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PINE NEEDLES

OR

SONNETS AND SONGS

BY

HÉLOÏSE DURANT



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL JOHN A. DIX.

NOT FOR HIS SOLDIER FAME, HIS STATESMAN'S SKILL,
NOR ARTIST FANCIES, NOR HIS SCHOLAR'S LORE,
NOR GRACIOUS COURTESY, IS THIS SMALL STORE
OF SONNETS HIS. SUCH LIFE WILL GREATLY FILL
A CLEAN, FAIR PAGE OF HISTORY, AND THRILL
THE HEARTS OF MEN AS YET UNBORN.

BEFORE
HIS TUNEFUL MUSE MINE SHOULD BE MUTE, YET O'ER
THE ENTRANCE TO MY RHYMES HIS NAME STANDS, STILL.
NOT FOR HIS PRAISE, SINCE ABLER PENS THAN MINE
DO HIM MORE HONOR NOW; BUT FOR MY LOVE,
LONGING ITS TENDER GRATITUDE TO PROVE,
FOR ALL HIS KINDLINESS. AH! "FRIENDSHIP'S WINE,"
WHEN DRUNK FROM SUCH A CUP, SWEET STRENGTH CAN GIVE,
LASTING US THROUGH THE WEARIEST DAY WE LIVE.

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PINE NEEDLES.

As summer breeze with swift, light-wingèd feet,
 Touching and dimpling silent Silver Lake,
 Climbs stately pines that watchful and awake
Stand guardians to the forest's dark retreat,
Till from the feathery tree-tops, soft and fleet,
 The needles sinking to the ground, scarce break
 The silence with their fall, or when storms slake
Their raging fury in the winds that beat
Against the tall, dark pines, shedding in pain
 Like forcèd tears their slight smooth darts below.
So dropt these poem-fancies from my brain,
 By sudden gusts of passion or of woe,
Anon by love's sweet stirring breath o'ertaken,
Thoughts from my heart to trembling words were shaken.

THE FEW.

My words are for the few, not for the mass;
For crowds contain more fools and knaves than wise
And good; mostly the common herd despise
The thoughts above their ken. So let me pass
These lower natures by, till reached a class
Apart from those who never let their eyes
Above the range of sensual pleasures rise,
Or hear aught else than chink of gold alas!—
I speak unto the few whose lives must be
A web of many tints, a mystery
Of light and shade, of joy and pain, whose rhyme
The angels know,—to men, who live above
In larger spheres; while battledores of Time
Toss shuttle souls below, these rest in Love.

TO A. H. L.

O! Friend across the sea—may peace be thine :
 May love surround thee with the bliss it brings ;
 May sorrow cross thy path with folded wings,
And as it pass but touch with shade divine ;
May joy keep offering thee its sparkling wine,
 While in thine ears sweet songs it gayly sings ;
 May every evil thought, thy heart that stings,
From want of nourishment wax faint and pine,
While holier aims increase ; mayst thou be blest
 With health throughout thy days ; Heaven brighter grow
 As to thy fading sight earth's lights burn low
And angels summon thee to endless rest.—
These are the wishes, Friend across the sea,
That lovingly I think and waft to thee.



"Sweet wayward Avrile, opal of the year."

AVRILE.

Sweet wayward Avri!e, opal of the year,
Tripping half in the light, half in the shade,
Brightening the brooklet's bank and forest glade ;
Upon thy lips a smile, in eyes a tear,
While mingled with thy carolling we hear
Some lingering tones of sadness. Art afraid
To trust spring's joyous tale? Have March winds made
Thy promised blossoms bloom too late? Ne'er fear
The months behind with May before.—

O! days

Of dewy freshness, when sweet new life creeps
Through chilled veins. O! Avri!e, time of lays,
Fit month for poet, who too laughs and weeps,
And opal-like has poesy's thousand gleams
To color all his life and love and dreams.

A PARTING.

(Suggested by a picture in the *Century*.)

Black pines, and purple peaks 'gainst golden skies,
An autumn eve in lovely western land.
Two figures, man and maid, in silence stand:
She gazing up with tender, pleading eyes
In which a world of weary anguish lies:
He, holding fast each trembling little hand,
Looks down into sweet troubled face—"Command
Me as you will—to go or stay," he cries;
And she—"For others I am pleading—go."
The rising night wind stirs her shining hair;
He draws her to him with a mute despair:
"For love's dear sake I bear this bitter woe;
We meet in God's good time." Lips touch for one
Sweet moment—then—'mid pines he stood alone.

ANAXARETE.

Coquettes, who like the Cyprus maid of yore
Would let sad Iphis burn his heart in vain
Out on Love's altar, and see the sighing swain
Despairing die, despite life hopes, before
The portals of their cold heart's closèd door,
And still not suffer pity wash this stain
From soul with tender tears : (eyes' heavenly rain),
Shall share the fate of maid in fabled lore,
And turn to stone. What if their bodies live,
Their hearts and souls in icy solitude
Shut secretly, can joys no longer give
To earthly days ; drear frosts within exclude
All hopes of warmth from Love's reviving fires,
As music 's mute forever in broken lyres.

TO A. SCHULZ.

As when on some spring dew-impearlèd bush,
 (Growing beside a long-forgotten moat,
Reflecting patches of blue,) there comes from throat
 Of some wild songster, blithesome lark or thrush,
A burst of melody, and then a hush,
 And in the silence echoes still a note
 Unearthly in its sweetness, that has smote
Hearts listening with sweet pain, while memories rush
Back from old days.—So with thy melodies
 When played, and all the sweet tones mute, my hands
Still fondly linger o'er the responsive keys,
 While fast my thoughts are seeking other lands,
And greeting thee till joys with sadness blends.
I love thy strains, but fain would see thee, Friend.

A GHOST.

Yea, I have seen a ghost, my blood ran cold,
A ghastly pallor stole the ruddy right
From cheek and lips, while with the sudden fright
My heart stood still, and knees could scarce uphold
My trembling frame : yet naught of church-yard mold
Clung to its robe, that gleamed not ghostly white,
But dainty blue, and neither did the light
Burn dim, but lit up hair of brownèd gold,
Bright hazel eyes, and laughing mouth, the while
A hand was stretchèd out for me to touch.
Oh ! pain of finding what we prize too much,
Lost utterly to us. The joyous smile,
Which others saw, fell on my soul like lead,
For all this dear ghost's love for me was dead.

MY STAR.

Amid the silver beacons of the night,
That twinkle truths into man's doubting breast,
And shed sweet peace upon this world's unrest,
One shining star that glimmered purely bright
My seeking soul chose for its guiding light ;
Beneath its beams my heart its sins confest,
Learning to love the highest and the best.
But suddenly gray clouds obscured my sight
And hid my star. My light is gone ! and yet,
This heavy darkness is not sent in vain ;
My star still shines, to me alone 't is set,
And One can lead me to its light again,
Though I may wait till death's cold flood be crost
Ere I can greet my star that is *not* lost.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

As holding off some poorly printed page,
Where half the type is black and half is pale,
Eyes quickly read the darkest words, but fail
To mark the rest : so standing on life's stage
And casting back a glance on days that age
Shall never steal from me or ever stale ;
Amid uneven lettering of youth's tale,
I see the moments passed beside thee, sage
And tender poet ! stand out in bold relief,
Engravèd on my heart too deep to fade,
As one great joy will outlive many a grief.
Prizing thy sayings all, but O ! the chief
Were simple words of welcome that have made
A lasting memory of sweet hours too brief.

LOVE SLAIN.

“Come, maidens, weep with me, for Love is slain ;
Close down sweet eyelids—straighten out white limbs.”
The ruddy beauty of cheeks, lips, death dims ;
The nerveless hands rest o’er a bow in twain ;
The roses fall from ambrosial locks ; a strain
Of low, sweet music fills the air, and hymns
Are sung by tender voices. Each maid trims
Her silver lamp, chanting in bitter pain :
“How came Love slain ? the god-like form lies white
And free from wound. There came a sinful breath
That slew Amor in all his strength and might—
A breath of passion, more terrible than death.
Alas ! desire’s touch turns day to night,
Love’s rosy crown to death’s dark cypress wreath.”

TO A. C. L. B.

As morning sun the rebel mists disperse
That hide Apollo's royal countenance,
Till doubting dawn, as waking from a trance,
Flies day, that smiling o'er the universe
In one great flood of light doth earth immerse ;
So did thy liberal nature in advance
Dispel the sullen mists of ignorance,
And swift the scorching sands of doubt traverse,
Beyond, above, till reached thy soul the height
Whence nobler minds look down on toiling men,
Cheering their darkness with a steady light,
Uplifting bruised hearts, and waiting then
For their own day to end without regret,
Knowing the sun then seen will never set.



“The white-filled nest now hangs an empty thing.”

ON A NEST FULL OF SNOW.

I.

On leafless limb an empty nest is left,—
Sweet home of singing-life in summer-time,—
But restless wings waft swift to milder clime
The chirps and songs of which the tree's bereft.
Then winter comes ; the frost with fingers deft
Fills full with snow the lone, deserted nest,
And clothes the naked bough with shining vest.
A mad March wind swept through the woodland cleft
That laid the ice-bound branches bare again,
And made a whirlwind of the drifted snow ;
But 'gainst the tiny nest it beat in vain,
Nor shook from out its depths its load below,
So proudly to the skies the tree held up
Its frozen wine in moss and twig-built cup.

II.

Of nature's quiet beauty or wildest mood,—
Of all that charms or startles us,—we find
A reflect somewhere in the human mind,
Unless we dull our sight with self's thick hood.
The empty nest within the wintry wood

Is like a lonely heart in womankind,
Where joy once nesting, made ears deaf, eyes blind ;
With songs it sang, beneath the glorious flood
Of light from Love—the sun of woman's heaven.

But memories haunt the heart when joy has flown ;
Sad solace thus to sighing soul is given,

Which by life's keenest blast is not o'erthrown,
But deep within the woman's aching breast
Lies nested through her winter of unrest.

III.

The slowest season wears away at last ;
The wildest wind of March dies in a shower
Of April's tears, who o'er her earliest flower
Weeps joyously, as when a mother fast
Within her arms her first-born clasps. Then Spring

Gayly begins her dress to gem with green.
The white-filled nest now hangs an empty thing,
And woman, see true Parsee that she is,

Lowly adoring, welcomes back her sun.
All frozen griefs are gone beneath the bliss
Of lost Love's light. Ah ! there is One
Who may bring back the birds to their old nest,
And joy again unto the woman's breast.

UNCHANGED.

Since Nature first beheld the sun's bright beam,
How altered 'are her lineaments, as clime
The race of man has changed by art or crime,
Till Adam, if returned to earth, would deem
Him hardly kin ; so doth creation seem
Changed utterly by years of heat and rime.
But He, of worlds, and stars, and suns, sublime
Creator, immutable remains past Time ;
And in His temples of the human heart
The fires of hope, faith, love, still purely burn,
As when God-lighted first. So sins still start
To life from smouldering passions. Time may turn
And change man's outer self, but good and ill,
From Eden's heir to thine, the same are still.

TO THE REV. J * * * * K * * * * *.

Brave heart that toiling ever for the Master's sake
Bears uncomplainingly oft-heavy cross,
Counting as gain all personal ill or loss
If in His cause. E'er watchful and awake,
With lamp well trimmed, how does thy hot zeal make
More slothful souls ashamed of their souls' moss!
To thee, unless well used all gold is dross;
Life but a battle, where each heart must take
Its stand and fight unto the bitter end.
True, faithful, pure, what matter if thy creed
Is not as mine? we worship both One Word,
One Christ; His light we seek. O! may He send
Peace, joy, and blessing for thine every need,
Till earned the rest of those who love the Lord!

LORRAINE.

Oh, little feet that patter by my door ;
Sweet laughing voice, still echoing in my ear ;
Soft ruddy lips that lisp : " I love you, dear !"
White dimpled hands, that clinging more and more
Teach me the simple magic of love's lore.
Why must ye bring me happiness so near,
And then depart without a thought or fear,
Lest all thy sweetness might leave sorrow sore ?
This soft caress is but for an hour mine ;
Thy little life fills full another's. Might
That I too o'er thy witcheries had right ;
Could keep thy blue eyes by me still to shine,
Like sapphire stars through darkest days, and light
My heart with childhood's innocence divine.

“NAPOLEN IV.”

Did stars shine cold and dim when thou wert born,
O Prince! whose generous heart-blood vainly wet
Hot Afric's sands, that thus thy sun should set,
Leaving fond hearts thy early loss to mourn?
Did no wild wind foretell thy fate forlorn
On natal day? In month of violet
Thou cam'st to earth, like that fair floweret,
Tasting spring's sweets alone: the rose and thorn
Of youth's short summer, the fruitful hoard
Of manhood's autumn, ne'er to thee were given.
Perchance all good thou lost on earth was stored
By loving angels' hands in future heaven—
So after troubled days, 'mid spirits blest,
Thou findest life for aye of peace and rest.

ON A PICTURE OF MRS. D * *

BY CHARLES INGHAM.

There spoke the artist in the charming pose,
The skilful painting of the bright young face,
Lit with vivacity and tender grace.
Oh, but to listen when those lips unclose!
And gazing still, this portrait grows and grows
More beautiful to watching eyes that trace
The sweet, calm dignity of high-born race
In girlish, queenly bearing. Oh, that woes
Could ne'er assail a brow so fair and pure!
But life to loveliest of God's creatures brings
Oft grief. Away oils, brush, the artist flings,
Well knowing this work of his will fame ensure,
But she who wins it for him must endure
What Azrael shadows forth from outspread wings.

ON A PICTURE OF JEANNE D'ARC

BY BASTIEN LE PAGE.

Awed by the solemn voices in the air,
She listens till low whispers round her rise
To loud commands. "Obey," thus swiftly cries
Her heart, "and save thy king."

The sun lights fair

Young face, modest, yet brave enow to dare
For duty, life unsexed; the pure blue eyes
Looking beyond the present to where lies
God's peace in golden future, nor mark nor care
The flaming prophesy in heaven.—Above,
Seeking in mysteries of sacred love

An answer to her prayers, she reads the skies,
Rapt in blest vision, lost to all on earth,
With full heart speaking tho' her lips be dumb.
So once through life, God's light we recognize,
That burned for us since first weak hour of birth,
And know His message to our souls has come.

HOTEL DIEU !

A house of shelter for the stricken poor,
A house of mercy for the saddened breast,
A house of healing where the weary rest.
Here can one learn with patience to bridge o'er
Long hours of pain, here sanctify the lore
Of leechcraft, watched and watcher both being blest,
As each is taught his daily lesson best.
Here words of faith can whisper of bright shore
Beyond the bitter waters of death's tide,
While hope sings to sore hearts sweet songs, and love
The sick and well in friendship bind. Within
These walls, ills, blessings turn, and duties glide
To acts of joy, since "God's guests," sufferers prove,
Who soul and body sick come to "God's Inn."

DANTE'S MASK.

And this is all now left of thee—a mask
Of grave, worn features, still so proud in death.
No bitter jest can wound thee by a breath,
Nor idle mocker now in scoffing ask
Thy mission here. Completed all thy task,
And won for ever the immortal wreath ;
While saddest of sad brows rests still beneath,
Heart tempest-tost doth now in God's light bask.
Pale image of great poet and brave man,
Thou art to me as monitor and friend.
When those sad lips and sunken eyes I scan,
I see the lines of will that naught could rend ;
Dauntless to death, still free tho' Florence ban,
Proving thy strength, endurance to the end.

ON RUBENSTEIN'S TOWER OF BABEL.

O man ambitious! Nimrod of an hour,
Who with proud deed and pompous-vested might
Builds up with care beyond the human sight
A self-enshrining, costly, stately tower,
Seeking thereby to reach of powers the Power,
Which by man's puerile mind is often light
Love, gold, or fame, or heart of adamite.
Beware! clouds gather and the tempests lower.
Thy tower 's a wreck, thy hopes are scattered wide
And wander where? Know now no peace nor rest.
From One thou scorn'dst O! vainly strive to hide!
Forth must thou wander still for aye unblest,
Till in the desert 'neath the wild night wind,
At last Heaven's voice thou 'lt hear, and God thou 'lt find.

TO L. D. A.

Beauty is good, sweet Friend, e'en though it sit
 Upon the peasant's brow 'stead queen's; we arm
 Our hearts in vain against its spells, for warm
The blood will course through veins at sight of it.
But better beauty of the mind ; bright wit
 Like summer lightning flashing not to harm ;
 Sweet fancies, scented flower-words that charm
The senses with their loveliness, and flit
Like wingèd seedlets to and fro ; strong thought
 Deeper than the fathomless sapphire sea,
 Higher than snow peaks. But the best must be
Beauty of soul where charity is wrought
With purity into the very spirit.
And thine these beauties three, our love to merit.

TO L. D. A.

Fain would I tell, dear Heart, which I like best;
To see thee look like Louis' hapless queen,
With powdered hair, brocade, and stately mien,
Moving as if all men must do thy best;
Or when as peasant from Italia drest,
With kerchief red against thy dark hair's sheen,
In boddice gay, twirling the tambourine
With dancing step, sweet smile, and laughing jest;
Or when with gentle care and tender eyes
Forgetting self for hours in sick friend's room,
Like very sunbeam scattering pain and gloom,
A ministering spirit in most sweet disguise;
Or when in reverent prayer upon thy knees;—
Which way now art thou best? Why, each of these.

TO L. D. A.

Can the black scratches of a faltering pen
Express how much I love thee? Can lips tell
With halting speech and broken words how well
I love thee? fashion forth my soul's amen
To thy life's prayer? How can the knowledge then
Of all thy worth to me be thine? O! spell
The unwritten, unspoken words that dwell
Within my heart, and find (as in some glen
A lover scrawls on rocks his mistress' name,)
"Lucile," and still "Lucile," engravèd there.
O! true, sweet friend, honest, wise, and fair,
I'd like a thousand tongues to give thee fame!
Sweet Sister of my soul—I find in thee
All that as perfect woman one would be.

GINEVRA.

O! couldst thou stand so ever it were best :

A beauteous vision robed in sheeny white,
Dreaming last girlish dreams on bridal night,
Half doubting if thy lord would like the jest,
Yet coyly longing eager love to test.

Drop not the curtain with a laugh so light,
'T is but a pall thy wifehood hopes to blight.
O! take thy hand from off that fatal chest!
And pause, while life and love are thine!

Yet fate

Doth bitterer deaths than thine on some bestow.
Thy closèd eyes ne'er ope to waking woe
Of buried trust and hope, thou 'lt never wait
To watch sweet wedded love droop low and die.
Better than that to lie where thou wilt lie.

OASIS.

As wearied traveller o'er the burning sands
Sees distant haven in a speck of green,
Knowing what cooling springs those branches screen,
Hastes laggard feet until he gladly stands
Within the palm's sweet shade, while eager hands
Seek welcome streams, amid the restful scene
His drooping heart revives.—(What if between
This spot and home lie tracks of desert lands?
The present joy is his to take and keep.)
So in our wandering o'er the "sands of Time,"
When wearied, sick at heart, we blindly weep,
A tender word, a smile, sweet strain, pure rhyme,
Will give us blessèd rest awhile, and let
Our souls for once their bitterness forget.

LATE BLOSSOMS.

To H. C. G.

First dainty bud in spring finds welcome warm
From nature's heart, with its sweet prophecy
Of fuller blooms, as proem in poesy.
Yet when the fresh buds fade and wee wings swarm
In deeper shade, and June is near, a charm
(Not only felt in dreamer's fantasy)
Surrounds late blossoms, 't is no heresy
To nature's creed, can neither stint nor harm
The love we bear to summer, but the last
Of fair May's fleeting gems we treasure fast.
So, Child, since thou late visitant hast told
To loving hearts God's messages again,
Around thy budding life fresh hopes unfold,
More welcome now as sprung from faith and pain.

VICTORIA TO MRS. GARFIELD.

“ Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you at this terrible moment. May God support and comfort you as He alone can ! ”

—THE QUEEN.

Aye ! words are wanting, speech too weak and vain
To bear the weight of sympathy, express
To stricken wife the wide world's sore distress,
That one more blameless victim should be slain ;
And God alone can soothe this great dull pain.
Yet all our nation's reverent tenderness,
The flower-strewn track, uncovered heads, help bless
The mourning soul. Such love is not in vain.
And 'mid the tributes to the noble dead,
A Queen sends loving words across the sea,
And as her heart itself has sadly bled,
Remembering now those days of anguish, she
Speaks not so royally as purely human,
Widow to widow—woman unto woman.

MARGARET.

Sad Margaret, thy story, through the must
And mists of ages, shines as one sees light
Of falling star through tear-brimmed eyes ; the height
From which thy pure soul fell through loving trust
Is out of reach beyond the thoughts of lust.
And as the watched stars in their downward flight,
Ne'er touch the earth, but vanish from our sight,
So sank thy spirit ; not to lie in dust,
But to be caught by angel hands mid-air,
And wafted back to heaven whence it came.
Thy golden hair, blue eyes, love, sin, despair,
Frame picture sad as lasting, giving name
To griefs most dumb—thy moans articulate
Mute histories of hearts who learn too late.



* * * O! sore unrest
Give way to peace before this sacred shrine.

MARGARET IN CHURCH.

I feel their gaze upon me—evil eyes
Spy out my secret guilt. O! Lord, forgive
What human hearts will not. If tears could shrive.
My burdened soul, wash stain away,—despise,
Scoff on at will, ye righteous! Lo! I rise
Repentant and forgiven, now can live
A higher life. Vain hope and fugitive!
These searing drops but water grief that lies
Too deep for utterance, O! sore unrest
Give way to peace before this sacred shrine—
Have mercy, Saviour! Could my heart divine
Sin came with love I deemed but pure and blest?
O! hear me; in my agony I cry
For help. Forgive me, God, and let me die!

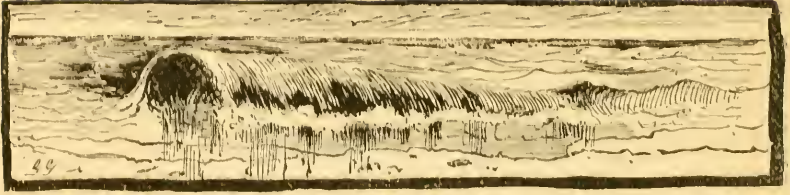
PUT OFF THINE SHOON.

“ Put off thine shoon, O careless Christian dog !
Here must one enter as meek worshipper.
Allah is great, forgiving those who err,
If penitent, e'en those defiled with hog.
But whate'er light thou seekest through this fog
Of unbeliefs, Christian, philosopher,
Due reverence to thy creed thou must aver ,
God is God, in mosque, temple, synagogue.”
And not to hurt the Mussulman's keen pride,
Our shoon we travellers gladly lay aside.
What do we lay aside at *our* church door?
All taint of pride, lust, gold, that break the Ten
In thought? Put off these shoon, then kneel, adore—
O! shame, that we do less for God than men.

ON A LETTER FROM LONGFELLOW.

(Sent before, but received after his death.)

As for an instant starting from a dream—
 (Wherein some dear lost friend through pitying sleep
 Was ours again to fondly clasp and keep),
So close allied to truth the visions seem,
We taste forgotten joys, till dawning gleam
 Of waking consciousness and reason sweep
 The mirage from death's desert, and we weep.
So for a blessèd moment did I deem
Thou must be living still, as thy dear name
Lay written by thy hand before mine eyes,
Then swift our bitter loss to memory came.
Oh! words encouraging, which now I prize
Beyond the telling. Ah! thy kind thoughts gave
Comfort while here, and still do from the grave.



TIDAL-WAVES.

As waves beat restlessly against the shore,
Through witching moon and strengthening suns, yet make
No mighty change of coast, save that they break
O'er shifting sands some rods, now less, now more,
Giving or adding to the ocean's store,—
Till suddenly some ruthless morn men wake
To find the sea's pent passions roused to take
A monstrous form of wave; with sullen roar
It sweeps o'er beach and bank, o'er lane and burn,
Till 'neath its fatal course a landscape lies.—
So minor joys and griefs, in our lives turn
But hairbreadths passion's boundaries, but rise
From out of hearts the tidal-wave of Love,
Beneath its whelming flood we helpless prove.

OHIMÉ.

Would that thou or I were dead, Ohimé—
This struggle would be ended then, at peace
The long-waged war betwixt us twain. O! cease
Tormenting thoughts relentlessly that slay
My inner life,—my garnèd strength's away
Whene'er we meet and part. O! Lord, increase
My sorrows so my painful little lease
Of life be run—or if I must obey
Health's laws and live, then give me joy again,
Give ransomed friendship for this mockery
That forcèd social ties require—the strain
Grows daily harder—O! sad sorcery
Of Fate dividing paths that crossed each day—
Lost! each soul to each on earth, Ohimé.

A SUNSET.

A shelving beach, behind a bank grass-grown,
 Before us stretching wide the sparkling sea,
 Beyond the red sun sinks in radiancy.
Swift to inviting blue like ruby thrown
In sapphire cup—the lapping waves have grown
 Bolder and amorously creep near where we,
 Lost in a strange and sweet necromancy
Of time and place, sit silent, lest the crown
Of passing joy be stolen from each again,
 To shine on other brows. Here bliss and pain
Mingle as sands with sea, when waves shores kiss
 In days to come, apart, I seek in vain
Such scene once more—O! for that sunset glow,
With God above—just Thou and I below!

NO!

In sorrow still my trembling lips must frame,
This bitter answer, tho' mine eyes be wet,
And heart be filled with tender, true regret,
That thou hadst dreamt of giving me thy name,
To wake and find that thou couldst never claim
More than my friendship. If thou canst forget
I have a being, haste great heart to set
The seal of thy pure love elsewhere, inflame
Another nobler soul than mine with love.
Somewhere for thee she sits and waits apart,
Ready a loving, faithful wife to prove,
If thou but fold her to thy honest heart.
But I, with my scant love, would bring thee woe
So for thine own dear sake must say thee no!

HINC ILLE LACRYME.

I saw thee stand before me stretching wide
Thine arms to clasp me to thy faithful breast,
Thy dear eyes sought mine own in mute request,
As tenderly thou drewest me to thy side ;
While from thy lips burst forth a passioned tide
Of loving words to soothe my sore unrest,
And on my brow were burning kisses prest,
Till trembling on thy breast my face I hide,
Thinking—" For once we each have snatched from fate
One perfect hour, full of sweet happiness,
Here let us lift our souls above man's hate,
And store our gain as memory to bless
Some future hour of parting." O! eyes weep,
I wake to find I saw thee but in sleep.

“CONSOLAZIONE.”

Is there no way, dear friend, that I can share
Thy sorrow? Must I silent sit and know
Aching thy heart with uncomplaining woe,
And stretch no loving hand to help thee bear
Thy present cross? Could sympathy but dare
To take the shape it list, 't would urge me go,
Swiftly to seek thee out, and whisper low
Sweet words of comfort linked with hopeful prayer.
But still the space between us intervenes—
My wishes vain. Yet keep this tender thought
To comfort thee—each day and hour is wrought
With pain to me that saddens thee. Love screens
Our friend's sin oft from us, but not his grief,
So let my sorrowing love be thy relief.



CHE FARO SENZA EURYDICE!

So sang the spouse that in those olden days
Once loved and lost, and for his dear spouse's sake,
Braved gaping jaws of hell so he could take
His Eurydice back to earth, but stays
To cast one look behind, (so legend says,)
And loses her eternally. O! make
No moaning, plaintive Orpheus; awake
To this sweet truth, that thine own tale betrays,
How she so loved was *following* thee to life—
Now what thy woe compared to mine! O! see
The love I sought returns to hell at strife
With heaven and me, and longing to be free
Of love's sweet servitude, and light above.
O! can my life be lived without thee, Love?

AMOR TYRANNUS.

With outstretched, longing arms, "Come, Love," I cried :

But Love eluded me. I felt as one

Who strives to catch his shadow 'neath the sun,
And learns his labor's vain ; sweet Love denied

His touch to me, to others fast he hied,

Tossed them his golden crowns, the goal was won ;

Love's triumph theirs ere half the race was run.

Anon I stood by Love's own kingly side,

His glamour dazed my wearied eyes, and now

His touch brought no responsive throb to heart,
Too weighty grew his diadem for brow.

From him once fondly sought I fain would part.

But spite of prayers, Love lingers by me still,

Alack! this god goes, stays, at his own will.

PARTED?

Thou to the East, dear Love, I to the West ;
Or I to East, thou West, so runs the creed,
Our elders wisely preach in love's sore need.
Parting and silence are both deemed best,
Be our tongues dumb and severed hands that prest,
'T would be transgressing law of Perse and Mede,
To meet and greet—we must away with speed!
Put poles betwixt us twain. Ah ! vain behest—
Peaks purple, sapphire levels of sunlit sea,
Dense green of forest nooks, rose-tinted sky,
All varied space that may between us lie,
Brings thee but nearer me, my soul to thee.
In all we find the other, Love—apart ?
Not while we each are blessed with faithful heart.

THEN.

And dost thou deem because thou offerest love,
I am to listen to thy suit—be won
By soft, fair words? nay, Life has just begun
To open wide the world's great tome. Above
I read the title and would willing move
A step now nearer, turning one by one
The mystic pages as the moments run
Themselves to months and years, while mine eyes prove,
The truth of what the wise have read before
I saw the light. Then find me truest man
Whose soul is pure, whose loyal heart's best lore
Is love, and love, and love, so let me scan
His virtues o'er, and if he please me then,
I may relent ; say " Now," should he ask : " When?"

THY VALEDICTION.

On eve of battle oft a youthful knight
 Would take on bended knee the Bread and Wine,
 Thus seeking help and strength from Love divine,
To dauntless meet his foes with heavenly might,
The godspeed on thy lips grew sacred rite,
 Last eve when prisoned in thy hand lay mine ;
 A sacramental holy hope to shine
Through troubled hours of sorrow's darkest night ;
A strength for fainting heart and drooping soul,
 When through a mist of scarce restrainèd tears,
Mine eyes but dared to glance toward future goal.
 So thy words quell my doubts and foolish fears,
And help me bravely face my battle-field,
That with God's grace may stainless laurels yield.

A WISH.

In watching thee, dear Friend, I quickly find
What moves thee most—the forest paths, the sea,
Blue and boundless in its immensity ;
Sweet rhyming cadences that charm the mind ;
All nature, art, with beauty rare combined,
Filling the world in wide diversity ;
All talent, genius, faith, and purity ;
All human sympathies that softly wind
Themselves about the feeling heart, when these
Bring swift bright tears unto thine earnest eyes,
Then for thy dear sake, Love, fain would I be
Fairest of beauties, sweetest of melodies,
Purest of pure, most learnèd 'mid the wise
So I too might be pleasure unto thee.

IO NON POSSO!

And wouldst thou have me close Love's lesson learnt
By thy sweet self, with my heart's sickle glean
Fresh harvests from fair fields of Love, so wean
My soul from thine? Can we unsay words said,
Forget sweet spell of voice and touch, or tread
At will beneath irreverent feet, Love's sheen
That crowns men gods the earthly worms between,
And play while living that we both are dead?
No,—no—the tome we scanned together lies
Still open, see my hand rests on the page
That taught me how to love thee; Time and Age
Will fail to steal that truth from heart and eyes.
Ah! just the trying to unlearn Love's lore
But teaches me to love thee more and more.

THE MOON AND THE SEA.

We sat together watching the glorious scene :

No sound disturbed the stillness round us save

When broke against the sand a crested wave ;

A great white moon from snowy clouds serene

Smiled calmly down like ivory-thronèd queen.

The listening spray-gemmed grasses heard us rave

O'er this one perfect night. Then growing grave

We spoke of absent friends, while silver sheen

Tipping the billows lay like shining band,

A pathway to some hidden mystery,

A road inviting us to fairy land.

Yet our hearts' secrets still stayed under key,

And if each longed to touch the other's hand,

'T was only known to Moon and sobbing Sea.

JEALOUSY.

Swifter than lightning-flash steals jealousy,
To doubting hearts, that troubled wildly beat,
Consumèd with a more than fever's heat.
Scorching fresh hopes, destroying constancy,
Conjuring devils out of fantasy,
Who once admitted to the heart's retreat
Will purest, strongest trust and faith unseat,
Giving hell's pain for heaven's ecstasy,
Turning love's nectar into biting gall,
Dimming keen sight with foul and poisoned mist.
Can we, O fatal power, thy spells resist?
Or must we, loving, live to be thy thrall?
Not if we valiant at the outset prove,
And firmly tread to death first doubt of love.



LOSS OR GAIN.

As Eve when yielding to her strong desire,
Found in the joy forbidden fruit had brought
More than her ardent dreams had ever sought,
But with it, menaced death and sword of fire,
Shut gates of Eden, and the Master's ire ;
So when love's tempting fruit my fancy caught,
Its taste proved bitter-sweet, its knowledge fraught
With tender pain. Life seems an unstrung lyre,
Though new rare harmonies invited me
To "set my soul unto a sweeter key,"—
In one sad hour I knew what I might lose,
As learning what it was to love. O pain!
O ecstasy! between how dare I choose?
O love! which dost thou bring me—loss or gain?

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

Why must there be between us endless round
Of jars and frets, why wanton waste of wit
And criss-cross fire of words that sharply hit
To leave behind a little smarting wound?
Why can we never meet on common ground?
Alack! the vanity of wishing it.
A word or so and then our brows are knit;
The fates combine to drag our truce-flags down.
Suspicion like sly spider subtly weaves
A web of doubts our very truths to tangle,
And hope's sweet songs as discords rudely jangle,
While spring's buds in our hands seem but dead leaves,
And meanings false grow out of word, look, touch.
All why? Perchance because we love too much.

A VALENTINE.

Ah! couldst thou read the truth writ in mine eyes
 Gazing in thine, thou wouldst find waiting there
 A willing answer to thine every prayer.
But not by words canst thou this truth surprise ;
In love, a lie to honest lips will rise
 That else would scorn untruth ; we women dare
 To tempt the Deil himself, lest unaware
The world should know whose love we most would prize.
So in my heart, stored silently, I keep
 What thou wouldst fain have whispered thee I trow.
 But till thou pass thy Rubicon and vow
In tender tones thy faith in me, asleep
 My passion lies ; not shall this lay be read
 Till thou hast "yea" for every "nay" I said.

BLIND!

The delving mole beneath the ploughèd field ;
The sightless beggar that betimes we meet,
Doffing a rimless hat for pence in street ;
The scoffing sinner that will gladly yield
To each temptation, using strength as shield
For further vices,—these will never greet
God's light, feeling but dust about their feet,
Blind to the glory dropt from hands that wield
Sunbeams as well as thunder-bolts. Alas!
Blind as these are, Belovèd, thou art more ;
Thine earnest eyes scanned rightly all before ;
But now like shadow silent I must pass
Out of thy reach, and thou wilt never know
I might have been thy joy, 'stead thou my woe!

ON THE THRESHOLD.

And dost thou wonder why I cannot speak—
Or why my bearing seems constrained and cold?
Wouldst have me overstep reserve, unfold
A budding love? Alas! our hearts are weak,
We women dare not meet the love we seek;
Lest all our longing make us over-bold,
And in too swift surrender lose the hold
O'er souls we love. So silent still and meek,
True to my maidenhood I stand and wait
For thee to come to me, nor dare advance
One single step, nor lift my downcast glance,
Fearing my eyes might love's disguise translate.
The space between us, thou must tread alone—
My heart comes not to thee as gift, but won.

UNWORTHY.

I am not worthy, e'en to lift mine eyes
 Unto thy honest face, and all thy praise
 As condemnation falls on me ; thy gaze
So keen and true would sadden with surprise
If read my soul ; for thoughts thou wouldst despise
I've thought, done deeds thou'lt scorn, trod dangerous ways,
 Through life's mire oft forgetting robe to raise.
Let small sins stick to me like burrs, yet lies
 I too have scorned, so cannot win thy trust
 Through seeming truer than I am, and must
Confess my faults, asking for pardon still,
 Hoping thou wilt yet say to me : " Dear friend,
I love thee as thou art for good and ill."
 Then shall my heart be thine until life end.



"Life, solemn riddle of grim Sphinx Time."

LIFE.

Life, solemn riddle of the grim sphinx Time,
Thrust on us toiling o'er the world's rough ground,
Where can a wandering Œdipus be found,
To solve thy eternal mystery sublime?
Death's key but opes the gate to fairer clime
Where, beatified by angelic sight and sound,
Life melts into the Light and Love around
The heavenly throne—is changed by death's rude rhyme
Not solved. . . . But Love, that, like the magic Flute
Of old, bears souls safe through temptation's fire
Despair's deep flood, or like brave Orpheus' lute
Redeems from hell of hate; Love may aspire
To be our Œdipus and tell us why
We live our little life, and how to die!

IN TRINITY.

I.

TO THE REV. M * * * * * D * * * .

Preacher! thy words fall on the listening crowd,
Like rain on thirsty soil—thou sowest seed
For future crop of goodly thought and deed.
Fearless and wise, as if with power endowed
From heaven itself, thou standest proven, vowed
Truth's champion; daily teaching purest creed,
The love of God and man; and all in need,
The wretched, wicked, independent proud,
With all their sins and sorrows, wants and pride,
Thou showest Christ, to help and healing find.
O Teacher! ears to deaf, and eyes to blind,
Art thou, with great calm soul, heart open wide
To suffering. Seeking through life no praise,
'T is thine unto our children's children's days.

II.

TO THE REV. M * * * * * D * * .

Upon thy altar, o'er thy vestments white,
Through stainedèd glass, the sunshine streams in flood
Of gold and purple—there thou silent stood,
(Ere Bread and Wine with Holiest unite
By God's great grace, finite to infinite,
This sacred mystery of His Flesh and Blood,
Our soul's sure strength, our spirit's blessèd food,)
Like imaged saint before the holy rite,
Haloed by God's own light, as if His love
Clung closely round thy high pure life, to prove
Thee chosen for His work, and His alone.
O! joy of watching such a life as thine,
Where truth and earnestness great good have done,
And will do still through influence divine.

ON ! ON !

(Suggested by a sermon preached by the Rev. G * W * D * * * * * .)

On with the great work, on ! 'T is Time that whips
This world-top spinning through eternal space.
Awake ye to its hum. Up—up—embrace
Work fittest for ye—ere weird sister clips
Your life's light thread, or precious love-cup slips
Through hands, untasted, spilt ere drunk. May grace
From heaven help ye find your work apace.
If death stays eager hands and feet, numbs lips
Ere all be done, ye have not failed e'en then,
God takes the noble work begun, in time
He turns the halting verse to tuneful rhyme.
Your incompleteness will through later men
Become perfected. Pass the standard on !
Our aims still live, tho' we fall one by one.

CRUCIFIED!

Crucified ! yea Lord, this bitter sin and shame
Is ours eternally—for we denied
Thee Prophet, Priest, and King, Saviour who died
So we should live—our' souls must bear the blame
That sacrificed is linked to Holiest name,
By Angel tongues now ever magnified.
Though the sad knowledge of Thy piercèd side,
Thorn-crowned Head, can contrite sorrow claim,
Yet stays it nor one sinful act nor thought.
O! guilty souls forgetting price that bought
Their ransom—Christ ! how infinite Thy love
That daily seeks our errors, sins to hide,
Till humbled hearts, at last, repentant prove
Though tender mercy—O ! Thou Crucified !

EASTER-TIDE.

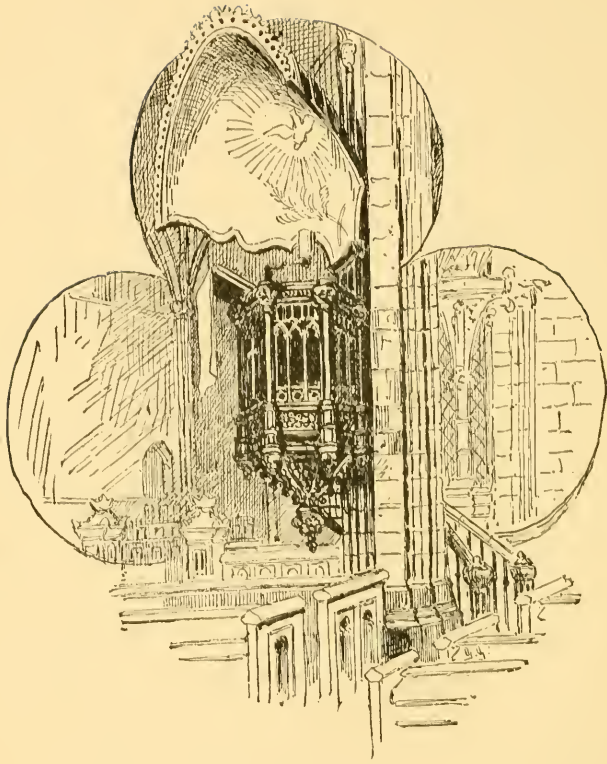
After the cruel nails and crown of thorn,
The shining garb and diadem of light ;
After the Friday's gloom and bitter night,
The blessèd peace of that first Easter-morn.
After His sinless death, our peace was born.
After the daily struggles for the right,
Against fierce passions armed with devil's might ;
After the partings when the heart is torn
With agony almost too great to bear ;
After the yearning for what cannot be,
With faint faith wrestling 'gainst a mute despair ;
After long waitings here at last we see,
Out of our woes and passions crucified,
Dawning for us a glorious Easter-tide.

PECCAVI!

I.

Above the carven Rere-dos uprose
The stainèd windows, where the Apostles' greet
The eye in robes of varied colors meet.
In midst our Saviour stands, th' eternal woes
Of all humanity around Him close.
Pity divine, shines from His looks replete
With love, born of a sacrifice complete,
Love, conquering sin, o'ercoming sharp death's throes.
The anthem swells, the organ's rich notes ring
Throughout the grand old church. See, swift a bird
Flits by the window on wide-stretchèd wing,
Through bending branches and leaves, the breeze has stirred.
The songster's shadow and the waving green
Are 'gainst the tintèd glass beneath Christ seen.

Swifter than sparrow's flight, my sore sins pass
 Before my saddened gaze ; they seem to reach
 From infancy to these last days, and teach
 A lesson unto earthly pride alas !
 Their lengthy numbers dusk the glowing glass,
 And contrite humbleness in silence preach.
 O sick and hungering soul ! the Holy Leech
 Who fed the wearied thousands on the grass
 Alone can satisfy thy longings wild,
 Blot out the memories of thy sins and pains.
 Methinks I hear the tender words : " My child,
 Give me thy heart." And haste to lay my stains
 Of heart and soul, and errors deemèd sweet,
 In trembling hope and love at Christ's pure feet.



In Trinity.

REST.

O Angel! miscalled of darkness, in thy flight
Pause near my threshold, spread thy pinions o'er
My drooping head. I need thy mercies sore.
Thou art to me as distant friendly light
Hailed on a pitchy night's lone tramp, and white
Thy dusky garments gleam to me from shore
Of untried waters, which o'ertake all lore,—
All love,—all life at last. Angel of might,
Surer than hope, as strong as faith and love,
Come to me. Joy's goblet through weak fingers slips;
Lay thy cool touch upon my fevered lips;
Let thy soft shadow my sweet solace prove;
Oh! let me lay my head upon thy breast;
Wearied, I long for thee, Angel of Rest.

Ne'er ask me to be mirthful and then rhyme,
The pearls of song drop not from lips the time
They jest.

As bird with searèd eye and clippèd wing
Finds sweeter note—so we through suffering
Sing best.

SONG.

The clouds are drifting,
The sunlight sifting
 Adown between.
The birches quiver
Beside the river,
 Silvery green.

The West is burning,
In silence turning
 The skies red-gold ;
The river catches
The glowing patches
 On ripples cold.

The birds cease winging,
And close their singing
 Fast one by one.

Sweet chirps betraying,
Each songster saying
 His orison.

The dews are falling ;
The zephyrs calling
 To flowers, good-night ;
The frogs 'gin croaking
As if evoking
 Familiar sprite.

The twilight 's creeping
O'er blue hills sleeping ;
 The birds are dumb ;
The stars are sighting,
The glow-worms lighting
 Their lamps.—Night 's come.

HERALDS.

All works of God his heralds are
To other acts more rare, so came
Creation's darkness to first star
As herald. What we chaos name
Turned Nature's order in all things.
So chrysalis heralds butterfly,
And nightingale sweet melody.
So winters heralds are to springs,
And herald, weary worldly strife
To future peace and sins forgiven.
While death still heralds newer life,
And love—is herald but to heaven!



DEATH'S SIMILITUDES.

Death—is like a chrysalis,
From which white and soft,
Butterflies will soar aloft
As souls to bliss.

Death—is like the winter long,
Where, from silence cold,
Beauteous tints and scents unfold,
And bursts of song.

Death—is like a prison grim,
Where from want and night
Souls escape to joy and light
When freed by Him!

TO KATE.

And thou wouldst have thy fortune told,
To learn thy future fate—
Wouldst see thy budding life unfold,
My bonnie, brown-eyed Kate !

To read thy destiny aright,
To fix each distant date,
Is out of reach of human might,
My bonnie, brown-eyed Kate !

But as from bud we guess the flower,
Tho' it may blossom late,
As threatening clouds foretell the showers,
My bonnie, brown-eyed Kate,

So in thy earnest, loving eyes
I read thy future fate.

A woman's weal before thee lies,
My bonnie, brown-eyed Kate.

I know not if thy love through life
Will seek an earthly mate ;
But battling with the daily strife,
My bonnie, brown-eyed Kate,

Thy faith and trust in God will prove
A shield 'gainst every fate,
And sanctify thy woman's love,
My bonnie brown-eyed Kate !

NOT LOST.

Are the colors lost from the glowing skies
When the sunset fades and the daylight dies?
And the liquid tones from the wild bird's throat,
Are they lost as through twilight's hush they float?
And the loving thoughts in hearts of gold,
Are they lost when mixed with churchyard mould?
All the earth's best tints gleam on angel's wing,
All the sweetest music the angels sing.
All the love we prized and lost shall arise
To give us fair welcome in Paradise.

FLOWERS AND FACE.

Face, fever-flushed, flowers, fresh and sweet,
On restless pillow meet and greet ;
Fair tulip, rose of daintiest hue,
White lily-bells and violets blue
 Are softly prest
To burning lips and throbbing breast.

The flowers radiant in their bloom
Watched lovingly in shaded room ;
Now touched at dawn by glorious beam,
The beautiful blossoms golden gleam ;
 Now on the wall
Their shadows through the twilight fall.

The face revives—the flowers fade,
But purest breath and tender shade
Of lily, rose, and violet
In grateful heart are living yet ;
 There fresh they lie
Scents sweeter, blooms of deeper dye.

DESERTED.

On yonder hillside stands a house forlorn ;
The moss is creeping o'er its leaning door ;
The feet of those who 'neath its roof were born
Will cross its crumbling threshold nevermore.
Forsaken—left a prey to sleet and rain,
Without a lingering trace to show that love
Once filled its walls with life and joy and pain ;
Now wintry winds at will throughout it rove.
That doomèd house abandoned to decay,
Deserted is—but by mankind alone—
For till it fall the setting sun's bright ray
Will redden o'er the last gray mouldering stone.
The dawn will steal through every rusty hinge,
And fill each empty room with golden light,
The noonday beams the stainèd walls will tinge
As when of yore they gladdened human sight.
So, lonely heart of sympathy bereft,
When loosed are all the ties thou prizest most,

And tenantless of others' love thou 'rt left
Forlornly seeking to revive the lost :
Then will God's light, blest sunshine of the soul,
 Illumine thy darkness with its blaze divine,
Fill all thine emptiness, and make thee whole.
 Deserted? ne'er by One, O ! heart of mine !

TO ———

Dearest, my thoughts, tried by Love's fire,
Rising on pinions of purity,
(These wishes winged with deep desire,)
From my soul's windows fair and free,
Gladly I fling to thee.

My wandering thoughts like white-winged doves
Will steal unto thy snowy breast ;
And in thy heart, which 'neath it moves,
These weary ones shall seek a rest
To find how they are blest.

Saying: 'Mid flowers of womanhood
Thou art to me like sweetest rose,
Through which fair leaves, the heart's best blood
Daily in tenderest beauty glows,
And round a fragrance throws.

And softly whisper there to thee,
(Nested so warm in safe retreat,)
More than most women thou art to me—
As such, O ! I will hold thee sweet
As long as heart can beat.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

Along the dusty highways
Beside our weary feet,
Springs many a tender blossom
With fragrance pure and sweet.

Amid life's bitter battle,
As stumbling on we tread,
Sweet children's tones are ringing
Beside our many dead.

And when our hearts are fainting
With doubting, dreary sorrow,
A child's faith can restore us
To trust in God's to-morrow.

A sweet child's voice has ended
Its simple even prayer,
And gladly on the pillow,
Rests soft, dark, shining hair.

One little hand still clasping
Some faded flowers wild,
Which vainly seeks the mother
To take from tired child.

These flowers, the first she ever
Had plucked this joyous spring;
So grasps her precious treasures,
Counts each a priceless thing.

“To-morrow they ’ll be withered,”
Thus spoke the elders wise ;
“No, no, they ’ll bloom to-morrow,”
With faith the child replies.

The eyelids fast are closing,
The little head doth rest.
Then from the loosened fingers,
Fall the flowers from her breast.

Not to mar the pleasant fancy,
While she dreams of fairy-lands ;
They place at morn fresh blossoms
Within the tiny hands.

She wakes, and joyous kissing
Her treasures, softly said:
“ I knew dear God was loving,
See—my flowers are *not* dead.”

Ah ! when our hopes fade by us,
May we in faith and love,
But fold our hands and whisper :
“ We ’ll find them fair above.”

SOMETIMES.

(IN ANSWER TO "ALWAYS," BY L. S.)

("Always the beginning anew,
Always the good resolve
When the day is done, the week's close come,
And the month and the year are through.
Always the ending in sorrow,
Always the failure to do,
When the night is come, the mid week done,
And the month and year's to-morrow.")

Sometimes a new beginning,
Sometimes a fresh resolve,
A soul will save, when a heart is brave,
And end in a glorious winning.

Sometimes a lofty thought
Sown in a dreaming hour,
In fruitful soil, will with earnest toil
To noblest deed be wrought.

Sometimes a gentle word
Brightens a burdened breast,
And a prayer that 's sent from a heart that 's rent
Sometimes in heaven is heard.

Sometimes we meet with friends
Who *are* to the heart's core true,
Whose love we trust, which old Time's rust
Don't dim till Eternity ends.

CATHERINE'S VIOLET.

Through a wood the Czar * was walking,
Resting from the cares of State,
And the sweet breeze by him blowing
Whispered not his coming fate.

All was peace around and stillness,
Here the heart could care forget,
Till a sound his step arrested,
And an armèd man he met.

Not a spy, a false-faced traitor,
But a soldier, tried and true,
Slowly in that wood was pacing,
Seeing who was passing through

Stopped, presented arms; the Emperor,
Wondering, asked how came he there.

* The late Emperor of Russia.

“Sire,” the soldier said, “as sentry
I’m on duty always here,

Why, I know not.” Still bewildered
To his nobles turned the Czar.
“Why should this one spot be guarded?
Rarely wander we so far.

What mysterious, hidden danger
Lurks among these kingly trees?
Who has placed this watch and sentry?”
But in vain he asked of these.

Vainly asked of gray-haired general,
“’T was an order old—it read—
‘That the place should well be guarded,’
Wherefore, none could tell,” he said.

Then most curious to discover
Whither came this order strange,
Back through many a record musty
Eager eyes the pages range.

Back, until the days of Catherine,*
Where with reason why revealed,
Stood the order for the sentry,
Which ne'er since had been repealed.

Not for fear of bitter vengeance,
Not to shield the royal head,
Did the haughty Empress order
Soldier through that path should tread.

But it chanced one early spring-tide
Wandering through the quiet wood,
Catherine spied a tiny violet
Throwing off its snowy hood.

First fair blossom struggling upward
From the darkness to the light,
Through the snow its sweet face peering,
One blue speck amid the white.

May be that the little flower
'Midst all round, fresh, undefiled,

* Catherine II. of Russia—noted for her ambition and immorality.

Brought back days of innocence,
With the memories of a child.

Tears, perchance, may then have glittered
In those proud, imperial eyes,
Jewels more precious than her treasury
Could produce for kings to prize.

For a passing shade had fallen
O'er her spirit wild and free,
As a sea-gull rising swiftly
Casts a shadow on the sea.

Still the feeling stayed no pleasure,
Starved no sinful thought nor deed,
Only tender impulse started,
As we from that record read :

“Sentry place before that blossom—
Watch naught harm it,” Catherine cried ;
So a soldier gravely guarded
Violet till it bloomed and died.

Whim forgotten by the Empress,
Still, tho' long the spring hath fled,
Up and down that shaded pathway
Heavy feet in silence tread.

Through long years the memory guarding
Of one thought of purity,
Sounded steps which tho' now ceasing,
Echo to eternity.

FALL, O FLEECY FLAKES OF SNOW!

Fall, O fleecy flakes of snow!
Shroud the hills and meadows low;
 Heed not earth's request.
 Pack it,
 Stack it
 High above her breast.

Blow, O bitter driving sleet!
Let thy biting breath now beat
 Swift 'gainst nature's heart.
 Pain it,
 Strain it
 Till it rend apart.

All in vain ye try your powers,
Snow and wind feed nature's flowers,
 In her breast they keep.
 Bare it,
 Tear it,
 Still they safely sleep.

All the ills of winter cherish
Germ and seed, that else would perish
In its earthly tomb.
Teach it,
Preach it,
Lesson learnt from nature's bloom.

When anew is born the spring,
Nature breathes a living thing ;
Dons a radiant dress.
Bears it,
Wears it
For the world to bless.

* * * *

Fall, O blinding, scalding tears !
Let thy drops, like iron that sears,
Fall on woman's cheek.
Stain it,
Pain it.
Weary, she is weak.

Blow, "misfortune's bitter blast!"
Blot out joys, let sorrows last;
Pierce to woman's heart.
Slight it,
Blight it,
Crush with all thine art.

Vainly 'gainst the shield of prayer
Strive the demons of despair,
In the woman's breast.
Fills it,
Stills it,
Love, with peace and rest.

Pain each woman must endure;
To the faithful and the pure
Grief is often given.
Take it,
Make it
Welcome as from heaven.

SEAFIELD.

Sunshine and goldenrod, blue skies, salt air,
Elastic daisies enamelling the lea ;
A happy influence of a presence rare,
Filling the house with gracious courtesy.
In joyful cadence children's voices sweet,
Echo with patter of fine flitting feet—
Loved memories lingering nigh one empty chair.
Dear Seafeld, love breathes round thee everywhere.



A violet 'mid the moss
In shadow of a bold rock grew,
Where silver brooklets cross
The tangled mountain woodland through.

WAITING.

A violet 'mid the moss
In shadow of a bold rock grew,
Where silver brooklets cross
The tangled mountain woodland through.
Its dainty beauty won
From evening breeze a soft caress,
But ne'er a sunbeam shone
Upon its modest loveliness.

It watched the golden light
Quivering o'er the brooklet's brim,
Flickering fast and bright,
Through greenest shade of leafy limb.
"O! Could it reach but me"—
So thought the loving, longing flower—
"How blest my heart would be
Beneath its subtle warmth and power!"

But still the sweet rays danced
 Above, beyond the violet,
Till one day lo ! it chanced,
 While gazing up with blue eyes wet,
The sullen rock behind
 Brought answer to the floweret fair,
That trembling starts to find
 The reason for its darkness there.

The rock—O ! saddest thought,
 Keeps far from it the glorious beams.
Now life is only fraught
 With one desire ; day, night it dreams
How bright its life could be,
 If but that rock were gone for aye.
Ah ! stern seems fate's decree—
 The summer's beauty fades away,

The flower in shadow still
 Is waiting for the light in vain—
But muttering o'er the hill,
 There comes a mighty wind with rain.

The mountain streamlet grows
A raging torrent, fierce and strong,
That swallows as it goes
The blooming banks its side along—
And now is reached the rock—

Ah! violet, thou hast thy will!
The great stone sways—a shock—
It falls upon the flower still—
The storm is o'er—the sun
Now smiling to the torrent hies,
Whose gleaming waters run
O'er rock 'neath which a violet lies!

INDIAN LULLABY.

Sleep, my babe! the heavy loon
Shrilly calls his wounded mate,—
(Friends we love and foes we hate.)—
See the slowly rising moon
 Ripples clean,
 In silver sheen
The red stains off the lake's dark breast,
That dying sun shed in the west.

Sleep, my babe! the black bear creeps
Through tangled boughs, disconsolate,—
(Friends we love and foes we hate.)—
Snuffs for berries red. Who peeps
 The stump around?
 Not faintest sound
Betrays the squirrel and chipmunk small
Lest they by Bruin's sharp claws fall.

Sleep, my babe! beside the brink
Of marshy stream the stag so late—
(Friends we love and foes we hate.)—

TO W. W. M.

O baby ! bonnie baby ! so far across the sea,
An Adirondack maiden sends out her heart to thee.
I love thee, little laddie, and fain would call thee mine,
Say, wilt thou for this once be my dearest Valentine ?
To claim thee altogether is far from my request,
Thou art too precious, birdie, to leave thy happy nest ;
So many hearts are linked to that small one of thine,
O ! they would never spare thee for a life-long Valentine !
But I am gently pleading for only one short year
In which to call thee mine, sweet, and love thee, baby dear ;
And though between us, little one, the ocean still may roll,
I' ll love thee, pretty Valentine, with all my heart and soul ;
For time and space existeth not for lovers true of heart,
Our souls can close communion hold, tho' we be far apart.
What treasures shall I offer thee, O ! bonnie baby bright ?
What trophies shall I tender to my tiny trusty knight ?
No garlands made of costly blooms, or gleaming jewels rare,

Nor satin dress nor cap I 'll send to deck this baby fair ;
But the sweetest forest blossom that rears its dainty head
At the foot of spruce or pine in a shady mossy bed,
Shall bear my love a greeting with breath of evening breeze,
That, sighing o'er the mountains, kissed all our forest trees.
My little love so holy ! thy faults are soon forgiven,
Thy sins have hardly yet had time to grow since leaving
heaven.

My little love so mighty ! tho' no down is on thy cheek,
Thou gainest battles royally, thou 'rt strong since thou art
weak.

My little love so honest ! What bill he ever misses?
For all the love-debts that thou owest, are paid in dewy
kisses.

May love and joy surround thee through all the coming years,
May trials be few that wait thee, and fewer still thy tears.
And be thou ever brave, love, and conquer in the fight,
This life 's a battle, baby—be thou a valiant knight.
And when thou 'rt grown, my little one, and hast a Valentine,
O ! may her heart and thine, sweet, be pure, as now is thine ;
For love may blossom, baby, but it never will endure
In any heart however warm unless the soil be pure.

RAQUETTE.

Proud forest-girdled Queen of Lakes,
Hill guarded with blue peak beyond,
Where Towaloonda, firm and fond,
As sentry stands—sweet echo wakes
The sleeping sprites,
Haunting thy pines on eerie nights.

Art best when summer's merry smile
Greens ash, birch, maple, or is seen
Basking content in golden sheen
Upon thy bosom blue awhile?
Or when her sighs
Warm moonlit eves as daylight dies?

Or can one love thee more when frost
'Mid firs fast mixes red and gold—
Bright forest jewels set in bold

Dark frame,—and autumn's winds have tost
 Thy calms to waves,
And pine the paths with needles paves?

Or when, as winter's bride—all white—
 Robing thyself for his embrace,
 A thousand sparkling diamonds grace
Thy ice-fringed shores, and branches slight
 To giants grow
 Beneath their feathery load of snow?

All seasons crown thee with a crown
 Of thine own making, ever drest
 In native beauty, ever best
Beneath God's skies smile they or frown,
 While eyes may scan
 His works still unprofaned by man.

Around thy varied isles we float,
 In bay or inlet, sigh or sing,
 Cull lilies white (see! to them cling
Thy shining tears gemming the boat)—
 Mid morn's blue mist,
Or when thy ripples stars have kist.

Here in thy depths, O Lethean Lake !
 We drop our griefs, our vain regret ;
 Earth's sins and ills for once forget ;
As from an evil dream we wake
 Tasting health's sweetness,
 Learning at last all life's completeness.

Raquette ! here would I live and die ;
 Here pluck life's bitter-sweet called Love,
 And all its joy and sadness prove—
Then close my tired eyes and lie
 Gladly at rest,
 Beside the beatings of thy broad blue breast.

“THE STARS ARE THE KEYHOLES OF HEAVEN,
AND THE ANGELS KEEP THE KEYS.”

(This was said one night by little Birdie L., when only four years old.)

“The stars are the keyholes of heaven,
And the angels keep the keys.”
To the children such knowledge is given
Of the sacred mysteries.

To their white souls sinless the voices
Of guardian spirits may preach,
And a little child's pure heart rejoices
In bliss we vainly would reach.

“The stars are the keyholes of heaven,
And the angels keep the keys.”
If our passionate hearts we have riven,
Shall we rise from bended knees,

And feel ourselves ready and shriven,
With the pardoned to enter the gate
That opens to all who have striven,
Be they coming early—late?

“The stars are the keyholes of heaven,
And the angels keep the keys.”
But we must e'en with sins forgiven,
Enter as children to these.

THE POET'S ANSWER.

“ Where, Poet, is thy kingdom, pray,
And where thy home, where blooms thy flower?
Since o'er mankind we hold our sway,
And all must bow beneath our power.”

Thus scornfully spoke base fashion's god,
That three-necked monster, triple-crowned
With wealth, and might, and rank, whose nod
Makes nations cower to the ground.

The Poet back this answer hurled :
“ In thy dull life I take no part ;
For art and nature form my world,
My home is in the human heart.”

HANDS CLASPÈD IN PRAYER.

Hands claspèd in prayer,
Not slender and fair,
 But wrinkled and brown
 With stains of the ground
Still lingering there.

Head bending in prayer,
Not bonneted—bare,
 With locks gray and tost,
 Face wearied and crost
With deep lines of care.

Heart pleading in prayer
For help in despair ;
 Soul seeking some light
 Through poverty's night,
And gloom everywhere.

Faith winging this prayer
Past words of the fair,
 The rich, and the great,
 Past mockings of fate
To our Father's ear.

OUR AUTUMN.

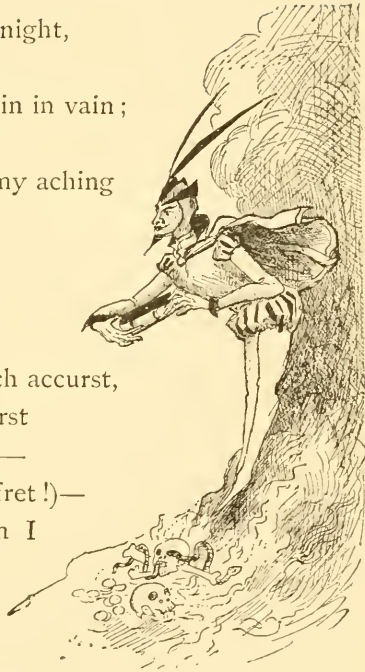
The trees that nurtured in more temperate clime
Than ours, bear fresh, fair leaves through summer days,
Yet with the first cold blast decay and die,
While ours to burning skies and biting winds
Exposed, faint not at autumn's breath ; anew
They blossom forth in glowing tints, their leaves
Turned by a Midas' touch to gleaming gold,
Or dyed with their heart's blood to burning red.
Thus shielded souls live out their sweet green lives,
Then fade and die, while men exposed to storms and heats
Of earthly passions, those who struggling keep
Faint hearts still pure by daily conquering self,
Find in the autumn of sad years that trials
Have glorified their souls, and thoughts and deeds,
Shine then till death in beauteous tints divine.

NEMESIS.

(FAUST ON "WALPURGIS-NACHT.")

Away! these visions of the night,
 In mystic light
Flit round my maddened brain in vain;
 They never let
A moment's peace fall o'er my aching
 pain,
 O! Margaret!

Above demonian din of witch accurst,
 Thy voice as first
It fell upon my raptured ear—
 (O! fret, soul, fret!)—
Childlike, sweet, pure, again I
 hear,
 O! Margaret!



HYGIEA.

Lived we in old pagan days,
Goddess, I would kneel to thee,
Hew thee altar of white stone,
Chant with sweetest melody
All thy worth in hymns of praise,
'Neath thine image, holding grave,
Snake and bowl, till one by one
Mine thy gifts to heal and save.

Æsculapius' child or wife,
Which it little matters now,
Tho' thy simple worship's fled,
Tho' none in thy temple bow,
Still thy presence fair through life,
Men seek eagerly, to gain
Blessèd strength, and have thee shed
Easeful health o'er sickness' pain.

Where, sweet goddess, hast thou flown ?

O! thy secret haunts to find!

Swiftly would my willing feet

Seek thee with a humble mind.

Hast thou long whiles left the town?

I, too, then the city fly ;

Is the forest thy retreat?

Gladly to the pines I hie.

BEYOND!

“The darkest clouds have silver lining”
Full well we know ;
Beyond this earthly gloom is shining
A heavenly glow.

Our darkest trials have silver lining ;
Our hard path trod,
We see beyond our sorrows shining,
The face of God !



Sweetheart, come, the mead 's agreeen,
The banks ablaze with cowslip bells,
The brooklet chants through shaded dells,
Songsters lurk 'neath leafy screen—
Let 's away to Acadie.

Come, for foes here lose their might
Where naught but peace and joy abound ;
No hunters e'en dare tread this ground
Save one wee wingèd, armèd wight—
So away to Acadie.

Sweetheart, haste—lest mead be mown.
And banks their golden bells have shed,
And brooklet's voice be dumb and dead,
The tall trees bare and songsters flown—
Haste away to Acadie.

UNCERTAINTY.

A long, low bar of golden light,
A dewy freshness in the air,
The twittering birds at matin prayer,
And dawn has grown to daybreak bright.

A long, low bar of golden light,
A dewy freshness in the air,
The twittering birds at even prayer,
And twilight deepens into night.

O! Love, what means thy golden light,
Does it foretell a sweet new day,
Blessing my trusting soul for aye—
Or will it leave me lost in night?

WHAT?

The maid by lover kist,
The artist in dawn's mist—

Utter it gladly.

The penitent in dust,
The beggar o'er his crust,

Mutter it sadly.

The matron 'neath the trees,
The sailor in the breeze,

Singeth it brightly.

The prisoner through his bars,
The poet to his stars,

Murmur it nightly.

Sweet word—sad word—new yet old,
Shall thy name be lightly told?
Aye, and nay—whisper it low—
Sweetheart, *thou* the word doth know.

A LOVE.

No! I must love thee still,
 Tho' all the world should mock and scorn,
 Tho' heart be racked with pain, and torn
With agony, for good or ill,
 I love thee still.

E'en tho' sternest fate
 Take thee far, far beyond my reach,
 Beyond my sight, or sound of speech,
Yet patiently without Love's gate
 Still I can wait.

Tho' for my love the price
 Be peace of mind and fame and wealth,
 Or blissful joys from blessèd health,
I pay for the sweet sacrifice,
 It shall suffice.

No! I must love thee still,
Tho' lost thy love in losing thee,
Mine is of use in proving thee
My loyal faith no doubts can kill—
So love thee still.

Take thou with fond caress
Another to thy honest heart,
To be of thy life's joy a part,
I will but stand aside and bless
Thy happiness.

Yet I could love thee best,
Methinks, but not for me is such
Great joy. How faint beneath thy touch
I grow. O Love, but once to rest
Upon thy breast!

Oh! I must love thee still.
My love from out the shadowed past
Has grown my being's breath at last,
So by a mightier than my will,
I love thee still!

THOU AND I.

“Come, Love, our longing hearts let 's haste to hide
In nature's gems, there lost to life abide.”

“Let 's be of rainbow arch in summer sky
The brightest tints of all, Love, Thou and I.”

The sun through parting cloud sends radiant ray,
And rainbow tints wax faint and fade away.

“Let 's be the drops of honey, Thou and I,
Which in wild blossoms' scented bosoms lie.”

The woodland bee at sunset stays and sups
On honey-drops hid in fair flower cups.

“Let 's be of sacred stars the mirrored light
That sleeps on silent lakes in summer night.”

The night-winds sigh o'er lonely lake, till one
By one the stars are rippled out and gone.

“ Let 's be ourselves, then, love, just thou and I,
Dreaming life's dream content, and waking die.”

Who lures love's image to his beating breast
Clasps cruel thorns to pierce his heart's true rest.

“ Life's threads are twisted to a tangled lie
Soiled with fierce passions, where, love, shall we fly? ”

Beneath death's dusky shroud, light golden gleams,
From hidden angel's shining garments streams.

“ In heaven above, dear Love, then may we try
To love forever purely—thou and I.”

NIGHT FALLS, O! SLEEP, BELOVÈD, SLEEP.

(SUGGESTED BY A NOCTURNE BY A. SCHULZ.)

Night falls, O! sleep, belovèd, sleep,
While mine eyes weep,
Thy slumbers be with sweet dreams blest,
For me unrest ;
Nor till day dawn, do thou awake,
Though my heart break.

Through life's day, lo! thy soul still sleeps,
Mine vigils keeps ;
Thy dreams are now all happiness,
Mine bitterness.
So thou be spared the taste of pain,
That cup I 'll drain.

Locked in death's arms, belovèd, sleep
A slumber deep,
As on a tender mother's breast
A child seeks rest ;
Then wake to find in heaven's day
My love for aye.

SCATTERED SUNSHINE.

Half dreaming once, tongue-tied and fancy bound,
There fell o' er me from sun a sudden flood,
That wrapped my being in bliss, the shade around
I saw not as in shining light I stood.

Within my heart sprang up a flickering fl ame,
A trembling happiness without a name,
That glorified each trivial word or thought,
And in life's web, red mystic letters wrought.

O! folly fully paid with dreary pain,
I wake to find my sunbeams fled, gone, gone,—
The short-lived dream of bliss, my golden rain,
Streams on the hills beyond—I am alone.

The sunlight swiftly scatters mists o' er sea,
Streams through the woods and dells, o'er all but me.
I stand in shadow still, watching the while,
My shifting sunshine on all others smile.

FEAR AND FAITH.

What if he whispers, little maid,
 Low in thine ear?
What if he does? I 'm not afraid—
 I will but hear.
What if his words be—little maid—
 “ I love thee madly ? ”
What if they are? I 'm not afraid
 To listen gladly.
What if he hold thee, little maid,
 With strong right arm?
What then? with him, I 'm not afraid,
 And fear no harm.
What if he kiss, O ! little maid,
 Thy red lips white?
What if he should—I 'm not afraid—
 He does e'er right.
What if he leave thee, little maid,

Alone till late?
What then, through years, I 'm not afraid
 To love and wait.
What if he wed, O! little maid,
 And pass thee by?
What if he does? I 'm not afraid—
 I can but die.

A SOUL'S MESSAGE.

Dost thou believe since said our last farewells
No longing thoughts of thee have filled my breast?
Or that thine image 'fore my eyes ne'er dwells?
O! knowest thou not what woman's pride repress?

By friendship's art, O! canst thou not divine
The silent greetings in my letters sent,
And read the unwrit words in every line,
And feel what seeming trivial message meant?

Doth all the sympathy deep in my heart
Awake no kindred echo in thine own?
Hast thou believed our souls need be apart
Because our lives in different climes are thrown?

Doth nothing ever to thee whisper low
Thou art to me a daily strength and rest;
O! wilt thou live thy life and never know
Thy love has made my soul more pure and blest?

There is a time amid thy day's dull toil
When thou must feel my unseen presence near,
As freeing thought from earthly taint and toil
Thou link'st my name with thine in earnest prayer.

O! may my influence in that sacred hour
A soothing peace unto thy being prove,
And soft and silently thy heart endower
With knowledge of my faith, my hope, my love!

STANZAS.

As the flowers without the sun,
As ocean bed without the sea,
So dark and empty all my life
When reft, O! dearest heart, of thee!

As the flowers beneath the sun,
As ocean's depths of purple sea,
So bright and full is all my life
When blest, O! sweetest heart, with thee!

SONG.

I wish I were a nightingale,
Or even little linnet,
I 'd perch upon your shoulder, love,
In just about one minute.
I 'd flutter little soft brown wings
Beneath your sparkling ear-ring,
And sing so loud and gayly, sweet,
I 'd gain, perforce, a hearing.
And ever in one joyous strain
My ditty would be singing,
Of building such a dainty nest
When spring was blossoms bringing.
No waiting should we need, love,
But just for sunny weather,
And then so blithe with twit and chirp
We 'd try a life together.
But I 'm no lucky little bird,
And in my well-worn pocket

There 's scarce a rap—now all my love
Must I in my heart lock it?
I cannot fly—but only kneel,
Nor sing my suit to win it.
And I must wait, my dearest love,
For nest—not being a linnnet.

SONG.

White mists lie o'er the moorlands,
White clouds hang o'er the heather,
And morn's light red and golden,
Pierce clouds and mists together.

The blue and purple mountains
Awake to old, old story,
And watch the sun woo lustily
The earth in all dawn's glory.

While the mists, like bridal veil
Tossed back by royal lover,
Float by, while fast he kisses
The beauties they uncover.

The mists lie o'er the moorlands,
The clouds hang o'er the heather,—
Let me be sun to thee, sweet,
And woo, this bonnie weather.

Let my strength conquer coyness,
From thy soft heart it wresting,
As sun the mists o'er moorlands,
And on my breast be resting.

ONLY.

Only a heart, fair love,
 Ever to own,
Full of love deep and strong,
 Away thou hast thrown.

Only a life, sweet heart,
 Useless through tears ;
Joyous, it might have done
 Much through the years.

Only a soul, dear love,
 Losing in thee
Faith, loses all, methinks,
 Eternally.

“UMSONST !”

What are these perfect days without you, love !

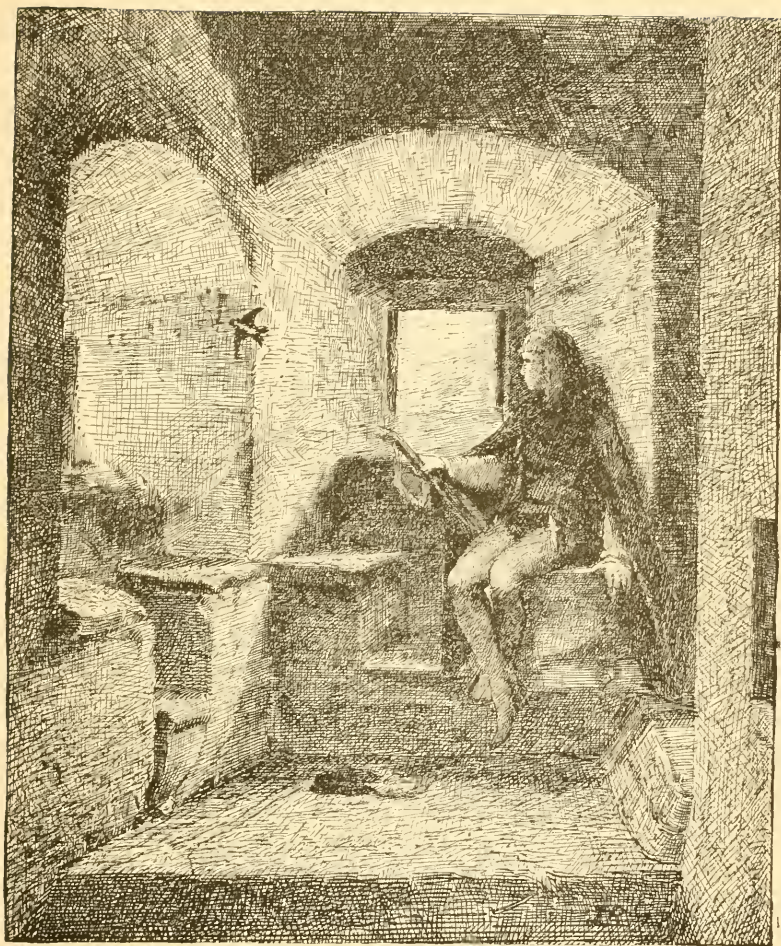
What care I for the scented summer air,—
The golden sun, the cloudlets debonair
Half veiling the heaven's broad bosom blue, love !

Or what are all the flowers unto me, love,—

Their tender blooms, and dainty gracefulness ;
Or what the cooling streams that onward press
Down rocky glades and vales to reach the sea, love !

Or what to me these glorious bright nights, love,

When mount and mead are bathed in silvery flood ;
The silent moon, sweet stars, bring me no good
Till shared these scenes with you. O ! naught delights, love !



“ Tho’ mandolin ’s mute, by the holy rood,
I can feel its music beneath my hand,
While my heart is beating in rhythmic mood.”

CANZONET.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY J. RENEVRER.

The marten flies through my window narrow,
Flits to her shadowy nest on the wall,
Fearing no longer stones, snares, nor arrow ;
Her fluttering wings on her nestlings fall,
And the chirpings cease from the restless brood ;
A tender silence droops over them all.
Tho' mandolin 's mute, by the holy rood,
I can feel its music beneath my hand,
While my heart is beating in rhythmic mood,
For I see from my window my lady stand,
The brighter blossoms in blooming parterre,
The fairest, the purest in all the land.
The evening glow lights her radiant hair,
That gleameth golden through pearl-knotted net,
Like sunshine through cloudlets in summer air.
Her blue-veinèd wrist holds a hawk, eyes of jet
Are daring to glance into sweet eyes of blue.

Would that I were where that bold bird is set,
Watching the changes of my lady's hue.

See how the wanton red robe closely clings
To tapering waist, rounded bust ; O ! to woo
Beauty is but for knight belted who flings
Foremost his lance 'gainst the foe in the fight.

But never dare pages dream of such things.
The faint flush has faded far from strained sight,
My lady has vanished, her loveliness gone,
Leaving the heavens and my soul in night.

The hot air is stifling, one after one
Come lurid red flashes, showing skies lower,
I dare not be lingering with wild thoughts alone.
My lady is waiting for me in her bower,

There will my mandolin's music be heard,
And there the spell gloomy, bred in lonely tower,
Will flee from my soul like wind-driven bird,

When winning a smile from the lips that I prize.
Yet the tapestry by my sighing is stirred,
And I read in the depths of my lady's eyes
Sweet pity and sadness from song of mine—
As if my heart's secret she could divine.

IMPROMPTU.

The brightest moon in clearest skies
Casts darkest shade through trees below,
Can we complain should love arise,
If from its light some shadows grow?

HIDE MY SECRET WELL.

Hide my secret well,
 Buttercup and harebell blue,
 Daisy—iris, violet true.
Wilding rose, O! never tell—
 What I oft have told to you—
 Hide my secret well.

Whisper not one word,
 Bumble-bee and butterfly,
 Grasshopper and cricket shy,
Quaker miller, ladybird,
 Midgets that in blossoms lie,
 Whisper not one word.

Keep my secret long—
 Bonnie birdies as ye sing
 In yon nest, or on the wing,

At your eve or matin song,
Ever in sweet carolling
Keep my secret long.

Hide my secret, aye,
Sunshine o'er the dales and wold,
River running swift and cold,
Tangled paths in forest way,
Mountains purple high and bold,
Hide my secret, aye.

Keep this secret mine
All sweet summer life that proves
Safest of safe friends, and moves
Souls to make their sorrows thine,
Till one heart, I prize, mine loves
Keep this secret mine.

STANZAS.

When near thee, thy dear presence thrills
My inmost being, and sweetly fills
Life full of ecstasy and love,
No joy beyond my soul would prove.

Thus am I with thee, when apart
Thy influence lingers in my heart,
As lost shell echoes still the sea
It loves, as I dear Heart love thee.

I LOVE THEE!

I love thee!

Be it wise or no to think it.
The thought upon my heart has hold
As trinket,
Was graven in the days of old
To amulet 'gainst sorcery.

I love thee!

Be it wise or not to know it.
And what brings knowledge to my brain?
Lo! it
Gives dewy peace and fiery pain,
Eve's apples sweet's and misery.

I love thee!

Be it wise or no to tell it.
Speech is passion's wine, can thirsty soul
Repel it?

Tho' draining young love's fragile bowl
May haste to mar it utterly.

I love thee !

Wise or not to say, know, think it ;
When nectar Amor offers us
We drink it,
Eve's apple taste again, and thus
Hearts love-charmed, brave Time's witchery.

LIFE, DEATH, AND LOVE.

O! Life, Life, Life,
Primeval dower of the human kind,
Thou flee'st when death the silver cords unbind,
As fallen leaves before a gusty wind.

O! Death, Death, Death.
Mighty release of the cagèd soul,
Creation's king art thou from pole to pole,
And claimest all the living for thy dole.

O! Love, Love, Love,
The light of God shines from thy tender eyes,
From Life, from Death thou stealest still the prize,
And borne by thee we enter Paradise.

FRIENDS?

No, let us part, we ne'er can be
Mere friends, since liking has grown such
It needs but word, or look, or touch
To change it to love's ecstasy.

Mere friends? why dost thou when alone
Seem moved, and speak in accents low,
And let gaze, voice soft, tender grow
Till all my firm resolves are gone?

Why seem to linger by my side;
Why tell me I have now become
Part of thy life, and yet be dumb,
When thou couldst ask, nor be denied?

Mere friends? why does the warm blood creep
Into my cheeks when thou art near;
Why does a new and nameless fear
Steal from mine eyes sweet, restful sleep?

Why does the thought of parting bring
Such swift, keen pain unto my soul,
Why hast thou taught me now the whole
Of Love's long creed of suffering?

Perchance thy heart tho' fond is free
And calmly beats within thy breast,
Still must we part and deem it best
For friend to thee I cannot be.

If through the years some strength I gain,
Then can my soul with struggle o'er,
Know friendship's pleasure as of yore
Without this passion and this pain.

But now, O! deem me not unkind,
That I fain banish from mine eyes
Thine image I too dearly prize;
We part—since thou as friend art blind.

SONG.

Dost ask *why* I love thee?
Demand the restless wind
Why never still—or find,
Why moons bewitch the sea.

Or ask of studded skies
What glories hide the stars,
Pinning the blue that bars
The unknown from our eyes.

Or if thou from me dost
Venture to steal reply,
My lips say: "Till I die
I love thee, since I must."

THREE ROSES.

There came my way three roses rare—
One white as snow on mountain's crest,
Or foam-flecks on the billow's breast.

One pink as fragile shell, or where
Dawn flushes ere the day's awake ;
One red as hearts that love and break.

The first rose sang : " Thine every care
Is known to One ; Faith give thee light
When groping still through sorrow's night."

The second sang : " Be brave, and dare
To smile when others frown ; descry
Some dawning pink in every sky."

And sang the third : " O ! Love can bear
All losses, crosses, bitter pain,
Some help to give, some hearts to gain."

COME!

Tho' voices cannot reach thee, dear,
The wistful words must have their way—
Breaking the silence till I hear
Rocks even echoing 'my say.

And, be it right, or be it wrong,
Such longing comes o'er me to-night—
A longing, O! so great and strong,
To share with thee this fair moon's light.

So silent? do I call in vain?
Well, hearts must cry tho' lips be dumb,
So my sad soul in love and pain
Articulates: "Belovèd, come!"

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Spirit from celestial city,
Spirit mighty, spirit pure,
Round my restless pillow hover,
Help me patiently endure

Thoughts of sadness, thoughts that struggle,
Vainly to express in speech,
All the striving and the longing
For a rest I cannot reach.

But from thoughts of harm and passion
Keep me, guardian spirit true;
Wakeful, keep me humbly praying
All night's solemn watches through.

Spirit tender, whose fair pinions
Gleam with heavenly golden light,
'Mid the shades of sin or sorrow
Be my beacon and delight.

Through the sunshine, through the darkness,
Wheresoe'er my feet abide,
May no sin or foolish error
Drive thee, spirit, from my side.

'Mid the jar of worldly tumult,
In the stillness of my soul,
Let me listen for the rustle
Of thy wings to keep me whole.

Spirit pure and spirit mighty,
Bear my faltering thanks above ;
With them swiftly, spirit guardian,
Bear my prayers for him I love.

THOU !

I know now why such bitter tears were shed,
I know now why my weary feet have bled,
That pain should teach me how to love thee best
Long wanderings bring me unto thee to rest.
My darkness is illumined by thy light,
My wrong through thee is moulded into right,
My weakness leaning on thy strength is strong,
My sighing in thy sunshine turns to song,
Without thy love how faint my soul would be,
Thou life in life, thou all in all to me.





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