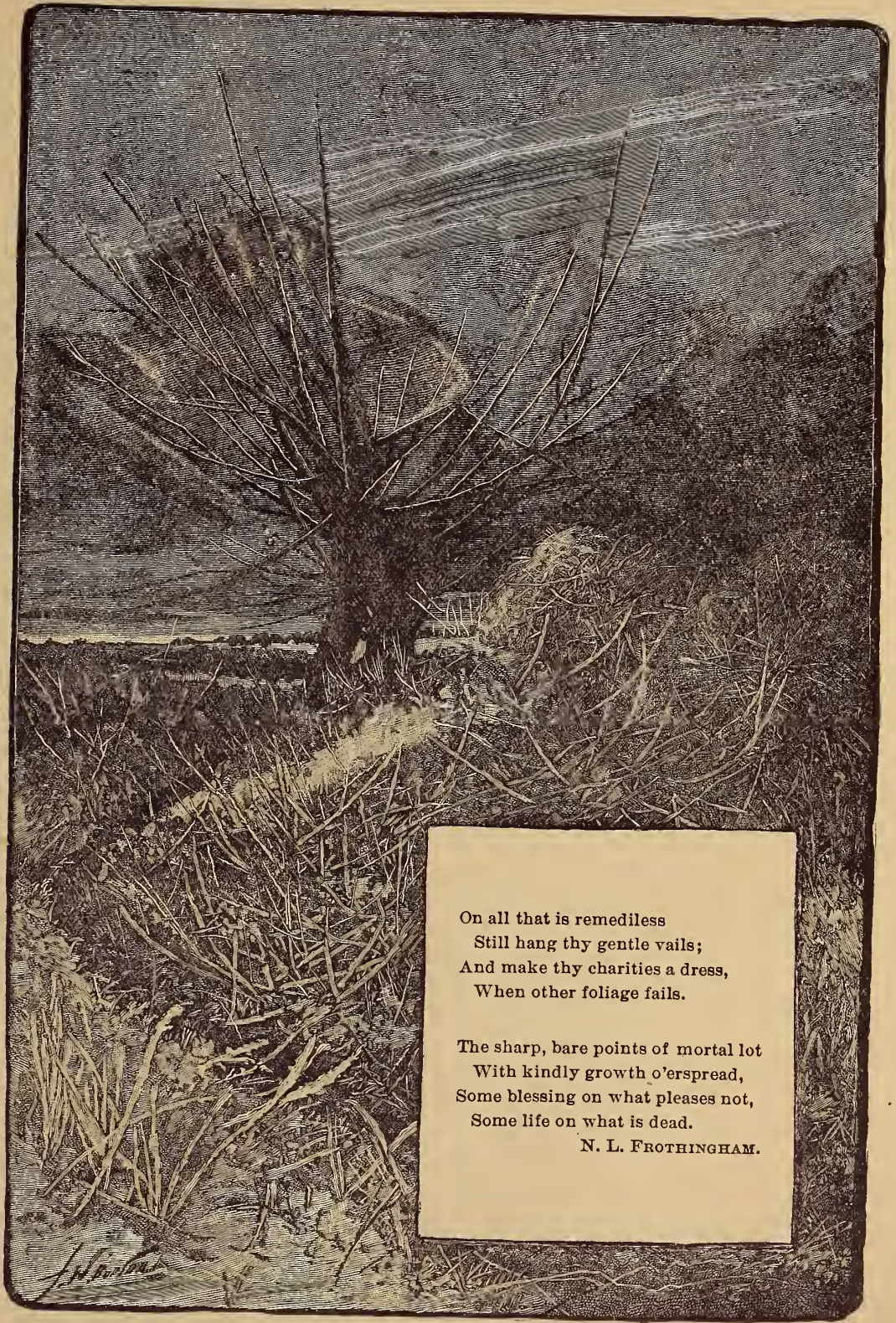


So round that Grecian mystic rod
To Hermes' hand assigned—
The emblem of a helping God—
First leaves, then serpents, twined.

In thee a holier sign I view
Than in Hebrew rods of power;
Whether they to a serpent grew,
Or budded into flower.

This vine, but for thy mournful prop,
Would ne'er have learned the way
Thy ruined height to overtop,
And mantle thy decay.

O thou my soul! thus train thy thought
By Sorrow's barren aid!
Deck with the charms that Faith has brought,
The blights that Time has made.



On all that is remediless
Still hang thy gentle vails;
And make thy charities a dress,
When other foliage fails.

The sharp, bare points of mortal lot
With kindly growth o'erspread,
Some blessing on what pleases not,
Some life on what is dead.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.



LINES.

HOW richly glows the water's breast
 Before us, tinged with evening hues,
 While, facing thus the crimson west,
 The boat her silent course pursues!
 And see how dark the backward stream,
 A little moment past so smiling!
 And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
 Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure;
 But, heedless of the following gloom,
 He deems their colors shall endure
 Till peace go with him to the tomb.
 And let him nurse his fond deceit,
 And what if he must die in sorrow!
 Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
 Though grief and pain come to-morrow!
 WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited;
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half quenched appears,
Damped and wavering and benighted
Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age, but woe!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SONNET—MUTATION.

THEY talk of short-lived pleasure—be it so—
Pain dies as quickly; stern, hard-featured
pain
Expires, and lets her weary prisoner go.
The fiercest agonies have shortest reign;
And after dreams of horror, comes again
The welcome morning with its ray of peace.
Oblivion, softly wiping out the stain,
Makes the strong secret pangs of shame to
cease;
Remorse is virtue's root; its fair increase
Are fruits of innocence and blessedness:
Thus joy, o'erborne and bound, doth still
release
His young limbs from the chains that round
him press.
Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable changeless state, 'twere cause indeed
to weep.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



TO be true to the best
That is in us, nor falter nor fail in
the test,
Let whatever may come, this is measure-
ment just
Of the sum of our life; to keep safely in
trust
All the good that we have, and to answer at
length
For our being and doing, the weakness or
strength
Of our hope and our help in the varying
strife—
There is nothing besides in this problem of
life.

—From "GERALDINE."



CALM.



THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
 Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
 skies.
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in
 sleep.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness?
 All things have rest: why should we toil alone?
 We only toil who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown;
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings,
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
 Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
 "There is no joy but calm!"
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?
 ALFRED TENNYSON.



WHO HAS ROBBED THE OCEAN
CAVE?



WHO has robbed the ocean cave,
 To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
 Who, from India's distant wave,
 For thee those pearly treasures drew?
 Who, from yonder orient sky,
 Stole the morning of thine eye?

Thousand charms thy form to deck,
 From sea, and earth, and air are torn;
 Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
 On thy breath their fragrance borne;
 Guard thy bosom from the day,
 Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
 Which mute earth could ne'er impart;
 Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
 Nor in circling air, a heart;
 Fairest, wouldst thou perfect be,
 Take, oh, take that heart from me.

JOHN SHAW.

TO A LADY.



NAY, dearest Anna! why so grave?
 I said, you have no soul, 'tis true!
 For what you are, you cannot have:
 'Tis I, that have one since I first had you!



I have heard of reasons manifold
 Why Love must need be blind,
 But this the best of all I hold—
 His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and features are
 He guesseth but in part;
 But what within is good and fair
 He seeth with the heart.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



TO F—S S. O—D.

—❖—
THOU wouldst be loved? Then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.



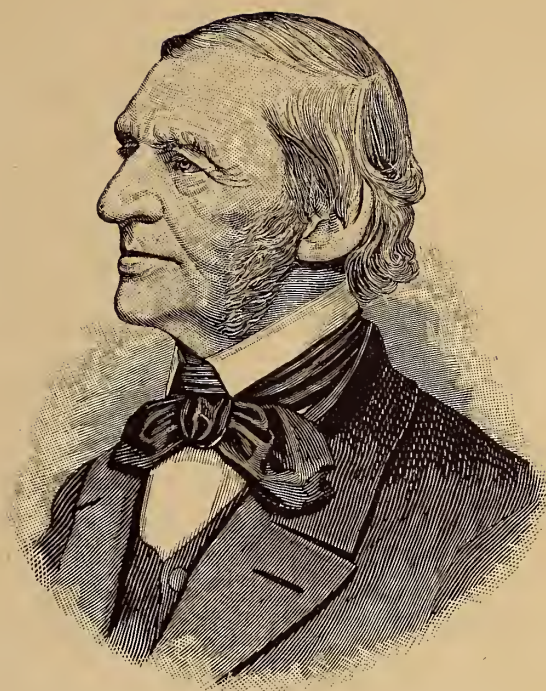
ALL the trees with joy are shout-
ing,
All the birds are singing o'er us—
Tell me, who can be the leader
In this green and forest chorus?

Can it be the gray old plover,
Wise nods evermore renewing?
Or yon pedant, who is ever
In such measured time coo-cooing?

Can it be yon stork, the grave one,
His director's airs betraying,
And his long leg rattling loudly,
Whilst the music's round him playing?

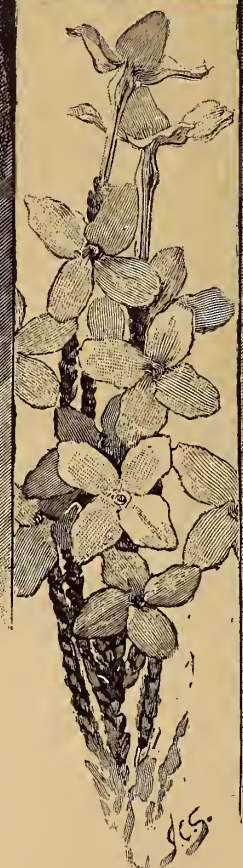
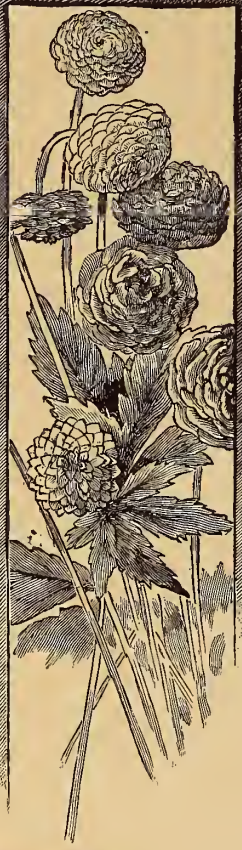
No, the forest concert's leader
In my own heart hath his station,
All the while he's beating time there—
Amor is his appellation.

HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born in Boston, Massachusetts, May 25, 1803. This distinguished American author was the descendant of seven generations of ministers. He was the second of five sons of the Reverend William Emerson, of the First Church in Boston. Neither in grammar school nor while at Harvard did he show any unusual ability. For some time he taught and studied theology under Dr. Channing. In 1829 he was associate pastor of the Second Church in Boston. "His preaching was eloquent, simple and effective." He was active during this period of his life in political and philanthropic movements. In 1832 he resigned the ministerial work on account of some views of his which did not harmonize with those of his church and people. The following year he went abroad, meeting Coleridge, Wordsworth and Carlyle. Upon his return to America in 1834, he entered the lecture field, which he found better suited to his talents. His views were very pronounced and somewhat unusual, so that he was regarded by "practical people" in the community in which he lived as "crazy, revolutionary, or a fool who did not know his own meaning." In 1847 Mr. Emerson again visited England, this time on a lecturing tour, and was enthusiastically received. In 1850 his "Representative Men" was published. He became more and more recognized as a great thinker, and the demand for his writings constantly grew. When James Russel Lowell became the first editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Emerson contributed largely to its pages. Among his contributions were some twenty-eight poems. He was busy in his work almost to the time of his death, April 27, 1882. His books are always suggestive of thought, his poetry embodies right ideals, and although Emerson will probably not again be as popular as he was years ago, when it was a "fad" to read his works, thinking men will ever find food for thought in his works.



TO EVA.



OH, fair and stately maid,
 whose eyes
 Where kindled in the upper
 skies
 At the same torch that
 lighted mine;
 For so I must interpret still
 Thy sweet dominion o'er my
 will,
 A sympathy divine.

Ah, let me blameless gaze upon
 Features that seem at heart my own;
 Nor fear those watchful sentinels,
 Who charm the more their glance forbids,
 Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,
 With fire that draws while it repels.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.







SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH OF IGLESIAS.

ALEXIS calls me cruel;
 The rifted crags that hold
 The gathered ice of winter,
 He says, are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
 Around the fountain's brim,
 And forest walks, can witness
 The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
 My feelings without shame;
 And tell him how I love him,
 Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
 When heart inclines to heart,
 And press a suit with passion
 Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather
 The roses where they stand,
 They fade among their foliage;
 They cannot seek his hand.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

INCLUSIONS.

OH, wilt thou have my hand, Dear, to
 lie along in thine?
 As a little stone in a running stream, it
 seems to lie and pine!
 Now drop the poor, pale hand, Dear, . .
 unfit to plight with thine.

Oh, wilt thou have my cheek, Dear, drawn
 closer to thine own?
 My cheek is white, my cheek is worn, by
 many a tear run down.
 Now leave a little space, Dear, . . lest it
 should wet thine own.

Oh, must thou have my soul, Dear, com-
 mingled with thy soul?—
 Red grows the cheek, and warm the hand, . .
 the part is in the whole! . .
 Nor hands nor cheeks keep separate, when
 soul is joined to soul.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.







LINES BY THE LAKESIDE.

THIS placid lake, my gentle girl,
Be emblem of thy life,
As full of peace and purity,
As free from care and strife;
No ripple on its tranquil breast
That dies not with the day,
No pebble in its darkest depths,
But quivers in its ray.

And see, how every glorious form,
And pageant of the skies,
Reflected from its glassy face,
A mirror'd image lies;
So be thy spirit ever pure,
To God and virtue given,
And thought and word and action bear
The imagery of heaven.

GEORGE W. DOANE.





TO MY INFANT SON.



THOU happy, happy elf!
 (But stop, first let me kiss away that tear),
 Thou tiny image of myself!
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear),
 Thou merry, laughing sprite,
 With spirits, feather light,
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin;
 (My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that rings the air—
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
 Thou darling of thy sire!
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy!
 In love's dear chain so bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
 There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth;
 Fit playfellow for fairies, by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail!)
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From every blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny—
 (Another tumble! That's his precious nose!)
 Thy father's pride and hope!
 (He'll break that mirror with that skipping-rope!)
 With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint.
 (Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
 (He'll have that ring off with another
 shove)
 Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
 (Are these torn clothes his best?)
 Little epitome of man!
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his
 plan)
 Touched with the beauteous tints of
 dawning life,
 (He's got a knife!)
 Thou enviable being!
 No storms, no clouds in thy blue sky
 foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John!
 Toss the light ball, bestride the stick—
 (I knew so many cakes would make him
 sick!)
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-
 down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic
 brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk!
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your
 gown!)
 Thou pretty opening rose!
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your
 nose!)
 Balmy and breathing music like the
 south,
 (He really brings my heart into my
 mouth!)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove;
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write unless he's sent above.)
 THOMAS HOOD.

FORTUNATE.

HAPPY, happy elf,
 When he has the pelf
 To bestow (upon himself).
 N. J. CLODFELTER.





SONG.

❖
 DOST thou idly ask to hear
 At what gentle seasons
 Nymphs relent, when lovers near
 Press the tenderest reasons?
 Ah, they give their faith
 too oft
 To the careless wooer;
 Maidens' hearts are always soft;
 Would that men's were truer!

Woo the fair one, when
 around
 Early birds are singing;
 When, o'er all the fragrant
 ground,
 Early herbs are springing;
 When the brookside, hank
 and grove,
 All with hlossoms laden,
 Shine with beauty, breathe
 of love—
 Woo the timid maiden.

IF IT BE TRUE THAT ANY
BEAUTEOUS THING.

❖
 IF it be true that any beauteous thing
 Raises the pure and just desire of
 man
 From earth to God, the eternal fount
 of all,
 Such I believe my love; for as in her
 So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
 I view the gentle work of her Creator,
 I have no care for any other thing,
 Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvelous,
 Since the effect is not of my own power,
 If the soul doth, by nature tempted
 forth,
 Enamored through the eyes,
 Repose upon the eyes which it resem-
 bleth,
 And through them riseth to the Primal
 Love,
 As to its end, and honors in admiring;
 For who adores the Maker needs must
 love his work.

MICHAEL ANGELO (Italian.)
Translation of J. E. Taylor.

Woo her when, with rosy blush,
 Summer eve is sinking;
 When, on rills that softly gush,
 Stars are softly twinkling;
 When, through houghs that knit the
 bower,
 Moonlight gleams are stealing;
 Woo her, till the gentle hour
 Wake a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes
 Tinge the woody mountain;
 When the drooping foliage lies
 In the weedy fountain;
 Let the scene, that tells how fast
 Youth is passing over,
 Warn her, ere her bloom is past,
 To secure her lover.

Woo her, when the north winds call
 At the lattice nightly;
 When, within the cheerful hall,
 Blaze the fagots brightly;
 While the wintry tempest round
 Sweeps the landscape hoary,
 Sweeter in her ear shall sound
 Love's delightful story.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



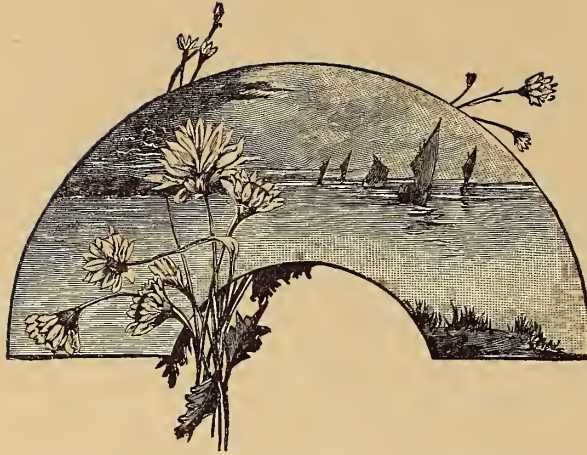
SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL.



If I had but two little wings,
 And were a little feathery
 bird,
 To you I'd fly, my dear!
 But thoughts like these are idle
 things,
 And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
 I'm always with you in my
 sleep!
 The world is all one's own.
 But then one wakes, and where
 am I?
 All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch
 bids:
 So I love to wake ere break of day;
 For though my sleep be gone,
 Yet, while 'tis dark one shuts one's
 lids,
 And still dreams on.
 SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



MEDITATIVE POEMS.

VEA, he deserves to find himself deceived,
 Who seeks a Heart in the unthinking Man,
 Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
 Impress their characters on the smooth forehead:
 Nought sinks into the Bosom's silent depth.
 Quick sensibility of Pain and Pleasure
 Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
 Warmeth the inner frame.

SCHILLER.

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide
 arch
 Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
 And woods were brightened, and soft gales
 Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
 The clouds were far beneath me; bathed in light,
 They gathered midway round the wooded height,
 And, in their fading glory, shone
 Like hosts in battle overthrown,
 As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
 Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered
 lance,
 And rocking on the cliff was left
 The dark pine, blasted, bare and cleft.
 The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
 Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
 Was darkened by the forest's shade,
 Or glistened in the white cascade;
 Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
 The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
 I saw the current whirl and flash,
 And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
 The woods were bending with a silent reach.
 Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
 The music of the village bell
 Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
 And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
 Was ringing to the merry shout,
 That faint and far the glen sent out,
 Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
 Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle
 broke.
 If thou art worn and hard beset
 With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
 If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
 Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
 Go to the woods and hills! No tears
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.





A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.



FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep
time.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

THOMAS MOORE.



AH! I yearn for tears all-burning,
Tears of love and gentle woe,
And I tremble lest this yearning
At last should overflow.

Ah! love's pangs, that sweetly languish,
And love's bitter joy, so blest,
Creep again, with heavenly anguish,
Into my scarce healed breast.

HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS.



IT WAS in the glorious month of May,
When all the buds were blowing,
I felt—ah me, how sweet it was—
Love in my heart a-growing.

'Twas in the glorious month of May,
When all the birds were pairing,
In burning words I told her all
My yearning, my aspiring.

HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS.

FROM THE SPANISH OF VILLEGAS.

—❖—
THIS sweet in the green Spring,
To gaze upon the wakening fields around;
Birds in the thicket sing,
Winds whisper, waters prattle from the ground;
A thousand odors rise,
Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dies.

Shadowy, and close, and cool,
The pine and poplar keep their quiet nook;
Forever fresh and full,
Shines, at their feet, the thirst-inviting brook;
And the soft herbage seems
Spread for a place of banquets and of dreams.

Thou, who alone art fair, -
And whom alone I love, art far away.
Unless thy smile be there,
It makes me sad to see the earth so gay;
I care not if the train
Of leaves, and flowers, and zephyrs go again.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SONNET TO THE RIVER
OTTER.

—❖—
DEAR Native Brook! wild
Streamlet of the West!
How many various-fated years
have past,
What happy, and what mournful
hours, since last
I skimmed the smooth, thin stone
along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps; yet so
deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood,
that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy
waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge
with willows gray,
And bedded sand that veined with
various dies
Gleamed through thy
bright transpar-
ence! On my way,
Visions of child-
hood! oft have ye
beguiled
Lone manhood's scares,
yet waking fond-
est sighs;
Ah! that once more
I were a careless
child!

SAMUEL TAYLOR
COLERIDGE.





THINE EYES STILL SHINED.

THINE eyes still shined for me, though far
 I lonely roved the land or sea:
 As I behold yon evening star,
 Which yet beholds not me.

This morn I climb'd the misty hill,
 And roamed the pastures through;
 How danced thy form before my path,
 Amidst the deep-eyed dew!

When the redbird spread his sable wing,
 And show'd his side of flame—
 When the rosebud ripen'd to the rose—
 In both I read thy name.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE VILLAGE
BLACKSMITH.

—
—
—
UNDER a spreading chestnut-
tree

The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny
arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and
long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest
sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the
face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.



It sounds to him like her
mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her
once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough
hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



THE SNOW-STORM.

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
 And pathless was the dreary wild.
 And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
 A mother wander'd with her child;
 As through the drifting snow she press'd,
 The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
 And darker hours of night came on,
 And deeper grew the drifting snow;
 Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone,
 "Oh, God!" she cried in accents wild,
 "If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripp'd her mantle from her breast,
 And bared her bosom to the storm,
 And round the child she wrapp'd the vest,
 And smiled to think her babe was warm.
 With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
 And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler passed by,
 And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;
 The frost of death was in her eye,
 Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale.
 He moved the robe from off the child—
 The babe looked up and sweetly smiled!

SEBA SMITH.



THE ANGLER'S WISH.

IN these flowery meads would be,
 These crystal streams should solace me;
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise
 I, with my angle, would rejoice,
 Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
 Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
 To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
 And then washed off by April showers;
 Here, hear my kenna sing a song:
 There, see a blackbird feed her young.

Or a laverock build her nest;
 Here, give my weary spirits rest,
 And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
 Earth, or what poor mortals love.
 Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
 Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
 Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
 There sit by him, and eat my meat;
 There see the sun both rise and set;
 There bid good-morning to next day;
 There meditate my time away;
 And angle on; and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.
IZAAK WALTON.



ANGLING.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

JUST in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Straight as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap.
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,

And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,
 With various hand proportioned to their force.
 If yet too young, and easily deceived,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
 Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
 He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled infant throw. But should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
 Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behooves you then to ply your finest art.



Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, hut as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The caverned hank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
Till, floating broad upon his hreathless side,
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
You gally drag your unresisting prize.

JAMES THOMSON.



AB



SONNET—MIDSUMMER.



POWER is on the earth and in the air,
From which the vital spirit shrinks afraid,
And shelters him, in nooks of deepest shade,
From the hot steam and from the fiery glare.
Look forth upon the earth—her thousand plants
Are smitten, even the dark sun-loving maize
Faints in the field beneath the torrid blaze;

The herd beside the shaded fountain pants;
For life is driven from all the landscape brown;
The bird has sought his tree, the snake his den,
The trout floats dead in the hot stream, and men
Drop by the sun-stroke in the populous town;
As if the Day of Fire had dawned and sent
Its deadly breath into the firmament.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



WHICH flower I love, I cannot discover;
This grief doth impart.
In every calyx I search like a lover,
And seek a heart.

The flowers smell sweet in the sun's setting
splendor,
The nightingale sings.
I seek for a heart that like my heart is
tender,
And like it springs.

The nightingale sings; his sweet song, void
of gladness,
Comes home to my breast,
We're both so oppress'd and heavy with
sadness,
So sad and oppress'd.
HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS.



BEWARE!



FROM THE GERMAN.

KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

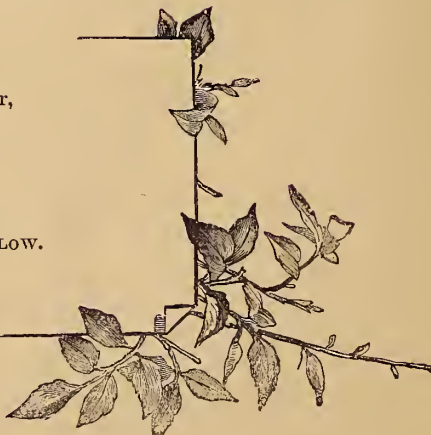
She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

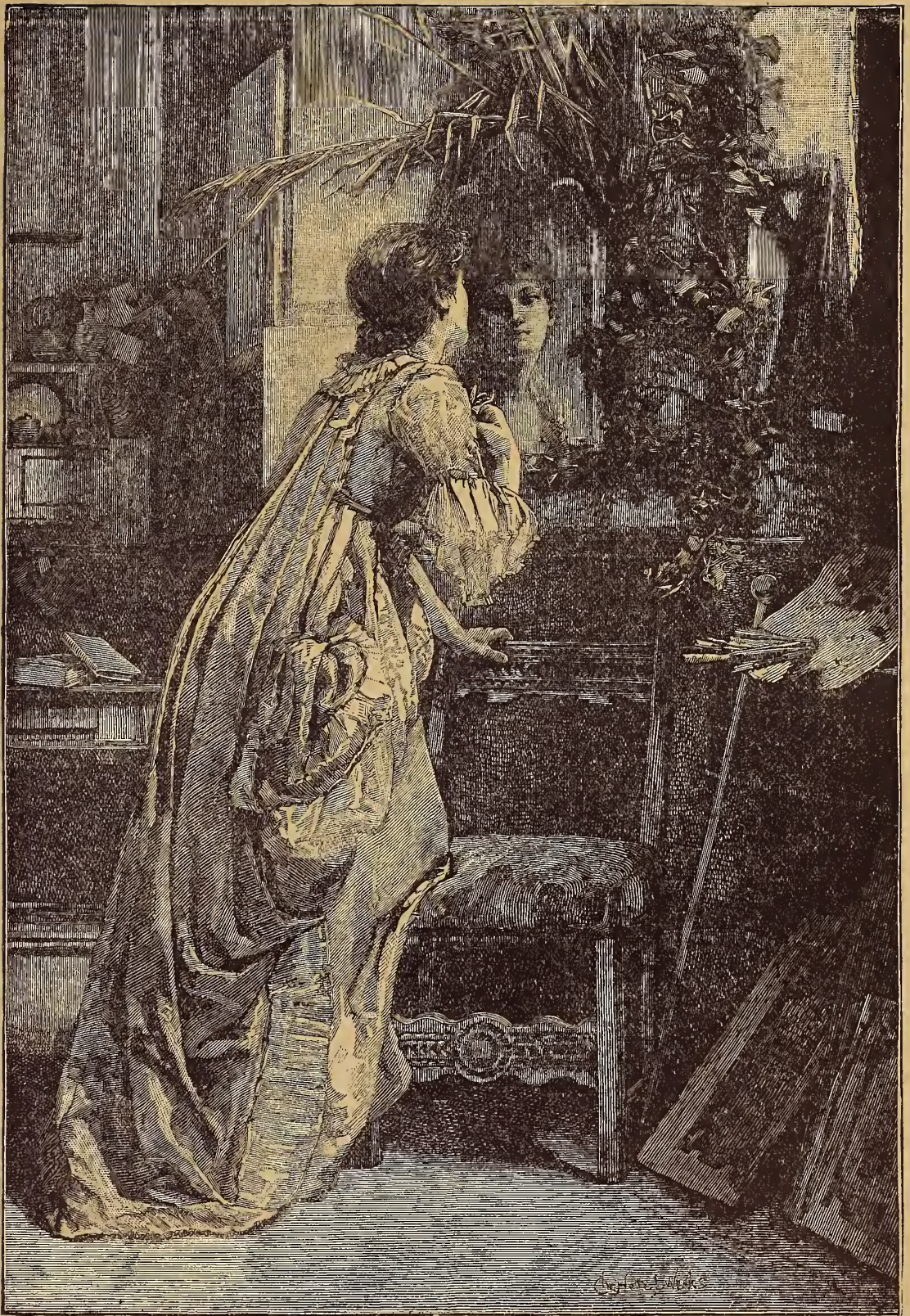
And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.







How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And, to the wealthy booby,
Poor woman sacrifice!
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The rav'ning hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinion tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She thrusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE KISS.

AMONG thy fancies tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kiss?—
I shall resolve ye what it is;

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips all cherry red,
By love and warm desires fed;
And makes more soft the bridal bed.

It is active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies!
And stills the bride, too, when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies—now here, now there;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near;
And here, and there, and everywhere.

Has it a speaking virtue?—Yes.
How speaks it, say?—Do you but this:
Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss;
And this love's sweetest language is.

Has it a body?—Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolorings;
And as it flies it gently sings;
Love honey yields, but never stings.

ROBERT HERRICK.

SWELL'S SOLILOQUY.

DON'T approve this hawid waw;
Those dweadful bannaahs hurt
my eyes;
And guns and dwums are such a
baw—
Why don't the pawties compwa-
mise?

Of cawce, the twoilet has its chawms;
But why must all the vulgah
cwoad

Pawsist in spawting unifawms,
In cullahs so extremely loud?

And then the ladies—pweeious
deahs!—

I mawk the change on ev'wy bwow;
Bai Jove! I weally have my feahs
They wathah like the hawid waw!

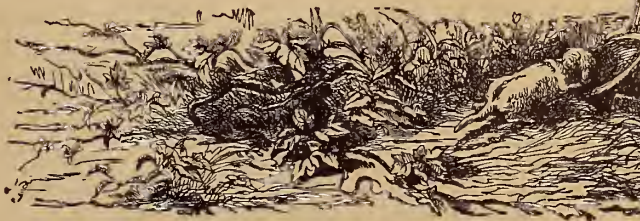
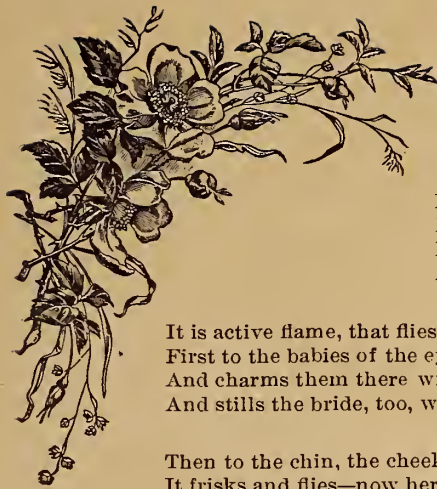
To heah the chawming cweatures
talk,
Like patwons of the bloody wing,
Of waw and all its dawty wawk—
It doesn't seem a pwappah thing!

I called at Mrs. Gweene's last night,
To see her niece, Miss Mawy Hertz,
And found her making—cwushing
sight!—
The weddest kind of flannel shirts!

Of cawce, I wose, and sought the
daw,
With fawyer flashing from my
eyes!

I can't approve this hawid waw—
Why don't the pawties compwa-
mise?

ANONYMOUS.





THE clouds are blackening, the storm threaten-
ing,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan ·
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.



THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of
the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn
leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the
shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all
the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous
sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race
of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and
good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold
November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long
ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the
summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the
wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn
beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as
falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from
upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still
such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the
rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose
fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the
stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful
beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by
my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the
forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life
so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young
friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.





A SUMMER SHOWER.

THE rain is o'er. How dense and bright
 Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
 Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
 Contrasting with the deep blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives
 The general blessing; fresh and fair,
 Each flower expands its little leaves,
 As glad the common joy to share.

The soften'd sunbeams pour around
 A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
 The wind flows cool, the scented ground
 Is breathing odors on the gale.

'Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
 Methinks some spirit of the air
 Might rest to gaze below awhile,
 Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth—from off the scene,
 Its floating veil of mist is flung;
 And all the wilderness of green
 With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature—yet the same—
 Glowing with life, by breezes fann'd,
 Luxuriant, lovely as she came,
 Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,
 Which sounds from all below, above;
 She calls her children to rejoice,
 And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence—low-born care—
 And all the train of mean desire,
 Refuse to breathe this holy air,
 And 'mid this living light expire.

ANDREWS NORTON.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born December 17, 1807, near Haverhill, Massachusetts. A certain Thomas Whittier, of the Society of Friends, had settled in Haverhill in 1647, and from him the Quaker poet was descended. The early family history is surrounded by a cluster of legends, illustrating the kindness and great-heartedness which characterized the family. The poet's father was a farmer, and the young man attended the district school in winter and assisted in the work on the farm in summer. An eminent man recently said, "Happy America, whose great poets are also great saints." No poet has had a larger line of ancestors, whose chief trait was kindness, and whose lives were the embodiment of devotion to truth and unquestioned religious faith. They were men with deep disdain for wrong, who saw in their fellows, white, red or black, "A beloved son of the all-loving, universal Father." America is infinitely better for the life of this illustrious poet. His first production was written at the age of eighteen years, and published by William Lloyd Garrison in his paper, the *Free Press*. He gave his life to his fellows, advocating political as well as other reforms. He was, as early as 1837, recognized throughout the country as a poet. In 1866 the publication of "Snow Bound" made him recognized as one of the great writers of American poetry. The great questions which had stirred the many hearts of the nation had been settled by the close of the Civil War, and the poet could now give his life to the more esthetic productions. He was a farmer lad, a manly altruist, a great poet who struck responsive chords in the great heart of humanity.



THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.



LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful
and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom, which Beauty's
self might wear;
And those pearls are pure as thy own fair neck,
with whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way—will
my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man, through
the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow, as she bent to view his
silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
and lightly turned away,
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—
"My gentle lady, stay!

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer
luster flings
Than the diamond flash of the jeweled crown on
the lofty brow of kings—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue
shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a
blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her
form of grace was seen,
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks
waved their clasping pearls between.
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou
traveler gray and old—
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my
pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a
small and meager book,
Unchased with gold or diamond gem, from his
folding robe he took!
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove
as such to thee!
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, *for the word of
God is free!*"

The hoary traveler went his way, but the gift he
left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-
born maiden's mind,
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the
lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful
hour of youth!

And she hath left the gray old halls, where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THE BROOK.

— ❦ —
FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain! lyre of
bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the
morn!
The soul of April, unto whom are
born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild
in thee!
Although, where'er thy devious cur-
rent strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver
teems,

To me thy clear proceeding brighter
seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shep-
herd's gaze.
How without guile thy bosom, all trans-
parent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye

Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round peb-
bles count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides
the current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell
in limpid fount!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



THE SEA.



BEAUTIFUL, sublime and glorious;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free,
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity!

Sun and moon and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow,
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendors steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth—her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey;
The unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

BERNARD BARTON.



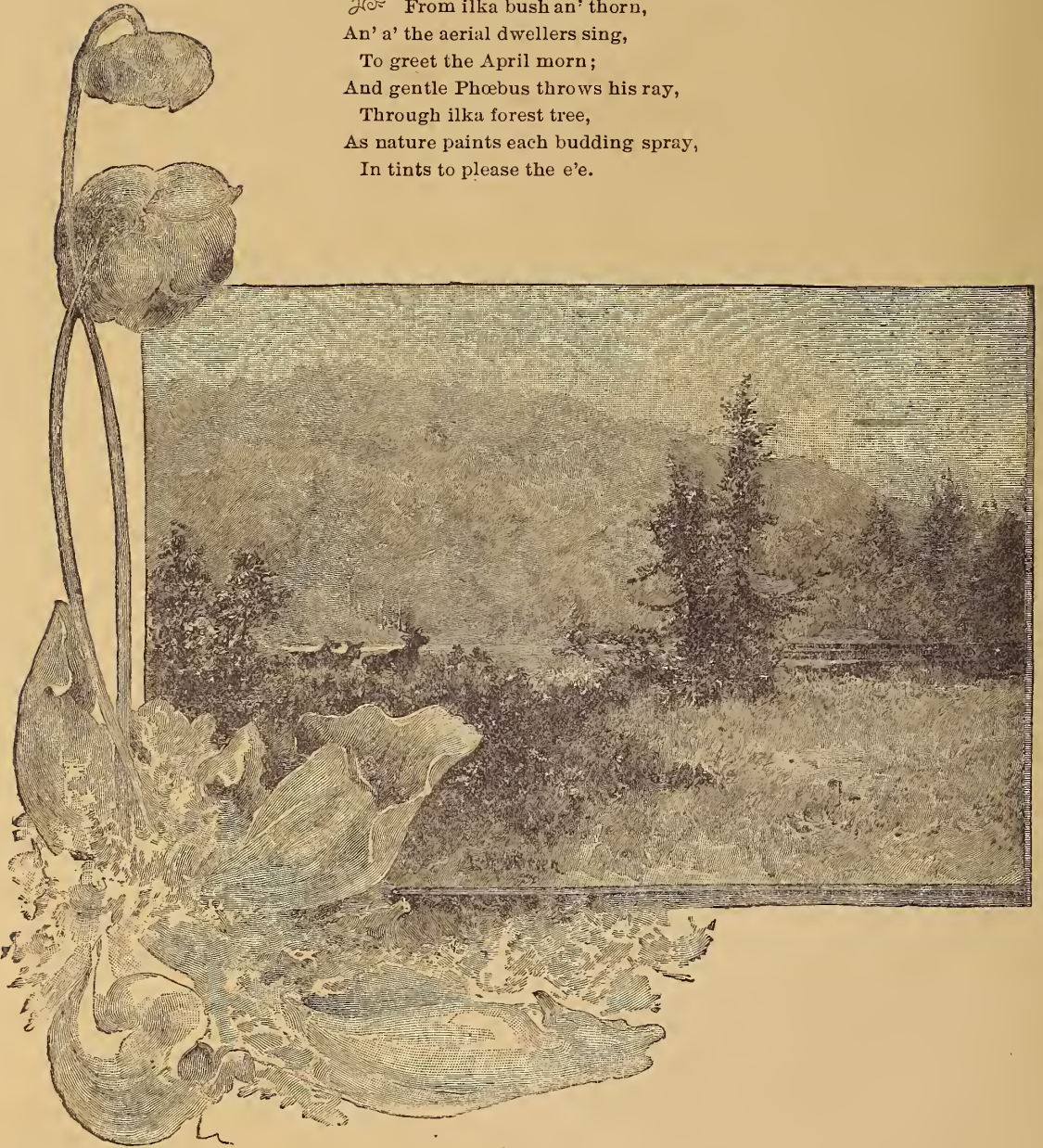
THE might of one fair face sublimed my love,
 For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
 Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
 Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
 Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
 For oh, how good, how beautiful, must be
 The God that made so good a thing as thee,
 So fair an image of the heavenly Dove!

Forgive me if I cannot turn away
 From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,
 For they are guiding stars, benignly given
 To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;
 And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
 I live and love in God's peculiar light.
 MICHAEL ANGELO (Italian).

Translation of J. E. Taylor.

THE RURAL HOME IN APRIL.

—❖—
WEE, warbling thrush salutes the Spring,
From ilka bush an' thorn,
An' a' the aerial dwellers sing,
To greet the April morn;
And gentle Phœbus throws his ray,
Through ilka forest tree,
As nature paints each budding spray,
In tints to please the e'e.



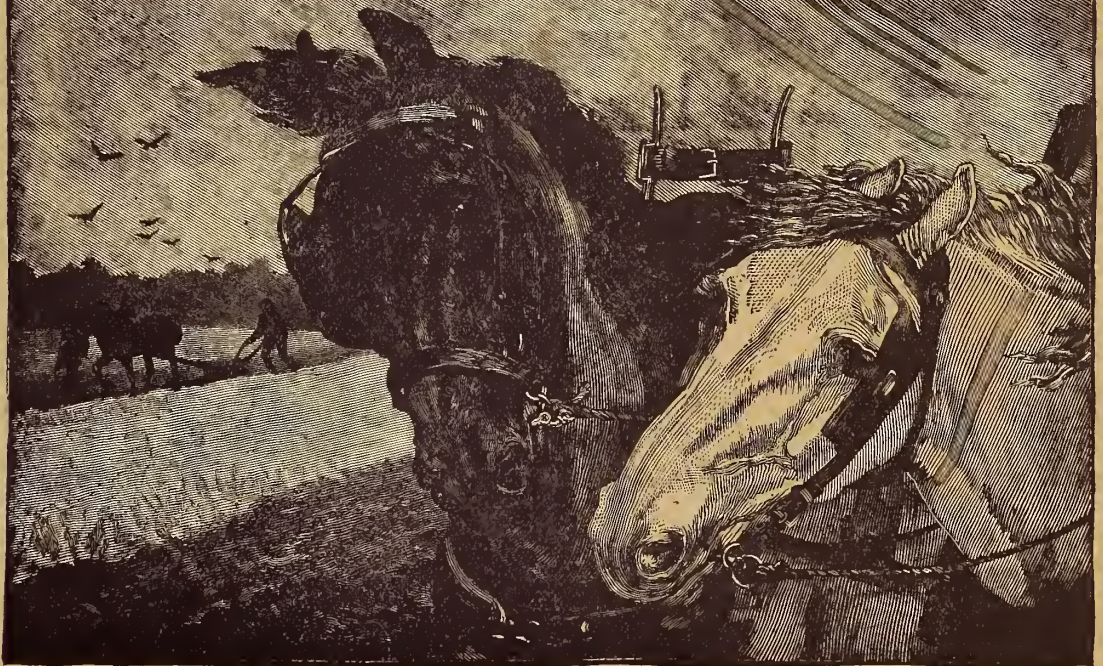
And Ceres now begins her reign,
Wi'in each verdant field,
To glad our hearts wi' fruit an' grain,
O' an abundant yield;
And when is reaped the golden sheaves,
That nature's law bestows,
No more the happy rustic grieves,
For his despondent woes.

Behind his plow the happy swain,
Hies merrily along,
Without a calculating brain
To e'er disturb his song;
An' a' day long he turns the soil,
Wi' hopes protective gain,
At night fatigued wi' honest toil
Plods homeward through the lane.

He sits him down to rest an' wait—
Wee prattler by his side—
Nae cauld, faint-hearted, doubtless fate,
His future to betide,
But there wi'in his cottage door,
Ah! happier than a king,
He sits content to ponder o'er
Bright pleasures' bubbling spring.

Nae frescoed palace meets his e'e,
Nae dusty streets sae dim,
A' towering nature's canopy,
Seems but a hame to him,
When daisies deck his fiel's alang,
An' warblers in each reed
Blend a' their notes in one sweet sang,
His hame is heaven indeed.

N. J. CLODFELTER.



THE SEA.



FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."



OLL on, thou deep
and dark blue
ocean, roll!
Ten thousand
fleets sweep over
thee in vain;
Man marks the
earth with ruin—
his control
Stops with the
shore—upon the
watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, unconfined and un-
known.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war—

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were
free,

And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless and sublime,
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible! even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

BYRON.







LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

—❖—
LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

SAMUEL DANIEL.



LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

THE birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play;

And thus the friends that flutter near
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before a storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's past,
The little snowbird still remains,
And chirrups midst the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.



WISDOM UNAPPLIED.

If I were thou, O butterfly,
 And poised my wings to spy
 The sweetest flowers that live and die;

I would not waste my strength on those,
 As thou, for summer hath a close,
 And pansies bloom not in the snows.

If I were thou, O working bee,
 And all that honey-gold I see
 Could delve from roses easily;

I would not hive it at man's door,
 As thou, that herdum of my store
 Should make him rich, and leave me poor.

If I were thou, O eagle proud,
 And screamed the thunder back aloud,
 And faced the lightning from the cloud;

I would not build my eyrie-throne,
 As thou, upon a crumbling stone,
 Which the next storm may trample down.

If I were thou, O gallant steed,
 With pawing hoof, and dancing head,
 And eye outrunning thine own speed;

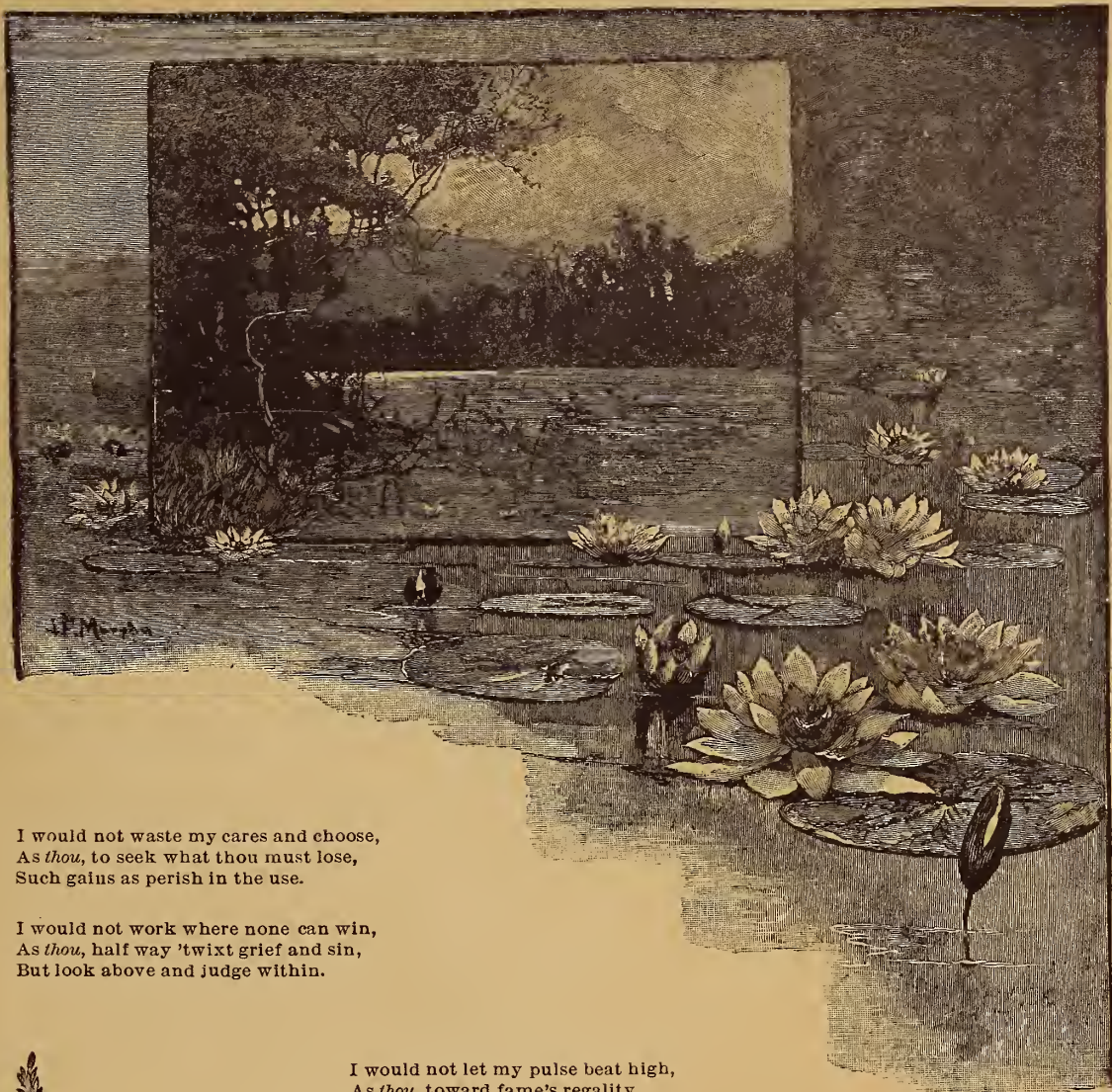
I would not meeken to the rein,
 As thou, nor smooth my nostril plain
 From the glad desert's snort and strain.

If I were thou, red-breasted bird,
 With song at shut-up window heard,
 Like Love's sweet Yes too long deferred;

I would not overstay delight,
 As thou, but take a swallow-flight,
 Till the new spring returned to sight.

While yet I spake, a touch was laid
 Upon my brow, whose pride did fade
 As thus, methought, an angel said:

"If I were *thou* who sing'st this song,
 Most wise for others, and most strong
 In seeing right while doing wrong;



I would not waste my cares and choose,
 As *thou*, to seek what thou must lose,
 Such gains as perish in the use.

I would not work where none can win,
 As *thou*, half way 'twixt grief and sin,
 But look above and judge within.

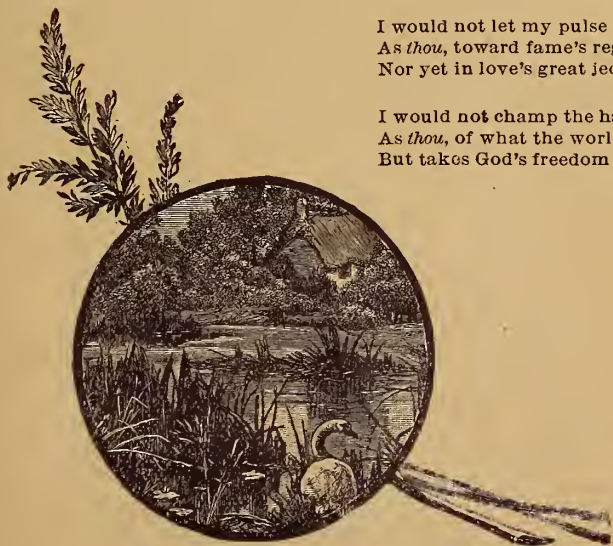
I would not let my pulse beat high,
 As *thou*, toward fame's regality,
 Nor yet in love's great jeopardy.

I would not champ the hard, cold bit,
 As *thou*, of what the world thinks fit,
 But takes God's freedom using it.

I would not play earth's winter out,
 As *thou*, but gird my soul about,
 And live for life past death and doubt.

Then sing, O singer! but allow
 Beast, fly and bird, called foolish now,
 Are wise (for all my scorn) as thou!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.



WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters play'd.
My mother kiss'd me here;
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE MOTH'S KISS, FIRST!

FROM "IN A GONDOLA."

THE Moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide open burst.

The Bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday.
A bud that dared not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

ROBERT BROWNING.



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